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979 REPRESENT



INSIDE: Still Geeking Tape Out: ASS Irony of Money and Banks The Heart of the Matter Viciously Vile Roar Shark Record Reviews Concert Calendar



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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Tape Out: Jonny Carveza

Growing up in a multicultural household can be rewarding as well as confusing. My dad is Caucasian and my mother is Hispanic, but I never have been able to fully identify with either culture. I'm either too white to be Mexican or too Mexican to be white. When I hit adolescence I began to struggle with another identity crisis of a completely different nature.

Like most young men entering puberty I was filled with angst and aggression for no apparent reason other than biology. Some kids channel their rage and frustration into sports, but I was never a gifted athlete so music became my focus.

Discovering pissed off hardcore punk bands like Minor Threat, Bad Brains, and Black Flag helped to feed the primal urges I had toward aggressive behavior, however I also really enjoyed speed metal bands like Slayer, Motörhead and Metallica.

This division in my musical taste really frustrated me at the time because my 13-year-old brain didn't quite grasp the concept of blending genres. I figured you either had to be a punk or a metal-head: you couldn't be both.

It wasn't until I was in high school that my internal conflict was resolved. A group of older kids I knew through skateboarding introduced me to D.R.I. (Dirty Rotten Imbeciles), which helped to shatter everything I thought I knew about aggressive music.

I bought a copy of their 1987 album *Crossover* and was forever changed. This record immediately appealed to me due to the way the band combined the fury and speed of punk with metal drums and guitar riffs, which was something I had never heard done before. Songs like "Tear it Down" proclaim,

"Fighting this society, there's only one way to win
We must stick together through all thick and thin
Cross over the line of your stubborn, closed mind
Don't be surprised at what you might find
We are the future, so let's get things straight
Combine our forces before it's too late
Fighting ourselves can't go on any longer
We must fight together if we want to grow stronger."

This album overall shows how creating musical borders through senselessly labeling one's self based upon their affiliation with a particular genre was limiting the potential of the scene as well as shutting others out.

Crossover by D.R.I. helped me to realize that identifying entirely with one group or another is pretty dumb. Be whoever you want, listen to whatever you want, dress however you want and think for yourself.

As long as a song hits you just right, and makes your stomach knot up, your fist clench with frustration and your head nod in anger, you belong.

See Jonny perform with his band *ASS* at their 7" release party at Revolution Café & Bar Friday Nov. 22nd with special guests *The Blood Royale*, *SHFUX*, and *Galactic Morgue*





Irony of Money and Banks

Turning on the television, reading the newspaper and surfing the interweb, all you hear about is inflation, debt and money. Most of the terms go unknown because it's so gosh damn boring, and my generation could probably care less. But, me being me, my curiosity got the best of me and I had to dig into the bottom of the pit of information and dictionary a butt fuck ton of definitions to figure out what the hell all of these old people are jabbering about. Everyone is in such a fit over government and our corrupt president and all of the debt our country is in. Normally I would keep my nose out of this kind of business and run the other way, but I decided to say fuck it and bit the boring, overwhelming bullet called economic bullshit. I found out how and why money is made. I discovered the true irony of debt and I've figured out that our government isn't completely 100% to blame on this one. Now before you start cursing me and planning my assassination, just give this a quick read and maybe you'll understand where I'm coming from.

After about two days of non-stop research, I've figured out that our actual currency doesn't really exist. Money is created out of nothing. I'll break it down for you.

So, when the U.S of A needs about 5 billion\$\$, what they do is call up the Federal Reserve Bank and say "hey we need 5 billion\$". The Fed-Reserve Bank agrees to this deal and is like "sure man no worries, we got you". So the Fed-Reserve must buy 5 Billion\$ in government bonds. The government creates these cute little things called *Treasury Bonds* in the sum of 5 billion \$ and sends them on over to the Fed-Reserve and trades them for some homemade slips of green paper called *Federal Reserve Notes* in the same amount of 5 billion \$. The trade is made and the government deposits the Federal Reserve Notes into a bank account and BAM! The Federal Reserve Notes are now legal tender, aka SOME HOT OFF THE PRESS CASH...that has no real and tangible value. Money has just been made, traded and legalized. But in reality all of this is done over the computer. Only 3% of American money is in physical form, the 97% is all in computers and there is no paper used at all.

