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for the discerning dirtbag.**

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timothy danger - mike l. downey - jorge goyco - jes-  
sica little - amanda martinez - william daniel thomp-  
son

**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



## VIVE LE RECORD STORE

I love record stores. I love the musty smell. I love browsing through stacks and stacks of wax, flipping through the albums until I find one a title on my want list, or a cool cover, or even an LP that I want to goof on. I always pull the record out, check the condition of the vinyl, check to see if there's an insert or the sleeve inside is an insert sleeve versus just a plain paper or plastic dust jacket. If the record costs too much (and sadly it often does these days) I put it back. If it's priced close to right, it goes in a pile that I carry around the store. Once I've perused all the stacks I have to decide what I keep and what goes back in the pond for some other record collecting fool to snag. It never fails. This is my routine.

I recall vividly the first time I ever set foot in a real record store. My parents were still married so it was sometime in 1981. My brother had received his first cassette player the Christmas of '80 and I remember our dad buying us each a tape. My brother bought The Go-Go's Eat To the Beat; I bought Hall & Oates' Private Eyes. It was at WaxWorks in Owensboro, KY, when it was at its original location, a converted fast food restaurant. Before this any of the 45's I had bought were from K-Mart or Wal-Mart, never from a real record store. It ignited the fuse that still burns to this day.


At 15 I would ride the #3 Meridian/West End bus into Nashville so I could shop at the Great Escape, and then walk over from there to Tower Records. I loved used record stores even more than the new ones. Though I also liked drug stores for scoring cutout cassettes. There were exits between my first post-marital home in Ashland, OR and my in-laws' way north of Seattle that I knew held certain record stores, and I'd stop at them. I remember where every record came from. Even the ones I had before the Great Purge of 2005, when my firing from my job as a radio producer forced me to sell my turntable and my 1500+ LP and 7" collection. The Smithereens 11? From Record City in Las Vegas. That SST pressing of Dinosaur Jr's Bug? \$4.99 at our Half Price Books in College Station before it moved from Texas Ave. That weird repressing of the first Police and Klark Kent singles? \$2 each at a record store that was part of the same co-op my band played at in Denver. I could tell you this story for the 1500 that are gone, and I can tell you the same for the nearly 2000 I have now.

Ever since I was a child I loved records. My family loves to tell stories on me about how I would play with 45's the way other children play with toys. I would write song lyrics on the inside of my children's books. I nearly destroyed our bedroom with my badminton racket guitar while listening to my brother's KISS records. I would wander the streets of my hometown before dawn on a stolen ten-speed, listening to my Walkman, riding aimlessly. I drive long distances around Texas with the band and love being able to just listen to music. It is my first love, the one that contin-ues to sustain me 40 years later, as I know it will for 40 or so more.

The record store is the temple for that love. Sure, you can buy ANYTHING you want on the internet and even download it instantly, but there's nothing like digging those crates, stumbling on a record you've searched for your whole life and having it just fall into your hands. Nothing like seeing cool things that you've read about or heard about for decades but have never seen in person. Record stores rule. It saddens me we don't really have one in Brazos County, but Half Price Books and Hastings gets me through, as do frequent Austin/Houston trips. Just reminiscing a bit about the profound impact of record stores on yours truly, in light of last month's Record Store Day.—KELLY MINNIS

# ARSENAL

## TATTOO & DESIGN



**HISTORIC  
DOWNTOWN BRYAN, TEXAS**

**[arsenaltattoo.com](http://arsenaltattoo.com)**

# TAKE US TO TOMORROW

Take Us To Tomorrow, a trio of boys from the—some would say—music capitol of the world, has come out of nowhere and taken a mighty leap into the Texas local music scene. Take a slice of punk, metal, Latin dance, and post-rock, push puree and, boom, you have TUTT. There is no set genre, there are no limits, and your brain can't get enough. Members: Angelo Loa, Sean O'Leary, and Brad Day have been making the sound of Take Us To Tomorrow, long before the idea of the band was even conceived. Both Brad and Angelo started a band called The Majestic 12 in 2007, adding Sean in as the fourth bassist to join. The band added a few other members making various projects, but ultimately got down to the basics, and then there was TUTT making its debuted in May of 2014 at Lucky Lounge in Austin.

I took it upon myself to ask Sean O'Leary a few questions about TUTT, because I wanted to know the root of Take Us To Tomorrow. The music kept my interest, and didn't bore me like most prog-rock, I wanted to dig in and really get it the feel of the music and the members. Who are you? Each one of you are absolutely interesting, and incredibly intelligent, so I want you to describe yourselves so we can all get a feel of who the band really is.

Sean: "Angelo: He is the store manager for Journeys in Tyler; he is a lover, a dreamer, a father, a spirit." Like his Pisces sign suggests, Angelo's focus is on an inner journey, spirituality, and the emotional life. Sean calls him "King Tutt," which he doesn't seem to like, and to the band he is "Pisces Azure." Some of his interests are girls, music, zombie and superhero movies, spiritual journeys, ancient astronauts, and fashion. For the band, he creates the majority of the songs and was the one to come up with the name.

Brad Day: He is a cashier at Tarka Indian Restaurant; he is a performer, a conspiracy theorist, a comical impersonator. As his Taurus sign suggests, he is generous, patient, and—while he might be on his own time schedule—he is dependable. Sean gave him the motto, "No bad days with Brad Day" and in the band he is the Green Bull. His interests are music, sports, the Spurs, girls, smoking, Karate, and conspiracy "fact". For the band, he does the majority of the booking and socializing.

Sean O'Leary: "I am manager at Freebirds World Burrito; I am an entertainer, a philosopher, an artist, a poet. As my Aries sign suggests, I am passionate, courageous, and versatile. I represent the Red Ram to the band. My interests are music, philosophy, writing poetry and music, drawing, girls, and dancing. For the band, I do the artwork, the social media, press, some booking, and the majority of the structuring of the songs; I stretch our funds for opportunities and investments, and mediate all things TUTT."

I asked Sean why TUTT sound the way they do. What is the mantra? Why did TUTT choose to make the music they do. Sean: "Why do we pick the sounds that we do? We leave the floor open after a riff or two is introduced; we jam on that toward our individual tinkering and then we suggest the structure. Most of the songs start from a riff or two from Angelo. If we decide to take a song on after the jam, then Angelo starts adding effects as time goes on—usually a lot of delays and echoes. Brad follows the melody, and then enhances the rhythm. I would like to think that I am the mediator of the guitar melody and the drum beats. We all use different aspects of our technical abilities and all can get lost in the beat. All of us started off in punk, hardcore, and metal

bands so that usually comes through in some aspect. We appreciate ska, latin, jazz and dance beats. On top of that, we are all exploring our relative selves and our instruments. We do not limit ourselves to a genre, so we will continue to do some genre-mashing and let it evolve as it will."

I wanted to know struggles and hard ships, I wanted to know the hurt that TUTT had and has, so I asked about it. Without prying too terribly much. Sean: "All of us can agree that three things are our downfalls: girls, the law, and money. We do not make much as a band and do not have the funds to grow at the rate we would like. Each of us has had a run in with the law and girls follow."

