

# 979 REPRESENT



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*inside: loudfest 7 redux - introvisionaire part 3 - the information age - record reviews - concert calendar*



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for the discerning dirtbag.**

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## THE INFORMATION AGE

I don't know what I did with all my free time before the advent of the Internet forum. I'm not sure how I ever learned anything I learned about before I was instantly able to find it on the internet and then almost just as fast be able to comment upon the information I just learned about. That sounds somewhat snarky but I am still fascinated by how much arcane information that is available to any of us at the click of a mouse or the swipe of a finger.

I began looking at musician forums in 2001. A friend of mine at work introduced me to Drummer Café, an online forum dedicated to, you guessed it, drums and drumming. What I found so refreshing about it was up until then, any sort of drumming advice was given by the snooty dickheads at music stores that often looked down upon young people or anyone not as knowledgeable as they, or from glossy magazines that seemed more advertising than information, and most of the reviews/interviews seemed at much more capable players than myself. The forum allowed free interaction between journeyman players, experts and beginners. I learned a lot about the instruments themselves: the properties of shell materials, bearing edges, head construction, cymbal hammering, etc. I learned a lot about tuning, the importance of snare beds, and how to make virtually any drum set sound great (key tip—42 strand snares on a Ludwig Acrolite will make anyone sound badass).

I eventually discovered there were lots of other forums for other types of musicians and instruments (Vintage Synth Explorer, Harmony Central, Moog Music, Offset Guitar, The Gear Page, Gearslut, etc.) and there is gazillionabytes worth of information about stuff. There's also just as much misinformation out there. You can spend hours climbing down the wormhole trying to sort through whether a silverface Super Reverb is really a great amp or not, whether 100w amps are passé, whether or not a Classic Player Jazzmaster is a true Jazzmaster, whether vintage analog synths are truly warmer than their contemporary counterparts, whether or not a Neuman U87 is always the right choice for vocal mics, etc.

And let us not stop at musical instruments. There are forums dedicated to virtually every hobby under the sun. Not to mention how handy the how-to videos are on Youtube. I learned how to replace my kitchen garbage disposal from Youtube. Learn to play whatever song you want from online tablature. Wikipedia is for the most part reliable to at least give you a snapshot on a particular subject. It is staggering when you really think about how much information is really out there waiting for a Google search or a browser click. So much so that it has allowed us to fly by the seats of our pants a lot more and have the safety net of technology to bail us out. "Does anyone actually know where we are going?" is a frequently asked question in my van during roadtrips, and the help of smartphones means that none of us really had to plan in advance before we hit the road.

I was recently reminded when a friend of mine spent the night in jail that in order to make that court-allotted one phone call from lockdown that it would HAVE to be from my cell phone because I don't have anyone's phone numbers memorized anymore. My reliance on technology has dulled my memory, made me less prone to just try and figure out things for myself, to learn by failure...It is an interesting thing to think about how the same gift can aid on one hand and impair on the other. Just something to think about the next time you head for Google.—KELLY MINNIS

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# INTROVISIONAIRE: THE PATENT

*This is the third chapter of a novel than began being serialized in 979Represent with the April 2014 issue and will be serialized each month.—ed.*

As Mr. Piest sat down to eat his unexpected meal, Mrs. Gantly sat down adjacent to him at the table and stared listlessly into the partly open cupboard located just behind him. Nervously, he began cramming the food she had prepared for him down his cake hole while staring down at his plate the whole time, ashamed of anything he might have done unknowingly. She coughed a light polite fake cough to get his attention. It worked, he looked up. She smiled faintly, "It's done Theo." She replied.

He stared at her blankly with a confused expression on his face. "What's done Ma'am?" he mumbled. "Why I did as you asked me to last night... Don't you remember?" she replied with a smirk. A sense of dread washed over him as his mind raced in all directions as to the possibilities of his drunken request. "Why no Ma'am... I'm sorry..." he said wimpishly. "O well, that's fine dear, I honestly didn't really expect you too, but no matter son, you were so excited and insistent last night, I felt I should honor your request," she smiled and continued to eat. "Mr. Gantly was quite liked at the patent office after having worked there for those some thirty odd years, as you could imagine. Fortunately for you he still has a few friends who work there, so it wasn't too hard to get them to help." She paused looking at him emphatically.

