

# 979RADIO



MAY ISSUE \$5

00/LEVIN  
AMPLIFIED HEAT  
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APHOTIC CONTRIVANCE  
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FRIENDSHIP COMMANDERS  
FROM PARTS UNKNOWN  
CARBAGE MAN  
THE GARY  
GENTLEMEN ROGUES  
GHOST BONES  
THE GLORY HOLES  
GROUND CONTROL

HIGH DESERT QUEEN  
HOLY FEAR  
HORMONAL IMBALANCE  
HOT CRIMES  
IRON SOUT  
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MUTANT LOVE  
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MAY 16 - 18  
2019

REVOLUTION + STAFFORD  
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**TAKING OUT THE TRAILER TRASH**

Last month the Bryan City Council voted to limit where mobile homes can be placed inside established neighborhoods. The city says it's trying to curb trailers from being placed in lots where a house would normally go. The idea is that the next generation of homebuyers would be prohibited from putting a trailer on a piece of land. A house would need to go there instead. The city was quick to assure mobile home owners that they were not going to be kicked off of their plots. In fact, if they want to replace their mobile home on that plot they can do so. Seems fair, right? No one is being displaced, just means folks will need to put their trailers in a trailer park going forward rather than in an existing neighborhood.

Of course, it's not really fair. It is another sign of the continued gentrification of Bryan/College Station. When I moved to town in 2006 home prices were well below \$100 per square foot. In the past dozen years prices have *skyrocketed* without a lot of new jobs being created or a real wage upkeep from the state (the largest local employer between Texas A&M University, the local school system, and such). The cost of living continues to be driven up by old Ags retiring to the area as well as well-heeled new Ags. In both cases former students and parents of new students have the ways and means to purchase real estate at any price and drive the entire market dynamic. Trailers are a good option for first-time buyers or lower income earners to at least get something onto a piece of land until they can afford to build a more permanent dwelling. I have had several friends over the years who weren't exactly poor that did this as well temporarily until they could break ground on their dream home. The city says no, that it wishes to slowly eliminate mobile homes completely from traditional neighborhoods.

Local activists saw this as a veiled attempt to remove lower income housing from the city and replace it with property that warrants higher tax rates. Young Dems BCS sent petitioners around to the neighborhoods most affected and pulled in nearly 600 signatures from homeowners who do not support the city's attempts at legal gentrification. The signatures would invalidate the rule if the City of Bryan didn't all of a sudden decide it can't count how many actual letters there are or make sense of a calendar showing that the letters arrived on time. The City loves its rules except when those rules clobber its flow and then it tries every which way to nullify them. So the story is *to be continued* on this one. Still, it's heartening to see that when presented with the facts homeowners decided for themselves what sort of makeup they wish for the future of their own neighborhoods. A mixed socioeconomic neighborhood is healthy for schools and for the long-term growth and well-being of neighbors. Not Ag Shacks, not McMansions, but housing that is accessible to people of all incomes. Kudos to the protestors and the citizens for at least attempting to correct a really dumb move from the city. — **KELLY MENACE**

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# POLITICS, POLITICS TOO CONFUSING



The current flavors of the month on the Democratic side of the aisle are former Texas Rep. Beto O'Rourke and South Bend, Indiana mayor, Pete Buttigieg. Seriously, he's a gay man named Buttigieg.

O'Rourke lost to probable Zodiac killer Ted Cruz one of the most publicized Senate races last year. That loss followed three unremarkable terms in the U.S. House and a stint on the El Paso city council. With that resume, how could we doubt his ability to run the country?

But O'Rourke caught the eye of the most important constituency in the United States: the media. With no record to speak of, vague ideas, and a public repudiation of PAC money (replete with lots and lots of bragging about it), O'Rourke became a "rock star" in the political world, attracting national attention to a statewide race. O'Rourke became the subject of various magazine profiles and women on twitter begging for him to hit their backwalls. The love affair with O'Rourke didn't escape the local Texas media.

O'Rourke lost, and apparently, the small margin of Cruz's victory convinced Beto it made sense to run for president. The result of that decision? A profile in *Vanity Fair* magazine, complete with images from celebrity photographer, Annie Leibovitz.

But when Beto speaks, much of the time it's feel-good jargon designed to elicit applause from crowds. At a recent campaign stop, Beto said: "We also know that our children and that your children and the generations that follow them are depending on us now at this moment. This is our moment of truth." What the hell is our "moment of truth?" It doesn't *mean anything*. But it sounds good and so it will have people reaching for the fainting couch. It doesn't tell us a thing about what he'd actually do if elected.

Pete Buttigieg became the latest media sensation in the Democratic field. With multiple appearances on MSNBC, a dual appearance on ABC's *The View*, and a CNN town hall, Buttigieg currently has a variety of people fawning over him. "He's a veteran!" "He's a Rhodes Scholar!" "He speaks eight languages!" "He's gay!"

He's also the former mayor of a town of 100,000 people, and his most significant accomplishment appears to have been tearing down homes that went into a run-down state following the economic downturn that began in 2008. In a relentlessly unflattering profile in *Current Affairs*, this point about his readiness is put into sharper focus: "The nationwide attention to Buttigieg seems more to be due to 'the fact that he is a highly-credentialed Rust Belt mayor' rather than 'what he has actually said and done.'" He's a gay millennial from Indiana, yes. But should he be President of the United States?

Meanwhile, Julian Castro, the former mayor of San Antonio, Texas, (population, 1.45 million) and the former Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, barely registers on the political radar. He must not speak eight languages. (In an apparent reference to the other Texan, O'Rourke, Castro says: "I'm [the candidate] from the *otherside* of the tracks. ...I'm the one that didn't grow up as a front runner.")

The media attraction doesn't rest with just presidential candidates. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez became a media sensation on the night she won her primary race for New York's 14th congressional district against incumbent Joe Crowley with just over 16,000 votes. Appearances on Stephen Colbert, Jimmy Kimmel, *The Daily Show*, *The View*, and an Annie Leibovitz photo shoot for *Vogue* soon followed.

A voting bloc exists on both the left and right more interested in politicians telling them what they want to hear instead of what they need to know.

Who on earth wouldn't want a border that eliminates illegal immigration and creates a profit-making operation? Who wouldn't want a guaranteed job, guaranteed income, and a plan that provides healthcare to every American as simply as Medicare does for those 65 and over? If it's not pie-in-the-sky ideas, it's language similar to Obama's "hope and change" attracting attention from the likes of O'Rourke and Buttigieg.

While the majority of Americans may not fall under that umbrella, it doesn't matter; the bases of each party now drive the discussion.

It's easy to pontificate about a plethora of possible solutions, but it doesn't matter since it comes down to one group of people in the United States: eligible voters. In 2016, 58 percent of eligible voters in the United States, voted in the presidential election. But in the primaries, where voting really matters, only 28.5 percent of eligible voters got involved.

Seventy percent of those with the privilege of voting for a nominee in their party sat on the sidelines. There's no telling whether or not those who didn't vote wouldn't fall victim to the cult of personality as well, but we'll never know until we can simplify the voting system or get people out of the house to actually show the fuck up.

It may sound like a downer not to have a "simple" solution to the problem. But we live in an always-on world, where politicians say something and millions of people know about it within minutes. And as long as what the politicians say continues to assist them in getting into office, why should they bother to change? — **STARKNESS**

# IN MEMORIAM

# JACKIE

DEAR FRIENDS-

Today I slipped away from earth and time...  
And soared on silver wings beyond the clouds...  
Rising like joy into heaven's glory...  
Awe and wonder stunning my eyes...  
Up here, where angels and reborn spirits trace their arcs...  
I gazed like a lover on the sun...  
Miraculous and magnificent...  
Painting the world in colors too beautiful to be named...  
And staining my soul with the sacred light of eternity.

— DAN ROBB

I'm not gonna lie, sometimes she scared the ever-loving crap outta me.

Her life experiences and mine were so utterly different ... mine very much privileged ... that I was always afraid that I might say something wrong or do something bad and she might kill me, which though unlikely, I knew she could ... or beat the shit out of me which was much more likely and equally feasible.

But she never did and I came to learn that she liked scary things and being scary, but behind that "are you fucking kidding me?" when I would deign to order a Bloody Mary (in a mostly empty bar y'all, not EVER when it was busy) there was a real person who wasn't so scary after all.

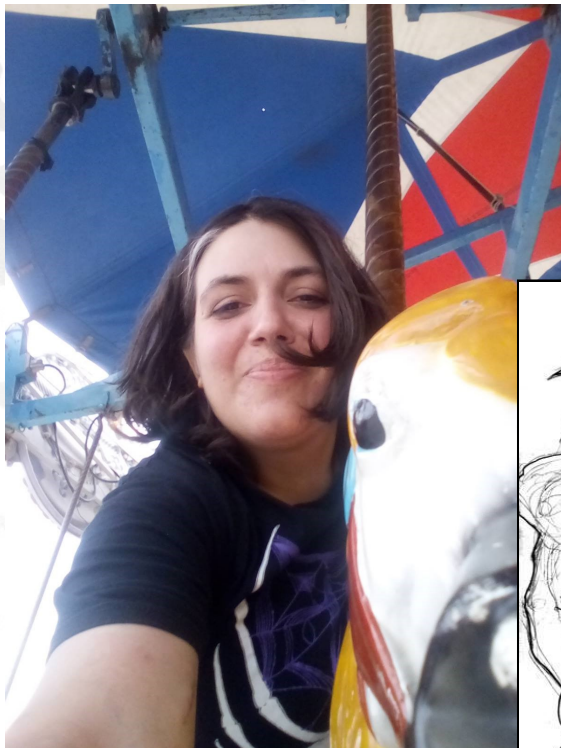
In fact, and this is my favorite Jackie story, she was kind and loving and hysterically funny. During LOUDFEST 2017, Jackie worked a metric shit ton of shifts ... in part to make money, but also because many of the other bartenders were also playing in bands. Towards the end, she was tired and more than a little cranky and it got so busy that she finally stopped trying to put change back in the till or the tip jar and just started stuffing it down her bra.

It was LOUDFEST, people, so, of course, it was sweltering and muggy (and rainy at some points), so Jackie's skin was more than a little sticky ... including under her bra ... including both cups and straps and back straps.

Finally it was all said and done and an extremely exhausted, dazed, pissed off Jackie, headed home to take a nice, relaxing shower. She disrobed, as one does, tossed some coins that were stuck to her front into her no shed brassiere and got in the shower.

Once in the shower, she kept hearing weird noises that she'd never heard from her shower before ... plink ... plink .... plippety plink, plink, plink.

"What the ... ??? If this mother fucking shower is going out .... " Jackie turned around to check the faucet, knobs, and spigot and as she did, she realized that it was coins falling off of her back that were making the noise. As well as she could, she felt around on her back and realized that she was covered in coinage ... some of it fairly firmly adhered ... and where there were no



coins, there were copper and bluish colored circles in the

When she told that story at the bar the next afternoon, shapes of coins. She sounded both angry, scary, and funny ... and she laughed. And, maybe that's one of my favorite stories because it exemplifies her varied personas in my life ... she was sometimes scary, sometimes angry, often funny ... and her laugh revealed the soft underside of a wonderful woman who had learned to be angry and scary and funny in order to survive. — PAMALYN ROSE-BEELER

I am ashamed to say that I knew very little of what Jackie did or what she was like before she landed in downtown Bryan, though I knew, like myself, she was a Seattle ex-pat. We never talked about anything of consequence. Bullshit, mostly. Raising kids, junk about the bar, her dialysis, role playing games, etc. I took her to a couple of appointments when she needed a ride. I knew she was struggling but she never complained. Mostly I

admired her strength even as her body was failing. I will miss her smirk, her ultra-dry sense of humor, and Jackie's comfortable coolness.— KELLY MENACE

Let's be real. Jackie, Ryan, Ray, Randy, Larry, Little Jess, Steve-o, Thee Chexican, and on and on and on. We've lost a few great individuals in their own right in this little community. There are phrases to describe what we've been seeing:



Drawing by Shane Samedi of Jackie's character 'Athena' in the RPG Critical Divide. Quote: "She was a badass nasty woman."

English – 'When it rains it pours'  
Hebrew – 'Bad things come in packages'  
Chinese – 'Good fortune never comes in two; bad luck never comes alone'  
Russian – 'When troubles come, leave the gate open'  
What all these cultures are describing is that it is all too

common that a death is followed by another death. Pain is piled on pain; fear on fear; hurt on hurt. When another loss comes about, how can you possibly know if you're done with the first? When we don't have the time we need before another loss occurs we end up overwhelmed. Unable to give them the attention they need.

