



INSIDE: BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU—STILL THINKING THE GREAT GATSBY:  
FILM vs. FICTION—21 & A FUCKING LION EAT AFTER READING LIGHTER SIDE OF  
NUTHIN' LOUDFEST, REDUX—LP REVIEWS—CONCERT CALENDAR



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**Email to [admin@979represent.com](mailto:admin@979represent.com)**

**Materials for review & bribery can be sent to:**

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**1707 Austin Ave.**

**College Station, TX 77840**



## **Big Brother Is Watching You**

Loudfest this year kicked ass, as usual. But it kicked ass in such a way that we are going to have a hard time following it up next year. This is a good dilemma to have. But another dilemma that occurred at the tail end of The Hangouts' set closing out this year's Loudfest has me marveling at the wonders of technology and also perhaps ruining the potential ramifications of it.

At the conclusion of The Hangouts' set my drums went every which way in the room, winding up in a lot of people's hands, playing along. As I gathered all the pieces and parts together I was somewhat surprised that nothing was broken. I was missing a wingnut for a cymbal stand and, oddly, my kick drum pedal. We looked for it for a good hour and never found it. Eventually someone told us they had seen it in the arms of a girl in the audience. She made off with it, thinking it was a souvenir from a good rocking time. That, of course, was not cool and we were going to have to get it back. Taking broken drum sticks, guitar picks, setlists and the like are certainly okay. Taking instruments or accessories is not. Come Monday we were able to find photographic evidence of the woman (with the pedal in her arms no less) and posted them on our various Facebook profiles and group pages. Within four hours we figured out who the woman was. The next day the woman, somewhat embarrassed, returned the kick drum pedal. And that was that.

The whole event had me amazed by the technology we have grown to rely on, and how easy it was to figure out who a person was from a single photograph. In ye olde days of yore we would've been screwed. But it also made me think that perhaps this may not be such a joyous thing after all. This woman, in a moment of drunken fun, did something that she thought was cool, only to have it come haunting her via Facebook from a variety of people by Monday. I can't imagine how much trouble I would've been in when I was younger if any photos were taken of my stupidity could've been instantly posted to the world. I began to feel sorry for this woman, and that a little drunk mistake got blown up Technicolor across the internet. I realized that we have achieved somewhat the Big Brother society that George Orwell warned us about so many decades ago in 1984. But this is not a totalitarian effort from the government with surveillance cameras everywhere (though there are plenty of those to a certain extent). Big Brother is standing next to you at the bar, in line at the DMV, at Wal-Mart, when you are working out, etc. Everyone has a smartphone with access to the internet, and you must now assume that everything you do could potentially wind up on Facebook, or on some of the many meme-alicious websites making fun of people. This could cause A LOT of potential problems for people. Imagine you are out drinking and make a fool of yourself and it winds up brought to your employer's attention, and you find yourself fired for your mistakes.

While this may be a tad paranoid, I don't think it's overkill for all of us to just assume now that someone is always watching what we do, or even if they aren't, the potential for a recording of our activities to exist is now always present. You cannot assume a certain amount of privacy now. It is an interesting side product of the 21st century method of living our lives completely in public. Not to be a bonerkiller or a boob punch here, but you might want to think twice about how you present yourself in public, y'all.—**KELLY MINNIS**



# 21 & a fucking lion

I turn 21 at midnight. The sky will be black. The stars will be out. And time will tell the universe I have survived another year.

I'm not scared about growing old. I'm scared of forgetting what I once was. I don't want to forget the things I loved most as a child, like the smell of grass, the color of rainy clouds or the feel of a fresh carpet burn. I'm terrified of not remembering the beautiful mistakes that molded me like clay. I have the relentless feeling that it will all be over at the stroke of midnight. I know it won't be but I can't deny the feeling that life as I once knew it will come to a halt. It's silly and dramatic I know, but it's how I feel. A good friend told me that it's not over. It's just a milestone in life. What he said eased me and I think that's what brought me to this moment of nostalgia.

I remember being five and building sheet forts in my living room with my cousin. My mom would get so pissed because we used too many tacks; her poor walls were full of holes. We would throw pillows and blankets in our sheet palace; we would pretend we were lions. We were the best lions. Roaring with courage to show our teeth, walking on all fours with dignity, and licking our imaginary paws. We were kings of our palace made from sheets.