"They said they could guarantee you a patent for your Introvision-thing -a-majig, said it should take a couple of days to process, and as a favor to me they waved the fees. Wasn't that nice, dear?" Dazed, Piest's mouth now hung agape for a few moments before he collected himself enough to respond. "Yes ma'am, that's very good news..." They bought it though??? I mean they thought it would work?" he asked becoming excitedly impatient. "Well dear they said they weren't sure exactly how it would work, but I sent them the drawings you gave me and they said that was all they needed—that the working prototype was entirely up to you after that." Mrs. Gantly paused again then continued. "So do you think it'll work? You seemed so sure of yourself last night. I mean for heavens sake it was all you could talk about."

Having eaten his fill on his poor alcohol abused stomach he replied, "Well I guess so...I mean I found my prototype this morning...it didn't look too impressive...I...honestly thought I had played some drunken cruel joke on myself...so I didn't even bother to give them a try...When I saw you I thought perhaps I did something unthinkable last night and that you were about to throw me out on the street when I saw you." She looked at him with a wild look in her eyes and a half cocked grin "Well Theodore, the way you were talking last night it was as though you had just solved mankind's greatest problem and you had no doubt in your voice then, you said you were drinking to celebrate... That your years of hardship were over, and that with this thing of yours you would not only be able to pay me your back rent, but that you would finally be able to BUY a home of your own" she said with a smirk.

He thanked her for all her help, cleaned his plate, and made his way to the door. "Just you wait and see!" she yelled after him. "This thing of yours just might make you an Introvisionaire!" she laughed. He shrugged it off and continued on his out with a polite departing wave.

The neighborhood kids were outside playing with their mangy mutt of a dog "Rags" again. Rags was one of those dogs you always hoped would get hit by a car. He was an unsightly disaster of a mutt. Patches of hair appeared to be missing, but in reality some reason hair just never grew there. He would bark at anything and nothing at all, with the voice of a heavy smoker—all gritty and hoarse. He was going blind in one eye. You could tell because of the mirror cloudy gloss it had when you looked into it. His tail was bent from when, as the neighbor tells, one of their kids ran over his tail with their bike when he was a pup. The bastard mutt was friendly as all get out to the kids, but it held some strange deep seeded evil kind of distaste for poor ol' Mr. Piest. He never knew exactly why. For all he knew neither did the dog anymore. Hell, the damn dog was probably senile by now anyway. Hesitantly, Piest made his way past the dog and kids. To his surprise Rags didn't follow suit as usual. Perhaps today wouldn't be so bad after all he thought to himself.

A bit further down the block he spotted a copy of the day's paper conveniently next to the previous day's paper in the driveway of someone who must be out of town. Curiosity and boredom got the best of him and he decided to save his money take one instead. Reading and walking is no easy task, but it's one that our main character has mastered over the course of his so far unimpressive life. Whilst

scanning the pages he found an article on global warming and Polar Ice, about the rapid rate at which they are melting and how that it is now not uncommon these days to see—if in the region—polar bears trapped on the huge things miles away from the coast of the continent of Antarctica. What a sight that must be? Out in the middle of a ginormous body of warm water in the middle of nowhere, then you look over the bow of your boat and see a gigantic polar bear just chilling on a huge floating piece of ice! What a world indeed!

In an article much smaller than the others on the page, as though to denote the article's importance, was a piece on the rise of alcoholism. In it the author commented on the number of alcohol related deaths in the county and the state, and how the number of arrests for public intoxication's and DUI's is through the proverbial roof. Any other day under any other circumstances Theo would likely brood over the article in depth, agreeing that something should be done about this menace to the human strand "alcohol", but today he finds his black-out from the night before the source of his mojo and the source of his latest invention—which regardless of knowing whether it actually functioned or not—apparently got patented as well. With all things considered from Mr. Piest's perspective, alcohol doesn't seem so bad—if anything it was more of an necessary evil.