Now, some of you might be asking "Jess, WTF are treasury bonds? And what is the significant of those bonds?" Well, complete stranger, I'm glad you asked. Here is the answer: Treasury bonds are slips of paper or—in this technological decade case—they're numbers on a screen that say: The U.S just borrowed 5 billion\$\$ and are promising to pay it back because we—the Federal Reserve Bank—have these pieces of paper/numbers and the U.S now owes us because we bought this loan. So if you've put all of these little pieces of the puzzle together, our money and whole economic stand point is based off of debt. Yup, all money made is made out of debt. Blew your mind, I know.

So, if new monies are being made, then what is giving that money value? Ha! I will tell you what's giving them value, kind citizen.

New money is sucking the value of the old already circulating money, and as the value of the dollar decreases, the price of goods increase causing an off balance in the economy's equilibrium. This is called *Inflation*. Inflation sucks balls because our dollar can't buy what certain goods are

worth. Jack up those prices on food and call a loan company so we can buy some!! This is how the economy is today.

But Jess with every loan there is interest right? What about interest Jess?

Well, good Samaritan of the United States Of America, let me tell you a little something about some seriously fucked up interest and the fucktards who decided to make interest. *Interest*. It's common sense to know that with any loan from a bank, loan company, or even a simple pawn shop that you will have to pay interest. But what you might not know is that when the government borrows money from the Federal Reserve, only the principle is being created in the money supply. So where is the money to cover the interest you ask? Ha! Well, hold on to your nuts and chemicals, ladies and gentleman. The money for the interest does not exist. Haha, blew your mind again? I know I did, I have that mind blowing gift. The amount of cash being owed to the Fed Reserve will always exceed the amount of money in circulation. This is why inflation is a constant in our economy. New money is always needed to cover deficient built into the system cause by the need to pay the interest. So unfortunately things like default, bankruptcy, and being so fucked in the ass by finance problems will always be in our economic world. Guess what!...That's the entire point. This is a system of modern slavery.

In 1913 the value of 1.00\$ is equivalent to 21.60\$...that's a 96% devaluation since the Federal Reserve Bank came into play. What money hungry assholes.

The Federal Reserve Bank is a privately owned bank that has created The Federal Reserve Banking System. The FRB system has created the nation's *Monetary Policy* which is the dictation of interest rates, loans, and the supply of money being made for the government to have/borrow for the American people. There is one mother ship, one HQ, one mother to all. It's located in Washington D.C. It has offspring that has located in the biggest cities around our country. American is divided up into 12 districts...like it's the fucking hunger games. Texas is district 11..btw. These branches also govern the surrounding smaller cities, so our country is completely covered by the Federal Reserve Bank. Hooray...

These are the banks that oppress us and dictate our every move.

Strong words for a banking system I know, but think about it. We're working for money that has had a 96% devalue from about 100 yrs ago. We the people are slaving away for the bare minimum and we are trying our best to keep our heads above water. We the people are slaves to banks. Our money comes from banks just to go right back in them, whether it be for a mortgage payment, rent, loans or any other type of payment for anything. The banks made money, therefore they've made debt. We work to pay off debt and it's a never ending cycle of irony and unjust schemes.

Tricky little bastards aren't they.—JESSICA LITTLE

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Another month ends, tolling my geek bells and beckoning my retrospections. And it's been a weird month. Until this past week, October 2013 beat me down like a neighborhood thug—and not one of these modern-day weak-sauce cyberbully thugs that are so in vogue. A real thug, like from the mid-80s. The kind that actually punched you with that crooked-up "frogger" middle finger. At my elementary school, the biggest bully was Michael Something-or-Another, and he liked to smack kids in the face on the playground and shoot his cocker spaniel with a b.b. gun in his backyard. Eventually, he went either to jail or hell, the latter most likely for his anti-cocker spaniel behaviors. I digress. My October has been that Michael Something-or-Another kid reincarnate and I've been a fluffy-ear pup tied to his back elm. The point here is that while I have been distracted and quite unable to consume, let alone digest, much in the way of books and film this past month, I did manage to chew on a few titles worthy of report.

AMERICAN HORROR STORY: COVEN

This new season of *American Horror Story*, subtitled *Coven*, is blowing my mind. We're three episodes into this season and I'm already labeling it "some of the best television I've ever seen". (Granted, I watch very little television, so I bought myself some wiggle room with the declaratively vague "some".) After the season premiere, I openly announced that one single episode "possibly the best horror film I've seen this year". And each episode keeps getting better.

