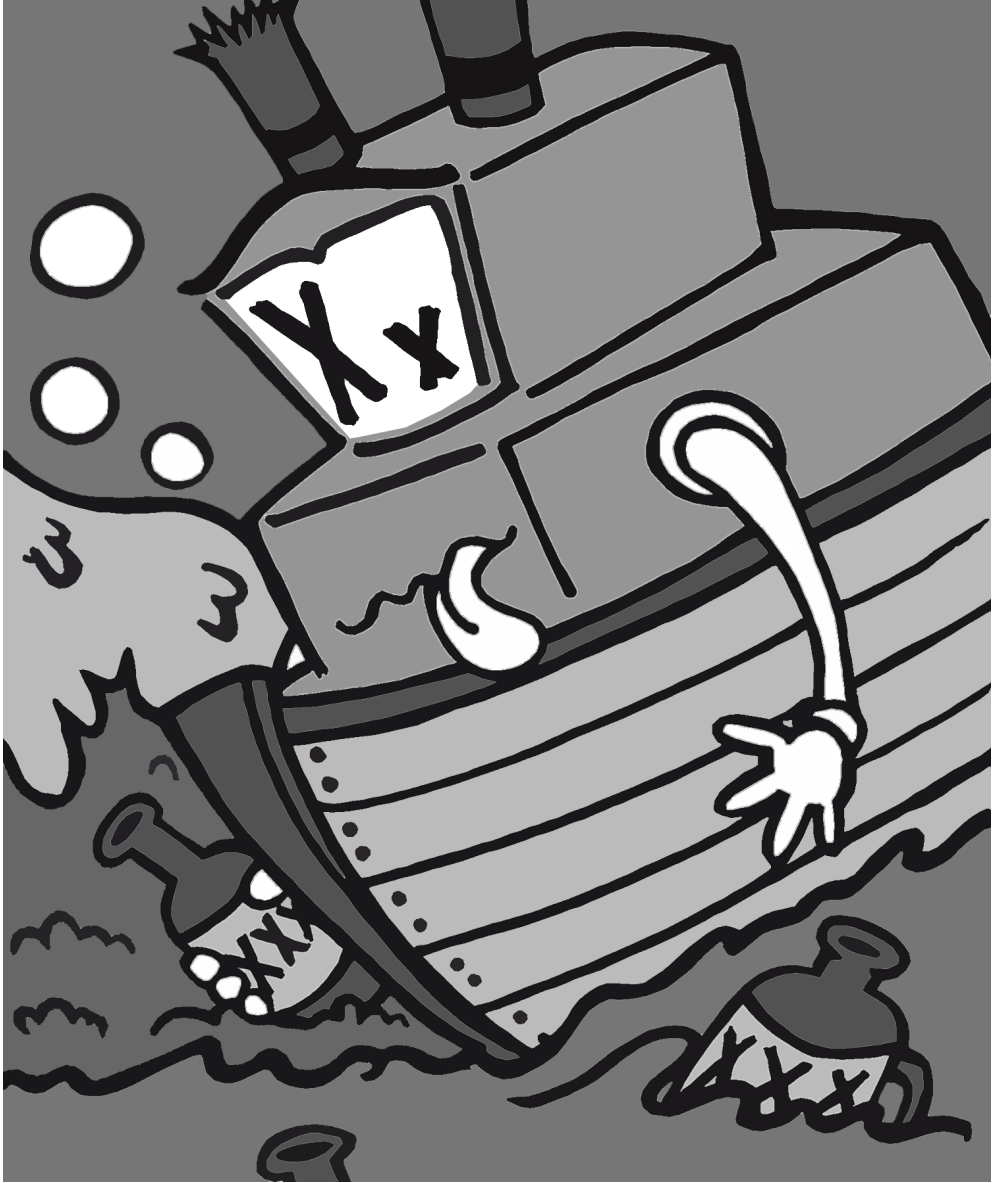


AUGUST 2012
Vol. 4—Issue 8

979 REPRESENT



Also inside: Mikey Roe vs. Veracom—The Bedwetter—Todd On Film—Enjoy Every Sandwich—Kevin Lovegašms Over Katy Perry—Movie—Still Drinking—CD Reviews—Concert Calendar



