

979 REPRESENT



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inside: remembering kurt cobain - introvisionaire - tx independent film fest - the honor of a hero - still verse - pedal pushing - speedway to driveways - aggiecon 2014 - lp reviews - concert calendar



**979represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.**

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SPEEDWAYS TO DRIVEWAYS

Last month the local news reported that the owners of Texas World Speedway, located at the gateway of south College Station and north Millican, will be demolished in favor of building a 1400+ new home development complete with its own elementary school, walking trails, multiple recreational facilities and its own municipal utility district (served by the City of College Station). There was quite a bit of handwringing from anti-growth citizens, those who themselves use or know others that use TWS for auto racing, and the quieter majority who really don't care either way. I register myself as one who is somewhat concerned but not outright opposed either.

Over the past year I've devoted many column inches to noting the amazing amount of development College Station has undergone in recent years. The amount of new construction in these two cities is astonishing. This latest development would be no larger than, say, the buildout for Castlegate or perhaps Indian Lakes/Nantucket, but this is a pretty big splash in the pool. And it is announced at a time when construction has begun in earnest on the "Aggie Highway", the extension of SH 249 from Tomball northwest to Magnolia, emptying out onto SH 105 eight miles east of Navasota. This highway will shave a good 20 to 30 minutes for a trip between Aggieland and Bush International Airport. While the highway will be tolled, it would connect Houston and Bryan/College Station in a way that it hasn't before, even if SH 6 and US 290 are multiple lines between the two. This direct route runs the risk of turning south College Station into a Cypress or Spring, a bedroom community for Houston.

Heck, that has already begun. In my suburb of Creek Meadows (located behind Hullabaloo on Wellborn Rd.) a good portion of my neighbors commute every day to Houston. Good jobs and higher pay draws the workers, but the allure of small town convenience, good schools, lower crime and an altogether more family-oriented lifestyle pulls folks towards living here. Couple that with the number of retiring Baby Boomer former students coming home to Aggieland and the continued growth of Texas A&M and other industry around here...this is a recipe for an even larger glut of new development around Brazos County. Even with the cost of paying a daily toll...I imagine south College Station and Navasota will look REALLY attractive to 717 cash chasers. It will be every municipality's challenge around here to not freak out. Just because B/C/S is rapidly becoming the Hot Girl doesn't mean that we have to just give it out to all interested parties, even if all the attention is very seductive.

Bryan, College Station and Navasota have an opportunity here to work together as a planning district to make sure that the area grows in the *right* way, and not just the most lucrative way. Bryan wants to be College Station? Then plan some great communities, work on your schools and work more closely with local business to foster entrepreneurship and make Bryan, you know, kind of *funky* in a way that celebrates its multi-socioeconomic influences. Make the rest of Bryan more like downtown Bryan. College Station, you want to desperately be known not as just "ain't that where A&M is?" Then plan out a multi-use community that is just as attractive to students as it is to families and import a little of Bryan's funkiness. And Navasota, man, y'all just go easy and don't fuck up because you have the most to gain from this. Don't let Bryan and College Station bully you into signing away land rights, school rights or any of that garbage. It is imperative that these three municipalities do some smart planning now to make sure the transition towards a booming economy for the tri-city area is conducted in a way that doesn't frustrate growth but also doesn't promote it to the area's detriment.—*KELLY MINNIS*

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THE HONOR OF A HERO

Miles beneath the ground dwell a mutant race of worms. These worms are a militant race, whose current goal in life is to destroy Ant kind. Since ants are natural predators of worms and; like the worms, they live underground, it is only natural that ants would be at the top of their list of enemies. Second on that list are birds. Oh, how they hate the birds; for thousands of years those winged demons have been scaring and eating the worm kind. Soon it all shall stop.

Currently, in the meeting hall of the Special Forces division of the Worm State, the General lectures the troops on his plans to finally eradicate Ant kind once and for all. So worms will reign supreme in the soil world.

The General begins; "Well you sniveling pathetic excuses for worms, are you ready to annihilate those scum-sucking Ants?" The troops replied in unison with a roaring fury "To kill is to protect and to protect is to kill! Be us ill or have us lack of skill, we may die so other worms may live!" This is just an example of the kinds of militant slogans the worm soldiers are taught in training to use as a code of conduct.

As of now, there hasn't been an attack from the ants in generations. Still the stories of the near genocide brought by the wrath of the ants linger. These stories have been passed down from generation to generation, so none of the worms currently alive, ever experienced the unspeakable horrors brought by the ants of the tales. The worms are no fools mind you, they could never forget the terror caused to their ancestors. So the hatred towards the ants still lingers in the hearts of the citizens of the worm metropolis.

At this time the worms began to prepare for combat. They armed themselves with missiles, rockets, machine guns and other weapons of mass destruction. Tanks were loaded and bunkers filled.

This was followed by a speech from the emperor worm which was broadcasted throughout the worm kingdom, to every home, office, and public building. In his speech the emperor spoke about the redemption of worm kind's dignity. About how this attack was justified in god's eyes and how that in some instances it can be okay to murder. The Emperor spoke of "the horrible attacks from the ants", and of how every ant's dream is to gain entrance to the worm sanctuary and devour its inhabitants. After the Emperor Worm's speech every citizen's only desire was the destruction of ant-kind.

Shortly, after this the worms set out to destroy the ants. The ant's kingdom is about a three-day journey from Worm City. This attack had to be precise for it is a well-known fact that the ants far outnumbered Worm forces. After several days of travel, the Worm Army approached the kingdom of the Ants.

As the worms hid in the bushes just outside the ant kingdom, they noticed the flag that flies overhead their kingdom. On the flag was the foot of a dove with a ring of peace around it, a peace sign embroidered on the flag. "Why would such evil murderous monsters fly a flag with a peace sign?" thought the General worm. Even though it had been a long time since there had been any attacks on the worms, no matter, it's better to be safe than sorry. Today is the day Worms regain their dignity. The day they show that they too can destroy.

The General organized his troops and tanks and proceeded to lead them into battle; despite the obvious signs of peace. They infiltrated the kingdom with the slightest of ease. The General gave the order to "KILL ALL THE SCUM SUCKING ANTS, NO HOLDING BACK!!!"

The onslaught began and the troops seemed to have no problem killing the masses. Oddly, there was very little protest, most of the ants just sat waiting to be burnt by the flames of napalm which spewed forth from the soldiers guns.

Within a few hours total genocide was complete. The Worms had done what they had set out to do. With their mission complete, the troops gathered themselves and started to head out for their

three-day journey back home, eagerly awaiting the welcoming parade and ceremony that were sure to follow.

As they were leaving the General noticed something slowly moving out of the corner of his eye. Quickly, he turned around to investigate his sighting. Amongst a pile of burning wreckage was the King of the Ants. The General noticed that the King was slowly dying from the burn wounds of the napalm, as well as choking on smoke from the blaze. He reached out his hand and pulled the king out.

The ant king was badly burned, but alive. Once the King was away from the blaze the General asked the King, "Your army was vast, soldiers numerous... it far outnumbered ours... Yet you never ordered them to attack... not even in defense. You let them stand there and be murdered, why?" The King opened his mouth and mustered up his strength and replied "the Ants have no quarrels with the worms ...we have no quarrels with anyone.... Any more...Now ...We are a peaceful race... I apologize for the actions of my ancestors.... A lot has changed with time..."

