

# 979 REPRESENT



july 2014  
vol. 6 issue 7



*inside: curing homosectionals - where stars fall -  
introvisionaire - led zeppelin remasters -  
record reviews - concert calendar*



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

**editorial bored**  
kelly minnis - kevin still

**art splendor**  
katie killer - wonko the sane

**folks that did the other shit for us**  
mike l. downey - jessica little - william daniel  
thompson

**on the interwebz**  
<http://www.979represent.com>

**emails to**  
[redchapterjubilee@yahoo.com](mailto:redchapterjubilee@yahoo.com)

**materials for review & bribery can be sent to:**  
979represent  
15530 creek meadow blvd. n.  
college station, tx 77845



## **CURING HOMOSECTIONALS**

I often try to convince myself that I don't really live in Texas. I have this small oasis in the middle of Texas with awesome friends who really could care less who's smoking whose pole and eating who's carpet or whatnot. I hear fellow Texans talk about watching *RuPaul's Drag Race* or *Orange is the New Black* or enjoying *Kinky Boots* and I think, okay, maybe the tolerance revolution is coming to the middle of America, you know? But then I read early last month that the Texas State Legislature is considering endorsing psychological treatment for homosexuals to turn them hetero.

Facepalm. Really?

I realize that I live in one of the most backwards political states in the country. I've only lived here eight years but when I moved here it was illegal to own a dildo that looked like a real schlong. It was illegal, folks I mean you could get arrested, for going down on your significant other. So it should come as no surprise to me that the Neanderthal assholes that our fellow citizens continue to re-elect into our state body of government would think that it is commendable to send homosexuals off to concentration camp for re-education. It's such a recognizably silly idea that California and New York have passed laws to limit businesses that offer "gay reassignment therapy" and the American Psychological Association has condemned the practice. Yet our State Legislature finds it to be something worth at least debating to become part of the state's official agenda for this year's legislative session. Not only that, but it has also come out that our state attorney general Greg Abbott (who is also running for governor) has denied a place at the state Republican convention for Log Cabin Republicans, who are easily the most conservative of gay groups in the country. Why? Because their platform of support of gay marriage does not fit in with the state GOP line. When asked in San Francisco about this plank in the platform, our governor Rick Perry compared homosexuality to alcoholism: "I may have the genetic coding that I'm inclined to be an alcoholic, but I have the desire not to do that and I look at the homosexual issue the same way". Oh brother.

The sad thing is while our legislators are discussing this foolishness states around us are coming around to actually reading their Constitutions and discovering that it is indeed *un*constitutional to deny marital rights to same sex partners. We have seen an amazing amount of progress on the civil rights front for homosexuals in the past 15 years. When one is confronted with a populace that wants to move in exactly the opposite direction as the rest of society it defies explanation. I would be greatly surprised if we hear any more about this as a part of this year's session, other than that it very quietly died in committee. But this highlights to me the central problem of our state legislature and the easing of society's resistance to personal sexual freedom. This is largely a generational issue. Generation X and younger don't have the intolerance that the Boomers and what's left of the Greatest Generation do. The support of therapy-ing the gay away is quite literally dying off. When you look at the demographic makeup of our state legislature it skews heavily Baby Boomer. Heck, we had a 90+ year old still serving on our legislature!

It has been widely reported that Texas is purpling, that the influx of East and West Coasters during the Great Recession to Texas jobs and the continued influx from south of the border will eventually change Texas's electorate. I think the expectations of such to happen this decade are greatly exaggerated but I do believe that eventually Texas will become much more moderate than it is now. That is good news...unless you happen to be gay in Texas NOW. It is never good to hear that it will get better someday, although it will get better. I believe we are seeing the last gasp here for such an official state attitude. But it shows that in Texas we have a LONG way to go to exact the sort of freedom so many Texans demand.—*KELLY MINNIS*

**FIND 979REPRESENT  
ON FACEBOOK AND  
[HTTP://979REPRESENT.COM](http://979represent.com)**

# INTROVISIONAIRE: INTROVISIONATION

*This is the fourth chapter of a novel than began being serialized in 7/99Represent with the April 2014 issue and will be serialized each month.—ed.*

Having somewhat cured his hangover, Theo returned home to get a better understanding of his "creation". Reluctantly, Piest again pulled the glasses from the drawer and decided that no matter how foolish, he was to have a look for himself at this "introverse" of his.