Enjoy Every Sandwich

979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

Editorial board

Kelly Minnis—Kevin Still

Art Splendidness

Katie Killer—Wonko The Sane

Folks That Do Other Shit For Us

Mike L. Downey—Todd Hansen—Mike Roy

On the Internetz Cloud Thingy at

<http://www.979represent.com>

Email to admin@979represent.com

Materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

979Represent

1707 Austin Ave.

College Station, TX 77840

Man, this is all I got, a jumble of grief, pain, loss, and love. I've spent all but two days since July 5th in my parents' house 238 miles away, helping tend to my 88-year-old father, reeling from the news of July 2nd that he had terminal cancer. Watching him go from sitting in a chair talking in a weakened voice but laughing to curled up awkwardly in a hospice-provided hospital bed, unable to talk or recognize hardly anyone - I would have never believed anyone could change that much so fast. He was gone in two weeks. My dad died at 10:30 at night on the 16th, even as I readied a bed to sleep in his bedroom. It was like the turning of a page - one minute, he was breathing, and the next he wasn't. My mom has spent 64 years at his side, but she had to let him go. We buried him next to my brother who died at age 20 in 1979 - it's a comfort to know they're together again. We had to let my dad go like him, me and my other brother as well as my dad's sister, now the last of that family of sons and daughters. My brother has been wrestling with his own life as he's been undergoing cancer radiation treatment in Oklahoma for weeks, but he made the six-hour drive in the end. Funerals are for the living, I've always believed. It was stirring to see former students of my father talk about how much his teaching them agriculture skills mattered. They are his living legacy. My family was there, the surviving uncles and aunts, the cousins and second cousins, the kids that look like clones of their parents. Now it's back home and to work, and nothing is normal. My 81-year-old-mom is staying with me and my daughter as my brother and I grapple with what to do next. But life goes on - my daughter turned 21 last month; my son turned 17 too. There is still plenty to live for and to celebrate. It's just going to be different, with many aches ahead. There's never enough time, but you relish what you can. Like the late Warren Zevon said, both trite and profound, enjoy every sandwich.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

NIKI SHEA
HAIRSTYLIST
SPECIALIZING IN
LOUD COLORS AND
ALTERNATIVE STYLES
ONLINE BOOKING @
www.scheduledcity.com
CUTLER 2 SALON
979-764-3000

Still Drinking: Karbach Cans

The bad news is that, while Houston's Karbach Brewing Co. has finally started canning, College Station will not begin distributing Karbach cans until mid-late August. The good news is that Karbach beers are on tap at various spots in the BCS area. O'Bannons and Fox-n-Hound carry the full Karbach line-up, while Harvey Washbangers currently serves Weisse Versa Wheat (15 IBUs / 5.2% ABV), soon switching to Rodeo Clown Double IPA (85 IBUs / 9.5% ABV). As I type this review, I'm sipping a Karbach Hopadillo IPA (70 IBUs / 6.3% ABV). Beautifully balanced, hop-forward, with a biscuit quelled aftertaste. The brewers refer to Hopadillo as a "Texas IPA", spinning off the "American IPA" label trending in the past several years. I can only imagine the "Texas IPA" refers to the balance, the malts, the absence of hop aggression while still packing a punch. Karbach delivers a fine IPA, one I'll be glad to return to soon and often. I'll provide a bigger Karbach profile in 979's September issue.

FX
GAME EXCHANGE
COLLEGE STATION TEXAS

Come see us at our new location

Tournaments held monthly call for information

Buy, Sell, Trade Everything

Store Hours

Monday - Saturday 10AM-9PM

Sunday 12 PM-6PM

WE GIVE MORE FOR YOUR GAMES
WE FIX SYSTEMS

1717 S. Texas AVE. College Station, TX. 77840

979-696-4263

Fxvideogameexchange.com

Facebook - Fx video games

Saint Arnold's Divine Reserve #12 releases this Tuesday, July 31 - two days before the printing of this edition. This year's Divine Reserve is an Old Ale, a traditional, high-alcohol ale (10% ABV) designed for cellaring and aging. According to St. Arnold, the DR12 will pour best after one year of cellaring, but will keep for up to five years. Saint Arnold's also recommends decanting the beer: pouring out only but the last ounce in the bottle. This allows the best of the beer to pour smoothly into the glass, offering a better, bigger flavor at whatever age. Check your local Texas bars for bottles or even cask keg events of the DR12. Also, you can find DR12 locations by following #DR12 on Twitter.

Speaking of, please feel free to follow me on Twitter @KikiMalone. I try to comment on the beers I try in the moment, as well as offer film, book, music, and poop reviews along the way. I can't say you'll be glad you followed me, but I'm better than the next Drake song on the radio. However you want to figure in that equation.—KEVIN STILL

i heart katy perry

Before engaging this review, you should know that the wife and I did not walk into Katy Perry's *Part of Me* (in 2D) under any ironic pretenses. We walked in as hardcore, diehard, for better or worse, Katy Kat fanatics. (Me probably moreso than the wife.) I fell in love with Katy Perry the first time I saw her "Hot n Cold" video, back in spring '07, and realized this chick was doing pop music right: she was having a helluva good time. I've been a committed Katy Perry fan ever since, following every single, every music video, every televised live performance, every SNL song and skit, and as little of the Perry-Brand debacle as possible - all of this following and following and following much to the chagrin* of my uber-cool (male) friends** who relish the likes of uber-cool (male) music. It was this long-forged Katy Perry fan-fare, formed perfect through the fire of social chastisement, that carried me and my wife into the theater to experience *Part of Me*, just as it carried us into an Austin auditorium last summer to witness Katy Perry's Teenage Dream Tour first hand. Surely, we've been the subject of more than one prayer circle.