When overwhelmed by anything, it's real fucking easy to let your mind kick into the most powerful defense mechanism: avoidance. Through avoidance and denial you can bury the hurt deep down inside and keeping it all at bay. When there is too much bullshit in the world, this avoidance allows us to maintain our day to day. You can burn the candle at both ends. You can fucking make it happen, because who is going to now that they can't? Maybe you're drinking more than you used to. Maybe you're working more than you used to. Maybe you're sitting on the couch stoned avoiding everyone more than you used to. Maybe you're trying to fix other people's problems more than you used to. Maybe it's not even more than it used to be, maybe it's just that something else is preventing your old habits from being fun again.

Grief is as unique as each person we lose. You can't just lump all of it together and hope that it'll go away on its own. It is not generic. It is specific to each person or thing that we lose. Whether it is a member of our community, a beloved pet, a relationship, a gift or memento, they are all important and attention has to be spent on everything individually to integrate that grief into our lives.

Self-care is a phrase that gets thrown about all the time these days. Every time I hear someone talk about the importance of self-care, I vacantly nod and think 'Oh yeah. It's important. You do you. Good, they're working through it.' I don't know what self-care means to me. A manicure doesn't help for shit. Going on a 20 minute walk when I'm stressed doesn't help for shit. Drinking until I black out doesn't help for shit. Fuck all your

books and your music and your yoga and your 'dating yourself.'

I haven't found anything that works for me, yet. Maybe you haven't either, and that's OK. If a bath bomb is the cure to your grief, congratulations and I wish you all the best. If you're like me and you're searching, you're not alone. — STARKNESS

Born in PA, raised in the streets of WA and parts of the NW Jacklyn Mellon or more affectionately Jackie or even more endearing Dat Bitch Jaclyn was a surprise diamond in the rough. Coal made gem time and time again. She rose to be a champion for the lost, homeless, and disenfranchised. A fighter for the human condition and true blue humanitarian. She was a living Garbage Pail Kid with a blackened heart of gold. When she came to Bryan roughly five years ago I didn't think we would know each other long, nor did she. Her sheer tenacity, stubbornness, and dry Steven Wright wit cut through it all. She could laugh it off and she did. For she loved the macabre, the niche, the out of this world. Even when she didn't mean to she would make you laugh. Real gets real and so it

CONT. ->

wasn't long before we would be hoodrat adventure pals lurking in the shadows and laughing at the gallows. I wasn't then too surprised when I discovered a large portion of our separate comic book collections were the same. Trips to the beach, parks, bars, and bowling alley made up for a good chunk of our time when not being scumbags at Revolution. Jaclyn introduced me to so many amazing people from near and far as well that have become staples in my life. Jac and I would on occasion soundboard our bad jokes off one another to gauge if they were worthy of being our bad jokes or if they were just really bad jokes. I was with her the day the last packs of cigarettes were purchased to be sold at Rev. We were told otherwise, but knew. We smoked like chimneys... There were times we would sway and be there to hold the other up. A truer friend is hard to find... As much as she hated society and people she did her part to embrace it and them and make the changes and waves she could. There are so many things I have to say and can but will digress to keep things digestible... She was a loving mother with the mouth of a sailor who changed my life in ways I am still processing, inspired me and countless others while fighting everyday just to do things most of us take for granted. It is hard knowing I will not be seeing her anytime soon...or talking with as she was my confidante. Perhaps it is greedy to wish for her to stay longer... So I try to block the thought. I know she is not suffering anymore and things are being

taken of. She can rest now and after being so tired for so long perhaps she is finally happy. Who knows. What I do know is that I am thankful for everything she was, is, and will be.

Thank you Jac,  
"keeps it hood thugnasty"  
<3  
— WILLIAM DANIEL THOMPSON

=====

I don't know what to say. That's not to say that I don't have anything to say — I just feel like I am still mentally avoiding this topic.

If you were here, you'd probably tell me, "Just fucking write it already! Or fucking don't. Do you need another round, dear?"

"Yes, thank you, Jackie."

When you see folks every day over a long stretch, you don't always notice how folks change. Jackie was always Jackie. She was loud, brash, irreverent, sweet, honest, compassionate. No matter what, she was no bullshit with you. Over the last five years, we were fortunate to have you here in Bryan. — JOSHUA SIEGEL



# FRIENDS HELP FRIENDS STOP KILLING THEMSELVES

This article may upset you. But I'm upset, so...

deal with loss (and other shit) together.

You know someone who is hurting, or hurting themselves, don't you? It's easier to not be "judgy" and just not say anything, right? Or if you say something, then you run the risk of ruining the relationship, right? Maybe you just don't know what to say or do because you're not a therapist or a psychologist or whatever. Well, there's research I've read that reports that the answer to addiction is connection with people. That's pretty intense.

I have driven many of you home after a night at Revs. Some of you have no idea how you got home and who took you. Let me tell you, you guys are all fucking hilarious, hug me a ton of times, give me loads of high fives, and you make sure I know that you love me. You guys are awesome. But you should seriously either not get so fucking toasted at a place that's not home, or at least not then try to drive home. Please. What the fuck. We need you to stay alive. We can't deal with losing you.

It's not a quick fix, it's a long game, and it's gonna take a lot of our personal time. But if we care as much as we say we do, or think we do anyway, maybe giving it a shot is what's in order.

I get it. Life is hard, drinking is fun. Plus, most of you live really close, so I don't mind driving you home (I'd rather than than you getting into an accident or getting a stupid expensive DWI), but I can't do it for everyone, and I don't want to be the enabler. Also, I know it's not just me driving peeps home.

Life is hard. I get it. I agree. But if we are the family we are claiming to be, we should be working towards building community and supporting our good friends. We should be available and willing to sacrifice everything...right?.

But I also want to talk about the harder stuff. What about the stuff that's more destructive. The stuff that kills you. Shouldn't we be trying to convince the ones we know are doing this shit to stop? They need our voices floating around their heads saying, "Hey, I need you around." and "Please call me." and "Don't be an asshole and die on me!" Is this sound advice? Possibly maybe. Is it good psychology? I don't know. Will it help? I hope so. Will people slip through the cracks? Yep.

Maybe this is happening and I'm just not seeing it. But what I AM seeing is people not talking about shit and sinking deeper in their holes. What I'm seeing is people taken from us. Suicide, overdose, organ failure. Different reasons, yes. Different people, yes. Different problems, yes. Could any of that have been avoided?

Life is hard, but we should be able to count on each other. We should be available for each other. We should know what is hurting our friends. I'm flip-flopping about whether to submit this or not. It feels judgy and it's gonna piss people off because I just don't know what I'm talking about and I'm assuming support is not happening. Well, if that's true, what do you think about starting up a support group?

Yeah, at this point you're feeling shit on and you are pointing a finger at me. Yeah, I know! I suck at this. I know I can do more. But I don't really know how to either. This article is a kick in the ass for me too. What I know is that I need to notice more and ask more questions and be more involved. I know about people in our community that are in dire straits moneywise (uh, most of us), just wrecked their car, just had a dog die, has muscular dystrophy, need to move but aren't getting paid enough to afford it, have ill parents, have suicidal thoughts every few days, are dealing with a relationship that broke, are in constant pain, are doing drugs they shouldn't be, are living a lifestyle that will surely land them in jail, have burning while urinating, and just so much more.

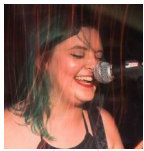
What about you people reading this? Are you depressed, hopeless, can't stop using, sinking deeper, still drinking too much. You should start a group too. Or if nothing else, mention your shit to someone. And if they blow you off or don't take you seriously, find someone else. (And if you are the one doing the blowing off, you gotta change, man. That person is trying to entrust you with their life.)

Life is hard. I get why we gravitate toward mind alteration, depression and self-destruction. That's a fairly normal human solution. When it goes too far is what I'm talking about. We have to figure out how to be there for people or we're gonna lose more of them. Yes people suddenly up and die from accidents and illnesses and that's super shitty. But I'm talking about the stuff that can maybe be prevented, as well as a support system to

We need you here. You enrich our lives. Don't kill yourself, and stop killing yourself. Maybe we can help. Also, if someone comes up to you and hits you with some hard facts about how you are partaking in destructiveness, don't be a dick about it and get offended. It's because they care about you. — *JORGE GOYCO*



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# A SUPER SERIOUS MOST FABULOUS & ALMOST PUNK GUIDE TO LOUDFEST

LOUDFEST is right around the corner (May 16-28) so I thought why not share some tips and tricks from us old timers on surviving and thriving during LOUDFEST.

## My absolutely 100%, cannot live without, MUST HAVE's for LOUDFEST

- We want you and your clothes looking crisp not your skin so don't forget to slather on some sunscreen! If you think you can't get part of your back ask a neighbor and they will help. I suggest SunBum, you can get it at HEB and it works wonders and smells great.

- There is a ton of Makeup and beautiful faces at LOUDFEST so make sure your makeup is built to withstand the apocalypse! Brands like NYX, Kat Von D, and Pacifica are some my favorites. Make sure your Eyeliner is water-proof, sweat-proof, and beer-proof! I love a good liquid eyeliner and NYX and Kat Von D are my all time favorites. Chapstick/Lipstick. You'll need soft lips to keep some beer cans, your punk sweetheart, and maybe even draw upside down crosses on foreheads! For your regular day to day try to use a liquid to matte like Kat Von D everlasting liquid lipstick because it won't rub off quickly. For body art and other drawing pick up some cheap \$2 lipstick by NYX or Wet N Wild.

- You'll need contact solution if you are sight impaired like I am. You may get some rev dust in your eyes. Bring some good shit to wash those peepers out! It's not a bad idea to bring some backup glasses or contacts and keep them in the car.

- Earplugs because it's cool to hear! I swear it is. I'm doing it right now. Pick up some earplugs at Wal-Greens on 29th St. They are cheap and worth it. You are not too cool to hear, I promise!

- Hair spray is a must to keep that texture and volume baby! Currently, I'm using Love Beauty and Planet's hair-spray that is at HEB and I adore it.

- Gel for mohawks— the higher the hair the closer to god! I hear Got2B and Elmers Glue has been used in the past. Just make sure after LOUDFEST you do a good shampoo and deep condition on those locks to keep them lovely!

LOUDFEST is my favorite time to people watch. Everyone is dressed to the nines. If you are unsure what to wear here are some suggestions but, don't worry, if you want to wear a Pikachu onesie or a steampunk get up, go right ahead. There is no dress code.

- You will see a ton of punk vests so feel free to rep your favorite shit. If you don't have one that's ok, you can find a jacket or vest at almost any store and start sewing your favorite band patches on. If you need help sewing go find one of the fabulous ladies of LOUDFEST.

- Blue jeans are a classic. Durable yet fashionable... plus POCCKETS! Wear some band tees, wear all the band tees. This is a music festival after all. Bonus points if your shirt reps a local band!

- GURL it's gonna be hot (not like August hot but like a lot of people in a small area hot) so let those sweater pups breathe and wear a tank top! Short shorts, YES! I wanna

see your gams, you've got great gams! Whatever you wear just make sure you feel great and are super duper comfy.

- There are all kinds of shoes at LOUDFEST. You'll see a ton of boots, Converse, and Vans. Just make sure whatever you wear is comfortable and can withstand a good mosh pit. Comfortable shoes go a long way! This isn't usually the place to wear spiked heels because Revolution has a gravel pit outside but I'm not going to judge anyone's footwear! If you feel good in those heels you rock those heels superstar! Just bring some backup flats in case things get too crazy! And while we are talking about feet...be kind to your tootsies, wrap them in cute socks. Target has some awesome socks for \$1.99 and SockTheWorld has awesome band socks from Mutant Love to The Ex-Optimists.

- Make sure whatever accessories you wear are either  **durable or you don't care about it** because it could get **sacrificed it to the moshpit gods!** Sunglasses are wonderful mostly because it's cool to see in the sunshine plus you can wear them at night! Hats because it's cool to wear hats! For bags, Crossbody purse, backpack purse — think of yourself as a punk rock Cher from *Clueless* — **Channel it... are you visualizing? OK, "AS IF!"** I like to keep a backpack in the car for all my new goodies so they don't roll around the car on the way home at 3 am.

Bring all your fashion to Loud!Fest, we want to see you, we want to meet you and we want to take your picture!

- **BIG REMINDER, PLEASE SHOWER AND WEAR DEODORANT**, we love you, we want to hug you, but if you smell like a dumpster that's super uncool to yourself and everyone around you. Please wear deodorant. There are awesome brands like Schmidt's that don't have antiperspirant in them and keep you smelling fresh all fest and won't break the bank!