If you're not familiar with the *American Horror Story* format, you should first know that each season narrates a single storyline. A televised serial novel, if you will. The first season explored the history and effects of a haunted house on new residents. The second season, subtitled *Asylum* (which I regretfully have not yet seen) takes place in a mental hospital. The current season, *Coven*, tells the story of four young witches at a school for gifted women in New Orleans. Unique to the *AHS:Coven* narrative, these witches do not approach their powers by choice, rather their status as witches is inherited from previous witches in their ancestry. Since the days of Salem and throughout American history, witches have been hunted down and destroyed by fearful religious zealots. Thus the incognito school in New Orleans where young witches can safely learn to hone and use their powers.

The cast of *AHS:Coven* is absolutely a total diva fest, setting powerhouse actresses such as Jessica Lange, Kathy Bates, and Angela Bassett alongside massively talented young actresses such as Taissa Farminga, Emma Roberts, and Gabourey Sidibe. Oppression is the theme for this new season, and we encounter various embodiments of this theme immediately in the first episode: racial oppression from Katy Bates' torture of her mid-19th century slave hands; religious oppression stamping out young witches; sexual oppression obviously from different men towards a young, beautiful, all female cast. Still, there's a far more interesting story of oppression among the women themselves as we witness a power-play struggle for an Alpha female position within the school. Everyone is more right or more powerful or more alluring than everyone else, and the girls waste no opportunity to lord it over her sisters.

AHS:Coven does not shy from the supernatural creepiness (spells and resurrections and mind control and killer vaginas and bathing in raining goat blood and human voodoo doll pinnings), nor does it shy from real life horrors (torture, slavery, rape, incest, infertility, the brevity and futility of life). I've watched each of the three existing *Coven* episodes twice, shocked each time at the level of violence and gore and visceral oppression the FX network has found approval to air, but to make a show exploring such themes without that much raw imagery and emotion would not serve the storyline justice. It's an amazing show. So much that, for the first time ever, I'm actually purchasing each individual episode from iTunes the day after it airs. It's worth every penny.

CARRIE

The primary critical complaint I've read about the Kimberly

Still Scream

Peirce's new remake of Brian De Palma's 1976 film, *Carrie*, is that it looks and feels unnecessary. Some say the new filmmaker and cast—in the remake, Chloe Grace Moretz replaces Sissy Spacek as Carrie White, while Julianne Moore replaces Piper Laurie as Margaret White, Carrie's religiously fanatic mother—bring nothing fresh enough to the story or production to warrant a remake of a genre classic. Others say the technological leap from 1976 to 2013 was wasted in the scenes that matter most, i.e. the prom scenes, Carrie's practicing telekinesis, Chris and Billy's vehicular troubles. And yet another camp approaches the new film from a literary angle, suggesting that the film does not bridge any of the narrative gaps De Palma dug between his film and Stephen King's 1974 debut novel of the same title. Now, before I bemoan the idea that "everyone is a critic", I must remind myself that I'm here to do precisely what they've done, and I've probably had just as much filmmaking experience as any of them. Still, I disagree with the majority of that nonsense, even though I did not flat out love this remake.

Carrie is a special character and story for me as it was the first novel I remember reading voluntarily as a young lad. I'm still not even sure why, being an ultra-conservative Southern Baptist youth group kid, I chose to read it. Something about that Signet paperback cover with the blue light illuminating Carrie's dual face portrait seemed intriguing. And then when I came across that shower scene in those opening pages I was hooked. I had never read anything like that before in all my public school required readings and Sunday school materials. It would be several years before I would see De Palma's film. And although I laughed at the late-70s dual screen effects during the prom, I was mesmerized by Sissy Spacek and Piper Laurie and even the rag-tag group of bully girls, including P.J. Soles whose framed autograph adorns my guest room wall. Those women captured the depth and tragedy of the novel I had, by that time, read twice. I had read so little that King's novel felt extremely important to me, and De Palma's film paid a great compliment to King's text.

Stephen King's story of Carrie White is so rich and literary that it works on several thematic levels. *Carrie* explores themes of religious fanaticism, child abuse, the awkwardness of puberty, supernatural powers, as well as female loyalty and betrayal. It also works as a classic coming-of-age film. But, at its core, it's mostly a story about the underdog rising up, about the bullied standing up to her bullies. It's a story about geeks and nerds and dweebs finally punching back. This, I think, was a personal story for King, and perhaps this is why the story rang so true to me.