Piest put his custom made glasses on with the weight of humanity's fate tugging at his arm, only to then hesitate to open his eyes for fear of utter failure. Once he finally did, he saw nothing special at first—only the reflection of his eyes staring back at him through green tinted mirrors. The act of staring himself in the eyes only made him that much more uncomfortable. However, for whatever reason he couldn't seem to look away, no matter how much he really wanted to. Light trickled in around the lenses which resulted in a near blinding effect. In the seconds that followed Piest saw a portal open before his very eyes. Yes, a portal. A spirally misty hazy otherworldly thing. The type of thing seen only in the moving pictures and graphic novels.

Whether real or not, in it were crystal clear images of parts of his past forgotten. Then in an instance without warning the images began turning to things he had only dreamed. Things unknown were soon being seen in blinding a HD quality, that would make any painter weep. These were images of things he wished to happen, things that never had the chance to happen, along with free form future possibilities with clear drawn out ties on how to get there and to each and every lifetime outcome should he have the desire to do so. The implications were seemingly endless. If all one needed to do was adorn a pair of these Introvision specs; they would have a laid out map on how to achieve their wildest dreams, desires, and needs—all at the same time. Why they could achieve their own personal best—all by merely looking into themselves. No need of worry over every slight misstep and ending up in less than favorable conditions.

Of course this was all hypothetical, as they had yet to be properly field tested. There was after all still a good chance that the visual paths could be purely desire based and completely misleading. And what would happen when one viewed the outside world in action?! Surely, if all worked as hypothesized and another pair of these specs were out there somewhere then the foreseen paths would and could deviate too resulting in only god knows what!

Clearly, much testing was still needed, but with no money to fund an independent lab study, the task would fall upon ol' Theo himself to not only field test his creation but also to fine tune it. Needless to say, if all potential life paths did actually in fact become clear to whoever adorned the glasses what would happen should darker paths be pursued? What if the wearer were of a dark mindset and decided to take a negative more selfish path like that of Pol Pot, Hitler, Omar al-Bashir, or even Nero—then what?? Imagine the consequences if multiple wicked persons decided to follow suit. Why the potential for global disaster would be astronomical! So you see all it would take to destroy the world we some how manage to tolerate, know, and love day in and day out is one MADMAN. Much less, just ten madmen with those things could dominate and destroy humanity ten fold!

Imagine too for a moment if these "monsters" from the past had had access to INTROVISION in their times. Why they could have continued on with their most depraved desires—the very same destructive desires that shame and insecurity had originally led them down without consequence! For instance, one Mr. A. Hitler would have been able—with artistic confidence intact—to more directly use his position of dictator to enhance his own artistic career! What if he convinced his constituents that not only was ethnic purity good for the master race, but that it was ideal for his artist chi? Imagine a world where hanging in the home sweet home of every proud Aryan, and Aryan sympathizer were not one, but two authentic official Hitler reproductions!!

Ol' man Nero could have found a way to bring his subjects of ancient Rome around to his way of thinking. Imagine the world we might be living in now had he managed to convince the Roman people that he truly deserved supreme pampering on the grand-

est scale of the divine, and that in all actuality fornicating with his dear ol' mom was the most splendid thing in the cosmos because by doing so it enabled him to commune with the god's in ways previously only dreamed of! Perhaps then Rome would have never been burned from within, and the customary levels of the depravity of the Roman orgies at the time would have been multiplied and not divided! What if that scallywag of the early 21st century George W. Bush had had a pair and was able to use them to find a potential time line route where he was actually able to keep the world convinced that his oil wars were just and necessary? Imagine, if you will, that he found a way to get the people of the world to believe that something so vague as a "global war on terror" was actually something winnable? Like say the war on drugs?

