

STARGREPRESENT



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inside: the importance of live & local - piss where you like - loudfest redux - are you sure you know how to listen? - wreckless eric - still poetry a eulogy for jan crouch - todd lives in a film - nostalgia for fun & profit - record reviews - concert calendar



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

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THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVE AND LOCAL

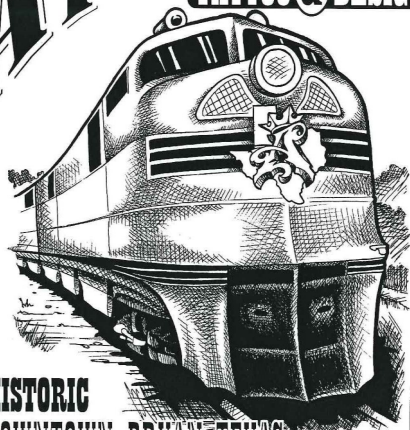
It will probably surprise no one that once upon a time I was a broadcast news writer and producer. From 1991-2006 I was either preparing scripts or producing programming. It was a lot of business as usual, following well-prepared "beats", the same daily routine but with new information. Until it wasn't routine. And when it wasn't, it was violently different. It was because of a natural disaster, an assassination, a catastrophic act of war. Wrath of God shit. It usually happened without warning and you and your crew had to react to it in an instant and be able to provide the most accurate information in as timely a manner as was possible. This is what happened late last month when a tornado ripped through southeast Bryan and the ensuing thunderstorms flooded out large portions of the area.

If there was no live and local presence on the airwaves area citizens would've had a very hard time figuring out where to go, where not to go, how to pick up their kids after school, where the next storm surge was coming from, why traffic was stalled, etc. KBTX TV did a stellar job of tracking the storm with its on-air broadcast. The internet simulcast included a real time Twitter ticker that helped to augment the broadcast and get viewers involved with in-field reporting, in a way turning anyone with a smartphone into a potential stringer to send back on-the-spot updates. It was the promise of the integrated new media of the 21st century realized. This was awesome if you were in front of a television or a computer or you had cell service, bandwidth, and battery power. If you were out in your car searching the radio waves for likeminded coverage, well, you were flat-out fucked. KEOS was off the air due to a technical malfunction; KAMU wouldn't dare veer from *All Things Considered*, and sports radio was on the bird as was 1620 AM. If you ever wanted to know why radio consolidation was ultimately bad for the small market, here was your proof.

Now, I know what all the media studies say, that listeners apparently couldn't care less if their DJ is sitting in their skivvies behind a mixing board on Briarcrest versus in their home studio in Wisconsin, and normally I'd agree. Again, it's that well-worn daily routine that operates 99.9% of the time. But during that .1% of the time when disaster strikes, live and local is paramount to the safety and the well-being of the community these radio stations operate in. In fact, if you read the FCC charter for a station's license, it is *required by federal law that a radio station broadcasts in the community's interest*. That means finding a way, come hell or high water, to be live and local in a time of crisis. KEOS gets a pass; WTAU I'm not sure what they were thinking leaving satellite programming on instead of going live and local; KANM...that radio station is endowed to the max and that it does not employ someone to at least do local cut-ins during the holes built specifically into *Morning Edition* and *All Things Considered* beyond fundraising or student meteorologists is a shame. It is a blessing that no one was seriously injured and no one drowned during that storm, but it also revealed some glaring weaknesses in the community. I realize profits are razor thin in the business these days, but this is what you are here for: broadcasting in the community's best interest. Learn from this misstep. — KELLY MINNIS

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ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO LISTEN?

I don't mean to say that you don't know how to listen. I just really dig having a deeper connection to music. And this piece isn't so much going to be about listening, but about procuring the right environment to be able to enjoy listening to music. And by "enjoy" I mean, "be moved". Cuz isn't that the point?

Well, radio would say it's not the point, repeating the same songs over and over, and only the tracks that have the financial backing and marketing from the labels. Plus, that's just background in the car driving the kids to PetSmart to buy frozen mice for their snake or while you are watching a TV commercial. That's not an environment conducive to actually listening.

Remember back when you had all your homework done (or were blowing it off) and you weren't interested in reruns of *CHIPS* or *A-Team*. Well, it was better...summer, and none of your friends were even awake yet. You'd grab a record (or tape, or CD or whatever), pop it in and just sit there looking at the ceiling? Sometimes looking at the album art (Mr. Bungle, Black Sabbath), sometimes following along with the lyrics (Fates Warning, King Diamond), sometimes just imagining that the singer knew about your life and problems and was singing right to you? (Muse, Alice in Chains)

THAT was really listening. When was the last time you did that? Some of you do it all the time, and I applaud that. I do it as often as I can, and I find the perfect time is when the kids are finally asleep, the wife has her mouthguard in and has pulled the comforter up to her chin (meaning there is no chance tonight), and the dishes are done.

One time, I challenged the kids to a foot rub contest. I blindfolded myself, popped in the headphones and all 4 of them gave me a foot rub. All I had to do was choose the best one and give them a cupcake or something as a prize. That was pretty fantastic let me tell you.

Sometimes I relisten to something that's stuck with me for ages, like The Cure's *Pornography* or FSOL *ISDN*. Sometimes...actually, most times, I listen to stuff I've never heard before. This is one of my favorite things to do.

I head over to Soundcloud or YouTube and click on whatever looks interesting...or not, then give it a few minutes. Truth is, like you most likely are, I am pretty picky. But that makes it fun...like finding that hidden door in the Water Temple on Ocarina of Time that has that last freaking key.

Every once in awhile, there's a really cool find. But the truth is, I'm a huge fan of listening for "what"...and even the "why" that people create. I am a creator, I know my process is complicated and sometimes harrowing, so listening for those cues is what I love. Is there a hook in the verse or a guitar lick that seems to be what was the spark in the first place. Or a lyric or bassline. I am a lover and consumer of sounds and melodies I have never heard before.

Live music is another story altogether. Live music is easier in a sense. Have you ever noticed that live music almost always sounds better than the recorded product? I read Peter Dinklage's autobiography, and he talked about how until *Kiss Alive*, they really didn't capture the sound and energy of their live shows...and it's true. The first album I ever bought with my own money was the first Kiss album. It had "Strutter" and "100,000 Years" and "Cold Gin". Almost all of the tracks on that album were great tracks. I was so proud. I had something cool that my older brother (who was always cooler than me) didn't have. Then he bought *Kiss Alive*. Shit. That was way cooler.

Pretty much more often than not, when I freak out over a band's live set and buy their recorded music at a show, I am disappointed when I play it the next day. There is something about watching them work together on stage creating something they've crafted and polished. And taking video never works. You just gotta be there to see their passion and their interactivity and heart.

Now, I'm not saying you shouldn't buy merch from bands. You should. In fact, it's kinda like a vote for them to succeed. That's how I see it. I always look for cool shirts, and I definitely buy a CD if I think the band rocks. It helps.

