

STOREREPRESENT



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YOUR GUIDE TO

LOUD!FEST

2016



also inside: prince in memoriam - junkie lovedoll - still drinking - not a kid anymore - the tortfeasors - line out - under the influences - rented mule chronicles - the all new ongoing misadventures of pukebucket - still poetry - wading: 24 - record reviews - concert calendar



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

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**Flamingo
Vintage**

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FEST THE RIGHT WAY

I look up this year and realize that we are on our ninth iteration of LOUD!FEST. Nine times we've invited a fuck-ton of bands to Bryan/College Station to have a fun rocknroll weekend like no other. To play a "festival" but not one that costs \$100+ to get into, that requires you to bring binoculars so you can see the stage from behind thousands of hipsters who are more interested in being seen seeing bands than to actually see the bands, to pay \$10 for a bottle of water, and to really wish you'd driven anywhere else to see the one or two bands you most wanted to see at a club instead.

Or if you're a band, you know what playing these shows is often like. You play at 6AM before anyone is there, your pay is "exposure", no one feeds you, no one gets you drunk, no one lets you crash at their place, no one pays attention to you because wherever you are playing isn't where anyone else really wants to be. Or, more acutely, if you have ever played any of the local festivals that have happened in the last 10 years or more, like Northgate Music Festival, Rock The Republic, Texas Reds, etc. where you were booked at the last minute, or onstage again at a shitty, compromised time, or they promised to pay you and never did, or if they did pay you it was much less than promised...you get the picture. Festivals are as much a pain in the ass to play as they are to attend.

So why is LOUD!FEST different? Because the four of us who run the festival are really stupid. We give B/CS fans more than 40 bands over the course of three nights on three stages for only \$5. There has been a lot of argument in the Houston music scene recently about \$5 for a local show not keeping up with the cost of living and that if you value yourself higher then people will value you higher, whatever. I figure \$5 was good enough for Fugazi, so \$5 is good enough for us. And thanks to some help from our local business sponsors, we can keep the admission fee down to heroic 1989 levels and still make sure the out-of-town bands still get paid more than they'd get paid at their \$10 cover show in Houston. We all get to see tons of great bands for cheap and have a great time. The bands get to play for audiences that actually *want* to be there, aren't jaded, and actually buy merchandise. The bands get fed, they get free beer, we find a place on the floor for them at our houses. Most importantly, they feel like they are part of a community and have a blast playing in such a positive atmosphere.

It is why LOUD!FEST continues to be so successful year after year. It's so cheap you can't afford NOT to go, it's so much fun for bands that they all vie for a spot on the schedule. People have started coming from all over Texas to attend LOUD!FEST and bands have started building in a hole in their summer tours just in case they can make a booking here. It's become a small big deal. That is all thanks to Matt and Niki Shea, who helped to rebuild the B/CS scene from the ashes left over after the downfall of the '90s scene. Thanks to Michael Scarborough for being a tireless promoter, live soundperson, graphic designer, web designer, and everything else that needs doing to keep the festival together. The four of us are very proud to bring you year nine, with more bands than ever. Hopefully you've taken the weekend off of work and booked a spa visit for the week afterward, I know I have! — KELLY MINNIS

THE TORTFEASORS

A human being can die suddenly from a multitude of causes. While the causes are many, they can be categorized into two general categories, medical or otherwise. Medical events, such as a heart attack or aneurysm, can strike suddenly and their cause cannot always be identified. Other manners of death, such as falling of a roof or being struck by lightning, usually have easily identifiable causes. Although human technology has made great advances in recent years, most, if not all, deaths can still not be fully explained by science. Scientists all agree that it will be a long time before many currently unexplainable phenomena will become understood, and academic journals are full of argumentation regarding to what extent, if any, many events can ever be fully explained.

This is in large part because of the complexity, or interconnectedness, of reality. The layman is content with a simple explanation, x caused y . The scientist realizes that y is influenced by more than just x . Think of any decision or event deeply enough, and you will realize that there is never one cause, but many, and it is ultimately impossible to say with certainty that x caused y because of the many confounding and spurious variables. This uncertainty has been a great boon for the alien overlords. Unbeknownst to almost all of humanity, aliens have colonized earth. These aliens, the tortfeasors, have vastly superior technology that allows them to conceal their presence with 99.99987% efficiency. When their presence is inadvertently detected, they have any even more sinister means of maintaining concealment.

The tortfeasors, an extremely advanced intergalactic empire, possess seemingly unfathomable technologies. Among these technologies is the ability to read the thoughts of weak minded species. Not only can they read thoughts, they also possess the ability to effect the physiology of one whose thoughts they have tapped into. This allows the tortfeasors to instantaneously, and undetectably, kill those who are considered a threat. In this way, the tortfeasors are able to instantly eliminate those who become aware of their presence, and, also, those who have persistent seditious thoughts.

However, there is a flaw in their technological control. While most human thoughts are easily accessible, a small, but increasing, percentage of humans develop a stronger will. These humans, consciously or unconsciously, are able to conceal their thoughts from the tortfeasors. Once humans with this somewhat unique ability are identified by the tortfeasors an extermination squad is immediately dispatched to eliminate the anomaly. Tortfeasor extermination procedures currently have a 96.7% rate of efficiency, far too low by historical standards.

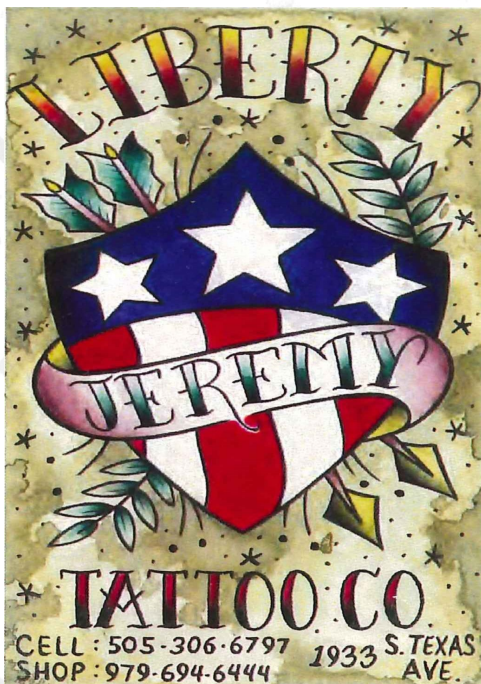
Those who escape extermination procedures inexorably join the human rebellion. Living deep within hidden caves both on land and underwater, the human rebellion gains both numbers and strengths. Not content with their slow ascendancy, the humans plot a mass propaganda campaign designed to free the consciousness of the masses. Meanwhile, the tortfeasors develop increasingly sophisticated control mechanisms.—DAVID PATE

LOUDFEST BINGO

Find or do all of these things and you will be guaranteed to have a good time at this year's LOUDFEST.

- 1 Take a gander at the Loudfest T-Shirts, buttons and memorabilia.
- 2 Watch the graffiti go by on the train just outside of Revs.
- 3 Find David Lynch and wish him Happy Birthday.
- 4 Buy a beer for a band member.
- 5 Watch a few songs from the upstairs at the Stafford.
- 6 Take a selfie with the statue of the baseball guy.
- 7 Realize you forgot your earplugs.
- 8 Point at a singer.
- 9 Keep the wristband on until at least next Thursday.
- 10 Buy a band's CD or shirt.
- 11 Stare at the giant 2016 Loudfest Poster.
- 12 Find the mysterious third venue.
- 13 Eat at Mr. G's...or Proudest Monkey...or any place downtown bryan.
- 14 Tag an instagram picture with [#bcsloudfest](#).
- 15 Pick up an extra copy is 979Represent and give it to someone at work.
- 16 Take off your shirt during The Hangouts set.
- 17 Go to the Loudfest! Website and find out more about bands coming up.
- 18 Get a selfie with someone's who's shirt design you think is rad.
- 19 Yell something random between songs.
- 20 Figure out the difference between the "I love you" sign and the "Devil Horns" sign.

—JORGE GOYCO



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If you loved Suicidal Tendencies and D.R.I., then B/CS thrash metal band **ASS** will scratch that same itch for you. Punk rock at speed metal velocity.

ASS plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 11pm

In the past year I've truly learned the international impact of American punk rock, having played with bands from all over the world that have come to tour the nation of Texas. Osaka, Japan's **Babylon Breakers** is one such band, that plays dirty, frenetic punk rock with complete abandon.



Babylon Breakers plays Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 10pm



Old school hardcore punks **The Damn Times** sure do get around, touring Europe as well as keeping folks moving in their native Austin.

The Damn Times is playing the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 20th @ 11pm

One of Austin's longest running punk rock bands, **The Bulemics** is hardcore. Loud, brutal, metal-informed punk rock.

The Bulemics plays Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 12AM



This cult-like Denton collective will creep you out hardcore with their horror movie sludge metal jams.

Cacodemon plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 20th @ 9:30pm

LOUD!FEST

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2016 BRYAN, TX
REVOLUTION + GRAND STAFFORD
\$5 ALL AGES



What started as a side project from B/Cs favorites King & Nation became its own jam. **Corusco** nods towards modern indie rock and modern punk with a literate songwriting approach.

Corusco plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 8pm



This B/CS band brings back the late '90s era of RHCP/Incubus style groove to their metal-infused modern alternative rock.

Deathbed Promise plays the Revolution

Inside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 8pm

Hardcore Texas breakdown metal B/CS style.

Distance/Here plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 8pm



An honest to goodness heavy metal band. Dark, tons of low end, sludgy, and undeniably orbtastic. If you dig on stoner metal then this is your must-see band this year.



Destroyer of Light plays the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 11:30pm



Thrash metal meets 90s alternative and punk in this B/CS band's sound.

DethTruck plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 8:45pm

One of the most exciting new bands out of Austin. This quartet of long-time Austin scene members has an expansive guitar-led sound that can veer from Built To Spill style freakouts to the late '80s jangle of Boston indie rockers Buffalo Tom.



Economy Island plays the Revolution inside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 11pm

Bryan/College Station has had a surplus of fantastic indie rock bands lately, including **Electric Astronaut**. The band has an ear for modern indie rock with a taste of Clash-style reggae-influenced punk and Weezer-esque power pop.



Electric Astronaut headlines the Revolution Outside Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 11:30pm



Still deafening B/CS audiences with their noisy, cranky early '90s college radio indie rock sound.

The Ex-Optimists headlines the Revolution

inside Stage Friday, May 20th, @ 1AM

The Jesus Lizard runs deep in this Austin noise rock trio. Like driving too fast down some farm to market road after 3AM with the windows down with "Goat" on the tape deck.



False Idol plays the Revolution Outside Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 10:30pm



Modern radio friendly alternative radio rock that is anthemic and catchy with hyper-melodic vocals.

Forever Today plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 8:45pm

First Thought Worst Thought: This Austin trio was borne from the ashes of B/CS indie/post-punk favorites adults, but now with a more polished and modern indie rock approach.

First Thought Worst Thought plays Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 7:30pm





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 Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 9pm



Golden Sombbrero 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 Sombbrero plays the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 8:30pm



Did you miss them? This is the first show in over two years for the pillars of the Bryan/College Station music scene. Orange County punk, '80s hard rock and spazzy Top 40 pop all meet up and drink themselves under the porch.

The Hangouts headlines the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 1am

These gentlemen from Austin hulk out with mad later era Black Flag style punk rock skills.

The inflatable Baptists plays the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 8:30pm



These B/CS locals take classic skinny tie '80s power pop and 1980s Minneapolis college radio rock and twist it all together.

The Inators plays the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday,



They wear industrial butcher outfits onstage, stained with blood. With their instruments and voices they make a distinctly mid-'90s noisy rock sound with a Wool/Quicksand bent.

International Bitterness Unit plays the Revolution Outside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 9:30pm



This Houston quartet brings shiny pop songwriting to their mid '90s buzz bin college radio sound. Think Letters To Cleo or Bettie Serveert and you're on the right track, but neither band had a voice upfront like the purring intellect of Sarah Hirsch.

Jealous Creatures plays the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 9:30pm



A whole bunch of bearded and bespectacled Austin dudes make wacked psych rock.

Jimmy Legs plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 9pm



Houston garage punks **The Wrong Ones** were beloved but have been inactive for some time. Now the Barger Brothers have taken over **Killer Hearts**, and mixed up that Wrong

Ones psychedelic garage pop sound with '80s Sunset Strip crunch and attitude. A must-see.

Killer Hearts is playing the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 20th @ 10:15pm



B/CS indie rock quartet **LUCA** continues to be the area's best band that sounds like it's from the Pacific Northwest in 1999. This band has the classic heart on the sleeve approach of The Shins with an instrumental intricacy that fans of Death Cab For Cutie will appreciate, with a certain punkish abandon.

LUCA plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 9:30pm



Mothracide is Bryan/College Station's agitprop gonzo psychofuck metal band. Confrontational, beyond slightly mental,

unpredictable and always guaranteed to put on one hell of a show.

Mothracide plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 20th @ 8:45pm



This B/CS band is much beloved for its proletariat approach to classic Gilman Street punk rock.

Mutant Love plays the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 11pm

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 plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 10:15pm



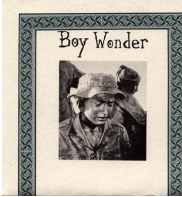
These five Aggies formed the band as a lark and have spent the past several years playing all over the country, getting fans all sweaty to their modern indie and '00s punk-inspired sound.

Odd Folks plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 10:15pm

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 Revolution Outside Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 9:30pm



Once upon a time, **Boy Wonder** was a punk/indie rock band that wandered the streets of Austin looking for something to do, some trouble to get into. Instead, they found a studio to record one very righteous 7" single that has an '80s DC emo edge to its Texan flavor of Butthole Surfers-The Jesus Lizard bent-sideways heavy rock. Reuniting, just for LOUDFEST so you best not miss.

Boy Wonder plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 9:30pm



This Houston band is pretty new but is staffed with seasoned veterans, bridging the gap between modern metal, indie, and punk rock with a radio-friendly sound.

