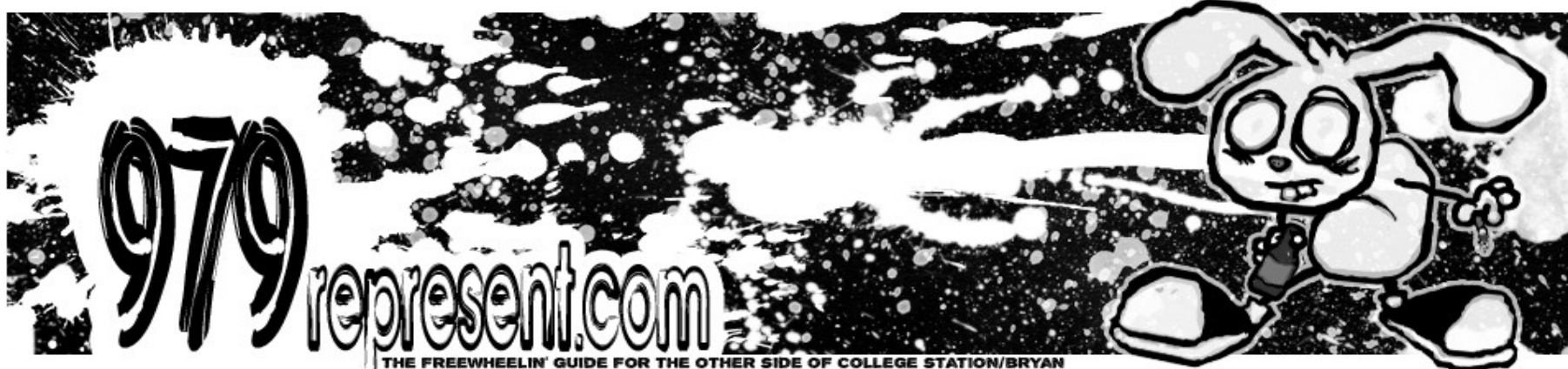
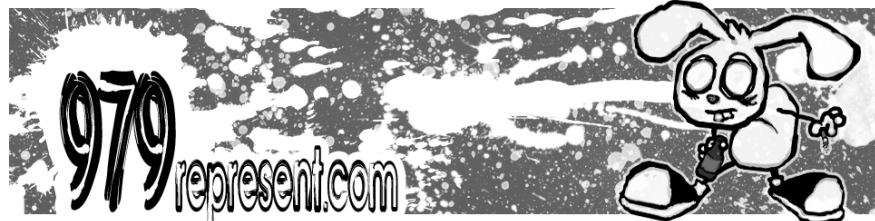


JULY 2010
VOL. 2—ISSUE 7



ALSO INSIDE: THE DAHLI RAMA—8-BIT BURGERS—PROFILE ON CELTIC AMPS—MAG SEVEN LIVE—FINAL C.S. SKATEPARK PLAN REVEALED—PEDAL PUSHERS—CONCERT CALENDAR



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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LOCAL HIGH SCORE BADASS OF THE MONTH



NAME: Atarimatt

GAME: Space Invaders Deluxe

PLATFORM: Arcade

SCORE: 4,080

DATE: 6/24/2010

You wanna be a local video game badass too? For the complete list of all local high scores and submission info go to <http://www.979represent.com>



College Main Closure Permanent: Yay or Meh?

It has been rumored for nine months or so that the City of College Station and TX-DOT had some fresh plans for restructuring Northgate traffic, especially at the corner of University and Houston. Late last month the City Council made it official, announcing plans to permanently close Houston St. north of University to Church St. That block is closed down temporarily on weekend nights already, but this move not only makes the closure permanent but completely alters the lay of the land upon Northgate.

A quick perusal of this Youtube video linked at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qiq8ydn7pWc> will show you the total plan, but in a nutshell there will be no more street parking on University, Houston St. will be closed from University to south of the A&M post office with a new entrance to Houston St. built through A&M's northeasternmost dorm parking, a stoplight will be installed at Boyett St. with a realigned entrance into A&M's Lot 30 at the intersection, and stop signs at the foot of the ramps onto University from Wellborn Rd. That's a pretty large undertaking, and construction won't begin on the restructuring until 2011 at least.