I remember my cousin and I would play in my homemade Barbie house my dad built out of old plywood and pieces of leftover carpet. Granted I would always end up stripping my Barbie's naked and chopping their hair off, sometimes giving them black lip stick with a Sharpie—my family worried about me for a while, let's be honest, they still do.

I remember our old bay house in Palacios. I remember swimming in the ocean, fishing, and walking along the beach collecting odd sea shells. Once I got older I would wake at 5am to watch the sun rise and the porpoises breaching in the distance.

I remember staying home from school just for fun with my dad—which I did a LOT!. He would make me leftover brisket tacos and we'd watch *The Cat in the Hat* while drinking CapriSun. He would play his guitar most of the day and once his fingers began to hurt he would pull out his records and pop them on the turntable. I remember once I fell asleep to Emerson Lake and Palmer's "Lucky One". I dreamt of stars and the sea.

I remember being nine. Strapping on my super cool pink and purple Barbie rollerblades. I would skate on my grandmothers concrete driveway; I would listen to Guns 'N Roses' *Appetite for Destruction* on my Walkman. I would sing at the top of my lungs along with Axl Rose about how his love had eyes of the bluest sky, as if they thought of rain. Gliding and feeling the crunch of the concrete under the cheap plastic wheels. I was happy. I was a kid.

I remember being 12 and the first time I smoked pot. It was raining, I was in my sister's new car with her and her boyfriend; they pulled out a joint, I asked to try it. After that, most of my teenage-hood was consumed by pot and oatmeal pies/ Twinkies.

I remember 16 and the day my dad died, I went to see him in the hospital early one morning; they weren't taking visitors at that moment so I went home and fell asleep. A call woke me a few hours later. It was a nurse urging me to get to the hospital ASAP. Groggy, half-awake, I asked my neighbor for a ride because my mom was running errands. I remember walking to the ICU wing and laughing at some patient before walking into his room. I opened the sliding glass door with a grin on my face; it was quickly stolen by the appearance of a priest hovering over his body. My family was there crying and I knew. I walked over, stroked his long black hair and cried. I told him I loved him, and how much I was going to miss him. I kissed his cheek and held his hand one last time before I left the room.

Times were simple when I didn't have a care in the world other than my dad or my family. I grew up too fast but kept the simplicity of an actual childhood; I've seen things, witnessed things no child ever should. I've lived the best life a kid could, I've held on to memories of sickness, happiness, love, poverty, and death. Embedded in me like new DNA, they've shaped and framed me into 21.

This next year will give me new love, new loss, and new life. Terrified to the bone, I'll run into it with arms in the air screaming and singing at the top of my lungs. I'll be a lion. I'll be that kid again and I'll evolve into something new at the same time; like mixing paint, my colors will swirl and run into each other while I try to decide what shade and tone I really want to be. 21, it could be fun.—JESSICA LITTLE



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## Still Thinking: Perhaps a Would Be Runner

I find a glorious slice of irony served in the fact that one of my previous Still Thinking columns was titled "The Concept of Manliness" and in it I explored various ways I buck against modern notions of masculine chest-puffedness. I find this gloriously ironic because this morning my wife's badassness revealed my own couch-enthroned gut-puffedness. All this before 6 on the clock, before coffee, before I finally shielded my wife against waking evils with the horse-powered muscles of a Nissan X-Terra chassis and the snorted puffs of a pug's nose.

Perhaps God infused every man (and mother-bearish woman) with the need to protect their own. According to Christian writer John Eldridge and every film starring Liam Neeson (other than *Kinsey*), men are hard-wired to go the distance for their wives and their offspring. I have a wife. I have no offspring. And considering that I do not run, the distance I am hard-wired to go to defend my own is about two blocks. My half-marathon devouring wife runs 4-5 miles for a workout, sometimes as prep to a workout, while I consider walking the dog twice daily and scampering to the building next to my office for bathroom breaks—taking the stairs along the way, mind you—sufficiently heart-healthy. This woman is set to outlive me by a full decade and four Papa John's BOGO specials.