What are some of the things you guy are working on? Any new material? Sean: "We are still under the spell of being a new band; we are working out the kinks of business outside performing. While there is a lot of hope and faith, our lives demand their time to work on other struggles. At present, Angelo is living about four hours away from us, so practice is seldom. Luckily we have a solid set that we've been playing for some time, but new songs haven't been added often to the set. This is somewhat of a stress on the band but new songs are still being made and Angelo is due to come back to Austin in August. The main thing that we've been doing is building our network. We've been going to shows and meeting a lot of people; we've been setting up social media stuff and doing some promotion. Brad and I play and jam with other people, projects, and bands. Brad is in Jay Satellite; I am starting a project tentatively titled DB2, a drum-and-bass DJ with live drums and bass. Brad and I are looking to do a duet (currently unnamed), and we have put aside my project, Abstract Ions. All in all, our spirits are high. We love playing these songs and (musically) we complement each other. We can only see good things in our future."

What upcoming shows are TUTT playing, and what are you planning for TUTT in the future? Sean: "We have a lot coming up over this next year. In May, we'll be doing Piglett and Poo's May Day Hay Day Concert. June, we will be shooting our first video for "Paradigm Shift" and going into the studio. July we will release the video and get up a dot com. August we should have a second video, likely to be for 'Easy Iris'. After both videos are released we are going to start a TUTT Youtube channel with two episodes, of about ten minutes each, released each month. In September we will be releasing our full length album—yet to be titled—with anywhere from 13 to 16 songs. In October we are going to do a mini tour which will probably be seven shows in seven days. We are looking at doing shows in Bryan, Waco, Dallas, Houston, New Orleans, San Antonio, and Austin. We've also been getting offers to play in San Francisco, Philadelphia, and New York City. There have been queries about Connecticut and North Carolina too. If we do any of these soon, it would probably be San Fran. Beyond that, there is talk that we might join our Chilean friends, from the label Armatoste, in their home country. Brad has made some ties with bands and a label out of Brazil and with some bands from Peru. So, if all goes well, we might be seeing South America next year."

Obviously Take Us To Tomorrow isn't sitting still. These boys have made a name for themselves, and they've done it quickly. We can expect to see big things from TUTT without doubt in the near future. If you ever find yourselves in the midst of Take Us To Tomorrow, grab a CD and say hey! Check them out on Facebook, bandcamp, Instagram or twitter.—JESSICA LITTLE



**The Blood Royale** is something of an Austin thrash metal supergroup, featuring members of Dixie Witch, Gutbucket and The Drunks. Remember how refreshingly awesome that first Metallica album was? These guys do, and meld that New Wave of British Heavy Metal sound with vocals that somehow suggest Lemmy and Jaz Coleman at the same time. Dark, apocalyptic, punk-informed but purely old school metal at the same time.

*The Blood Royale plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 11PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/THE-BLOOD-ROYALE/118528808183824>



Remember when metalheads and punks started to check either out, in the mid '80s? Metallica wore Misfits t-shirts, Motorhead had been striding the divide between both worlds for years at the point. Crucial albums from Suicidal Tendencies and D.R.I. cemented the term "crossover" for metal bands who took the attitude and velocity of punk and melded it with metal palm-muted riffs and double kick drum onslaughts. Bryan/College Station has its very own crossover band, **ASS**. Punk rock vocals over doomy metal riffs that just beg for you to grab your Psycho Stick and drop in on a backyard halfpipe.

*ASS closes out Loudfest on the Indoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 12:30AM*  
<http://facebook.com/asstrashpunx>



**Distance, Here:** Hard edged metalcore from the 979.  
*Distance, Here plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 15 @ 9:15PM*  
<http://distancehere.bandcamp.com>

**LOUD!**  
**MAY 14-**



**Charger ATX** consists of a bunch of old school Austin and Kansas City punk rock dudes rocking a heady brew of '70s classic hard rock riffage at punk rock velocity.

*Charger ATX plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 15 @ 10:15PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/chargeratx>

Austin cyborg math-rockers **Boss Battle** has risen from the ashes of the beloved Vulcan mindmeld Black Cock, blending a multi-media light show with their impossibly heavy and polyrhythmic rock. Imagine Brainiac if they had decided to come on with the power of Kyuss and the finesse of Unwound and you are halfway there.



*Boss Battle headlines the Outdoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 12AM*  
<http://boss-battle.com>



**JT Habersaat and Altercation Punk Comedy**, his revolving troupe of comedians, have played for thousands at punk rock shows, perfecting their dark, sarcastic humor and fuck you stage pres-

ence.  
*Altercation Punk Comedy plays on the Outside Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 9PM*  
<http://jtcomedy.com>



# INDOOR REVOLUTION FEST 16, 2015

The very essence of a rock band. Guitar, drums and singing. Such is Tyler's **Channel 8**. Distorted pop songs with a wry sense of humor.

*Channel 8 plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 9:30PM*  
<http://channel8.bandcamp.com>



**Atarimatt** makes quarter-pumpin' video arcade punk rock with two modified Atari 2600 consoles and two TV's like your grandma used to have in the living room of her single-wide in 1982. This is a performance you have to see as

much as hear.

*Atarimatt headlines the Inside Revolution Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 12:30AM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/atarimatt/110842072297343>



Gia de los Muertos had this to say about this Bryan/College Station indie rock band: "The **Ex-Optimists** are on point and the sound is an eclectic array of fine tuned college rock and grunge era throwback with a hard alternative edge pre-nu metal era. One could also say they are shoe-gaze indie rock psychedelia without falling prey to a set faction of standards." Sounds about right.

*The Ex-Optimists headlines the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 1:30AM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/theexoptimists>

Houston's **From Beyond:** Heavy metal early Sabbath style, but with psychedelic synthesizer ambience and the occasional later '70s metal style stomp.



*From Beyond plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 15 @ 11:15PM*  
<http://musicfrombeyond.bandcamp.com>



Imagine if somehow Devo, Minutemen, and Mission of Burma somehow combined sounds and became a herky jerky political post-punk new wave synth rock band. Too hard to imagine? Just see Houston's **Cornish Game Hen**. They've already imagined it for ya.

*Cornish Game Hen plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 9:30PM*  
<http://reverbnation.com/cornishgamehen>



Houston band **Funeral Horse** has perfected the cross-breeding of punk and stoner metal. Wait, how does that work? Because Funeral Horse has heard Black Flag's My War and the crazy postpunk of Scratch Acid and includes that into its unholy concoction of galloping New Wave of British Metal and sludge-tempo stoner metal. Doesn't sound like it would work but the Houston trio has got that shit on lockdown.

*Funeral Horse headlines the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 15 @ 12:15AM*  
<http://funeralhorse.bandcamp.com>



**Galactic Morgue** is a doom metal band in the classic sense of the term, bringing the bent-note blues of Black Sabbath to thrash metal lightning fast riffs and barked vocals that would make Tom Araya proud.

*Galactic Morgue plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 8:15PM*  
<http://soundcloud.com/galactic-morgue>



Local punk rockers **Girlband** continues to drink everyone's beer, piss all over the floor but win over everyone's hearts with their back-to-basics punk rock sass.

*Girlband plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 7:30PM*

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Girlband/213204058800384>

**Golden Sombrero** consists of recent Houston transplants make really really smart bar rock& roll with hints of honky tonk, classic rock bombast and ground zero NYC art-punk.