Second Runner Up headlines the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 11pm



Austin has graced us with a number of "crazy noisy" style bands over the years. **The Shut-Ups** is no exception. The band sets up in the middle of the room, look like fugitives from Mall Easter Bunny Reform School, and

makes an awful racket, often handing sticks and instruments to the audience to make a fun noise with them. A band to be experienced.

The Shut-Ups plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 11pm

B/CS rap crew **StereoType** has started to gain a bit of notice outside of the Brazos Valley for their literate, nerdy but body moving hip-hop bounce.



StereoType plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 7:15pm

Hiss: Who says if you in a drums and bass duo that you gotta sound like DFA? Austin twosome Hiss make gothy batcave Tones on Tail/Cramps fun happen with a distinct Devo nerdiness.

Hiss plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 10pm



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 Outside Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 10:30pm



One of Houston's most celebrated indie rock bands, these four folks harken back to the mid '90s for their indie/alt-rock sound, bringing the pop sensibility of Yo La Tengo with a bent towards raucous Sonic Youth-esque noise.

A Sundae Drive plays the Revolution inside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 10pm



Supergrave bust out with that metal-y deathpunk sound, like an L7 raised on Bauhaus and Circus magazine.

Supergrave headlines the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 12:30am



The reclusive **Tron Sack** oozes up from the back streets of Bryan/College Station like bong smoke, blending progressive rock, stoner metal, krautrock, and indie rock in one head-nodding droning jam.

The Tron Sack headlines the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 12am



We Were Wolves has been playing shows around B/CS for years, touring up from their native Beaumont. But we haven't

seen them for a couple of years, and in the interim they've moved to Houston, released a new album and continues to pump out Queens of the Stone Age-inspired modern alt/rock.

We Were Wolves plays the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 12:30am

A B/CS super-group of sorts, uniting your favorite bar staff with our resident Bukowski in a call to arms that few mortals are worthy to hear. Are you, dear mortal, worthy? Roll D20 for initiative.



Unicorndog plays the Revolution Inside Stage Thursday, May 19th @ 8pm



If you liked early Alice In Chains you will dig on B/CS via Houston quartet Wellborn Road. But they also bring modern breakdown metal to the mix as well as a little bit of that Texas

stoner thing.

Wellborn Road headlines the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 20th @ 11:45pm

It is amazing that The Wheel Workers haven't broken through on the national scene yet. This Houston group has a polished, indie rock sound that was made for radio but yet still hyper-literate, smart, and a little roughness around the edge.



The Wheel Workers plays the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 11:30pm



It seems an odd pairing for a band to have analog synthesizers, an off-kilter Jon Doe and Exene vocal presence, and rousing mid '80s college radio guitars, but this Austin foursome makes it work with much aplomb.

Kingdom of Suicide Lovers plays the Revolution Outside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 10:30pm



This trio of unlikely individuals is a sum of its parts. At once an agitprop Minutemen style bass-led punk band, an angular Boston-style early '80s indie rock band, and a gonzo Devo/the Units-styled synth punk band. Depends on the song. **Cornish Game Hen** is one of the more unique bands you'll see at LOUDFEST.

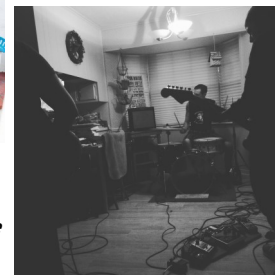
Cornish Game Hen plays the Revolution Inside Stage Friday, May 20th @ 9pm

Long-time Austin trio **The Gary** has three instrumentalists who play seemingly in their own world. Bass guitar played by



a giant of a man who plays it like a big guitar, a guitarist who plays it expertly but also with the curiosity of someone who's never picked one up before, and a drummer that keeps it all together. Words delivered like wry commentary atop completes The Gary sound. Another iconoclastic band for your LOUDFESTing pleasure.

The Gary plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Friday, May 20th @ 12am



Tenino is making its live debut at LOUDFEST. The instrumental post-math rock band's stop-start waltz time songs mesmerize.

Tenino plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Saturday, May 21st @ 7PM

NOT A KID ANYMORE

Do you remember the decision to say, "I'm not a kid anymore"? For most people (I say with my pseudo psychologist hat on), it happens some time in Junior High. Like right around when you suddenly don't have recess anymore, and boobies start popping up all over the place. Sure, there are all sorts of variables that realize arrested development, but give or take a couple years, I think that's about right.

It's that time when you think you want to be "cool", but you still think Captain Underpants is hilarious as hell, but you don't want anyone to know that. You reluctantly moved to "preferring" bigger books from the library (if any at all)...you know, the ones without any pictures. You also start wondering who you are and how you fit in the world, and every perception of you begins to take a toll. Are you a preppie? A head? A jock? A geek? A nonconformist? All valid, and all an answer of sorts, ultimately just a type of door leading you away from your self-perception as a kid, which translates to what others think of you...or at least what you want others to think of you.

Either way, later in life, you end up missing that time, and long for some semblance of innocence. Maybe you play "funner" with your kids or nephews. Maybe you play video games as an adult. Maybe you collect anime or 1 inch buttons. Maybe you read Captain Underpants again. Maybe you realize that *Adventure Time* is actually pretty freakin awesome.

But here's the real question: Do you remember what scared the shit out of you that made you want to be "different" and "grow up"?

Was it your "cool" friend who already french kissed his girlfriend? Was it finding the stack of porn in your dad's gun drawer? Was it a bully that wore you down? Was it an altercation with authority? Was it getting dumped? Was it needing to dump someone? Was it trauma? Was it your older sibling calling you a baby? Was it figuring out that if you touch yourself in the right place for long enough...something very interesting happens? Was it drugs? Was it someone choosing you as their best friend? Was it knowing you belonged in the "Gifted"

class but made sure not to answer every question right so you would not get pulled out of the regular class? Was it making the winning score? Was it an accident that was perceived as genuine and thoughtful? Did someone die on you? Did you almost get sucked out to sea on a Boy Scout trip in Portugal and for a few moments have the thought that this was the end of you? Did you watch *Faces of Death* on acid and have never been the same? Wait. That was later.

Do you remember the pride that welled up against giving your parents the pleasure of being "right"? Are you still fighting that or did you give in, lick your wounds and admit to the truth and become partners of sorts with them? Was it something bad that happened to you that fucked everything up?

Are you sure you remember it correctly? Have you tried working through all that now that you are older and wiser and might have known someone else had the same thing happen to them and THEY are ok?

Maybe it hasn't happened yet. Maybe it was a non-event. (which I doubt). Or maybe it was something amazing...something that made that tiny inner you puff up and fill in the skin of the person whose actions had gained such accolades.

I'm thinking it was something bad. It's probably that way for many of us. You are thinking of it right now, aren't you? It's still on the top of your mind isn't it? That grip seems pretty tight. Most of us believe we can't let go of things that hurt. Holding on keeps you from moving on, doesn't it. Has it convinced you that you are stuck here? That thing that you are holding onto...that's holding you down...is it a good thing to be holding onto? Are you sure that you can't let go of it?

Yeah, I thought so.

See how I made that last sentence sound like I knew what you were thinking? I don't...know what you were thinking. I'm certain your thoughts would sound like this to me: "glufagbnoshquaantzt".

Amen. — JORGE GOYCO



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TIM VS. THE ARTISAN TACO



When I was a teenager, I got a job. It was a huge deal to me because I came from a poor family and I was finally able to buy things I wanted for frivolous reasons. Often for a fat boy like me, that meant fast food. Being a poor Hispanic kid from the other side of the tracks, we didn't eat out a lot. If we wanted a burger, my mom made one with ground beef hand pressed and pan fried on white bread. The truth was as a kid I didn't care for the fast food as much as the toy in the kid's meal...

One thing we ate plenty of was tacos. I never really knew much about tacos made by non-Hispanic people with no background in the food, since I was always eating the real deal. One day, after a night of work, I came home with a bag of Taco Bell. My dad made a sour face. "That place is garbage son," he told me. "Why?" I asked, thinking I did pretty good with the reasonable prices on the menu. "They don't cook their tortillas," my dad answered. Hot damn. He was right. They DIDN'T cook their tortillas. They basically sent out their food with a flour wrapping straight from a fridge. Obviously someone at Taco Bell didn't get the message of what a comal was for.

This little truth that my dad educated me on became the basis for searching places that served edible tacos. One: they gotta cook their tortillas. Not doing so is rookie dogshit and quite honestly should be run out of business. Two: I need one of my people visible in the restaurant. Bonus points if they speak with an accent, double bonus if they take your order in Spanish, triple bonus if it's a grandma or elderly woman. This has nothing to do with racism and everything to do with authenticity. (I'll elaborate after my third truth.) Three: when shopping for tacos and you see an "A" word, make sure it's Authentic and not Artisan.

When I speak of authenticity, I mean a traditional taco. Homemade flour or corn tortillas and fillings. I love going to a Mexican joint or truck and seeing things like pastor, barbacoa, carne asada, chorizo, jamon, nopales, and molejas on the menu. I know I've stepped into a place that I'm going to enjoy. Over the years, as food trucks have gained popularity, the tacos have gone from native dish, to affordable street food, to being assimilated and overpriced under the description of "artisan". Seems as though modern America has taken over the taco and ruined it like they did with other native foods like Italian, Chinese, and a slew of others. My favorite

video on social media right now is when they let Mexicans eat items off Taco Bell and one person's response was "Why do they do this to our food?"

I recently went to an open mic with a poet friend of mine named Potato Mike in San Marcos. Knowing I am a taco fiend, he took me to a place called Torchys Tacos. This was the same place that the president stopped by during SXSW in Austin to eat a "real" taco. While we walked in, the first thing I noticed was a hipster kid taking my order. That doesn't actually disqualify the joint yet, but I was a little disappointed. I mean, we talked in English, and call me old fashioned but I like ordering Mexican food like Chinese food. I like a little bit of confusion in the order and things lost in translation. I'll pay extra for it. I need the struggle.

I looked at the menu, no pastor hell not even barbacoa. They had tacos with fancy names like "The Republican" or "The Trailer Park". These were filled with things like fried chicken, blackened salmon, and Jamaican Jerk Chicken. I decided to play ball still and ordered some outlandish-named items. The girl took my order correctly, asked if I wanted to add cheese sauce to it (I declined because I am not a heretic and also I was wearing a white shirt and don't have faith in my motor skills) and we sat down. It was pricey. The guac was ok though, but when the order came... the tortillas weren't cooked. I knew where I was instantly. I was in a Taco Bell with hipster frames on.

The thing that gets my goat about this is I am a food guy. I like to cook and learn different disciplines in food. But when I do, I am not egotistical enough to think that I should break from recipes that have worked for hundreds of years and take time to master to make a buck. You can slap a chicken fried steak in a cold tortilla, but that doesn't mean you made a taco, you just got lazy. So despite the origins of an "executive chef" who left the restaurant biz to start his own, I call shenanigans. It also upsets me that now, the president and the rest of America thinks a chain like Torchys is an example of what a taco should be. Not when there are hard working old ladies sweating in kitchens and cramped street trucks south of Dallas.

Something to think about next time you sit down for a taco. Is the tortilla cooked? If not, you might be taco swindled. —TIMOTHY DANGER

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I have so many stories in my life that were soundtracked by the man's music. I appreciate him as a musician, as a social figure, Prince the caricature (God bless David Chappelle), and Prince the icon of pop culture (I love the Prince as Me-dea memes). I could tell of the hours I spent on the #3 Meridian/West End bus band and forth to school in Nashville in 1989-90 listening to *Sign Of the Times* or the *Batman* soundtrack; riding a bicycle around my town with *Lovesexy* or Sheila E's "A Love Bizarre" blasting in my headphones. In 1995 I loaned a colleague my 3CD *The Hits + the B-Sides* set for a party. I asked her out on a date the day she returned the CD's to me. This year she and I mark 19 years of marriage. I have made a good 30 years out of collecting Prince records. If I find an album with the Paisley Park emblem on it I buy it. If there's a Prince connection at all, I'll give it a try. The Family, Wendy & Lisa, The Time, Sheila E., Sheena Easton, Dale Bozzio, Bangles, Mazarati, Apollonia 6, Vanity 6, Jesse Johnson...plus all the live bootlegs and the dozens of CD-R's full of remixes and unreleased material. Anything that even smells faintly of Prince, like Bruno Mars (c'mon, we all know he and Mark Ronson should've been paying royalties to Prince and The Time for "Uptown Funk"), D'Angelo, Erykah Badu, Terrance Trent D'Arby, much of the best work from Timbaland and Pharrell Williams...the legacy as a musician looms long. The best SuperBowl halftime performance to date, his show-stealing turn at the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame inducting George Harrison, breaking one of The Roots' guitars on Jimmy Fallon's show...we have no pop stars now that cast this kind of shadow.

I have to share at least one story. It's 4th grade, 1984. The previous year the world was enthralled with Michael Jackson; this year it's Prince. My parents were joyfully ignorant to what was going on and I was able to scrape some \$\$\$ together to buy the 45 for "Let's Go Crazy". Great song, right? But it's the flip side of that record, "Erotic City", that stunned me. Whoa, did that woman just sing "we can fuck until the dawn, making love til cherry's gone"? I knew this was *dirty*, somehow very taboo, but hidden in plain sight. I couldn't wait to hear more. The used cassette store provided me with 1999 (oh hi, "Let's Pretend We're Married") and then I was able to borrow *Purple Rain* from a friend. "Darling Nikki" comes on, and I know it's super dirty but I don't understand what he's saying. The very first time I've ever picked up a dictionary to find out what's going on. I have to find out what "masterbedding" is. Only, that word's not in the dictionary. I made Tipper Gore and the PMRC's point for them about the evil influence of Prince.

I still don't know what masterbedding is, but I know it's GOTTA be freaky. —KELLY MINNIS

=====

I was lucky enough to see Prince in concert when he toured behind his monstrously-popular *Purple Rain* album and movie of the same name in late 1984. It was a New Year's Eve show at the now-demolished Reunion Arena in downtown Dallas.