This morning my wife missed her 5:30 gym workout due to an ill-set alarm. Flustered, my wife announced she would go for a run. I looked out the window. Pitch black. Squirrels were not even acorning yet. Our pug snored on. And I remembered a harrowing experience we endured this past winter when my wife frantically called from a well-lit gas station in the dark of the morning. She'd been trailed by a creeper in a Lincoln town car. Killing the headlights, he coasted quietly by her side until another car crested the hill. LT b-lined through front and backyards to the corner Shell, glowing—as Maria Bamford would describe—like the logo of an international conglomerate in a third world shanty-town, beaming like the heart of a protective God. She called me. I drove to her aide, hitting the wrong Shell station before finding her huddled and shivering in the dawn's winter chill at the other Shell station. It's a damned world when a perfectly sweet Black girl cannot run alone in a predominantly White neighborhood before the sun rises.

So this morning I protested. She could not leave the house. Darkness prevailed in the streets and in my trust of Texas. LT was not pleased. Overly submissive, she grabbed her Bible and returned to the warmth of our well-lit queen sized bed. Downstairs, I knew I had failed my wife. John Eldridge would be wilder at heart. Liam Neeson would chew the evil of smalltown Texas like a Copenhagen dip, spitting his brown liquid chaw-cud in the devil's silly eyes. But me? I started making coffee and sat down to the Washington Post, elderly before my years, crippled by slothfulness and caffeine dependence. But then a resolution dawned on me.

LT had not made it halfway through this morning's run before I finally decided to get myself fitted for running shoes. I allowed her to reach just out of sight before slipping into drive and rounding the bend until she entered my rearview mirror again. I'm not sure this is what John Eldridge had in mind when he called me to a William Wallace stance against social ills. Still, LT got in her run, and I—cradling my pug and listening to the Nerdist interview with Maria Bamford on our Nissan factory system—wrestled on the hillside of my stubbornness with angels of maturation and cardiovascular reasoning. And I realized right there, watching for my wife to run towards me, that—sweet baby Jesus!—all manner of Maria Bamford fits into my iPod, into my earbuds, into a solid pace beside my bride as we reach that far corner, slap the traffic light, and turn back home. LT may have finally duped me into her running activities by the drowning whimpers of my own inactivity. And my queasy lungs ache just thinking about it.—KEVIN STILL

## great gatsby

**THE FICTION:** The wife and I each read *The Great Gatsby* again prior to the release of Baz Lurhmann's new film. It had been years for either of us, and we read *Gatsby* out of mutual interest in the film and our own fuzzy memories. Before we scavenged out our old Scribner copy, we shared our memories of the language, the parties, Daisy's vapidity and Gatsby's mystery, but we remembered little else. Suddenly, the book entered most of our conversations. Again there was the language. Again the parties and Daisy and Gatsby. But now there was much more. Things we did not remember from a decade's pass between readings.

Like Nick's naivety, his wide-eyed school-boy notion to conquer the world through books: an outlook possessed before tasting life's salty skin at parties near whisky and music and broken noses. Nick, the innocent interpreter of perverse wealth, the last remaining Victorian seeing the poetry in people's motions and motives, weighing the raging sexuality of both Jay Gatsby and Jordan Baker as equally inviting. Only Nick Carraway could see the purity of Gatsby's hope to fulfill self-determined divinity.

And the story of America. Not just the framework of the roaring twenties, but America. The confusion of integration and immigration, all that mucking about without invitation or purpose. The Rise of the Colored Empire and old verses new money. I wondered more than once if Nick was talking about Gatsby's Long Island or the influx of natives at Ellis Island:

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited—they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

The book is as much epic poetry as it is a novel, electrically charged with large characters and the eyes of God and mythic proportions titillating everything from the purchase of a puppy to so many beautiful shirts. I wanted to re-read it immediately, and, in fact, I re-read the first chapter after the last to feel the circular pull of it, of those damn sentences and descriptions—People disappeared, reappeared, made plans to go somewhere, and then lost each other, searched for each other, found each other a few feet away—in which Fitzgerald tapped a singular inspired vein, one he never found vibrant again. It's no wonder he drank himself underneath.

**THE FILM:** Baz Lurhmann's film succeeds and fails in equally awkward and glorious degrees. Successfully, Lurhmann captures the superficial, vacant roar of that decade and those people by creating a film that also feels superficially vacant. The flashy cameras, layered imagery, popping colors, and anachronistic hip-hop soundtrack speak more to Lurhmann's own Gatsby-ish self-importance than to Fitzgerald's source. Cinematically, everything in the narrative before Daisy's tea at Nick's cottage and after Myrtle's demise is a chest-beating wash. If these bookended scenes are all the critics endured, then I understand their disdain.