For this reason alone, I cannot agree with the notion that this remake was in anyway "unnecessary". Kimberly Peirce brought Carrie's story out of the mid-1970s and modernized it in our technological age. Now Chris Hargensen and her disciples not only bully Carrie in the locker room, they broadcast her torment on the internet, on social media, and even on the large screens of their school. The text in Peirce's film even feels more acutely focused on the bullying, on Sue Snell's self-sacrificial heroics, and on the idea that, and I quote directly from the new film, "A person can only be pushed so far until they finally push back".

King published one of his earliest novels, titled *Rage*, under the pseudonym Richard Bachman. It's one of the only two novels, along with *Pet Semetary*, that King regrets publishing. In *Rage* a young man opens fire in a public school on his teacher and then takes his class hostage in order to have a philosophical debate. In another of King's early stories, "Cain Rose Up" published in the *Skeleton Crew* collection, a homicidal, depressed college student goes on a shooting spree from his dorm room window. King seemed to either understand quite deeply the effects and possible results of intense bullying on a young mind or he wrote from a prophetic standpoint of seeing what could occur if young people were not

ing

better protected from, in King's universe, real life monsters. In light of yet another recent public school shooting last Monday, this time in Nevada, I'm surprised that anyone could walk out of *Carrie* feeling that any part

of this story is unnecessary or untimely.

As for the film itself, I gave it 2.5 tampon machines out of 5. It is good, but it's not a classic. In five years from now, people will still be talking about the *De Palma* film and those performances as—for whatever reason—being more timeless than this remake. However, all that aside, the release of this remake felt timely for social reasons rather than cinematic ones. And the insanity of the remake's prom scene did look a far more realistic than the original. I may have even flinched when Carrie White threw those sparking live wires at her assailants. God forbid it ever come to that for anyone else.

JACKASS PRESENTS: BAD GRANDPA

When the wife and I first started dating, we had a difficult time aligning our sense of humor. I loved *Monty Python* and the mockumentaries of Christopher Guest. She loved *Madagascar* flicks and stand-up stylings of Sinbad. Our laughter did not mesh easily. That is until the day we walked in on my roommate watching *Jackass*. Neither of us had seen the show before, and we both realized watching Wee Man walk out of the same porta-potty Preston had just entered that this was the hardest either of us had seen the other laugh.

Since that day Johnny Knoxville and the *Jackass* boys have held a special place in the Still family. We've made the release of each *Jackass* movie a major celebratory event and we've purposely collected damn near everything Dickhouse Pictures has released to DVD. I think we've equally declared Chris Pontius, aka Party Boy, our favorite *Jackass*. If we ever host a ceremony to recommit our marriage vows, Party Boy will surely need to perform an Adidas pants ripping dance.

So with this great fanfare and family loyalty fueling us forward, the wife and I arrived early and excited to a matinee showing of *Bad Grandpa*. The theater was not particularly packed, but it was noisy. *Jackass* films tend to draw a crowd that reflects their namesake, and for this reason I was not surprised when several people in front of us texted—many times—on oversized iPhone tablets and one dickhouse picture even answered his phone. Answered his phone! Full conversation! But what could we say? We were hooting and howling the whole way as well. Again, a *Jackass* film draws its namesake.

Bad Grandpa is the rare, refreshing comedies that doesn't give away all its gold in the previews. There's plenty of gems still packaged between the preview scenes. Most notably, a farting contest between grandpa and grandson, as well as an impromptu striptease by grandpa featuring a dangling bit that makes those silver sacks on pick-up truck hitches look like metal mosquito bites. (Could somebody please tell me what the hell those things are supposed to represent other than de-evolved idiocy and a severe complex of one's actual member? It was only funny the first time I saw one hanging on a girl's truck. But, again, only the first time. I digress.)