My first wife and I lived a couple of hours from Big D, and getting tickets was not the easy process that it is now. If you didn't live in a concert town to stand in line for hours to get seats, you were stuck with calling (and calling and calling) a phone number over and over for often hours in hopes of getting tickets that were then mailed to you. You had no choice of where to sit or anything like that. There was no internet to look at seating charts—I usually didn't know where I was sitting (or standing) those days until actually looking for my seats shortly before the concert began.

IN MEMORIAM: PRINCE



Anyway, we arrived to Reunion Arena after a precarious drive on an icy highway and city streets that New Year's Eve to join the thousands of new and old Prince fans clammering to see him. Prince was a star before the *Purple Rain* album—"Little Red Corvette," "1999," "When You Were Mine," and others had been hits—but the album and movie had skyrocketed him to amazing popularity. And frankly, we were there to bask in that newness.

When we trudged up the stairs of the arena, we were pleased to find that we would be in front of the stage...just as far back as physically possible from that stage. Not surprisingly, we had nose-bleed seats in the next to last row of the 18,000-seat arena, but hey, we could see...sort of. This was the day before video screens, so when Prince and the Revolution came onstage to a thunderous roar, they were less than an inch tall, so small. But the music was anything but small. The sound in Reunion Arena typically had been spotty, depending on who was playing, but Prince's sound was fantastic as I recall: the synthesizers and drums dominated, but the vocals came through pretty well, and of course, Prince's guitar.

The band came out rocking with "Let's Go Crazy," "Delirious," "1999," and "Little Red Corvette." The place was rocking—all of us in the nosebleed section were standing up like it was the final encore. At some point soon, the band left the stage, and roadies rolled out a grand piano, and Prince sat down for some piano

playing and crooning for what seemed like forever. My main memory then is of many couples around us were complaining, often comically, about this slowdown in the pacing—I might mention that this was the most racially-diverse music crowd my first wife and I had been surrounded by in some time. Many were yelling they had come to dance, so it was obvious that solo piano was not doing it for them. I don't remember now what song the band came back on stage to stay for (they sure got a rousing ovation when they came back though). I've looked up the setlist online for that show, but it's been too long. What I do remember is the energy never let up after that—those in our section were certainly able to get in their dancing.

"I Would Die 4 U" was the first encore, and its raucous performance and lyrics ("Make you happy when you are sad/Make you good when you are bad") drew the audience even closer to Prince...if that were possible by that point in the show. After a dynamite "Baby I'm a Star," Prince and the Revolution left the stage again, but the screaming got even louder as the time neared midnight. Prince emerged with the band one more time and led the still-on-their-feet crowd in singing "Auld Lang Syne." Then it was time for "Purple Rain" with its still-astonishing guitar solo as we all welcomed the year 1985.

Ears ringing, we stumbled out into the biting cold of the first day of January. It would be hours before we made it home over still-treacherous icy roads. But

what a night of live music, what a memory.

Not long after the news of Prince's death broke in mid-April, I got email from my first wife (we've been divorced nearly 30 years now). She wrote about us seeing Prince together and how he played "Purple Rain" at midnight on New Year's, calling it "the finest moment in rock and roll." I imagine there would be few to argue with that.

Farewell, Prince. Thanks for the music and the memories. You left us far too soon. —MIKE L. DOWNEY

=====

The first video by Prince I really ever recall is "Kiss". I had heard a mean cover of the song by Tom Jones in the opening sequence of *My Stepmother is an Alien* and thought it was the greatest song ever. I still do. When "Diamonds & Pearls" came out, I was so enamored with this Prince fella and his artistic vision, I of course named my two beloved goldfish after the title.

I remember "Pussy Control" and assless pants on MTV. Who the fuck could pull off a yellow grandmother's pant suit without an ass, be 5 feet tall and considered sexy, Prince motherfuckers.

I remember really understanding and discovering his incredible talent for myself watching old reruns of *American Bandstand* and other shows before he really became the Prince of *Purple Rain* fame. I remember an awards show and him being smug as fuck refusing to sing along with the National Anthem instead enjoying a red lollipop as he gave a coy look onward. I remember watching him on Lopez Tonight as he showed embarrassment about his philanthropy and talked about how he was working to make his shows more affordable and fighting corporations to do so.

When I went through a dry phase of emotion after a long term relationship ended, it was *Purple Rain* that brought the feels back into my life cause motherfucking Prince.

The time I got so drunk I danced off of a five foot stage and crash landed onto a table on to the floor? It was Prince's "Let's Go Crazy" and boy did I. I still have friends call me up to remind me about that one. I once drunkenly told an executive pastry chef friend of mine I wanted a "Purple Rain era Prince inspired birthday cake" for my 25th birthday. I was given a three tier royal purple cake with a cheesy plastic gold crown atop it that I promptly placed on my head, icing rim and all and began pelting handfuls of said cake at all my friends as I stood atop the table at the posh wine bar my party was being thrown at yelling out who wanted cake.

Or the fact that I renamed my KIP Printer at work that prints Blue prints and call it "The Kid" and had pictures of "Blue Prince" stuck all over the printer hence looking at his picture every day I go into work.

Then there was the time my best friend messaged me to tell me Prince had passed away. This would be the first time in my life I couldn't associate something good to Prince and know that I never would again.

I didn't know Prince. I never saw him perform live. I never got to even lay eyes on him outside of a TV screen. But somehow his talent enabled him to be a part of my life and maybe even make a difference to someone he never even knew. —CREEPY HORSE

<- CONT. FROM

I was in sophomore journalism, circa 1993, engaged in a bizarre chance to ride around with a newscaster from our local El Dorado, Arkansas televised news team. We were out recording stories. Or he was recording, while I was watching and taking notes. He was cool. He disliked me. This is something I was used to: the cool guys being too cool. But he upheld his end of the mentoring duty and talked about cameras, angles, conversation ideas. He hated it. While we were in the car, he jammed Prince. And I clearly remember him blasting "Raspberry Beret", singing at the top of his lungs, and it reminded me of the first time I knew what it meant to be cool: in my cousin Gwen's yellow VW bug, second grade to her senior year, and she rocked Duran Duran's *RIO* album at full-blast, singing every word, and I wanted to be like her. The same with this Jason guy, half a dozen-plus years later, singing Prince. This was cool. Prince was cool. "Raspberry Beret" made no sense to me, but it was cool. At this point I was a wanna-be metal-head, but I liked those Prince songs. I didn't know where to start. He came out with The New Power Generation around that time, and I started there. It didn't win me like it should have. I was slow to the take.

Speaking of slow to the take, I saw *Purple Rain* for the first time yesterday at Cinemark. The house was practically empty, except a few folks our age and an elderly couple in front of us that weighed in at seven decades a piece. (She laughed more freely than my anxiety allows me to.) I didn't get half the film. It was all over the place. Prince is The Kid. He's pretty, but then bad, and then he's sexy to Appollonia, and then he's even worse. Somewhere in all this I'm supposed to love him, at least like him, and I don't. I wonder about the autobiographical nature of some details. Then he walks out to perform "Purple Rain": Wendy and Lisa's song. And he dedicates it to his dad (why not his mom?) and the crowd is dead-silent. At this point I'm leaning forward. I need to here him rip it harder than "Darling Nikki". And then the intro. These lyrics, only meaningful to The Kid, but the music, the build and then that voice. That voice growing. Joined. Single then brick solid. But then he knows, he knows, he knows—and it was all over. Before the guitar solo, I was in tears. And then he kisses Wendy's crying face. The wife wrecked. It's a silly movie. An unnecessary movie: all leading to this one performance—Him. All those songs. I did not own albums. I did not own movies. But I perked up when he was around. I knew when Prince entered the building. And I felt something when he left—I'm melodramatic. Confused at times. Wanting to work my stuff on stage. I wish I'd known Prince better and sooner. —KEVIN STILL

My appreciation for Prince didn't start until I was 13. I grew up in the 80's, and I heard "Purple Rain" like everyone else. It wasn't until 1989 when Tim Burton's *Batman* came out and Prince did the soundtrack that I became interested in his work. To this day, when I do take over the world, I'll be playing "Trust" on my victory parade float while my henchmen hold up jamboxes and dance with me. —TIMOTHY DANGER

RENTED MULE CHRONICLES

TV PARTY TONIGHT

Almost without exception, Rock and roll documentaries fall into one of three categories. 1) The "They are so big they deserve a documentary" and 2) "Making the case for _____. You missed this performer and/or band but they are really important and/or good and here's why" and 3) The "isn't our musical subgenre great" Examples of the first would be any documentary on a band like The Beatles or the biopic on Brian Wilson, *Love and Mercy*. The challenge here is to tell a part of the story that hasn't been told 1000 times before in a matter that is interesting to the viewer. Usually in this case, the strength of the artist's catalog will get you through the more tedious parts of the film. Understandably, the second and third categories are the bread and butter of musical critic's pets, forgotten artists (fairly and unfairly) and films made by the lovers of a musical genre for other lovers of said musical genre. Below is my arbitrary review of a few documentaries that fall into categories 2 and 3. Some of these releases are fairly old. Go read *Spin* and *Rolling Stone* if you want "hot off the presses" reviews.

Oi, Oi, Oi—Street punk/Oi documentary. Cherry Red Video: Given the topic, I wasn't expecting the most amazing documentary of all time. Frankly, I would have been impressed if the collective IQ of the musicians featured would have been above 70. However, this documentary didn't even hit this low standard. The footage of the "A-Team" street punk bands—Angelical Upstarts, Sham 69, The Blitz and The Business—was very grainy, low quality, a low fidelity affair which leads me to believe that Cherry Red couldn't get the rights to higher quality footage of these bands easily available on YouTube for FREE. The B and C team bands featured—Peter and The Test Tube Babies, The Exploited, The Toy Dolls, Red Alert, The Oppressed, Condemned 84, Splodgenessabounds, The Warriors and Section 5 among others—didn't have much better footage and much poorer performances. In many cases, the songs featured were footage of soundchecks of the band or footage of band practices. Seriously, how much could the performance rights to an Oppressed song cost? They probably could have been Cherry Red's for a couple of pints of lager.

The commentary between the songs mainly consisted of pairs of the members of each band attempting to justify the relevance of their musical movement. Isn't lager and anger its own justification? Now for the most snarky observation of this review: Nearly every band "interview" segment had two members of the band. The first one, the older, more obese member (probably the only original member left) would say something like "Uh...Yeah...uh Punk wasn't...uh...speaking to the...uh...kids any more ya know." The second, slightly less obese lacky member of the band would then echo fat old band member's sentiment verbatim: "yeah..."

speaking to the kids any more ya know." I'm no expert on oi/street punk but doesn't smashing the state require optimal physical health? Isn't it difficult to jump people at shows if your beer gut obstructs the view of your Doc Martin's.

This documentary wasn't completely worthless. The two best moments were the two bands that managed to acquire a sense of humor (an evolutionary development in the land of Oi much akin to primates acquiring opposable thumbs). The Toy Dolls song "Nellie the Elephant" is a song about—yes you guessed it—an elephant called Nellie. Spldgenessabounds get points for an unpronounceable band name and their completely honest song, "Two Pints of Lager and a Packet of Crisps". During their performance of this song to a nearly empty hall, an audience member gave them two pints and a packet of crisps. Google these two songs if you are curious. Otherwise, save yourself the trouble of sitting through this. I think the entire documentary is available on YouTube if you are morbidly curious.

On the other side of the "punk" fence you have:

Rise Above—The Tribe 8 Documentary: This documentary was a pleasant surprise. I had heard that Tribe 8 was a collective of angry, humorless, penis cutting, bull dykes. Nothing further could have been from the truth; well at least the angry and humorless part. Tribe 8 had a feminist agenda but the band presented in a way that was creative and energetic. The most uplifting aspect of this video depicting the band members ability to take horrible life experiences and create something uplifting rather than wallowing in the atypical punk genre "I'm angry because I'm punk and I'm supposed to be angry" The ritual castration featured in their shows wasn't done for shock value but instead to get across the point of gender power inequality and the abuse the band members had suffered as a result of this power imbalance. Surprisingly enough, none of the males at their shows had any problems with their songs or stage show. Perhaps one could cynically say such protests were edited from the video. However, such protests would be low hanging fruit for these gals; especially given the vocalist proclaiming "who cares if I offend guys". Ironically enough, the pushback came from other feminists. I'm still not sure what to think about that. *Rise Above* is highly recommended.

Orion—The Man Who Would Be King: *Orion: The Man Who Would Be King* is the cautionary music career tale of "be careful what you wish for". It chronicles the story of Jimmy Ellis, a performer who was more than an Elvis impersonator but less than a fully realized talent in his own right. Mr. Ellis' s story is a textbook example of music industry exploitation that would make Colonel Tom Parker blush. Mr. Ellis, who came to Memphis

with dreams of stardom, had a voice remarkably similar to *you know who* and was signed to Sun Records right around the time THE KING dies. Some genius in marketing came up with the idea of marketing Ellis as "Orion"; implying that Elvis faked his death and "came back" as "Orion" (an idea they lifted almost verbatim from a novel of the same name. The author of the novel was never paid for her trouble). How anyone could mistake 6' 4" Ellis for The KING is anybody's guess. I guess it was due to the ridiculous Lone Ranger mask he was contractually obliged to wear when he performed. That would fool anybody wouldn't it? Or perhaps it was the huge amount of drugs people took in the 1970's. I don't know. Having thus been christened as "Orion", Ellis is then put on a treadmill of endless touring and albums (one year he put out four albums). Oddly enough, it sort of worked—for a while anyway; if you define "worked" as Ellis not having a 9-5 job. Inevitably, the "Orion" shtick collapsed under the weight of its own absurdity with Ellis desperately hanging on to what little fame he has simultaneously hating the nine-day wonder he has been molded into and desperately seeking fame in his own right. As you would expect Ellis's story ends tragically but I won't reveal the ending. More info at: <http://www.orionthemovie.com/>

Big Star—Nothing Can Hurt Me: A music nerd without a fanatical love of the band Big Star is about as useful as a used condom. Yes, Big Star was a great band. I like them, and suspect many of the readers of *979Represent* have more than a passing acquaintance with said band. However, a nearly two hour fan boy circle jerk about the "greatness" Big Star doesn't make a strong case for the quality of their catalog. At the end of the day, Big Star were a band; a really good band perhaps. Even perhaps, a band that was unfairly ignored; but they were still just a rock and roll band. They didn't cure cancer, solve string theory, or bring about world peace.