Part of Me is exactly what you would expect in many ways, sprinkled with a smattering of surprises and even heart-breaking scenarios. Of course, there are the legions of pint-sized fans, pearly grinned and caffeinated on giddiness. Most of these young fans are either in costume, full-music video themed make-up, or they're sporting tacky homemade t-shirts and dresses professing all manner of adoration and praise for Katy Perry, if not for a specific Katy Perry song. The film features lengthy sets of concert footage, offering both Perry and her fans equal screen time. As fans ourselves, we loved the electric energy of the live-sets—the dancing, the costume changes, the props, the Vaudevillian absurdity of Perry's stage-play that rises above the cotton candy simplicity of princess pop music. This right here - all this gratuity and fun - is the stuff we love about Katy Perry. This right here is why we paid admission to the film and the concert.

However, the best moments in *Part of Me* are the intimate moments between Katy and her family, Katy and her friends, Katy and the camera. In these moments, mocked in the media as sanctimoniously staged, we see Katy Perry as a girl that is not only well-loved but who also loves well. It's impressive to witness Katy's commitment to family and friends, even hiring her sister and close friends to act as managers, wardrobe coordinators, make-up artists, and backstage hands—many of whom had zero experience within the field of their tour positions. Katy Perry has become known for meeting people, deciding she likes them, and then giving them some kind of Katy Perry flavored job. In such ridiculous business-mindedness, Katy assures that the people she loves are employed and also that they are near her.

Whether these moments are, as the media would have us believe, sanctimoniously staged or not, seems of little consequence when we see the moments shared between Katy Perry and her entourage, even her fans. In *Part of Me*'s most climactic scene, we have access to a moment that feels far too personal for cameras as Perry emotionally, even physically, breaks-down from the strain and stress of her divorce. (Notice: the film finds a way of acknowledging Perry's divorce from Brand, without ever speaking ill of Brand in the process. I appreciated this neutrality, even as I wondered how tempting it was to show bias.) As Katy Perry writhes, almost dry-heaving with sobs in her make-up chair, her largest crowd yet awaits her outside in Brazil. Gently, her friend and manager approaches Perry's side and says, "Katy, you have two choices right now: you can either cancel the show or you can give it your best. But you have to make a choice." Perry chooses to go on stage, requiring assistance to even approach the stage where she collapses one last time before standing, gathering herself, and assuming character as the peppermint and lollipops do-gooder in a poodle-skirt

swirl of scant innocence. It's a powerful scene - Perry assuming character through the gravity of her life - and it makes one mindful of that age-old entertainment missive "the show must go on."

However, it also makes me think of the fairy tale world Katy Perry portrays. She's a California Gurl. She's a Friday night party animal. She's an alien lover. She's a girl-kisser, a pearl, a face on a milk carton, a Vegas bride, a peacock plumer. Baby, she's a firework. She's anything her imagination can imagine, a princess in a tower of whipped cream guarded by an army of gummy bears, but she's also unmistakably human. The fairy tale heroine has her pumpkin and her poison apple and her neverending sleep, just as she has her deferred hopes and lost loves. I'm not sure what this speaks to Perry's young audience, but I know I was moved, and my wife was moved, by Perry's exuberance and tenacity and passion. I love writing, but I often love beer more. I love teaching, but I sometimes have debilitating malaise. Could I love something as much as Katy Perry loves music and performance and pizzazz? Could I love something to the detriment of my own sanity and skin? Could I love something more than my own need for emotional security? I'm not sure I could, unless that something were my wife or my pug or another pint of super fine hoppy ale.

I've said to several people that I walked out of Katy Perry's *Part of Me* feeling like I could punch a hurricane. Yeah, it's that kind of movie. And she's that kind of performer. I saw Katy Perry live last summer after a week on extreme pain pills from an abdominal abnormality. I was not pregnant, but something had set up shop in my gut that would later blow the walls out of my colon and cause me to miss Kelly Clarkson in concert (the only female pop star I love more than Robyn, who is the only pop star I love more than Katy Perry). We considered skipping the concert, due to my health, but I knew that Katy Perry was the elixir I needed. How often do you get to see a show like the Teenage Dream Tour? How often do you get sprayed with whipped cream from a canon? Or have a thorny little diva serenade your balcony with an acoustic guitar on a pink cloud? Not to mention, Robyn was the opening act. I was NOT missing that show. And while Katy Perry did not heal my gut like the hemorrhaging lady touching Christ's cloak in the crowd, she gave me two hours of constant, honest, fever-pitched joy. A friend of mine said once, "Yeah, Katy Perry's fine and all, but no one's going to be listening to her in twenty years." I said to him, "Screw twenty years. She's now. She's huge and she's here now." It wasn't the most profound of retorts on my part, but it's the truth. Katy Perry seems to know the ways of pop culture - here today, forgotten tomorrow - so she's blowing it up while she can. Carpe diem and all that she-bang. And for those of us listening, she's making a solid case to do the same.—KEVIN STILL

* One common confrontation I've received concerning my love for Katy Perry is "You only like Katy Perry because she has big boobs." To which I'm forced to reply, "Sure, but I listen to Katy Perry's records on my home and car stereo where I can't see her boobs." What the confronter does not realize is that this is more of a judgment on me than on Katy Perry. Even moreso, only women have said this to me, which is more a judgment on themselves than Katy Perry. Beauty begets beauty in some, while it triggers the fear of ugliness in others. Go figure.