It was growing near the brightest part of the day and Mr. Piest was still wandering the streets as though a zombie on autopilot. His thoughts were wrapped up in a vein attempt to completely unravel the events of the night before, and just how in the hell could this "Introvision" actually work—much less change the world. Light once again proved itself from the devil as our man slithered and slipped in to a local dive for relief from both the unbearable glare of the sun and his unbearable brain pain. In his past experiences, a little "hair of the dog" the day after a serious binge had usually resulted in the relief of such brain-pains.

He found himself a nice little spot in a dark back corner near the bar and settled in. The bar-keep brought Peist a double whiskey with a splash of coke—Theo's fav drink. The bar-keep knows Theo on first name basis from his frequent corner visits over the years. "You're not looking so hot Theo" the bartender/proprietor Morris says from back across the bar. "Have a long night?"

"That and then some" replied Theo.

"Figured a little hair of the dog'll cure what ails ya did ya?"

"Yea that's about right..."

"Best ol' luck pal"

Peist gave Morris a halfhearted grin and began aggressively sipping his "rockstar". He watched intently as each toast of the drink destroyed each ice cube a little bit more, while the cubes in the face of destruction continued about their task of cooling off Peist's warm pick-me-up...He thought for a moment about his wasted years, and his wasted talents...His squandered fortunes spent foolishly chasing the intangible dreams. And now in one night it was all about to change.

"It must all be apart of some cruel joke..." Peist mumbled under breath to himself..

"Come again?"

"Oh it's nothing...just thinking out loud again...sorry"

"Still creating away under ol' the Gantly's place?"

"You know me Mo...I work best for myself..." replied Theo listlessly. "...in fact I think I may have out done myself last night..."he continued.

"Is that so? How you figure?!"

"I'm not sure I exactly know myself...but once I do, I'll let you know Mo"

"Well, from the look on your face I'll take your word for it..."

Theo smiled half-hardheartedly and said thanks. He swore to ol' Morris that once he had a better understanding of just what it was he had done he would give him all the details which as of now were mere grasps in the dark... — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

The thing that fascinates me about LOUDFEST is that after seven years of planning this sort of event that it becomes easier and easier with each year and yields greater results with each ensuing year. This year we were *sooooo* behind getting the website together, getting fliers posted, getting all our sponsors tight...it's still amazing to me that somehow the shows went off without any major hiccups. Much thanks must be given to Matt Shea who books the shows, Niki Shea who lines up sponsors and helps make sure the bands get fed and drunk, Wonko the Michael who designs all of the visual aspects of LOUDFEST plus maintains the website, our lovely sponsors (Revolution Café & Bar, Grand Stafford Theater, New Republic Brewing Company, Arsenal Tattoo, Mr. G's Italian Pizzeria, Cutler 2 Salon and Idiotbox Effects), Rola Cerrone for allowing us year after year to deafen everyone within 20 feet of Revolution, the bar staff at both Revolution and the Stafford (Nasim, Sarah, Donny, Monica), Cody, Leslie, and anyone else who worked that weekend who I'm forgetting), and for certain the bands and the fans.

LOUDFEST has in general a very different feel and attitude than any other music "fest" I've ever participated in, either as a performer or as an audience member. It's more like a great big party than it is a festival. No egos. No one gives a shit. No headlines, who has the best slots, no one's blowing up Twitter with street team marketing to make it THE BIGGEST EVENT EVAH. No dayglo paint, no gimmicks. A shit-ton of bands are booked, they show up and rock everyone's socks off, and the price of admission equals out to something stooped like less than 20 cents per band. Cheaper than any other music festival around here past or present, more local band performances than any other music festival around here past or present, more fun than any other music festival around here past or present. Mainly because the entire goal for the festival was to create an event that a band would really have fun playing. It is for that reason that LOUDFEST is continually successful.

