

STOREPRESENT



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inside: you're not punk & i'm telling everyone - the death of the ipod - ex-optimists tour diary - introvisionaire - first draft: pumpkin beers - line out: jealous creatures - from the heart - lp reviews - concert calendar



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

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THE DEATH OF THE IPOD

Last month a little bit of news out of Culper City was swept under the rug during Apple's big announcement of the new range of iPhones and the iWatch thingy. Apple had announced the end of the iPod Classic line. Meaning that Apple would no longer make any high capacity portable devices. I nearly cried.

You see, I'm an old school iPod devotee. I've owned countless iPods since Apple began supporting Windows for iTunes in 2004. My first iPod wouldn't carry a charge for more than an hour at a time and had to be plugged in all the time, sported a paltry 20GB of memory and had a row of buttons above the signature click wheel. For the past six years I've owned a couple of different 160GB iPod Classics. These are a compromise for me, as my music collection is far greater than 160GB. But I can carry around a good portion of my favorite music everywhere I go in a package that's smaller than a cassette tape. Who knows how many iPods have sold over the years, but the number has to be in the hundreds of millions. It seems sad that such a vital piece of technology that was so personal to so many people will now grace the dungheap of castaway technology, but that's how capitalism works, no? Newer and better tech has rendered the old school iPod obsolete.

Or has it?

It occurred to me a few years ago that Apple was no longer updating the iPod Classic. Storage for the line topped out at 160GB but I know that Toshiba has had a 250GB iPod compatible hard drive available for five years now. Why hadn't the line kept up with storage technology? Was it that consumers found the iPod Touch and the iPhone much better for their lifestyles? I didn't. I didn't want to fill up my phone's memory with music (and my poor iPhone only has 8GB of that) at the expense of space for photos and applications, not to mention sacrificing the battery life. My iPod is a Walkman replacement. It lives in my pocket or on a belt clip or armband or on the dash of the car. I need to be able to operate it without looking at it. I cannot do that with the iPhone or Touch. The iPod performed so well at its job that no company could compete with the product so no one else has made a high capacity MP3 player for years. As a result of changing its product line and focus, Apple has been able to alter how you access data and how you pay for it.

During the past five years, iPods got smarter, flashier, performed more tasks, went cellular and wifi. People began accessing more information through 3G/4G and wifi hotspots and found they needed less actual storage space on their devices. Apple provided iCloud and many other companies offer similar products, getting users to store all their data online, turning their phones and tablets and whatnot into de facto dummy terminals. At the same time, music streaming picked up with sites like Rhapsody, Spotify and Pandora. Music listeners no longer had to "own" an MP3 on their device. They could stream anything they wanted for the princely sum of free to a low subscription rate per month. Even though you've probably bought your fair share of CD's and MP3's over the years, Apple and Big Tech has figured out how to get you to pay again for something you've owned for years and have probably repurchased many times.

Personally, I do not use the cloud for file storage. I do not use music streaming sites. I drive all over Texas and I'd spend thousands a month streaming Pandora just in data fees, and that's if I'm lucky enough to have cell coverage. I'm also a music nerd whose iPod contains music that isn't on the streaming services. I am a luddite who prefers the idea of owning a movie, book, or album. I still buy DVD's. I still buy vinyl and even CD. I still buy books. I do have lossy copies of those items too but for the most part I have hard copies to back them up. It is not hard to see that our marketplace is largely gearing up to replace hard copies with computer files available at a subscription basis, moving the onus of an owner society to that of a renter society. I'm not entirely comfortable with that idea. Maybe I'm just old and want people to get off my lawn, but I am lamenting the death of the iPod as it is more than just the passing of a device that was as much a fashion and status symbol as it was a device for playing back music. I hope something comes along to cater to my needs. Otherwise I'll be hoarding hard drives and old iPods for parts.—
KELLY MINNIS



YOU'RE NOT PUNK & I'M TELLING EVERYONE

I've been playing music for a long time, 20 years this year actually. My first show was at a Mexican dance hall called "Mario's" and I remember looking at the Lady Of Guadalupe tapestry that hung on the wall as my horrible little punk band covered GG's "Highest Power". The place was packed, and I made out with a girl who thought I had drugs but was sadly disappointed when it turned out to not be true. In all the years that I've been playing, I like to think I have always stood by my guns and ethic on what I think a proper punk rocker should do (even when I wasn't playing in punk bands):

1. Always honor your booking, only back out under the gravest of circumstances and if absolutely needed, do it as soon as possible to let promoter find a replacement, and be willing to accept you may not get a booking with that person again.
2. Be a cool band. Not just onstage, but with people and musicians around you, some of our best connections have been made at the tiniest shows.
3. Make the traveling band as comfortable as possible. That will be you next week on someone's couch.
4. Always book bands you want, not because they will bring you money.

It's the 4th rule that I'm bringing up right now. It's important to me, because I have been on both sides of the fence. First I like to make sure that my band and I are approachable, that we have a good time, and we can back up our swagger onstage. But as a promoter (and if you are in a DIY band you eventually will be) it is important to book a show you believe in because at the end of the night, it is you who is left paying everyone when the crowd goes home. Believe it or not, the memory of a great band playing will be more important in a few months than the bottom line. Lately in my hometown, the "trick" of a big show for other promoters has been to book an opening band that does not share our DIY ethic. The most obvious one has been a band made up of high school kids who play bad covers of Sabbath and Nirvana, but they have rich parents so their equipment is good and they bring their whole families to pay the door cover thus making sure everyone gets a healthy door split. I hate this trick. Mostly because when I was that age, there were two sets of people: the rich kids playing mall metal, and the punk kids who were on the poor side of the tracks playing anything but a cover song. So yeah I take it personal. Last week, my band was put on the bill with one of these rich kid bands. I had to honor rules 1 and 2 but totally remembering that when it was my turn to book a show, I would strictly honor #4. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a jealous dude, I've got a pretty thick skin and have played 20 years worth of shows. I've been through the lean years and the fat ones. I've seen the cycles come and go. The biggest compliment I got was a few months ago, when I ran into an old friend from the 90's. He traded in his skateboard for a minivan years ago. "But you..." he says, "You never changed." I shrug and go inside my buddy's show. In the venue is this horrible top 40 rap ripoff guy onstage and a packed club of mindless drones bobbing their head to the beat ready to drink the Kool Aid as the guy onstage raps the same tired game over Iggy Azalea's "Fancy". "What is this?" I ask my friend who is throwing the show. "This is me making a shitload of money," he smiles big. I shrug and go back outside. Not on my 5 dollars.—TIMOTHY DANGER

FIRST DRAFT: Pumpkin Beers

It is that time of year when everyone and their grandma rolls out the pumpkin beer. It has become a cliché of sorts. Perhaps not as cliché as the pumpkin spice latte, muffin, donut, cronut, or whatever but in the beer world it has become nearly a requisite for brewing that you at least dabble in the format every autumn. Maybe Oktoberfests are too hard to brew? Dunno. Being the kind of beer quaffing fool that I am, I like to try as many of the pumpkin brews I can, not because I am a drunk (well, mostly not a drunk) but because I am a genuine fan of the format. It means that this time of year I drink a lot of okay beers, a lot of meh beers, a lot of downright disgusting beers, and one or two OMFG beers. This year I've had a bit of all those. I will not dwell on the underachievers. They know who they are. I will, however, spend some time waving the flag for one beer that I found to be tasty and another that nearly topples the illustrious **St. Arnolds Pumpkinator** from the throne of Mightiest Pumpkin Beer of All-Time.