What does all of that gain Northgate? Well, it does make for a wider sidewalk area in front of the bars and restaurants. I'm not sure the setback is enough from the front entrances to allow for smoking, but it will allow for some outdoor seating. It would also provide a larger buffer between pedestrians and traffic on University. The drunk girls I see teetering on 5" heels afterhours on Northgate always worry me, especially in front of Loupots where the sidewalk is maybe 3' wide at most. I'm surprised one hasn't stumbled into traffic fatally yet.

What it will also do is make it more difficult for delivery trucks to keep the Northgate bars and restaurants stocked, make vehicle traffic even more fucked-up at night and make it more difficult for north-south traffic to flow. Yes, you can still drive down to Nagle or Boyett to avoid the College Main closure but it will indeed be another hassle, not just for cars but also for the university buses. Businesses along College main have had mixed response to the plan, while university officials are thrilled, citing pedestrian safety as a priority. Of course, that will instead make Boyett and University the hotspot for accidents.

I am mixed on this new design. University is difficult to maneuver as it is without all the new changes. I'm sure it will definitely make for a better pedestrian experience, but at the expense of traffic flow. It will be aesthetically pleasing, and the sidewalks will definitely feel less cramped. It might make Northgate feel more like the downtown College Station doesn't really have. At the same time, I think it is going to be a huge hassle for all those business owners down there who already have trouble receiving stock shipments. Where are those trucks going to park? In the turning lane in the middle of University? Sounds even more dangerous than before. I'm sure it will be figured out, but it gives those of us who already avoid Northgate just another reason to continue to stay away from that part of town as much as possible—**KELLY MINNIS**



For the last decade, Northgate Vintage has been providing premium vintage clothing in College Station. Located in the heart of College Station's restaurant and bar district, Northgate, and directly across the street from Texas A&M University, Northgate Vintage offers a fresh and unique shopping experience to each of its customers. This experience begins the second you walk into the store, as you walk up the spiral staircase, viewing the massive record collection of owner Ryan Ewing covering the walls. Once up the stairs, you are sure to find something from our wide variety of vintage T-Shirts, sweaters, jackets, shoes and boots, skirts, vinyl records, and other accessories. We are open Monday – Saturday and offer weekly specials and in-store coupons, so if you are in the neighborhood, come see us!

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Asian Persuasions with The Dahli Rama: Dear Penis

November 23, 2007. It was a Black Friday; meaning it was the uber-riffic sales day after Thanksgiving. That day has since been a day of infamy for me as that was the last day I was to have sex with my wife. A tumultuous slurry of events would occur from that day forward that would eventually lead to my current state of being today. For those of you still interested and keeping count, that would put my running count of no sex at 878 days. Relationships are tough. I'm sure you've all heard that expression. As most Buddhists put it, attachment is the cog to which all our suffering is rooted in. I'll fore go the somewhat mystical nature of Buddhism, and get back to the topic at hand.

What is one left with when he/she is face to face with the knowledge that the day is going to be fruitless when it comes to the pursuit of the act of copulation? A lot of time is the answer. You catch up on video games that you only finished half way through. If you're married, you avoid any and all possible interactions with attractive females because, if you're like me, you don't want to be entrusted with the title of a cheater. I'm not suave enough and I have a hard enough time juggling multiple credit card accounts. I can't imagine the intricacies and juggling of something as complicated as emotions when I have a hard enough time timing when which check is going to clear and which account was it going to again? That works for the first 6 months. After that, for me it was an internal battle where I had to examine where I went wrong, what it was that I was doing wrong, etc. I believe they call that introspection. It was at this mark where I began self exploration on a daily basis. I know what that means, and you can take it for what you want to infer. If we're still on the same page, know that I am pro.

After about 18 months, it became a contest to see if I could reach 1000 days with no sex. This lifestyle, which at first was thrust upon me unwillingly, has become a refuge in which I've been able to test my mental, spiritual, and physical limitations. I'm happy to say that I've become comfortable with who I am as a person, and even though my current situation, which is too detailed to get into in this short piece, has been less than fun, I'm facing each day victorious and breathing. There is one person, very dear to me though, I felt needed some recognition and most deservedly needed a moment and written acknowledgment of his services. Here is my apology/thank you letter below.