The General froze for a moment to think, then exploded with anger yelling "YOU MURDERER!!! YOU MURDERED MY PEOPLE HEARTLESSLY! TODAY WE VANQUISHED YOUR KINGDOM FOR THE TREACHERY YOUR KIND HAS DONE TO MY ANCESTORS!!!" Again the King mustered up all the strength he could and replied "MY people have done nothing to YOU! ...MY ancestors...YES...but I have already apologized for their...YOU should look into your heart and ask yourself...WHO is the heartless killer?... When YOU stormed MY kingdom WE welcomed YOU in...WE killed none of YOUR men...True WE could have murdered YOU ALL!.... but WE are a PEACEFUL race...So now the tables have turned and the blood of the innocent is on YOUR HANDS!!...Though YOU have won the battle, YOU lost YOUR innocence and YOUR soul...I hope YOU enjoyed the conquest of my kingdom but at what cost??? ...at what cost?!!?" With that said the King drew his last breath and died in the hands of the General.

With these words said, the General realized just what THEY had done. Everything the King had said was true. When they arrived in militant fashion the ants did not stop them. They just welcomed them to their kingdom. With no arms raised or weapons at side they welcomed their assassins with smiles on their faces an when the general had seen this he did not order the killing to halt. "BURN THEM ALL!" he yelled instead. Yes it was true, the Worms had vanquished an enemy of old, but there was no honor in this defeat.

The General gathered himself together and ordered the troops out as they marched back anticipating the "Welcome Home" celebration. As anticipated once they arrived there was an enormous celebration, the populace was there.

At the ceremonial dinner the General spoke of their victory, leaving out the fact that there actually was no resistance, as imagined. The people were listening blindly and began to swell with pride. The Worms had finally defeated the murderous ant-kind. The people began to talk about the other wonderful accomplishments of the worms. Of how decisive measurements were taken in battle.

The General stood to make an announcement. He asked for silence. He asked everyone to "gather round, join hands and bow their heads". As they did he began to pray aloud "Dear Lord, Bless our beautiful kingdom and bless all worm-kind. Thank you for this victory and letting our soldiers live...I carry with me the knowledge that no other should have to carry. Forgive me for my sins and what I'm about to do...AMEN".

Everyone opened their eyes confused by the prayer, but they applauded the General's prayer anyway; after all he did win them their victory. Whilst the applause continued, the General reached in his pocket and pulled out a gun and aimed it to his head. Without hesitation he pulled tight that trigger tighter then he had ever pulled anything in his life, releasing his gray worm brain matter all over the elite who sat at his side. His blood flew like spilt paint across the room and onto the canvases of faces of his

<- CONTINUED

soldiers who starred in dismay at the bloody hollow shell of their great general who had now fallen.

There was some commotion. Things were a little hectic at first, but as with most things time passed and the people soon forgot. Only to remember that THEY had once defeated the Great Ant Kingdom.

Unbeknownst to all there was a slight rumble in the rubble of the once great Ant Kingdom. A small platoon of scouts returning home with glorious news of a new locale, only to be appalled and scarred by what they saw... there was movement in the rubble... a new queen had been born mere moments before the invasion and somehow miraculously survived...The scouts cleaned, nursed and dressed her wounds...and a fire did begin to grow in their eyes and in their hearts...for they knew who was responsible...The worms weapons casings were calling card enough without their Worm Regime banners polluting the horizon...The scouts took the new infant queen away to their new sanctuary...away from prying eyes... — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

INTO THE DRINK: THE ELUSIVE "RUMPKINATOR"

Last month I made mention that although I chased it down with much fervor I had not been able to secure a single drop of **St. Arnold Bishop Barrel #6**, to be forever referred to by the nickname Wonko the Sane has coined for it, **Rumpkinator**. The beer is the brewery's lauded Pumpkinator Stout aged in rum barrels. Sounds like the bees knees don't it? Well, like every other limited St. Arnold's beer, Rumpkinator made a very loud splash in late February and was gone within a day. But apparently a second and even third delivery of Rumpkinator was made to the Brazos Valley. I was able to drink several on that second infusion. I have to say...and I may get stricken down for it, I loved it but...I do not prefer it to straight Pumpkinator.



While Pumpkinator itself is a very robust and flavorful beer that holds its pumpkin flavor well after it opens up, but also reveals a tasty, sweetish stout at its base, Rumpkinator maintains a heady coconut-y rum quality throughout its course AND has even more of a liquor-y syrupiness

to it that is a natural by-product of barrel aging, and I'd imagine, even more so for having aged in a rum barrel as opposed to the more traditional whiskey barrel (or even wine barrels). Rumpkinator reminds you for the whole bottle that it comes on like liquor and it is heavy drinking, more a treat beer than a session beer (and yes, you can session Pumpkinator...we do it several times a year). It's maybe just too much going on at once. Pumpkinator is such a good thing that I wouldn't say the Rumpkinator usurps the throne. It is more like a novel take on an already great beer, adding something a little different that kinda overcomplicates an already textured and complicated beer. I'm glad I had the experience, but I don't feel like Rumpkinator will replace Pumpkinator in my mind as the King of All Beers. Word is Carneys might still have one. O'Bannons let some go late last month and I'm sure more will trickle down this way. You owe it to yourself to have a bottle. It's an interesting experience.—KELLY MINNIS

TX INDEPENDENT FILM FESTIVAL RETURNS

Texas A&M University filmmaking club Aggie SWAMP (ScreenWriting, Acting, & Movie Production) returns for the fourth consecutive year to the Brazos Valley with Texas Independent Film Festival that will be held April 5th through 6th at the Memorial Student Center at Texas A&M.

The festival brings independent films and unique creative visions to the Texas A&M community, and will run from 1pm-10pm Saturday April 5th and 1pm - 7pm Sunday April 6 on the university campus. Two 1 hour blocks of short films will be screened each day that will be followed by a Q&A session with the filmmakers. Many of the filmmakers will be in attendance for the Q&A session for audience and artist interaction. There will be additional feature film screening, panels, workshops, networking events and awards ceremony during the festival. Many of the short films have either been accepted at other film festivals around the country or winners of various awards. Half of the short films are from Texas and the other half are international with films from France and India. The shorts range in various styles from documentary to animation, and the festival even features High School filmmakers. Tickets, which include all events of a single day, and weekend badges which include the entire weekend, as well as Official Texas Independent Film Festival merchandise may be purchased online at www.txfilmfest.com or at the festival while supplies last.—CASSIE HANKS

TX

INDEPENDENT
FILM FESTIVAL
2014

Saturday, April 5

12:00pm
Doors Open
at Memorial Student Center

1:00pm
Shorts Block 1
Televerite
Tarang
L3-RD4
Super Tree
Last Ditch
Jeepers Creepers
Evolution of Heartbreak
Endlich

3:00pm
Panel with Paul Blackthorne, Mister Basqually and Cameron Fletcher Murphy
This American Journey
Filmmakers