- **BRING CASH CASH CASH to buy all the MUSIC, MERCH & BEER**

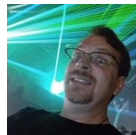
- **REMINER REVOLUTION BAR AND CAFE ONLY ACCEPTS CASH. PLEASE TIP YOUR BARTENDERS**

- Snacks are a super great idea. You're going to get hungry and mainlining free food is just rude AF, so bring some extra snacks to keep in your pockets or the car. Downtown Bryan has so many restaurants so you won't go hungry. Here are some suggestions to munch on: almonds, sunflower seeds, peanuts, something with protein!, trail mix, Skinny Pop White Cheddar Popcorn, some Taco Bell for later (I always have Taco Bell stashed in my car), pretzels, Spicy Sweet Chili Doritos, Oreos, pickles (ldk, get creative it's your snack!)

**Most importantly!!!!** Bring a great attitude and an eagerness to meet new people and share music with your friends. This time of year feels like second Christmas to us in the dirtdag community. It's a super special time where all our friends and our favorite bands come together and have a giant music filled party. Bring your friends and tell cool strangers.

All are welcome at LOUDFEST and we hope to see you there. — *KIRY JACKSON*

# LOUDFEST...PACE YO SELF



So, you're in a band and are playing LOUDFEST. Awesome! This is gonna be great. You look at the schedule and fuck if Matt hasn't scheduled your band to close out the night. Now you gotta figure out how you are gonna pace yourself so the train don't derail during your set.

Some of you guys can pull this shit off. How you manage to drunkenly figure out why your amp isn't producing any sound after fumbling around with chords is beyond me. Kudos to you and your brain.

But you know what I'm talking about. You're enjoying your evening, then suddenly a bartender pokes your shoulder with, "Aren't you guys playing next?"

You: "Fuck! I'm drunk as shit!"

Maybe you started too early and forgot, maybe that little devil on your shoulder convinced the little angel on the other shoulder to do some shots. Whatever the case, now you gotta pull off the theoretically impossible.

You: "Well, shit!"

Here are some tips to helping you pace yourself so your set doesn't devolve into the bassist and drummer doing a 20 minute jazz improv, the guitarist handing his guitar to a rando, and the audience heaving a collective sign as they turn to leave, considering moseying on over to the other venue to watch the next band set up and do soundcheck:

- 1.) Drink as much water as alcohol.
- 2.) See Frank's arm (Bartender at Revolution). He has heart tattoos that he fills in throughout the night.
- 3.) Swing over to RX Pizza, Proudest Monkey, Elixir, Taco Crave, Papa Perez, 3rd on Main, Cafe Capri, Mad-den's, Margie's or The Village and eat something.
- 4.) Agree to have a buddy that's keeping tabs. Tip: your buddy should not also need a buddy.
- 5.) No shots.
- 6.) Set like 3 alarms on your phone to 2 hours before your set, 1.5 hours, and 1 hour. Make it say something personal, like, "You don't wanna sound like shit, do you?" or "Remember what happened last time." (You will have to set this up like right now. Put this down and do it.)

7.) Somehow remember that even an hour after you stop drinking, you will still be drunk.

8.) Start the night with dollar bills in your back pocket...however many drinks you are planning (because you know how many it takes), then tip a dollar to the bartenders after each drink. When you are out of dollars, stop drinking.

9.) Remind yourself you can drink after your set. In fact, if you kick the ass that you've been practicing so hard to kick, one of your fans will probably buy you a drink!

10.) Walk over to Curious Collection (It's just a couple blocks away) and dig through their vinyl. They've got all the cool records.



So, Electric Astronaut, Omotai, 00Slevin, Ass, The ShutUps, Black Catholics, Amplified Heat,

Hot Crimes, Mutant Love...we'll be watching you, cuz we love you and love that you kick ass!

Let me reiterate, I get that some of you dudes can hack it. Great. What you do is what you do. But when someone comes up to you weeks later high fiving you about the awesome show at LOUDFEST 2019, and you're like, "Shit, I don't remember that show.", that's on you.

And on the other hand, who doesn't love a good train-wreck? It's awkward, drunk people are funny, and it can add a little memorable "spiciness" to the performance. Also, it can be a teachable moment for my sweet, innocent, teenage daughters, who just happen to be in The Shoobiedoobies, and will be in the audience.

One thing you might consider is having a backup musician, just in case. Livie from the Shoobiedoobies might be up for filling in on drums for you. She filled in for The ShutUps once. He wasn't out of it btw, he just left the drums alone for a hot minute (as he do) and Colin (Mutant Love, Ex-Optimists) encouraged her to get on there and rock out.

By the way, don't miss The ShutUps!

Whatever it is that you decide, we love you and we're with you. Rock on! LOUDFEST ES VIDA! — JORGE GOYCO

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# DRUNK DETECTIVE STARKNESS

*As I wake up in a strange motel room and rub the nasty crusts out of my eyes I say to myself: Drunk Detective Starkness, get your ass in here. It's been a long Memorial Day weekend, and I have a feeling this one is gonna take some explaining.*

Drunk Detective Starkness: Alright, alright, I'm up, Jesus. You early rising son of a Bitch.

Me: Sorry, dude, but it's my magical internal clock that somehow always knows when we're in a hotel and gets me up before check out.

DDS: Fair. Fine. At least we'll save on that bill. Ok let's start with what we know: It seems things started when you came to Austin to chill with (((Redacted))) and the family. Then you plugged a watermelon with a bottle of vodka and you all got super shit housed, because this is your life and of course you did. With me so far?

Me: Yep, yep, but how does that get us here? To what appears to be a Days Inn across the street from a busted up strip club?

DDS: Well, you and (((Redacted))) were talking about how you should both should just go ahead and get married to your respective girlfriends. And this was a serious conversation, because you both love your girlfriends and the four of you can all get a house together, so it would just make sense to have a joint wedding, and you took this whole thing very seriously, because you were super smashed, and it was 5AM, and this is your life, and of course that's a real conversation that totally makes sense in your twisted little version of reality.

Me: Yeesh. So this whole thing starts really stupid. Really, really stupid. Ok, well if you say so.

DDS: Oh, just wait for it. It gets so much worse! So at some point, on Sunday, even (((Redacted))) needed a break, because even the other alcoholics in your life can't keep up with you sometimes. But no worries, of course some of your other old high school buddies called you at exactly that moment, and they're restaurant and bar people and were just getting started, so it appears you left most of your shit and your truck at (((Redacted)))'s and went to hang out with these guys. Judging from these receipts I'm finding in your pockets, it appears you went bowling, which should explain the weird pain in your arm.

Me: Hmmm, thanks. I was wondering about that one. It was a bit unusual.

DDS: You're welcome. Now at this point, I'm quite sure you were all thrown out of the bowling alley, AGAIN, because you were stupid fucked up, and again, this is your life. From there, I'm not even sure what happened. You'll have to ask Blacked Out You, but I don't think he's around. You don't seem drunk enough to talk to him right now. Just guessing here because it would have been totally fine for you to crash with the guys you were hanging with. But...again this is pure speculation, maybe you just wanted to get the trip out of the way, to get back to your truck at (((Redacted)))'s? So you called a cab. But you

## DRUNK DETECTIVE STARKNESS GUIDE TO LOUDIFEST

Alright you fucking rubes, Drunk Detective Starkness has made it through a few years of Loud!Fest now and let's level with one another. Does he remember everything? Of course not. Is this a definitive guide on things to do and things not to do? Of course not, but it comes from a good place.

- DO: Drink. Alcohol is fun, and it allows me and you to interact with people in normal-ish ways.
- DO NOT: Act like a piece of shit to fellow patrons or bartenders.
- DO: Smoke drugs. See above note about Alcohol.
- DO NOT: Drive after doing drugs or drinking as referenced above. That is bad, and you'll hurt people.
- DO: Spend money on merch/art and/or drinks for bands. These guys made rad stuff for you, spend money on it.
- DO NOT: Lose all your money making bets about which drummer will surely pass out before their set is done.
- DO: Make sure you have babysitter buddy system if you're going to take a bunch of drugs.
- DO NOT: Lose all your money making bets about which bassist will puke before you. You will puke first, bassists are fucking tough.
- DO: Buy a strange man or woman a drink. It's still cool to do that.
- DO NOT: Buy a strange man or woman all their drinks. That's dumb, a little weird, and creepy as fuck.
- DO: Shout "WOO-HOO" during a random band's break. I will be

doing it, and don't want to be left alone.

- DO NOT: Look at yourself in the mirror after your sixth drink. It will shake your confidence and make you want to go home.
- DO: Learn to appreciate your hangover. If it was all good times, every idiot would be doing it.
- DO NOT: Argue your tab at the end of the night. You're drunk. You're coming off like the jackass. Pay for your drinks.
- DO: Go somewhere other than Revolution or The Stafford. All The King's Men for whiskey (and BBQ), The Village for mimosas (and breakfast), Downtown Elixir for fancy cocktails (and brunch), Madden's for wine (and fancy foodstuffs), Rx Pizza for more whiskey (and pizza), or shit, just ask someone what they're doing and tag along.
- DO NOT: Try to act like a badass and avoid earplugs. Do you want tinnitus? No, you don't.
- DO: Pick up Ian Gosling from Mutant Love and make him crowd surf during their set Saturday at 12:30 AM. Let him play on your shoulders. It's cool.
- DO NOT: Trash Rev's courtyard, rape alley, or the streets of DTB. Clean your shit up, puke in dumpsters, and throw your cigarette butts away.
- DO: Tip your fucking bartenders.
- DO NOT: Fucking bite people.
- DO: Enjoy Loud!Fest and buy Matt, Niki, Kelly, and Wonkokatie a God's damned well-earned drink.

were so tremendously drunk that you couldn't even tell the cabbie how to get back there. So, it looks like, at your worst, from the deepest core of your being, you just blurted out, "Drop me on the corner up here." And now we're here. Your phone is dead, by the way, because you're a fucking idiot. And it looks like you left your wallet in the cab or somewhere on the side of the road or in that shitty now closed strip club across the street or God knows where because it's sure as shit not in the hotel room. So, you're broke.

Me: Well, fuck me, Drunk Detective Starkness. How the fuck am I gonna get back to my truck? It's at least ten miles back to (((Redacted)))'s and I ain't got shit.

DDS: Dunno, bud. At the end of the day, I'm just a construct in your head. I've done my job, explained what the situation is and how it happened. But I can't get you home.

So at this point, I'm standing in front of a sleazy motel. Even the fictional constructs in my head have abandoned me. It's 11 o'clock in the morning. I have friends who would come scoop my ass in a heartbeat, but I live in the age of cell phones, so there's no fucking way I actually remember anyone's number, and it's not like I have any money or a phone charger to try and get a hold of anyone.

Fuck. I only see 2 options. You get through this ten mile walk or you don't and then you'll be dead and everything will mercifully be over. So, I start walking through the ATX. And it's awful. Every road has a ditch on the side of it, so I'm walking at this weird angle, almost hoping I slip and a car hits me. And I'm in flip flops, so I'm dodging all the broken glass and gravel that's everywhere. When suddenly, "Hi hangover! You've elected to give me the pukes this morning? Terrific." So now I'm puking on the side of the road. Then I'm sneaking around people's back yards, to find a hose for life giving water, and I'm fucking 26 years old, with a real person's job, but this is still happening in my life, because I have a drinking problem, and this is my life.

But you know what? I have a smile on my face. Because I'm walking with the other vagrants, with puke all over myself, but none of this is out of the ordinary. We all smile and wave at each other, because we all fucking get it. This is fucking life. It's gonna be weird. You either live it out or you die.

So I've been walking for a couple hours, when I suddenly realize that it might be a little out of my way, but there is a local bar around the corner. Surely, there will be someone in there who can give me a lift for the last few miles or maybe the bartender will take pity on me and get me a cab. So I walk into the bar, stinking like puke and sweating booze at 2 o'clock in the afternoon on a Monday and sure as shit, there's one of the old boys I used to shoot pool with back in the day, drinking alone on Monday afternoon. And I'm all like, "Hey man, long time no see." And he's all like, "Hey Starkness, it's been a time, how you been?" And I'm all like, "In kinda a bad way here (with the award for the most fucking obvious statement of the century, considering I'm covered in puke, detoxing in a dive bar) could you give me a lift to (((Redacted)))'s?" And he's all like, "Sure, dude. No Problem. Let's go." And I'm all like, "You're a life saver, man. Thank you so much." And he's all like, "Been there, just pay it forward." And I'm all like, "Always and forever." — STARKNESS

# THE OLD QEEZER GOES TO LOUDFEST

When they said "bunch o' bands"  
I thought they said "big bands",  
and I'm chaffed there's  
no Benny Goodman to be found.