So... Take some time to really listen to music. Drive time doesn't count. Research bands before you go see them live. Try to talk to them before or after their show. Get better headphones. (Spend at least \$30)

And if you find yourself at a show, find the best listening spot. Maybe it's up front where the singer can awkwardly point at you and you point back. Maybe it's right in the middle where the focal point of the angled speakers hits your ears, perfectly mixing with the subs coming up from under the stage and the stacks behind the players. Maybe it's at the back wall. One of my favorite places is right next to the soundboard. You will figure it out, but you gotta be purposeful. —JORGE GOYCO



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Rented Mule is intent on seeing **ASS**, I had wanted to check them out but at this point I am so inebriated that I actually start buying drinks from the bar and have a full pint of cider (I drank 4 but was only charged for one on my tab I'll discover the following day clearing out my pockets.) when I'm told **ASS** is on. I'm trying to down my ice cold beverage as quickly as I can when I see that **MUTANT LOVE** is getting ready to play. I feel as if I'm going through a real "Sophie's Choice" here having to choose between **ASS** AND **MUTANT LOVE**. Life isn't fair but I'm drinking and a young woman has walked up to me and painted an upside down cross in the middle of

my forehead. Seeing as everyone else has also been branded with this and matching lips, I nudge her and implore she finish the job.

Rented Mule finds me and Mike arm in arm, black lipped and upside down forehead crossed jamming to Mutant Love in the pit as I see the lead singer fall to the ground with two others while continuing to play guitar and sing. The events get cloudy after this as I am tap dancing fairly close to blackout drunk.

I remember catching up with Marty of **Pink Eye** and debating Dead Kennedy's and The Sex Pistols. The argument was could you still like the bands without the lead singer. I say no. **JELLO BIAFRA IS** the Dead Kennedys. **JOHN LYDON WAS** the Sex Pistols. I'll write about that in further detail elsewhere but Rented Mule and I did gang up on him and we both hope he realizes we love him and only want to cuddle him and puppies and drink warm beer.

The next thing I know I have gone from outside to inside from what I surmise is a mutant teleportation ability powered by drinking and now have a couch arm digging up my asshole as I try to stand on a crowded couch while just about every person at LOUDFEST is now sweaty and shirtless and bowing down to Bryan's Queen Supreme Niki Shea as she fronts **The Hangouts**. Wonko floats past me shirtless playing bass on a cloud of sweaty men, the vapor coming from their bodies is enough to create the kind of haze you see in mountain tops. Tonight is surreal and pairing beautifully with my drunken stupor.

Somewhere in this time period, a beautiful woman tells me I am the most attractive person ever and plants one on me. Well now. Unfortunately her husband is made of huge and muscles, so I'll just take the compliment and that it was witnessed by Mike and Rented Mule.

I don't remember getting back to Katie and Wonko's digs but there I am defending Depeche Mode to a guy that couldn't even pronounce BAUHAUS correct AND a guy arguing Charles Manson's innocence because he knows mysticism and occultism and if you know the real stuff you KNOW he's innocent. Whatever, I'm bored so I move on.

As super drunk me makes the rounds looking to partake in conversation with other's, I realize I am unable to double dutch in to these conversations and decide to sit in the living room by myself on a couch. I have a weird thing I do when I'm drunk or stoned where I create "stories". This one apparently is so fucking hilarious I'm laughing hysterically and repeating whatever was making me laugh to my self over and over again when I see someone walk in take notice of my actions and turn around and walk back out.

The next thing I remember is sunlight pouring onto my face as I'm hanging upside down on top of the guest bed I had been frequenting with three days unbrushed hair and a still perfectly painted upside down cross on my forehead.

LOUDFEST, you did me good and I can't wait to do even better at LOUDFEST X next year. — *CREEPY HORSE*

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It sure has rained a lot in TX this spring. That's like saying there sure has been a lot of sunshine in the Sahara this summer. Normally we don't worry much about the rain

with LOUDFEST but the last two years we've had to put in rain contingency plans. Other than moving one band to the Stafford and starting early Thursday, the rain had little effect on our humble festival. Thank the rain gods for giving us a reprieve.

Thursday is generally "cray cray" night at Revolution. All the noisy, cranky, weirdo bands take over, whilst The Stafford had a college dude indie rock motif going on. The highlight for me on Thursday was easily Austin noise trio **The Shutups**. This band set up in the middle of the floor at Revolution in plushy getups and this fantastic numbers to the right by guitarist Michael Frazier. This reminds me of the old B/CS days when we had Skullfucker shows, with an army of musicians spread out over The Stafford. It's so loud the place just *throbs*. This is what The Shutups are like. The band explores the music like a blind man looking for a coin slot. A lot of fumbling, scraping, banging, and searching until the slot is found. And then a minute later, there's another coin to insert. The drummer explored the space with his drums. Carried them all around Revolution, handing them to people to play along, eventually stabbing a hole through a drum head and then wearing the drum while playing (the audience even plays along on the shoulder-mounted drum). Sure, there have been other bands that bring the band right out to the audience and destroy the line between audience and performer, but this isn't all caps SERIOUS, this is playful and fun.

At The Stafford **LUCA** continued to prove why they are the best non-punk/metal band in Bryan/College Station. The Stafford stage blows their sound up big and full and if you didn't know any better you'd think you were seeing a much bigger band in a much bigger venue somewhere else. Another Stafford standout for me was **Corusco**, who has recently stepped up their game tenfold with the addition of Carlos Garza on drums. No longer just a side project, Corusco has their thing down pat now. And lastly **Forever Today** is also a gamechanger. A local band that's been around for awhile but strangely it's there first LOUDFEST. Big radio ready alt-rock that is easily B/CS's most likely to candidate to have a real career in music. Again, close your

eyes and you'd think you were hearing a band on the second stage at Warped Tour.

Friday is generally **The Ex-Optimists** night, so there are lots of my favorite bands roaming around. **Jealous**

Creatures made their LOUDFEST debut, blowing people's minds. **A Sundae Drive** got the audience to sing along with their cover of Fugazi's "Waiting Room". **Cornish Game Hen** blistered the inside of Revolution with their synthpunk. At one point, synthesizer/guitarist Doktor Schoen is found banging his head on his Moog, sweat flying everywhere as he brow-fingered the synthesizer. **Economy Island** turned in its first LOUDFEST set with the easy lope of Crazy Horse set to early '90s indie rock. Over at The Stafford I caught **The Killer Hearts'** first LOUDFEST set. It is the best rocknroll show I have

ever seen in seven year history of The Stafford. Now I know what it must have been like to see Guns & Roses at the Whisky in 1986. Fuck postcore or whatever metal genre is cool right now. Find more Sunset Strip metal bands like The Killer Hearts and found a movement already.

Saturday I am less a spectator and more a musician. That said, local postrock trio **Tenino** blew me away with their noisy and ambient take on the genre. **Golden Sombrero** debuted a whole bunch of new songs and paid tribute to the fallen with a fantastic Bowie/Prince medley.