4:00-6:00pm
Dinner

6:30pm
Shorts Block 2
Hans
Stay
Nasty
Sleddin'
Is Hamburger
Franky and the Ant
The Man Who Won't Rhyme

8:00pm
Feature: This American Journey

10:05pm
Q&A
with This American Journey
Filmmakers

10:30pm
TXIFF Social
@ Revolution Cafe & Bar
Downtown Bryan

Sunday, April 6

12:00pm
Doors Open
at Memorial Student Center

1:00pm
Workshop:
Rodrigo Huerta "El Cid"

2:30pm
Workshop: TBA

4:00pm
Shorts Block 3
Moving On
Camel's Back
Find Me
Vilecktor
Searching Serenity
End of Time
Sleepless Cities
SpongeMen SquareWatch
Sanguine
Beep & Boop
Here to Stay
Tamara

*denotes High School Film

5:30pm
Shorts Block 4
Kleptos
Poke-King-of-the-Mon-Hill
Local Boro
MetaTeen Squad
Not Again
Carnivores
The Chicken
Butterfly Dreams

6:45pm
TXIFF Raffle

7:10pm
Presentation of 2014 TXIFF Awards



NIRVANA: THE LAST BAND THAT MATTERED

It seems odd that 20 years has passed since Kurt Cobain's corpse was found in the garden house out back of his Lake Washington home in Seattle. In many ways it seems like forever ago, but in many it only seems like yesterday. It has been interesting for me to see how time has affected the legacy of Cobain and his band Nirvana, whether the music still stands up, whether Cobain and the music still speaks to disaffected youth, whether the nostalgia for all things has included all things grunge in its ever-narrowing arc, whether or not Nirvana is even remembered beyond a "wow, remember then?" It seems that Nirvana and Kurt Cobain in particular are a very complicated and difficult subject to nail down, much like they were in the context of their times.

The sound of Nirvana never left us. Even before Kurt Cobain's suicide there were many bands that had already begun to take the band's sound of classic rock and college alternative blown up to cinema size and distill it to an easily quantifiable and replicable commodity. Bands like Wool, Bush, and My Sister's Machine had already begun to run their music down the pipe that Nirvana had so earnestly dug for them. After Cobain's death, the flood gates opened and the style became even more diluted, with bands like Staind, Puddle of Mudd, The Vines, Chevelle and many more, cashing in on a hyper-commercialized version of the Nirvana sound. The funny thing is that although the little Nirvanas continued to be heard throughout popular culture, any mention of Nirvana effectively died with Cobain in 1994, with only little peeps from the mainstream when the band's 3CD boxed set *With the Lights Out* was released, or in 2010 with the 20 year anniversary release of *Bleach*. Even with the continued success of Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl's career as drummer for hire with everyone from Tom Petty, Paul McCartney and Norah Jones to Queens of the Stone Age, Zach Brown and beyond plus his continued frontman duties with his own band, Foo Fighters, very little is ever said about Nirvana.

Until this year...of course, at 20 years there will be a reassessment. But also, this year Nirvana is eligible for nomination to the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, and will be inducted at a ceremony later this month. There will be many such pieces like this one about Nirvana and the band's impact. It, of course, has me thinking about the impact of Nirvana upon my life. You see, Nirvana never went away for me. I never stopped listening to the music.

In 1990 I watched an H-Street Skateboards video that featured Nirvana's cover of "Love Buzz" as well as music from many other SubPop bands. That was my introduction to the band's super heavy but melodic rock music. At the tail end of metal's initial thrust in the limelight and at the beginning of alternative rock's push into the spotlight, Nirvana bridged that gap between the heavy thud and grinding guitars of metal and the introspective and quirky personality of college radio alternative. It spoke to me, being a teenager right there at that cusp. The next year I remember being at a friend's band rehearsal room and he announced to us all that he had just bought the new Nirvana tape that day, as it had just been released a few days earlier. He popped that tape into a late 70s mono cassette jampbox, leaned his microphone into that speaker and turned up *Nevermind* through his rudimentary PA. Even filtered through the less than ideal sound system it was obvious that I was hearing something special. It sounded to me like Nirvana was reaching for the gold ring and were going to reach Jane's Addiction or Red Hot Chili Peppers level with this album. No one knew that *Nevermind* would sell millions. I was completely unprepared for what changes *Nevermind* would render to the general state of music nor of my personal life in the next coming years.

The first inkling that I got that things were amiss was that for Christmas that year at work (I was assistant fry manager at a local Burger King) the person who bought my white elephant gift bought me *Nevermind*. How did anyone know that was the sort of thing you got a long-haired kid? Shouldn't you buy them Metallica or Guns & Roses (who had both released important

albums that fall)? Odd. Apparently *everyone* at my high school got that tape or CD for Christmas. Then I started to hear the band's music *everywhere*. Every car screeching out of the parking lot of Apollo High in Owensboro, KY was blasting "Smells Like Teen Spirit". Heck, I even clearly remember a kid driving past me that spring jamming "Negative Creep" from *Bleach* in his car with the super-exaggerated bass sound system that would've only the week before been jamming DJ Magic Mike or Sir Mix-A-Lot or 2 Live Crew. I'm skateboarding by, got my long hair, my flannel, my sock cap, etc. (I was a total grunger) with that dude yelling "What's up?" as he passed, jamming Nirvana... I knew shit was seriously fucked up.

I started to notice that spring that people that used to wouldn't talk to me, people outside of my normal socioeconomic caste would now not only talk to me, but go out of their way to do so. I began getting phone numbers from the preppy girls, not the usual folks I hung out with. My town had a very limited all ages music scene but somehow someone got a no-alcohol arcade & music club opened that summer and the shows were packed. The usual dirtbag hopeless cases were well-represented, but here were the others who beat us up, chased us down the street yelling "circle jerks" at us skaters...now those people dressed like us and wanted to be our friends.

At first, I thought we had won. I thought that finally the geeks had taken over. Of course, that wasn't entirely the case. Turns out that there was just a very strange dip in popular culture that lasted for a brief period of time until mook rock, blut hip-hop and the return of the teen pop group closed the door shut on the Nirvana moment 15 years ago. Now the music exists in a time-less vacuum, outside of the context of the times. It has become classic rock in the same way that Zeppelin, Hendrix, and The Doors were by 1985.

I cannot remove Nirvana from its context. To a certain extent I have romanticized it. If you were 16 in 1964, how could you accept The Beatles only as a musical entity and not a cultural force? The difference is that the Baby Boomers so definitely wanted to blow up their cultural importance for everyone to see. Generation X was reluctant to have the world pay attention to it. What better way for the reluctant figurehead for a reluctant generation to just check out early and for that generation, in its regret at having so believed in any idol at all, bury that shame and move on?