Every music documentary cliché is here: 1) Music nerd with a nasal voice and glasses blathering on about great the band is while standing/sitting in front of a stack of vinyl. Check. 2) Important/famous talking head telling you how important the band was (at least Dave Grohl wasn't one of the talking heads). Check. 3) Low times for the band followed by ultimate artistic redemption after the band members have passed ("everybody likes them now!"). Check. 4) Grainy archival footage thrown in haphazardly just so you know how much work the filmmakers put into making this. Check. 5) Obligatory shots of empty recording studio where the band used to record. Check. 6) Token artsy "weirdo" possibly blathering on about the band but talking about who the fuck knows what. Check. Despite the rote, paint by the numbers feel of this documentary, the strength of Big Star's music does shine through. Save yourself a rental and listen to Big Star's albums instead. <http://www.bigstarstory.com/> — RENTED MULE

THURSDAY MAY 19

REVOLUTION INDOORS
8PM—UNICORND OG (BCS)
9PM—JIMMY LEGS (ATX)
10PM—HISS (ATX)
11PM—THE SHUT-UPS
(ATX)
12AM—THE TRON SACK (BCS)

REVOLUTION OUTDOORS
8:30PM—TBD
9:30PM—PINK EYE (HTX)
10:30PM—FALSE IDOL (ATX)
11:30PM—ELECTRIC ASTRO-
NAUT (BCS)

GRAND STAFFORD THEATER
8PM—CORUSCO (BCS)
8:45PM—FOREVER TODAY
(BCS)
9:30PM—LUCA (BCS)
10:15PM—ODD FOLKS (BCS)
11PM—SECOND RUNNER UP
(HTX)

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BOX EFFECTS, MR. G'S ITALIAN PIZ-
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REVOLUTION CAFÉ & BAR, WEGWERT
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FRIDAY MAY 20

REVOLUTION INDOORS
8PM—A DEATHBED PROMISE
(BCS)
9PM—CORNISH GAME HEN (HTX)
10PM—A SUNDAE DRIVE (HTX)
11PM—ECONOMY ISLAND (ATX)
12AM—THE GARY (ATX)
1AM—THE EX-OPTIMISTS (BCS)

REVOLUTION OUTDOORS
8:30PM—INFLATABLE BAPTISTS
(ATX)
9:30PM—JEALOUS CREATURES
(HTX)
10:30PM—KINGDOM OF SUICIDE
LOVERS (ATX)
11:30PM—THE WHEEL WORKERS
(HTX)
12:30AM—SUPERGRAVE (HTX)

GRAND STAFFORD THEATER
8PM—GOYKO (BCS)
8:45PM—MOTHRACIDE (BCS)
9:30PM—CACODEMON (DentonTX)
10:15PM—KILLER HEARTS (HTX)
11PM—THE DAMN TIMES (ATX)
11:45PM—WELLBORN ROAD
(BCS)

SATURDAY MAY 21

REVOLUTION INDOORS
7PM—TENINO (BCS)
8PM—THE INATORS (BCS)
9PM—GIRLBAND (BCS)
10PM—BABYLON BREAK-
ERS (JAPAN)

11PM—MUTANT LOVE (BCS)
12AM—THE BULEMICS (ATX)
1AM—THE HANGOUTS (BCS)

REVOLUTION OUTDOORS
7:30PM—FIRST THOUGHT
WORST THOUGHT (ATX)
8:30PM—GOLDEN SOMBRERO
(HTX)
9:30PM—INTERNATIONAL BIT-
Terness UNIT (DTX)
10:30PM—T.S.S. (VTX)
11:30PM—DESTROYER OF
LIGHT (ATX)
12:30AM—WE WERE WOLVES
(HTX)

GRAND STAFFORD THEATER
7:15PM—STEREOTYPE (BCS)
8PM—DISTANCE, HERE (BCS)
8:45PM—DETHTRUCK (BCS)
9:30PM—BOY WONDER (ATX)
10:15P—MYRA MAYBELLE
(BCS)
11PM—ASS (BCS)
11:45PM—TBD

STARFUCKER

This past weekend out of a crowd of over 100, I was dry humped by Mark Mothersbaugh of Devo as photographers crowded around the two of us and snapped away like paparazzi. My boyfriend stood right next to us as his biggest hero wrapped his arms around his girlfriend's torso from behind and did several deep thrusts in the doggy style position. I laughed heartily.

There was no way I was going to beat out the hundred that had gathered around him and his handlers for the show he was playing were already trying to withdraw him so he could rest for the upcoming next set he was to play an hour later. I yelled out that I had him tattooed on my neck and he looked up immediately and exclaimed "WHAT DID YOU SAY?!" as he made his way to me. As he looked upon his image he began to draw on my neck and as he commented on how much he loved it, humping ensued.

My boyfriend was a mix amused and delighted. In our small tenure of dating, he has tried unsuccessfully to drag me off stage as I danced with The Melvins—just me, Les Butcherettes and The Melvins as they performed their encore. He was afraid I'd be thrown out for jumping onstage for my phone that Dale Crover had knocked out of my hand and behind his drum kit while he was swinging a microphone. Instead, Dale grabbed me and while singing, videotapped me and himself and then me and Les Butcherettes dancing on stage with my phone. I had also grabbed one of Dale's drumsticks and was pretending to go down on it. As we left my boyfriend stated he'd been beaten by security for the same behavior had he tried it, I said I can get away with it because I'm adorable. And I am. Like a woodland Bambi creature. All the years of not being the hot or sexy one have at least paid off in this sense.

On another occasion, not only would I meet Jello Biafra at a cyber punk show in Austin, but I'd end up partying the entire weekend with him and his girlfriend. My boyfriend had been amazed that the two of us had hit it off when I sheepishly pointed out to Jello that as he stood next to me to take in the Metal Urbain show, that I was wearing an original 1984 era Dead Kennedys shirt. My boyfriend really didn't expect a text when he went alone to a Darkwave DJ set that I was partying with Jello and his girlfriend at a show, just the three of us and for him to get the fuck there ASAP. We'd close the night dropping his girlfriend off at their hotel and meeting up with him at a seedy taqueria for dinner where we'd share chips and salsa and talk Cambodian Garage music and the state of current politics til 5am cause

well, Jello motherfucking Biafra.

Maybe it's because I'm fearless when it comes to meeting my idols. Punk rock does not afford you meek or mild. Or maybe I look cool, truthfully tattoos get you places. Or maybe I'm just unknowingly one charismatic motherfucker.

When I was 15, I worked as the publicist for a (non riot grrrl) zine called *Bitch Rag*. I was fearless and there were bands I wanted to fucking meet. With a zine behind me, I was able to attend shows for free and even

got backstage passes to meet Duran Duran. Unfortunately restaurant security refused to let me in to the bar. I'd also run into the same road block when I was invited to have drinks with Social Distortion at Emo's Austin when I was 19.

Drinking and drugs also increased my magical abilities. Friends have remarked to seeing my teleportation abilities when I drink. I once danced on stage for an entire set of Southern Culture on the Skids and have a not a memory of it. I've even broken into other sub genres and partied with rockabilly favorites, The Amazing Royal Crowns, Deke Dickerson, and Kim Lenz. I spent a week partying with The Pietasters and even got Leftover Crack into DisneyWorld. I had drinks with Napalm Death at a ska show at Fitzgerald's, got left at a bar by a member of Mustard Plug because I wouldn't put out (he ended hooking up with a sleaze we all knew had the herpes so haha. He'd later apologize at a later show for his behavior). I've had Dirt Nasty and Dropkick Murphys both pull me onstage and wish me a Happy Birthday, DKM even presenting me with a t-shirt during their show.

In the process I've even made friends. Voodoo Glow Skulls once took a near blackout drunk abandoned and alone me and fed me pizza and let me crash in a spare hotel room they happened to have. Over a decade later, they still call whenever they come into town and get me into their shows and hangout with me. We're even Facebook friends. My cousin was also the drummer of Nekromantix that sadly passed away a few years ago, but I used to go and hangout with them. The first time I met Kim Nekroman we shared my sandwich and then we all crowded into their tiny tour bus and drank Lone Stars and Shiners. After that I would also be put on the list for The Horrorpops whenever they were in town and their drummer would teach me how to Motley Crue twirl a drumstick.

There's also a shady side to this. I've been literally grabbed and forced into a limousine against my will where I was driven to another city entirely while being drugged and sexually assaulted by a group of men. The drugs and subsequent being placed on a bus while still under the effects of whatever I had been drugged with kept me from being able to recall anything about them once I was home. That "celebrity" went to prison on a related charge and later died. I was young and dumb and thought I could just be friends with everyone. I've witnessed musicians hook up with young underage girls when I was too young to understand what was happening, I've witnessed the dark side of drug addiction and alcohol abuse and watched my heroes turn into something dark and morose in front of my eyes. I've also come to know true rockstar attitude and been laughed at and ignored by musicians I'd been completely enamored with. I was once made fun of by members of Front 242 and Revolting Cocks for not liking the right albums by them in front of my friends. It sucks, but some people are douchebags regardless of their fame.

Some are great like Dicky Barrett of The Mighty Mighty Bosstones who talked and hung out with me during one of their shows and after noticing some bruising on my arms with every ounce of genuineness implored I end an abusive relationship with my then boyfriend. He also had a talk with that boyfriend who was a huge fan of his as to why he never wanted to lay a finger on me again. It may not have stayed that way, but his actions led me to start seeing something was wrong and finally leave that creep.

These musicians sing songs that speak to what we feel inside and touch us on a level that even the people in our life cannot. They are human, they are flawed. The road can be a time to non stop party or leave them feeling very lonely and desolate. I know bands that love their fans like family and live for any interaction they can get and some detest the feeling of always having to be the show their alter ego sustains.

In the end, maybe I'm just lucky, maybe I give them a sense of someone that they can just feel human around, whatever the case, I don't know and I don't care. I got to go see Mike Ness and eat Lucky Charms with Johnny TwoBugs and that's really all that matters.—*JUNKIE LOVEDOLL*

LINE OUT: THE POWER OF ROCKNROLL

Recently I've given some thought to the power behind rock & roll as a force for political change and how much responsibility a musician or band may or may not have to comment on governmental issues and whether or not their decisions to exercise that power is warranted or even misused. I refer in particular to musicians canceling concerts in states or cities where the governments make laws that the musician/band does not align themselves with. In most instances in the past, these locales were boycotted, such as the call in the 1980s for bands to avoid playing Sun City, a tony whites-only resort in apartheid era South Africa. In more recent times, we have seen artists, such as Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band and Pearl Jam cancel concerts in the state of North Carolina in protest of a recent state law, Public Facilities Privacy and Security Act (HB2), that is roundly viewed as being discriminatory to the LGBT community. To affect that change, these artists decided to cancel concerts that were already scheduled with tickets already sold, as a form of protest.

I am torn about those approach. For starters, a boycott is supposed to hit the group or individual in the wallet. Canceling concerts does indeed hit the local economy. The concert venue loses revenue; local unionized crews lose income; the state and local community loses some tax revenue; and ultimately the fan does not get to see the concert they've already bought tickets for. In a way, it's the fan who gets the shortest stick. Imagine the person in Greensboro, NC who in no way supports HB2, is punished for happening to live in North Carolina. Does this sort of activity encourage the state legislature or the governor to veto or rewrite the law, or an executive order to abolish HB2? So far that has not been the case. So ultimately who is to gain? The consciences of both bands? The underground credibility of both bands? In the case of Springsteen, who has a very broad-based appeal, perhaps this is a little more risky; for Pearl Jam they are preaching to the choir. Would not donating all proceeds from the event to lobby the state government to overturn the bill have been more effective? Or perhaps the next morning after the show leading as many as will show up on a march on the state capitol be more effective? Recording a single or an album to donate proceeds to overturn the bill? It feels trite for a performer to so take their fans for granted that they can cancel a show like that and just assume that the audience will understand.

Recently, Seattle rising underground band Tacocat made a point to turn their show in Chapel Hill into a big celebration of gay and transgender culture, to provide at least a few hours respite from the world and welcome everyone to party down together. This band is very activist and aware, so why didn't they just boycott the state, cancel the show? Sometimes it's better to march into enemy territory with the right message, deliver the message to those who don't have the means to avoid the problem or not be associated with it, provide comfort and support. Sometimes it's hard to feel what's really at stake from your tour bus or private jet. Springsteen and Vedder know better, and it's for that reason that their tone-deaf responses are so much more surprising and hurtful. Do better.—*KELLY MINNIS*

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UNDER THE INFLUENCES

When conjuring this assignment and how I could give B/CS the lowdown on the HTX bands coming for LOUDFEST I decided, I should do these under the influence of drugs and alcohol WITH the bands and get their influences. That'll be awesome right? And off I went with thoughts of Hunter S Thompson dystopian grandeur in my head.

Luckily, my best friend Rented Mule stopped me and decided at the very least if I were to entertain this shenanigan, I'd at least need a DD (Designated Driver aka Wrangler aka him) to make sure I well, most likely don't die and remember important things like turning on my recorder.

He was kind of quiet in this article, but made sure I remembered everything correctly. And I didn't die.

Thursday night finds me at Rented Mule's apartment smoking a quick pipe and drinking a "god only knows how old this damn cider is because he quit drinking 5 months ago" cider. We head out to the show and wait for a bit as the Killer Hearts are currently in sound check which is very good as Rudyard's so we know we're going to be waiting a few minutes. I down two pineapple ciders why? Because I am stoned and this sounded like a really good idea at the time.

