



Photos by Phelan M. Ebenha

## Playing that funky music

### Front Porch's Folk Fest finds friends in B-CS

By JOHN RIGHTER

Local radicals who believe music begins and ends in College Station — Please don't take offense, but rarely do I get really excited about a local music event. I'm sorry, but I'm in agreement with a local opinion that the music scene in Bryan-College was buried along with Eastgate Live.

Not that musically good things never happen here. Thursday night is a good example of the vitality that still lingers in the post-Eastgate days. The Front Porch Cafe's "Funk Fest" presented some of the first true blue ball-breaking acts (besides the biannual KANM benefits) since Eastgate and the Cow Hop Annex closed.

While the crowd was smaller than the Front Porch's "regulars" of Friday and Saturday nights, the enthusiasm was great.

Beat Temple, an up-and-coming band from Houston, kicked off a belated start with the night's "rockiest" set. Fusing a Led Zeppelin-type grunge with Prince-styled harmonies and a P-funk rhythm section, Beat Temple charged out with a lengthy set of mod-funk metal.

Lead singer Ralz was inventive, flipping guitarists, stroking mike stands and venturing out into the audience while maintaining a strong vantage point for Temple's set.

Ralz says Beat Temple has already garnered a heavy interest from several labels, so who knows? Frankly, their sound requires some maturity and fine tuning, including an elimination of the Prince-Zeppelin clash. But, the possibility is there.

Extreme kudos for the night flows to one Joe Rockhead, a crassy combi-

nation of decadant funksters that hold a wonderful disregard for song structure. If Beat Temple aroused the gathering, then Austin's Joe Rockhead was responsible for the riot. Great thrash rapped around infectious beats powered by poetic gems such as "Don't (expletive) With Me," "Sister Twister" (a song about S&M) and "Tipper Blows."

Joe's blissful call to "get stupid" pretty much summed it up. Oh yeah, Joe (lead singer Bob Schneider) is running for governor, so there is a viable alternative.

Closing the fest was reggae/ska bashers House In Orbit, another premier Austin band. Whatever Rockhead spared, House In Orbit finished off. Alternating between Bob Marley/Jimmy Cliff-styled reggae and Metallica-inspired riffs,

House In Orbit derived the same schistic madness pioneered by Bad Brains in the late '70s.

Most of Orbit's material starts off grooving and tilting to marijuana-choked rhythms and then erupts into a dual guitar assault. Bassist and singer Nick Brophy fills the fat sound out by tweaking his chords just hard enough to tag a thick accent.

House In Orbit recently signed on to legendary indie ROIR, the once home of another musically confused crossover, Bad Brains. So, keep an ear out for House.

I hope the Front Porch sticks with the Thursday night routine of funk and reggae. I imagine it will as long as it maintains its proceeds relationship with KANM. The Friday and Saturday night shows are

great for the reserved, confident listener, but the Eastgate bastards deserve an evening of healthy degradation. One last thing, too many people are receiving early escorts for slam dancing and other unrestrained activity. It's ridiculous to pay five or eight bucks to get thrown out once the going gets good — so patrons please be brotherly and Front Porch how about a little slack?

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