** My most favorite Katy Perry confrontation came from my dear friend Amber Haines, a glorious poet and biscuit maker, who once leaned across a café table in Fayetteville, Arkansas, took my hand, and said in her sausage-gravy thick Alabama drawl, "Kevin, what's with all this Katy Perry bullshe-it?" I hear Amber in my head damn near everytime I listen to Katy Perry.



Thank you bedwetter

I'm a 34 year old man, and sometimes I crap my pants. Not on purpose, mind you. I do not have one of those odd poop fetishes, nor do I find sadistic pleasure in humiliation. Nope, sometimes shart happens. At other times, I have myself a good old fashion accident. I won't say it happens often or even on a regular basis (how sad if crapping my pants was my body's definition of "regularity"), but I've crapped my pants as an adult enough times for several friends to crown me as having the most stories about crapping my pants as an adult. I've even found that men occa-

sionally confess, after I share a little roadtrip missive, that they too have crapped their pants within the past _____ months. Confessions beget confessions and, in the right company, I've discovered that my secret shame need not be so secretive or shameful. Besides, if you can't laugh about crapping your own pants, then who's crapped pants can you laugh at?

My refusal to sit on my shame may be the reason I was drawn to Sarah Silverman's memoir *The Bedwetter: Stories of Courage, Redemption, and Pee*. Well, interest was due to my affliction, plus the fact that I freaking love Sarah Silverman. Any woman who can deliver slicing social commentary on topics as polarizing as race and religion and sexuality and politics, but then can turn around and make a slew of filthy fart and doodie jokes in the same stand-up act (*Jesus is Magic*) or TV show (*The Sarah Silverman Program*) is a total keeper in my book. She's both genius and gross, and the combination is darn near irresistible. Silverman easily pulls off this smarty-sharty style humor in front of the camera, but I was curious if she could pull it off in print. Naturally, I was delighted to find *The Bedwetter* is far more than a Dave Barry-esque anthology of questionably humorous essays.

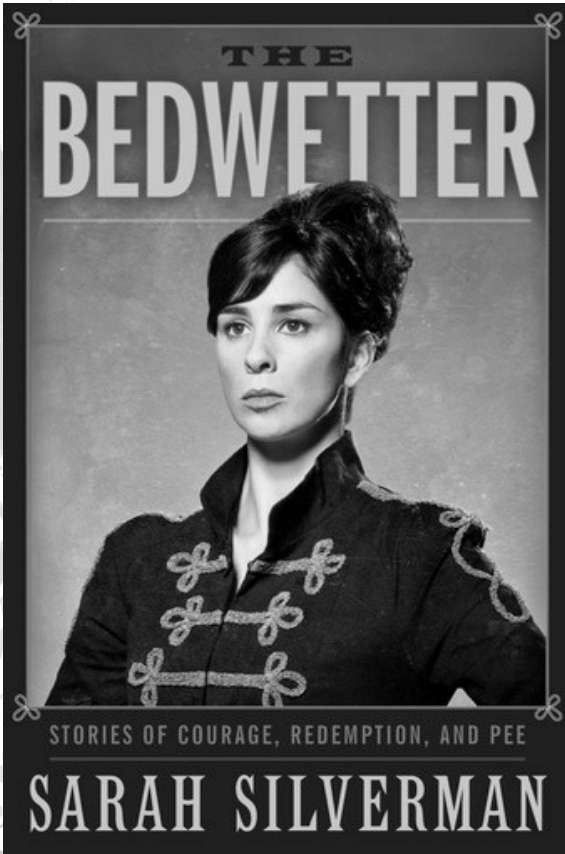
The strength of Silverman's book is how desperately unfunny it is at times. Even while poking fun at herself and her family, Silverman dedicates nearly half the book to exploring family tragedies, her own debilitating depression, her dire self-image, and, of course, her nearly twenty year constant battle with bedwetting. As a distant reader, I found myself laughing at Silverman's jokes about peeing her bed at sleepovers and her father's odd attempts to frighten bedwetting out of her, but then I found myself feeling sadly empathetic for this teenage girl who, even in late high school, packed diapers for camping trips and avoided romantic relationships due to shame. In these retellings, Silverman walks a fine line between laughing at her ailment, which still occasionally puddles up in her adult life, and

boldly confessing the emotional trauma she endured during her adolescence. And then she makes a schleppey Jew joke on the next page.

The second half of the book chronicles her career and friendships with other stand-up comedians. This was my favorite part of the book, by far, as we're allowed privileged access into the personal lives of Louis C.K., Todd Glass, Brian Posehn, Patton Oswalt, and Steve Agee. It's funny to read about what funny people find funny. The career highlights drag a bit at times, especially as Silverman relives her un-glory days at *SNL*, but then accelerate again when she explores the controversies her comedy, particularly her racial comedy and her "Sell The Vatican" video, have sparked. I'd have been disappointed if she avoided the controversy of her racial and religious comedy. After all, there were a half-dozen schleppey Jew jokes on the very next page.