April 12, 2010

Dear Penis:

It's dawned on me that today is 878 days in which you have been neglected. It is you who lies in an unmarked coffin in this heated war that takes place on an emotional battlefield. I know you've had frequent discussions with the liver because he is sending numerous pints of fluid to expel, but I'm not certain if you have had a heart to heart. Are the actions that I'm taking a direct result of me purposely trying to desecrate you two? The heart wants what the heart wants, and what mine is looking for dependence is through liquid modification of the brain chemistry to escape from the atrocities that make up my every-day.

To say I don't take pleasure in the imbibing of alcoholic fluids to suppress the reality around me would be false. I do hate the aftermath in the morning. I know it was once your place to take my endorphins and other bodily chemicals and elevate me to physical bliss, but those days are far in the past. I know it seems like I don't need you anymore, but you are still a vital component in the equilibrium and ecosystem that constitutes my body; an unsung hero of sorts. Often times, in the beginning of this quandary, I reflected back on the biology classes of yore and recalled the phrase, "if you don't use it, you lose it." I'm happy to say that all your functions are still intact and the only limitations that have made themselves known with regards to that phrase are my mental ones.

I know you think I'm neglecting you. That somehow I don't hear the things that you scream at me. You haven't been replaced or forgotten. You're a part of me. A very important part. I don't care about the other guys like you out there who are like baby arms. Nature provided you to me. We have been together since birth. You must have patience and understanding that this process will benefit the entire system both physically and spiritually. Allow the process to do it's magic. I guarantee that once it is time for fruition, you will once again shine. The female population will once again sing your majestic praises. They will hail about your miracles much like the Olympians of Ancient Greece reveled in the 13 labors of Hercules. What you lack in certain areas that seem desirable will be made up for by your symmetry and your innate ability to exude lasting fortitude. Nay a woman that has experienced you can say that you tapped out, or were selfish. You're a giving appendage. Not like the feet who complain about how much they propel and mean so much to the movement of mobility. Nor like the hands and fingers who are a little OCD with their need to be primped, manicured, and sanitized. No. You are the rebel within the system, bound only by the laws of chaos. You let it all hang out. You sport the punk styles of the 80's via the buzz cuts, and you manage to sport your angst like the 90's when you grunge out.

Don't think your bravery will go unnoticed. It is through the unity of you and the liver, like that of Leonidas and his 300 Spartans, that will propel us to eventual victory. Like the brain is always chanting each morning, "We strive for World Domination, in any form." Take comfort in the vacation these 878 days have afforded you. Be like Rubin "The Hurricane" Carter in prison, and test the limits of your physical and spiritual nature that this unfortunate damnation has made you a victim of. We shall overcome.

I'd also like to thank you for always being there with me. We've had those lone battles in front of the computer screen, remembering the days gone by when it was a testament to see just how wild our imaginations could get. You've always been a trooper, prepared and ready to go. It's that kind of loyalty that will remain with me even when Father Time makes it impossible for us to party without the aids of modern medicine. I know you think I'm pushing you too hard at times. I've looked into your face at those moments and offered the same type of support you've given me at the times when I thought things weren't going to work out. "Stay gold, Pony Boy." Remember that from *The Outsiders*? It's a privilege to call you "me." In the upcoming 122 days remaining, I know we will find the strength within each other to carry on. I just wanted to take this opportunity to say what is in my heart.

Sincerely,

Dahli Rama



"Stover Boys serves the best burgers in town if not the entire state!"
-Atarimatt

4337 Wellborn Rd. in Bryan
Open M-Sat. 11-9; Sun 11-3

B-Bit Burgers with Atarimatt: Fuego Tortilla Grill



In my quest for awesome local burgers, I have run across very few that are outside the standard classic burger box. Although this town surprisingly has a large number of very good plain ol' burgers, its the next level shit that has been my focus lately and the new Fuego Tortilla Grill has really made an impression on me.

Fuego is where the old Adult Video used to be on Texas Ave. BUT, don't be apprehensive about that. I know you folks that have been here since the old days like me feel that that is like building your house on an indian burial ground. But only the parking lot is over the old AV spot, not the restaurant, so no worries about creeper pervert poltergeists.



The Mexi Burger from Fuego Tortilla Grill—Photo by Wonko the Sane

The Mexi Burger they serve starts out with a 1/2 pound patty that is cooked EXACTLY like I like it. Slightly crispy and well done. Then they shove it in a big toasted torta bread and smother it in poblano queso and grilled onions. Yup. Just like a soup breadbowl. Its totally awesome. Even though the price is a little high at \$5.99 and does not include fries or chips, it is well worth it for the uniqueness and deliciousness. And as I understand it, even though Fuego looks like a chain restaurant, it is not. Double bonus for being awesome and locally owned. Do yourself a favor and go check it out.