My next drink is a Strongbow that I'm knocking back when the band is ready.

I'm greeted by the bassist of the Killer Hearts, Gil and up we go and meet up with the rest of the band as he corals all of us outside. I'm looking at these guys and all I can see is a well oiled machine of the most unadulterated punk rock n roll. I'm anxious as these guys just might be too cool for me until we start talking.

I ask what everyone's poison is and all in unison but the lead singer call out HOPADILLO! The quiet and subdued lead singer tells us he's actually on the straight and narrow and goes on to tell us some of the most insightful and eye opening comments of the evening.

The influences are right on the money, old stan bys like MC5, Iggy and the Stooges, Turbonegro, The New York Dolls. But that doesn't make them a Johnny Thunders cover band, they've taken influence and created something very punk, very rock and roll without pandering to cookie cutter rip offs and created something very uniquely their own. It isn't their first rodeo and these guys have something special for us.



I'm told that their music is for the everyday person whose life has enough going on and that the hope of giving them a couple hours of fun away from whatever ails them is the grand goal of The Killer Hearts. "We're not so much about born to lose

so much as we are about Victory!" They talk about wanting to see local B/CS acts GirlBand, ASS and so many others at LOUDFEST, I wonder if they are there to play or to see everyone. Both is what they confirm. They don't hesitate to talk about how much they love playing shows in B/CS and how much they love Niki and Matt Shea and can't wait to hang out with them and really meet the folks coming out for Loudfest. Yes, they WANT to meet you and play for you.

This is a band that came together from several other established punk and rock bands, these guys have reverence and respect for one another as musicians and as brothers. Once on stage, our shy and quiet lead singer has the swagger of a young David Johansen and sings his ass off through the entire set relishing the pretty good sized crowd that's come out to see The Killer Hearts past 9pm on a Thursday night. It's his first appearance with the band and sobriety hasn't put a dent in the stage show we have before us. If anything, it's a pure and unadulterated performance with his voice a guttural growl warming to a primal scream breaking out of the intense musicianship coming from his brothers in arms and asserting itself as the right way to go for this group.

Watching these guys, I realize I'm having fun. The music is every bit of hard rock n roll and punk aesthetic with all the showmanship you could ever desire minus any sense of cheese factor. Their craft is legit and I can't recall ever watching a band have so much damn fun on stage, these guys were having a blast. There were all the classic rock star moves, back arches as guitar solos were played, the guitarist a swirl of classical guitarist set to glam rock decadence, bass and rhythm guitar weaved seamlessly back and forth yet matched backing vocals perfect vaguely hinting at *Ass Cobra* era Turbonegro and early hardcore punk structures made all their own, the drummer plays like a young Dennis Thompson with the machine gun beats never ceasing throughout the set. High energy, Loud, Heavy rock and roll.

The Killer Hearts play LOUDFEST Friday night at 10:15 PM at Stafford. Come out and say hi to these guys and let them melt your face off. — CREEPY HORSE & RENTED MULE

UNDER THE INFLUENCES

Everyone has something. What is your poison?

Mike: Beer.

Sergio: Bike-riding around town.

Zeek: Big titties and *Downton Abbey*.

Jen: Sodium pentothal.

Why the holy hell are you playing LOUDFEST? What's in it for you?

ASD HAS to play LOUDFest. If we don't, we'll spin out

of control and lose our place in the universe. Honestly, we look forward to it all year. Some of our best band friends have put this together and we're honored to be asked back. Mike sums it up by saying "it's all about the hookers and blow" (but credits Ken Dannelley).

The world is a cruel place, whereas you are all your own unique and beautiful talents, who are you compared to and/or influenced by? You can tell a story or explain this or not.

The four of us are so different, individually. But the things we love in common, we love pretty hard—namely good music, skateboarding, existential literature, and the incomparable Wes Anderson. As for comparisons—people have likened us to The Pixies, Yo La Tengo and Sonic Youth from time to time. We've also been compared to a bunch of other bands that aren't nearly as cool (Toad the Wet Sprocket??!?!), so we won't share those...Zeek's often compared to Benny Hill and Ponch-erello from *CHIPS* for his good looks. Hang out with him for any amount of time and you'll end up running around naked in fast-forward with a bunch of sweet-ass honeys.

Why does anyone want to listen to you at LOUDFEST? What will they get out of your performance?

I'm not sure anyone DOES want to listen to ASD at LOUDFest, but they will want Mike to help them load their shit in. If one were inclined to actually listen, we'd try our best to share what we have. As for what's in store: plenty of good ol' fashioned ASD, with disproportional sides of shoegaze and intermittent yelling; having hair sweat shaken onto you; a likely chance of someone falling upon you either accidentally or on purpose; most definitely some feedback and space noise; quite honestly a lot of distortion; beer spilling in, on, or around you (probably by Mike and/or Zeek); and no matter what—it'll be really, really LOUD and from the heart. What IS promised is that you'll all get schooled on badass hair from a fatass Mexican.

What kind of shenanigans will you be up to at LOUDFEST? Who are you most excited to see and hear?

Shenanigans, you betcha...Really, it's all about keeping Mike out of jail and away from rooms with interior locks. Zeek will most definitely drink A LOT and then tell all his friends and friendly strangers how much he loves their asses! He gets super emotional when he's drunk!! Jennifer will snake her way in and out of corners, getting in and out of trouble as she goes. She might be drunk, she might be not drunk...You can never really tell. Mike intends to make a week of it, day drinking and NOT falling asleep on the Wonkoland toilet. Sergio....where did Sergio go?? As for the bands we look forward to seeing: **Economy Island** (those Austin dudes seriously rock!!), **The Inators** (we get to see Kelly



kick ass on drums!), **GirlBand!** **Mutant Love!** **Golden Sombrero!** **ASS!** And we're most excited about seeing our best buds **The Ex-Optimists** headline the show, and we can't forget our other super great friends and musicians **extraordinaire The Wheel Workers!** (And of course, Sergio's extra excited about seeing

Jealous Creatures because he's all in love and shit with their bass player.)

Have you ever played LOUDFEST before? If so, why are you doing it again?

This is our 4th year playing LOUDFest. Why are we doing it again? For the sexy sex parties that always follow...All hail LOUDFest!!!

Should folks feel free to come up and talk to you? What about?

Fuck yeah, we hope so. Zeek hopes they talk to him about GTAW (gas tungsten arc welding). He can go on and on and on and on about that. He'll then tell you how much he loves you. Sergio will talk to you about baseball, maybe...Jennifer parlera français avec les francophones dans la foule, s'il y en a... Mike will talk beer. We really just hope they talk to us about #6... preferably in Spanish...to Mike.

Holy shit, it's the future and your band just got signed and now you're all big shit. What 5 things are on your rider?

Zeek will require the following : mango snowcones from Taco Town, manwipes, MeUndies underwear, one-and-one-half boxes of Whiplts, one pair of Uncle Bubba Funny Teeth...Jennifer will require the following : Rocco, a couch that no one is allowed to touch except her and Rocco, a tazer, an airhorn, a daily fruit and veggie tray... Sergio will require the following: What's a rider?; and Mike will require the following: Beer.

What's each individual band member's favorite song in the group? Feel free to give an explanation, story or not.

Zeek: "Intensive Porpoises" because it's about me and Jen."

Jen: "The first song on our new album is my new favorite. Zeek sings it and it breaks my heart for a million reasons."

Sergio: "Reconjugated". The lyrics, melody, and the piano are hauntingly beautiful and endearing."

Mike: "The unreleased demo version of "Reconjugated" because, dude, it just gets me every time!"

What's on the horizon for your band? (i.e. recording, videos, sex tapes...) Will you be coming back to B/CS after LOUDFEST?

We're in the midst of recording our 3rd album. Look for it to blow your mind apart in late 2016 or early 2017. And we certainly hope to be invited back for round 5 of LOUDFest next year. And Mike has a sex tape in the works right now and promises to release it right here is B/CS! (*and we plan on leaving Mike in B/CS if he gets locked in the bathroom again and snores himself into a drunken coma.)—**CREEPY HORSE**

UNDER THE INFLUENCES

Craig Wilkins, guitarist and keyboardist for indie rock band The Wheel Workers responded to this interview via email.

Everyone has something, What is your poison?

I'm pretty partial to cyanide. I use it on my dreams. Hey everyone we're The Wheel Workers.

Why the holy hell are you playing LOUDFEST? What's in it for you?

One time we were so loud that everyone left. I turned to the band at that moment and said, "Hey guys we should play LOUDFEST. Those guys would get us." And they were like, "What?" Then I was all, "HEY GUYS WE SHOULD oh I see what you did there."

The world is a cruel place, whereas you are all your own unique and beautiful talents, who are you compared to and/or influenced by? You can tell a story or explain this or not.

We get ridiculous comparisons, none of them true. So, in that tradition: We've been told we sound like George Strait snorted bath salts and made an album with Skinny Puppy. We've also been told "like a tiny orgasm symphony trapped inside an rotating energy field", whatever that means. I personally think we sound like the color green.

Why does anyone want to listen to you at LOUDFEST? What will they get out of your performance?

One guy told me after a performance that we "made his heart cum". So, there's a small chance of that.

What kind of shenanigans will you be up to at LOUDFEST? Who are you most excited to see and hear?

We like those A Sundae Drive / Ex-Optimists / Jealous Creatures cats. And Jake Northam from Second Runner Up is the drummer we use when Kevin isn't available, so that'll be cool watching him do his thing. Everything



else will be a complete surprise to my vulnerable ears.

Have you ever played LOUDFEST before? If so, why are you doing it again? I think this is our first time being asked. Thanks for bringing up a touchy subject. (They were asked two years ago but couldn't make it because go through

drummers like Kevin Still goes through 90 Shillings—ed.)

Should folks feel free to come up and talk to you? What about?

Please do. I know a lot about vegan food and *Daria* episodes so we could always start there. I also enjoy subjects like smashing the patriarchy and the movie *Cabin Boy*.

Holy shit, it's the future and your band just got signed and now you're all big shit. What 5 things are on your rider?

- 1) OG Kush
- 2) Puppies
- 3) Tacos
- 4) Bourbon Barrel Aged Imperial Stouts
- 5) Huge Bowl of Skittles Minus The Orange Ones

What's each individual band member's favorite song in the group? Feel free to give an explanation, story or not. At One Time I Was A Person. We got super weird with that one.

What's on the horizon for your band? (i.e. recording, videos, sex tapes...) Will you be coming back to B/C/S after LOUDFEST?

We've got a new song coming out later this week. It'll probably be out by the time this comes out? I dunno. We also have our first tour scheduled for this summer and we hope to have our fourth studio album completed by October-ish. And of course we're coming back to B/C/S. Most likely on that whirlwind interplanetary summer tour.—CREEPY HORSE

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UNDER THE INFLUENCES

Everyone has something, What is your poison?

JOSH: Black coffee. I like a Jack and Coke, too, which I hear they're now calling a "Lemmy". I can never afford Jack Daniels, though, so the cheapest house whiskey and coke it is...call it a "Josh".



and shit. But not literally shit.

Have you ever played LOUDFEST before? If so, why are you doing it again?

JOSH: We've never played. Maybe we weren't loud enough before, but we're gonna hit harder and turn the amps up for this.

Why the holy hell are you playing LOUDFEST? What's in it for you?

JOSH: Good question. That's a lot of bands and equipment. But they make it work every year we're happy to add to the chaos. Looking forward to seeing lots of friends and hearing new bands.

IAN: I'm hoping somebody will buy me a beer. Or I'll buy myself one. Either way, beer's in it for me.

The world is a cruel place, whereas you are all your own unique and beautiful talents, who are you compared to and/or influenced by? You can tell a story or explain this or not.

JOSH: Very cruel and ugly, but if everything was beautiful, nothing would be beautiful, right? We've gotten the Pretenders a lot. Cowboy Junkies. The band has a split personality at times, going from big dumb rock to country type stuff, song to song.

Why does anyone want to listen to you at LOUDFEST? What will they get out of your performance?

JOSH: It's our first time for Loudfest, so you hope people wanna check out a new band they've never heard before. I wish I could say we're gonna breath fire and spit blood, but who knows?

IAN: They'll get a study in contrasts. A lovely, tiny woman with a massive bass guitar. An enormous redhead with a tiny guitar (it's actually average sized, thank you very much). A woman with the mouth of a sailor who can sing you to sleep with a lovely lullaby. A monster drummer who loves little bitty kittens.

What kind of shenanigans will you be up to at LOUDFEST? Who are you most excited to see and hear?

JOSH: Shenanigans? I don't know. Most of us are messed up in the head with social anxiety issues and barely holding it together in these situations, but maybe we'll wreck a hotel room or something. Excited to see Killer Hearts, The Tron Sack, Supergrave. Of course, our friends A Sundae Drive, Ex-Ops, Wheel Workers.

IAN: Eventually we're going to learn to channel that social anxiety into a stream of nervous, earth-smashing, frenetic energy that will sizzle hair and moisten undergarments, but right now we're probably most likely to moisten our own undergarments. You know, with sweat

IAN: My amp gets pretty dang loud, but it's still only 22 watts. Hopefully it will be okay if my amp just goes to 11.

Should folks feel free to come up and talk to you? What about?

IAN: If you want to unleash the lion, try asking me about bicycle and transit planning. I also appreciate comments on gear and tone—but be forewarned that I am absolutely not a gear head. None of us really are—probably Josh is the most. But I will listen and learn: a suggestion from a previous show led me to buy a new guitar (a semi-hollow body Thinline Telecaster), which I'll likely have at LOUDFEST and which I absolutely LOVE.

Holy shit, it's the future and your band just got signed and now you're all big shit. What 5 things are on your rider?

JOSH: Tiny sandwiches.

IAN: Tiny condiments.

What's each individual band member's favorite song in the group? Feel free to give an explanation, story or not.