There is something about music that allows itself to be fastened onto the key moments of our lives. I recall what movies I viewed in 1992, what books I read, etc. But when I go back to those titles they do not take me back to my place in those times. When I put on *Nevermind* or Afghan Whigs' *Congregation* or Dinosaur Jr's *Green Mind* or Sonic Youth's *Dirty or Smashing Pumpkins' Gish* I am reminded of what I was doing, who I was doing it with, the imagery, the emotions. Good music is sturdy. It can take having unintended meaning and importance assigned to it by those who listen to it. After all, what the author and/or singer of a song may have been singing about does not necessarily translate to those that hear it, love it and take it into their lives. When I read the lyric sheets to Nirvana songs I read half-completed images, inside jokes, secrets waiting for the right cipher to decode, last minute phonetics...nothing that says "I'm speaking for you, Generation X! I'm speaking for you, disenfranchised John Bender redneck with the eyes of a poet!" But something about Nirvana spoke to me deeply and I am not ashamed to admit it, like so many of my generation are. Maybe they feel differently now. Maybe it's much cooler to cop to the ironic distance of much of the alternative culture since the rise and fall of Nirvana. Maybe it's hard to remember how great the band was when we've had nearly 20 years of non-stop Seattle grunge bastardized by yarlring Creedle-backs all over modern rock radio. Maybe it's the loss of innocence and the affirmation of its cynical demeanor. Or perhaps the hurt is still too personal to talk about.—KELLY MINNIS

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INTROVISIONAIRE: A

This is the first chapter of a novel to be serialized each month in the pages of 979Represent.—ed.

It's winter again and nothing seems to send home the festive holiday spirit of the season quite like being helplessly broke. That feeling of inadequacy that comes with knowing there will be little to no gift giving—on your end at least. There's the self-recognition of maintaining the barest achievement of survival, somehow managing to scrape by through yet another year. Then there's that lingering feeling of hope for the coming year, hoping that perhaps the New Year will be different. They rarely ever are, yet we never really seem to let that prevent us from hoping, do we?

As the ever-so bone-chilling month of December marches on towards that holiday of holidays, we find a rather reclusive middle aged man of Dutch descent, a hapless would-be inventor/author/composer/poet/painter—an all around self fashioned jack-of-all-trades and master of none—named Theodore Piest. Piest had spent the last several years living in a basement apartment which he rented from an elderly recently widowed older woman who didn't fuss too much when rent was late, kept to herself (most of the time), and who had a strange affinity for the poor man who she would sometimes let make up missed payments by assigning various odd jobs around the house and yard. The most peculiar of which happened only a few short weeks ago when in order to make up for rent that was four months past due he had been asked to give old Mrs. Gantly a sponge bath—as her arthritis had been acting up something severe lately. This was definitely a new low for poor Mr. Piest.

His apartment was actually more of a room that featured thick cracked gray concrete walls [with virtually no insulation], a few over head water pipes, a small twin size mattress in the front corner by the stairs [with no box springs], a small old wooden desk piled high with papers, an old barely working AM transistor radio that sat atop the desk, clutter galore adorned the floor, and a very small bathroom was located in the far back corner of the room facing the backyard. Being an inventor/creator Mr. Piest found it increasingly hard to discard anything, as everything to him had the potential to be turned into something else, something great he believed lay waiting to be discovered in everything. The only problem was he didn't know just what that something was yet and it was becoming increasingly difficult to manage his way across the mess to make his way to his desk where he truly worked best or even to the bathroom for that matter. In fact, he had recently begun sneaking off upstairs to use old Mrs. Gantly's facilities since he found that easier then climbing over his mess.

Something had to give soon; he felt it in his gut. There just wasn't enough time in a day, cigarettes, coffee, or whiskey to seem to help him get that extra kick of inspiration that would lead to his transcendence from would-be to actually being. He had two half written novels mixed together in the drawers of his desk. He had forgotten to number the pages or include a header so there were some near 700 pages of two separate works intermingled amidst his drawers that the thought alone of separating them was a headache in itself. They have now been that way for almost a year. He had several large unfinished paintings lining his otherwise bland and barren concrete walls mockingly as though to remind him of his creative inadequacy. Some of which had been sitting there for over two and a half years untouched. Notebooks of prose lined the debris amidst the clutter. The poems were written—well, he felt—though no one else seemed to think so. Proof of which could be found in the form of countless rejection letters amongst the mess of papers piled high upon his desk.

In his youth, Theodore had been an aspiring jazz musician and had once been referred to as saxophone child prodigy. In his teens after high school, Theo had joined a jazz-fusion band called "Forever Thereafter". They toured their state with moderate praise and even recorded a decent body of work that was released in limited quantities on the now defunct Wonder Eye Records. When the group fell apart he made a brief attempt at a solo career as "The Piest Project" before vanishing from the stage and entering into a decades long hiatus from the performance world. He still

had a few of his old records somewhere in his room, and he still had his sax "Beth". He used to practice and play for himself occasionally till rather recently when he broke the last of his reeds and just never got around to buying more.

Inventing was something Theodore had always been passionate about but never really started pursuing till the last few years. His lack of finances usually meant his lack of patents. Not that he had millions of ideas, but he did have a few good ones and one he actually did manage to get a patent on, but no one had really found much use for it. The one he had managed to get a patent on was a remote controlled garbage can with three thick miniature all terrain tires on it. No one seemed interested in the idea except an obscure company that specialized in making those weird obscure products for Sky-Mall, so he practically never saw royalties on it. Though once he received a letter from a disabled man thanking him for his invention. Theo got it laminated and framed it. The framed letter now sits beside his mattress crammed between the mattress and the wall. He looks at that letter at least twice a day; when he wakes up and right before he goes to sleep. The letter reminds him he made a difference in someone's life with one of his inventions and affirms to him the fact that he is in fact an inventor and not just a poor unmarried single middle-aged hermit.

As far as he knows he has no living relatives. He never had in any siblings or offspring—that he knew of. Those were some wild days when he was rocking out with "Forever Thereafter" playing the music circuit. So there is a slight chance he could be a father. I mean it was the 70's back then and condoms at the time were just more desensitizing tools designed by the man to take the joys out of sex. There was no AIDS to spear fear campaigns for protection. Piest's parents had both passed away sometime back; he lost his father when he was fifteen. His father had died in a freak AC installation incident that had resulted in him being severely mangled and eventually dying in the Bear City ICU and he lost his mother when he was 27 to emphysema—she had been chain smoking Kools since they aired their last televised commercial in the US.

No, life was surely less than ideal for Theodore Piest yet he carried on solely out of stubbornness and a morbid curiosity to see how things would turn out for himself in the end. He did still have a couple of people he considered to be good friends, but they now lived in different states far away from him, and he had no means to visit them—only a old rickety bike he had purchased from a garage sale for \$15 sometime back that he used to get groceries and to go to the library. There was no way that thing would hold together on an interstate journey even if he were that ambitious. He had their addresses and would occasionally make cassette letters on his hand held cassette recorder to send to his friends since he had no phone, and didn't understand how to use a calling card. Computers were a no go for him as well as he had last learned to use basic DOS to run actually floppy disc games like *Monchir*, *Floppy Frenzy* and *Drug Wars* back when computer screens were still mostly monochrome. Now he sees people on the newer computers all the time the library doing god knows what for hours. Who would do that, when there are so many good interesting books in the library? Modernity is somewhat of a mystery to Mr. Theodore Piest. Old Theo hasn't owned a television since *You Can't Do That On Television* went off the air, but he does manage to catch glimpses here and there every now and again at various stores, doctors offices, and friends. Mrs. Gantly has a TV set and watches it religiously, so it's not uncommon for him to catch a commercial here or there, for this or that new fangled contraption. Television just seems like such a waste of time him. Why sit and watch other peoples lives when you have your own to live?