So let's get started with the former. I have been a fan of **Kentucky Ale's** tasty **Bourbon Barrel Ale**. It is smooth, has more than a hint

of Kentucky bourbon in an ale format as opposed to a darker stout or porter. When I discovered that the brewery also had a pumpkin'ed version of Bourbon Barrel Ale, I had to give it a go. It maintains a lot of its bourbon characteristics with a hint of pumpkin. None of the mistaking too much nutmeg drinking sand experience for good pumpkin beer brewing like many breweries do. As the beer opens up a lot of the pumpkin flavor disappears but much of what recommends Bourbon Barrel Ale remains. It's fairly weighty at 10% ABV (most likely from the barrel aging). While it is novel, it is not necessarily an improvement on an already good beer. Just merely an alternate version. A good quaff and definitely recommended for trying out.



Then late last month quite by accident a group of us stumbled across **Southern Tier Pumping**. This beer gave me the same oh-my-fucking-gawd experience that I had upon first tasting Pumpkinator, the undisputed King of Beers. Pumping is like the yen to Pumpkinator's yang. The former is based on an imperial ale, while the latter is based on an imperial stout. Light vs. dark. Pumping pours out a golden butterscotch color. On first sip it's got that nitro smoothness and definitely a heady dose of pumpkin, but more like pumpkin candy rather than pumpkin pie. There's not the usual sandy nutmeg rush, just a silky candy kind of finish. I've mentioned butterscotch for color, but it also has an aftertaste reminiscent of fine butterscotch, or Werther's hard candy. The brewery claims it uses vanilla, clove, allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg, and "pie crust". Well, I definitely take the vanilla but not much of the rest. The first draw on it will make your head snap. It is such a smooth and unexpected take on the pumpkin beer phenomenon that it will have you reevaluating the value of the trend. It's fairly strong at 8.6% ABV but still not so much a killer that you can't enjoy a couple of pints and keep walking. Or rather four schooners, since that is the way it is served. It has rapidly ascended its way on my Top 5 Beers of All Time. I hesitate to say that it topples Pumpkinator, but it is a fantastic beer nonetheless. In my mind from here on out, this is what I imagine butterbeer in the Harry Potter world to taste like.—KELLY MINNIS

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INTROVISIONAIRE: OL

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

Just as quickly as Ol' Ed had stepped into the great unknown he appeared at his first junction; the center of that wonderful marvel we all know as the Sun, and despite popular belief to the contrary—the center of said star was solid and hollow. It was encased in Matrium 52B, a foreign material to Earth and most elsewhere in the Galaxy but one that was quite abundant in the Sun's hollow core's upper crust. Which despite being rather small in comparison, was still quite considerably larger than Earth.

Upon his instant arrival, he took a deep breath of the furnace like burnt air which encompassed him. He did not die. "So far so good," he thought to himself with a smirk, before activating his travel belt's air field which encased him in a force field of fresh air. He then thought of something that Peist fellow had told him right before his departure; "If you can do this Ed, you and I will get shitfaced and go out on foreign terrain—anything you like and when we return you will be the toast of the galaxy!" And seeing as booze and Ol' Ed went to together like death and taxes, Ed was pretty bent on seeing this whole thing through. He also liked the idea of rising to the top again, so to speak, after spending so much time at the bottom, and the idea that maybe salvaging a friendship didn't taste bad either.

Prior to this mission, no one had ever been to the center of the sun before. Science Fiction writers and deep space thinkers had hypothesized about every angle imaginable without ever leaving the little blue planet they called "home". Ol' Ed knew this was a feat in itself, yet he could care less. All he wanted right now was a cold beer and perhaps a transmitter of some sort to find out how the Mets were doing. He had no communication with Peist and the others when in transit—things were still too experimental. The radios worked once he was at a specific destination point, but even then Ed wasn't much for talking. He did, however, have a few maps with coordinates as specific as if for a child—i.e. "when the ground shakes on your third day, face Earth and and walk 20 paces, head held high, and cling to your belt. Or face the third moon after the planet's second rotation and walk off the highest cliff".

The belt, you see, was key to the whole operation. It emitted at all times a frequency of such that when it encountered light vibrations from the farthest deepest realms of space, it resonated said light's sound and the collision of the two created a temporal light bridge of sorts. The only real problem was it didn't really create anything—it really only made them visible briefly to the human eye and even then they had a tendency to look like mirages. The pathways came and went in cycles but were always on time, although their end destinations were somewhat of a game of chance and they had the potential to put one ahead or behind their own time if entered at the wrong moment. Part of Ed's mission was to better map some of these light bridges. In fact, the bridge which Ol' Ed took to the Sun's hollow core was originally supposed to lead to Titan, the largest moon of Saturn and the only other astral body in our solar system with flowing liquids.

Since Ed never arrived at Titan Station—it was believed by many that Ol' Ed had returned from which he had originally came and was now arm and arm with the Maker having martinis and telling St Peter to shove it. Peist knew otherwise though and was already of such stature that if he had told the Top Brass to wait 100 years because "he's out there" — someone for damn sure would be waiting 100 years down the line with everything as it were—ready for Ed's welcome home celebration. Peist knew this without the use of his Introvision specs because his work was so thorough and his passions pure, though when push came to shove he told those who needed reassurance that he had "forseen" Ed's return before dismantling the spectacle.

One thing that helped travelers a great deal to define these "bridges" was a modified pair of Introvision specs which had been carefully tuned and modified to weed out viewing those pesky forward moving life paths and instead bent light just enough to

view the edges of dark matter in places dark matter isn't supposed to exist but for some reason it just does. Remind you much of anything? Perhaps mankind's generational gap grasp in the dark as to the meaning and laws of it all were ultimately just like man himself—flawed and incomplete.

Anyways, no one knew where Ol' Ed was. For a while neither did Ed. Although, he would soon find out first hand; initially as a Royal prisoner, then eventually as a Royal guest of the Grand Court of the Imperial Warlords of Un—that he was indeed in the center of the SUN!!!

Ed was held prisoner on Un (the natives name for the Sun) for four years, living only off essentials provided by his portable replicator which had a battery that could surprisingly last 500 years. Ed sure hoped he wouldn't need it too. Communication was almost non-existent at first, as the inhabitants of the Sun's core were mostly gaseous in nature and without vocal chords. As luck would have it, however, Ed eventually managed to establish basic conversation through other bodily functions, which made talking take some time, as one might imagine. Ed told them of Earth's three World Wars, of the ancient battles and countless ages of self-imposed ignorance; following this person or that person, this book or that book, his god or her god. He talked up something called "hooch" to be as important to man's survival as air itself. He recounted the horrors of genocide and the glories of Television. Ultimately, in the end it was worth it once his case was stated. You see, the Grand Court of the Imperial Warlords of Un deemed it in their best interests to assist Ed on his way away.