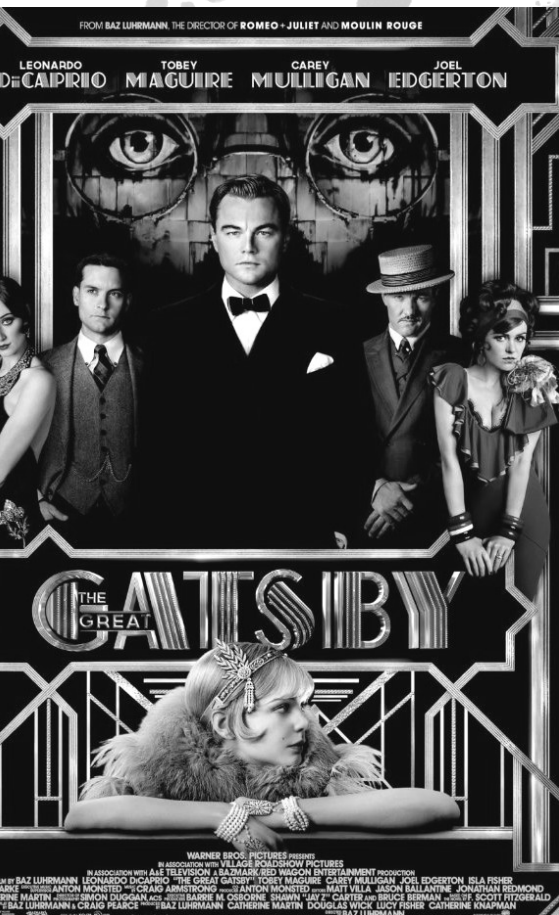
But Lurhmann's film works when and where it needs most. As mentioned, everything between Daisy's tea and Myrtle's loss—basically, the heart of the story—is essentially Fitzgerald's *Gatsby*. All the humor and awkwardness Fitzgerald wrote into his pages finally found place in film, which is as much credit to the cast as the direction. Surprisingly, Tobey Maguire's Nick Carraway almost overshadowed Leonardo DiCaprio's Jay Gatsby until the final hotel room scene when Tom Buchanan



# Gatsby: film vs fiction

(Joel Edgerton) pushes Gatsby to a brink that reveals the difference between old and new money. Prior to this point, DiCaprio's performance is reserved and cool, as handsome and flawless as Jay Gatsby's library of real books. And Carey Mulligan's Daisy is irresistible and slightly despicable, so

without having any idea of the plot I assumed it was a detective story or some such. Maybe I was confusing it with *The Great Mouse Detective* (there's a film crossover opportunity right there). So, in order to rid myself of this ignorance, when I saw the trailer for Baz Luhrmann's adaptation of the novel this past fall I decided it would be a good idea to do my homework prior to. This was before the release date had been pushed back, meaning there was little time to spare. As a friend and I were discussing the movie trailer one day I mentioned that I had never read the book and I was met with a stupefied look. The next day she brought me her copy to read and I sped through it while I Christmas vacation.



I loved Fitzgerald's writing style in *Gatsby*. It was different than almost all fiction I had ever read, probably because I usually enjoy dystopia or Southern gothic stories. I never was able to put a finger on what was unique about it, but I believe it was the manner in which he described the simplest actions that made me appreciate the novel the most. The quote that oddly sticks out in my mind is when he writes how Jordan Baker removes herself from a conversation by looking up at ceiling as if trying to balance an object on her forehead. Maybe not the best example, but these kind of refreshing mental images were what really sucked me into the book. At the same time I was not sure how this kind of language would be able to translate from the page to the screen.

Visually *The Great Gatsby* is quite impressive, which is not surprising considering Luhrmann's previous work such as *Moulin Rouge!* and *Australia*. I only saw the movie in pedestrian 2D, but the scale and color palette of everything was still a sight to behold. Part of the reason for such grandness is the theme of excess in the novel. From the onset the rich taste and epic partying of the 1920s is on full display, even though the good times couldn't possibly last forever. When I went to the theater many of the attendees wore period attire, such as flapper dresses and loud suits, in celebration of the era (while in good fun it was a bit ironic). The modern music in the film was a distraction at many points, but there were a couple times where it worked well to set the mood of the scene. I could at least appreciate it when it was being used as a tool to connect a modern audience with a period piece. However, there's no reason for me to hear a few seconds of "Izzo" while we're driving around New York trying to keep up with Gatsby's back story.