The rest of the night is a blur. I concentrated so hard on watching **Mutant Love** drummer Colin Witucki during their set that I nearly blew an o-ring. Bands who have two drummers sure make it look easy, because that shit was super hard to execute. If there is one moment that defines LOUDFEST for me it is watching the crowd pick up Wonko Zuckerberg during **The Hangouts'** set and carry him around with that smile like you've just been on the awesomest rollercoaster ever and can't wait to climb back on.



On behalf of Matt, Niki, Wonko, and myself, we have to thank everyone who helped make the 9th LOUDFEST the biggest one yet. We couldn't do it without all the volunteers who help run door and cook for the bands; the sponsors who loan us a place to run the show, help us make t-shirts, give us band beer, and buy band food; special thanks to Rola and Advent GX for happily donating Revolution and The Grand Stafford each year; the G-Tone crew for running outdoor sound at Revs; and of course every one who came out this year. Already counting the days til LOUDFEST X. — **KELLY MINNIS**

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So, travelling back and forth between venues, I ended up at Revs for **The Shut Ups**.

I'm watching three normal looking guys setting up their equipment. Nothing out of the ordinary really. Not sure what to expect. I heard the drummer say something about smoking some pot and drinking a Red Bull right before he left Revs. Their show would start in about 10 minutes or so. Cool. I like watching bands perform when they are high.

David Lynch walks in with a big smile on his face and tells me he was out back flying his drone (or whatever else he does back there), and a cop drove by, slowed down, then kept going on his way. The thing was, the cop wasn't stopping because of David, he was stopping because there were three grown men standing in the parking lot in their underwear.

And then they walked in to revs, not in their underwear, but in mascot costumes and a fat lady with pasties in a mad baby mask. Freakin' hilarious. This is gonna be good.

Then they started up and I felt like I was trippin balls. The drummer was manic. He was slammin the skins harder than Jake Northam from **Second Runner Up**. He was standing up, picking up drums and leaving them around the place for people to play, letting them control the tempo for a bit. Never seen anything like this. The guitarist had a line of shots he kept downing, which was hilarious since he was wearing a mad baby head. So weird. The bassist seemed to be in charge...sort of.

They didn't sound like songs, they sounded like chaos that suddenly fell into order. And that order was a dark sludge with power and meat and claws and sharp fangs. Holy crap. I was standing behind Matt Shea, and his head would start bobbing when it all melded and came together. So did mine. couldn't turn away. I was mesmerized. I wasn't expecting to stay for their whole set, but I had a bunch of rusty hooks all over me. I had a smile on my face.

I'm telling you, such heavy beats, and such dark chuggs. So good. At one point, the drummer had a busted floor tom on his head, and he was still pounding out a massive beat. Then he stands up, like he had an instant explosion of clarity, and he yelled, "STOP!" The guitarist and bassist stopped...and that was the show. Somehow around 20 or so minutes had passed. I was stunned.

The drummer passes me, running out of Revs with a loud wretch. I follow him outside and see him curved over the trash can right by the "Emergency Exit". I guess Niki Shea was standing too close and splits to the other side of the patio with an, "I'm out of here!" look on her face. The guy writhes a few more times. It doesn't sound like he's actually throwing up. Maybe his body is in shock or something

because of the intensity of his performance. He uncurls and shakes it off. Someone hands him a cup of water and he pours it over his head. He looks over at me and I say something like, "That was No Shit, man!" It just came out. It's how I was feeling. And he gives me a thumbs up and says, "Thanks man." in a small, unassuming voice. "I'm glad you enjoyed it." I was a bit confused. This was the guy who just moments ago was freaking out all beast mode like Jekyll and Hyde. Then he says something about being 100% ad lib. I was speechless.

it a shot. You would have to pull the Ramones and Sex Pistols out of their graves and retirement to find a more punk band than Girlband. Their lyrics are hard, they're nasty and they bring a punch. The crowd responded: with moshing. Hair was swinging, water was spraying and the energy could not have been more electric. If every band at LOUDFEST had the passion, skill and following of Girlband the festival would never end.

T.S.S.: Great band to mosh to, but I miss the **Stout City Luchadores**.

ASS thrills The Stafford audience.

Photo by David Lynch



Favorite show of the freaking year! The Shut Ups rocked the house!—**JORGE GOYCO**

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A Daughter-Dad Look at LOUDFEST

Daughter: This was not my first LOUDFEST, and by no means my last, so I will just share a few thoughts from the chaotic cacophony that was this three day local festival (even though I just made Friday and Saturday).

Mothracide: Best Andrew W K impression.

First Thought Worst Thought: With a co-lead singer most would peg for Tarzan's stunt double before they heard his pipes, I was intrigued by the Austin-based band from the start. Their lyrics may have been popPy but they were rock-punk to the core. The more diminutive, but by no means less talented, co-lead singer belted out heartbreak songs worthy of the wordsmiths in Ludo. The guitar work of FTWT kept the audience engaged when the words faded. Definitely worth a trip into the burnt orange country of Austin to see this group again.

A Deathbed Promise: Good energy despite too much feedback,

Girlband: While there isn't much I can say about this all-female punk band that hasn't already been said, I'll give

Dad:

Best Find: **Cornish Game Hen:** I know these guys from Houston have played the area often, but it was my first time to see the pop punkish trio live. Let's face it—anyone with an outrageously (albeit not PC) fun tune called "Midget Toss" has to be on the right track. B ass, drums, and synth made for an upbeat sound that was always entertaining—I wish they could have played longer.

Best 'Deep Purple' Cover: "Highway Star" by **the Inflatable Baptists**.

Best Rediscovery: **The Inators.** I know, I know, a local band that has played the area quite a bit, but the first time I saw them was early on, so seeing them now after they've obviously gelled was a revelation. Relaxed and energetic with some really catchy rock tunes, The Inators put on a superb show, just fantastic (loved the Replacements cover). Get their EP now.

Most Reliable Rock – Girlband, Golden Sombrero, A Sundae Drive, Babylon Breakers (who has that much energy?)

Best Gas Mask – Dethtruck. Proto-metal.

Best of the Rest – Jealous Creatures: two women (one huge-voiced lead singer), two men, a suitcase of great songs and performance wiles. International Bitterness Unit: solid performers (and we had couch-side seats). Killer Hearts: proof of the influence of Guns and Roses and Buckcherry over the years, nice tunes. Kingdom of Suicide Lovers: KOSL with its synths, good job. — **CHELSEA DOWNEY & MIKE L. DOWNEY**

THE WAR DRUM CLANGS TO THE OIL DRUM BEAT

The revolution will not be televised, the reality is not on the screens. Cliché as hell yet still just as true. During my undergrad studies my history professors spoke of an upcoming revolution. The revolution they said would not be a race war like we were led to believe but instead it would be a class war. I remember they spoke with an almost unnerving certainty, stating that it wasn't a matter of if, so much as a matter of when. They guessed the sometime in the next 10-15 years. That was now almost a decade ago. Looking at the state of things now I can't help but think they were right.