Surprisingly, *Bad Grandpa* carries a narrative arc with a solid beginning, middle, and heart-warming end. The hidden camera bits are only pieces of the larger story that explore the relationship between Knoxville's Irving Zisman and his sadly unwanted grandson Billy. Although it was not our favorite *Jackass* film—that Oscar still goes to Number Two—we greatly enjoyed *Bad Grandpa*. I gave it 4 graffiti shirts out of 5. The eight year old Jackson Nicoll holds his own alongside Johnny Knoxville so well I'm already stoked for a possible sequel, hopefully in time for our anniversary.—KEVIN STILL

Viciously Vile: *Maniac*



I love William Lustig's *Maniac*. Ok, let me rephrase that. I absolutely ADORE William Lustig's *Maniac*. When I heard that a remake was in the works, the proverbial "Oh no, not another remake" wail shot up, especially when I learned that Elijah Wood would be playing Frank Zito. I wanted to curl up in the fetal position and curse the powers that be that actually green lighted this train wreck. Whose penis did Elijah Wood have to pleasure to get this role? Who in the hell thought it would be a good idea to cast Frodo as a crazed killer with a psychotic bloodlust and a wicked case of mommy issues? With a small sense of guilt and humility, I must say that this film is a great reimagining of an outstanding horror classic.

I loved how the writer, Alexandre Aja, went into more detail of Zito's whorish, drug using mother and why Frank grew up a madman. That detail was only hinted upon in Lustig's version. Both versions are gritty and seedy, although Aja's interpretation is without the grindhouse feel. Lustig's *Maniac* had the vileness and gore that movies in that time were notorious for. Not to downplay its blood and violence, but Aja's *Maniac* could have encompassed the Savini-type effects a little better. Still, it was done very well, and the mutilations were innovative.

Comparing Elijah Wood and Joe Spinell as Frank Zito is like comparing apples to oranges. Wood's Frank Zito is young, shy, and timid, which made me, strangely enough, like his character even more. What I enjoyed, although not during my first screening, was the first-person narrative. You only see Wood's face only a handful of times, which I believe is genius in this case. With every character that he confronts, I saw their excitement, terror, disgust, and sympathy. Even through the blood, the killing, the excruciating migraine headaches that he experiences, I genuinely wanted to feel bad for him. Spinell's Frank Zito is brash and more confident. He's able to walk up to hookers and pay for a screw with the mind to rip them to shreds and run up on the hood of a car to blow a guy's head away with a shotgun. Wood's killings are more calculated and planned out. He knew his victims' names, addresses, and where they socialized, which made him even creepier instead of just a random sicko murderer. Both characters fall in love with girls that don't fit the mold of the women they murder, and the women who played the love interests were sweet in their own way. The remake's nods to the original were slight but welcomed, where one scene showed Wood's reflection on a car with a scalp in his left hand and a knife in the right. For those of you who don't know, it's the same pose in the original's movie poster. The only detail missing was the bulging crotch pressing against some tight denim jeans. Damn it.

I will reluctantly swallow my pride, eat crow, and say this was a damn good film. As I said, the first-person narrative really threw me off the first time, but I could appreciate its artistic merit when I had the chance to study the film in more depth the second time. When I watched the back story on Lustig's *Maniac*, I got to see just how much Spinell put himself in his character. He would purposefully stay up for days during the scenes when he had to look like he got hit by a bus, which goes above and beyond for most actors. Wood must have learned some knife wielding skills because he knew how to handle a blade. Call me sick, but I thought it was sexy. If Wood wanted to break his hobbit typecast, he did so successfully. As a purist, I will say the original is better, but the remake holds its own. If you're a horror fan, I highly encourage you to put this on your to-watch list ASAP.—VAMP VIXEN

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record reviews



Katy Perry
Prizm

Alright, I'll make this brief, as I'm probably the only person who really cares, but Katy Perry is only getting better. She had me worried there with all her John Mayer rebounding, releasing a single here or a Smurfette toot there, keeping us fans waiting nearly three solid years for a full-album of all new material. However, Katy Perry's fourth studio release, *Prizm*, is a dедium beauty.

There's no cotton candy on this record. No Gummi Bears or Vegas trips. *Prizm* feels more grown-up, even darker, than Perry's previous releases, pushing the boundaries of Perry's straight-forward electro-pop happiness with vast musical influences spanning several decades and lyrical inspiration stripped from her own diaries. However, adding to all of that, *Prizm*—compared to her earlier albums—was recorded after a difficult stage of Katy Perry's life. Since her last record, she's experienced record-breaking success in each of her creative ventures, while also enduring the death of her marriage and a debilitating depression. And she does not shy from bringing her entire experience to the record.