And, listen, I get it: some people don't like Sarah Silverman or her humor. My wife, for instance, will not watch *The Sarah Silverman Program* again after the episode where Sarah licked her dog's butthole to find out what was so delicious back there. (It was my third time though the "Joan of Arf" episode that day, and I was in tears. The wife, however, was not amused.) But if you're going to dislike Sarah Silverman, dislike Sarah Silverman for the right reasons. Say that her arms are too hairy or her face is too horsey or her voice is too nasally. Say that you prefer the comedic styling of Jeff Dunham or Dane Cook or Larry the Cable Guy. Say that you feel women should only make cute romances or period piece dramas, so leave the comedy performance and writing to men (you pig!). But don't say that Sarah Silverman is offensive or crude because that's the point. Silverman is dedicated to digging up the things we feel are off limits or childish or too sacred to be funny, and she shows them to us from a different angle - sometimes even at point-blank range. She laughs, and we join her laughing, at our own self-sacredness and shame. Sarah Silverman does what good comedians do: she illuminates the things we try to hide about ourselves. And then she makes more schleppey Jew jokes.

A person who can diffuse my desire to blush and run for the hills wearing a coat of camel hair and a sign that says "unclean" is a hero. So if there's one thing I wish to say straight to Sarah Silverman's face, it's that I crap my pants with a bit more pride because of her redemptive courage to pee her bed publicly. Three sheets to the wind? You give the phrase a whole new meaning. Thanks, Sarah.—KEVIN STILL



MIKEY ROE vs. VERACOM

VERACOM is Ryan Hroch, a young gun producer out of Dallas who has become both a musical inspiration and friend to me. Don't try and put this dude in a box cuz he'll chop it the hell up.

MR: So when I came across you on Soundcloud, I immediately thought to myself that this guy should be the DJ at a club in the SNES game Pilotwings. I really dig all the R&B elements. Can you tell me about your musical influences growing up?

VERACOM: Stuff like, Saturday mornings, sitting so close to the TV that you could see the fuzzy blocks of color, blowing on dusty VCRs, tapes warping out when you played them, Humongous Entertainment point and click computer games, windows 95, floppy discs. All that stuff influenced me musically. Everything but music created what later became Veracom.

There are some odd nostalgia things happening in your music that I haven't seen in a lot of places. It's like you have a VHS tape of 90's infomercials you like watch while getting high. Can you explain some of this to me? I'm kind of fascinated by it.

VERACOM: Think everything indirectly related to the 80's and 90's. Alter your mind; don't gravitate to the clothes, the hair, and the make-up. Fuck that shit. Every gadget in your house had a bright green digital clock on the front of it. When your GE alarm clock went off in the morning you were hit with a mess of AM static and Acid Jazz. Action figure commercials had kids with glasses thicker than your grandfather, 16 bit music banged so hard you would sit next to your TV holding a Talkboy up to the speaker so you could listen to it at night before you went to sleep. That's where my mind is all of the time. All of these small things people never paid attention to in the first place, I'm obsessed with.

Dude, your debut was released on AMDISCS. That has to be pretty thrilling. That album is all kinds of sexy beach parties on the moons of Saturn. What was that whole experience like?

VERACOM: It was insane, I've always been a fan of AMDISCS and everybody they have collaborated with. (Teams, Beggars in a New Land, Physics, Dreams, Police Academy 6.) The list of amazing artists on that label is endless, and being a part of it has been really amazing.

Some of my favorite stuff of yours isn't on that s/t release. "Flights", you know my obsession for "Flights". I love that track so much. You got anymore collaborations in the works? Any plans for a follow up album?

VERACOM: YES. Actually Ian Curtis Wishlist and I are still supposed to finish the *FLIGHTS* EP, I've just been so busy lately that I've fallen behind on some of my commitments. Also Heatstroke (also on AMDISCS) and I are collaborating on a song called "#HD_ELBOWS".

I really dig the track artwork you have. Did you design all those? It looks like anime is an influence. What cartoons did you watch as a kid? While we're at it, what video games did you geek out on growing up?

VERACOM: Yeah the artwork is all designed by me. I have a seriously heavy obsession with graphic design and photo-shop, it's a lot of fun. Anime is definitely an influence, a lot of my influences are directly Japanese. Cartoons as a kid were average/simple, we didn't have cable for most of my childhood so I grew up watching a lot of cheesy Saturday morning cartoons that were created as marketing ploys for Mattel to sell action figures. (Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Street Sharks, Biker Mice, Stone Protectors.) One of



my all-time favorite videogames is the Super Nintendo adapted version of the arcade game *Sunset Riders*. *Virtual Bart (The Simpsons/SNES)* was another favorite of mine, there's really too many to say.

You are in a really obscure place musically. It's like a psychedelic cloud of cannibalizing sub genres out there and you don't necessarily fit in with anything in particular, yet you float amongst all of it. Do your friends, girlfriend or family have any idea what you're about? Or do you have to be a full on internet addict?

VERACOM: Everything about Veracom is obscure, I pride myself in staying away from even the "newer"

internet subgenres, I didn't want people to listen and think I was any specific "thing". Because I'm not, Veracom can go in any direction that it wants it's a fucking corporation it's not Seapunk, or Witch House, or Juke, Or Trap. It's some fucking cosmic R&B chopped and screwed Japanese porn visions computer nostalgia sunset on the beach shit. I am a straight internet fiend, that's all there is to it. My girlfriend supports what I'm doing and has been wonderfully accepting of my insatiable internet addiction. My family (apart from my older sister) hasn't a fucking clue what I do. That's just lol.