*Golden Sombrero plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 8:30pm*

<http://facebook.com/goldensombrerotxt>



**The Gospel Truth:** Old school Austin noise rock scene veterans teamed up to form this post-punk/noise punk hydra.

*The Gospel Truth plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 10PM*

<http://www.facebook.com/gospeltruthband>

How does a trio of bearded College Station lads in 2014 sound so much like a trio of bearded 1999 Seattle indie rockers? **LUCA** manages it somehow, mixing the sound of NW artists like The Shins and Pedro The Lion with classic high lonesome folk harmonies.

*LUCA headlines the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 11:15PM*  
<https://thebandluca.bandcamp.com>



**Ginsu Wives** make potty-mouth party electronica from somewhere past Andromeda, like Ween fronting The Units with borrowed lyrics from old school 1980's

Latin Freestyle hip-hop. In other words, you will have no nicer a time anywhere in the galaxy while wearing a NASA-approved spacesuit and chewing on your dehydrated Jack and Coke pills than anywhere the Ginsu Wives decide to set up their synthesizers, drums and effects boxes.

*Ginsu Wives plays the Inside Revolution Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 10:30PM*

<http://ginsuwives.bandcamp.com>



**Hel-Razor** have a sound that comes from that period of change, as the more obscure NWOBHM bands got heavier, faster, darker, but they mix it with more of a thrash/crossover attitude and aesthetic.

*Hel-Razor plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 10:15PM*

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Hel-Razor/219782531480076>



**Holder** is a supergroup of 90's era post-hardcore and indie rock veterans, returned to the stage to bring their heavy brand of early '90s gonzo indie rock and punk for a new generation to enjoy.

*Holder plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 10:30PM*

<https://www.facebook.com/HolderTX>

San Antonio via College Station rapper **GQ Marley** makes his Loudfest debut, spouting lyrics about nerd shit, school, and modern living over lazy southern beats.

*GQ Marley plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 9PM*

<http://www.reverbnation.com/gqmarley420>



**Legion** is a modern thrash metal band. They play fast, they play heavy.

*Legion plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 9:15PM*  
<http://le-giontx.bigcartel.com>



**Licker:** Really noisy, agro lo-fi punk rock from Houston.

*Licker plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 8:30PM*  
<http://licker.bandcamp.com>



We are ultra fortunate to have the Australian heavy psych rock band **Hydromedusa** coming through this year. The band wields harmony guitar leads, bluesy Sab-

bath marches and echoed out vocals like weapons.

*Hydromedusa plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 11PM*  
<https://hydromedusa.bandcamp.com>

B/CS midwestern late '80s style alt-rock/power pop quarter **The Inators** combines the heart-on-the-sleeve loser heartache of late period Replacements, early Goo Goo Dolls and early Soul Asylum with the bubblegum-chewing skinny-tie wearing glee of early '80s power pop.



*The Inators plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 7PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Inators/569970039766984>



**Modfag** is an offshoot of sorts for former members of Houston's favorite garage-pop/punk sons The Born Liars. Modfag irons out the soul and maxi-

mum R&B bent The Born Liars channeled in favor of a pure late '70s punk onslaught.

*Modfag plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 10PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/Modfag>

Imagine your cool big brother that used to play Blue Oyster Cult covers with his cool friends after hours of drunken Dungeons & Dragons sessions.

Now imagine that big brother never grew out of that phase but instead doubled-down on the music thing, making early Melvins-y sludgy heavy rock. That could describe any of the five members of Houston's **Linus Pauling Quartet**.

*Linus Pauling Quartet plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 11:15PM*  
<http://www.worshipguitars.org/LP4/>



**Mothracide** is Bryan/College Station's agit-prop gonzo psych of fuck metal band. Confrontational, beyond slightly mental, unpredictable and always guaranteed to put on one hell of a show.

*Mothracide plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 8PM*  
<http://www.reverbnation.com/mothracide>

Nashville's **Negra** deploys hyper melodic modern dirt-bag punk rock with garage tinges peeking through the grime.

*Negra plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 15 @ 8:15PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/negraTN>





**Mutant Love** is Former Shanty Vamps, adults and The Hangouts members making early '90s Bay Area style pop-punk rock.

*Mutant Love plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 10:30PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/mutantlovetxt>



Nashville crew **Modern Convenience** blows it all out live, sweating, stick shavings flying, all garage punk nimble like.

*Modern Convenience plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 12:30AM*

<http://www.reverbnation.com/Modernconvenience>

A bunch of A&M students met at school and decided to form a side project playing modern punk and post-hardcore. **Odd Folks** combines pop hooks, emocore and the ferocity of '00s alternative rock.



*Odd Folks plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 10:15PM*  
<http://oddfolks.bandcamp.com/>



A funny thing happened since we started booking shows up here a few years back with Houston stoner metal band **Venomous Maximus**. They blew up nationally, toured with The Sword and Down and got signed by a

prestigious all metal label in Europe. We've been saying for years you'd best come see VM while you still can on a small stage. And I'm saying it now. Next time you see Venomous Maximus will be in an arena opening for a metal legend.

*Venomous Maximus headlines the Revolution Outdoor Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 12AM*  
<http://www.venomousmaximus.com>

I have no idea what **The Shut Ups** sound like, because the only night they've ever played B/CS was the night I had strep throat. But Frazier from Transmography is in it, Girlband Jessica said their songs got her pregnant and the band itself says they sound like "3 dudes telling you to shut up in 18 minute bursts." Sounds legit, yo.



*The Shut Ups plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 11:30PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/theshutupsaustin>



**SkyAcres** is definitely Austin's best math rock band. Loud quiet, soft hard, always dark, always intricate, always rocking. The band can get way small and then slam you to the back of the room with blunt force, while treading deftly through stop-start arrangements and

more odd time signatures than a prog band on crack

*SkyAcres plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Friday, May 15 @ 11:30PM*  
<http://skyacremusic.com>



Marty Durlam has brought some of the most extreme bands to B/CS. From bands that combined animal sacrifice with atonal noise to bands that made artful punk rock. **Pink Eye** is his latest, coming on like a Houston version of a 1979 no wave band, art damaged and explosive.

*Pink Eye plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 9PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/mormonsinloveforever>

Houston's **Slow Future** plays early '90s alternative rock, with a Soundgarden heaviness and a '90s power pop tunefulness, with a hint of '00s post-rock ambience.

*Slow Future plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Friday, May 15 @ 10PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/slowfuture>







Houston trio **Project Grimm** plays grunge rock in the truest sense of the word, combining the aggression of smart punk rock with the tunefulness of guitar pop and the sonic heaviness of metal.

*Project Grimm headlines the Outdoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 15 @ 12AM*  
<http://projectgrimm.com/>



**T.S.S.** represents Victoria with their raw and dead simple punk rock. Punk rock may seem simple to make but **T.S.S.** understands that songcraft is what makes for great

punk rock, and you'll be able to sing along with **T.S.S.** songs by the second chorus.

*T.S.S. plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 8PM*  
<http://tssband.tumblr.com/>

B/CS metal crew **Myra Maybelle** blends the melodic vocal style of the early days of strident heavy metal with death metal larynx shredding evil, while musically the band's guitarists harmonize classic metal lines but also pull it back for neck-snapping hardcore breakdowns and mathematical poly-rhythms.



*Myra Maybelle headlines the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 12:15AM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/MyraMaybelle>

Houston indie rock outfit **A Sundae Drive** have that **Yo La Tengo** noise pop sound down tight, with intricate dual guitar work and winsome girl vocals with occasional bursts of volume and adrenaline.