No deep down Piest knew he would have to fine tune the specs so as to eliminate or filter out the dangerous destructive paths viewable to the wearer so as to hopefully spare mankind yet another cruel fate from the whims of a lunatic, as well as to keep the family name Piest tarnish free and in good standing with the public once his genius was released to the general public. Public standing wasn't something he normally would worry about, normally that consisted mostly of functional woes. Can I eat this? Where can I crap? Do I have a place to sleep? Should I masturbate now or later or both? Anything beyond that at this juncture in his life was something more of a miracle in itself to be had, and this contraption of his was sure, he felt, to generate the kind of attention that would warrant a reputation of prestige over time. This faint hope of future tense prestige was something he had long forgotten. It was something Piest was certain he would do his best—his everything to keep it in good standing—should he ever reach it. Still the man was cautious so as not to get too much of air about himself.

In recent years, the day to day had polished his self-recognition down to a stable—heavy neutral tone. In this instance he felt, for once, this could prove beneficial. In the case that this invention should be a flop, his past failures meant he would be largely unaffected as he was already quite miserable most of the time. Should the glasses be a success or even perhaps... oh let's just say the greatest invention in all of the memorable history of mankind? Then he would simply needn't ever worry again trying to convince people of his moralistic intentions or validity as a renaissance man.

One thing Piest knew in his gut with the utmost certainty was that fine tuning the glasses to accommodate his pure intentions would be quite a challenge, since he consciously knew so little about this invention of his in the first place. In fact, actually he still lacked the answers to some fundamental questions that most folks who were applying for patents could answer at the drop of a hat from day one. Questions pertaining to such topics as; how does it work, why did he invent it, and most importantly one would think—just what was it he was tapping into and viewing with his creation. Piest assumed over time that what he was viewing were multiple paths of various time lines which resulted unbeknownst to us from the folding of time. The outcomes were based, he assumed, on the wearers current standing in time and space that unfolded ghostly over the real natural world view as we know it. In his gut Piest felt...no know that there was some direct connection between the mind's eye and the actual human eye. That there was something much more to the power of projected thought and the individual human id. The later taking its commands from the former as to what desired path should be viewed and allowing the eyes to see what they wanted to see.

Theo was of course aware that if his notion on the mechanics of his contraption were correct, that it would mandate that the users of his invention possess at the very least, some degree of mental discipline. This he felt was going to be his second greatest challenge to date—establishing a screening process that not only worked but that made any potential wearer feel that ultimately whatever the outcome of the screening process was the outcome for the best. After all, "why would they doubt him?" he thought to himself. He discovered the INTROVERSE and knew everything before anyone else!!! Perhaps the tables had truly changed for ol' Piest. — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON



**lonestar flow arts**  
find your strength, find your flow  
get in shape, de-stress,  
and learn to move with  
hoop dance!  
every thursday at  
revolution cafe in town/town  
bryan  
classes start in june  
[lonestarflow.org](http://lonestarflow.org)  
[to.com/lonestarflowarts](http://to.com/lonestarflowarts)



**FIND 979REPRESENT ON FACEBOOK AND  
[HTTP://979REPRESENT.COM](http://979REPRESENT.COM)**

# WHERE STARS FALL

"Jimmie" she says in a half breath sigh. "Yes" he grumbles still half asleep. "The world is ending..." she replies listlessly... "I don't care, go back to sleep." Jimmie again grumbles barely awake... "Okay...hold me" she sighs... "fine, if it will shut you up" he says with a bit more clarity as to end the subject... "I just love the stars so much—Thank you for inviting me on this camping trip" she whispers while in a snuggle. "It's a nice night to die—alive" she says under her breath with closed eyes...Confused by the comment Jimmie opens one eye just in time to see the night turn white with the most captivating beautiful light...

It's as though the heaven's themselves are melting away...He pulls her tight. She whispers "goodnight". And just like that everything is gone. The result of an imploding star gone supernova in its final bout for glory... Scientists said it wouldn't happen for millions of years, but it seems their calculations were wrong and things were much older then they seemed... The formulas were flawed by the concept of zero and symbols for numbers that do not exist...Romanticism thrived in the hearts of us all, thinking we could fathom the essence of space...