The last few years have seen numerous gifts arrive unrequited from various past friends or colleagues from wherever he may have been working at the time. Mr. Piest appreciates each one of them but they always remind him of where he isn't in his life. He can't keep a job or pay rent on time. Food is a rarity and booze a true commodity. How the hell is he supposed to reciprocate the gifts? Meager thank you cards? It's embarrassing. Thankfully, there's no woman in his life to really drive home the humiliation. Lonely is a blessing and a curse in itself, but one Mr. Piest feels more apt to handle

A MAN CALLED PEIST

then a committed relationship, at least at this point.

If only he could find the proper muse, he might actually get over this creative dry spell. After all, an artist's greatest works come from being in the company of the right muse. It's the order of things. Muses to guide the artist through creation when life is at its most mundane. That's the pecking order of creation. Theo had tried going to the coffee houses and surrounding himself with "artsy" people hoping being in the company of other creators would inspire him, but it just seemed to do the opposite. He could only take so much of hipsters and their "look at me, I'm an artist". The schmucks throw the damn word artist around so much that when they use it it's lost its meaning. In fact, in retrospect it would seem that the creative block really didn't come into full swing till he started trying to mingle with those damn fools. The whole incident left a bad taste in the back of his mouth. They were so into being "out" that they were "in" and everything anyone did had always already been done by someone else or was not "out" enough, or seemed too desperate to deem for appraisal. So what it ultimately came down to were rooms full of bitter wanna-be artists and poets cynically criticizing each other from open to close. The only ones who ever seemed to have anything nice to say about anyone's creations were usually newcomers who were usually scolded by the others and in the end never returned. How sad is that? "Isn't praise what it's about to some degree?" he thought to himself.

The epiphany of locating the source of his creative stagnation seemed to be a true revelation for poor Mr. Peist. It finally felt to him as though perhaps he was finally on the verge of changing his fate, and breaking the cycle of uncreativity once and for all. He started to think about ways to resolve this personal dilemma now that he knew the cause. The brainstorming went on for days, then weeks. Everyday he felt that much closer to solving his conundrum. Then finally, one night after deciding it was pointless to keep pressing the subject or to continue to pursue his disillusioned dreams he went out with his last few scraps of cash and got plastered drunk.

The next day when he awoke hanging halfway off his twin mattress and partially on a pile of trash truly felt the burden lifted. He was finally free! His head pounded like the rhythm of a war drum, but at least the soul wrenching nagging of a dream unfulfilled was gone. Was that it? Did he merely need to give up? Could the cure have been so simple? He tried his hardest to recall the events of the night before, but it would seem Mr. Peist blacked after shot number 12...His arms were covered in small yellow green bruises that he had no idea of their origins. His pants ripped at the ankles and his shirt was missing...What could he have done? Whatever it was it must have been some adventure and just what the doctor ordered. Then he heard the ever intrusively loud sucking flush of his sacred man cave throne. Apparently he was not alone. What emerged from the bathroom is nothing worthy of description—all one needs to know is: it looked female, was younger than 55, breathed cheap cigarettes like air, wore too much make up and was barely 100lbs. After a most awkward confrontation, which led to him leading his nightly companion off the premises, he went to unleash the tyrant rains of an all night booze binge. Upon urinating on both his foot and the wall at the same time, it was more than apparent then unthinkable had in fact transpired with the wildebeest. Still, she was gone, and a huge weight that had been there for years was lifted. So it wasn't all bad—even though he certain he must've contracted something, as he couldn't find any evidence he used protection the previous night. Was that it? Blueballs? He'd had them before, but never like that!

He felt something jab his thigh as he climbed over the debris to his mattress to lie back down till the brain pain dissipated. Once he was stabilized and on his back he decided to investigate the pain. Upon so, he discovered a few sheets of thick computer paper folded very meticulously. He must've really not wanted to lose whatever it was that was scribbled on the sheets. Curiosity had the best of him and though he wanted nothing more than to wrap his head in a pillow till the throbbing pain in his head ceases, he couldn't help but be fascinated by the papers.

There were three full sheets with scribbles on them from top to bottom—front to back. Formulas, doodles, production notes... Production notes?!? Holy crap! Had he invented something last night in his blacked out drunken stupor?! It appeared so. The writing was his but he didn't recognize the formulas. They seemed alien to him. He was no certified engineer and could barely do some algebra. But then again the handwriting was his. If only he could remember what had transpired the previous night. No matter, he had actually invented something. Even if it didn't work or if he wasn't sure what it was he had invented something again at last, and it felt good! He decided to wait till he felt better to truly attempt to decipher the notes.

The following day, hours had passed since awakening and they had been spent huddled over the notes at his desk. He still had no clue as to what the formulas were for but from the few doodles he was able to make out that the invention had something to do with glasses. Aside from that the only other thing he could establish was that whatever these glasses were intended for he had already given them a name—a pretty catchy name too I might point out. Scribbled beneath the last sketch of the glasses and underlined almost to the point of piercing the paper were the words "INTROVISION". The name had a ring to it and was stuck in his head the rest of the day.

"So just what was INTROVISION?" he wondered. It sounded important, and looked to be a bit more real than the X-ray vision glasses sold in the back pages of comic books in the 50's and 60's. Surely, there had to be a way for him to decode his work. Finally, after hours of debate he decided that perhaps to understand the equations he must again venture in to the dark side of consciousness with a task this time at hand. So Mr. Peist scrounged around his pigsty till he scrapped together just enough discarded change to get himself a rather large bottle of very cheap whiskey. If this didn't do the trick, he wasn't sure what would. After all, it wasn't as though he did this sort of thing all the time, so having a high tolerance wasn't something he had to worry too much about. Remaining focused on a task whilst blacked out drunk was something he had never attempted before, but he would never know if he never tried. So that night, he wrote on both his hand in permanent marker the words "Solve Equations". Hopefully, that would trigger his memory should he forget. He also was sure to make not just one but three extra copies of the pocket notes as backups should he truly lose it and destroy the original in some drunken rage. The moment was right, he was alone, it was cool out, he had nothing to lose, and all he had to do was force himself to finish that bottle, stay focused, and try not to make too much noise so as to disturb Mrs. Gantry.

The anticipation was almost too much for poor Mr. Peist. His hands shook violently from wrecked nerves and climatic hopes. It was cool out yet he sweated profusely. There was no way around it, if he were to have any hopes of solving this riddle he would have to down that entire bottle of cheap bum whiskey. Peist as I mentioned earlier wasn't much of a heavy drinker, he was more of a beer man actually. And when he did drink liquor it was hardly ever straight and in the rare occasion if it were it was definitely done so sparingly and in moderation. Shots made him gag something fierce. The thought alone made him cringe, salivate and his throat tighten shut as if he were about to vomit. He could do it though in the name of science. "This must've been what it felt to be any one of the great inventors in history prior to their break through discoveries/inventions" he thought to himself. With that he starred at a small picture of Tesla he kept in wallet, took a mighty breath, gave a solemn cheer with the bottle towards the sky—his pinky out, whispered "for glory" and began to chug as though his life depended on it. He fought hard the urge to vomit, and committed himself to the task at hand. After consuming half of the 1.75lt bottle he paused to catch his breath and to drool a bit as he had no chaser on hand. He took another deep breath and felt all his inhibitions leave upon exhaling. Then almost without hesitation he eyed the bottle like a drunkard determined to die of alcohol poisoning and resumed chugging till all 1.75lt of distilled grain Kentucky Bourbon were

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gone.