I looked and beheld men dressed  
as animals and women with hair  
the color of cupcakes  
- and behold there's something here  
called a "Mutant Love", and  
I doubt anyone's got penicillin for that.

On the first night, I was told  
to urinate in the alley, near a big  
Bodhisattva with ostrich egg eyes.  
But then some musical group made  
an "alley" between two automotive  
vans. Eh, when in Rome.

In my day, you danced  
*with* a partner, not  
*at* them, and a Glory Hole  
was that which is extracted  
from a doughnut.

Later that evening, I soaked my feet  
and my fears in Epsom salts  
and peroxide. Even my eyes  
welcomed soap.

On the second night, a young  
man was suddenly above me  
in midair, people passing  
him like good Baptist gossip  
upon their shoulders. He looked like  
he thought he was flying, but he  
weren't. Another fellow's ass went  
through glass — and he celebrated  
the fact. I went home to quell  
my tinnitus.

The next day I labored  
towards my return with concerns:  
Are they getting enough protein?  
Should I bring bananas?  
Has anyone brewed a pot  
of coffee or dared to eat a peach?  
Has anyone noticed that boy's  
drums are on fire? If a Unicorn  
Tongue Punches the pinpoint  
pop of a Charm Bomb,  
will the Black Catholics  
hear that confession? I *know*  
there will be confessions,  
as well as a roving case of Pink Eye.

The Shoobiedoobies? I believed,  
for a moment, I recalled their  
wartime rag "But How Many Moons?"  
- except, when I saw them here,  
they were too rambunctious  
for 78 rpms. These days, the  
whole family excels at volume.

On the third night, I kept on  
my shirt, tucked into my Dockers,  
despite requests not to.  
Young men removed theirs,  
rubbing their bare torsos — slick  
like open-face mayonnaise  
sandwiches — against the waffle  
course texture of my Polo shirt.  
I moved to the left.

Then a lady — maybe two — did  
the same, as unknown and unseen  
tubular bells swiped the chimes  
of my biceps, and I remembered  
John Donne's petition to be  
so "ravished" by a goodly hymn . . .

and that's when I decided  
to stay — to jump a little,  
to make merry despite  
my blood sugar,  
to visit the alley and,  
upon my return, to labor  
towards the seething frothing  
front where the beer flowed  
like sideways rain  
and where voices screamed  
till they peeled with hoarseness  
like gargled razor blades  
and where, boy oh boy,  
that ASS was loud.  
—KEVIN STILL



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# NON-LOUDFEST SOUNDS

In the month of LOUDFEST, what better science topic to cover than sounds? The physics of sound and their perception could be an article in itself but what isn't often considered about sound is the production of sound that we as humans don't hear or notice.

In addition to music, human voices, and sounds made by machinery and other manufactured things, there are lots of familiar animal sounds we can identify. Cricket frogs sound like two marbles clicking together. The scream of a mating fox sounds like a woman being murdered. Chickadees say "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee," etc. Interestingly, it was only recently discovered that turtles vocalize to each other underwater, though we still don't know why. But there are also all sorts of animal sounds we don't hear. Bats are a classic example, with their echolocation in the ultrasonic range outside of human hearing. We take advantage of these sounds to create things like ultrasound sonograms, which essentially use the same techniques bat do to bounce ultrasonic waves off of objects. Rodents and marine mammals like dolphins use the same range to communicate. Many insects, fish, and pets can hear in this range, meaning there are whole animal conversations they get to spy on that we as humans miss out on.

On the other end of the auditory spectrum is infrasound—if it's loud enough, we humans can feel it in our bones. It's more common in the animal kingdom than you might expect. Cat purrs dip into the infrasonic range, and elephants and whales use infrasound to communicate over long distances through the ground and water, respectively.

The sounds we don't "hear" are still relevant to humans in multiple ways. Remember those sonic attacks on North American ambassadors in Cuba and China? I happened to be at the conference where researchers proposed that the recorded sound purported to be the sonic attack was actually a local cricket species. (Note that the media screwed this up a lot and suggested that the sonic attack was done with cricket sounds. Really, the recording that was made is unlikely to actually contain whatever sound the attack was done with — if

there was an attack at all). It is still unknown what caused the symptoms in the ambassadors but sonic weapons are a very real technology.

Infrasound has also been attributed to ghost sightings and the supernatural. Because all sound is vibration, infrasound at just the right frequency can cause our eyeballs to shake without our knowledge, resulting in spots or blurs in the corner of our vision. There has also been some rumor that infrasound causes feelings of fear or anxiety in humans but I haven't read the original research about that. The idea that animals can often sense earthquakes or other natural disasters has a scientific basis in infrasound as well. Tectonic plates and large natural bodies of water produce infrasound that animals are able to hear or feel better than we can.

A curious observer may be able to find water based on frog calls or use bird song to track down snakes (I found a beautiful corn snake in Florida this way once. The jays were not happy about its presence). But even among the natural sounds we can hear, there is a lot going on that we likely miss out on. For example, not only do primates and birds have well-documented "dialects", but even sunfish in different rivers have different dialects in their nest-guarding vocalizations. Humans also impact animal sounds. Birds in cities sing at higher frequencies and volumes than their forest counterparts. Crickets near roads will stop calling in response to traffic noise while frogs near roads alter the temporal dynamics of their calls to make up for traffic noise. The noises made by underwater oil drilling overlap the pitches and frequencies of whale calls, causing conservation groups and oil companies alike to pour money into acoustic communication research.

I was unable to find any studies on whether the birds near outdoor music venues change their song in response to shows so it is unknown whether LOUDFEST may impact Bryan's birds' songs. But while you're rocking out to the rad tunes of LOUDFEST this season, consider what sounds you're not hearing as well (and protect your ears!). — BETH REINKE



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# LIVE MUSIC & THAT SILVER MOON MOMENT

**2002** – Blink 182, Green Day, Jimmy Eat World – I had lawn seats at the Woodlands outdoor venue, so a friend and me were somewhere in the middle not too crowded, seated most of the time. Jimmy Eat World did great in their short set with incredibly-catchy tunes including their blockbuster of young girl empowerment: “In the Middle.”

Green Day was simply fantastic, one great song after the other, amazing stage presence, a stellar set that finished with Billie Joe on stage with an acoustic singing what’s become a wedding favorite: “Good Riddance (Time of your Life).” I wondered how Blink 182 could compete with that.

The bottom line was they couldn’t. Blink 182 just didn’t have enough good songs, much less enough great songs to ignite a crowd. Plus, their goofball antics fell flat on the big stage, so what was appealing in a small venue or even recorded was just irritating and off-putting. I couldn’t wait for them to finish. Still, it was fun hearing the hits, so one of my favorite shows, one my daughter wishes she could have gone to.

**2011** – LOUDFEST – This was my third LOUDFEST, I believe. I have a shirt from 2009, probably sold out in 2010, but I have great notes from this year. I just checked, and I have music by ten of the acts I saw in 2011, a few I had before seeing them live, most afterwards. If Mike the Engineer (partially revived in the also-defunct Golden Sombrero) had recorded anything, I probably would have gotten that. My daughter still talks about their rocking cover of “Sloop John B.”

My overwhelming memory of that year’s festival is how much fun the musicians and their fans were having. Whether it was giddiness inspired by The Hangouts’ power punk (mainly courtesy of vocalist Niki Shea) or the vigorous electronica of Transmography or just the captivating songs from Jay Satellite and The Ex-Optimists, it was all wired together by mutual delight apparent in performer and audience. At least, it seemed that way to me then and now looking back. Even Dog Company’s political punk was gleeful.

That’s what keeps me going back to LOUDFEST, I suppose. Well, that, and I like supporting local music and businesses. In today’s age of musicians relying on concert sales to make money, LOUDFEST remains a throwback to an era where bands played live for their fans (I saw Kiss for \$6.50, still have the ticket).

**1975** – The Silver Moon Bluegrass Band – I know, right? It was a bluegrass band from Fort Worth. I was in college in San Angelo, and this band was playing a free set outside of the University Center. It started to rain, so the musicians moved indoors to a cafeteria area to continue playing to a handful of us. That’s when the magic started. Whether it was the intimacy of the setting or the determination of the crowd (30-40 college kids) to wring something from the evening or both or something else, but from that first mandolin chord inside, the Silver Moon Bluegrass Band hooked the crowd as if it was the best act in the world.

We howled after every song. We clapped along with everything, sang lustily with any chorus we remotely could figure out. The band started doing instrumentals to rest the singer’s voice. They kept taking breaks, probably hoping we’d leave, but we roared for more and more. We even convinced them to let one of our number do hamboning and play his nose. Our throats were raw from yelling, hands swelling from clapping; we took to stomping our feet and banging things on the tables for applause. We finally sorrowfully let them go since they had to drive back so far to go to work. What a night.

That night was where I fell in love with live music. I had seen concerts before in large venues and small, but nothing has been as transformative as that event. Live music promises – and often delivers -- something you can’t always get from records, CDs, or digital vibrations. Live music doesn’t need large numbers or lasers or video screens to impact you. It’s all about that incandescent moment between you and the performer. So, while my frequency of seeing live music has waned for a variety of reasons, the pleasure is still there. Hopefully, you’ve found your Silver Moon moment – if not, keep listening. – *MIKE L. DOWNEY*

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f GRANNYMOONFARM

# SALACIOUS VEGAN CRUMBS



Every May, Loud!Fest comes roaring into town, and all of our friends and friend-bands descend on downtown Bryan like a bunch of drunken locusts. Deaf, hot, sticky, and wobbly, at the end of each night (or possibly very early in the morning), everyone eventually finds a nice cozy spot to curl up in and snooze off the last of their booze. While everyone is still sleeping (this is not early, I'm talkin' 10 or 11 AM), I quietly get to work. The crack of a morning Topo Chico, the shutting of the fridge door, the slicing of a knife — it can all only be just as loud as the loudest snorer in the house. I roast potatoes, bake cinnamon rolls, test kolaches for doneness, and put on a pot of coffee until one or two people stumble into the kitchen, awoken by the sweet and savory smells of brunch. Their presence is my cue that it's now socially acceptable to pour myself (and my groggy guests) a morning mimosa. Loud!Feast has quietly begun.

For years, our house has magically transformed (aka we washed all the pillows and blankets) into a hotel for three nights in May to house a bunch of the after-parties and tired show-goers and music makers of Loud!Fest. I really enjoy being able to take the loud, raucous L!F energy and slowly wind it down at home with friends, still having fun, until one by one, our eyelids droop just a little too far to open again. It's nicer than abruptly leaving the bar and having to fall asleep in the quiet of an empty home, your ears still ringing from the last band. Likewise, I'm usually the first one up in the morning, stumbling into the bathroom to get in a quick shower before all the hot water is gone. The day starts off quietly, with whispers and clinks between coffee mugs and carafe. A gigantic nothing will suddenly breeze by the front door, and Zoot will start barking like crazy, waking up everyone sleeping in the front of the house. The energy level inside slowly builds as people go out for a smoke or take a much needed shower, and others help me make waffles or slice tomatoes. It's really easy to get carried away, or even anxious and overwhelmed at L!F, but at Loud!FEAST, you can chill and continue the conversations you had tried to start the night before. It makes the next day of music less of a jolt to the system.

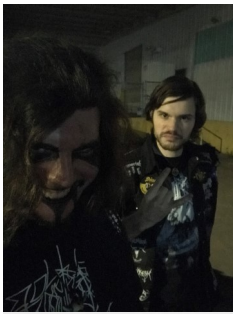
I had to look it up, but we've been doing some form of Loud!Feast since 2012 — I remember the first one. It was at the teeny little house on Nagle St, about the same square footage as my first apartment (which incidentally also saw wild parties). It was jam-packed and shaking off its foundation the night before, and still had quite a few lingering couch surfers. The one and only Lee Bucker, keeper of the Velocirats, threw together a giant tofu scramble as a thanks for letting him and his band stay over and inadvertently started Loud!Feast. I remember one of the Todd and Grant bands gathered in the kitchen over plates of breakfast tacos. I remember laughing my butt off with Little Jess when I accidentally put cumin in the cinnamon rolls (it's a booze fest, guys!). And then there was the time Amanda took over and slaved all morning over vegan chick'n and waffles and her famous tofu scramble, only for the house to be inundated with water as soon as she called out "lunch is ready!" Every single person in the house hopped up and starting building towel dams, moving furniture and amps, with little Jess making sure everyone was properly boozed up so they could see the humor in it all.