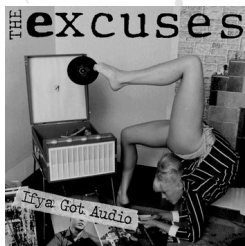
"Thugg Hugg" is one of the greatest things I've ever seen. The track teaser I heard is really great too. When is that whole thing coming out?

VERACOM: "Thugg Hugg" is coming out very, very soon, I can't say exactly how soon but when I feel it's perfect it will be released as a mixtape of chopped/screwed Veracom edits exclusively via Rose Quartz (Blog). I'm also thinking about dubbing a few tapes and doing a cassette giveaway type of thing too. Just because I love making tapes.

Where can people find your stuff?

VERACOM: People can find me at [SOUNDCLOUD.COM/VERACOMCORP](https://soundcloud.com/veracomcorp), my facebook and twitter are connected so that's pretty much like the corporation's HQ.

Record Reviews



The Excuses
Ilya Got Audio

Nashville's The Excuses have released a fine 11-song album of commercial radio power pop that would've been a big fat fucking smash hit in 1995, when pop radio was more amenable to the post-Replacements era of raspy-voiced pop troubadours, big Nirvana-esque distorted guitars, and colossal drumming. Which is perfect, considering that The Excuses were a band at that time, doing pretty much the same thing but somehow their at-bats fell short of the fence and the band called it quits in 1996. Reforming last year, the band decided to just be themselves, yo, and swing for the fences again. And if this were 1995, they'd have a gamechanging grand slam.

Frontman Jeff Skorik sounds like Sting if instead of practicing tantric sex and yoga for the past 20 years he'd instead practiced the art of stripper tipping, hot boxing cigarettes and making pretty much every mistake with women you can possibly mistake. So rather than meditate about it, he writes these songs instead, and *Ilya Got Audio* comes across as a 20-year postscript to that letter of romantic promise you wrote when you were young, barely married and at the world was your oyster. Well, the world turned out to not be your oyster, Mrs. Right and the subsequent 3-4 Mrs. Rights signed the divorce paperwork with far less X's and O's than they did the marriage certificates, and you now have to cope with what's left and move on.

From the first track, The Excuses write that true life story of moving on with "In a Letter", through "Take It All" through "Oh Girl" through "Guilty" to the album's closer "Bad Habits". Pretty much every track tells this tale and perhaps you'd feel sorry for Skorik and company's complete lack of getting anything with girls right...except you can hear how much obvious fun the band is having at either A.) exorcising the demons of their past mistakes; or B.) telling the ex to fuck off. The big rock guitars just completely rip on "Freak!"; the drums stomp and Skorik screams like Dave Grohl on "Has Anybody Ever Loved You Like This"; and "Oh Girl" floats along with suspended chords and ride cymbal wash. Rarely does the band bring it down. "Ashley Changed Her Name To Brooklyn" illustrates the dangers of falling in love with a

stripper who doesn't even know you exist over half-tempo muted guitars in a real downbeat mode until the chorus opens up like sunshine on flower blossoms; "So Far" is perhaps the only true love song on here, passed through an early '80s British new wave soul-pher filter a la Squeeze.

If you liked the Gin Blossoms or the Goo Goo Dolls in 1995 you will absolutely love this album, not only because it will sound somewhat familiar to you, but this is what those bands, had they not sold out and/or fallen apart, would have sounded like now. This is what 15+ years of living, 15+ years of fucking up, making amends, and ultimately not caring anymore would've done to their songwriting. It is perhaps odd to think of writing good radio-friendly guitar pop songs as an anachronistic approach, but in the days of Euro synth-pop, R&B, and the occasional Creedleback holdover, The Excuses sound just as anachronistic as sounding like Nirvana does for the current crop of "indie rock" artists. That makes The Excuses sadly subversive in the current pop marketplace. Get subversive then, and rock this one out LOUD.—KELLY MINNIS



Sebadoh
Secret EP

It's hard to believe that it's been 13 years since last seminal indie rock trio Sebadoh have unleashed brand new music upon the world. Sure, both Lou Barlow and Jay Loewenstein have released other music with other projects, but it's just not the same without the two singer/songwriter/guitar/bass slingers acting as foils to each other. Well, here we go. Five songs peeled off from the current recording sessions for an album due sometime next year...five songs that will not appear on said album as a teaser for things to come.