Immediately upon completing his horrendous task at hand he loosened his grip on the bottle and let it tumble to the earth, shattering upon contact with the basement floor. He didn't even wince. Instead, he just stared in a drunken bewildered stupor at the bits of glass now scattered about his cluttered floor. Finally, after several minutes passed without moving except for some minor swaying whilst standing still he glanced at his hands and read the words "solve equations". He smirked. Then continued to stare the wall as if staring off into an invisible other worldly realm, before slowly inching his hands into his pockets to retrieve the scribbled notes from the night before. Once he had them in focus his expression immediately grew dim and solemn. He arched his brow, and bit his lip. Not three minutes passed before Piast was laughing like a madman. Shaking his head as he swayed to and fro on an unstable axis. Laughing so hard snot was beginning to drip as if he were crying, then he was crying from laughing so hard. He flailed his arms around violently and staggered a foot before losing his balance and tumbling head first into the wall in the corner of his room, landing on his mattress. He lie there motionless for a few moments, eyes rolling around unfocused in his head. Then as if a man possessed, he sat up with a newfound sense of alertness, dug up a pen from the side of his mattress, and began to write furiously on any scraps of paper he could find in his immediate vicinity. He wrote for hours. Until finally his hands were cramped and bloody and he could no longer stop himself from drooling. He cradled his mysterious bloodied writings, let out the laugh of a homicidal madman, and passed out instantly.—
WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

AN OUT OF THIS WORLD CONVENTION

What happens when several hundred fans dress up as their favorite superhero, comic book, or anime character? Throw in a little steampunk and a heavy dose of all night gaming, and you get AggieCon, the country's largest, longest running student run game convention. AggieCon depends on College Station April 4-6 for its 45th year of anime, gaming, science fiction and and other geek-centric events. This year's theme is "Who Put Aliens in my Fantasy?"

AggieCon is run by Cepheid Variable, a student organization devoted to all things related to geek culture. For some members, AggieCon is like a yearly reunion. Both current and former members contribute to the running of the convention. Former members have come from all over the globe to be a part of the convention. In this way, AggieCon creates a bond between past and present members like some say is like an extended family.

AggieCon returns to the Hilton College Station and Conference Center for the fifth year. Guests include Jeffery Cranor, one of the co-writers of the popular podcast "Welcome to the Nightvale" and Aaron Dismuke, the American voice actor who voiced the role of Alphonse Elric in Fullmetal Alchemist in the English dubbing by Funimation Entertainment. A badge purchase includes access to the 24 hour gaming room, an anime room, various panels, and a midnight showing of the Rocky Horror Picture show on both Friday and Saturday night. The Dealers Room and Art Show are open to the public. An Art Auction will be held Saturday night, with proceeds going to benefit Scotty's house, a local child advocacy center.

Past guests have included George R. R. Martin, author of the Song of Ice and Fire series, the inspiration for HBO's hit show Game of Thrones, Neil Gaiman, author of such novels as American Gods and Coraline, and Anne McCaffrey, author of the Dragonriders of Pern series. Notable television stars such as Ted Raimi (Xena Warrior Princess, Spiderman), Ellen Muth (Dead Like Me), and Richard Hatch (Battlestar Galactica) have all been guests of honor at previous AggieCons.

A full convention pass is \$40 at the door, with student passes available for \$25. There are also discounted passes for children and single day passes. More information on prices and additional guest information is available at aggiecon.tamu.edu or www.facebook.com/aggiecon. — *JENNIFER LOGAN*

PEDAL PUSHING: EHX SOUL FOOD OVERDRIVE

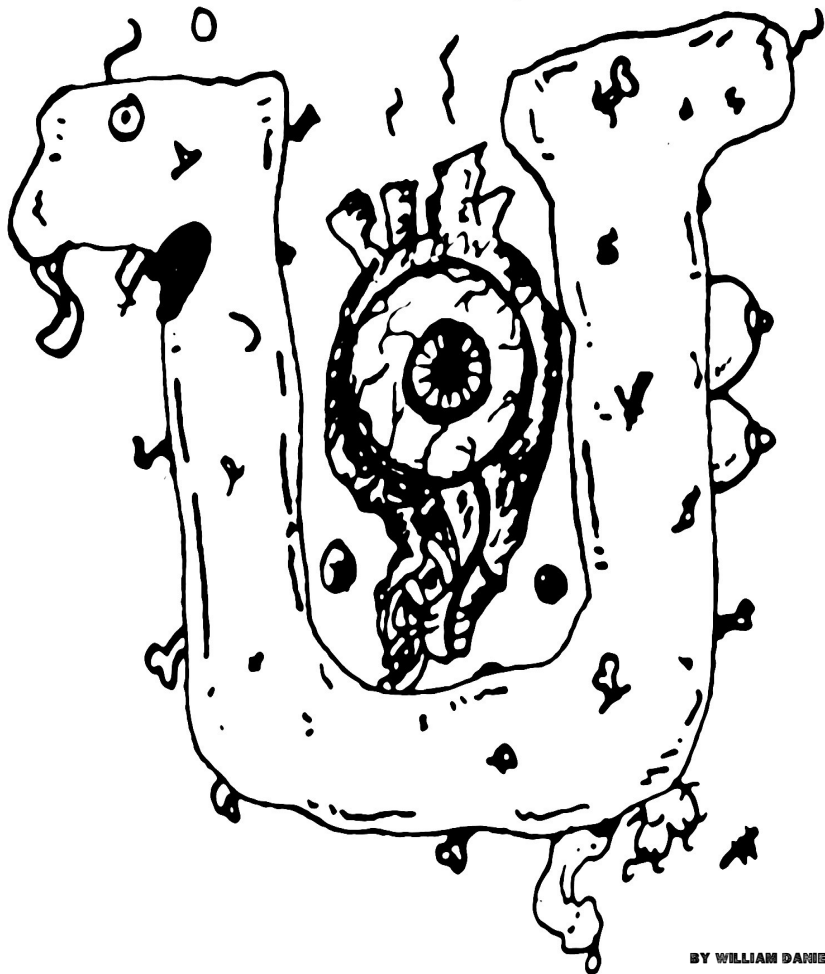
A few months back in this column I got into the mythos of the Klon Centaur overdrive and its many boutique clones. Well, Mike Manning, the chief of Electro-Harmonix and arguably the first commercial "boutique" pedal maker, blew upon the Klon Klon debate by unleashing the Soul Food on the market during NAMM in January. The buzz around the pedal was so unbelievably loud that the first round of Soul Foods sold out quickly and even as of this writing there are many people still on waiting lists hoping to get their hands on this guitar pedal.