My favoritest moment of LOUDFEST came at the end of my set with **The Ex-Optimists** Friday night when the audience and band were immersed in group hugs, sending out our bassist Steven Kennedy in style (LOUDFEST was his last show with us before retiring away to college), people piled on each other, guitarists in the audience, drums in the audience, Steve onstage with lots of bro love surrounding him (and in most cases on top of him). It was a celebration of pure love. "Spiritual" was the word I heard on several lips. I must concur. Other highlights for me was being introduced to the music of B/CS band **Luca**, whom I'd never even heard of before let alone seen at a show (they are new, having formed only six months ago) who has a sound that distills the best of Northwest indie rock circa 2001 (Death Cab For Cutie, The Shins, Pedro The Lion) into a nice blend with great vocals and instrumentation; the creepy Southern gothic-cum-new wave rendering of X's L.A. punk rock by Austin quartet **Kingdom of Suicide Lovers**, who have that seem eerie manic boy-girl vocal quality but with a more 1980s indie rock feel; Houston's **Mother Ghost** who brought great pop songs at brutally intense volumes; **Venomous Maximus** who gave us all a debut of their more straight-ahead early '80s British metal direction, leaving behind the stoner tag to embrace classic Judas Priest/early Def Leppard metal; and the zaininess of Japanese punk rockers **Gelatine** who planned their U.S. tour entirely around making sure they could hit LOUDFEST. I was also pleased to see so many folks who had attended earlier LOUDFESTs who've moved away (some across the country) returning for the shows, like a big dysfunctional family reunion.

Pouring one out in memorium for Wonko and Katie's tree hammock. **Kill Liberal** uprooted a tree during their hammock hijinks. R.I.P. tree.—*KELLY MINNIS*

**TOP: L-GELATINE (PHOTO BY DAVID LYNCH); R- VENOMOUS MAXIMUS (PHOTO BY DAVID LYNCH); MID: L-ONLY BEAST (PHOTO BY DEVON PLACE); R-ASS (PHOTO BY DAVID LYNCH); BOT- TOM: L-CROWDSURFING (PHOTO BY DAVID LYNCH); R-ESCATONES (PHOTO BY DAVID LYNCH)**



# FEST

May 2014, my Loud!Fest cherry was popped!

Three days of music, 40+ bands, and I had the best opportunity to experience it all. I worked the door two nights out of three. It was awesome. I got to meet new people, and listen to some incredible bands that brewed from nowhere it seemed. This crazy gathering of some of the finest musicians graced our ears with heavy guitars and vocals to haunt your mind forever. Sweaty shirtless men, beer for days, and music for a life time.

I was looking forward to Friday night the most, just because a few of my favorite bands were playing: **Girl Band** was amazing. Niki Shea and her awesome blue hair, fed us punk rock for days. There's something about an all-girl punk band that really brings out the inner punk monster that lies within all of us. I heart Girl Band. Forever. After Girl Band riled up the punks, **Funeral Horse** came and destroyed our minds! I have this unhealthy obsession for Funeral Horse's sound. Seeing them play live is not just seeing a band play instruments, it's an outer body experience that keeps you on your toes. Their sound is heavy and dirty and everything you want plus more! Fan-fucking-tastic.

And then came **SkyAcre**. SkyAcre was fucking incredible!! They're the type of band to have everyone become instant metal heads. The vocals alone are the kind to reach into the core of your musical soul and twist the spine—on which everything you've come to know as music—fiercely until it shatters into 1,000 pieces and re-creates a structure of beautiful chaos. I love SkyAcre. After SkyAcre, My ultimate plan was to watch one of my favorite bands play; **The Ex-Optimists**, BUT! My plan was foiled and burned into the ground by a certain drunken best friend. I was the lesser drunk babysitter. Thus, I was denied the pleasure of Ex-Ops love. She made it up to me later.