Those who were fortunate enough to have witnessed the end soon found themselves right back where they were before it had happened...with all the same players involved—only those who saw—remembered what had transpired, the beauty they had witnessed in that white engulfing inferno. Nothing for them from that point on was the same. For they now understood their own mortality and relearned how to live as beings of depth instead of shallow wading pools of deceit.

"Jimmie" she says in a half breath sigh. "Yes" he mumbles still half dazed... "The world is ending..." she replies listlessly... "I already has" Jimmie again mumbles barley grasping the full extent of what had just trans-passed and where he was once again. "Hold me" she sighs... "I wouldn't rather do anything else right now" Jimmie replies with a light crack in his voice... "???" she is caught off guard by Jimmie's response, "he's never this nice—something must be up - this doesn't feel right" she thinks "...I think I should go" she says while sitting up reluctantly fidgeting in search of a smoke... "What?" .. "Why?" Jimmie harks. "I hate being outside—you know that...and who needs stars when you have city lights?" with that she abruptly packs up her things and begins to leave... "But I love you" he says reluctantly not wishing to upset things more... "You love the stars—not me." "I don't know what kind of games you're playing acting so nice all of sudden Mr. Asshole, but this isn't like you and I'm getting away while I'm still alive" she blurts from afar... "BUT..." — the words dramatically drop in volume as she stares at him from a distance "you're already dead..." he musters through his wind chapped lips. "You're a creep and you need help Jimmie!" she yells from the window of her Pontiac as she sets off in the night leaving a very confused, yet a very changed Jimmie. "Well shit" he thinks "these stars sure are nice on a cool calm cloudless Texas night in the plains..." "maybe I dreamt it all" he mumbles to himself...

"The world is beginning" he hears a faint effeminate voice echo in the near away. "I don't care, go away" he catches himself reply. "Okay...but love me" the stranger replies... Jimmie lifts his weary head only to see a shimmering aura of blinding white light slowly take shape into that of the one he loved...The one who just mere moments ago had disappeared into the night in utter disgust... He smirks and with a grin replies "fine, if it will shut you up"... —  
WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

## A MOROSE LOOK ON TWO IRRELEVANT PROBLEMS THAT RUIN THE HUMAN MIND

### Problem #1: Glorification

I'm not sure what the purpose is concerning the art of glorification, but I'm pretty sure it's ass backwards. We as people tend to glorify the worst of things like they're positive things. Like, take the idea of being busy. What is the point of being busy constantly? We're not saving the world, bettering society, and we look like assholes when we're too busy for the smallest of events. Is it the thrill of pride that washes over our ego when we have a full day planned and we're turning down invites, or worse turning down things to do for ourselves because we have this false presumption that only important people are busy, only important "special" people can get this many things done in a day, and this must make us part of the elite or on a mythical fucking super hero team? Maybe, I feel pretty damn mutant-like when I've ran three errands and done my laundry all in one day. If I fit a nap in there, then I'm part of the fucking X-men. We glorify things that makes us feel better about the lack of life we have left inside of us. The inner child is slowly dying as we grow old because that is what the world and society demands; grumpy, mindless, busy, old fuckers that have no lust for life.

### Problem #2: Over thinking shit

Human beings create problems within their minds that never existed in the beginning and we delude ourselves into believing the very worst. I'm not sure why we do this, but I have a theory that it's because we cannot live without fear. We cannot live without the idea that the worst is around the corner, we cannot imagine a world where everything just goes right all of the time. It's impossible for people to begin something and not have a doubt in mind. This makes us beautifully vulnerable, it makes us gorgeously flawed. It stems from the idea of "karma" and the shitty self-loathing we all aspire not to do, but do anyways because we're dumb. I can't help it. I do it all the time and I've come to the conclusion that this is just how people work and this is human nature. I'm open about, and this might make me seem insecure because I say it without hesitation, but I, Jessica Marie Little, am incredibly flawed, worrisome, and a dash of insane. I don't mind it much, unless I get stuck in my own head, and then, only then, do I drive myself insane. It's kind of the inevitable. As long as human being exists and time is ticking, then we will overthink, ruin, and burn the happiness within our lives just because we couldn't stop, stop thinking, stop assuming, and stop creating stupid problems within our minds because of our own insecurities and our own devaluation.