As it turned out they too knew something of the ancient "bridges" and had developed their own methods for traversing them. That was information they were willing to part with if and only if Ed kept his mouth shut about the whole thing, went on his way, and never looked back. Without so much as a second thought Ed agreed, learned what he could and set out with the aid of his new companions to the outer orbit of Un in search of the Cosmic Solar Surfers of the Nexus who were rumored to know essential tricks to navigating the inhospitable terrain of solar flares and, even more so, were rumored to know how to combine said knowledge with working knowledge of unknown-to-us SUPER BRIDGES stemming out from the Nexus through the entire Milky way...and beyond.

The Nexus, you see, was what the inhabitants of the core referred to the outer fires of Un. It was here Ed spent several long months learning to ride solar flares and to navigate them accordingly in hopes of one day traversing one of the mythical super brides. These tricks and more he applied to riding light and, eventually with a kind point in the right direction, ventured off to somewhere much much cooler: the anti-planet of Ice, Pluto.

As fortune would have it, Ed's sense of direction and in all, his general understanding of this burgeoning new form of travel was such now that he arrived at his general destination. What he hadn't planned on was arriving in the middle of an armed drill on the dark side Pluto just outside Qxati Fort on the outer most edge of Unabi territory.

Determined to not lose anymore years or time to incarceration due to simple misunderstandings Ed used his newly learned light bending techniques to impress the locals into believing he was some divine spirit worth listening to. Light is extremely scare here and the inhabitants had eyes that would envy a mole's, for they are so unsuited for seeing. They understood mining, greed, unimaginable cold, and, oddly enough, the soul and form of a poetry so beautiful in its natural tongue and so grotesque when translated that it resembled bar bathroom stall literature carved on stall walls for over a hundred years on Earth when spoken. One that in its native tongue carried more weight than Shakespeare...but more of that later.

When Ed, still half drunk from fermented solar spirits came whirling around the Unabi war games for three minutes on a scarce beam of light that wouldn't pass again for three years. Ed seemed like quite possibly the most valuable religious commodity

ED'S WILD RIDE PT. 2

of all time, one that might just bring the Unabi the inspiration enough to create tomes of new poetry that they would use to face a thousand future Plutonian dark winters. The Dark Winters tended to last generally upwards of 124 Earth years. Ed used his might and sailor's tongue to pen what would become the Unabi life oath. "Fuck you, I want it. I'm going to have it. There's hot and cold, but shit everywhere. I'll take what's mine and you do the same. We'll get drunk like skunks and take the blunt of this cunt life. When it's all said and done, we'll have had the fun freezing our asses off without a Sun. I might as well, I'm just a bum." This he yelled as he careened through the air like a hobo Jesus Santa.

Iztak, a secret disciple of the Sun who was aware, unlike most, of the potential of other worlds was also commander in chief of the Unabi. Once he heard these words, they resonated like the hymns of Bethlehem and although he didn't understand a lick of any of it, he immediately committed it all to heart and memory. They were the most beautiful sounds Izta had ever heard. He shed a single tear and surrendered. It should be noted that there are no males or females in the Unabi as we know them—they are an asexual species who multiplies once every 2000 Earth years. To say they are an ancient race is a bit of an understatement.

And well just like that, in the blink of a near blind mole eye, Ol' drunken former hobo extraordinaire Ed became ruler of these rightfully misguided and secluded ancient peoples. During his rule, Ed became obsessed with an intoxicating elixir the natives used to commune with their inner spirit called frimoxoline. He consumed so much of this stuff that he so came to believe that he was in fact divine. He became a very ruthless military tyrant, invading neighboring city-states without warning for no other reason than boredom. It was his drink and it will do wonders to your ego if you were wondering. This was something else Ed would also fail to mention upon his eventual safe return.

Nonetheless, he carried out the wishes of Izta out of respect, since Ed was getting a bit lonely after all this time and did as Izta had prophesied. He wrote enough fiery words of passion to carry the Unabi 20,000 human years forward or 80 Plutonian years. Whatever, it was more writing and talking than Ed had done in his whole lifetime and he cherished every drunk stupor moment of it. Eventually, once enough was enough and routine played out, life—even that of a divine being—became mundane. Ed sobered up and decided it best to continue on with his mission and journey onward. He made his peace with the Unabi and parted ways. This time he had his sights set on somewhere a bit warmer and decided it best to brush up on his tricks and head for the Venusian peninsula of Aphrodite Terra in search of the much mythologized Venusian Pros who are rumored to be able to literally turn a person inside out and play their organs in such a way that not only makes some of the most unique music ring forth, but also some of the most enduring and interesting orgasms. And the beauty of it all is that they can supposedly turn a person inside out and back again without shedding so much as a drop of blood!

Ed had now been out and about the galaxy on his travels now for over eight years and felt as though a stop of this nature was to be quite conducive to his reinstatement as a humble bag of human guts in the scheme of things and if he was ever to return to mankind and complete this "ride" he needed to be reminded of physical pleasure. The thought of it being the greatest sex any humanoid being had ever experienced seemed payment enough for all he would have to sacrifice in order to complete his journey.

It should be noted that it is said that by the time they are done strumming, a person will leave humming a completely different tune to the universe entirely—quite literally. There is still much debate to this day as to the harmlessness of this tune change—some passionate, more in the know religious scientists theorize it turns the internal song of the angels that all man is said to be born with into a heathen's ode of carnal lust and creed. Whatever the truth was, Ed didn't seem to mind something new to hum from time to time. Also, I should state that even in the depths of space STD's are no laughing matter. Why just ask a peculiar fellow Ol' Ed happened to cross paths with in passing on his

later travels to the forbidden outer Tramalphador. The odd little old man was a part of a "voluntary" exhibit at the Tramalphadorian Zoo on a breed of human being known for their tremendous misgivings towards existence, who despite all the mishaps of life coming their way, seem content in their malcontent. The breed of the human was known, according to the display plaque, as TROUT subspecies: "writer" of the genus "artist".

The man's name was Killgore, which was just as weird as it was fitting for such a deeply soulful and twisted man. A man that perhaps the Unabi would cherish more so than even Ol' Ed himself. In passing, Ed was fortunate enough to catch the ear of Ol' Mr. Trout who warned him of a few things, particularly the ravages of space herpes, which he himself had been fortunate enough to avoid, and he contested quite avidly that he had seen it work its voodoo on a number of fellows since arriving at the exhibit. The Tramalphadorians, he said, got it the worse. Not only did they get the typical sores but their eyes would puss and their anuses would leak quite frequently. He joked that the bars of his cage were there just as much for his own protection as for the protection of those meddling Tramalphadorians. Ed who was just happy to see and speak with another human, was all ears as long as he could be, listening to the ravings of the old bitter fool. Furthermore, he feared that if he lingered too long, that he too might find himself a "volunteer" in this cosmic zoo.