In the past two or three years, it's been normal to have 20 people over for brunch, and even more on the last Sunday, when we go heavy on the Bloody Marys and hang out into the early evening in the atrium. I love it. L!F itself can be a little overwhelming for me as a not-very-good-at-being-social person, but having the feasts brings all the friends who I love over to the house where we can all just hang out and not be checking the band schedule, or saying hi to a zillion acquaintances. I love coming up with menus, testing and perfecting recipes, sharing my kitchen, and having the excuse to stuff my face and down breakfast drinks. But most of all I like seeing you guys. And if some waffles and tofu scramble is what lets me see more of you guys, I'm keep cooking!

If you wanna come to Loud!Feast, show up at the Killerburg Estate/Wonkiller Mansion/Zoot Toonice Hoose on May 17, 18, and/or 19 around noon! — **KATIE KILLER**

BRYAN, 979.822.6747, 201 W. 26TH ST.





**Aphotic Contrivance** has been knocking around Bryan/College Station for quite some time, double-kicking their melodic blackened death metal with twists of prog rock, post-rock, and jazz fusion. But really it's just the the sound of their friendship fed through the speed and aggression of metal music amplified.

*Aphotic Contrivance plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 6pm*

<http://facebook.com/AphoticContrivance>



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

*ASS headlines the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 11:15pm*

<http://facebook.com/assthrashpunk>

Long time local scene veteran Josh Willis said goodbye to the beloved indie rock band LUCA and began a new chapter with **Antique Gardens**. Fans of literate, passionate post-emo guitar pop will feel right at home with Willis and company.



*Antique Gardens plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 9pm*

<http://facebook.com/antiquegardensband>



**Eames** is the hip-hop alter ego for deeply righteous Shut-Ups drummer Eric. If you have seen The Shut-Ups then you just know that Eric on the mic is probably gonna be the

illest shit you've ever seen.

*Eames plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 9pm*

# LOUD!FEST



**Charm Bomb** is all about echoed guitar lines over punk rock bass with an upfront vocal presence and attitude, all applied to '00s era indie punk. This means they are loud and write good, fun songs and should not be missed.

*Charm Bomb plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 8pm.*

<http://facebook.com/>

charmBOMBEXPLODE



Originally formed in TX in the early 90s, **Boy Wonder** was reborn in 2016. Three instruments and three voices playing their distinct version of loud, spacious and intense noise rock.

*Boy Wonder plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 19 @ 9:15pm*

<http://facebook.com/boywonderaustintx/>

DFW punk trio **From Parts Unknown** look like a rockabilly band, play rockabilly band instruments, and sound nada like a rockabilly band. They play straight-up anthemic punk rock with the upright bass at times acting like a second drummer banging out righteous double kicks.



*From Parts Unknown headlines the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 17 @ 11:15pm*

<http://facebook.com/frompartsunknownatx>

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Beaumont by way of Austin rapper **Arm\$trng** rhymes in the Dirty South / 717 Houston rap style, bringing the party with his swagger and flow.

*Arm\$trng plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 8pm*



**Corusco** grew up with the sounds of early '00s post-emo in their ears, and their new album *Wake* resounds with that classic sound.

*Corusco plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 10:30pm*

<http://facebook.com/coruscomusic>

These three brothers from Colombia made their way to Austin and eventually formed **Amplified Heat**, a stoner metal band that adds a bit of nascent '70s metal, biker rock, and Southern boogie into their heavy power trio.



*Amplified Heat headlines the Outdoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 12:30am.*

<http://facebook.com/AmplifiedHeat>



Austin's **Boss Battle** combines the herky jerky start-stop rhythmic bursts of mid '90s post-metal with deep dub synthesizers, heavy rock guitars and an

almost alien male/female vocal attack that sounds like Vulcan mating calls set to robot rock.

*Boss Battle plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 17 @ 10:30pm*

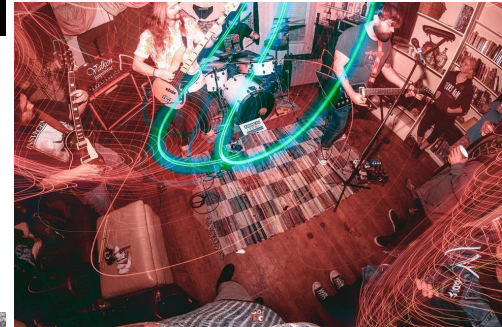
<http://boss-battle.com>

Charles asked Kelly what he was doing Saturday and he replied nothing, so Charles said we're gonna have a Black Sabbath cover band with Brandon and Kelly said right-oh but I gotta bring Brammer too. And thus **Benghazi Osbourne** was formed.



*Benghazi Osbourne plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 6pm*

<http://facebook.com/benghaziosbourne>



**Electric Astronaut**. The sound of your iPod, stoned AF, shuffling through your favorite 90s power pop and early '00s riff-heavy indie rock.

*Electric Astronaut headlines the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 11:15pm*

<http://facebook.com/electricastronaut/>



**The Ex-Optimists** = the sound that occurs when melody meets chaos. Early '90s indie rock played loud.

*The Ex-Optimists plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 10pm*

<http://facebook.com/theexoptimists/>

Jakob (DethTruck, Galactic Morgue) got a new band, playing dark, early '80s tape trader metal with big guitars and weird movie samples. His best metal band yet!

*Iron Slut plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 8:15pm*

<http://facebook.com/IRON-SLUT-16750077266727>



Nashville duo **Friendship Commanders** makes far more noise than two people should be able to do. Like what should've happened when metal and grunge collided in the early '90s: loud, punishing drums and guitar crashing against smart pop harmony vocals in true metal punx

fashion.

*Friendship Commanders plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 12am*  
<http://facebook.com/friendshipcommanders>



**Darwin's Finches** have been bumming around Texas stages for 20 years or more. Recently the band has been making the rounds again behind a fantastic new album, *Good Morning Creatures II*, a romp through their loopy, psychedelic '90s Texas indie rock sound.

*Darwin's Finches plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Friday, May 17 @ 9:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/Darwinsfinchez>

Houston's **Cool Moon** reminds me of mid-90s female fronted alt-rock bands like Letters To Cleo or Belly, good loud rock songs played with chunky guitars and big drums.



*Cool Moon plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 9:45pm*  
<http://facebook.com/coolmoon1>



**High Desert Queen** is a new desert metal/stoner metal supergroup filled with Houston lifers from Supergrave, Hogleg, and Black Math Experiment, among others.

*High Desert Queen plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 11:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/>

*highdesertqueen*



Imagine metal played with viola, bass, and drums and you've got Houston power trio **Fiddle Witch and The Demons of Doom**. The band's music swells and flows, at times ethereal and creepy, at times marching like a most righteously denimed-up hesher. This is probably the most unique band you will see at LOUDFEST this year.

*Fiddle Witch plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Saturday, May 18 at midnight.*  
<http://facebook.com/FiddleWitchandtheDemonsofDoom>



Austin's **Gentlemen Rogues** makes the same sort of racket you'd imagine that someone who listened to a lot of Fountains of Wayne and You Am I CD's might make if they also had their heart broken and turned to *Static Prevails* for solace and relief. Cracking '90s power pop performed with the fortitude of '00s emo.

*Gentlemen Rogues plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Friday, May 17 @ 11pm*  
<http://facebook.com/gentlemenrogues>

**The Gary** is an impossible to google band name. But this is a band that inspires cult followings. Blending Mission of Burma style bass-led post-punk with hyper literate narrative songwriting, strong band dynamics, and a touch of math-rock nimbleness.



*The Gary plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Friday, May 17 @ 11:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/thegarytx>



Hot Springs' **Ghost Bones** fits the aesthetic of their hometown completely. They have a gothic David Lynchian air to their punk rock sound.

*Ghost Bones plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 17 @ 9:45pm*  
<http://facebook.com/ghostbonesband>

Three gay guys that play all original gay punk songs. This is Memphis trio **The Gloryholes** calling card. They play with stereotypes while rocking the fuck out at the same time.



*The Gloryholes plays the Revolution Inside Stage Saturday, May 19 @ 11pm*  
<http://facebook.com/gloryholes>



Wisconsin punk rockers **Garbage Man** sound like a bunch of losers one might find leftover on the floor after a random house party show in middle America, scooped up, propped up with nicotine and cheap whiskey, and let loose onstage, hungover and loud as fuck. I say this as a complete compliment. Reminds me of all those cool Denver bands Justin hung out with in the '00s.

*Garbage Man plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 17 @ 9pm*  
<http://facebook.com/youretrash>

**Hormonal Imbalance** plays punk songs that sound like someone's inner monologue on an average night out at the bar. Shit that you'd likely say once you've had 4 or 5 too many lunchboxes. Songs about pencil dicks and wanting to bone some other girl's boyfriend, that sort of thing.

*Hormonal Imbalance plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 9pm*  
<http://facebook.com/hormonalimbalance>



I remember once upon a time when punks and metalheads did not mix well. You were one or the other. **Holy Fear** is proudly both, mixing heavy skateboard punk with thrash metal.



*Holy Fear plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 10:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/holyfeartx>



**Hot Crimes** is what happens when them two dudes from Black Actress left Chicago for Austin and hooked up with dudes from The Bulemics and City Life and made a righteous dirty late '70s metal band.

*Hot Crimes headlines the Revolution Outdoor Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 12:30am*  
<http://facebook.com/Hot-Crimes-936413149882140/>



Houston's **Killer Hearts** mixes a cocktail of Sunset Strip metal, garage punk, and scuzzy hard rock that'll fuck you up.

*Killer Hearts plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 10:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/KillerHeartsOfficial/>

Austin's **Jay Satellite** is like a bite of 1994 college radio, a little power pop, a little shoegaze, a little postpunk, a little lo-fi, and a lot of catchy, guitar heavy radio-friendly rock and roll.



*Jay Satellite plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 8:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/jaysatellite>





**Mutant Love** is a calamitous punk rock band that somehow piles infectious pop songwriting about acid trips and regret into their band falling down the stairwell approach.

*Mutant Love headlines the Outdoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 19 @ 12:30am*

<http://facebook.com/mutantlove666/>

**Moths** is noisy, cranky, blurry, eardrum wrecking, noise-gaze, blaring, manic, and heavy. Like a panic attack with a beat you absolutely cannot dance to. I gotta imagine seeing them at five feet is an amazing experience, one we will all get a chance to enjoy for ourselves at LOUD-FEST.



*Moths plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 11:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/mothsnoise>

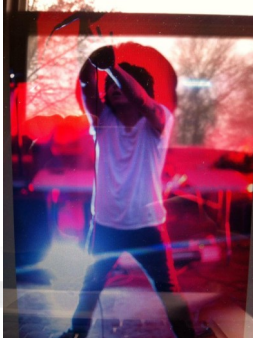


Former Hangouts drummer/bassist Marty Durlam has brought some of the most extreme bands to B/CS from bands that combined animal sacrifice with atonal noise to bands that made artful punk rock. **Pink Eye** has been Marty's mainstay, leaning from indie rock to postpunk to currently a bass and drums noisepunk duo.

*Pink Eye plays the Revolution Indoor Stage Thursday, May 16th @ 9:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/pinkeyhtx>

Female Demand was a rad band out of Houston that played a bunch of shows in B/CS and even released an EP on Sinkhole Texas Inc. When that band broke up, bassist Bradley started **PLXTX**, a one-person confrontational industrial-cum-punktech project that is loud and in your face.

*PLXTX plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 10:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/plxtx>



Houston quartet **Omotai** is a brutally loud metal band that combines the sheer noise of industrial metal, the heaviness of stoner metal, and the off-kilter awkward rhythms of '90s math rock into one unforgettable slab of heavy metal.

*Omotai headlines the Indoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 12:30am*

<http://facebook.com/omotai>



**Mali Razea** is out of Atlanta, representing the Brass Knuckle Gang with her smooth flow.

*Mali Razea plays the Revolution Outdoor Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 10pm*  
<http://facebook.com/11ilboot>

**PersephOne** has been kicking around Houston for ten years now, rhyming on dubstep and hard bit-crushed Death Grips style beats. These days she's style coming tough but with an almost psychedelic flow on Dirty South trap beats.



*PersephOne plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 11pm*  
<http://www.perseph1.com>



**The Prof. Fuzz 63** is a British Invasion-influenced family band that sounds like what happens when Beat Happening makes records with The Cramps

about nudist Buddhist Judas Priest fans, Arkansas brides, panda attacks, shitwater, and other fantastic song subjects.