Saturday was a little mellower at Revolution, and this is when I wandered over to The Stafford. Now, understand that I have this strange hate for The Stafford. I really don't know why, I just loathe that place. Fighting my better judgment, I walked into the antique building, and strode into the sound of **Myra Maybelle**. Since Friday nights events had my body completely sore, Myra Maybelle is now the reason I will later have serious neck injuries. That was the first time I've seen them live. Myra Maybelle gave me something I didn't even know I wanted. Heavy, in-your-face metal with serious screaming vocals that hit my sweetest spot just right; that sound is the newer of my musical obsessions. Eventually I drifted back to Revolution just in time for **The Hangouts**. Now, The Hangouts have this underground following that defeats all other bands' followings. Dedicated punks, part-time punks, and average Joes understand that when The Hangouts come on, all hell breaks loose and chaos envelops us all. People are ordered by 5'0 tall Niki Shea to take their shirts off and let the man boobs free for the world to bask in their glory. And then they play. An instant mosh pit breaks out and beer is flying everywhere. I was drenched in a variety of beers and had no problem with it. Sweaty men rammed into other sweaty men causing sweat to collide and splash in all directions, having no consideration for the people that were in the line of sweat fire. It was quit disgusting, but you couldn't help but love every minute of it. And then, out of nowhere, Wonko (the bass player) was lifted into the crowd and paraded around in the utmost amazing way, and then Niki, with her famous blue hair, soon followed as shirtless sweat men lifted her into the air and marched around with their beautiful rock-n-roll trophy. And this is where the night ended. Beer soaked us all, and covered the floor. Sweat and body odor filled our senses, and that is how the music ended. With bodily fluids soaking in, and punk rock still ringing in our ears, and our souls.—**JESSICA LITTLE**

The best thing about any festival is the comfort of familiar favorites and the excitement of discovering new music. Although I missed about half of Loud!Fest (and many bands neglected were my favorites: Hangouts, Ex-Ops, etc.), it was still great. So brief notes about the festival...

**Best Bands** (in no particular order): Kingdom of Suicide Lovers, The Inators, Mother Ghost. The songcraft of Mother Ghost, coupled with their frantic stage act, was first-rate. The Inators had some great pop tunes that matched their playing.

**Most Unhinged Moment:** pretty much all of the Babylon Breakers' performance inside Revolution although Gelatine's came close.

**Reliable as Always:** Girlband, Something Called Nothing, A Sundae Drive, Brand New Hearts, The Escatones. A Sundae Drive's trio of singers never fails to disappoint—they have great tunes too.—

**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



# RECORD REVIEWS

JAY SATELLITE  
FROM THE MYTHICAL LAND OF...



## Jay Satellite

*From the Mythical Land Of...*

You would be forgiven if you've been unable to keep pace with Jay Satellite, the rock & roll quartet that hails from Hutto. In the past year or two Jay and crew have released a myriad of albums and often it's hard to figure out where to start with the band's catalog. *From the Mythical Land Of...* the band's latest effort, is the best place to start. Not only because it's the newest but also because it is the band's most scattered effort to date.

That usually means "bad" in most music writers' lexicons, but in this case, *In they Mythical Land Of...* is kind of like a Whitman's Sampler box for all the different styles that the band and Jay Satellite frontman Jason Clark have together and separately pursued over the past 20 years. The title track sounds like Guided By Voices if channeled in from outer space; "Static Charger" would make a fine Superdrag b-side; "Spring Is Coming" is the first spot in the album where you really get the feeling that the band is going for something looser, less turgid and less tortured. The easy tremolo throb, the sound tape splices...it and "Testify" following it, shows the band is embracing

whimsy and showing many facets of the band, from lo-fi cassette pop to 90s Manchester rock to the Alternative Nation buzz bin...

*From The Mythical Land Of...* is in a way like a love letter to what was great about early '90s alternative rock presented by a band that was for the most part there at the time and can deliver the goods competently.—**KELLY MINNIS**



## Mother Ghost Demos

This Houston modern rock band calls its recording of these seven tunes "demos," but even in their unfinished raw state, the top-notch quality of the songwriting and instrumental prowess evident on these songs shines through.

The best thing about the demos by Mother Ghost is the wild passion of their live performance (at LoudFest) has been captured fairly effectively. "Catharina" is the centerpiece rocker that builds nicely with bass, drums and guitar before the passionate vocals kick in, just a powerful song about longing and loss. "Hacia el Sol" is a melodic modern rock tune that turns on the urgent chorus: "Close

your eyes/Hold your breath and think of home/We can't help you; you're on your own."