So it was, that once he had made know his intentions of departure, that Mr. Trout let the following words fall on a now exhausted, lost, weary, and famished Ol' Ed who was himself in the midst of his own unknown life changing journey. "I've been puddling along muttering to myself for quite sometime now, and this old fool's learned a few things. Everyone wants to be someone they're not. But you're just you, and I'm just me. No fancy bells or whistles. No ego fluffin' required. A fellow scumming like myself. No matter how crass or polite...and even though our paths have just crossed and we have just met, we will most certainly never meet again. Yet we are comrades, brothers from the filth tit of life. I'm certain you're just the same ol' guy..." He paused. "The world loves to shit on those who don't buy into its parlor tricks, but eventually once in a while it smiles down and takes pity on the weary weather-beaten bastards and it slyly turns around and offers them Heaven in a handbasket under the table, for it's never buying into the superficial charade of things...Of course, it's still all a gamble. Just think of all those poor bastards still on Skid Row...Yup, we're the dumbest of the animals, that much I'm certain." He finished with a smirk. His cheeks and nose were red from too much good wine, which the Tramalphadorians gladly provided for Mr. Trout so long as he remained his frumpy wide-eyed self. "Go now chum, before you find yourself here in my shoes." He took a giant swig of hootch, turned his back and walked towards his recliner. "Ting-a-ling" he said. "Ting-a-ling," Ed replied.

Ed thought long and hard about this conversation for sometime as he made his way to his next place of departure. Peist surely needed him back by now. So much time had slipped away. Fifteen years had now passed, without so much as a simple communication. Ed would return. He was finally ready to return to the world and rules of man. If and only if, as Peist had said before his departure, they got sloshed and then went out into a world ready to toast to their honor. Ed had no desire to return to his little cardboard abode. He wearily took a deep breath, checked his gut and set his sights on returning from whence he came.

"Ting-a-ling," he muttered to himself with a carefree wave of his hand in the air to signal he was ready. Despite all he had encountered, he still wasn't afraid. He was thinking of the booze and an old friend who were awaiting him on the other end, both of which would surely be happy to see him. He took a deep breath, held onto his gut and caught a light beam through the prism of space, bending every which way. What awaited him on the other end was still to be seen, but he was happy again in a way he hadn't been since his youth. Times were indeed a changing.—*WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*

EX-OPTIMISTS / SKY

Part of the joys of playing music in a semi-mobile rocknroll band is that lots of insane shit happens to you while you are out on the

Park Boys were consumed, setting up the theme for the entire tour. Many dull moments were brightened with utterings of "I am the liquor," "A shithawk, is that like a shitty hawk that shits on you?" and "A man's gotta eat, Mr. Leahy". Xops drummer Ed even downloaded the movie and laughed hysterically for portions of the drive. While it was awesome to get the theme for the tour set, it sucked that we got maybe three hours of sleep before 4am came around and it was time to load up and head out.

The first day's drive was to Nashville, where both bands were due to meet up with Nashville power pop band The Excuses at the Springwater Supper Club. After a very long 15 hour drive (with a brief stop for some excellent chow at the Arkansas Burger Co. in Little Rock) the band pulled into the outskirts of Centennial Park in the West End to the Springwater Supper Club, a building with far more history and character(s) than this diary can do justice to. Let me just say that for more info you should google it and learn.

A quick jaunt up the street to take a look at The Parthenon's shining lights and a gyro later, the bands were loaded in and rocking out. Much green herb was consumed by the locals out on the patio, decades of second hand smoke filtered into our lungs, much Yazoo Pale Ale was consumed, guitars were played loud (soundguy quote: "oh hey, turn up the bass or turn down the guitar"...wait, we can turn up? FECK YA!) and the world-famous Dave Cloud blessed us with high fives and conversation. The performances may not have been what they shoulda been,

but considering that we stumbled off the van after such a long trip and could still stand, let alone play music somewhat coherently, was enough for me.

At this point I should probably talk about the van. Normally, the Xops travels in my minivan. We can squeeze all our gear and the four of us in comfortably. Well, SkyAcre goes much bigger than

we do with a badass Mercedes commercial van that has room for three bands and their gear. So with just two bands and gear it was plenty roomy and comfortable. It was a lot like being on an airplane without wings and with pit stops. That said, it had no windows in the back so we were more like cargo than passengers. An interesting way to travel for sure.

The next day we had plenty of time to pal around Nashville. Our first stop was at United Record Pressing. SkyAcre had to pick up



< Wonko and Marcos getting right with Jesus in east Texas somewhere.

road. It has been mythologized in movies and books that rock bands are like *Mad Max* beyond Thunderdome, laying waste to groupies, drugs and road side restrooms like miscreant vagabonds. The truth is far from that fiction. Road life is tedious, stressful, tiring and mundane for most of the day. Which means that when the animals are let out of their cage-cum-van, then weird shit usually happens. Not only are the musicians caged animals, but apparently so are much of the audience and club employees. Bryan/College Station indie rock band The Ex-Optimists teamed up with Austin math rockers SkyAcre for a joint tour of the Southeast last month and, as a participant, I witnessed a lot of the mundane, some of the truly transcendent and much of the purely bizarre: just another few days in the life of the average D-level band.



The Ex-Optimists visit where their records have been manufactured. United Record Pressing in Nashville.

The tour began the night before it really began. Since the bands intended on leaving early the next morning, the gang gathered together at Wonko T. Sane and Katie Killer's manse to pack up, stuff some 7"s for tour merch and get a little shuteye before heading out. Much 7"s were stuffed, and many episodes of *Trailer*

YACRE TOUR DIARY



The Ex-Optimists wail in New Orleans at Checkpoint Charlie's.

some albums from the plant and the Xops was all excited to see where all our records had been birthed. We were taken on a tour of the facilities and were pleasantly surprised to see our B/CS homies ASS's record sticker up on the wall in the factory. After quick stops at Forks Drum Closet, Corner Music and Grimey's Record Store, we were off to Bowling Green, KY, where I matriculated college at Western Kentucky University.

The first show of the day was at Mellow Matt's Music & More, an awesome old school record store. Short, furious sets were turned in, many records purchased and much conversation had with the two dozen or so folks out for the show. Then it was onto Bowling Green show #2 at Rockys downtown on the square. This was when shit got real surreal.