They spoke of the massive buying out of people's old reserves for "quick cash", because minerals and commodities are always viable currency in failed states. They spoke of the death of democracy as a catalyst for the coming tides of revolution. I have thought long and hard on this subject and feel confident it is the right recourse. That and I am **READY TO FIGHT**. Non-violent for as long as possible till there is no choice left but to bear arms. I'm sure you've heard people speak poorly of the Second Amendment and say things like, "well you don't need an assault rifle to hunt a bear". You're right you don't, but you do need one if you plan to take on a soulless militaristic money machine who watches your every move. That was the intent of the law, to allow us to protect ourselves as best as possible from a tyrannical unjust government should and when the time comes. I'm just fine with that.

I've never been one for unjust wars, but I tell you, a full on revolutionary class war, that I am game for should the proverbial shit to hit the fan.

Currently there is the Bernie Sanders movement calling for a political revolution. That same political revolution is based on many of the same principles that typically serve as the launching point for class warfare. Wall Street and Washington should be scared of the people this time that they have so callously stepped on to make themselves seem greater than the common good under the guise of perpetuating the greater good. All charades. If anything, this election has proved to me that perhaps my profs truly knew the direction of the country merely based off the foresight of history. H

istory can teach us many things, like when enough is enough and that when people stand up united, that things tend to eventually change drastically in their favor. All truly good things are worth the trouble. I heard someone say the other day that the role of the government is to steer the boat and that it's the people's job to row. I feel that if the government expects higher salaries and special treatment then they should row while the people steer the direction of the country. Pretty simple stuff. Remember this won't be poor vs. middle class like many would like you to think, think more like the French Revolution, people of excess wealth who have walled themselves in with only their obscenely repugnant old world lavish wears. Washington can black out the TV screens but can't prevent what's happening in the streets.

Tick-tock, enough with the standard old rhetoric. Where has any of it gotten us? We must accept each other as people and not piles of wealth or debt. In order for us to correct this we must first gut and rebuild something better. Just what that something is is entirely up to our generation and those yet to come to decide. Perhaps if we think before we act and come together in public forums our voices will be heard and unified and the gallows can be set for those who have relentlessly exploited the meek, naive, humble. It's time to jail the jailers and free slaves of debtors prisons and such. True change is in the hands of the people, but if they people knew that they wouldn't be watching the TV show news pushed down from the higher ups to dilute the truth with distorted fictional semi-truths. They spend billions to sedate you, so they can keep you walking grid, never truly living because they have you buying their lies literally handing money fist over hand to people from other economies, while hurting our own economy to only complain about the state yours is in which they will tell you is all because of foreigners. Circular logic at its finest. If we've lost faith in the government to operate honestly and efficiently then it's up to us & time for us to restore honesty and transparency anyway possible, together.

Power to the people. Rise up.

In Solidarity, - *WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON*

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The only reason
Doris said that
is she wants that
dick...

You're just
jealous.. cuz
you're queer...

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✱

A EULOGY FOR JAN CROUCH

Jan Crouch passed away today. You may not know the name right off, but you know her. She is the televangelist wife of Trinity Broadcast Network with the larger than life pink hair.

Since I was young, I've held an enamored affection for televangelists. The campiness of it all. The larger than life grandeur, the lifestyles of the rich and famous made by shaming the poor out of their hard earned money through guilt and fear mongering. Growing up it was first and foremost the Bakers and the mascara tears and grandeur of Tammy Faye, the Devo-esque hair stylings of Kenneth Copeland and the famous "If you're poor, you are sinning" Robert Tilton.

The 90's would find me enamored with TBN. I lived to watch Benny Hinn clearing out piles of grown men with his power of the Lord and would watch in wonderment as I put it on mute and listened to loud punk rock over it. Pre- internet so you had to be creative in those days.

It'd be a night where I fell asleep with the TV on and awoke to one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, Jan Crouch.

After her husband who had led TBN went into a massive downfall of allegations of homosexual affairs and pay-offs, it was Jan that took over the reigns, shoohing her not-hiding-it-so-well closeted husband onto the sidelines. (He'd remiss until his final days wearing tacky "overtly-gay" styled Versace-esque clothing, his quintessential mustache and tagging along and agreeing with whatever truths his wife spoke. Many rumors suggested that they were actually secretly divorced and both having indulgences to their tastes with many affairs reported over the years, pretending to still be happily married for the network.)

But Jan didn't just take over, not before massively over-indulging her appearance making a caricature of herself. Her prominent hairstyle would become not just massive and Jayne Mansfield on steroids, but it was also oddly cotton candy pink. She also had impeccably garish makeup that became thicker, heavier and far more distinct. She could also weep violently without ever affecting her perfectly made up eyes, always a hanky on hand to dab her eyes. If she was to be likened to Tammy Faye Baker, she was the acid dipped ketamine and ecstasy version of her.

Unlike her contemporary Tammy Faye, she never really had a fall from grace. She brazenly spent the monies donated to live as campy and extravagantly as she looked. The documentary *The Eyes of Tammy Faye* would show how ruthless she was in shoving Jim and

Tammy Faye Baker out of Trinity Broadcasting and ultimately shunning them completely. Even when Tammy Faye forgave her and offered her an olive branch to be a part of her documentary, Jan still couldn't be bothered. Whereas Tammy Faye Baker would fall from grace and have her entire life dragged through the muck and end up recanting her past decadence, Jan never once apologized for shit.



When her own Granddaughter publicly accused her of "of misappropriating network funds to spend on a lavish lifestyle", that didn't stop Jan nor did she ever even address it. Nope, instead she boasted about how she was able to afford expensive homes, a personal \$100,000 air conditioned mobile home for her two maltese dogs and private jets because of "God's Love".

She was also a fierce business woman growing TBN to one of the country's largest Networks (they currently outpace CBS, FOX & NBC) AND news sources as well as the infamous Holy Land Experience theme park in Orlando, FL.

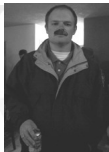
So let's step back and look at this:

- She shoved two of the biggest figures ever in televangelism to the side with no apologies and took over their own network making it bigger than three major broadcasting networks and opened the most bullshit theme park ever.
- She covered up her husband's indiscretions with "large African-American men" by taking over the network not before giving herself huge expensive pink wigs and drag queen level makeup, and making quips on tv about his "alleged homosexuality" while herself having many rumored affairs.
- She was known for her wicked laugh she'd do when she knew she was talking shit or gossiping mid sermon. She was known for it. She gossiped during her sermons.
- She marketed Christianity and took money from the stupid enough to fucking send it and lived in a level of decadence that one can only assume would have happened if Donald Trump had ever married Anna Nicole Smith.
- And to cover the facade up just enough, actually did a small bit of good in the world.