*A Sundae Drive plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Friday, May 15 @ 11PM*  
<http://asundaedrive.bandcamp.com/>



Bryan/College Station indie rock band **Warmother** has got no videos or songs online so you're guess is as good as mine as to what they sound like. They look cool though.

*Warmother plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 14 @ 9:15PM*  
<http://www.facebook.com/warmothermusic>



Some time in the mid '80s Black Flag slowed down and left hardcore to the dumb-fucks. Houston stoner metal band **Satannabis** has that punk rock sound, just slowed down to dope-smoker velocity...except sometimes the weed runs out and then the hardcore and thrash takes over.

*Satannabis plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 9:30PM*  
<http://therealsatannabis.bandcamp.com>



**Vampirates** plays so gatdamn fast, like Bad Brains fast but with speed metal articulation.

*Vampirates plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Saturday, May 16 @ 11:30PM*  
<http://>

[www.facebook.com/thevampirates](http://www.facebook.com/thevampirates)



## THE PUNK ROCK DINOSAUR

I'm old. It's cool. I like it.

There are worse things to be than an old guy in a punk scene. I mean I could be the guy who lost touch and tries to come back in. It's kind of funny to think about but I have always thought that if you have been playing since you were a kid, and you suddenly find yourself around forty, congratulations... you're a lifer.

Being a lifer in a music scene is unbelievably cool. It could have been very easy to fold up and quit when the twenties were over, I was faced with it a few times. I even tried to quit once, when one of my bands quit on me (I am unbelievably hard to work with, I blame the age) but after a month of no practices, no shows, and ultimately no happiness, I found myself calling up people I knew weren't in bands and pieced together another band. I've been in countless bands over the last few decades, the average tenure has been a few years or so before one of my side projects becomes the new main project and then the cycle starts all over again.

There is no hope for commercial success. We lost that hope fifteen years ago. There is something very freeing about the abandonment of success. You don't have to worry about shit. You just get to create. That is something that is pretty important too. The older I get, the more things need to matter. Including the bands we play with, the shows we perform in, and the recordings we do. My biggest fear now that mortality is looking me closer in the eye, is that I won't leave enough behind.

But as for the rest... If you have to say "I used to be" then you are a "never was". — *TIMOTHY DANGER*



Flamingo  
Vintage

212 N. Main St  
Downtown Bryan

# A TALE OF

I had a story written 2 weeks ago for this issue. It was profound. It was heartfelt. We would have laughed and cried and now here I am a day before my commentary is due and I am pounding this out while Duran Duran blares on the sound system. So you know it's good if I'm here and not in a haze of skunkish smoke kicked back listening to Visage sipping a gin cocktail floating in my bestfriend's swimming pool. You mean that much to me.

This is about two shows. Two separate shows in two separate cities. The latter show will go first as this is what compelled me to scrap some buttercream prose that would have been some profound shit in your life.

Anyhow the story begins with a certain Peter Hook show in Dallas. Okay, going in here I will admit, I fucking hate Dallas. I have never liked Dallas and Dallas has never liked me. I have never had a good experience anytime I've gone out to Dallas. In my book it is just a horrible awful city and it sucks and not because fuck you I'm from Houston but also that.

It was one of those "my friend has a friend that had two extra tickets, want to drive through tornadic activity after work to make it just before they take the stage and then drive back after show in time to see the sunrise as we're getting home?" things. Absolutely. Those are the best aren't they? Especially because the least amount of time I have to spend in Dallas, the better.

We arrive at the show and I meet my friend's friends. This is cool because one of the people snubbed me the very night before at a show and may have also been a topic in the article I had written prior to this. These people were the hardest and coolest elite of the punk and underground scenes 30 years ago. Now they are silver haired, cynical, been there done that, fuck all and fuck you types. I am in awe. This is the next tier and I am amongst royalty. Also, I like being in the company of those that are as asinine and shit-talking as I am. The only scenario where the bullshit flying out of my mouth will be fully embraced and appreciated.

The first crime against humanity that transpired this evening may very well have been the harshest. I man with his hair in a bun and a fucking wax tipped handlebar moustache and sunglasses at night on had a BABY STRAPPED TO HIS BODY. If this baby was 9-10 months old I am shocked. Then as soon as Peter Hook takes to the stage to perform the first part of the set, which was all highly obscure New Order songs I'm sure the infant didn't know, the 6'2" guy unstraps his baby and "stands" her up on his shoulders. She couldn't even walk yet so her legs couldn't support her.

Step back. This guy has a fucking baby loosely held by her ankles over his head in the "pit" during a show. Mom was standing beside him cheering the band as dad posed for pictures.

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# OF TWO CITIES



Now, I'm not a kid person. I don't want kids and they make me grumpy. But goddamn. One drunk ass backs into this guy and his infant child that won't fucking ever remember this show is seriously injured. Also, the fact that this guy has now added a foot and a half to his height by this action now has the five foot tall drunk guy in our troop literally HOPPING to try and see the show. Finally our friend pisses off the mom and the couple decides to go and sit in THEIR BALCONY SEATS for a few minutes.

Yep. These assholes had comfy expensive balcony seats and were taking up room in the general admission standing room area because Dallas. This douchebag would randomly appear throughout the crowd the remainder of the evening like a demonic entity of a Where's Waldo combined with Krampus.

We were lucky that once the set with New Order songs had been played the crowd thinned by about 200 people. During the 2<sup>nd</sup> album performed of Joy Division, this greasy obese man in the back taps my friend on the shoulder and tells him to move to the left so he can see better. Yep. This guy WALKS over from the very back and during a rousing rendition of Hook does Ian Curtis, my friend is tapped out of his glory days trance to be told he needs to step to the left by a guy that looks everything you'd imagine me describing a man that still lives with mother. Also, this guy has FUCKING BALCONY SEATS TOO.

My friend and I decide to move closer as thus far I have only gotten some amazing visual of bright lights and ceiling. As we move in closer we come across the guy that demands a three foot radius of "me" space and is twirl dancing. To. Every. Single. Song. He's also point singing along. You know where the person faces the singer and points to them at every word in the song screaming the lyrics like some kind of vocal succubus? Yeah, that.

In the few chances I had where I wasn't being hit in the face by this guy's merch-bought \$35 unknown pleasures shirt hanging off his shoulder that I could have gotten from any mall or website for \$10, there was a girl in front of him with an actual beehive hairdo. Fucking really. Like full on 1960's era bouffant beehive. Again, another person adding unnecessary height that no one can fucking see past. Down in front, Ms. Winehouse.

We gave up on that effort especially as we witnessed the younger kids and some grayhair who I were getting drinks spilled on them and knocked over by whatever decadent elitist crowd there was more of in the immediate vicinity. We headed back and decided to just hang out with our friends. If I needed to see Hook or what was happening on stage, I could just look at all the fucking cell phones everyone was holding up to record the entire fucking show with it seemed. At one point I realized there was a line of six people ahead of me all doing this. Just about everyone there was on their phones the majority of the show. Nothing against getting a couple pictures, but put .

bands. Yeah, Houston isn't the best in support of local the fucking phone down and enjoy the damn show'd close out the show with a young woman in front of me, arms raised letting all of us know she is a drummer because she air drummed the entire first album and three song encore right in my line of vision and everyone else's. Thank you Dallas for keeping it classy. The difference between Dallas and Houston? At Dallas shows everyone wants to be seen, Houston, fans are there to see the music at times, but the fans that do come out, come out with fervor.