We rolled in at 9. The bar still wasn't open so we had to knock on the doors to get anyone to open up. The bar staff looked at us blankly when we said we were the bands from Texas there to play that night. "Didn't y'all play last weekend?" Uh, pretty sure we didn't. "OK". The show began at 11p so we took off to grab food and were back by 10p to begin load-in and set-up. Rockys looks right on the inside, nice big stage, big PA, looks like a good punk rock dive, got good classic hip-hop and 70s soul playing, this night's gonna be a good night. Alas, but no. SkyAcres got started and immediately the evil eyes were cast to the stage. The band was asked to turn down, and the band complied. This happened several more times, with even more animated requests from the woman behind the bar. About half the folks in the bar go out front to smoke, the rest stick around to hear the band. After being told for the fifth time to turn down SkyAcres cut the set short so The Ex-Optimists could have a turn. As I was removing drum gear the bar manager for the evening pulled me aside. Without looking at me he said "You're done. Pack up and leave." I explain that the second band hasn't played yet. He says, "No, we're good." Still not looking at me. I explain to him that the bands traveled over 1000 miles to play in his club. He offers \$50 for us to get out. I tell him that we would happily play for the \$50 but I won't just take it and leave. By this time the Xops and SkyAcres catch wind of what's going on and a good 20 minutes of belligerent back and

Forth with the bar empties it out of all the remaining patrons except for a handful yelling at the bar manager for shutting down the bands. Eventually the person who was handling the gig showed up, was incredulous that we were shutdown but offered no assistance. No amount of talking could get the bar dude to even look at me. I'm given as excuses that the bands were too loud, that we missed soundcheck (there was no scheduled soundcheck), we played there the previous weekend (we didn't), and that SkyAcres sucked (they didn't). Eventually we packed up and left. It is the first time The Ex-Optimists were told they were too loud before they even set up to play.

Saturday we headed to New Orleans. The bands were pissed and on SkyAcres bassist Danny's home turf. We roll into Checkpoint Charlie's in the French Market around 9 and load in. Perfect atmosphere with lots of local "color". I was fondled by a random woman who



SkyAcres is way too fucking loud at Rockys in Bowling Green.

promised she was attending massage college right before she molested Xops bassist Katie (it involved vulgar talk of pizza and began as humorous before it turned really uncomfortable). The first band, locals The Call Girls, played a set of cool '60s and '70s psych and punk rock. Any band that covers The Electric Prunes, Sex Pistols, Jonathan Richman & Modern Lovers and Steve Wynn is jake with me. Xops turn in an inspired set. Locals and friends The Bedroom continue to make great modern indie rock with a gothic cast, and SkyAcres blew out the room with a drum explosion at the end.

So one decent show, one great show, one no-show and one fantabulous show. It's about all that one can hope for when on the road like that. Completely draining and tiring driving as much as we did, but absolute catharsis on the stage. Can't wait to climb back in the van to do it again.—KELLY MINNIS

FROM THE H

For eons there have been stories, tales, what have you, of romance, love and heartbreak, and I suppose you could consider this another one of those for the tomes. Eh, so it goes...With that being said I take you to Jesterton, Pennsylvania, USA 1985—a small cozy tight knit community where resides one Corey Hawkins, a nice well-mannered seemingly intelligent boy, who also just happened to be extremely shy. You see, Corey was so shy that he had never even asked a girl out before, and well, puberty was now someways behind him. Sure he had tried on the occasion to, but he always wound up being too nervous and would just end up apologizing profusely by the end of his failed halfhearted plea for companionship and for wasting their time. On the other hand though Corey did have many girl “friends”.

On one occasion when he had finally mustered up enough self-confidence to ask a lady friend out, she replied with the tried and true “Oh aren’t you sweet!...but I’m sorry hun, you’re just too nice of a guy for me. Wouldn’t you like to just be really good friends instead?” and then he would simply reply “Gee, you’re right, that would be fine” with the fakest grin the world had ever known, and then he simply turned the other way and left with a lowered head, feeling somewhat a big ol’ lunk-headed fool. It was not as though Corey was deformed or even remotely handicapped. He was generally nice in appearance, he was just not a very social person and to say he was socially awkward would be selling things a bit short. Bless his heart, he never really went out much; mostly he would just sit at home and read. He just didn’t really care about seeing other people at all, though he used to. Then, he realized it was pointless, because most people, as he liked to put it, were “stupid anyways”...

Present: Corey’s room. It is at this moment Corey realizes that he is alone, really alone. This thought causes him to quake in his place. The thought causes him to feel as though he will undoubtedly die alone—forever. This worrying soon ends with the reluctant thought that “there’s someone for everyone...” It is with this trite cliched thought that he assures himself that there is, and reluctantly goes to sleep.

[Buzz-buzz-buzz-] Stupid alarm clock...causes useless alarm panic for a few seconds every day because someone decided to keep time and everyone should be doing something simply because he was...ugh... “Guess I should turn it off, sense it’s not like I have anywhere to go in this town? Anyways what time is it? 2:17pm?...damn it’s early...figure I’ll take a shower, then go to the library and see what new books have arrived, then go grab a bite to eat, and then just go from there. And then... I suppose it’s off to the library!” he thinks anxiously to himself.

Once at the library, he returned the six books he had checked out the week prior and waited to check out six more. While in line he spotted a woman he’d never seen the likes of before. Not in movies, nor TV shows, magazines, or otherwise. Beautiful eyes, long flowing jet-black hair, the body of a model, perfect on the eyes...and something soooooo much more. He stared at her uncontrollably with every fiber of his being in total shock till he reached the counter, without any thought, just in awe over her gorgeousness, over her essence. He sighed so loud I think people outside heard him. As quickly as little Corey Hawkins could, he checked out his stack of new books for the week, without even doing so much as talking to the girl or even taking one last look. Once again the shyness.

On the way home and then for the rest of the night Corey couldn’t stop thinking of the seemingly heavenly angel that had graced his presence earlier that day. Her image had become permanently burned into his mind’s eye. “I must see her again” he thought to himself again and again. “Hopefully, again at the library,” he lamented. She was a total stranger, who he knew absolutely nothing about and here he had already blindly sat her on this grandest of pedestals in his mind. He cared nothing about who she was...merely who she was to him...what she symbolized...and once more could she really be like him?! Could she too,

truly love a good read more than any dumb old TV show? She was at the library after all. The thought had no place in reality he told himself. There was no way she could be like him, or even single for that matter. Nor could she be interested in a book loving nerd like himself. His thoughts raced, “What would I say to her anyway? Hello, I was at the library the other day checking out these books and I saw you and thought you might want to go read a book sometime together?...How pathetic!?” he cried. “What could she see in me anyways? Besides a dictionary!?”

After taking a few moments to assess his situation, Corey decided it best to read a new book he had procured from the library. He blindly grabbed a book from his fresh bedside stack, *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud* the cover read. “Maybe this will get her off my mind,” he said to himself. He proceeded to pour himself into the book and soon all was forgotten...For a few fleeting moments anyway. The book served its purpose of distraction. “What if a person were to be reincarnated and said person still remembered who they were before along with all other details of their previous life? What then? Weird would be an understatement,” he mumbled to himself briefly before haphazardly drifting into another night’s rest. Once asleep, Corey had the most amazing dream, he was in a huge ballroom with a symphony playing, and in the middle of the floor was the girl from the library. She was wearing a fancy velvet dress as black as the abysmal vacuum of space. They danced for hours in a daze of utter bliss. He didn’t know how to dance, but they managed all the same. Of course our poor friend awoke disappointed only to find that his night of heaven was but a dream. For the next couple of weeks the poor lad went to the library everyday hoping to run into the girl from his dream, still desperate to prevail. Then, just as he starting to give up hope and was becoming increasingly convinced that he would never see her again the unthinkable happened.