So what does it sound like? Well, it sounds like Sebadoh! The guitars jangle, the bass rasps, Lou sings sad sappy love gone bad songs in his cute puppy dog voice; Jay sings his off-filter atonal arty rock songs with his smoker's bark just like it's 1994 all over again. Two major differences: Bob D'Amico is on the drums (and he's a more solid pounder than either Eric Gaffney or Bob Fay); and Jay drops a countryish acoustic number on you ("I Don't Mind"). But lead-off song "Keep the Boy Alive" is vintage Sebadoh, as is

"My Drugs". No vinyl on this one, only CD at shows (yes, they are on tour again in-between Dinosaur Jr. dates) and available for \$5 download at <http://sebadoh.bandcamp.com> It's \$5 well spent, my friends, and a good entry place if you've only heard of them and wanna hear what the fuss is all about.—KELLY MINNIS



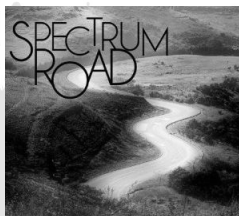
Cattle Decapitation
Monolith of Inhumanity

Yeah, I almost avoided writing a review for this record because I know absolutely nothing about death metal, but I love this record. And while I don't know much about this music or this band, I know when I like something. And I like this. Truthfully, I was drawn to Cattle Decapitation by their name. It sounds juvenile and silly, but also like no one's fucking around here. You don't call yourself Cattle Decapitation and then write songs about loving Satanic girls and hating the police. When you name your band Cattle Decapitation you're setting an expectation, making a declaration that this music will point towards something. That's what I was hoping for when I began listening to CD's previous record, *The Harvest Floor*. In that record I found lyrics as potent as Old Testament judgment and as prophetic as the Book of Revelations. Lyricist and vocalist Travis Ryan wants to see humanity brought to its knees for sins against the earth, and he spares no gory detail as to how he'd like to humble and maim us.

Monolith of Inhumanity, from what I can tell, progresses Cattle Decapitation in two primary ways. For one, lyrically the band is now dealing with issues of cloning and willing ignorance, as well as traditional CD themes of animal rights, vegetarianism, and anti-Christian ideology. But CD has also shifted in their sound, introducing moments of melodic, dern near symphonic music and vocals. Ryan's voice fluctuates from old school death growls to high pitched demonic shriels, and then he flushes clean with solid choral notes in several tracks. On *Monolith's* first single, "A Living Breathing Piece of Defecating Meat", Ryan rails against the atrocities of cloning while spiking through all these vocal styles, vomiting in a drenched mucus bridge "As I try to examine my asshole in the mirror for polyps or whatever you call it I erupt". In another stand-out track, "Lifestalker", the guitars and drums shatter through Ryan's solid

school death vocals and loogie hocking spits before sliding into a fluid, almost symphonic bridge - bubbling in its undercurrent with sludgy, high-pitched bass bursts, bubbling on the surface with slinky guitar play, carrying Ryan's distant, hollow headed cries "We're ripe for the slaughter, but live to ruin another day" - that would send any black metal act back to the make-up counter.

However, the highlight of *Monolith* is the double-track melded closer that always puts me in mind that gloriously divine blend of "Moving In Stereo" and "All Mixed Up" at the end of The Cars self-titled record. I listen to those Cars numbers as a single track, just as I can't help but hear "The Monolith" and "King of Tyrants" as one slice of fecal pie. Of course, these two CD tracks were released in one nine minute video, but the sound still plays in long-form, with "The Monolith" building and climbing from the crackle of a fire to an explosion of blast beats and bruising kickdrums. Symphonic moans coax the chorus forward as Ryan sings, actually sings, "If we were promised Heaven / Then why are we in Hell". These tracks work a hypnotic magic, ranging and roaring from beauty to filth and back and forth again, conveying a palpable mourning for a possible paradise we, in our inhumanity, lost somewhere along the way. Regardless of this combined emotional power, I doubt I'll ever hear either of these tracks serenading Phoebe Cates out of the pool and her bikini top like The Cars' "Moving In Stereo". It's just not that kind of tune.—KEVIN STILL



Spectrum Road
Spectrum Road

A few years back I read that Vernon Reid (Living Colour), Jack Bruce (Cream), John Medeski (Medeski Martin & Wood) and Cindy Blackman (Lenny Kravitz) had put together a band to play the music of Tony Williams Lifetime in tribute. Tony was Miles Davis's drummer during the "classic quintet" period of 1963-1968 and is widely considered one of the best half-dozen jazz drummers of all time. In late 1968, Tony, guitarist Larry McLaughlin and organist Larry Young came together as Lifetime to create *Emergency!*, what is widely considered as the first "jazz-rock" album, beating Miles Davis's epochal *Bitches Brew* to the market by six months or more. Spectrum Road plays the music Lifetime. Or rather reinterprets it, as Cindy Blackman says, "as if the music never stopped, we

concert calendar

8/4—Only Beast, The Ex-Optimists, ASS, Golden Sombrero @ Zapatos, College Station. 10pm

8/8—Aich Jones, D-Dub, Educated Minds, Wes Shard, Mike Maze @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

8/18—Punk Rock Prom featuring **The Hangouts, The Wrong Ones, The Stand Alones, ASS, The Busy Kids, DJ Skullbone** @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

8/24—Black Cock (CD release show), **Secret Weapons, Love Horse, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/29—Aich Jones, D-Dub, Educated Minds, Wes Shard, Mike Maze @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

8/31—RASPA @ Zapatos, College Station.. 10pm

Report Reviews (cont.)

are just continuing the same conversation as if Tony had just walked out of the room".