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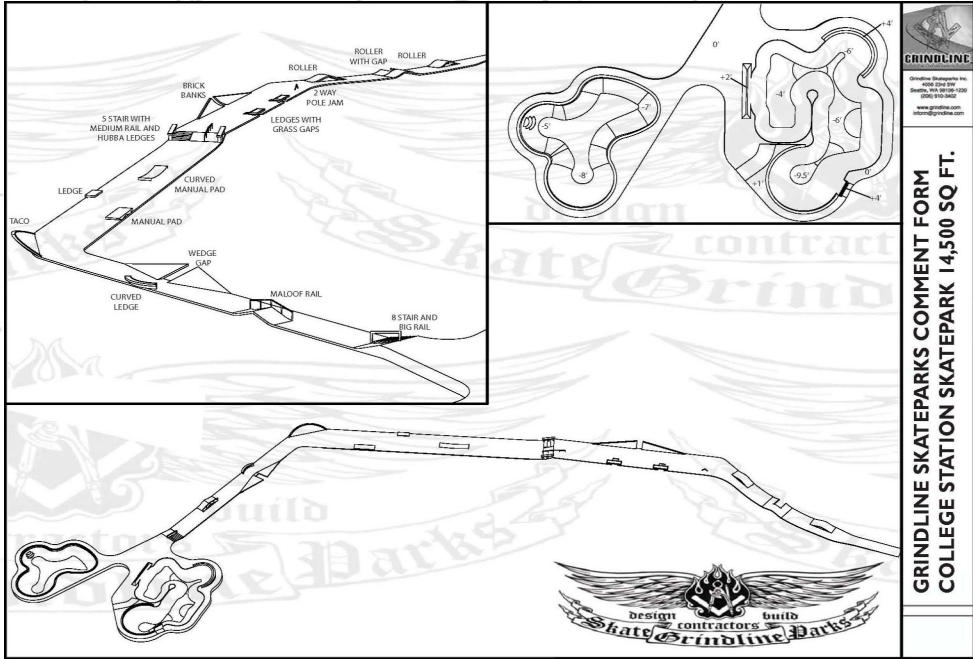
College Station Refines Skatepark Plan

Early in June the City of College Station unveiled the next revision for the city's skatepark at a community meeting. The City and Grindline presented another rendition of what our skatepark will look like once it is constructed.

Gee, wasn't it already supposed to be constructed by now? Well, yes, based on the initial time estimate presented at similar meetings last year. The bid process has become a bit more complicated since last year and the city wants to ensure that the skatepark is built right by a qualified team with skatepark construction experience. Also, the design changed a tad bit. The street course will not be quite as curvy. Otherwise all the original obstacles are present.

Landscaping and shade was also on the agenda. The City/Grindline team heard ideas for alternative locations for a proposed shade structure that is currently an alternate bid item due to budget constraints as well as some suggestions regarding the landscaping in regards to tree species selection and location. In particular the use of live oaks was being proposed close to the skating areas and the idea was presented from an attendee to perhaps choose another species that would not drop acorns. The city is examining this possibility.

The city is also seeking Council approval for an alternative bid delivery method. The project is hoping the city will be allowed to use a method called competitive sealed proposal instead of the traditional bidding method. This would allow the city to not only weigh the bid price but also the qualifications and experience of the potential contractors with constructing a skatepark. That way the city would be able to choose an experienced and qualified contractor as opposed to just having to go with the lowest responsible bidder. Sounds like a good idea to me



The city hopes to have this all ironed out for a final public meeting this month before taking the project to bid. We won't be dropping in on that sweet bowl this year, but possibly early next year. Stay tuned to 979Represent and we'll keep you up to date on this project..—KELLY MINNIS

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Local Bizness Spotlight

Celtic Amplifiers

Scott Fitzpatrick loves guitar amps. His face lights up like an 8-year-old walking into a Lego store when he gets to talking about Celtic Amplifiers, the company he founded six years ago to sell the guitar amplifiers he builds from scratch in his College Station garage.