ENTER COREY’S HEAD: I was putting a book back on the shelf, when out of nowhere someone bumped into me. The bump was just enough to throw me off balance to where I fell. Dazed, I slowly rose to see the person who bumped into me reaching out their hand to help me up. It was at this time I realized who it was. It was the girl from the library, and once again I heard the music from my dream play as though it wasn’t in my head. She apologized profusely and then asked the unexpected. She asked if I would join her for some coffee! Of course I agreed, even though I really don’t care for coffee at all. It was on the way to the coffee shop that I learned her name. She politely informed me that her name was Angela Heavens. As made up and childish as it seemed, it seemed...Perfect.

Once at the coffee shop, Angela informed me of her love of reading. She went on and on about her love all sorts of literature big and small: fiction, non-fiction, prose, and beyond. Amazingly enough too, was that she claimed she didn’t talk to many people either due to her love of books. Once I heard that I immediately gathered enough confidence to ask for her number, something I would NEVER do. As fate would have it she told me it without hesitation and wrote on a napkin just in case I forgot. Once I had her number in hand, she informed me that she didn’t want to seem rude, but that she needed to leave to check on her grandmother at the nursing home who, apparently, wasn’t doing so hot. So I told her I would call her later if it suited her. She smiled and said it did. Then we said farewell. I was on CLOUD 9!!!

By the time I got home I realized that I had still yet to look at the napkin with Angela’s number on it. When I eventually did look at it, I noticed there was a note which read “You’re cute, shy boy, call me tomorrow at 8:00pm...and don’t be late.” I couldn’t believe my eyes. This girl really wanted to see me. Me!! I had no idea that was even a possibility in the real world. To say I was shocked would be an understatement. My dreams were coming true and I love it. So the next day at 8:00pm I called Angela and we talked for hours. For the next couple of weeks every night at eight, one of us would call the other and we would talk for hours on end. We would talk about anything and everything, even nothing but

HEART

we still talked.

So finally I got enough courage to ask the girl of my dreams out, and once again to my surprise she agreed with much haste. I don't know why it took so long...once again the shyness I suppose. This was life-changing stuff for me, Corey Herbert Hawkins the shyest guy in the world. Soon we were the typical couple. Going to movies, restaurants, concerts, etc.—the things couples normally do. We were perfect for each other. Like the way magnets are drawn to each other. I was in love with her; she was perfect for the eyes, and not too bad of company either. And her mind! Why just simply thinking of some of the things she was capable of thinking was enough to give me chubs. She was perfection from head to toe, nothing deformed or misshapen. No emotional damage as far as I could tell. No, I knew it was love...

This one Friday in particular the two of us were having dinner for our two-month anniversary. All night I kept thinking to myself "how the hell did I end up with such a beautiful woman?" I thought some more and realized I should just let nature take its course. "What the hell" I thought to myself. I was finally becoming a man. After a few drinks I had to relieve myself and went to the bathroom. While I was washing my hands I noticed that the color of my skin was no longer bright and vibrant. It was now a grayish white. Eager to return to my date, being one quick to panic, I just decided to keep my hands under the table and out of sight. After even more drinks we decided to finally leave. It was on the way out that Angela confessed to me the she "totally dug me". Like "...really really dug me..." So then I started to think about what could happen if I played my cards right. Spontaneously, I suggested that we go somewhere more secluded. I suggested my place or somewhere else. Angela, to no surprise, agreed to the latter. Soon we were in a real secluded area in back of the bar. There was little talk. I had never been with a girl before. Much less been laid by a beautiful goddess. Still somehow I managed to keep my cool and play it off while we made out like savages. Angela was soon in my arms, and I knew that night would be the night of all nights in my life. A few moments later the two of us were in the back seat of Angela's car.

We got a room at a seedy motel and let ourselves run wild. That was the night I lost my virginity. Not only that, but she taught me various sexual positions all night long. It was bliss! Then, eventually we wore ourselves out and just drifted to sleep. Upon awakening, I felt as though I had fucked my youth away. I was more tired then ever before. Sore in ways I had never been before. Angela was awake within minutes. We then drove back to town. On the way back she told me that I was the best lay she had ever had. I smiled at the thought of the night before—the endless love making...the sex. Aaaahhh...surely though, she humored me. I didn't care.

Not more than a few minutes later she drove me to my house so I could change clothes. On the way in I passed a mirror and saw my face. It didn't look like face the face I had always remembered. It was the face of an elderly man four times my senior! At the sight of this I filled with panic. I asked Angela if I looked any different. There was a silence as I stared at Angela. Her only response was a simple kiss. With which I fell to the floor and convulsed in a seizure. As I lie there dying, her voice calm and surprisingly still somewhat compassionate told me the truth. "I'm sorry honey. Really I am. I know how much you love me and I love you just as much, maybe more, but in this world it is survival of the fittest after all." She paused, then continued as though nothing was wrong. "For you see I survive off the life forces of others. I was growing rather weak and needed yours. Making it impossible for me to ever have a serious actual relationship with anyone, but I did like you. So now you are a part of me and we can be together in soul...Don't feel too bad though, you had no idea. How could you? For I live for the heart, unlike you who lived from the heart." Upon hearing that I drew my final breath and died, knowing it was my love that had killed me...— WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

tonedstar flow, warts
 ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਧੁਨਾਂ ਡਾਂਸਕਰਨ, ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਧੁਨਾਂ ਸਿਰ
 ਹੁਣ: ਇੰ ਡੀਜ਼ਾਈ, ਰੇਡੀਓਵਰਡ,
 ਵਰਡ ਰਿਸ਼ਾਨ ਟੋ-ਲਾਓਵ ਵਿੱਚ
 ਹੋਰਨ ਰੇਡੀਓ!
 ਵਰਗੁ ਮੈਂਬਰਵਰਡ ਓ
 ਰੇਡੀਓਵਰਡ ਟਾਈ ਇੰ ਰੋਮਾਨੋਵਾ
 ਰਾਧਾਨ
 ਰੇਡੀਓਵਰਡ ਡੀਜ਼ਾਈ ਇੰ ਜੁਨਰ
 ਟੋਨੇਡਸਟਾਰੀਓਵ.ਓਰਗੁ
 ਟਿ.ਟੋਲ/ਟੋਨੇਡਸਟਾਰੀਓਵਰਡ

BRAZOS VALLEY DERRY GIRLS

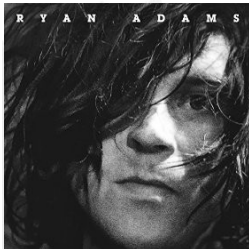
2014 SCHEDULE

- 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

Flamingo Vintage

212 N. Main St
 Downtown Bryan

RECORD REVIEWS



Ryan Adams
Ryan Adams

I have been mostly heartbroken in my long love affair with the music Ryan Adams has made. His discography with his first band, the seminal alt-country group Whiskeytown, is near untouchable in its perfection. And he started off his solo career batting 3-4 until after 2002 something happened. Some switch flipped and Ryan went off on a whole series of tangents that I could not follow him on. I don't like the Dead that much, and his work largely diluted the more pure Dylan-esque singer-songwriter, Morrissey and Marr in one rainy day troubadour, and the ragged out '80s college rocker modes he had previously explored. He would throw away insane classics like *III/IV* and the subversively cool *Orion* and release easy listening albums instead. So I went into my first listen to *Ryan Adams* with much trepidation. And was shocked. This is the first official release Adams has hit the market with since 2002 that follows up on his early promise.