Jan gave no shits, no shits whatsoever and lived a long life doing it. She was everything I find fascinating in a woman and lived a life that would make Frank Sinatra question if he really had done it his way.

And for that, thank you Jan. I hope you were in heaven a full hour before the devil knew you were there.—
CREEPY HORSE

TODD LIVES IN A FILM — THE LOBSTER



If I don't make it through the program, I'd like to be an eagle. Why? They're majestic creatures. Whether they're sitting perched on top of tree branch or soaring through the air. Also: soaring. As in flying. Humans have always dreamt of being able to fly, to the point that we drew sketches of wild fantastical flying machines that didn't have a chance in hell of making it off the ground, we strapped stupid-looking gigantic wings to our backs and ran off buildings because evolution didn't deem us worthy enough in the first place, we focused our mental energy into constructing airplanes anyway because we were too stubborn and selfish to just give up and be satisfied with what we had. If I were an eagle I would have the birthright, or whatever you want to call it, to fly, and I would go wherever I pleased. Eagles also have excellent eyesight, something which I most definitely lack. I used to have good vision, but it started getting worse once I got to college, and now I have to squint to read text on the television or beer lists on the walls at bars. I can't afford the laser corrective surgery, otherwise I would definitely get that to correct the problem. My eyes aren't so bad that I can't get around without glasses, but I could use some help from time to time. No way I'll start wearing those things on my face, though. It's hard enough trying to stand out amongst all the pretty people as it is. Even though eagles aren't solitary creatures, it seems like they spend a lot of their time alone, scanning the ground for prey or doing whatever else. Don't think I've ever seen two eagles together outside of a pen at the zoo. Plus nobody eats eagles. There's too many other more pathetic birds that are easier to hunt, and I pretty sure most of them are protected by endangered species laws. Better pick one of those.

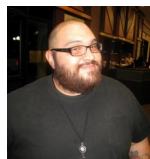
On second thought, I might select a jellyfish as my animal; picking a bird seems cliché anyway. In my opinion jellyfish are the most beautiful animals of the sea. Whenever I go to the aquarium I probably spend half of my time in the jellyfish rooms, just watching them gently float, suspended comfortably in the water. Actually, it sort of looks like flying if you think about it, not in the way a penguin jets through the water but how something can just glide in the air, defying the forces trying to bring it down. If I ever struck it rich (which makes me wonder why I even bothered thinking about that impossible scenario) the first thing I would buy to put in my new residence is a tank of jellyfish of my own so I wouldn't have to go to the aquarium anymore. I don't even know the names of the specific species I would want to own, or be. I certainly have favorites, but I wouldn't mind any particular kind. I've never seen a tank with just a single jellyfish in it; they always have a whole group of them (seems like by now I should know the specific word for a plurality of jellyfish) together. But of course jellyfish don't have brains, or even consciousness. They have the luxury of only being obligated to react to things. In that way they're somewhat alone in a crowd, they can blend in with the rest of their kind and have strength in numbers. But the individual doesn't have to pair up and settle down and raise bratty children and the rest of the lot. And if anyone who is not a jellyfish gets near, you can sting them so that they won't bother you anymore. I have no idea how long a jellyfish lives, seems like it can't be more than a few years, but if you're a jellyfish who can't contemplate the meaning of

life, what does that matter? Plus, no one eats jellyfish, or at least I've never seen it on a menu. Maybe they have it at sushi restaurants, but I've only been to those a couple times and could barely understand the menu without some help.

If those options aren't available, I suppose I would be a cat. Don't get me wrong: I've never liked cats. They're selfish and seem to hate everything you do as opposed to dogs. Dogs are great because everything that has ever happened to them is the best thing that could possibly be, because they're too stupid to know otherwise and give you unconditional love even though you don't deserve it. That's why there's so many dogs around, because everyone thinks they're great. But *that's* the point; nobody likes cats. Nobody sane, anyway. As a cat you could be having a crappy day and no one says, "oh my, what's wrong with *him* today?", because you're a cat and you're expected to act crappy every day and eat the food given to you without saying thank you and continue about your business of not caring about anyone else. And if anyone starts to mess with you can still claw at them, or dodge about quickly to get away, or escape out the back and run off and climb the nearest tree. Who cares if you get stuck up there, at least you can be on your own for a bit, and besides, you always land on your feet. Being a cat would be the opposite of all the meaningless social obligations we force ourselves to get through, putting on a show of things or a smiling face when you would rather be doing literally anything else. Plus nobody eats cats. I mean, some people in Asia do actually eat cats, but I'm pretty sure being moved to another continent after the transformation is not part of the deal.

Hell, I know I'm not going to make it through. There isn't a single person amongst the rest of these leftovers that would want to give me a shot. After all these years of trying on my own, why would having a more limited pool of women to attempt to woo improve my situation? Perhaps if they would've allowed me to pick the bisexual preference, I would've had double the options and maybe a decent chance to play my cards right and not get turned into some animal. Oh, and by the way, no one else here is worth coupling up with anyway. I thought I had a decent amount of issues before I came here, but this batch really proves how many other losers there are. Everyone has their one specific glaring fault that you can't get past. Even the one or two that are pretty are so incredibly self-absorbed that you can't stand to be around them longer than a minute. The really desperate ones are off-putting to the point that you run out of excuses to shake them away. And if I reach that point of desperation, as my days remaining continue to get fewer, I'll be stuck trying to go after one of the really crazy ones.

It's not worth it, this pressure to find a match. Whose decision was it that we do not have the capability to make it on our own? I had enough self-inflicted pressure before getting selected for this mess. I'll just start planning my escape now; I may not last out in the forest for many days, but the days spent alone out there have to be better than the days spent pretending not to be alone in here. — TODD HANSEN



LOUDFEST BLUES

I'm not from B/CS. But I love it enough to consider the bands and the people there very close friends, it's become my second home. I almost moved there, but that's another story.

I started playing shows in B/CS around 2008 with a band called The Loveletter, when fate stepped in and introduced us to The Ex-Optimists. The seeds were sown and over the years, the many incarnations of my musical catastrophes have always lived fruitful lives in the 979.

I've been lucky, to be able to play at LOUDFEST the last four years consecutively, and it's always an event that the band looks forward to every year, as the crowds get bigger, and we meet more new people, reconnect with old friends, and watch local bands put on the best sets of the year.

If you guys think readjusting to three magical music days is hard in Bryan, imagine what it's like for a band that drives half a day to go back home to a town that isn't as cohesive.

I live in a town called Victoria Texas. It's one founded on old money, established families and a very close minded ethic on progress. At least... that's the stereotypical view of it. All through my high school life growing up (over twenty years ago kids) it was the same thing that is echoed by people now. They all say their hometown sucks, there is nothing to do, and they can't wait to leave

It's a shame really, because I would love to just pack all these so called "scene people" in Vic and take them to a LOUDFEST. Just one. I'd love to show them 50 bands, 3 days for 5 bucks and tell them how it would be possible with just a few more like-minded people who would be willing to pitch in and help instead of pitching a fit when things don't go there way.