"I couldn't find the right amp" is pretty much what led Scott into this endeavor. "I threw crazy money at amps, boutique and otherwise, and never found what I wanted" Scott says. Not to mention that most big amplifier manufacturers were now using circuit board technology along with many other cost-cutting methods that were great on the wallet but not so great on reliability or tone. Scott thought that it can't be that hard to build your amp, so that's what he decided to do.



The Patrick, a 1x10 20-watt Princeton clone,, from Celtic Amplifiers

Scott took it to the commercial level. "I had too! I had too many amps that I was building for myself and they were really starting to clutter up the place!" Scott joked. And now, at www.celticamps.com you can order for yourself one of Scott's fantastic creations.

And what's so special about a Celtic Amp in the first place? Scott builds them from scratch with hand-selected tubes, transformers and speakers, point-to-point wiring and custom cabinetry. The amp you get is designed with your sound and looks in mind from the ground up. That said, Scott's amps are voiced around the heritage of amplifier tradition. He loves the classic Fender Tweed circuitry and builds mostly lower wattage amplifiers. "The myth of more wattage as better is untrue" Scott reveals. "Twice the wattage really only gains you about 5 or 6 dB of sound". His amps are not really suited for the high gain super-tight distortion of the heavy metal world.

What is also special about Celtic Amps is not only is the circuitry customized for your tone but the cabinetry is also unique to your amp. Scott outsources to another small-time builder for the cabinets and you can get pretty much whatever color/texture combination you can dream of. "We once built an Irish flag amp for someone and the buyer loved it" Scott said. Tweeds, tolexes, speaker combinations, grills, etc. Your Celtic Amp is indeed *your Celtic Amp*, customized to the nth degree.



The Deirdre 30, a 4xEL84 2-channel head, from Celtic Amplifiers

Scott gives all his customers three days to test-drive their amps to make sure that everything is satisfactory. Celtic Amps provides a warranty, but out of the 75-someodd amps Scott has built and sold only one has ever been sent back for repair.

Of course, this kind of quality does not come cheap, nor is it something you can expect to buy immediately. It takes Celtic Amps about two months to deliver on an order, as Scott is still otherwise employed full-time. So expect to wait. And while you may get sticker shock when you see Scott's prices (a 5-watt 1x12 combo will run you close to a thousand dollars) you are getting an amp built to your qualifications for the ages. And just take a run to Ebay and see how much the vintage amps Celtic Amps are based upon run for. You can spend thousands on a vintage Princeton clone that may or may not need a major overhaul when you get it, or half that on a Celtic Amp that's ready to rock. Scott's prices on a larger more capable amp are pretty close to what Fender and Marshall charge for a similar amp.

Although Scott loves to build amps, he is no repairman. "I'd rather build them than repair them," Scott says. "It's much more fun to build than to chase down broken leads on a circuit board." The next time you're looking for a new amp check out Celtic Amps. You may be surprised that you can afford a boutique amp built locally.—KELLY MINNIS

Geekbiz101 With Jeremy:

WordPress 3.0



WordPress 3.0 huh. Well what's new? A few bug fixes maybe a shimmery new logo or something? Wrong. 3.0 Is packed full of so much awesome your pants will have combusted after reading this article. You may want to get a fire blanket ready. First of all during a new installation of 3.0 you can now...

Choose your administrator Username!

In the older versions, WordPress automatically assigns the first user with the username "admin". If you know anything about security, you will know the importance of this feature. Now the hackers cannot guess your username because it will no longer be "admin". In the past those who were lazy and didn't change their default username were helping hackers by giving them half the answer. You would be surprised how many people do this.

Welcome Guide in Every Installation

Back In the olden days it could be pretty confusing for new users to get used to WordPress. Now with 3.0 there is much better support. Help button will bring you the info you need right there where you need it most. It's..very.. Helpful.

Everything updates at once

In Soviet Russia, Plugin updates YOU! But not any more; Not with 3.0. From this point on when you update WordPress your plugins will also update. No more hassle trying to keep everything together. For Justice!

Plugins that never Die

I hate when projects die because the guy that built it just gives up on it. Ever have a plugin like that? Support page just never updates the project goes stagnant and as WordPress updates it becomes incompatible. As of now the good folks at WordPress are attempting to unite the plugin authors and come up with canonical plugins. Canonical plugins are developed by a community instead of one developer, so if one person steps down, the plugin does not die. Open Source Baby.