If you grew up listening to the radio in the 1980s then *Ryan Adams* will be super easy on your ears. There's a blending of Ryan's The Smiths fixation from *Love Is Hell* funneled through a healthy dose of Tom Petty and Bruce Springsteen. The keyboards all over this album have that '80s Heartbreakers feel, like someone is channeling Benmont Tench hard. Well, that someone, I'm Heartbreaker Benmont Tench. His feel, along with all the chorused guitars, tasteful reverb...it makes *Ryan Adams* come off like a lost 1980s AOR classic.

First cut "Gimme Something Groove" gets started lazily, languidly with a nod to Petty and Nick's "Stop Dragging My Heart Around" with a chorus that is so simplistic it seems dumb but it sticks in my head. "Kim" comes on slow and dark until Johnny Depp (yes, THAT Johnny Depp) makes like Mike Campbell and burns an anthemic guitar solo over the ride out. "Stay With Me" gets started like it could've been the b-side to Rick Springfield's "Don't Talk to Strangers" before it too goes deep into Heartbreakers' territory. "I Just Might" palm mutes the guitar while Ryan makes his best Boss impersonation. It seems that by now you're thinking I'm in love with this album because of the obvious nostalgia I feel for that period of rock & roll. That's not what makes this album stick for me. It's the song that's plopped right in the middle of the album and the one that closes it.

"Shadows" is Ryan Adams at his simplistic best. There's two chords that alternate plaintively, the chorus floats on the clouds of a droning synthesizer, reverbed guitar and

vocal, and the insistent beat of a snare drum, counting the quarter notes, never wavering. The lyrics are dumb, cloying, but the chords, the melancholy tone, the way Ryan wanders off into falsetto from time to time, the way he sings the word "Shadows" like he's delivering a death sentence...there's something new and different in this song. "Let Go" is reminiscent of his work on the last Whiskeytown album. It could be the musical twin to "Sit and Listen To the Rain" but rather than sitting accepting of his fate, Ryan moves on from it. "Cross your fingers behind your back and lie to me/I'll do me everything is gonna be alright/because I let go". Sounds trite, but the way he sings it over simple strummed acoustic guitar, brushed drums and the ever tasteful keyboards just hits like an anvil. Devastating. It ties his current work backwards to what made his name in the first place: very simple heartfelt keening

Much has been made about the same font used on the cover as on Bryan Adams' *Reckless* album and that it is a pun or an inside joke or such. But it might be more a clue of what you'll find on the inside of this classic. A solid retro love letter to classic '80s AOR radio that any fan of that period should be able to enjoy

P.S. While listening to it this morning I'm finding the record is a good parallel with Springsteen's *Tunnel of Love*. A roots rocker cleans up and suits himself up in the production parlance of the day (1987) *Ryan Adams* definitely has that feel.—
KELLY MINNIS



The Ex-Optimists/A Sundae Drive
Split 7"

Two of the best bands around, The Ex-Optimists and A Sundae Drive, have teamed up to release a killer split. The cover art alone is awesome (buy it and see), but both tunes rock and show what great, complete groups these are. The Ex-Optimists take side 1 of the split with "Burn Bright", a standard of their live set and my personal favorite song by them. The song was originally released on their first album *Soaking Up The Cathode Rays*, which was full of great tracks but could have used different production. This new recording of the song comes in with a blast of sound that immediately gets you into it. I'm so used to hearing the song start with drumstick clicks that the first listen here pleasantly caught me by surprise. This version of "Burn Bright" gives the listener fully realized production and sounds like the band is playing there in the room with you. All of the instrumentation can be distinctly heard, and the engine with its parts is perfectly in sync. Kelly's vocals sound great at the forefront

with a slight echo effect on them, and the guitar tones balance each other nicely. Michael's solo melody takes the focus during the closing section of the song but doesn't overshadow the rest of the band, by which point you'll definitely be singing along as the words are triumphantly shouted. The track, fittingly for the band, concludes with a satisfyingly familiar wall of dissonant noise.

A Sundae Drive offer up a completely different experience with the new song "Labor Day" on side 2 of the split. The track starts with only the bass line/riff before the entire band joins without warning, guitars gently playing off of each other while drums keep to a driving snare beat to match the bass. My favorite part of A Sundae Drive's songs is they always find one slightly discordant note to put in the series that is perfect for the music but sticks out just enough to give you goosebumps. "Labor Day" has such subdued energy that you'll swear you're listening to a Cure song. Jennifer's vocals come in at the verse with a wicked serenading quality that sucks you in further, followed by the sudden appearance of the high hat that puts it into high gear. The chorus of this song is just beautiful, and yet the lyrics give you great unease, informing that you are in reality being chased as a target on the run ("You're in my crosshairs now"). The third verse, as confirmation, adds the creepy whisper you've sensed was within all along with a steady bass stomp and low guitar growl. By the solos your entire body is moving and all your hairs are sticking up, and the abrupt ending makes you press repeat immediately. I can't wait to see this tune live.—**TODD HANSEN**



U2
Songs of Innocence

First off, I'm a U2 fan. I've been into the band ever since I first heard "I Will Follow" on college radio in 1982 and have followed the band ever since. While the band's best work is certainly behind them, I've liked something from all their albums and I've felt like they have at least put out decent work and haven't embarrassed themselves as a band musically. We can get into how embarrassing Bono is as an individual and spokesman for his band at a later point. The point I'm making is that U2 hasn't completely lost the plot like, say, 38 Special or Lynyrd Skynyrd or some other bands that have been around for nearly as long.

I feel like I've also got to devote some time here to telling all of you that were annoyed at best and offended at worst about U2 and Apple colluding to give this album to you for free to just shut the fuck up. I get it, U2 sucks.

You hate U2. Many of you found the album on your iOS devices or iTunes libraries without downloading it and that constitutes a breach of trust, an egregious Big Brother assumption on Apple's part, etc. No one in my house had this occur, but that's because we have our settings dialed in so that Apple doesn't automatically make changes. So maybe change your settings, snapperhead? Feel free to bitch about the ubiquitous TV commercial campaign though. That commercial bugs the shit out of me.