This emotional pendulum feels viscerally evident on each track of *Prizm*: a record that offers cautionary tones in its party-anthems (such as "This Is How We Do" and "Dark Horse") and reckless abandonment towards all manner of love in its ballads (as in "Ghost" or "Double Rainbow"). Katy Perry seems to reach for more than radio success on *Prizm*: she sounds determined to realize and to relay honest healing. Also, I'm not hearing that overplayed paper thin "we're all equal and beautiful" pop psychology nonsense. Katy Perry has long left behind her "Firework" sentiments. Now she's writing songs like "Unconditional" that declares a raw, nearly divine love even in the face of glaring flaws, or "By The Grace of God" in which she thanks her sister for picking her off the bathroom floor when she felt endless sleep the best solution.

What I find most compelling about this record is that, in a genre that appears gratuitous and shallow on the surface, Katy Perry has created a new work with fresh depth and texture. As I mentioned above, even the "happy" songs on *Prizm* carry a shadow, a warning. This album also suggests that even the .

most powerful pop artist can follow their greatest success with still better material. Even as a fan, I admit to predicting *Teenage Dream* the last flash in Katy Perry's peppermint-patterned pan. It seemed that she'd reached her ceiling, and I couldn't fathom her topping the unstoppable explosion of her last record. All those number one songs. All that fun and bubble-gum packaged with hooks and beats that linger far into paused music silence. But after listening to *Prizm* even the first time through, I was glad she proved me wrong. Lord bless her, for only God knows what she would need to endure to top this. —KEVIN STILL



Red Fang
Whales and Leeches

I've loved Red Fang ever since Atarimatt turned me onto their "Prehistoric Dog" video several years ago. And that seminal video perfectly illustrates everything I love about Red Fang: grunt heavy crunch swagger rock riffs coupled with self-deprecating lyrical and visual humor. Red Fang does not appear to take anything too seriously—except maybe their PBR consumption—and their shit-all good times translate through even the heaviest tracks on their self-titled debut and their sophomore *Murder the Mountains*.

Unfortunately, the humor seems to have run thin on Red Fang's recent release, *Whales and Leeches*. Everything on this album feels heavier, sludgier, less crunchy riff swagger and more bottle-bottom slurring. And while I don't mind a band evolving their sound, especially in harder, heavier directions, I miss that quintessential Red Fang self-deprecating humor. These guys aren't laughing at themselves anymore. On *Whales and Leeches*, they seem to be grasping at slipping sands, working out fears and resentments piled as thick as their own threateningly snarled chorus lines ("There's no way out / God will not answer / There's no way out / Damn all who enter") and doom crusted guitar drones. It's a drastic downward spiral—one I do enjoy, but I'm also having difficulty fully embracing.

The opening three tracks are the stand-out numbers on *Whales and Leeches*. "DOEN" (Dead On Endless Night) - which was, according to the band, inspired by the film *30 Days of Night*—opens with a guitar ring peeling like a death knell, leading to the album's opening line

"Winter is your doom", that bleeds into the chorus "Bells of death toll", reflecting back on that opening guitar ring. This track wins me over more with each fresh listen. "Blood Like Cream", the album's first single, feels like a B-track from Mastodon's *The Hunter* that was cut for being far too superior to anything on the actual record. "No Hope", ironically, is the happiest track on *Whales and Leeches*, what with its swirly, Tilt-A-Whirl drunk riffs and cymbal furious fifth gear pace. Damn if it don't make me wanna shake my ass!

If Red Fang's debut was a case of PBR, and *Murder the Mountains* was a free round of Deschutes Mirror Pond Pale Ale pints, then *Whales and Leeches* is definitely a bomber of Old Rasputin Russian Imperial Stout. I say that with equal respect to each record. And this is a good record. Hell, probably a great one. But I came to Red Fang looking to chug, not chew. So just pardon me while I catch my breath. —KEVIN STILL



O.M.D.
English Electric

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, or OMD, first hit in 1980 with the synth-pop now-classic "Enola Gay" about the plane that dropped the first atomic bomb. The band came into real prominence in 1986 with the wildly-popular "If You Leave" on the *Pretty In Pink* movie soundtrack. However, many OMD fans point to 1983's *Dazzle Ships* and its many experimental electronic tunes as a highlight of the band's sound. *English Electric*, the band's second new album since reforming in 2009, strikes a fine balance between synthesized pop and innovative soundscapes.