*The Prof. Fuzz 63 plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 7:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/prof.fuzz63>

Livie and Sophie are teen sisters. Jorge is not a teen. He's their dad. Together they are **The Shoobiedoobies**. What started as an all improvised doom/metal/trash thing has now become more structured with catchy hard rock songs.



*The Shoobiedoobies plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 7pm*  
<http://facebook.com/TheShoobiedoobies>



When Venomous Maximus broke up last year Christian and Trevi put together **Night Cobra** with long time HTX veteran Bill Fool to mine similar early

'80s metal territory. This is their first BCS show.

*Night Cobra plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 9:45pm*  
<http://facebook.com/NightCobra>



Austin has graced us with a number of crazy noisy "experience" 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 headlines the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 1am*  
<http://facebook.com/theshutupsaustin/>

**Misotheist** started out as a solo side project for ASS guitarist James Moore to explore old school black metal. The project was so successful that James found some other knuckleheads to bring Misotheist to the stage, full corpse paint and all.



*Misotheist plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 17 @ 7:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/MisotheistTX>

**Sykotic Tendencies** consists of three siblings raised as punk rockers by punk parents in a punk rock household. It was pretty much a forgone conclusion that they would also be punk rockers. A year later they are continuing to bash out their early '80s inspired hardcore punk.



*Sykotic Tendencies plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 6:45pm*  
<http://facebook.com/Sykotic-tendencies-195478134404160>



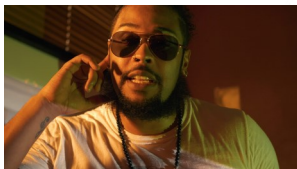
Houston's **A Sundae Drive** harkens back to the mid '90s for their indie/alt-rock sound, bringing the pop sensibility of Yo La Tengo with a bent towards raucous Sonic Youth-esque noise.

*A Sundae Drive headlines the Outdoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 10:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/asundaedrive/>



**Nerve:** Hardcore d-beat punk and death metal crossover from some cool Austin dudes.

*Nerve plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 9pm*  
<http://facebook.com/NerveATX>



Some of y'all remember **OOSlevin** as Black Roger, a long time member of the BCS metal scene. These days he's in Austin rocking the mic hip-hop style.

*OOSlevin headlines the Outdoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 16 @ midnight*  
<http://facebook.com/OOSlevinTX>



**Tongue Punch** is a party metal band that crosses metal and late '90s MTV punk-pop.

*Tongue Punch plays the Grand Stafford Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 7:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/TonguePunch.Music>

**Unicorndog**

will supply the best pop punk songs about doing drugs and hanging out with your friends that you will hear all the three day weekend.



*Unicorndog plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 7pm*  
<http://facebook.com/unicorndogTX>



Houston's **Yaupon** adds a bit of raucous modern Southern rock to their textured indie rock sound. Longtime LOUDFEST goers will recognize lead singer Todd from his previ-

ous LF performances with Mike The Engineer and Golden Sombbrero and drummer Bobby from ASS.

*Yaupon plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Friday, May 17 @ 9pm*  
<http://facebook.com/Yauponband>

**Black Catholics**, populated by B/CS and Austin scene metal punk stalwarts, has created a "tough gothic" sound all their own combining post-punk darkness, indie thrash metal power, and gothic imagery.



*Black Catholics plays the Grand Stafford Stage Friday, May 17 @ 7:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/blackcatholicstx>

Austin's **Vicious Cycle** are a post-grunge southern metal band. Fans of Alice In Chains and Clutch will dig on their swampy heavy rock tunes.



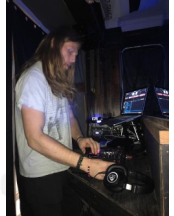
*Vicious Cycle plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 11pm*  
<http://facebook.com/vcbandtx>



San Antonio's **Sketchy Trench** is an honest-to-goodness '90s Epitaph Records style big punk rock band. Melodic vocals, chunky guitars, and racing polka beat drums abound.

*Sketchy Trench plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 8:30pm*  
<http://facebook.com/sketchytrench>

**Loops** is a local BCS computer code cruncher dishing out the sine wave bass deep dubstep from his decks.



*Loops plays the Indoor Revolution Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 8:30pm*



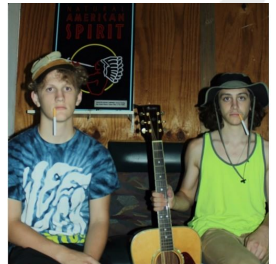
While compiling photos for this year's Loudfest website it was interesting to note Kayden up front at the first Loudfest, not even a teenager yet. This year his band **Ground Control** blasts

out their psychedelic rock jams. If that doesn't complete the circle then I'm no geometrician.

*Ground Control plays the Outdoor Revolution Stage Saturday, May 18 @ 6:30pm*

Willie and Reece have been coming to LOUDFEST since they were little kids. Only natural that once they formed **Reelie** they'd be playing LOUDFEST.

*Reelie plays the Grand Stafford Stage Thursday, May 16 @ 8:15pm*  
<http://soundcloud.com/reelie>



# LOUDFEST 2019

## DIRTBAG HUNT

<b>Get a LoudFest Bracelet</b>	<b>Get a drink with ice in it</b>	<b>Like a Facebook page of a band you just heard</b>
<b>Selfie in front of LoudFest Poster</b>	<b>Walk through the Spooky Alley</b>	<b>See a tattoo of something from the 80s</b>
<b>Bass Player asks for beer</b>	<b>See a mic stand fall</b>	<b>Get a pic with DeeDee</b>
<b>Drummer breaks a stick</b>	<b>Stage dive during ASS</b>	<b>Tip a tender</b>
<b>Buy a band sticker</b>	<b>Wonder if you should have brought Ear Plugs</b>	<b>Hydrate (with water)</b>
<b>Eat in Downtown Bryan</b>	<b>Find a lighter in your pocket that's not yours</b>	<b>Tell someone to pick up a copy of this zine</b>
<b>Watch a band on Thursday</b>	<b>Watch a band on Friday</b>	<b>Watch a band on Saturday</b>
<b>Text a friend that they need to come to LoudFest</b>	<b>Write or paint something on your forehead</b>	<b>Buy a CD or band shirt</b>
<b>Pet a dog (or possum)</b>	<b>Do a fortnite dance</b>	<b>Hold up a beer at the end of a song</b>
<b>Find and comment on the coolest shirt</b>	<b>Watch a band as close as possible</b>	<b>Take a picture of a band on stage and share it to their Facebook page</b>
<b>Talk to a band member after their show</b>	<b>Throw a stuffed animal on stage</b>	<b>Find the couches upstairs</b>

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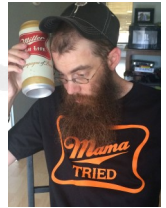


**IRON  
SLUT**



**REVOLUTION 5/3**

# STILL GRUMPY



One of my greatest pet peeves is when somebody says they “listen to a little bit of everything”. No, you don’t. That’s impossible. Not to mention, the people I know who do listen to everything would never actually admit it. It’s like bragging about your own sexual prowess: something you should just let other people brag about for you. That’s even in the Good Book, so you know it’s good advice.

For the record, I have never heard anyone say this about anything else: movies or food or beer — well, that last one barely applies. If people do not actively watch or eat or drink “a little bit of everything”, then why *all* the music? Ask and you’ll find a narrowed margin on most things. Films? Make it a comedy. Food? Burgers and Funyuns. Booze? Just no Shiner Bock. But music? Any and every and the whole of it seems common enough. You’ve got two ears, 24 hours, and about 87 winters, but, by golly, you’re set to digest the whole of human civilization as long as it is conveyed through an oboe. This is how the world ends: the farting out of an overworked iPod.

I hear this nonsense more often than I’d prefer. Me: “So, what kind of music do you like?” Them: (looking down at their toes rolling a circular flush in the dirt through which they cannot escape) “Oh, I don’t know. I listen to a little bit of everything.” I hear this, and my stomach drops. I want to say, “You just became the least interesting person on the planet.” *A little bit of everything* is a safe way of saying, “I am ashamed of my own preferences.” Although, it also could be a way of saying, “I could tell you the eccentric bands I enjoy, but you are old and have probably never heard of the Red Hot Chili Peppers.” Perhaps, yet again, it is the most gracious way a young person can communicate, “Your attempts to appear relevant to your juniors is sad and nauseating.” Words, shitty little shallots, are multifaceted.

I’ve learned not to press the issue. In the moments where I’ve said, “Wow! My hat’s off to your stamina!” and moved on, the moment passes without a blush. It’s the times I allow my stomach drop to make me grumpy, when I stroke my beard and dig into the connotation of “everything”, that I crush all trust and become, unequivocally, an arse. “What do you mean *everything*? Who is included in *everything*?” Sometimes I feel extra tacky, “Really? So which era of Linda Ronstadt do you prefer: early country, mid-career pop, or that tiny mariachi spell in the 80s?” I can feel it happening, the sarcasm rising within like a sleeping tiger, and I can’t feed that sucker Melatonin fast enough to keep him quiet.

I confess my pet peeve to students on the first day of class, explaining that “a little bit of everything” is both hyperbolic nonsense and a defense mechanism — it’s also the seed of poor argumentation. I then illustrate

the point by stating, “I can’t listen to everything because I despise modern country and hip-hop”. I then invite students to email a recommendation and a defense of those styles. The most frequently endorsed artists I’ve received are Kendrick Lamar and J Cole — suggestions I’ve followed that have born no fruit. A few recommendations surprised me. Country musician Tyler Childers came on like a revelation, and I was impressed a student sent a Snarky Puppy video after learning I love jazz. This past semester, somebody sent a video with the tagline, “I really love this song. I hope you’ve heard it”. The song was Guns-n-Roses’ “Sweet Child O’ Mine”, which is neither modern country, hip-hop, or this person’s generational anthem to bequeath in my direction. I replied, “Thank you. Somehow I missed this the first time around. It is really good.” I received nothing in return. I enjoyed imagining this young person’s sense of pride, of having accomplished a great mercy in this cruel world. Like when I moved home from China after giving all my Nirvana and Soundgarden CDs to a young Chinese man who professed, “I should have been born in Seattle!” Brother, many of us have said the same thing.

Recently, someone said to me, “But you’re old. How do you know about Travis Scott?” And just today someone said, “Well, you’re young. Do you even know who Don Henley is?” Guys and ladies and guys again, which the hell is it? Or is this what it means to be middle-aged? Too old to be hip, but too young to know how to despise The Eagles correctly? I wanted to respond to both inquiries by saying, “Ya know, I just listen to a little bit of everything.”

Perhaps the reason “a little bit of everything” drives me batty is because I can never listen to and learn about all the music I already love or find intriguing — not to mention the rabbit trails and recommendations still to come. Every form of music opens doors to entire universes of sub-genres and eras and stylistic differences. The backstories and bios and bountiful influences create black holes where I can lose my footing and disappear for weeks on end. But therein lies both the fun and the madness: the sheer absence of gravity found between jazz fusion and Norwegian black metal, between Solange and Social Distortion. Musical orbits are decided by the lengths a listener dares to journey and embrace. In our modern age, with whole sonic galaxies launched by a fingertip, you’d have to be the Neil Degrasse Tyson of musical astro-physics to chart the vastness of so many possibilities.

When I think of what is required to open the doors and step into so much, I am reminded of Stephen Crane’s grand presumption — “A man said to the universe: ‘Sir, I exist!’ ‘However,’ replied the universe, ‘the fact has not created in me a sense of obligation’”. — KEVIN STILL

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Sometimes in life you gotta make the hard choices. There's a lot of different clichés that one can apply to the ups and downs of reality, my favorite being one from that golden '70s poet John Denver: "Some days a diamond, some days a stone". On Friday, November 4, 2005 I found myself the basest of stones. I was fired from my job. We lived paycheck to paycheck and, like many other families, were upside down in a mortgage right before the mortgage crisis blew up. I needed money in a hurry and started looking around the house at things I could sell. Guitars? Yeah, I can do that. Amps? OK. Synthesizers? No, I'll hang on to those, same with the drums. But the records and CD's? Yeah, I guess I can do that too, and if that's the case then I may as well sell the turntable too. This was an exercise I have come to call The Great Purge of '05.