I don't think we can retrain our minds or change our ways. We're pretty set into this mindless instability that our culture has created, so what is there to do but accept it and wait until something arises and overshadows the stupid irrelevant problems that we've created in our heads. Just suck it up and deal with it.—JESSICA LITTLE








### 2014 SCHEDULE

- March 23 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW
- March 29 - Silletoos vs. Red Stick (Houston)
- April 6 - Silletoos vs. Valkyries (Houston)
- April 13 - Silletoos 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 - Silletoos vs. Red Stick (Baton Rouge)
- June 8 - Silletoos vs. NFRD (Houston)
- June 22 - Prissy Fits vs. Conroe Cutthroats @ VFW
- July 20 - Prissy Fits Open Bout @ VFW
- August 9 - Silletoos 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



## NIKI SHEA HAIRSTYLIST

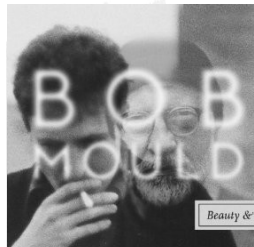
SPECIALIZING IN  
LOUD COLORS AND  
ALTERNATIVE STYLES

ONLINE BOOKING @  
[www.schedulicity.com](http://www.schedulicity.com)

## CUTLER 2 SALON

979-764-3000

# RECORD REVIEWS



**Bob Mould**  
*Beauty & Ruin*

Sometimes you just can't turn Bob Mould up loud enough. That's been true from Husker Du to Sugar through his solo career—some songs just need more volume.

There are plenty to ratchet up on Mould's latest album. Mould is not the angry howler he once was, but the howl is still there just as strong. It appears he's come to grips with much that tormented him over the decades. Mould hints of that acceptance in "Let the Beauty Be" near the album's close, a tune that begins with just his voice and an acoustic guitar before the drums begin a steady beat: "It may not be too much/But it's enough." "The War" is the best of the album: an incredibly-gripping guitar figure runs through the pounding song that slows to a quiet finish and an exhortation to "Don't give up/And don't give in." "I Don't Know You Anymore" is a straightforward rock and roll song that's thunderously-melodic. "Kid with Crooked Face" is pure punk, flailing along furiously for just over two minutes. "Nemeses Are Laughing" has an incongruous doo-wop intro that quickly becomes a typical Mould mid-tempo tune. "Forgiveness" also breaks a bit from the electric to feature an acoustic guitar and keyboards along with the thumping drums. "Hey Mr. Grey," "Fire in the City," "Tomorrow Morning," "Fix It," and "Little Glass Pill" are either galloping punk songs or urgent rock tunes with rousing guitar—what more could a fan want? Turn it up.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



**Lana Del Rey**  
*Ultraviolence*

The Good Book says that if we are faithful to confess our sins one to another, the Lord will be faithful to forgive. Perhaps I'm ready to repent for being a Lana Del Rey fan. Or, at the very least, I've finally lost my humor with her self-directed brand of "Hollywood sadcore" moaning. Sad songs can be hell beautiful (just ask Billie Holiday or Amy Winehouse or even Sinead O'Connor), but eventually you need an actual story to tell, an actual emotion to emote. LDR, from .

what I can tell, created a market-based character — "So all the girly pop stars are bubbly and happy? I'll go sad. Ridiculously sad." — and on *Ultraviolence* her character officially ran out of bits. Lyrically, LDR's still butt-hurt about her trademark bummers: being ditched by older men, running through her drug stash, living in America as a privileged daddy's girl and having missed inclusion in the Beat Generation. Sweet Jesus! Get a grip, LDR. Three albums into whining that your life is too good and you're still inventing reasons to be sad. That's pretty damn sad.