Please remain seated—the future has been cancelled. Metroland—amazingly-infectious gorgeous sounds, poppy "Sealand". The future will be silent—reading lyrics, but nice sounds; Helen of Troy—another woman of history a la "Joan of Arc", but the music and vocal passion is as majestic as one could expect; Our system—synth soundscape with nice chorus; Kissing the machine—perky tasty synths and vocals; Decimal—counting, message machine; Stay with me—warm romantic wrapped in melodic tunes; Dresden—thumping drums and bass with ringing synths; Atomic Ranch—a great brief piece

of music theater with a voice chanting about a perfect life that features a robot wife; Final Song—a unusual collaborative effort with Abbey Lincoln that sounds like a bossa-nova. —MIKE L. DOWNEY



Best Coast
Fade Away

Nearly a year ago, I wrote a review for 979 of Best Coast's *The Only Place*, that began with the statement: "Best Coast is the West Coast Ramones with a Josephine instead of a Joey". The comparison referenced Best Coast's rolling power pop sound and desire-stricken vocals, both of which I hear as the seminal ingredients of Johnny's guitar work and Joey's lyrical delivery. Hell, it was a good comparison. And I'm still awfully proud of that sentence, but all the more so after last week's release of Best Coast's *Fade Away*, the debut EP from lead singer/guitarist Bethany Cosentino's new independent label, Jewel City.

I especially love *Fade Away* because it feels like a full-circle blending of the all the sounds Best Coast has experimented with thus far. Combining the lo-fi fuzz drone of *Crazy For You* with the folk heavy (often tender) balladry of *The Only Place*, *Fade Away* sounds like a fully realized homage to the classic rock that initially inspired Cosentino and multi-instrumentalist Bobb Bruno.

Not to mention, Cosentino's vocals here sound confident and rich, particularly in comparison to her muted, almost down-the-hall underplayed quality on *Crazy For You*. Cosentino seems to have found something either within herself or within the freedoms of her own studio and production space that has liberated her voice. She comes strong, with purpose, as if she's sure of her own place among the uniquely iconic singers—Stevie Nicks, Debbie Harry, Mazzy Star—who led her to become a singer. This is Best Coast's best work to date, hopefully serving as a foreshadow of new directions to come. —KEVIN STILL

more record
reviews to
the right

concert calendar

11/1—Red Wasp Film Festival @ Stagecenter, Bryan. 6pm

11/2—Red Wasp Film Festival @ Stagecenter, Bryan. 6pm

11/7—Featherface (7" release), **New York City Queens, Young Mammals** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/8—Shinyribs, The Washers @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/9—Rock 103.9 Homebrew presents **No Such Thing, A Good Rogering, Myra Maybelle, Predominant Mortification** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/12—He Is Legend, Fever Dreamer, The News Can Wait, Least of These, Electric Astronaut @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/15—Voices For Children Benefit with **Del Castillo** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/15—JB Haberstaad Altercation Punk Comedy, Sniper 66, Riverboat Gamblers, The Hangouts @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

11/16—Signal Rising, Hounds of Jezebel, Myra Maybelle @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/17—Flyleaf, Signal Rising, Hindsight, Lou @ Hurricane Harry's, College Station. 7pm

11/17—Hullabalooza Music Festival with **Ludacris, Passion Pit (DJ set), Riff Raff, Cherub, Radical Something, Zed's Dead, Josh Turner, Childish Gambino, Flux Pavilion** @ Texas Motor Speedway, College Station. 2pm

11/21—Cody Canada & The Departed, Uncle Lucius @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/22—ASS (7" release party), **Galactic Morgue, The Blood Royale, SHFUX** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

11/22—Everyone Dies in Utah, Fire From the Gods, Isonomist, The Outlawed, Inside Falling Skies @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/23—Leopold & His Fiction, The Docs, The Beans @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

11/23—Endepth @ New Republic Brewery, College Station. 9pm

12/5—Seryn, Second Lovers, Chambers @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm



Lantern

Rock 'n' Roll Rorschach

Anyone who has ever read one of my record reviews will quickly recognize a fair amount of bullshitting. When it comes to music, I don't know what the crap I'm saying. I know what I like and what I do not like, but I've got zero vocabulary to explore the infrastructure of music. So I just make crap up and hope it sounds provocative.

That being said, I've never been bored at a loss for words than I am with Lantern's *Rock'n'Roll Rorschach*. I don't even remember how this band found me, but I bought their newest record—released July, 2013—immediately after hearing only two tracks from their Bandcamp page. Lantern hails from Philadelphia. The duo of Zachary Fairweather and Emily Robb have released half a dozen 7" singles and EPs, including the rockabilly-blues trip *Mr. Mars/Rock'n'Roll Music* and their shoe-gazing, delta-folk debut *Deliver Me From Nowhere*.