It suddenly dawned on me during the middle of the movie: I never actually liked the story in the book! I was too busy being mystified by the language that I hadn't been completely paying attention to what the characters were doing to each other. I realized that nobody in *The*

*Great Gatsby* is very likeable; not Nick Carraway, definitely not Daisy Buchanan, and not even the title character himself. I'm not sure if that's what makes it a great novel, but it did make it a little harder to be compelled by their plights as the movie progressed. The movie's strength, however, was definitely the casting and the way the characters were handled. Carey Mulligan could not have been better as the frivolous Daisy; Edgerton and DiCaprio butted wills with ferociousness; and Tobey Maguire captured the naivety of young Carraway being drawn into the whole mess. Luhrmann also wisely chose to focus on Carraway's narration and point of view as the driver for the plot rather than making the film all about Gatsby. I'm not sure that Carraway is necessarily the protagonist of the movie, but he's definitely just as much of a critical element to the circus occurring around him, even if he's not influencing it in the most obvious of ways. Go see it, old sport.—TODD HANSEN

much that you simultaneously want to run away with her and push her in front of your Westward fleeing car.

Still, Luhrmann's truest success was in his reading of many difficult passages. He brought a childlike interpretation to Gatsby's throwing the shirts and an utter speechlessness to Daisy's weeping on them. He explored Jay Gatsby's silent, hidden crookedness in ways that shined light on Wolfsheim and those pesky party time phone calls. And he showed us in Gatsby what Tom wanted to reveal to Daisy all along. Fitzgerald offered scant but sufficient detail for readers, opening keyholes rather than windows into his story. Luhrmann and associates read between the lines and gave us interpretive probabilities authentic enough to drive us back to our own copies of *The Great Gatsby*. For this reason alone, the film succeeds more than fails.—KEVIN STILL

For whatever reason, I was not one of the many kids who had *The Great Gatsby* in their high school curriculum. I had always heard the name and realized it was a seminal work, but

LOUDFEST ruled so hard this year. If you were there, you will certainly concur. My favorite moments: hiphop group **StereoType**'s backing tracks from phone getting interrupted by a phone call, and the group took the call from stage!; Fort Worth doom metal band **Solomon** making like the soundtrack to the splitting of Pangaea and its ensuing earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and mass extinction of species (yeah, these dudes craft a new genre...tectonic metal); **Fistful of Dollars** and **Knights of the Fire Kingdom** showing you how to update Freedom Rock for the next generation; **The Chumps** making onstage internecine band friction look like high camp; **The Sour Notes** win the award for squeezing the most musicians onstage at one time at Revolution probably ever (7 people!); **Bear's** Yearning's interesting dinosaur headgear; **Street Pizza** really caring about our sexual health; **A Sundae Drive** for blowing people away on their first show in town; and **The Hangouts** for getting the most crowd participation (crowd surfing in Revolution!, not to mention the ad hoc drumline) Perhaps these photos can show you a little of what you missed.—*KELLY MINNIS*

# loudfest





# t. reunion

photos by adria  
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advis



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LIGHTER SIDE OF NOTHIN'...

by bill naniels

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# Mustache Rides

By James Gray



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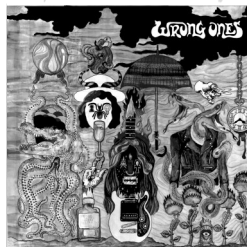
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# Record Reviews



**The Wrong Ones**  
*Infinite Hallucination*

*Infinite Hallucination*, the new LP from Houston's The Wrong Ones, gets started with a bit of *Nightgets*—via—Mudhoney Vox organ, then the drums kick in and the most unlikely of sounds flies in: an electric lead guitar divebombing in from 1987 as though it were from the hands of an L.A. metal maniac. And then the song truly gets started. Within 20 seconds you have the central theme of what makes The Wrong Ones a truly special band, and *Infinite Hallucination* the most accurate statement to date of what this band is all about.