There's nothing new on *Ultraviolence*. Even with the addition of The Black Keys' guitarist and vocalist Dan Auerbach in the production chair, *Ultraviolence* feels like a pitiful, uninspired regurgitation of the ideas and sounds that won LDR her massive audience (myself included) with "Blue Jeans" and "Video Games". However, LDR and Auerbach both seemed to forget *Born To Die*'s handful of earworm poppy hooks ("Diet Mountain Dew," "National Anthem," "Gods And Monsters") and the rare slivers of daylight ("Off To The Races," "Radio," "This Is What Makes Us Girls") slithering between her trademark woefully slow-tempo dirges. The majority of *Ultraviolence* spans with a single tempo (super slow), offering only the teaser track "West Coast" as the single moment of groove-possible reprieve on the entire record. Not enough. *Ultraviolence* is not good.—**KEVIN STILL**



**Sneaky Pete**  
*Electricity*

Sneaky Pete gets more airplay in the United Kingdom where he's heard with the likes of Ace Frehley, Deviant Amps, Tom Petty, and the Last Vegas, but then he's never had the normal music career.

Sneaky Pete is Dr. Pete Rizzo, a retired Texas A&M biology professor now living in Massachusetts who taught for more than three decades. Now on his 18<sup>th</sup> self-produced album, Rizzo has had 25 songs selected for play on the long-running novelty radio program Dr. Demento (whom Rizzo honors with the chipper "Smogberry Shuffle").

*Electricity* is aptly named as Rizzo continues, even in his seventh decade, to add new things to his standard mix of comic and novelty songs. The album even includes two instrumentals and two covers of tunes from the 1960s. The intro to "Migraine Butch-tare" channels the Sixties' "These Boots Are Made for Walking" before settling into a complaint about a relationship gone awry. "Ambush Predator" is likely the only song about a praying mantis with its brain-eating

pendant that also features a nod to Cheech and Chong. "Homedown Hoedown" surprisingly features a zither in a sprightly timeless tune that could have been written a hundred years ago. Another departure from Rizzo's typical doll fare is the straightforward "Journey's End" with an evocative organ and one of Rizzo's best vocals. More typical of Rizzo's genteel twisted humor is "Fornicate Thyself" that boasts a nice piano in its obvious putdown while "I.T. Man" is a jaunty list of cyber language.

Rizzo has suggested his next album will be all instrumentals...unless he decides to do a cover album of Los Lonely Boys or Jack White.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



**Truckfighters**  
*Universe*

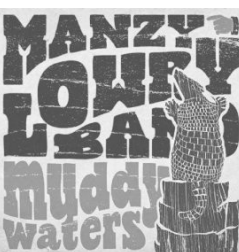
After asking the Truckfighters into my heart a few weeks ago, I began asking my music privy friends about them. Responses resounded unanimously: Who? I say, Do you like QOTSA and Kyuss? They all say, Of course! And I say, Truckfighters are like those fuzz-rockers but a tad more melodic, prone to extended trails of stoner instrumentals, and they're Swedish. The friends then say, Nope, still doesn't ring a bell. And I'm left harboring a secret too sweet for my own ears and heart to contain. Such responses would make sense if the Truckfighters sucked, but they don't, so we're dealing with a drought and famine plague of Truckfighters un-awareness. I'm here to offer a rich harvest of correcting that shit.

*Universe* is the Truckfighters' fourth LP on Fuzzorama Records. After two mellow-er records that explore long-form jams and experimental fuzz-instrumentation—*Maria* (2007) and *Phi* (2009)—the Truckfighters return on *Universe* to the heavier, tighter, fist-n-knuckles rock of their (2005) debut *Gravity X*. *Universe* as a whole, admittedly feels a bit more radio friendly than previous Truckfighters releases, while still containing their quintessential stoner, desert sound. Several tracks (opener "Mind Control", break-out single and EP title-track "The Chairman", bass-hook heavy "Prophet") play with radio-single sensibilities. Setting a pace for shorter to longer and back to shorter track-listing, these three opening tracks also set into motion a jagged but climbing momentum that does not completely settle until the final acoustic solo of the closer "Mastodont".