I think at this juncture U2 is taking a pretty bold approach by marketing their album in such a way. How anyone didn't warn both Apple and the band that this would blow back in their faces is beyond me. Or maybe both factions really couldn't care less. Or maybe both factions wanted to appear young and hip so bad, chasing pop culture instead of defining it...that truly shows where both Apple and U2 finds themselves in this day and age. I'm guessing there's a bit of all included here. The only thing that could shut all the naysayers up is if *Songs of Innocence*, the free product du jour, was worth downloading for free. And it is worth it. It's a legit full-length album that does not sound tossed off. It sounds a lot like the band's previous album *No Line On the Horizon*. It is not U2 firing on all cylinders, but it is also not a single plus some b-sides or live work. Obviously U2 thought they were giving you their best as a gift. Lead single "The Miracle (of Joey Ramone)" sounds a lot like early U2 with updated freedreed modern production. U2 has always been forthright about their love of the first wave of punk rock, being teenagers in 1977. It's hard to believe that they were once contemporaries of Joy Division's, even sharing Martin Hannett as a producer. Bono is always namechecking The Ramones, Television and Patti Smith. Nothing new here. "California (There Is No End To Love)" has an obvious Katie Perry allusion in the chorus that bothers me. U2 does their own thing and largely does not attempt to sound like anyone else, even when they borrow from other genres to inform their sounds so that stands out. "Volcano" crosses the line between modern rock and old U2 in a canny sort of way. The Edge is full of all kinds of interesting guitar tones and textures and Larry Mullins' drumming hasn't sounded so big since engineers starting emulating him around *Achtung Baby* and just kept at it ever since.

While this album doesn't sound like a throwaway and it doesn't outright suck, I don't feel like I want to listen to it again. It's just kind of boring. Not bad, but not great either. Couple this with what will be considered in history as at the very least one of the poorest marketing schemes in history, it makes *Songs of Innocence* look like a big strikeout for U2. Of course, they have another album pretty much finished that they aim to release in the next few months so they can always claim that this was an experiment, a gift for fans, not the *real* album they meant to release, etc. More people will bitch about it than will actually listen to it. Too bad, as it's not terrible and you can spend 60MB and 45 minutes in worst ways.
—**KELLY MINNIS**

CONCERT CALENDAR

10/1—Wild Adriatics, The Continuums, The Docs @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/2—Uncle Lucius @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/3—Electric Attitude, Modoc @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/4—Rock 103.9 HOMEBREW presents Stunt Cock Lou, Signal Rising, Twelve Years Driven, Inside Falling Skies @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

10/4—The Inators, Build Anyway, Magic Girl & Her Ex-Husbands @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/9—Colony House, Knox Hamilton @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/10—The Ton Tons @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/10—Riff Raff @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

10/11—BTHO Breast Cancer with Malignant Rot, Distance Here, I-Terra, Apothica, Dsgns, Insurgence, Isonomist, Fire From the Gods, Myra Maybelle @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6pm

10/11—The Ex-Optimists (7" release party), A Sundae Drive, Jealous Creatures, The Escatones @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/14—Buckcherry, Otherwise, Signal Rising @ Hurricane Harrys, College Station. 9pm

10/16—Levi The Poet, Lowercase Noises, Glowhouse @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/17—Boss Battle, Atomic Playboys, Vidor @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

10/19—Fade, Semblance, This Legend, The Feeble Contenders @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

10/24—Texas Grand Slam Poetry Festival @ Revolution, Bryan. 7pm

10/26—Brazos Valley Derby Girls vs. Prissy Fits @ VFW, Bryan. 5pm

10/29—Judah & The Lion @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

LINE OUT: JEALOUS CREATURES

Houston's Jealous Creatures is a band of 30-somethings that look back to classic mid '90s female-fronted alternative rock bands like Eve's Plum, Letters To Cleo and Blake Babies for their sound, a good rocking pop assault with tasty guitar work, solid drumming and the lazy Marcy Mays-esque vocals of singer Sara Hirsch. Drummer Josh Barry bellies up to the bar for this month's edition of Line Out, telling us about the one gig that started him towards a path of crime, er, the path of music.

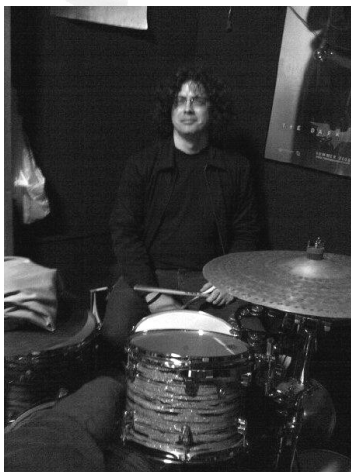
When I think of the pivotal gigs in my life, I can't help but mention **Deadhorse** at the Axiom in Houston. It was 1990, I was 16 years old, and it pretty much set the course for what I'd do the next 20 years.

I'd spent my teenage years up to that point in a headbanger phase. I watched Ratt at the Sam Houston Coliseum, where all kinds of mysterious new scents in the crowd no doubt helped me to enjoy that one. And there was KISS, Rush, and more at the Summit, the other enormo-dome across town. A little later I progressed into the thrash bands of the day, but I was still looking for something a bit more off the radar.

I suddenly found myself with a certain group of friends. You know, that table at school where the weirdos, freaks, and mutants hung out? I became one of the tribe. And where did the tribe gather at night? The Axiom at 2525 McKinney. The address is still etched in my memory from the countless flyers it was on.

The Axiom was in a part of town one might describe as sketchy after dark. Especially to a wide eyed kid from the suburbs. I loved it, though. It was like a punk rock version of the cantina scene in *Star Wars*. It was still a year before punk "broke" with Nirvana and the JC Penny ads for the newest grunge fashions. So

this still felt dangerous and was totally new to me. Most nights my friends wouldn't even go inside. Instead, opting to drink cheap wine and make out with girls in the parking lot. The parking lot eventually got old and one night I decided I was heading into the club. I had just started to get serious about the drums and I wanted to go check out the show.



Deadhorse was playing that night. While they were way heavier than what I was into at the time (I preferred the weird funk and folk of Houston's Sprawl and de Schmog), that show taught me so much that I still use today: duct tape can be a life saver; don't be a jerk to the other bands; how to set up efficiently before you start; get off the stage ASAP when you're done. I just completely studied these guys. But, most importantly, that show finally opened my eyes to a kind of scene where I could start my own band and be up on that same stage. I didn't have to daydream of the impossibility of playing the enormo-dome. I could make it happen now. Consequently, I've never not been in a band since then. This is what I do. Some people bowl. I play the drums.

These days, the Summit is now Lakewood Church. Which means hundreds of people are worshipping in the same building that Gene Simmons did his thing. The Axiom building is empty. In the same area, surrounded by condos, you can see a college student bicycling along McKinney St or a family walking to the recently built soccer stadium nearby. Things have changed for sure, but I still think about that Deadhorse show when I drive by.

Jealous Creatures plays Revolution Café & Bar Saturday Oct. 11th at 10pm with A Sundae Drive, The Ex-Optimists and The Escatones.

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