Over the course of 9 songs you get the push and pull between the post-British Invasion garage punk, pop and Stiv Bators inclinations of vocalist/organ man Jarett Barger and the Randy Rhoads meets Ron Asheton guitar flash and crunch of Brandon Barger. This brother team, supported by drummer Cory Parker and bassist Jacob Mullins, has certainly come on super strong in the last couple of years since the release of their previous album *Deceiver* through Houston imprint Cutthroat Records. *Infinite Hallucination* still has plenty of swagger and menace, but it also has the ability to laugh at itself while it rocks out. "I Live In A Garage" is chorus tats the title and caps it off with "and Goddamn it's hot!"

Mostly it is the joy of hearing this band really get its feet with great songs and choruses (the aforementioned "I Live In A Garage," "Outta My Mind" and "666"), but what's also very interesting is to hear the band bring it down and get positively creepy on "Nobody's

Believer" to close out the album. It has that "soundtracking a pivotal Vietnam war flashback scene for Oliver Stone" Doors-y feel to it and shows yet another facet of The Wrong Ones.

*Infinite Hallucination* shows this band is an anomaly in Houston. Sure, they at times sound like they are a firm part of the Hell City Kings/Cutthroat Space City punk rock crew, but then they also sound like they are 1984 L.A. music nerds with one foot in the Paisley Underground and the other on Sunset Strip. It is this cross-cultural approach that makes The Wrong Ones stand out hard, and what solidifies their appeal.—**KELLY MINNIS**



**The Please Please Me**  
*Shake A Little Harder*

Imagine a soulful Patti Smith fronting a Fleetwood Mac chamber pop trio, and you have some idea of the well-crafted sound on *Shake A Little Harder*. The band is guitarist/vocalist/principal songwriter Jessie Torrisi, cellist/vocalist Alissa McClure, and percussionist Agustin Frederic. Torrisi and McClure played in Bryan a number of times in the past couple of years in earlier incarnations of the Please Please Me band—those shows usually ended with most of the audience onstage playing kazoos alongside the band.

*Shake A Little Harder* literally does that compared to Torrisi's last EP under her own name ("Bruler, Bruler"), which was dominated by slower contemplative tunes. "Shake" is more about having a good time. The opening cut is the best—"All Danced Out" is an inviting pop-rock number about

escaping a working day out on the town: "Sweat all day for someone else/Tonight is all for myself." Torrisi's sly humor comes out on the enticing "Your Skin" that closes out the too-short EP as she gives in to her longing: "I try to be good/But it's overrated." "She Leaves Notes" is more of a rocker about an on-off lover who leaves her mark with every visit. "Dreamin'" is a slow burner of a tune that recalls the best of "Bruler, Bruler." It's highlighted by McClure's cello and Torrisi's aching vocals about being blue: "Getting high and feeling low/Sleepwalking as I go/Listening to Elvis on the radio." "Exile" is a bouncing soulful song with a chiming guitar, wrapped with three-part harmony.

The now-Austin-based band are touring the states with some Texas dates this summer.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



**Jay Satellite**  
*Bright Blue Blazer*

Jay Satellite hails from Hutto, but you'd be forgiven for thinking they are a B/CS band as they play here quite often. We have watched the band go from its infancy to the powerhouse rock & roll extravaganza it has now become. Oddly though, other than an EP on local label Sinkhole Texas Inc. in 2008 the band has released no other music other than for under the radar download only releases. *Bright Blue Blazer* is the first in a series of releases planned for 2013. It is a fine calling card for what this band is about.

From note one of the title track, *Bright Blue Blazer* turns up the guitars and they never turn down.

The overall vibe of the EP is the struggle for supremacy of singer/guitarist Jason Clark's love for wall-to-wall Bob Mould style guitars, flashy Guitar Institute spoling and textured post-punk ambience. This is for certain a guitarist's album. The songs hold up to the constant onslaught with a solid assist from the band's secret weapon, bassist Marigold Clark and her haunting harmony vocals.

The darker songs win out for me. The post-punk reverb-drenched lead guitars fight for purchase above the solid chunk of heavy guitar in "The End of Me," with Marigold's spacy harmony vocal lending weight to the chorus. "Falling (For You)" strides the line between uber-L.A. metal riffing with a darker chorus melody. With "I Am Hovering" Clark embraces the Bob Mould and goes for a full-on tribute to Sugar. "Overjoyed (In the Void)" tacks on some galactic new wave synth for good measure with a bit of restrained Robert Smith lead playing. Where the EP really comes together is with the last song, "Sunday Driver" where the culmination of the band's metal meets gothic post-punk meets classic college radio rock results in an all-out shoegaze free-for-all in the coda.