*Universe* makes a tonal shift at track four. The evangelical preface has surely ended and the heavier, meatier body of the record sets into motion with "Get Lifted": an eight-minute meditation of slow-swelling tensions .

that peak with craggy plateaus of riff-play, swirling solos, and menacing bass grunts: a pattern repeated in shorter swells and tighter plateaus on the penultimate track "Dream Sale". It's this tenacious ebb and flow songwriting where the Truckfighters' sound truly excels, as is most evident in *Universe*'s closing track "Mastodont", that manages to contain a vast landscape of varying tempos, riffs, chops, and churns while still remaining tight and thematically focused. It's fucking beautiful.

Regardless, I'd be hard-pressed to recommend anyone begin their Truckfighters' aerial affair with *Universe*. *Gravity X* is the record that lured me in, but it was the split LP effort Truckfighters vs Firestone's slower, stonier Fuzzsplit of the Century that totally won me over.—**KEVIN STILL**



**Manzy Lowry**  
*Muddy Waters*

*Muddy Waters* is the first album on Lowry and his band of alt-country players. The top tunes are the faster ones although "Russian Roulette," a slow story song a la Texas troubadour Robert Earl Keen that suggests Hank Williams and Elvis Presley, is about a performer "blindsided by the evil he couldn't face." "What Happens in the End" is a bouncy country tune buoyed by Laura Bianco's violin/fiddle and the band's nice harmonies. "Caroline Lee" is a catchy two-step-ready song about a fiddle player that—naturally—includes Bianco's fiddle and more solid harmonies. The title cut features Kevin Mitchell's tasty lead guitar as handclaps and percussion help the song carom along. "First Degree" is an agreeable Americana shuffle that lopes along nicely although it may be a tad long, especially as the album opener—more good guitar from Mitchell though. "Age" is a slow burner wrapped with Zach Huckabee's organ while "Dragonfly" is a slow bluesy tune. "Open Road" opens with Lowry's harmonica before Bianco's fiddle dips in and out to raise the ante of the unknown future evoked in the song. "Lasting Impressions" is a spoken-word recitation by Lowry about his grandfather with Mitchell and Bianco sheltering the remembrance with elegant sounds. *Muddy Waters* is a promising beginning by a Texas regional artist.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**

**FIND 979REPRESENT  
ON FACEBOOK AND  
979REPRESENT.COM**



# CONCERT CALENDAR

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

**7/5—**Brazos Valley Metal & Hardcore Festival feat. Myra Maybelle, In the Trench, Insyrgence, Adamantium, Hero-inne, Inside Falling Skies, Solomon, All Things Will End, a Chance At Revenge @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6pm

**7/11—**Feeble Contenders, adults, Kingfishers, Rome Hero Foxes @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

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

**7/12—**Bob Schneider @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**7/17—**Luca @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

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

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

**8/1—**SkyAcre, Take Us To Tomorrow, Jay Satellite @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**8/4—**He Is Legend, Maylene & The Sons of Disaster, Wilson, Electric Astronaut, The Feeble Contenders @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**8/9—**Golden Sombrero, The Inators, Empty Hollow @ New Republic Brewing Co., College Station. 8pm

**8/9—**Saving Abel, Hindsight, Signal Rising, The Docs, Story of a Ghost, Worhol @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**8/16—**The Ex-Optimists, Playing To No One, Only Beast, Salutations @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**8/21—**Second Lovers, Armon Jay @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

**8/30—**Life In Color Paint Party @ Lake Bryan. 9pm

**8/30—**The Hangouts, The Wrong Ones @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

## LED ZEPPELIN REISSUES...NECESSARY?

Led Zeppelin is one of those bands...the sort that transcends generations, rumored from big brother to little brother, from father to daughter, from grandmother to grandson. "Oh, you like Motley Crue? You shoulda heard Led Zeppelin." Or "ditch that Black Keys and White Stripes bullshit and listen to Led Zep, dude." Zeppelin is the undisputed king of classic rock radio and it is rare that an hour goes by that some Zeppelin track doesn't strut its stuff proudly across the airwaves. The band concluded a few years before the digital era began, but its catalog has been reissued several times since the late 1980s, most recently last month with a very celebrated reissue campaign overseen personally by Led Zeppelin guitarist and band mastermind Jimmy Page. What separates this round of reissues from previous remasters? And really, since you hear this junk on the radio all the time or, if you have never heard Led Zeppelin, why should you really give a shit? Well, I gave a listen to the first three albums so you don't have to, skippy.