IAN: I veer a bit more towards the western haziness of our sound, to be honest. Love the rhythm section in "You Can Trust Me" (especially the awesomeness that Meghan does with the bass), and it's always fun to end a surfy-country song with a bombastic guitar solo.

What's on the horizon for your band? (i.e. recording, videos, sex tapes...) Will you be coming back to B/CS after LOUDFEST?

JOSH: We've been playing a lot to support our new record, but we're already writing for a new EP that will be out in later this year. We'll be at Comicpalooza, the big comic convention in Houston, again in June. We'll definitely be back to B/CS.

IAN: As much as I love our hometown Houston, I'm finding that sometimes our most awesome shows are in the smaller towns like B/CS, so we'll definitely be back. We're also looking into a potential Gulf Coast road trip to hit some of our other favorite spots like Beaumont, Fayetteville, and maybe even New Orleans and Pensacola. The trick will be balancing shows with writing new music. —CREEPY HORSE

UNDER THE INFLUENCES

GOLDEN SOMBRERO



Everyone has something, What is your poison?
Usually beer, but whiskey in our whiskey.

Why the holy hell are you playing LOUDFEST? What's in it for you?

Because it's a frickin' good time! And all our friends will be there.

The world is a cruel place, whereas you are all your own unique and beautiful talents, who are you compared to and/or influenced by? You can tell a story or explain this or not.

We usually don't know how to describe ourselves. Sometimes we'll tell people garage pop, but that just makes people more confused. We've been honored to draw comparisons to The Replacements, Cheap Girls, Weezer, Husker Dü, Television, The Police, and others all over the map.

Why does anyone want to listen to you at LOUDFEST? What will they get out of your performance?

There's a 55% chance we'll sound good, and we know how to play loud at shows with "LOUD" in the name.

What kind of shenanigans will you be up to at LOUDFEST? Who are you most excited to see and hear?

Our shirts will be off by the time THE HANGOUTS play, because it's mandatory. Economy Island is awesome! Excited to see them again. Also some of our Houston buds like A Sundae Drive and Jealous Creatures, both of which are always great.

Have you ever played LOUDFEST before? If so, why are you doing it again?

We actually played last year and had a great time, so

we're stoked to be invited back. Also, some of us have played in past LOUDFESTs as part of bands such as Mike The Engineer, Fistful of Dollars, and The Appeals.

Should folks feel free to come up and talk to you? What about?

We tend to be pretty approachable, although sometimes Todd will look quite angry for no particular reason. Talk to us about baseball, but not in a bro-ish way. More like "Man, the Milwaukee Brewers have a great logo, don't they?" or "Vin Scully is a national treasure!"

Holy shit, it's the future and your band just got signed and now you're all big shit. What 5 things are on your rider?

- Health insurance
- 8th Wonder Rocket Fuel
- Hearts of Oak on full blast when we walk in
- 'Lil Sebastian
- Area 51 (ORIGINAL ONLY)

What's each individual band member's favorite song in the group? Feel free to give an explanation, story or not.

- Cody: Peggy O
- Tim: Silverware
- Grant: Empty Plans
- Todd: Pile of Bricks

What's on the horizon for your band? (i.e. recording, videos, sex tapes...) Will you be coming back to B/CS after LOUDFEST?

Of course we'll be back! In June we'll be recording tracks for our upcoming second album at Wonkokatie Studios. We're excited to get the new songs laid down and put another release together with Sinkhole Texas, Inc. —CREEPY HORSE

UNDER THE INFLUENCES

I'm informed that Caffeine and Coffee are included in the category of something to be under the influence of and am taught rather successfully by **Pink Eye** the truth in this. I had brought some weed, but these folks seemed to be of a "I don't get fucked up until I'm barely standing kind of way before a show" types.

So I proceed with my go to of cider. 2 please.

In messaging to set up the interview with Pink Eye, my answer to a very excited response as to when to meet up was and I quote "Thursdays are good. Late nights, and right before the sun comes up."

My kind of people.

What's your poison:

Mary: Coffee and Cigarettes

Ethan: Caffeine most definitely

Marty: Warm beer and bird shit (Marty had unknowingly placed his hand in fresh bird shit on the table we had sat down to.)

You guys make it big and now require a rider to perform. What's on it?

Ethan: Cracker Barrel Sharp Cheddar! It's just the best thing ever.

Marty: Warm Puppies, warm beer, warm bird shit by the cup.

Mary: I'll go with Ethan's Cracker Barrel cheese and Marty's warm puppies along with some coffee.

Ethan: That cheese, really, it's just the best thing. Is there a reason we want warm puppies? I guess cold puppies would just be wrong. I'll also go with Mary's coffee.

What brought you three together?

Marty: I had worked with Mary before and wanted to do something with her again. Same with Ethan.

Ethan: But me and Mary had never worked together.

Marty: It's really getting together with people you've always wanted to do



something with and making something happen.

Who are you influenced by and what makes your sound?

Mary: The Dead
Kennedys for sure.

Band: Butthole
Surfers and
NOIZE music.

The band is laughing and cutting up amongst each other and with me. At one point I'm ready for a sleepover and french braiding everyone's hair when I realize I am interviewing a band. These folks are fun,

personable and innocently mischievous. They go on to talk about their excitement playing together the three of them at LOUDFEST and getting to see **GirlBand, ASS, Ex -Optimists** and others and speak of their excitement in crowd interaction.

Their set proves to be an amalgam of punk influence, early hardcore punk a la Peligro inspired drumming, meets the witty and intellectual Minutemen and Toy Dolls humor with raw primitive no wave era noize dotting the i's throughout the set.

Towards the end of the show Ethan literally swan dives out of a window cut out in the wall next to the stage completely disappearing as his band mates played on. He'll return in nothing but a pair of Banana Republic briefs and finish the set. Earlier in the interview when it was talked about attendees bringing arts and crafts for him to play with on stage, motherfucker wasn't kidding.

I want to add these people are so cool and personable, after the interview had concluded and they were to start getting ready to set up for their performance, they sent me a text thanking me for coming to the show. I was in the same building as them at the time and I thought that was really cool.

Seek out this band, lay arts and crafts at their feet when they perform, and by all means do not forget the Cracker barrel Sharp Cheddar. — **CREEP HORSE**

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Cornish Game Hen sat down and answered some questions for us.

UNDER THE INFLUENCES

Everyone has something. What is your poison?

Ken: Once upon a time, when I drank and did other things my poison was Newcastle beer and amphetamines. Now my poison is green tea and Ci Ci's Pizza....

Doktor Shoen: Diet Coke, Dewar's, Parliament Lights
Tyler: At the moment, it has been Spanish Garmacha-- Red Wine. Cheap and bold... hey, good album title!

Why the holy hell are you playing LOUDFEST? What's in it for you?

Ken: The opportunity to play to a different 20 people than we play to in Houston. Who WOULDN'T want to play LOUDFEST?

Tyler: Playing Bryan always feels to me like a home away from home. Everyone is always very hospitable, and genuinely nice and supportive of CGH.

The world is a cruel place, whereas you are all your own unique and beautiful talents, who are you compared to and/or influenced by? You can tell a story or explain this or not.

Doktor Shoen: Mostly anything from 1977-1979

Ken: Long of the short of it-- most everything that didn't get radio play in the late 1970's-1980s: Post Punk, old Goth, Punk Rock (both class of 77 and the hardcore punk), new wave, and college radio bands. The usual suspects: Devo, Husker Du, Killing Joke, Dead Kennedys Replacements, Minutemen, Magazine, Conflict, Midnight Oil, Mission of Burma, Kraftwerk, Wire, Body Count. Sparks, Public Image Limited, I like the freedom bands of this era had to not follow the "rules" of a given musical genre but still make punk inspired music. I want to play music that reflects the freedom of these influences but doesn't carbon copy them. We get compared to Devo often and I'll gladly take that comparison but I don't think we sound too much like them; at least as much as the reviews we have gotten say we do.

Tyler: Too many to name over the years, but it was SST/Dischord bands, namely The Minutemen and Fugazi, not only stylistically, but in the way in which they gave me the confidence to create and share with others.

Why does anyone want to listen to you at LOUDFEST? What will they get out of your performance?

Ken: "Punk" energy without the doctrinaire rules of "punk" mixed with new wave without preppie cheekiness
Doktor Shoen: We enjoy playing these songs, hopefully the audience enjoys it as well.

Tyler: I would hope because they hear and see something that piques their interest. The last thing I want us



CORNISH GAME HEN

to be is boring and too self-indulgent.

What kind of shenanigans will you be up to at LOUDFEST? Who are you most excited to see and hear?

Doktor Shoen: A Sundae Drive, Ex-Ops, The Wheel Workers, Jealous Creatures, and GIRLBAND!

Ken: Honestly, we were just added to the bill today so I haven't had a chance to look at the line up. I know Ex Optimists, a Sundae Drive and Jealous creatures are playing so I want to see them. I've yet to see the band ASS but with a name like that I have a feeling I'll like them.

Tyler: Spontaneity is the key with us. I don't have the talent to pull off anything planned without it feeling too contrived. I am excited about discovering great bands I had never heard of. That's the beauty of festivals.

Have you ever played LOUDFEST before? If so, why are you doing it again?

Ken: We played last year. We always enjoy playing Bryan so we welcome the opportunity to play there again.

Tyler: We played last year and had an awesome time... why wouldn't we come back?

Should folks feel free to come up and talk to you? What about?

Ken: Yes we will gladly engage the masses with witty banter. However, people with interesting conspiracy theories, UFO abduction stories and/or free hookers and blow automatically move to the front of the line.

Doktor Shoen: If they are in the mood to be exposed to a mild form of Aspergers, just ask me about

synthesizers, or pinball.

Tyler: Yes, absolutely! Whatever is on your mind.

Holy shit, it's the future and your band just got signed and now you're all big shit. What 5 things are on your rider?

Ken: Is that 5 things each or five things total? I'll give you my 5

1. A Multicade video game with free credits in the dressing room; I'd settle for hi def "Big Buck Hunter".

2. A Midget Manservant

3. Hookers and Blow (shouldn't this be a given rather than a tour rider)

4. 500 dollars in two dollar bills each night as "walk around" money.

5. The entire DVD run of "New Wave Hookers" and "Cum Fiesta" (I'd settle for the "Young Dumb and Full of Cum")

Doktor Shoen: Diet Coke, Dewar's, Parliament Lights, Monster Bash, and Twilight Zone Pinball tables. In response to Ken's answer concerning Dark Bros. produced pornography, he does not speak for the entire band. I personally only watch pornography shot on film, with a lot of mob money behind it. See question 3.

Tyler: 1) Available tickets/passes for every show, in case family/friends want to see us and hang out.

2) Access to European soccer league matches on TV, namely La Liga in Spain or The English Premier League.

3) Which ever city we are in that night, a sampling of the highlights that, that city

has to offer in food and drink. If we are in NOLA I want Oysters with a Sazerac or Abita Beer, if we are in SF I want clam chowder in a sourdough bread bowl with some Anchor Steam... you dig?

4) When #3 isn't available, a quality sandwich, wrap or salad. None of that gas station garbage.

5) Time permitting, a guide from each city to take us and show us around some of the cool spots.

What's each individual band member's favorite song in the group? Feel free to give an explanation, story or not.

Ken: This changes every practice/show. "Sex Room" sounded really good last night so that will be my answer. I think it is about the orgy room in the Sci Fi movie *Logan's Run*. Doktor Shoen knows for sure. Ask him.

Doktor Shoen: "New Roads to St. Francisville" is my favorite released number. "North Korean Traffic Queen" is my current favorite, because of what Ken and Tyler are doing. I just add my stuff to it, so we can play it out and I get to hear them.

Tyler: At the moment..... Lost Cause from Ken, Close Your Eyes from the Doktor, and Version of Hell from me.

What's on the horizon for your band? (i.e. recording, videos, sex tapes...) Will you be coming back to B/GS after LOUDFEST?

Ken: We plan on recording album number two and will return to Bryan in July. I'd like to get our first album *Museum Piece* out on vinyl as soon as we round up the money to do so.

Tyler: Would really like get a few more songs written and record album number 2 before the end of the year.

PEDALER, AMP PUSHING

Recently I had a need for a small combo amp for not quite so loud band practice and I recalled how much I enjoyed the sound of a handwired Vox AC30 I used in the studio a few years ago. But I didn't want an AC15 because they are really heavy and not much of a grab-and-go amp. Then I read about the **Vox AC10**, which has much of the AC30 sound but in a combo smaller and lighter than an AC15. I was intrigued. I tested one out at the local Guitar Center, was impressed, and then bought my own.



The AC10 is a small 2xEL84-based tube combo with a 10" speaker, digital reverb, and the top boost circuit from the AC15/30. Plug into it, turn all the dials to noon and you have a fantastic, compressed, slightly crunchy tone. The perfect rhythm guitar tone. The more the master goes up after noon, the more compressed it becomes. At low master settings the amp is very nasally, trebly, and nasty. It wants to have the master wide open to perform optimally. The reverb is refreshingly spring-like. A little bit goes a long way. It looks nice, it is indeed very light and easy to tote around. It will impress you right away. Once you've spent a bit of time with it in different scenarios then the magic starts to unravel.

For starters, Vox uses cheap tubes and speakers in their inexpensive amps. Tube rolling is pretty inexpensive, as this amp has only four tubes in it. But the amp requires you to take it entirely apart to replace the tubes. That's not a huge problem. Even the nicer, bigger Voxes are like that. But upon taking it apart you will discover the amp is built into the chassis in a very odd way. The amp is attached to the back panel of the amp. There is not much of a buffer between the tubes and the panel, nor between the power tubes and the speaker. The cabinet was built so small and the amplifier portion positioned in such a way that it creates a lot of tube rattle. That's not a huge problem at loud volumes, but at bedroom levels it is quite noticeable. Another complication with the small cabinet is that speakers can only have a depth of 4 1/8" or less. Otherwise the magnet of the speaker nudges against the power tubes, creating more cross-talk. There's no way you can fit an alnico speaker in there, and only Celestion aftermarket speakers fit. If you like a greenback then you are cool, but if you want anything efficient in there then you are shit outta luck. And it really needs a different speaker. Under mic, the AC10 stock is really nasty.