So what's so special about it? Well, it's a mid-hump heavy overdrive pedal that just adds a little interesting sonic "extra" to your guitar sound. Some people use them as clean boosts, accentuating the mids to hammer the preamp of an already cooking tube guitar amp or to goose another overdrive or dirt pedal. Some use it with the drive turned up as a straight overdrive or light distortion. Nothing that special, right? Well, as I've written in this column before, the specialness is that the Klon Centaur has taken a life of its own. Originals fetch well over \$1000 on the used market; the second round of Klons (known as the KTR) that were mass produced in China to the originator's specifications go for upwards of \$700. There's been a burgeoning industry in Klon clones (called Klones) coming in anywhere between \$150 and \$350. What is so special about the Soul Food is that it is a Klon clone for \$62. Yeah, no typo. Sixty-two dollars.



So how close does the Soul Food get to copping the Klon sound? There's plenty of gigabytes of arguments on the Internet about it. Some say really close, some say dead-on, some say not even close. There's a lot of extra-audio information that makes a simple "yes" or "no" answer just not possible. For my purpose, the Soul Food sounds a lot like my Fredric Zombie clone, though it does not behave the same (there's less variance in the pot tapers on the Soul Food, so settings on one pedal will not mirror the other). But the gist of the Klon experience is definitely here, and at the price of \$62, it is more than I could have expected would ever have happen. For those who require a more "true" Klon experience both Analogman and JHS Pedals offer mods to turn this pedal into a closer facsimile of the real thing. The pedal has an internal dip switch to make the pedal either true bypass or buffered. It is widely agreed that the buffer in the Klon design was done very well so many (including me) prefer the buffer switched on.

What I don't like about the Soul Food...well, the pedal's graphics are very unattractive. The name is dumb. It's Electro-Harmonix so quality control is somewhat iffy. Mine has a rather unresponsive and stiff switch. Those are all very small niggles at this price. The Soul Food has taken the guitar world by storm, as it has made the Klon circuit affordable to lots of people who may have been curious about it but could not afford the real thing or a clone. Also, EHX has good distro in most music stores. It's taken a pedal from Unobtainium status blown up by the internet and made it available to all. And for me it is perfect irony that EHX, whose Big Muff pedal has been cloned to the nth degree, gets its revenge in a fashion on cloning one of the world's most notorious boutique pedals. Ultimately, everybody (except for the original Klon designer) wins, as \$62 (at least in guitar pedal parlance), is nearly "what the fuck, I'll try it" price, and that will certainly further the mystique and collectability of the Klon and it should fuel klone sales too as many will then think "If the \$62 Soul Food is *this* good, what about a \$199 Arc Klone?" Either way, EHX knocked one out the damn city limit, let alone the ballpark. They are sold out most places so be patient (don't pay inflated Ebay prices for one). When the next boat comes in from China with Soul Foods on it, I recommend you line up.—*KELLY MINNIS*



BY WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

www.idiotboxeffects.com



RECORD REVIEWS



Nothing

Guilty of Everything

Nothing's *Guilty of Everything* has spun repeatedly in my car this past month. At home, I've chugged from an endless keg of Nothing's previous EP, *Downward Years to Come*. Either way, in either place, it's been Nothing or it's been nothing at all these past weeks. Hey, did you see what I did there? Nice.

My buddy Pepe loves this band called Starflyer 59. They play a brand of rock I only know as "shoegaze": densely layered guitars over syrupy bass chugs and a smattering storm of uncharacteristically quick drum work. I hear there's another band called My Bloody Valentine (who Nothing's founder, Dominic Palermo, listened to incessantly during his impressionable years) that plays a similar brand of rock, but I've never heard of them and I'll only embarrass myself here by mentioning them. But the point is that I've never taken to such swamy guitar drones. I've always preferred a choppy metal riff or a smashing death growl, leaving the "shoegaze" luxuri-ance to Pepe and the My Bloody Valentine myth to the critical minority.

All that to say, surprisingly, Nothing won't me with a single track NPR preview of their song "Dig". And even though Nothing reminded me of Pepe's Starflyer 59, I was hooked. It makes me wonder if I'm aging? Maturing? Is my musical palette performing on a more gourmet level? Hell, I've all but abandoned my Kelly Clarkson discs while just the other day I found myself actually grooving to REM's "Nightswimming"! The tides are changing o'er my celestial berms.

Or maybe *Nothing's Guilty of Everything* is truly a game-changer of a record. Especially this fourth track, "Endlessly", that sounds solar and aquatic and cavernous all at once. Everything here—the sounds, the lyrics—feels elemental—"Mother / Reflect the Heaven sky / Father / Angel with bestial eyes / Gently / Love us gently . . . / In circles we spin / And fell to her Earth to the dirt we came my book. There's from". Or the third

track "Bent Nail" — "I'm caught between a beggar's teeth / Buried in the wilted roses and the pregnant weeds" — which rises and falls, rushes and slides. It's fucking rich.

Still, congrats to Nothing for signing with Guilty, but I can't help feeling *Downward Years to Come* is the superior title. Relapse Records released Guilty at the beginning of March, while *Downward* remains a Bandcamp only digital release - a damn shame in something eerily special about *Downward*, something possessing that makes it impossible to

walk away with the same gaited cadence in which I approached. If I've never won you to any action before, act on this: check out Nothing's Bandcamp page. Give them a listen. Buy their records. If enough of us do so, *Downward* will eventually release to LP, which is where it belongs.—KEVIN STILL

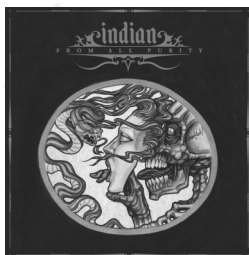


Reverend Horton Heat

Rev

After releasing studios albums focusing on Christmas songs, jazz jams, and country swing, the Reverend Horton Heat's newest release is a back-to-basics psychobilly record with the guitar turned up loud. While it doesn't quite have the grit of some of their Sub Pop classics, *Rev* definitely shoots for the energy of them, particularly their heaviest release *Liquor In The Front*, usually to good results. In fact, the first two tracks on the record, "Victory Lap" and "Smell of Gasoline", form a combo instantly reminiscent of "Big Sky" and "Baddest of the Bad", and make for one of its strongest songs. The trio's twisted version of 12-bar blues rock and roll is exhibited in "Never Gonna Stop It" and "Let Me Teach You How To Eat", while surly tones bleed into "Zombie Dumb" and swing into "My Hat". The album's closer, "Chasing Rainbows", has a bit of an Iron Maiden gallop to it but could be stronger. My favorite song would probably be "Scenery Going By", starting off with the quiet intro and verse before kicking into high gear. It reminds me a darker version of "Cruisin' for a Bruisin'", with

regret replacing toughness in the lyrics without sounding sentimental. While I enjoyed humorous tunes like "Death Metal Guys" and "Ain't No Saguaro in Texas" on *Laughin' & Cryin'*, it's refreshing to hear the Reverend Horton Heat get back to no-frills rockin'.—TODD HANSEN



Indian

From All Purity

Last month I reviewed Indian's 2011 *Guiltless* as a preparation for writing about their newest release, *From All Purity*. To be honest, I was biding some time, giving myself a chance to dig through *Purity*, which is a filthy, you'll-need-to-shower-afterwards kinda record. But I've not touched Indian once this past month. Not till tonight. And, dammit, if the distance didn't make my heart grow fonder. Everything that hooked and scared and swallowed me whole on *Guiltless* has dropped an octave on *Purity*. It's darker, richer. Exceptionally layered between the death-drenched guitars and the crackling noises swimming overhead. Tracks trudge on two to three minutes longer here than in the past - not in order to traverse different movements necessarily, but just to beat and over-hammer the hateful point home.