Let's just assume that all of you know who Led Zeppelin is. If you don't, well, you've got plenty of homework ahead of you. Spend some time on the Wikipedias and the Youtubes and then come back to us. For the rest of you, you know that there have been a good two reissues of the Led Zeppelin catalog on CD (the 1990 remasters box sets and the mid 90s round) plus a round of concert albums and DVD's have shaken loose from the archives. The boxed sets were lean on extra material and the second remasters contained no extras at all. The concert discs pulled great BBC recordings from out of their vaults and the *Led Zeppelin* DVD is probably the penultimate representative of what an amazing live band Led Zeppelin was. So it piqued my interest really hard when Jimmy Page announced early this year that this round of remasters would include bonus discs of outtakes, early mixes and more live recordings. I have been an avid collector of Led Zeppelin bootlegs and, considering that the band recorded eight official albums and several posthumous releases, the band's vault really seems to be somewhat threadbare for a band that recorded as often as Led Zeppelin did. There are scores of great live recordings out there but not much when it comes to Zeppelin studio material unreleased. That was most curious to me.

Last month the band reissued *Led Zeppelin I, II* and *III*. *Led Zeppelin I* has always been to me one of the crispest, best recorded hard rock albums of all time. It is recorded so

meticulously one can hear the squeaking of John Bonham's kick drum pedal in the quieter moments. The new remaster does not really shed any sonic secrets, and neither does the remaster on *Led Zeppelin III*. What I was most eager to check out was how *Led Zeppelin II* turned out, and, of course, all the bonus material.

*Led Zeppelin II* upon its first reissue on CD in 1990 was perhaps one of the worst CD remasters I'd ever heard. The entire album sounded muffled. All the highs were rolled off and it just sounded muddy. It was the first instance where I could really tell that the original vinyl mix was better than the CD, which was bizarre since we were hyped hard in the '80s to the supremacy of digital. The second remaster of *II* was an improvement but it still wasn't great. The third go around still doesn't quite get it right. This is the first remaster that cures the muffled sound. The highs are definitely improved, but I also hear a good bit of distortion in the low end, especially on "Moby Dick" and "Heartbreaker". I'm no audiophile, you won't catch me talking about transients or any of that bullshit. But I'd suggest sticking with the original vinyl on *Led Zeppelin II*.

But mostly we are all here for the bonus material. The Stockholm show from 1969 that comes with *Led Zeppelin I* is a pure delight. The band's earliest tours show what an inventive band Led Zeppelin was. So much has been made about how fantastic a jam band The Grateful Dead was, but Zeppelin needs to get some credit for being able to turn at the drop of a hat towards so many different songs, dropping in bits of old blues, folk, and rock songs in the middle of their own tunes. The Stockholm show really gives you that sense of how attuned to one another the four members of the band were. Had the other two reissues come with shows on the bonus disc I'd herald the reissue campaign as a success. But instead we get rough mixes of album tracks, which don't really improve upon the more familiar mixes or really shed any light on things. Good for one curious listen and done. There are a couple of non-crucial "unreleased" tracks like "Jennings Farm Blues" (which is just a slowed down version of "Bron-Yr-Aur Stomp") and "Key To the Highway/Trouble In Mind" which is instrumental.

If I were you, I'd save my money and find original pressings on clean vinyl and steer clear, or stick with your previous CD's. Or hit the torrents for the bonus stuff.—KELLY MINNIS

# ARSENAL

**TATTOO & DESIGN**



**HISTORIC  
DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS**

**arsenaltattoo.com**