A couple weeks back, the band X came to town. This was a huge deal to me. X had been one of a very few white whales I was sure I would never catch. It was my first time to actually see X perform after years idolatry and fervor of their musical ethos. They came out with swagger. I stood right in front of John Doe and Exene and cheered my way through their set much to the amusement of Billy Zoom.

Somehow they had toned down from the grandeur of 80's So Cal chaos to an ever so refined and finely honed sound. Their energy was still raw and abrasive but delicately reworked in a sense of we're grown up and you are too so we know the real power is in the lyrics and not blaring you half across the room.

Exene double-fisted cheap beer with her trademark red lips and blonde streaks amidst now greying brown hair as John Doe apologized for barricades in front of the stage and Billy Zoom made being a fucking prodigy guitar player look easy as he sat the entire time save for a few instances as he played saxophone.

They played nearly 20 songs and gave not a fuck about however they would be perceived. As they entered into "Los Angeles" nearing the end of their set, vocals alone made me look around for the pit and the second nature of scanning the crowd for boots surfing the audience as to avoid getting kicked in the head. Didn't happen. Much to my amazement, I only saw a crowd singing along in all its splendor.

I was able to notice this because there weren't fans grandstanding the band. Barely a phone was out. Sure the crowd was mainly mid 30's and up, but these folks were here to see treasured idols. They weren't there to later brag about going to this show, they were they to take in the moment.

Am I biased going in to this? Yeah, I hate Dallas. But really if you take anything away from this or anything I say, just enjoy these things. Don't do something because people will think you're cooler by saying you were there, you don't need those people in your life and what will that do for you in the long run?

Also, don't be that person. Don't ruin someone's experience that maybe they've been waiting for their whole life because you need to prove your worth to people on Facebook. Shame on you. Be cool, be nice to old people, protect the weak and pet animals. And never, ever be the twirl dancing guy.—CREEPY HORSE



# A LOOK BACK AT LOVING LIVE MUSIC



A couple of decades ago, I asked an artist friend how to display all the concert ticket stubs of shows I'd seen up to that point. He said get a sticky board and stab them on it, which I did. Now some stubs have faded, and I can't recall what they once read. I'm hoping that's not an omen. Live

music has been a measure of the quality of my life, and I want to remember.

I don't have ticket stubs for every show I've seen. I don't have the Rolling Stones show in the Cotton Bowl in 1980 when ZZ Top opened for them. I don't have the Who ticket from that same year. I don't even have the one from Prince on his *Purple Rain* tour in 1984 (next to the last row of seats in the now-gone Reunion Arena in Dallas). Also MIA are Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Ted Nugent (back when he just played music), Foghat, America, Black Oak Arkansas, Head East, Graham Parker, REO Speedwagon.

One of the fading stubs is when Bob Dylan toured with Tom Petty in the 1980s. I do have Kiss from 1977 and Fleetwood Mac from 1975. I even have Rare Earth from 1972, the first show I went to in college (red bellbottoms with patch pockets and black button fly, bloused sleeves and three-button cuffs). I still have a sliver of Deep Purple (still recall Ritchie Blackmore's guitar solo that lasted forever). I have a Neil Young (and the t-shirt) and even Rod Stewart back when he was a rocker. Blink 182, Green Day, and Jimmy Eat World—now that was a great pop punk show in 2002—that stub's faded pretty badly. That was at the Woodlands—I saw Sammy Hagar, David Lee Roth, John Fogerty, the Beach Boys (singing with my daughter) there too. Bow Wow Wow at Club Foot in Austin from '83 is holding up nicely—I think my ears hurt for two days that show. Annabelle was center stage with her Mohawk, but my main memory is still that the drummer was incredible—Dave Barbarossa (thanks, Google). I have Elvis Costello twice (stood five hours stage center in Austin, no security), Bob Seger, R.E.M. (twice: Dallas Fair Park and the demolished G. Rollie White gym under Kyle Field). I saw Jackson Browne at Six Flags in Arlington, my only front row seat (well, where I was sitting down). I saw George Thorogood in 1985 AND last year.

One memorable night of music was in 1984—my friend Bob and I saw Big Country at the Bronco Bowl (now gone) in Dallas and then drove to Fort Worth for T-Bone Burnett's midnight performance at the Caravan of Dreams club. Now the Academy-Award-winning music producer, T-Bone then was one quirky singer-songwriter. He talked to us during the break, sitting on the edge of the stage and still towering over us.

My favorite club show to date is The Blasters and Joe Ely at the Fast & Cool Club on Greenville in Dallas in the 1980s (that was a good decade for me). Wow, Americana and Texas roots rock and roll barely contained indoors. That's also the last show I went to without earplugs.

The last few years has featured a number of memorable shows with earplugs and sans ticket stubs. Any one of a

number of shows with the Hangouts in Bryan (and once in College Station) has guaranteed Niki Shea's keening vocals and stage antics surrounded by short bursts of manic punk and more profane fun squeezed into short sets than should be humanely possible. There was the stunning 2010 Loudfest performance of Modern Convenience, pouring everything into a sweaty intense twitchy rock show on the Stafford stage. Years before on another version of the Stafford stage was legendary drummer Billy Cobham with only a handful of B/CS fans. And of all the mind-rattling shows at Revolution (more on Revs later), it was one late one weeknight with a touring band called Stubborn Tiny Lights vs Clustering Darkness Forever Ok? that is still the most magical I recall. It was almost all instrumental with a complex mix of sounds from nearly ten folks crowded on stage, but that night, it worked so well. The CD never sounds the same.