We live in a country that is one of the best in the world. It lets me (for now anyway) say what I want. I am never short on things like air conditioning, food or clean water like other countries. I am paid for a day job, and I do music as my passion. My life lets me. I say this because I still get mad. I still hate the fact that Victoria Texas would never put a band like Lechuza in a downtown festival, or that local museums would rather feature some artist from far away than a local person who slings paint. But I won't let a city that has councils and boards and organizations run by desperate housewives, lawyers, doctors or people with certain last names get to me. Because this... is my city too.

But.... I still wait for Loud!fest every year anyway. —
TIM OTHY DANGER

PISS WHERE YOU LIKE

I am somewhat amused and somewhat perturbed all at the same time with our governor. Gregg Abbott announced that the State of Texas would simply ignore a federal directive from the Obama administration ordering transgender access to bathrooms of choice to all schools. Well, of course he would! Just when you think you've taken away a good family values conservative's bankable issue they always find another social issue they can use to scare voters back into their fold. They lost on the gays. Why, everyone knows one! They even have them up in the churches now. But now it's time to go after those transgenders because *who wants a man in a dress peeing beside my son at the urinal?*

First off, the transgender portion of this is somewhat beside the point. The public restroom is an awkward place for even the cisgendered. The mens restroom always smells bad, is always in some manner of disrepair between barely working and sub-outhouse. The very nature of the restroom is a private matter and NO ONE REALLY WANTS TO USE A PUBLIC RESTROOM. We all want to do our biz with privacy. For the mens room it is by its very design as public as possible. It is nearly impossible to line up at a trough urinal without having to at the very least make eye contact with someone, let alone accidentally (or not so, for some) check out your neighbor's junk. Half the time the A/C doesn't work so it's hot and there are flies all over. You piss as quick as you can and get the fuck out of there. Heaven forbid you have to drop a deuce. There's piss all over the toilet seat, half the time there's no toilet paper, the previous occupant doesn't understand how to flush, or the deuce is all uppity and will not suffer flushing. The mens room is uncomfortable at best, a social experiment in tolerance. Now, the women's restrooms I've been in have been mostly the opposite. Sure, some have been hazards but for the most part smell nice, have toilet paper, and there's not piss everywhere.

The fact of the matter is no one likes to use a public restroom. It is always uncomfortable. Now, add to that the pariah status that some social scenarios often pile atop of the transgendered. I can only imagine that it must be 100x more complicated. But I think the problem with the public restroom is that it's time that restrooms no longer be divided by gender. In fact, the men's and women's room is a somewhat new concept. Earlier in the 20th century restrooms were non-gender specific. You used a family-style room. Or, instead of trough urinals, both urinals and toilets had individual stalls so privacy was offered to all. That, I believe, is the solution to this problem. The Obama administration, who has been amazingly on the vanguard of this issue, rather than waiting until they were behind the times like they did on gay marriage, could very easily make federal grants available to retrofit public restrooms for individual stalls. Solves the problem in a hurry. Too bad Gov. Abbott and the other Neanderthals sexualize one of our most basic bodily functions. And I cannot naively ignore that the restroom can sometimes be a dangerous place. Point being that if we stop making this a sexual issue and place it back firmly in the "everybody has to go sometimes, regardless of the equipment" category and offer a safe, clean, PRIVATE place for everyone to go then it's no longer a social problem. Then Abbott and company can find some other minority to demonize. —KELLY MINNIS

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**SUPER
WEIRD
BUT
NORMAL**

NOSTALGIA FOR FUN & PROFIT

It is an unfortunate truism of rock and roll that there is no retirement plan or graceful way for musicians to retire. This is especially true for punk rock musicians. Indeed the whole notion of punk rock—angry (mostly white) kids screaming about the system, (occasionally) hoping to smash the state/stick it to the “man” (unless the “man” in question is putting out their record or booking them on the Warped Tour....another story for another time) and party like it is 1984—runs contrary to the notion of having a plan when they turn 64.

Unfortunately, time waits for no one; not even angry “punk as fuck” musicians. Of course, a few will opt out Darby Crash/Sid Vicious style. This at least allows one to become the subject of rock biopics and sell t-shirts to stupid kids who weren’t born when they died. However, a leading solution for those over the hill punk rock musicians not wanting quite such a *permanent* solution and hoping for an easier way to make their rent or mortgage than a “real job” is to reunite your old band and revel in your past faded glory. The question this poorly written screed grapples with is: Are such trips down amnesia lane a “sell-out”?

My answer would be: “Does the reunion tour in question compromise the band’s core principles?” I’ll give two examples. Example one: A version of the “original” Misfits are playing Riot Fest this year. People were screaming sell out as soon as this hit the internet. I disagree. None of their lyrics reflect any concern with punk rock integrity (whatever that means). The Misfits have had no problem playing with only two or even one member of the band for the last 20 years and have been making the fat white CEO’s at Hot Topic millionaires for years. So if Glen and the boys would like to get a large paycheck for playing a festival while being a jukebox for their past glories playing to people mostly too young to have seen them the first time around so be it. I won’t be there (unless Riot Fest gets other bands I really want to see) but I hope they make a big bag ‘o money.

Example two: The “Dead Kennedys”. A version of the Dead Kennedy’s exists—zombie like—without its vocalist and main lyricist, Jello Biafra. The Dead Kennedy’s have a long history of anti-authoritarian political lyrics and walking it like they talked it when it came to the integrity of their band’s message. Yes the music was definitely there but above all this band was about a message presented in such a way that the primary consideration was not the almighty dollar. Fast forward many years later and the three other members and a series of faceless “vocalists” are playing shows. Why?

It isn’t as if “California Uber Alles” is going to sound BETTER with vocalist Fillin Anonymous at the helm. The answer is money or more specifically greed. Last time I checked the Dead Kennedy’s catalog was doing quite well and none of the members were living under . bridges.

A musician friend at LOUDFEST argued with me that you are still getting 3 out of 4 of the band with this version of the “Dead Kennedys” and the musicians in the band are very good. Undoubtedly they are very good musicians. However, would you seriously go see Joy Division without Ian Curtis (at least Peter Hook had the decency to not call it Joy division when he rolled out the hits)? Public Image Limited without John Lydon? There is more to bands than just being able to play. A typical cover band on a cruise line has plenty of chops but I have no desire to see them. Given the Dead Kennedy’s lyrical and political slant, this version of the “Dead Kennedy’s” is the poster child for a “sell out”. Kill the Poor indeed.....

Another way out of this dilemma is bands that stop performing until they have material worthy of their legacy and not play again until they do. Examples of bands that have pulled this off to varying degrees of success are Wire, The Pop Group, OMD, Magazine, Mission of Burma, Killing Joke, Devo and the Buzzcocks (but unfortunately NOT Gang of Four). This might not be the most lucrative way to pull this off but at least these bands don’t completely embarrass themselves. Perhaps you won’t get a huge bag of money waved at you to play Hipster Fest 2016 but at least you walk away with some dignity intact. Along the same lines are bands that reunite who didn’t “make it” in the first place. It seems that just about every legacy goth act from the 1980’s is doing that. This doesn’t seem quite as objectionable—especially in the case of goth acts as being old can be hidden better by dark clothes and an elderly look actually is an advantage in looking “undead”.