By 2005 I had spent the better part of 20 years collecting albums in earnest. I say albums but I also mean cassettes and CD's as well as vinyl records. I bought them at yard sales, flea markets, second hand record stores, drug stores, library sales, even found them in dumpsters or on the side of the road, sometimes stole them from people who didn't appreciate them the way I would/did, and let them walk away with me from the various radio stations I worked at. I had at that point amassed something like 600 LP's, 200 singles, close to 1000 CD's, and maybe still 100 cassettes. I boxed up every piece of vinyl and sold them mostly to the now-defunct Easy Street Records at the base of Queen Anne in Seattle and whatever didn't sell there I then took to Half Price Books. The entire Dead Can Dance 4AD collection, the Cocteau Twins 12" singles, the Guided By Voices boxed set, all the '90s R.E.M. records, the Death Cab For Cutie single the band gave me, that Hendrix boxed set I splurged on, all the Prince albums and many of the singles, all the \$1 jazz fusion albums, that \$2 Ash Ra Tempel album I took a chance on at the Seattle Record Convention in 1999, etc. 600 individual stories of places where I found the album, what was going on in my life at the time I bought the album or listened to it heavily...the stories remain but the albums are long gone.

A few of the albums I held back and sold on Ebay. The autographed first pressing of Wilco's *A.M.* on red vinyl (I believe Jeff Tweedy personalized it as "Next time proud-foot, I promise" referring to not giving me liner promos for our campus radio station before their show at my college because they didn't really want to do it but next time they would), that weird European bootleg of Metallica's demo tape, and that 100-copies-only limited promo Beatles anthology 12" EP. Also gone. The next year I dumped almost all of the CD's on Ebay after I had CD-R'd them. I even sold most of my books as well. Gone. The money from the sales helped us hold back the creditors and eventually allow us to dig out of the hole we dug ourselves into. We moved to Texas six months later

# HYDROGEN JUKEBOX

## THE GREAT PURGE

and have been staying a few steps ahead of starvation ever since.

Turns out I got out of the CD game at just the right time. I was able to make several thousand bucks off my CD collection right before the bottom fell out. These days people give CD's away and you can drag a \$20 bill through the clearance bin at Half Price Books or Waterloo or even a pawn shop and bring home 10-15 great CD's. The vinyl? Heh, well, I didn't realize how much that stuff was worth until I started to replicate my old record collection.

By the end of 2006 I had another turntable and two albums that due to their having been placed in frames and hung on the wall managed to escape The Great Purge (those being Kate Bush's *Hounds of Love* and Rush's *Signals*, both fished out of \$1 bins specifically to hang on the wall). I started buying albums again. I found a few amazing sales of \$1 records at yard sales and pawn shops again. I enjoyed replacing some of the stuff I had before but also enjoyed finding new scores that I did not have before The Great Purge. I also began to be frustrated more often than not when crate digging at established record stores. I remember castigating my good friend and former bandmate who at one point managed the CS Half Price Books about charging \$10 for a used copy of Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*. There are millions of copies of this in circulation, Steve. It's a \$4 record at best. But something had begun to change in-between the golden heyday of used record mining in the '90s and the late '00s. Vinyl had begun to see a populist renaissance outside of the usual collector geekery.

This was at the tail end of the mp3 for sale model from iTunes, Amazon, Wal-Mart, etc. before the forced switch from downloads to streaming services. People started buying new vinyl albums. The record labels got hip to it and began repressing stuff that had been out of print. Limited editions, color pressings, picture discs, and deluxe packaging became the norm. Record Store Day was started. Suddenly collecting records became the province of the normals and not just for maladroit bespectacled dorks. Record stores raised the prices of used records to more closely match the \$25-\$40 new records cost. More and more collectors shifted from selling their records to the local used record store and opening their own storefronts in Discogs, a website (and now an app) that helps people manage their record collections online. Discogs is the largest and best stocked record store on Earth. One can find *anything* in

Discogs, but one will often pay extortion prices for it. As a result, crate digging became less and less fun. Finding cool things "in the wild" dwindled. No longer could one easily unearth interesting things in the \$1 to take a chance on.

One thing to remember is that the price of collecting anything where the demand increases as the supply dwindles is going to be an expensive proposition. The understanding came to me while I was pulling a \$15 copy of Bob Dylan's *Highway 61 Revisited* out of the stacks to excitedly take home. The price was more than I liked to pay for readily available used records but it was in excellent condition and it occurred to me while I was looking at the credits on the back of the album that I was holding a 50 year old piece of vinyl that was still very playable, an artifact of another era that was still useful in this era. I'm only nine years younger than that album. When I began collecting vinyl LP's *Highway 61 Revisited* was a little over 20 years old. That wasn't really all that long ago. It is of course all relative. I still think of the clear cassettes with the gray film inside them as "new" cassettes, since all the commercially released cassettes before that were that weird ivory color that turned to yellow from all the nicotine in the '70s and '80s air. Buying a 50 year old record in 1988 meant buying something from before World War II like Glen Miller or Benny Goodman 78s or my dad's beloved *Oklahoma* soundtrack box of 78s. It was at that point that I began to kind of ease off my bad attitude about the high cost of collecting records. It also helped me to remember that I managed to find several major scores during the second period of collecting, like that 1976 reissue of *Nuggets*, that copy of *Marquee Moon* found in a \$1 sale, the \$1 Mobile Fidelity copy of *Dark Side of the Moon* from a \$1 storage room closeout, that weird French pressing of my favorite Dream Syndicate album, the original Mute UK pressing of The Normal's *T.V.O.D.* single, the U.K. Comsat Angels LP's for \$1, etc. And I've managed to get back a lot of the titles I had before The Great Purge. True, maybe not at the amazing prices I once paid for them, but now I get two stories for each record. I love that 7" picture sleeve version of the U2-3 EP I got at Doc's in Fort Worth right before it moved locations, but remember the 12" version I had before the Great Purge that was in a generic blank sleeve that I fished out of the \$1 bin at Single Going Steady in Seattle's Belltown area in 1999?

Each record is a part of my story. All are ready to be plopped on the platter and with a needle dropped on them. They may also at some point be liquidated in a hurry in the case of impending financial disaster. Hopefully it will never come to that again but if it does I'm sure I'll find a way to get back at it again. After all, what is a Saturday afternoon without spending it cramped, bent over a box of stale "old" smelling records in a box somewhere? — KELLY MENACE

## THE DOLT IN THE WHITE HOUSE



The revelations in the redacted Mueller Report about the current president should be appalling to every American. The daily drivel oozing from the present White House occupant on social media should make apparent his utter ignorance of law, history, truth, and common decency. How could someone this stupid survive this long even before somehow getting elected to the presidency?

The answer, of course, is simple: money. His father (who was NOT born in Germany despite the president's lie) gave him millions of dollars. Naturally, he managed to lose millions and millions of dollars over the years while declaring bankruptcy six times, stiffing investors and thousands of workers. He's never worked in his life, never had a budget, never met a deadline, never had to cut corners to pay bills.

He also apparently has never paid taxes, at least not his share, which is why he's being such a coward about releasing his tax returns. Plus, the president doesn't want us to know that he's not as rich as he likes to boast. More than likely, he is probably just an average millionaire like most of the Republican Congressmen who lick his boots all the time.

The president's ignorance extends across all fields, primarily due to his pride in never reading anything. It seems if something is longer than a TV headline, it won't be read by the president. It's painfully obvious he's never read any books in his decades including the Bible. Why else would he find "fine people" in Nazis?

Every day, every hour — there is some new outrage from the top Republican in America. It's wearying to keep up with so much garbage coming from him. It should be readily apparent from the Mueller Report that the president is a traitor to this country. His allegiance has always been to the Almighty Dollar, and he has sucked up to those in Russia and Saudi Arabia and other countries, mainly because fewer people in America want to be in business with him since his lying and cheating are so rampant.

Finally, the goal of every American who cares about this country should be to elect a real president in 2020 to replace the current cartoon character. This past will be a time of history that future Americans will have trouble believing when they read about it. It's hard to imagine that we've had to suffer this long with such a repellent individual in the top office. There's nothing wrong with "Anybody but Trump" in the next election. Vote. — MIKE L. DOWNEY

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# HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING & RULE THE AIRWAVES



I have my own radio station. I like saying that. When people ask me why ... I shrug. Because I don't like the same five songs that get played every hour? Because I don't care for celebrity gossip in morning shows? Because after 40 plus years of roaming the planet, I can tell you radio peaked in the 90s with college radio eclecticism and now we are robots tapping to things that are spoon fed to us.

At the beginning of the year, I wanted to start another podcast. But I didn't know what kind. I had done the music stuff already for six years, but when my podcasting partner and wife decided she didn't want to do the show anymore, I kind of lost interest in it. A few podcasts here and there and I just couldn't find the magic I originally had with her and OMBG.

I was in a creative rut, and just really wanted to make something again. A local radio station had just come on air that was being run by a friend of mine, it was local access playing weird stuff. My wife suggested I hit up my friend. "He'll probably give you a show..." she suggested after we listened to a few of the others. As much as I appreciated the effort, the music was hit or miss. I was afraid of doing a show on terrestrial radio because of all the rules (our old podcast had a stint on radio and it was a pain in the ass). So I decided against it. I didn't want to run a radio show for someone else. I am a realistic sociopath after all... If I had a show, it would be on my own station.

That mantra never left me as the next few days ... at work, on the can, drinking coffee, I found myself researching internet radio. Within weeks, I picked a service, budgeted my monthly fees and was off to the races.

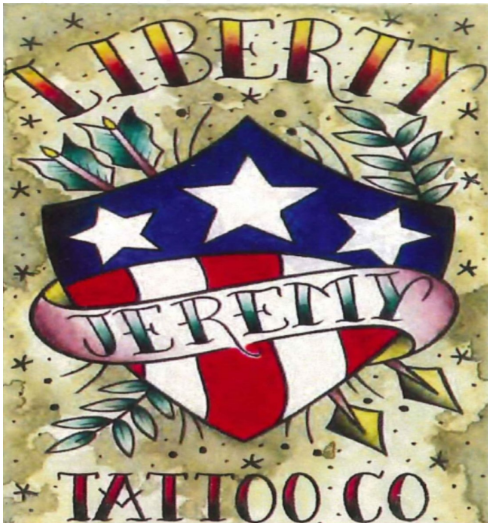
It's been about four months. The library of music has grown. It's all curated by me and my DJ's. Oh yeah... I

have DJ's who do weekly shows. They are all musicians and rock an eclectic mix of college radio, heavy metal, old blues and B sides. Me? I couldn't decide so I record three shows a week. When shows aren't on the auto DJ kills it 24/7. It's kind of like the movie *UHF* only it isn't TV and we aren't in danger of being shut down.

I like it. I like telling people that I have my own station. I am egotistical enough to do such a thing, but also benevolent enough to share my creation with the world. After all ... you all need good music too. There is enough Cardi B and Imagine Dragons in the world, you need to detoxify with old goth or 70's pogo punk. Maybe you need to hear a talk show about toy collecting or wrestling heels. Maybe you need trashy garage rock and interviews with B movie directors.

So now ... my new goal is to become more popular in my home town than the other big three stations in it. Victoria, Texas did away with its alternative indie station and replaced it with yet another country one. So instead of The Smiths, I have to hear Big and Rich rap with cowboy hats. In lieu of this. I am pushing BITX to the public eye. We don't have to adhere to FM station standards. We can cuss. We can play whatever we like, and we are curated by musicians that are the best and worst of us. Next year, when the city awards it's "Best of The Best" award for "Best Radio Station" to BITX, it will serve as a reminder that anyone can do anything they want to. They don't have to play by the rules, or have the best intention. They can just be really snobby music fans with a little bit of budgeting, a whole lot of records and a domain name they bought a year ago and never did anything with it.

Forget the war on Christmas, We want the airwaves baby. – *TIM DANGER*  
(On the air at <http://bastardintexas.com>)



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# MAY -2019- CALENDAR

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SUN	MON	TUE	WED 1	THU 2	FRI 3	SAT 4
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
<p>RED WASSER FILM FESTIVAL</p>	<p>QUEEN THEATRE</p>	<p>QUEEN THEATRE</p>	<p>QUEEN THEATRE</p>	<p>GIANT</p>	<p>MOULIN ROUGE</p>	<p>CARRIE</p>
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
<p>THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN</p>	<p>QUEEN THEATRE</p>	<p>QUEEN THEATRE</p>	<p>QUEEN THEATRE</p>	<p>SPRING PROMS</p>	<p>Dirty Dancing</p>	<p>YOJIMBO</p>
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
<p>ALIEN</p>	<p>QUEEN THEATRE</p>	<p>QUEEN THEATRE</p>	<p>Presented by Queen's Film Society</p> <p>FEAR</p>	<p>GARY COOPER HIGH NOON</p>	<p>THE BIG ISBOWSKI</p>	<p>ROBIN WILLIAMS</p>
26	27	28	29	30	31	
<p>THE LONE SURVIVOR</p>		<p>Presented by Queen's Film Society</p> <p>THE RIVER AND THE WALL</p>	<p>CONNECT WITH US</p> <p>f Instagram</p> <p>@TheQueenTheatre</p>	<p>PAUL NEWMAN IN HUD 1</p>	<p>The Godfather Part I</p>	

# RECORD REVIEWS



**Frosthelm**  
*Pyrrhic*

Perhaps it's odd to do a black metal review at the start of summer, maybe it's my last ditch effort to feel cool in a blistering hot environment like central Texas. Whatever my reasoning, it's a good time to review Frosthelm's sophomore release, *Pyrrhic*.