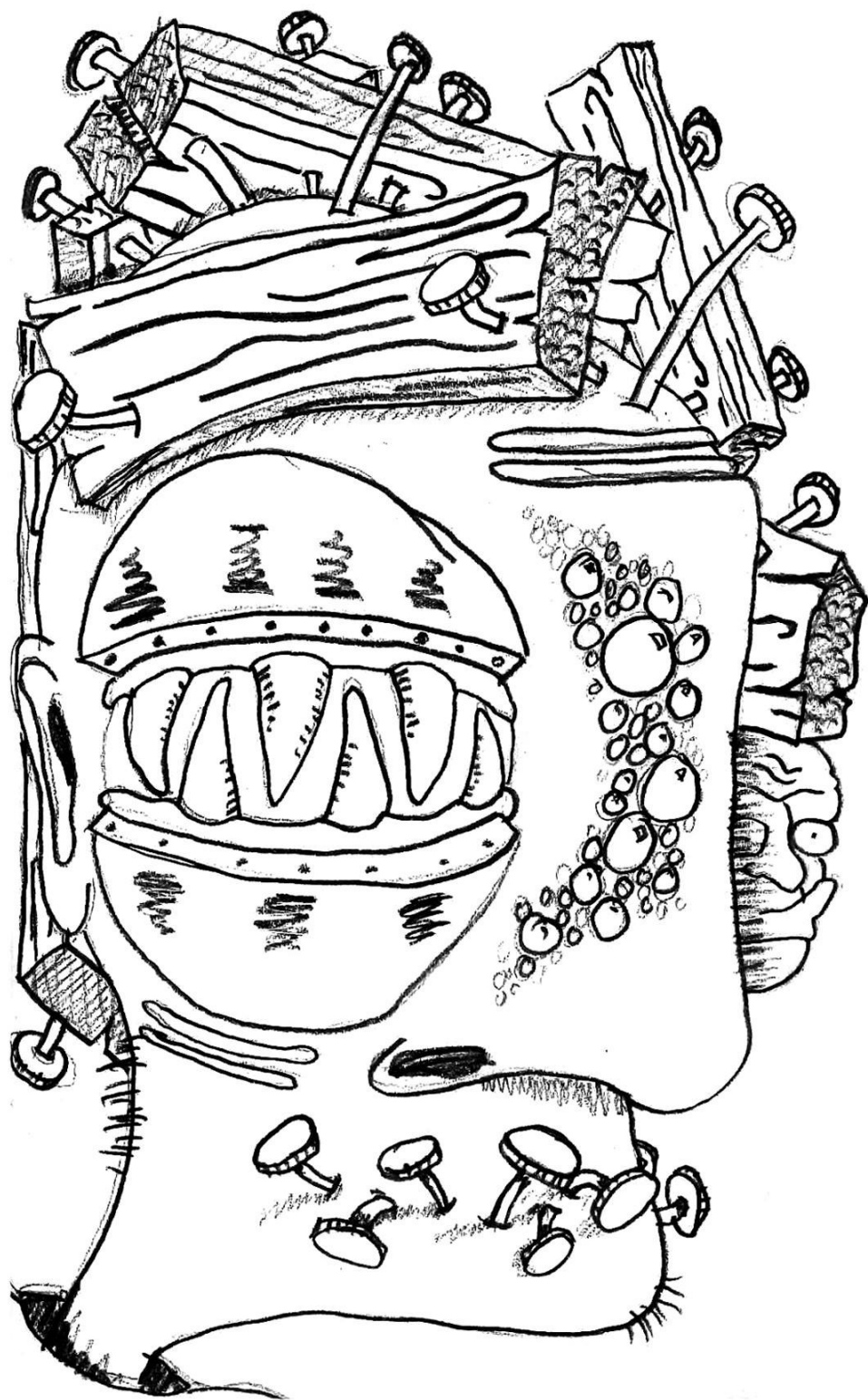
I saw the architect of rock and roll, Chuck Berry, at Billy Bob's in Dallas at age 59. I saw Iron Butterfly at a small outdoor festival in the Seventies. I saw Pete Yorn at the height of his fame in a packed Deep Ellum nightclub where most patrons were more interested in being seen than listening. I remember getting to a show by the Fabulous Thunderbirds (Stevie Ray Vaughn's older brother on guitar) in Odessa so early that only the bass player was there, drinking at the bar.

There've been tons of Americana shows: Steve Earle, Emmylou Harris, Rambling Jack Elliott, James McMurtry, Rosanne Cash, B.W. Stevenson (back to the early 70s there), Ray Wylie Hubbard, Jerry Jeff Walker, Tom Russell, Kristy Kruger, Riders in the Sky, Susan Gibson, Dave Alvin, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Leo Kottke, Kelly Willis, Michael Martin Murphey, and the local Ben Morris and the Great American Boxcar Chorus.

I've been spoiled by that local music the past few years. In 10 minutes, I'm in downtown Bryan (at Rev's usually) for live music. Whether it's the aforementioned Hangouts or Kelly Minnis in one of his hundred musical guises (still partial to great unwashed luminaries) or bands like the rousing Charger Fits or the intense Something Fierce from Houston, the music has never been boring. I saw an amazing all-girl Japanese rock band called Ripper there—they broke up though, like five minutes later. And where else but B/CS would you find the inventive Atarimatt (aka Matt Shea) making brittle-edged rhythms from a gaming system? And is there anyone who seems to have more fun onstage than Matt in one of his many bands (ok, probably Niki)?

There are more ticket stubs—Psychedelic Furs, Lemonheads, Yellowcard, Bowling for Soup—and even more different stub-less shows (surf music, nostalgia rock like the Turtles and the Grass Roots, sitar [at Wolf Pen Creek], trombone choirs, chamber quartets, classical guitar, symphony). It's all been good (except maybe Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown who must have had a bad night), and I didn't even wax eloquent about the seven times I've seen Bruce Springsteen (the first time in 1978, still have that t-shirt too).

I don't know how much longer I'll keep wanting to see live music, but for now, what time's the show? — MIKE L. DOWNEY



# INTROVISIONAIRE: WHAT'S BETTER FOR THE HIVE

*This is the epilogue to a novel than began being serialized in 979Represent with the April 2014 issue.—ed*

As it turned out most people were happy living in their egos and they really seemed to like the retro hypnowheel design of the Introvision glasses. In inner urban poverty stricken circles the glasses became status symbols and warning signs for those a bit more eccentric. They most seldom rose to the occasion, and faced whatever internal conflict confronted them. They find it more amusing then real life. Many allowed their bodies to wither, while their minds traversed their own introverses. The fluoride in the water continued to poison their minds. The chemtrails continued to toy with immune systems. The world's elite casually and gradually moved to underground metropolises in the name of advancement. Little did many know just what type of advancement was in store. Surface tests and depopulation games became major forms of amusement for those safeguarded below from the radiation, disease, famine, and overpopulation. Those above noticed little difference with the right media campaigns, religious context, and scare tactics combined with the steadily decreasing IQ's. The surface mutant slave descendants in the distant future eventually forget all the key principles that made man distinct from animals in the first place and only knew lust, greed, fear, and jealousy. But that didn't happen for quite some time.

Skid row became cluttered to the brim with the skeletal husks of the once struggling. The U.N. got what they wanted—mass depopulation. A fresh start. There were conspiracy theories that alleged that the idea was so popular in the Middle East that people were actually unknowingly marched to their deaths with smiles on their faces. The Sultans took pride in the smiling executions and even promoted the events as humanitarian causes. Many believed the hype since the streets were no longer so cluttered and crime was at an all-time low. Of course, some caught wind and attempted in vain to put an end to the class genocide to no avail. The terminally ill were given the glasses so they could live another 10 years in their heads healthy as a jay bird, all in the course of a few mere hours. They knew no different. They mostly died with a smile, although some people's internal landscape was just as harsh, if not worse then what they faced. Oh well, you win some—you lose some.

Covert military drills using the glasses proved fruitful only after the wearers successfully completed their inner progress. Once the ego was defeated, the people made better soldiers. They also made better "role model" citizens. Society no longer evolved around the

evolution of people, but instead now people evolved around the evolution of society. In fact, in the innermost halls of the innermost secret circles hung portraits of the humble inventor Peist. Small radical factions sprung up in his honor throughout the years claiming to have found Peist in the introverse and claimed to only be caring out his id's wishes from beyond. Thus the "great guide" was born. A thousand years later these patchy interplanetary radicals would become enormously influential. Peistianity, as it was called, served as the next religious step to some after the fall of Christianity. Their symbol was a black and white spiral with an infinity sign in the middle. Some factions had the spiral spin outward while most kept it to an inward decent. Eventually, a few of the various factions of subterranean elitists converted and set out on interplanetary missions of their own, leaving monumental clues behind to the rebirth of man in their journeys to guide others who may come in the future back to where it all began...