Perhaps I’m being too hard on these “sell outs”. I’m not sure I would have the moral strength to pass up a large bag of money waved in my face if someone wanted me to reunite a band I was in 20 years ago. Still a line has to be drawn somewhere. I guess the bottom line is this: Be careful of the rhetoric your young angry punk band spouts off. Someone might actually call you on it. Don’t shout “Smash the State” unless you are ready for some curmudgeonly asshole to call you on it 20 years after you have played your last note. —RENTED MUILE

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Punk rock legends don't really play a gig in Bryan, TX. Hell, they usually don't even stop to gas up or piss even. So when I found out ground zero English punk rocker **Wreckless Eric** was gonna play a solo show at Revolution I knew I had to be there.

But I had no idea what such a show would entail. I really only knew one Wreckless Eric song, his 1977 Stiff Records single "Whole Wide World". It's been on nearly every good punk rock compilation album I've ever owned, and was also featured in *Stranger Than Fiction*, one of Will Ferrell's straight movies. I assumed he would show up with an acoustic guitar and play some songs and that would be it. I didn't expect Eric to show up with an amp, an electric guitar, a pedal-board full of fuzz and delay, nor did I expect (though I really shoulda) him to show up with 5'9" full of attitude either.

Eric's current sound is a bit of junkyard Americana. His latest album *amERICA* is his first in a decade, and delights in its home-recorded sound. Toy pianos, drum loops, synthesizer bleats and blats, hamfisted piano courtesy of singer-songwriter Amy Rigby (his wife), and songs from his very wry point-of-view fill the grooves. Sure, he's British and loves to poke fun at the things that make America uniquely grotesque, but he also pokes fun at himself. He doesn't really take his 3 minutes in the sun too seriously, but goddammit, you'd better respect his space.

WRECKLESS ERIC



As a solo performer, Eric comes off a little bit like an elder Austin Powers. He's got the

British health teeth, the specs, the accent in tow. His songs are short and catchy. He switches up with electric guitar and spends as much time singing as he does kneeled over his guitar pedals, looping crazy sounds from a music box he has bolted behind the bridge of his vintage Telecaster. It's every bit as noisy as an Ex-Optimists show.

The highlight of the evening came when a college student roamed up onto stage during one of Eric's songs. The student left a couple of guitars onstage overnight at Revolution and apparently he couldn't wait until Eric stopped playing to retrieve them. As the kid walked off the stage Eric grabbed him by the collar, stopped playing, dressed

the kid down, "Don't you ever do that again, you show respect!", then removed the kid's glasses, smacked him, put the glasses back on him, then punched him in the balls. He may be 40 years removed from punk rock but the attitude remains.

The crew at Revolution boozily swayed and sang along with Eric and had a swell old time. This was apparently only the beginning. English 2nd wave punk rock band **Conflict** comes through in July, **Mark Sultan** from King Khan & BBQ Show is coming through in August, and it's rumored that Darrell McDaniels, none other than DMC of Run-DMC, is coming through in November. Better make sure you don't miss those.—**KELLY MINNIS**

STILL POETRY

FINALS WEEK:

A [disgruntled] TEACHER'S EVAL.

Beer and wine in tandem:
California lager head,
Argentina blend bled.
A gold and red anthem -

- God, help me misremember.

—KEVIN STILL

THE COATHANGERS

: all afternoon,
back to back,
one after another -

Larceny & Old Lace (2011),
Suck My Shirt (2014),
Nosebleed Weekend (2016)

- peeling back
reasons I treat
beer the same.

—KEVIN STILL

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RECORD REVIEWS



Gruesome

Dimensions of Horror

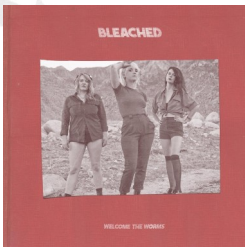
Don't be surprised if the best extreme metal album of the year is a 20 minute tribute to genre founding fathers. Formed as a supergroup from various metal projects, Gruesome's sophomore EP, *Dimensions of Horror*, pays homage, once again, to Chuck Schuldiner's early Death albums—most notably Death's 1987 debut, *Scream Bloody Gore*—with six original razor sharp Death inspired tracks of quick and filthy old school death metal. *Dimensions of Horror* perfectly nails Death's early career blend of technical guitar work, mid-track tempo changes, grinding chorus hooks, and anthemic lyrical thrills. Cover artwork by Ed Repka (cover artist for Death, Massacre, Megadeth, Municipal Waste, etc., etc.) further authenticates the anachronistic Gruesome experience.

Dimensions of Horror takes a drastic shift from Gruesome's 2014 debut *Savage Land*. Whereas *Savage Land*, which far more mirrored Death's *Leprosy and Spiritual Healing* records, featured tracks between the four to six minute mark, allowing for trade-off solos from lead singer/vocalist Matt Harvey (Exhumed) and Daniel Gonzalez (Possessed), *Dimensions of Horror* keeps each track beneath the four minute mark. The focus on *Dimensions* is much more full-bodied and rhythmic, less technical—an album where Gus Rios (Malevolent Creation) on drums and Robin Mazen (Derketa) on bass are allowed to shine.

The EP opens with "Forces of Death", a perfect Rorschach reflection of *Scream Bloody Gore*'s opener "Infernal Death". Thick, fuzzed out guitars

hammer a slow opening, trudging several beats until a drum blast kicks the song into full fury. Harvey's vocals are lower pitched than Schuldiner's shrill scream, but Harvey's more effective here, keeping a low-guttural register, than on his native Exhumed records where he shifts from screams to growls. Gruesome's Death-praise suits him well. Track two, "Raped By Darkness" offers a fanboy's nod to the famed tree-scene from *Evil Dead*, while also tipping the hat to *Scream Bloody Gore*'s penultimate closer, "Evil Dead". Track three, "Amputation" is the sister-song—vocally and musically—to *Scream Bloody Gore*'s "Mutilation". Good luck getting through either track without spilling your beer (or your brains!) all over yourself.