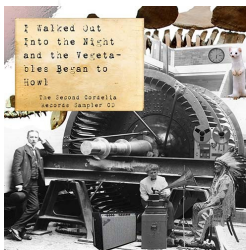
Hailing from North Dakota, Frosthelm is a quintet who infuses thrash with their black metal recipe. Make no mistake, the band is not blackened thrash metal, rather, they are, as they describe themselves, "thrashed black metal". The sound is reminiscent of early black metal bands who were in touch with their thrash roots, such as Immortal. Unlike early black metal, in which the production sounded like it was recorded in a school gym using a tape recorder with all members playing at once, the production of Frosthelm's work is superb! They maintain a level of distortion enough to keep it "kvlt", but focus on producing polished, quality music.

Frosthelm's debut album, *The Endless Winter*, was straightforward: an assaulting black metal blizzard. While *Pyrrhic* retains elements from the previous release, the band was transparent in that their sophomore album would be far more experimental, and indeed, it is. There are many rock n' roll influences. The drumming, guitar solos, and strategic use of acoustic guitar prominent in songs like "The Sorceress", "Immortal Nightfall/A Dreamless Lust", and "Pisslord", certainly lean this way, giving the record an overall "black n' roll" vibe. *Pyrrhic* is further characterized by its high peaks of aggression and lows valleys of melancholy. What is interesting about this characteristic is that *Pyrrhic* does a marvelous job of marrying the punishing riffs with almost soothing melodies. These peaks and valleys further compliment the band's lyrics which use dark metaphors often dressed in common black metal tropes (black magic, death, occultism, ect.) to deal with personal, inner struggles,

making this sophomore release feel like a tortured soul's conversation with itself.

Did the band's experimentation pay off? Yes...and no. I applaud Frosthelm for attempting to branch out; there is certainly a contrast between the band's first and second releases. What is yet better is that even with these changes, Frosthelm's style remained. It's a subtle change, not a radical change, but a change nonetheless, and it blends well. The one thing which I cannot determine is whether or not this is a concept album. The way the album begins and ends certainly makes it feel that way, but from what I can dig up, it is the latter. The experimentation with the black metal sounds creates a sort of cohesion with each successive song, but sometimes that cohesion tends to make them bleed into each other. That is not to say that the songs aren't distinct, but perhaps they are not distinct enough for my taste.

Overall, I enjoyed Frosthelm's first record more than the second, however, *Pyrrhic* offers a creative blend of black metal, thrash, and rock n' roll. It's the "easy listening" version of black metal, and that's certainly not a bad thing. *Pyrrhic* gets 4.5 from me. — **CALEB MULLINS**



**Various Artists**

*I Walked Out Into the Night and the Vegetables Began To Howl*

Cordelia Records is a music label in the United Kingdom, and this sampler CD reveals the breadth of music offered by the label as well as its fascination with Frank Zappa, covers, surf music, inventive musicianship, and the truly odd.

More than half of the 24 tunes are instrumentals, but even some of the vocal songs aren't really vocals at all like the chanted title of "Whale Fall" by Aaaaaaaaxb or the twisted caterwauling by R. Stevie Moore in "The Holocaust Parade" and "Cauliflower Ear" (also featuring label owner/musician Alan Jenkins and the Kettering Vampires).

The best thing about the sampler is the surprises. The stunning remake of Depeche Mode's "Personal Jesus" as a driving surf instrumental by Los Banditos, the jaw-dropping quality of David Bowie's "The Laughing Gnome" as a surfing tune by the Pterodactyls, and the hilarious cover of Frank Zappa's "Lumpy Gravy" as a ska number by Spanner Jazz Punks are just three examples. There's a German version of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" by Jenkins as well as a perky organ-driven pop tune with Robyn Hitchcock-like lyrics by the Deep Freeze Mike: "A Red Light for the Greens." Another tune included from the band — "Down to a Proton" — inspired the Grammy-winning American rock group MGMT. And you know the world needed a surf cover of Ruth's Refrigerator's "Moulted Fur from a Labrador" by Moths (hint: imaginatively quirky and melodic).

The prolific and talented Jenkins tends to dominate the sampler, but his tunes are some of the best whether the innovations on "The Totem Pole of Magnetic Insects" or the catchy "String Cheese Theory."

Sample the sampler at [CordeliaRecords.co.uk](http://CordeliaRecords.co.uk), about 80 minutes worth of music. Your ears will thank you. — **MIKE L. DOWNEY**



**The Well**  
*Death and Consolation*

The Well need no introduction around these parts. For integrity's sake, however, a few definers may include — Austin based trio; Sabbath worshippers; moss-thick, cactus-pricked smoke-metalers; live shows so loud ceiling tiles rip and rattle ... in adjacent rooms. If you're not a fan, it's because you have yet to hear their first two albums — 2014's *Samsara* and 2016's *Pagan Science*. Those albums sealed The Well as a stoner-doom powerhouse, and their third album, released April 26 on Riding Easy Records, will only solidify their stellar reputation.

The nine tracks on *Death and Consolation*, spanning 42 minutes, feel as cheery as their

binding name. Any initial distinction between this and their sophomore release may be found in the titles. *Pagan Science* denotes curiosity in elements perceivable from a distance. *Death and Consolation*, by contrast, possesses connotation of philosophical (even spiritual?) inquiry — those ancient boggles inherently immediate and internal. Guitarist and lead vocalist, Ian Graham, admitted as much in a press release, stating that this album concerns a difficult year in his life. (He also professed a profound post-punk influence here, speaking to its tangible angst.) That personalized self-exploration is noticeable on *Death and Consolation*: a darker, moodier, more introspective album than either *Pagan Science* or *Samsara* — less storytelling here, more sadness. Everything about this album feels intimate, making it more relatable, and unsettlingly so, than their previous offerings.

While *Death and Consolation* is a palpably emotive album, Graham and company — Lisa Alley on bass and vocals alongside drummer Jason Sullivan — did not soften their sound to make it so. In fact, this may be The Well's heaviest record. Openers "Sabbah" and "Raven" are straightforward, full-throttle rockers that keep the riffs packed fist-tight. The following three tracks, "Death Song", "Cup of Peace" and "Eyes of a God", each feature lengthy introductions that eventually sprawl and chug musically further than either opener, while never becoming as "jammy" as The Well ventured in the past.

Mid-album "Act II" features solid Electric Wizard meets Red Fang mud-caked boot-kick sludge swing. "Freedom Above", the track set to rain the most ceiling tiles live, slowly lurches before conjuring the album's richest guitar and vocal harmonies. Album single "This Is How the World Ends" opens with monkey chirps and vintage TV narration that slithers into the giddiest, most radio friendly chorus The Well has produced yet. It's a deceptively happy teaser track. Closer "Endless Night" feels truest to The Well's signature sound, as wailing, wheezing guitars launch the only song here to wander off in jammy meanderings, tripping a sloshed trail marked by ominous bells and fuzzy distortion. After an uncharacteristically controlled album, The Well leave listeners in a blistering assault of frantic familiarity.

Overall, The Well has produced a distinctive yet evolved new album. The elements that make *Death and Consolation* so

# CONCERT CALENDAR

**5/3—Keeton Coffman, Taylor Young, The Docs @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

**5/3—Jess's Birthday Show feat. Atarimatt, Searing Arrow, Iron Slut @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**5/4—The Ramblin' Boys, Kalijah @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**5/7—American Aquarium @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

**5/7—Otonana Trio, Mutant Love @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**5/11—Magic Girl (cd release) @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**5/16—LOUDFEST XII NIGHT ONE with Loops, Reelie, Arm\$trong, Pink Eye, Eames, PLTX, Mali Raza, Moths, Perseph One, Omotai, 00Slevin @ Revolution, Bryan. 8pm**

**5/16—LOUDFEST XII NIGHT ONE with Antique Gardens, Highfive, Corusco, Electric Astronaut @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 8pm**

**5/17—LOUDFEST XII NIGHT TWO with Unicomdog, The Prof. Fuzz 63, Salt Lick, Jay Satellite, Yaupon, Darwin's Finches, The Ex-Optimists, A Sundae Drive, Gentlemen Rogues, The Gary, Friendship Commanders, Amplified Heat, The Shut Ups @ Revolution, Bryan. 7pm**

**5/17—LOUDFEST XII NIGHT TWO with Mysotheist, Beige Watch, Garbage Man, Ghost Bones, Boss Battle, From Parts Unknown @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 7pm**

**5/18—LOUDFEST XII NIGHT THREE with Benghazi Osbourne, Ground Control, The Shoobiedoobies, Rats, Charm Bomb, Sketchy Trench, Hormonal Imbalance, Boy Wonder, The Gloryholes, Holy Fear, Vicious Cycle, High Desert Queen, Fiddle Witch, Hot Crimes, Mutant Love @ Revolution, Bryan. 6pm**

**5/18—LOUDFEST XII NIGHT THREE with Aphotic Contrivance, Sykotic Tendencies, Tongue Punch, Iron Slut, Nerve, Night Cobra, Killer Hearts, ASS @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 6pm**

**5/24—Carter, Such Marvelous Monsters, Jasper @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**5/25—Rodney Branigan, Colton French @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**5/30—Summer Rental, Mad Rant, Beige Watch @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**6/1—The Reploids, Murasaki Effect, Mortales @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

**6/7—Mockingbird Brother, Unicomdog, The Ex-Optimists @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm**

unique reveal The Well growing as songwriters, as blenders of influences, as musicians who refuse the potential monotony of a chosen style and sound. A fine introduction for those still needing one.—KEVIN STILL

*I'm Too Blue* is an introduction of sorts for Mary-Charlotte Young to new fans and a presentation of songs new and old to long-time fans. Half of the songs presented here are older songs from previous out-of-print CD's, some released officially and some handmade for shows. The presentation of the songs for this album is perhaps the strongest of any Magic Girl release. The songs are performed mostly with acoustic guitar and Mary-Charlotte's strong voice front and center. Some songs feature guitar work from a bevy of local performers from Puente, The Viintage Ramekins, and The Ex-Optimists, and acoustic bass from Jacob Appelt, while some are in duet with local singer-songwriters Colton French and Torin Franklin, who co-wrote the songs with Young. The recording quality is pristine and, while I may prefer the more rocking versions of some of the older recordings, *I'm Too Blue* places Mary-Charlotte's voice to the center. The overall tone well-rooted in Americana and alternative country with classic folk and '60s folk-rock topped off with a touch of Appalachia twang.

Young has said on social media that the songs on *I'm Too Blue* represent a song cycle of sorts, telling Bible stories from the perspective of the women protagonists. This does not mean that the album is a Sunday school lesson. I am no Bible scholar and I don't believe it's necessary to know exactly what the inspiration for the songs were to get something out of them. Many of us have known people like "Boxcar Girl," a "Widow Woman," the poor man's queen of "Where Every Man's a King". We know the backroads Texas scenes of "Come What May" and "Black Valentine". We've felt the heartache of the title track, "Say It Ain't So", "Holler Down the Hall," and "So It Seems". Some know the tender love for a child like "Wild Wild Hair" or the strength of a bond like "Come What May". Or we may have dreamed of characters like the "Ramblin' Woman" or "Hangman". It's that time-honored Texas troubadour tradition that Young embodies as well as her delicate empathetic approach to her characters that helps her pull a listener in to her song stories and feel involved in Young's characters.

Overall *I'm Too Blue* is an excellent place for one to get a great idea of what Magic Girl's voice and songwriting are all about in one concise location and for some finally get a chance to hear these songs outside of a live performance, all nice and cleaned up for town.—KELLY MENACE



Magic Girl  
*I'm Too Blue*

It's been seven years since BCS singer-songwriter Magic Girl has released a new album. Hard on the heels of releasing her previous album *Dove and Raven* Magic Girl (aka Mary-Charlotte Young) moved to California. A couple of years later she came back to Texas and it took several years for Young to get back into the swing of things. In some ways

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