After a couple of months with it, I decided to part with the AC10. In a way all it did was whet my appetite for getting a different, better designed Vox that has "that Vox sound" but in a package that is easier to undo the ways Vox cheaped out the product. Still, at \$449 the AC10 is incredibly inexpensive. I'm hoping Vox takes feedback from buyers and fixes the quirks of the AC10 for a new model. A slightly larger cab handwired AC10 would rule like a mother. — KELLY MINNIS



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STILL DRINKING

I will always prefer my lagers pale to amber. Modelo over Negro.

The green Dos XX to the brown. And keep your Miller Fortune, sister, I'll have a good old fashion Miller Lite. It's the extra maltiness in the amber lagers I can't abide. All that nutty sweetness dries up the refreshment. No, ma'am. A lager should be crisp, Nordic cold, and in plentiful supply. Exceptions exist—**Brooklyn Lager**, **Yuengling Traditional**, even our fair state's crafted **Texas Red Lager** from **Rahr & Sons**—but such prove rare. The most common Amber Lager in Texas is **ZeigenBock**, brewed by **Anheuser-Busch** in Houston. It's not a bad beer (I hardcore prefer it to **Shiner Bock**, which share qualities only in name and bizarre-ass popularity), but that damn breadly maltiness severs my pleasure each time. Now ZeigenBock has tried their hands at another Texas craft tradition: the German-Style **Kolsch**. A solid Kolsch (think **Karbach's Love Street**, **South Austin Brewing's Kol**, or, closer to home, **Sunner Kolsch** and **Reissdorf Kolsch**) should feature a hay-n-grass, tart grape-like quality. Typically sessionable, a good Kolsch offers a sharp hoppiness where pale lagers feature dull malty biscuit notes. Not surprisingly, ZeigenBock Kolsch fails such standards and betrays style expectations, functioning more as a cheap pale lager than a sturdy Kolsch. That being said, it's still a fine, light-bodied, kick-em-back tailgate beer. Iced twelve packs of ZeigenBock Kolsch will satisfy in the scalding Texas heat, but I can't imagine a new classic is in the making here. I'm giving it 2.5 back porch parties out of five.

Our unruly friends over in Conroe give us consistent reasons to celebrate good beer and raise our glasses to what can be. This time around, **Southern Star Conspiracy Theory IPA** (6.5% ABV / 60 IBUs) redefines what is possible with a West-Coast popped-collar influence brought down here yonder into the Southwest. Conspiracy Theory IPA pours bright yellow (looks a bit like that Kolsch mentioned above). Thick glass lacing shows that it's too proud to go down too quick. Lots of bubbles: the lingerie of beer. Conspiracy's nose offers a heavy, stark pine with dank pulp around the edges. Very deep-woody, Autumn, big ass trees and trails and "Oh no, where are we?" aromas. The initial flavors betray the 60 IBUs declaration. This is a *huge* IPA, stomping both feet with a commanding flavor. Still, those sharp, bitter Amarillo (grapefruit) and Simcoe (apricot and pine) hops come in ALL-CAPS with a big big big flavor that somehow, surprisingly, doesn't feel like a palette slayer. And while the 6.5% ABV isn't exactly sessionable, the intensity of the mouthfeel can still welcome a second (or third) refill. I love this beer. I will buy it and, at some point, wear one in my breast pocket for good measure. Conspiracy gets 4.5 Yes-yes-and-more-yes cries out of five.

This being said, Southern Star has also released a **Spring Pils** that I did not favor. If it's refrigerated, it's cold. If it's poured it a glass before it evaporates, it's wet. If you look at it, it's yellow. If you smell it, it's beer. These are the nicest things I can say about Southern Star's Spring Pils. I bought six, and I was so glad to pawn one off on a visiting friend. Generally, I celebrate Southern Star. Why they let the Spring Pils off the premises is beyond me. It's like a dog breeder letting a two-headed mangy stray escape the lot, the heads named "nasty" and "no more". No score.

Any brewery that collaborated with The Sword is legit in my book, especially one that produces consistently interesting beers without conversation and multiple tastings. **Real Ale Brewers' Cut Product No. 18: Cafe de Olla Porter** (6.6% ABV / 35 IBUs) is one of those beers. According to the label, the Cafe de Olla is a "Porter with distinctive character of the Mexican-style coffee". The Cafe de Olla base is the same base for Real Ale's **Seasonal Coffee Porter**. This beer pours heavy with a thick head that simmers into a thinly lit cola blackish-purple appearance. Loads of light purplish-light breaks through, like a Prince light-show, topped with a thin, Saturn-ring foamy top. Distinct to the Cafe de Olla are flavors of cinnamon, spices, piloncillo sugar. Nose is SWEET. Confectionery. Hints of coffee, but mostly sugar. The flavor is—well, I'll remain reserved—less than ideal. I can say that our own Wonko and Katie Killer greatly loved the Cafe de Olla Porter, but they are also malt fans. And malt fans generally have a higher tolerance for sweet flavors in their beers. Still, it's not the sugary sweetness that gets me. I can sometimes tolerate a sweet beer, especially one with strong stout and porter qualities (ie. coffee, dark chocolate, tobacco, motor oil). But the Cafe de Olla Porter has a hint of cinnamon, and I can't abide cinnamon. As Drunk Uncle would say about the *Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*: "Not in my house." I give this beer a solid 2 happy accents out of five.

Can't let this review go without recommending **Ballast Point Brewing Company** (San Diego, California). They may be the new **Stone Brewing Co.**, maybe even the new **Dogfish Head**. Crap. I only know I get emotional—I go all "Purple Rain"—sipping their beers. Start with the **Sculpin IPA** (7% ABV / 70 IBUs) to get your feet settled. It's big and fruity and will make you want to swing from the boughs of citrus trees into rivers of continental breakfast beverages. Then try the **Pineapple Sculpin** (7% ABV / 70 IBUs), which may be a bit too sweet to justify it's tropical attempts but still reveals where the Sculpin can go if pressed. Then try—holy my Lord—**Ballast Point's Grapefruit Sculpin** (7% ABV / 70 IBUs) it is here that you see what is truly possible with a fine IPA. The Sculpin is already good, but when lifted to the Grapefruit Sculpin it's a pauper married to royalty. The progression found between Sculpin, Pineapple Sculpin, and Grapefruit Sculpin is that found between HEB deli ham, Harvey Washbanger's BLT, and a Madden's Chocolate-Chili-Coffee Rubbed Pork Tenderloin. Get it!

And while you're at it: grab a **Ballast Point Victory At Sea** (10% ABV / 60 IBUs): Imperial Porter with Coffee and Vanilla. Found at our local Spec's, while supplies last. A *huge* beer. Nothing in this bottle is fucking around. This is a straight to the palette, straight to the gullet, straight to the psyche sledge-hammer of a beer. Everything gets pounded. Memory and bad feels included. I can't recommend this beer enough. Pours motor oil black with a fine, bright white head. Smells like espresso and dark chocolate. Vanilla is very subdued (good, because I dislike vanilla) and works more like a hinted sweetener. Primary mouthfeel is COFFEE with a dark cocoa (sweetened) addition. Alcohol heat is present, but pleasantly so. Reminds one to go slow. Simmer. Sip. Think. Reflect. Consider what is worth forgetting. Then have another one. Damn. Ballast Point may be our new best American craft brewery.—KEVIN STILL

STILL POETRY

SURGEON GENERAL

Andy dropped a Marlboro Red
in my Algebra book each day
at the end of seventh period.
I smoked that sucker
on my bike, shoulders back,
buzzed mind a fist of *Penthouse*
and Megadeth, smashing
the glass teeth of tomorrow's
shit-eating grin.

—KEVIN STILL

Andy wept his apology
on his knees before me.
I told him, Andy, the tumor
is in my leg: not my lungs.
He wept anyway, having
ditched his smokes months back.
Besides, I said, you're neither
God nor the devil.
You don't know that, he said.

—KEVIN STILL

WAKING

window still dark. not even
a bird yet, though the paper
smacked the front door like God's
hand on the snooze. bass grooves
from the paperboy's car (no bikes
anymore) rattle up and fade away.
even my wife and our small dogs
remain rolled in a slumbered
burrito of warm half-snores. here,
only the scratch of this pen
as i listen for the earth to stretch
herself - like words
across paper - awake on either side
of the dark.

—KEVIN STILL

LEGENDS OF THE JIM

Harrison out there scribbling
himself into yellow pages,
pausing to fish and - pens
and corks aside - count
the birds of his life. Meanwhile,
I'm ass-deep in spined-titles
I can not recall or sell or
rhetorically cite in a single
Our Father. Two good eyes,
still my words - migrate feathers
through winter oak - dribble
as bearded foam. Harrison,
that bastard, punctuated a legacy
less on libraries consumed
than left behind.

—KEVIN STILL

HAIKU FOR THE DISPOSSESSED

Somewhere someone is
Wishing they were anywhere else
than where they are now.

—KELLY MINNIS

DISRUPTION

Listen as the meaning of my words stirs chaos within
your soul
Let its sound set your mind on fire, and disrupt your
reality.
Human suffering comes from misunderstanding.
Every day we all make decisions that harm others
But we don't realize what we are doing
Our minds are dominated by institutionalized reality.
The only way to fight this is to drop out.
But by doing so, you become a target for others, a sym-
bol of disruption.

Disruption to the system will be the only way change
can ever be made.

But disruption is the opposite of stability.

—DAVID PATE

CYCLE

The Lord
keeps waking me
in the morning,
and I
keep questioning Him
on the matter.

—KEVIN STILL

GOOD LAW

(EVEN FOR ANARCHISTS)

Old men
with torsos
like leather wallets
left in back pockets
through the rinse
and tumble
should wear shirts
when they run.

—KEVIN STILL

NOON DELIGHT

Today, young lovers embraced
- faces close, murmuring - in the
Cracker Barrel parking lot. Their
declarations tainted by country
gravy and a Kenny Rogers coo.

As I ordered catfish and turnip
greens (Of course, the pepper
juice!) with a side of dumplings,
I felt glad as my tea unsweet
to not see them kiss.

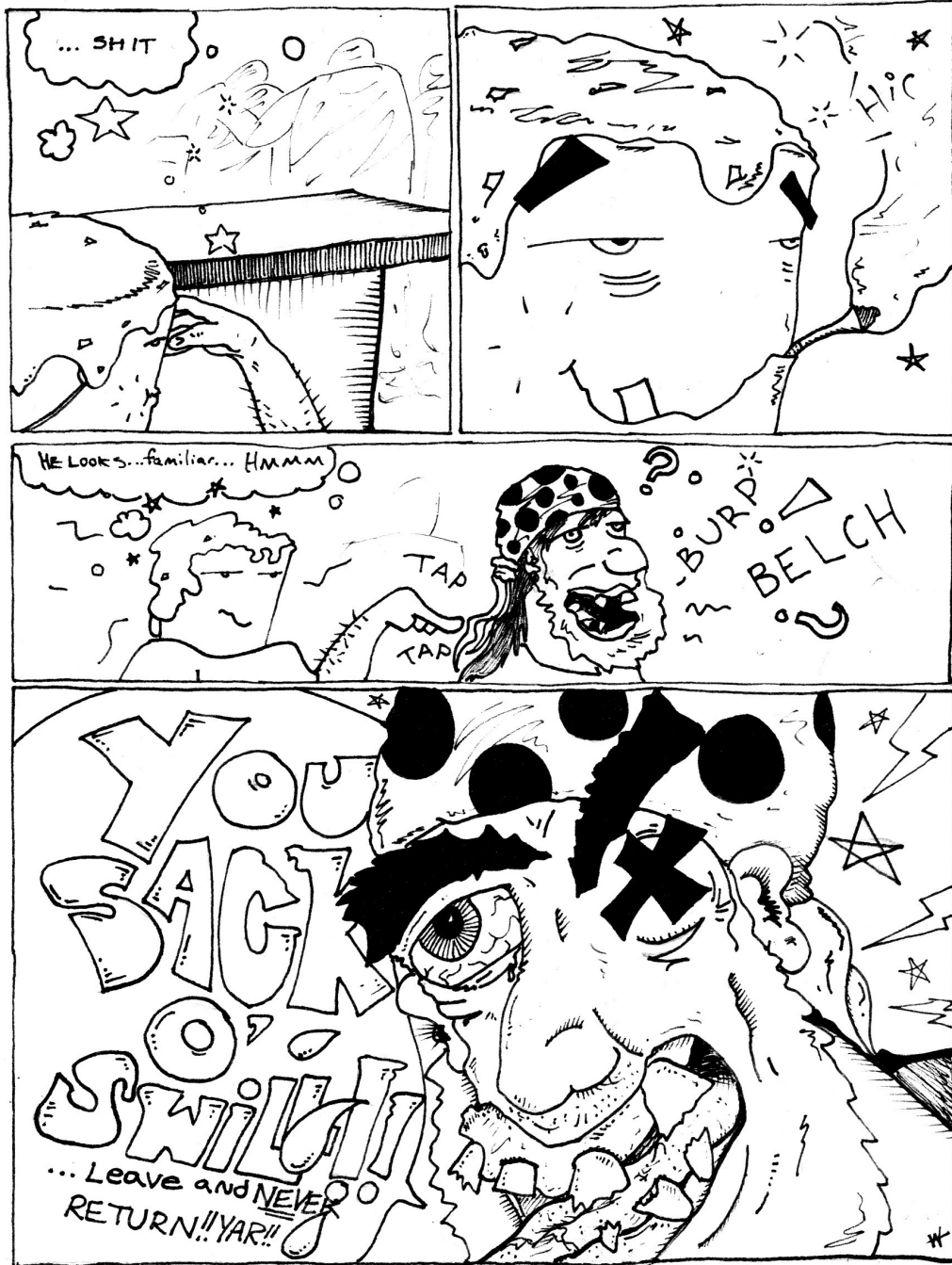
Later, same Cracker Barrel, an
elderly couple nearby plays
that game with the golf tees
and the holes, each move joshed
and heckled forward - Woman, you

don't know what you're doing! Boy,
hush! All those wars behind them
and still giddy in battle. I finish
my tea, glancing the board, grateful
for the dessert of their laughter.