The real wins on *Dimensions of Horror* are on the second-half. "Hellbound" remains faithful to Schuldiner's slow, trudging start that eventually explodes into a Side B opener that's as intense—percussion forward, cymbal heavy—as the album opener. Harvey takes one interesting detour from Schuldiner's unique song craft, which is quite evident here. Where Schuldiner would often fully stop his tracks somewhere past the half-way mark, entering a small pause before introducing a new time signature or a bend in tempo, Harvey allows the track to simmer to a single guitar riff, then drums, his scream, and the track returns more pummeling and punishing—short and sweet guitar solo!—than before. "Seven Doors", perhaps the album stand out, finds an interesting blend of early Death and Exhumed in its thrash-grindcore accents. This track allows Harvey to revel in how completely Schuldiner influenced his own song-writing and extreme metal sound. "Dimensions of Horror" closes the album with full intensity. And it's obvious, from the initial note, why Gruesome chose the closer as both the title track and the first single. This track feels like 1987. This feels like Death. The trading off of fast and slow melodies. Those swimming guitars tones over a simple, slow drum beat. *Dimensions of Horror* is a masterpiece of impersonation and honor. —KEVIN STILL



Bleached

Welcome The Worms

Bleached is the brain-baby of the Clavin sisters, Jennifer (vocals) and Jessica (lead guitar), who formed and disbanded the all-girl punk act Mika Miko in the early aughts. (I suggest M.M.'s album *C.Y.S.L.A.B.F.* for a taste.) Bleached began with a string of surf-rock inspired EPs and 7" releases, including the killer three-song nude-plated *For The Feel* (2014), featuring an infectious cover of The Coasters' 1959 prom-n-poodle skirt smash "Poison Ivy". In this mix of small projects, Bleached released their debut LP, *Ride Your Heart* (2013) on Dead Oceans Records: a confused dozen songs that swirl through surf-swung Ramones-esque power anthems ("Next Stop", "Waiting By The Telephone") to California New Wave swimmers ("Dead In Your Head", "Love Spells") to happy-clappy Purple Kush ballads ("Searching Through the Past", "Guy Like You"). *Ride Your Heart* has a few Best-Coast-don't-give-a-shit moments that makes my inner-hipster swoon. Also, Bleached made a video for nearly every song on this album. I'm not saying that's a good thing. Just a fact.

And then sometime last year the Clavin sisters, both in dire life situations, loaded their camping gear and headed to Joshua Tree National Park, alongside bassist Micayla Grace, for a season of self-exploration. There they wrote *Welcome the Worms*, released April 1, 2016 on Dead Oceans Records. It's odd to imagine this album written in the desert. From the initial snare to the final fade *Welcome the Worms* features one early-80s inspired poppy ear-worm after another. For instance, "Keep on Keepin' on" opens the album

explosively: a single heavy snare snap followed by a driving guitar and bass line *a la* Joan Jett snarling a cover of The Go-Gos' "Vacation". Clavin's vocals break-in with more confidence yesterday/Cause I really want you today—it feels authentic. Clavin's working desert shit out here, one power-pop fist-pump at a time. And that's the real heart of *Welcome The Worms*: all the nostalgically cheerful pop-punk sensibilities can not drown the fact that this is a record born of self-discovery, the fruit of personal, as well as musical, evolution. "It's really too bad to feel like walking death/but now my eyes are open wide", Clavin declares on "Sleepwalking"—a widely appreciated sentiment. Forward marching rhythms and a grinding almost grunge-ugly guitar pitch on tracks such as "Trying To Lose Myself Again", "Chemical Air", and "Desolation Town" keep the Clavins firmly planted in their punk roots while embracing a joyfully boppy "screw-it-all" 80s beach vibe. Lyrically, the album hits interesting depths, as on the track "Wasted On You" where the second-person "you" in Clavin's indictments is unclear—"I can't keep wasting my emotions on you/Getting high on this drug that I call you". Is she speaking to a failed relationship or to herself? Really, the hook on this track is so damn catchy that only the English teacher in me reaches for explication.

Likewise, "Sour Candy" is the ear-worm my 2016 needed, sounding like blue-skies and 75 MPH, like water-bong gurgles and the shucking off of everything I pay \$80 an hour to discuss: "I've been giving in, into giving up/Up to nothing good, trying to kill time". It's sonic perfection, the feel-good aural breeze of fresh air I've been gasping for. Still, even as I try to avoid overanalyzing Clavin's vocals and lyrics—clapping ("Hollywood, We Did It All Wrong") and bopping ("Wednesday Night Melody") along instead—*Welcome The Worms* inevitably burrows deep. Exploration begets exploration—"Creatures of mistake/ Rewind the time/Make it ok/But we can't do that"—long before actual discovery. For this reason, Bleached amps a refreshing voice: one that can trudge into the desert and find a disco ball. Were we all so equipped. —KEVIN STILL

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CONCERT CALENDAR

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—Roxy Roca, Lexi & The Piptones, Aaron Stephens @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm
6/3—Corusco @ Murphy's Law, Bryan. 8pm
6/3—Jake Dexter & the Main Street Sound, Daniel Gonzalez Band @ Palace Theater, Bryan. 8pm
6/3—The Ex-Optimists, BULLS, Brand New Hearts, Hand Me Down Adventure @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

6/7—Forever Today, UnicornDog @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

6/16—Forever Today (cd release), Daniel Gonzalez Band, A Deathbed Promise @ Grand Stafford, Bryan

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

6/22—The Ex-Optimists @ KEOS Bell Studios, Bryan. 10pm

6/25—Girlband, Mutant Love, Modfag @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

6/26—Vampirates, ASS, Mutant Love @ Riddle Gallery, Bryan. 6pm

6/27—Stu Hamm Experience @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm

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

7/15—The Hangouts, (cd release), UnicornDog @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

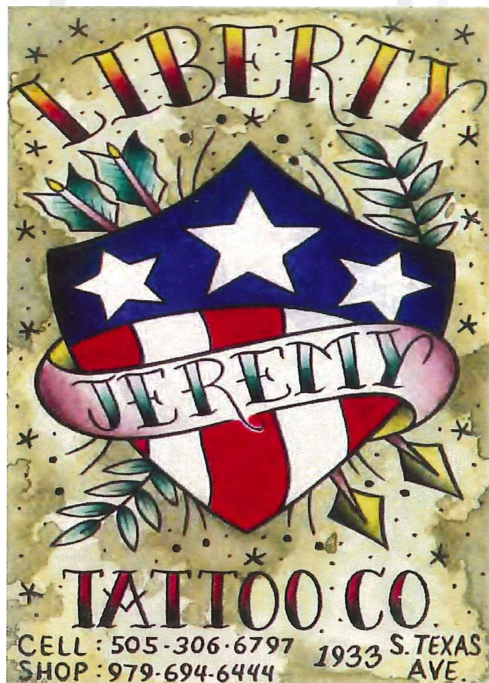
7/22—The Inators, Electric Astronaut, The Escatones @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/23—great unwashed luminaries, Charlie Naked, Telekhines, Cornish Game Hen @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

8/12—Mark Sultan (of King Khan & BBQ Show), Mutant Love, Electric Astronaut, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9pm

8/20—Slow Future, LUCA, UnicornDog @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

8/26—SkyAcre, Suspirians, Only Beast, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 9:30pm



CONFLICT

TOTAL CHAOS



GRAND COLLAPSE

MUTANT GIRL
LOVE BAND

FRIDAY

JULY 1ST

8PM

REVOLUTION

**BRYAN,
TX**