This EP is an interesting release for the band. It is a clearing house of sorts for older music from Clark's previous bands, with only two of the songs somewhat new. Another similar EP is planned with a full length album *Constellations* due by year's end. In a way these EP's mark the progress of the band like marking a child's height each year on the doorframe. *Bright Blue Blazer* should heighten anticipation for and clear the path for the full length album. Can't wait to hear that one.—**KELLY MINNIS**

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# concert calendar

**6/4—Kopecky Family Band, Scientist, Evan P. Donohue** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

**6/7—Cavegirl, The Most, Strange Weapons, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**6/7—Walking Bear (final show), The Fox & The Bird, Larynx, Daniel Gonzalez** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/8—The Background, Red Box Harbor** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/8—Smoota** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**6/13—The Lonely Hunter, Heyrocco, The Reynolds Number** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/15—Race To the Moon, Almost Handsome, Mike The Engineer, Bachelor Police, Golden Sombrero** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/20—The Couch, The Beans** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/21—Seryn, Chambers** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/21—Featherface, The Ex-Optimists, Only Beast** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**6/22—Ishi, Black Taxi** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/22—The Hangouts, The Freakouts, Girl Band, Pink Smoke** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**6/26—Opportunist, INOI, Girl Band, Fistful of Dollars** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/27—Straight Line Stitch, In the Trench, Myra Maybell, Hindsight** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/28—Dixie Witch, Signal Rising, Whiskey Six, Truman Syndrome** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**6/29—Jay Satellite, Fight Plan, Girl Band, Bear's Yearning** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**7/6—Brazos Valley Metal & Hardcore Festival with In the Trench, Myra Maybell, A Theory on Conquest, Closed Hand Promise** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

**7/11—Jay Satellite, Lightning Briefs, A Sundae Drive** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**7/12—Shiny Ribs** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

## line out: chad petty

Bryan/College Station singer songwriter Chad Petty has graced many a stage around here as a solo artist as well as with his band Walking Bear. Chad is blessed with a reedy tenor more reminiscent of Woody Guthrie's honk than even

the great Bob Dylan himself when he was on the serious Guthrie tip in his early days. Rather than run a tribute act, Chad blends Texas country, old timey mountain country, Delta blues and modern indie rock sensibilities into his songwriting and performance. He's been rather taken for granted as a fixture in these parts. Sadly, Chad will be leaving us soon, as he's enlisted in the Army. Friday, June 7th at Revolution Café & Bar in downtown Bryan, marks the final show for Walking Bear. To mark the occasion of Chad's one last go with Walking Bear before he trades his guitar for an M16, we asked Chad to talk to us a bit about his influences.

I grew up listening to old country and blues albums with my grandparents and my father. They'd have it turned up so loud you could hear the bluesy bass lines from the road. As I got older I really got into classic rock, and then later into the Houston metal and hardcore scene. I played guitar in a few metal bands through high school and after. I ended up in College Station with my acoustic guitar and a need to play something a bit more like the stuff I had grown up around.



I think I'd say my main influences would be artists like Hank Sr., George Jones, Zeppelin, Floyd, CCR, and even bands like Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster. I have a genuine love for old country, old blues, old rock n' roll, and the hardcore/metal I listened to in high school, including the not so metal bands like Minus The Bear, Whiskeytown, and The Decemberists. For the most part, if the music is good, the lyrics meaningful, and the vocals soulful, I'll dig it. To put it plainly, if you put my Pandora on "shuffle" you'd hear anything from Muddy Waters, to Stick To Your Guns, to Zeppelin, to Tom Waits, Wilco, and Muse. I'm very fortunate to know a lot of great musicians of very different genres, from Puente, Silver Ships, The Conglomerate, and the guys from

The Ex-Optimists, The Hangouts, Legacy Falls, and Bonnie Blue. Every one of the guys and girls from these bands, and more, has had an influence on the music Walking Bear makes. We're definitely an eclectic band of misfits. I'm going to miss these guys, my fellow musicians, show-goers, and beer-slingers.

*Chad Petty and Walking Bear plays Revolution Café & Bar in downtown Bryan Friday, June 7th at 10pm. The Fox & The Bird, Larynx and Daniel Gonzalez open.*

# **ARSENAL TATTOO**



**arsenaltattoo.com**  
**979.696.3430**