Lantern's sound is all bass hollar and guitar swish and vocal sweat and concrete jazz and Tom Waits in go-go boots. There's some horns and some strings and some handclaps and some hypnotic sex syrup. Right around the beginning and middle and end of each track on *Rorschach*, you can hear the 60s riding bareback on the 70s but

finally laying down damp and dirty on early 80s lounge cushions, kicking off harmonica boots beneath ash-trays of unfiltered blues dust. Track 7, "Out of Our Heads", a quickly tempered fever of guitar blisters, puts me in mind of what Springsteen's *Wild, Innocent, and the E Street Shuffle* practice sessions probably sounded like before Bruce and band cleaned things up for the studio. And my one complaint with *Rorschach* is that Emily Robb's lead vocals appear only on the opening track, "Evil Eye". We need way more of the girl! She's got that husky drawl that draws me back to the buffet.

There is a firmly textured curiosity woven through Lantern's music, enough even to inspire inquisition in a musically illiterate soul such as mine.—KEVIN STILL



Lee Rinaldo & The Dust
Last Night on Earth

Sonic Youth's Lee Rinaldo and his new band The Dust have a new album out hard on the heels of last year's *Between the Tides* and the *Times*. Lee's first post-Sonic Youth solo album. That album was a combination of Lee's '60s psychedelic rock influences with the open-tuned acoustic searching of 60s folk and 70s Laurel Canyon singer-songwriter tradition. With *Last Night on Earth* the two combine together somewhat instead of being separate styles.

For the most part, Lee leaves the acoustic guitars as texture to more meandering, searching electric guitar based rock. The songs are longer (few clock in below five minutes) and there are more examples of ensemble style freak-outs (the end of the opener "Leccé Leaving" is a great example). A new flavor for this album is "Key-Hole", which has a very definite late '60s—early '70s Philly soul vibe to it.

Nels Cline is back for more action, lending some of his beautiful filigrees and still biting hard on the Coltrane "sheets of sound" tip, but this time Lee and his lead player Alan Licht do quite a bit of the old-fashioned squall and skronk that Lee made his name for with Sonic Youth. But for the most part this album is like a continuation of the last one but with The Dust moving away from the more pop song oriented approach towards a bit of ensemble playing with major mood and tempo shifts mid-song.—KELLY MINNIS



Jesu

Everyday I Get Closer To The Light...

I was never much of a Godflesh or Napalm Death fan back in the day so I had no idea the talent of Justin Broadrick that had latent below the big industrial metal posturing of that band, not at least until I heard about Jesu, his post-Godflesh solo project. Word on the interwebs way back in 2006 was that Jesu

was "metal shoegaze" and my ears most certainly perked up. I knew metal had been slowed down to somnambulant pace by the stoner metal crowd, so it seemed to make sense that taking mid-tempo metal and blurring out the edges would work well. Jesu's *Conqueror* set the mode and some few other bands, Dallas-Fort Worth's True Widow comes to mind, have picked up the gauntlet for slcore/shoegaze with metal's attitude.

Ah, but no one does it like Justin Broadrick does. *Everyday I Get Closer To The Light Which I Came* is Jesu's first full-length in several years. In the interim Broadrick issued singles, splits and EPs, and most of those focused more on the blurry impressionist electronic side of Jesu. It seemed to me that perhaps he was leaving the Jurassic metal plod behind and going straight electronic. Lead-off track "Homsick" very quickly alleviates that fear, bringing the low-gear heavy guitar and drum lurch to anchor the ambient, atmospheric synths and guitar gliding overtop, with the Swervedriver-esque vocals. "Comforter" adds whoozy detuned guitar, new age synth pads and hushed vocals to the mix.

The exciting part is that this album sounds like it could actually be recreated by a band. Jesu agrees, and has been on tour to promote the album playing these songs and punishingly slow tempos and loud volumes. Sadly, America will not grant Jesu a work visa (drug problems in the band's history) and even though wrangling still continues behind the scenes to get that rectified at press time Jesu remains visa-less and all U.S. tour plans have been sadly put on indefinite hold.

You can still dig the album, right? The songs all stretch out with nary a pop hook in sight. It is perfect gray weather music. During our recent spate of rainy October days I've reached for this album first and foremost.—KELLY MINNIS