The wise Ol' Ed waited in good company patiently to explain compassion, heart, reason, soul, and purpose to the weary who happened to follow all the right clues towards enlightenment. Enlightenment is one of those things that comes to people in many different ways at many different times. What worked for one person might not necessarily work for the next. For instance, little did anyone know but under the basement of a New Jersey deli just ten feet below the foundation was an untapped portal straight to Orion. Of course no one in recent times but George Tamigotti found it. He discovered it quite haphazardly one afternoon after demolishing the place during a construction contract. Once he disappeared they just covered up the hole. No one asked too many questions—it was New Jersey after all. Oddly enough, the President gave George a brief mention right before instating "temporary" martial law "training exercises". No one got it. Eventually, the "people" would rise up. Unfortunately, though due to eons of bureaucratic drivel, their understanding of "radical change" became "due process", anything more was just "too radical" and "savage". Revolutions tend to lose steam when played by the oppressor's rules. So be it.

Un continued to burn and the moon continued to be mined for (He-3) Helium-3 to fuel many of non-terrestrial man's needs. The universe continued on in its own confusing paradox way that it does. And life just went about continually rediscovering itself and place in ever expanding space... — WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON





\* MEOW

♥ IKA ♥

MY DEAR





## FUCK ME I'M 23

This month marks the anniversary of me, Jessica Marie, writing for the 979. I know, not that significant, but, I've made it an annual thing to write about my birthday for the fact that my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday was my first

piece I've ever written for our local magazine. I like to think of it as a high-five and a peace-out to my previous year, and a warm welcoming to my next. It's usually a reflection of lessons I learned and memories of how bad I scrapped my knees while falling down and finding some way to pick myself back up, and I usually have some kind of desire to achieve or explore something bewildering new, but seriously, fuck that.

Yeah, I'm not ready to be 23. It sounds silly, mind you, but it's the most awkward thing in the world in my opinion. I say that because at 23 you should have some idea of what in the world you're doing, right? Most friends my age have graduated and are getting married and having kids at 23 and it surprises me that shit like that happens, and it happens often. Personally I can't imagine getting married and having a family when I live off of Ramen noodles because 1.) I don't make enough to really support myself, and 2.) I spend my pay check on rent and the remainder on booze (at least I paid rent). I don't have my own house, I don't have a career yet, and I'm not even close to graduating at the rate I'm going, but I haven't figured out what the rush is. Why at 23, is that the age of coming into adulthood? 21 is the age of partying, 22 is the age of finding your limits while partying, and 23? Why should 23 be the age deciding on life and settling? It's all very perplexing. I'm absolutely happy where I am, and what I'm doing, so where is the change? What big lesson is 23 going to bring me? I don't think want any more lessons, or the physical act of aging coming my way. Universe, just stop, please. 22 was all I could handle. I've did the whole love thing, I've made friends, I've lost friends, I died a thousand times, only to come alive again and again, I found habitat, foraged for food and water, and I barely made it out alive. I've done all the things I wanted to do when I wrote my 22 commemoration and goals piece last year, and my body and mind are tired. I'm definitely saying that I will not settle down, but I am also implying that I do not want any more than what I already have. So, as for 23, I ask for nothing, absolutely nothing. I don't want to get old, I don't want to settle down, and I don't want to accept the fact that time isn't on my side. I don't want the inevitable. I swear I just turned 18. It's bullshit. 23, please don't hurt me. Instead, welcome me, warm me, love me, be kind; cuddle me and I'll love you forever.—JESSICA LITTLE

## STILL POETRY

*No Jive Jack*

Sitting in the drive thru  
After the bar I wait  
Contemplating...

The slow traffic  
Grants me time  
Fascinating...  
The engine hum  
My drooling pallet  
Incapacitating...  
Too much to hate  
Too little time to live  
Forgive...  
Peace of mind  
More valuable then rhyme  
Exist...

\*written on my iPhone after hours in the drive thru at Jack in the Box after closing out my favorite bar Revolution and having a few too many serious drunken conversations before hand.

—WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON



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LIGHTER SIDE OF NUTHIN'

Hot 101

WHO'S THE  
GAUDEST OF THEM  
ALL IN THE SCENE?  
I AM!





# RECORD REVIEWS



**Royal Thunder**  
*Crooked Doors*

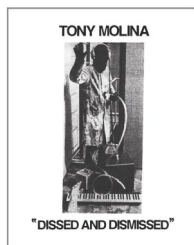
Royal Thunder's *Crooked Doors* may not be the best record of 2015, but it will go down as my favorite. Thematically, *Crooked Doors* explores—through lyrics and music—themes of grief, of failure, of brushing one's self off and trudging forward. Context helps: *Crooked Doors* was written by guitarist Josh Weaver and bassist/lead singer Mlny Parsonz during the early stages of their divorce. The two remain artistic partners, and the dissolving of their marital relationship reaches the surface of Josh's blues-rock, stoner-swirls and Mlny's tsunami wild vocals.

However, even with the unity of these themes held tight from cover to cover, *Crooked Doors* is a deceptive devil. The record opens with a dual set of explosive tracks — "Time Machine" and "Forget You" — that both swim and chunk in a fashion I can only label "blues-sludge". But beginning at track three "Wake Up", the album progressively slips into a succession of pure ballads. Big rock swells arise, such as in "The Line" and the second half of "Glow", but even these "heavier" tracks feel anchored by syrup slow choruses and bridges. By the final tracks, a tender orchestra and piano set titled "Bear I" and "Bear II", passive listeners will be surprised they're still hearing the same record.

But does this gradual braking from rock-fists to lullabies detract from the album's awesomeness? Absolutely not. *Crooked Doors* is the rare modern example of an album that plays like an album, like an entire narrative, rather than a collection of minutes and sounds that may or may not be interrelated. Individual tracks stand by own merit but work best in the continuum from Weaver and Parsonz' confident blast-off beginning — "I'm looking for a time machine / but I cannot go back / and change

one single thing" — to Parsonz' stripped bare, grieved reflective gaze — "Some will rise / some will fall / some will fade away / but I will fade and die / without you". It is a beautiful reminder of love's entrapment in time and the fact that, by our own choosing or not, love will be stripped from us by some form of fate. How we respond to that stripping away is often our only choice in the matter.

So why will *Crooked Doors* go down as my favorite record of 2015? Three words: Mlny Parsonz' vocals. Like other giant emotive rock vocalists—Robert Plant, Ann Wilson, Janis Joplin (yes, I just made those comparisons)—Parsonz hits the listener in places she may not have permission. In telling her story, suddenly, we find her telling our own, her demons grabbing the hands of ours as they fly past. And when Parsonz' performance on *Crooked Doors* is compared to that on *CVI*, a mere three years ago, it's outstanding to imagine where this woman will go—and take us—next.—KEVIN STILL



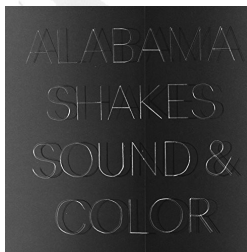
**Tony Molina**  
*Dissed and Dismissed*

Recently, whilst lamenting to a friend that when Matt Sharp left Weezer in 1996 to focus on his project The Rentals that it gutted the band in a way that Weezer never properly recovered from, I was turned on ever so innocently to this album. Or EP, perhaps. It is 12 songs in 12 minutes, so I'm a say EP. Lead track "Nowhere To Go" is more Weezer-y than anything Rivers Cuomo has dreamed of in nearly 20 years. But that's not the whole of *Dissed and Dismissed*. It is like a history of 1994 modern alternative "buzz bin" radio rock that begs for and holds up to repeated listening.