The hardest job falls on Blackman's shoulders as the drummer, but she actually knew Williams (he died in 1997) and does a more than admirable job replicating the windmill-armed sheets of cymbals attacked Tony made famous, while bringing a more commanding funky strut to the more pop-structured songs. Opener "Vuelto Abayo" displays a bit of this, with bass and organ vamping along while Blackman and Vernon Reid go polyrhythmic on top of it, smearing their notes like chunky peanut butter on whole wheat. Jack Bruce's lines are supple as ever and he provides most of the vocals, as much of the material on *Spectrum Road* was originally presented on Lifetime's second album *Turn It Over*, which he also played and sang on. Jack's voice is a little less boomy these days, and his bass tone is more velveteen and less aggressive, but he's more than able to get around these songs and like Blackman, is a direct connection to Tony Williams. Vernon Reid's tone isn't as stinging as John McLaughlin's but he holds up well, reminding you that he has been an ample axe slinger for over 30 years now. The unsung hero here is Medeski who provides some spooky atmosphere and counterpoint, taking on Larry Young's role but without having to provide all the bottom end gets a chance to play psychedelics, adding mellotron strings and tape delayed whooshes to the signature Lifetime warm and fuzzy blanket of Hammond B-3 organ.

What *Spectrum Road* has shown me mostly is just how drab much of what folks consider jazz-rock or fusion has become. After the initial flood of fusion groups in Lifetime's wake eventually the music lost much of its rock energy, found an R&B slickness and eventually found its way on radio and begat smooth jazz, so it's all forgiven if you've heard the term "fusion" and assumed that *Spectrum Road* would suck outright. Well, my friend, if you never knew jazz could kick as hard as Slayer, then listen to this album and get blown away.—**KELLY MINNIS**

find 979represent on
facebook
and 979represent.com

Todd On Film: *This Is England*



I only recently got around to watching *This Is England*. Like many other films it sat in my Netflix queue for a long time longingly waiting to be chosen. They have a surprising amount of great British content on there for both movies and television series. I'm not the kind of guy who watches foreign stuff from particular countries, but I do find myself picking out selections from Britain a lot more recently, such as *Submarine*, *Snuff Box*, and everything in between. And it's amazing what you can learn about a culture or a county when you get past your preconceived notions of it and look at the stereotypes from their perspective, even in a piece of fiction. One of my favorite British characters is Lane Pryce from *Mad Men*, who is excellently played by Jared Harris. Lane Pryce is financial executive from London who eventually becomes a partner at the Manhattan advertising agency the series centers around. He is a very professional person who occasionally unwinds for a good time, but overall is quite repressed and too proud to seek help from others when he needs it. His career abroad is secretly a form of escapism, a way to further avoid problems back at home.

I'm also fresh off of watching the opening ceremonies of this year's Olympic Games. It wasn't quite the spectacle that Beijing pulled off four years ago, but that's partially because London decided to tell a history of itself rather than display its power. The production, which was directed by acclaimed filmmaker Danny Boyle, started with a depiction of the beginning simple country life across England, I assume after the Middle Ages, which eventually gave way to the explosive force and rising smokestacks of the Industrial Revolution. I was a little perplexed by the group of capitalists who danced with approval while the workers labored heavily to bring about modern convenience, but I suppose that's exactly how it happened back then. Later on there was a brief homage to World War I which gave way to a big house party with a medley of tunes from all the good decades to show off the culture that the U.K. has exported to the rest of the world. All in all it was a little different from the merry gang of heroin

addicts in *Trainspotting*.

This Is England has an entirely different take on Britain than anything I had ever seen previously. The only other work I have experience with in a similar realm is Pink Floyd's (read: Roger Waters') album *The Final Cut*, which is a good listen if you ever want to be really, really sad. The setting is 1980s working-class England, and the protagonist is a young middle-schooler who has just lost his father to the Falklands War. Shaun and his mother are doing their best to get along, stuck in a dim neighborhood as he gets bullied at school. One day he has a chance encounter with some teenage skinheads who decide to take him in. They listen to ska and destroy abandoned home interiors for fun, but all in all the group is a very positive influence for Shaun, who may be in a little over his head but is glad to have friends that care about him. The happy-go-lucky times do not last long, however, as an old friend returns from a prison sentence and manages to tear the group apart with his extreme political views of English nationalism. One of the members he recruits for his mission is young Shaun, who is motivated solely by reasons of avenging his father's death.

The perspective of young Shaun is one of anger and confusion, a kid who yearns for answers even if he doesn't quite have the capability to understand them. The loss of a parent at such a young age is devastating, especially when the cause is a war which doesn't seem to have a purpose. The boy's view of things is at least partially representative of the blue collar class as well, but his naivety cannot connect how outrage over unemployment and other social concerns is sometimes being motivated by xenophobia and other hatred underneath until things go terribly wrong. I think the message of the movie is about how people respond to tragedy, how friendships can be broken apart by fear, and how actions sometimes have unexpected consequences. Overall, *This Is England* is a snapshot of a life in the center of a troubled time, and a movie which teaches the viewer that a country or group of people never has, and for that matter should not, have a singular identity.—**TODD HANSEN**

PUNK
ROCK FROM
...FEAT GIRL
ASS BAND
WRONG ONES
HANG OUTS
STANDALONES
CHARGERS

8-18-12 卐 REVOLUTION 5