"Sally Albright" or "Things You Realize . . ." is a straight-ahead rocker that includes frenetic backup vocals before shifting to a nice dropdown as it heads to a synth finish. "Judas Tadeo" and "Jackson Pollock" are both very punk tunes, but punk with a twist. "Pollock" features handclaps and an intense slowdown to the finish, and "Judas" manages to have over-the-top vocals that actually work. "Goldblum (Brundlefly)" and "Deathrock '94" are just merely good-steady songs that largely depend on the wall of the vocalist.

A final product from these guys will be highly anticipated.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



## Funeral Horse *Sinister Rites of the Master*

Funeral Horse is an interesting punk/metal hybrid band out of Houston. Normally when someone mentions punk/metal together it's usually metal taken at the velocity of punk that would appeal to both headbanger and crust urchin. Funeral Horse mines the early '80s post-hardcore version of punk, from Texas smartasses like

Butthole Surfers, Bay Area weirdos Chrome and Flipper, and the long-haired era of legendary L.A. punk rock stalwarts Black Flag. Add that penchant for weird chords, punchy riffs, paranoid barked punk vocals to a taste for double bass drumming, dumb heavy metal riffing and the occasional NWOBHM gallop and you've got Funeral Horse.

*Sinister Rites of the Master* is Funeral Horse's second album, and the first to be pressed onto vinyl. Their debut album *Savage Audio Demon* leaned more towards the punk side. The new one leans much more towards the devil horns side, with the long sludge riff coda on "Amputate the Hands of Thieves," the doomy sub Sabbath of "Communist's Blues" (though sung in head weirdo Paul Bearer's best Gibby Haynes impression) complete with Ozzy harp blowing, the trademark metal gallop of "Stoned and Furious" to the stoner metal take on Rush's "Working Man".

Where the album really has a moment of pause, where the band is really doing something different, is in the brief interlude "I Hear the Devil Calling Me". A reverbed out guitar and harmonica intertwine with each other in a pattern that could have been an outtake from *GNR Lies* fading up underneath a lone female voice, singing "I hear the Devil calling my name." While on its own it doesn't really sound all that earth-shattering but in the context of the album it really gives you the cocked-head-dog look, like you've just heard something odd that gives you pause, which is exactly what it does.

This second album shows that Funeral Horse is continuing to grow and do new things.—**KELLY MINNIS**





# CONCERT CALENDAR

**6/1—Hazy Ray, The Scorseses, Electric Attitude, Daniel Gonzalez Band @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**6/13—F13 Music Showcase feat. Myra Maybelle, Head-crusher, ASS, Inside Falling Skies, Ever Since the Fire, Made of Faith, Today's Surprise @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm**

**6/14—Leopold & His Fiction @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**6/21—Girlband, One Good Lung @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**6/22—Brazos Valley Derby Girls vs. Conroe Cutthroats @ VFW, Bryan. 5pm**

**6/27—Jay Satellite, Paris Falls @ Revolution, Bryan.**

**7/4—Hazy Ray, The Scorseses, Electric Attitude, Daniel Gonzalez Band @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**7/5—Brazos Valley Metal & Hardcore Festival @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6pm**

**7/11—Feeble Contenders, Danielle Grubb, Kingfishers, Chunk @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**7/12—Catalogue, SkyAcre, A Sundae Drive, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**7/19—Wellborn Road @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**7/25—The Excuses, Jealous Creatures, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**8/16—The Ex-Optimists, Playing To No One, Linus Pauling Quartet @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**



## 2014 SCHEDULE

**March 23 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW**

**March 29 - Stilletos vs. Red Stick (Houston)**

**April 6 - Stilletos vs. Valkyries (Houston)**

**April 13 - Stilletos vs. Femme Fatales (Killeen)**

**April 27 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW**

**May 10 - Prissy Fits vs. YRRD Killer Bees (Sugarland)**

**May 18 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW**

**June 7 - Stilletos vs. Red Stick (Baton Rouge)**

**June 8 - Stilletos vs. NFRD (Houston)**

**June 22 - Prissy Fits vs. Conroe Cutthroats @ VFW**

**July 20 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW**

**August 9 - Stilletos vs. Heart of Texas (San Antonio)**

**August 24 - Prissy Fits vs. Free Radicals @ VFW**

**September 21 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW**

**October 26 - Prissy Fits Halloween Bout @ VFW**

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