Guitars harmonize, squeal feedback, and roar. Songs fly by in a hurry. There's a definite power pop feel to all the songs and as easy as it is to identify

the Weezer steeze there's just as much of an early '90s Lemon-heads, Dinosaur Jr. sound to the over-the-top super loud audacious guitar soloing and in the sad-sack lyrics and Molina's way of singing them. As surprising is the nod to mid-tempo Teenage Fanclub in "Can't Believe" and "Spoke Too Soon" and the truly inspired cover of Guided By Voices' "Wandering Boy Poet". While Molina doesn't necessarily sound like GBV, *Dissed and Dismissed* holds fast to the concept of delivering the hooks in a hurry and moving on to the next one.

I don't know much about this kid Molina, but it's like he peeked in on my Sophomore year of college and found all the records I liked that year and rewrote the best songs from those records and cut them down to cater to the intense ADHD of the Millennial generation. Can't wait to hear what else this dude gets up to.—KELLY MINNIS



**Alabama Shakes**  
*Sound & Color*

Hailing from Athens, Alabama, Alabama Shakes have already broke through onto the other side of the grassy knoll, has received Grammy nominations, and has graced Austin City Limits, will be playing this year at Bonaroo and has now released their second album *Sound & Color*. Take this album, light a candle with your significant other, and then proceed to make the sweetest love, and the most glorious looking children ever to walk earth.

"Dunes" dishes out this nice, sexy, Motown feeling that's catchy and gospel like at moments, and has this nice undertone of that blues melody we all fell in love with from Alabama Shakes. It's light and fluffy with a little bit of heartache to keep us on our toes. "Gimme All Your Love" is the song my uterus is screaming "impregnate me!!!" to. It's ridiculous how much the body

responds to this one song. The vocals alone are enough to send chills through your body as Brittany Howard's voice belts out to caress your skin, but adding that melody is just a chastity killer. Loaded heavy with R&B and wisps of 70's soul, it's a layer of sex on sex. "This Feeling" is the cuddle-after song. It's sweet and simple, with sounds that reminds me of The Temptations if they went acoustic, and that harmonizing really gives this the right touch to touch and be touched. "This Feeling" will definitely give you brownie cuddling points. "The Greatest" is the coolest love song only because it has this weird punk rhythm to it, and these crazy folk rock/sunshine pop moments. It wraps up in the most beautiful punk and gospel-like sound to grace our ears; I can't stress the layers enough. "Miss You" is the essence of foreplay. It cradles that soul sound this album is constantly sprinkled with and boosts it with that bluesy cadence; makes your finger want to explore the valleys of hips and the peaks of chests. It's that rollercoaster of southern blues and soul that prepares your body for...the best kind of physical activity. The song that follows up is called "Gemin'" and it is one of the best fornication songs to come out in 2015, possibly one of the best fornication songs to come out this decade. Move over Keith Sweat, you've been replaced. "Gemin'" is that slow R&B song that completely transforms into dirty guitar riffs that are gorgeously haunting, and has those sweet sweet synthesizers that really make things feel electric. Those vocals, from the most insatiable woman to walk the earth, make your toes tingle in the most pleasant way possible. This IS baby making music. And, for the people who conceived to this album on its release date will bore children with the smoothest super powers and shall birth boys with the ability to impregnate with just one look.

*Sound & Color* runs its musical fingers over all the senses and keeps us wanting more. It's an album that's hard to put away, and obviously it's the sexiest album to come out in 2015 so far. My advice: invite him or her over, make pasta, have some wine and put this album on. You're welcome, and don't forget to thank the Alabama Shakes, too.—JESSICA LITTLE

# CONCERT CALENDAR

**5/1—Hazy Ray, The Conglomerate** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

**5/1—King & Nation** @ The Speakeasy, Bryan. 9pm

**5/1—Pat Green, Judson Spence** @ Hurricane Harrys, College Station. 9pm

**5/1—Migrant Kids, Femina X** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**5/2—New Republic 4th Anniversary Party with The Docs, Contradiction, Brice Woolard Band** @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 12pm

**5/7—The Vintage Ramekins** @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

**5/8—Contradiction** @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 7pm

**5/8—The Docs, King & Nation, Leopold & His Fiction, Electric Astronaut** @ Boulevard 217, College Station. 9pm

**5/9—Taz & Friends** @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 9pm

**5/17—Cowboy Mouth** @ Shipwreck Grill, Bryan. 3:30pm

**5/23—Leavenworth, Showgoats** @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 9pm

**5/29—Lone Star Metal Magazine presents Close To Cashed, Oceans of Slumber, Inch of Dark, Green As Emerald, Critical Misfire** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

**5/30—Daniel Gonzalez** @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 9pm

**6/12—The Inators** (cd release), **Girlband, Mutant Love** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**6/13—Golden Sombrero** (cd release), **Super Robot Party, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

**7/18—The Wheel Workers, PuraPharm, The Ex-Optimists** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

## LOUDFEST SCHEDULE

### REVOLUTION OUTDOOR STAGE

#### THURSDAY

9PM—g.Q. MARLEY  
10PM—THE GOSPEL TRUTH  
11PM—HYDROMEDUSA  
12AM—BOSS BATTLE

#### FRIDAY

8PM—MOTHRACIDE  
9PM—PINK EYE  
10PM—SLOW FUTURE  
11PM—A SUNDAE DRIVE  
12AM—PROJECT GRIMM

#### SATURDAY

7PM—THE INATORS  
8PM—T.S.S.  
9PM—ALTERCATION PUNK COMEDY  
10PM—MODFAG  
11PM—THE BLOOD ROYALE  
12AM—VENOMOUS MAXIMUS

### REVOLUTION INDOOR STAGE

#### THURSDAY

9:30PM—CORNISH GAME HEN  
10:30PM—GINSU WIVES  
11:30PM—THE SHUT UPS  
12:30AM—ATARIMATT

#### FRIDAY

8:30PM—GOLDEN SOMBRERO  
9:30PM—CHANNEL 8  
10:30PM—HOLDER  
11:30PM—SKYACRE  
12:30AM—MODERN CONVENTENCE  
1:30AM—THE EX-OPTIMISTS

#### SATURDAY

7:30PM—GIRLBAND  
8:30PM—LICKER  
9:30PM—SATANNABIS  
10:30PM—MUTANT LOVE  
11:30pm—VAMPIRATES  
12:30AM—ASS

### GRAND STAFFORD STAGE

#### THURSDAY

9PM—WARMOTHER  
9:45PM—OTTOMAN TURKS  
10:30—ODD FOLKS  
11:15PM—LUCA

#### FRIDAY

8:15PM—NEGRA  
9:15PM—DISTANCE, HERE  
10:15PM—CHARGER ATX  
11:15PM—FROM BEYOND  
12:15AM—FUNERAL HORSE

#### SATURDAY

7:15PM—STEREOTYPE  
8:15PM—GALACTIC MORGUE  
9:15PM—LEGION  
10:15PM—HEL-RAZOR  
11:15PM—LINUS PAULING QUARTET  
12:15AM—MYRA MAYBELLE

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