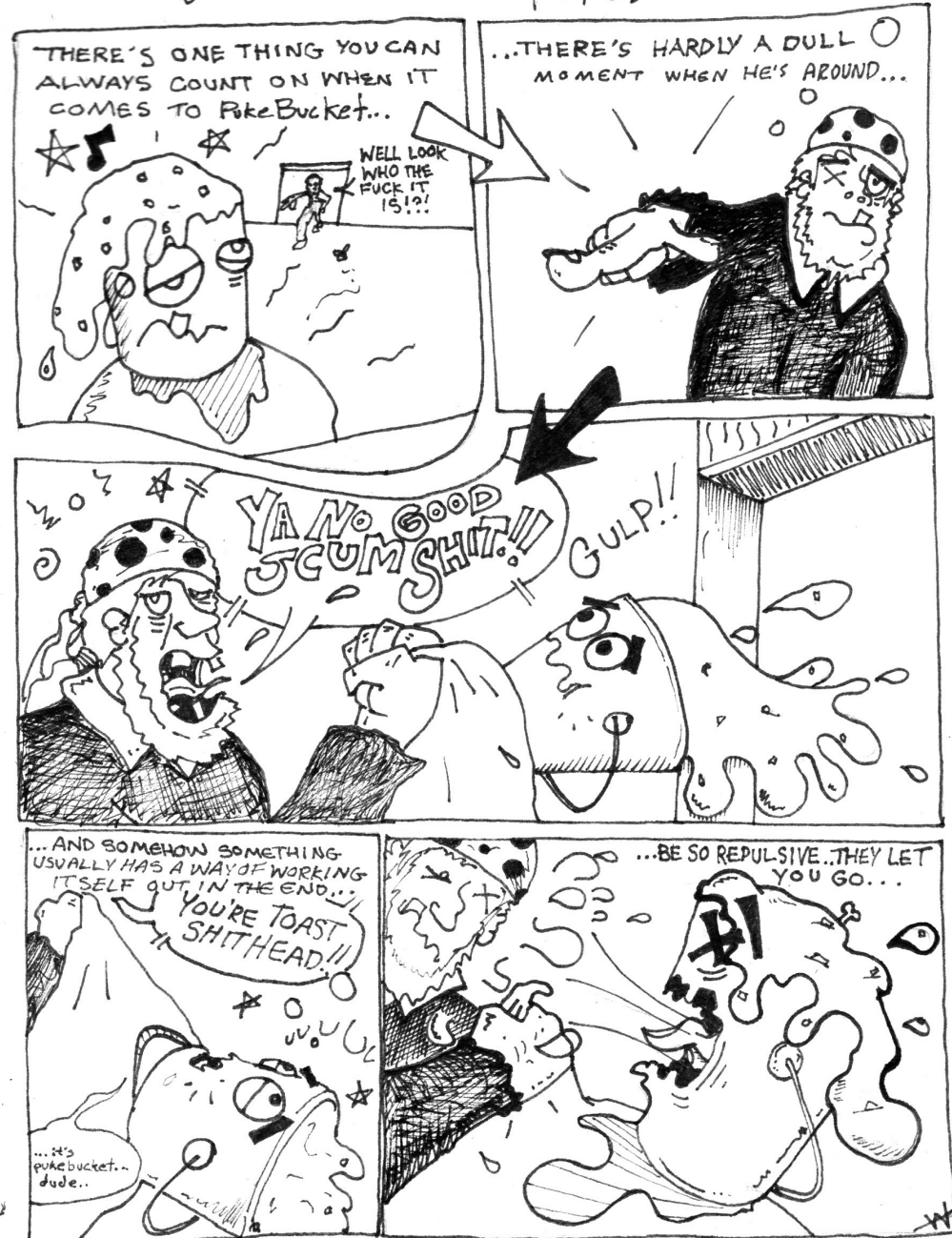
—KEVIN STILL



THE ALL NEW ONGOING MISADVENTURES of PukeBucket # 9



THE ALL NEW CONTINUING MISADVENTURES OF PukeBucket # 10



RECORD REVIEWS



LUCA

When It Comes To You...

I have been a fan of Bryan/College Station indie rock band LUCA since they were booked for LOUDFEST two years ago. I knew nothing about them. They were mostly Texas A&M students who, like a handful of cooler students often do, discovered downtown Bryan and the music scene there a couple of years after they moved to College Station. I was drawn to their very Northwestern guitar-forward indie rock sound. They had that Pedro the Lion/Death Cab For Cutie/Built To Spill sprawling guitar interplay but with a focused approach to songwriting that reminded me of The Shins. Basically, this was the kind of band that I saw a lot of living in Seattle in the late '90s and early '00s, so naturally I became a fan.

Two years later, we have LUCA's first full length album, *When It Comes To You, I Do Things the Hard Way*. It is an expansion of sorts on their first EP *Mistakes To Learn*. LUCA singer/guitarist Josh Willis still writes winsome songs yowled with yearning; the guitars still play off of each other (this time thanks to the addition of Odd Folks guitarist Nic Shields); Ross Hudgins' drums still have that familiar lurch; and Jeremy Pennington still plays counterpoint to all that guitar action. But what is different this time is that LUCA's sound is a bit noisier on one extreme (witness the atonal clashes in "Face of Grace") and towards the end of "Impossible Ends") and at times the music aims for majesty and grandeur (the closing title track). The other thing that seems the most interesting of the growth of this band is it seems like Willis is trying to get right with the Jesus, as a lot of the lyrical content is spiritually focused without being overtly praise-y.

It is the title track that closes out the album that I keep coming back to. It's musical imagery spreads out like a drive across West Texas, all subdued, intricate guitars, warm drums, and Willis turning a self-reprimand into a hymn...until the sky opens up and the rains come. This album is perhaps one of the best to ever crawl its way out of Brazos County.—KELLY MINNIS



Sturgill Simpson

A Sailor's Guide To Earth

Two years ago Sturgill Simpson made a splash in the music world with *Metamodern Sounds in Country Music*, an album that was lauded for its 70s country-politain style and had little in common with the truck country that currently dominates FM radio. With *A Sailor's Guide To Earth*, Simpson has taken that attitude a step further with a sound hardly akin to any country sub-genre were it not the instrumentation and his Jennings/Haggard-esque vocals. The horns and grooves featured throughout the record give songs such as "All Around You" a classic soul vibe that remind you of something Sam Cooke or Ben E. King might've sang. Opener "Welcome To Earth (Pollywog)" starts with a pretty piano and string accompaniment for the first half before launching into a handclapped beat with the full band, organ, and horn section that'll make you feel like doing the twist. Turns out the horn players are from Sharon Jones and The Dap Kings, which explains the excellent boogie on "Keep It Between The Lines". Lead single "Brace For Impact (Live a Little)" starts with a throbbing bass and slick riff-refrain to build into a slow burn that Drive By Truckers might've created. One of the most talked about songs on *Sailor's Guide* is a cover of "In Bloom", handled

here in a completely different manner from Cobain's angst by instead giving the song a light-sense of nostalgia. "Sea Stories" is probably the most flat-out country song on the album, and it's also one of the best, an old-school country-rocker with a Dwight Yoakam-kick to it. Simpson ends the album with "Call to Arms", a barn-burner with the groove of a Stevie Wonder-classic that explodes multiple times with solos abound, exemplifying all the styles and sounds he is blending together in these set of songs. Sturgill Simpson seems to be going in a different path from other throwback country acts like Chris Stapleton or Kacey Musgraves. He's not interested in getting back to basics; he wants to break down walls.—TODD HANSEN



The Coathangers

Nosebleed Weekend

Immediately, the note ringing most obvious in the new Coathangers album, *Nosebleed Weekend*, is confidence. From track one, the jokes are (nearly) gone. A band that on previous releases *Scramble* (2009), *Larceny* and *Old Lace* (2011), and the map-placing *Suck My Shirt* (2014) poked fun at themselves before the critics could has now fully embraced their rightful-stand as a legit rock-n-roll outfit. That being said, I loved the humor in older Coathangers records. I liked the party feel, the beer-and-high-five sensibility. Through all Coathangers early releases, seven-inches included, the band—who've referred to themselves in Ramones terms: Julia Kugel on guitar and vocals (Crook Kid Coathanger), Meredith Franco on bass (Minnie Coathanger), and Stephanie Luke (Rusty Coathanger)—presented themselves as a part-time act. *Suck My Shirt*, a

multi-layered progression that witnessed the loss of keyboardist/guitarist Candice Jones, was the first album to feel like full-time, salary-scale material. *Nosebleed Weekend*—big as hell—amps these gals to positions of Valhalla CEO. These girls mean serious business. Most reviews of *Nosebleed Weekend* begin with a hearty shout-out to the girls' "Squeaky Tiki", the track that features a squeaking rubber-duckie around the chorus. Admittedly, it's a fun track. This is old-school Coathangers, having a laugh and not giving a shit. But the rubber-duckie is not the highlight of the album. The highlight of the album is—and I'll lose so much cred here—the production. This album sounds and feels serious in a way that The Coathangers have never sounded or felt so serious. A part of me doesn't even like it. Listening to *Nosebleed Weekend* makes me want to key up *Suck My Shirt* and queue "Trailer Park Boneyard" on my YouTube, while still taking new notes, listening closely to this fresh sound, lifting my eyebrows where I've only tossed a nod and giggle. These girls have gone from writing for 979Reprezent to attempting a Pulitzer Novel. And it's good. It's a good record and a good move.

Some of The Coathangers' finest songs are found on this record. A newly harsh, serious, Grammy-bent has produced significant earworms: most notably the opening track "Perfume" ('80s, Cameron Crowe soundtrack goodness), the title track (as brassy as anything since *Larceny* and *Old Lace's* "Hurricane"), and "Down Down" (a calm, almost-surf rock opening riff that bends into a Johnny Utah 'what-the-fuck-did-I-sign-up-for' layered vocal track medley). Also, it's hard not to overly-amp tracks #7 "Watch Your Back" (Julia at her vocal best since *Larceny's* "Trailer Park Boneyard") and #11 "Hi-Ya" (cute-as-fuck). Also, I feel compelled to share that Julia Kugel has a killer low-fi solo project by the name of White Woods that you can hear on YouTube, Spotify, and order by the 7" via Suicide Squeeze Records. I highly recommend. That girl oozes music from every pore.—KEVIN STILL

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CONCERT CALENDAR

5/4—KANM Fundraiser with Cheap Haircuts, Electric Astronaut, Mutant Love, Hyah!, Jackson Webb @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

5/6—Daniel Gonzalez Band, Strange Fiction, Malooly, Tyler Smith @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

5/6—Birthday Club, Iowin, Honeyrude, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm

5/7—Corusco, LUCA @ New Republic Brewing Company, College Station. 4:30pm

5/12—Wreckless Eric, Mutant Love (acoustic), J Goodin, Kelly Minnis @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

5/14—Rock Away Cystic Fibrosis feat. John Fullbright, Maggie Koerner, Andrew Duhon Trio, Jordan York, Spur of the Moment @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 2:30pm

5/14—Toologi (Tool tribute), Smile Transylvania @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

5/21—SCC presents BCS Pro MMA Fights @ Brazos County Expo, Bryan. 6pm

6/2—In the Trench, Distance/Here, Kota, A Chance At Revenge, Under Subsidence, Hoping All Theories Exist @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6:30pm

6/3—Corusco @ Murphy's Law, Bryan. 8pm

6/3—The Ex-Optimists, BULLS, SkyAcre, Hand Me Down Adventure @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

6/18—Omotai, Funeral Horse, Electric Astronaut, Jody Seabody & The Whirls @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/1—Conflict, Total Chaos, Grand Collapse, Mutant Love, GirlBand @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm

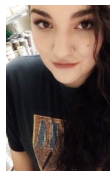
7/15—The Hangouts, Unicornog @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

WADING : 24

Looking out into vastness of black has the ability to leave you breathless for what seems like hours. Even the stars have no luck piercing the darkness of the ocean. If the stars can't do it, who do we wish upon to fulfill our dreams?

At 24 you're supposed to be brave. Walking through the fine grained shore at 2:00 AM is one thing, but mustering up enough courage to walk into the water is another. It's absolutely terrifying looking out beyond the visible waves into what seems like an abyss. It's beautiful: frightening. I think this is what hell looks like. Hell would be the most gorgeous thing, but there would be a constant sense of fear and dread, so much so that it would drive you mad. That is what the ocean does; that's what 23 did. It drove you mad with its beauty, with its vastness, with its ability to slip your soul from your body without even a glint of suspicion. One moment you were brave and you dipped a toe into the cool salty water, and the next minute you found yourself waist deep in the carefree blackness. You became blind and reckless. You fell in love with the idea of adventure and even love its self; with courage and pride, and in an

instant the dangers that lurk within yourself surfaced to swallow you whole. These mythical creatures you hear and read about, but never really see, the ones you've never touched, these little demons with their big mouths and sharp teeth swim through the sea grabbing and pulling down any sort of life that is brave enough to dip their toes in; you can't see them, but they're there, waiting. I'm not afraid of the monsters that wait, I'm afraid more of losing my mind. It seemed like such an impossible thing; unfathomable. But then, you look out into the world and see how small, ugly, and tainted you are. Even veiled by the night, the body senses and can feel the depth. You can feel the sand under your feet, you can feel the water on your toes, and you can feel the endlessness of distance and space with eyes burning holes through you in the blackness. An entire universe, dark and cold, under the surface while wading in seemingly emptiness, but that's a lie. It's not empty, in fact, it's far from empty. It's overflowing with mystery, salvation and demise. It's a place meant for the brave and beautiful, but eventually everyone is pushed underwater. Sink or swim. You're 24, kid. —JESSICA LITTLE



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