There's some bizarre stuff on *From All Purity*. At the end of "Rhetoric of No" (track 4), the vocalist drops the screams to chew the cud of a chant that resembles a "Nyuh nyuh nyuh" sound. Sorry, but the geek in me is reminded of Hemingway's *A Clean Well-Lighted Place* and the "Our Nada, who art in Nada, nada be Thy nada" bit. There's a praying to or a conjuring forward of a great void in those vocals. A Iso, "Clarity" (track 5) squeals feedback and clanks machinery for over four solid minutes with only the occasional squelching scream peeling through the mechanical jumble. There's a buried, clawing-from-beneath tone to it that is as intriguing as it is off-putting. But the real treat here is "Directional" (track 3), a 6.5 minute churn of solid doom riffs and hovering fuzzes that barrels forward beautifully, showcasing the precision of a band progressing their sound,

their direction intentionally. Where I once feared this record for its darkness and its overt-aggressiveness, I now love every minute of it. Forget previewing this. Just order it, listen to it, and let it settle over time.—KEVIN STILL



Lees of Memory

We Are Siamese

Knoxville's Superdrag were one of the first American bands to combine the power of traditional American indie rock and bubblegum chewing power pop to the guile and atmosphere of the early 90s shoegaze era. So it should come as no surprise that a Superdrag side project should lean even harder towards swirly dreamy pop, which is exactly what Lees of Memory aims for.

The Lees consists of Superdrag singer John Davis and guitarist Brandon Fisher. The two play everything on both sides of this 7", swapping vocals, drums, guitars, synthesizers and everything else. "We Are Siamese" comes in hard with woozy guitars, gauzy synthesizers, and hushed near somatic vocals delivered at a stately pace. "Open Your Eyes" on the b-side is a more rocking affair with crazy My Bloody Valentine guitar hysteria upfront but the song's chorus is pure 1995-1999 era Superdrag power pop catchiness. Grammy award winner Nick Rasculine (Foo Fighters, Rush) recorded the single with lots of power and sparkle.

It's a fine release giving these guys a chance to more directly pay homage to a style of music that was a key influence on them, and in the process actually add something worthwhile to the genre's canon. Word is this is just the first shot from Lees of Memory, that a full length is due later this year. If this 7" is any indicator as to what's to come, I'd say the album will be a real cracker.—KELLY MINNIS

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CONCERT CALENDAR

4/2—MSC Townhall presents **Driver Friendly** @ TAMU Rudder Fountain, College Station. 12pm

4/2—Summer Fires, Luca @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/4-4/6—Aggie Con @ Hilton Conference Room, College Station. All day.

4/5—Earth Day 2014 with **Critical Misfire, Should've Been Cowboys** @ Wold Pen Creek Amphitheater, College Station. 4pm

4/5—Hank Williams Jr. @ Chilifest, Snook. 7pm

4/5—Nirvana Tribute Night with **The Ex-Optimists, Galactic Morgue, Jay Satellite, Nevermatt, Mother Fetus, J Goodin** @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

4/5—GoreFest feat. **Aphotic Contrivance, In Exile, The Obvious, My Son My Executioner, Isonomist, Fire From the Gods** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7:30pm

4/5-4/6—Texas Independent Film Festival @ Rudder Theater, College Station. 3pm.

4/11—Cody Canada & The Departed, Shinyribs @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/13—Zach Myers (Shinedown), Like a Storm, Artifas, Signal Rising @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

4/18—Girls That Rock & Roll feat. **Brazos Valley Derby Girls, T.S.S., Kill Liberal, One Good Lung, Girlband** @ New Republic Brewery, College Station. 5pm

4/19—Rock 103.9 Homebrew presents **Myra Maybelle, Wellborn Road, Downfall 2012** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/22—Puddle of Mudd, Powerman 5000, 9 Electric, The Hunger @ Hurricane Harrys, College Station. 9pm

4/24—Velcro Pygmies @ Daisy Dukes, College Station. 9pm

4/24—Black Pistol Fire, The Docs, The Dames @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/25—David Ramirez @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/26—Quiet Company, Rocketboys, The Lonely Hunter, Scientist @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/27—Penny & Sparrow, Elenowen, Votary @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

4/30—Cherub, Probcause @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

5/5—Inside Falling Skies, A Crowd Like You, Dsgns, Air or Ivory, Galactic Morgue @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

5/8—Jess & The Echoes @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

5/10—Rock 103.9 Homebrew presents **Signal Rising, Dimitri's Rail, Fighting Gemini** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

5/15-17—LOUDFEST 6 @ Downtown Bryan. 9p (7p 5/17)

STILL VERSE

Monday, Before Ice

"you reading there so accurately
sitting not wanting to be disturbed . . .
remember you are free to wander away"
- John Ashbery -

Tonight I read twelve Ashberys
While sipping a coffee (left)
And cradling a Ticonderoga #2 over
The rippling wake of the margin's edge
(right),
Waiting for her dinner bell:
A tidier distraction than wandering away.

Cup and utensil
Trying to make sense of it,
Working through various tubes and tips,
Considering angles, lines, dolloped dots,
Contemplating the placement of a single
colon's

Winding down these mountain tops:
The nonplacement of linear progressions,
Scribbling hair-triggers, counting quarter-
styles,
Waxing eloquently the chassis of con-
sciousness while
Analyzing pronouns and Galops and six
feet of time before
Yet another quotation - And which he to
which her?

(Why so much "her" anyway? Did Ashbery
once
Dig hers? Was he the her? He could
Be any damn one of them or all. Could
one be he an
Updike? I search the records for him
both . . .
Pues nada. He though still here, diction-
eering,

Translating New York and dogs and the tin
maelstrom
As maybe something more than self-
unction
And the toppling wolf-breath's blow to
Ezra Pound's
Empire: that last bit farmed in my bright
ideas.

Just look at all these action verbs
I employed in my poem here!
And all over Ashbery's poems!
- "Mere glazes on a doughnut, dear" -
Sitting disturbed, my little dog running
Around me with a peanut butter nose,
Working the shit out of these things
In hopes of or in fears of
Recognizing self in his slanted mirror

On The Overuse of the Word "Love"

Forever and Always
My wife
My pugs
My parents
(and her parents
My friends
Their adorations
My God
(not necessarily "and country")

A Torrid Affair
Black coffee / handled mugs
Greyer days / large windows
Ales / hops malts Hours / effects
(Sweet Christ, too much!)
Ginger / licorice / vinegar
Black high-top All-Stars
Words
(tiding in or out depending)

It's complicated
Teaching / breaks & summers
Quiet / nobody
Used books / dirty jokes / scary movies
(my pontifications on such)
A pillow and a ceiling fan
A dangling foot
An atlas dog-eared and annotated
(Yellow Sea to Arkansas bay)

On My Affliction

An acute dysentery
Has deturmed me
From participating
In the realm of
The obtusely tidy.



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