Custom Post Types

This feature will allow you to have different types of posts. For example Portfolio Albums, Real Estate Listings, and then Normal posts. Call them whatever you want. This feature is great for web designers because it makes it easier to set up custom sites for the end user. If someone is a photographer it makes it easy to make different types of posts catered to their business. It works like categories but its more for organization.

The new update also includes 1,217 additional bug fixes and feature enhancements! Check out the official release notes and watch the video here: <http://bit.ly/9VcaXW> Or if you are a bad-ass, and you have your Android phone handy, scan this (← to yer left)

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CIRCLEBIRDS

As profiled by Kelly Minnis

Bryan/College Station has an interesting dichotomy to its music scene. On one hand, we have lots of acoustic singer-songwriter Texas country/folky kinda performers, then on the other we've got lots of metal. There's not a lot in the middle, and those bands tend to not get the attention they deserve.

One such band is CircleBirds, a local modern indie rock quartet that have been playing shows around town for over three years now. Although the band is ancient by the usual college town chronology, they are just now getting around to releasing their first full-length CD, *Complexities*. I took the occasion of the CD's release to have a sit-down with the principal CircleAvian Matthew Jackson and talk about the band's history and the new album.

KM: How'd CircleBirds get formed?

MJ: The band was borne from a solo project I'd been recording in 2007. I showed the recordings to Will Lee from the now-defunct local band Squash the Squash and he liked it. Somehow that landed me a show opening for The Flyers and it just started from there. I'd been in bands before and my ability would get overshadowed by others so this was my way to get my own ideas out. Mark Fogelson got interested and then started playing drums with me and has been with the band ever since. We did more shows, The MSC Townhall Battle of the Bands at A&M that first year and we grew from there. Now Whitney Smith plays keys and John Muller plays bass with us. We seem to have incorporated a lot of strays from broken up local indie bands!

Did you have any recordings out commercially at that point?

We released a 5-song EP for the winter 2008 tour that we recorded locally with Paul Clark. It was a project for him to start off with, because he hadn't done much recording yet, mostly re-recording older stuff from the demos with a full band.

We actually started making the new CD last year about this time also with Paul but it drug out through the semester, thanks to differing work and school schedules.

How difficult was it to go from recording mostly alone to having others record and play with you?

For starters, communication is difficult. Other people don't always know exactly what you want. Paul the engineer uses different software to record than I do so it was a challenge sometimes to communicate to him what I wanted without losing the integrity of my ideas.

Having seen CircleBirds live a couple of times I was pleasantly surprised at how full the recording is. Do you approach recording differently than performing live?

Our fans seemed to enjoy us live more than on CD and our first EP felt like it was just us



evolve. I enjoy that freedom.

Are you guys self-releasing Complexities or is someone putting that out for you? Mount Hope Revival Records released the album for us at the end of the spring semester. We wanted to hurry up and get it out before our fans went away for the summer or graduated. A friend of ours in Austin runs that label. They've released some of our friends' CD's and offered to do ours so we went with it. The packaging just looks more respectable when someone does it professionally rather than us doing it. Mount Hope Revival has put a lot of work into it, and it looks great.

How do you plan on supporting the album?

We hope to do some touring, maybe playing some three-day weekends in state. Not on the same scale as last summer's ten-state tour or anything. It was a lot of fun to go out like we did, sleeping at camp grounds and just going for it, but there were good times and bad times too and it's hard to be gone that long. I forgot my sleeping bag and I lost my pillow so I slept on the ground using my dirty cloths as a pillow. Yeah...maybe not like that again (laughs)!

What kind of challenges have you faced playing shows around Bryan/College Station?

We were fortunate enough to get a fanbase pretty quick. We could depend on 150 people to come out whenever we played, which is awesome. But then a lot of those people graduated or moved away, and then we had to pretty much start over. We don't really do anything special to win people over, we try to just play and hope that maybe people will come on board. For us it's really about friends and making sure everyone has fun. Like our release party at Northgate Vintage. We took everything out of the store and had plenty of room for a great party, had a few kegs and just had fun. That's what we're about.



Presenting...Still Drinkin'

It's not the kind of thing you put on your resume: beer connoisseur. It rings with a suggestion of many things. That you're a snob. A know-it-all. As bitter an old codger as your palette's preferences. The label distinguishes you as the guy always wishing for another bottle than the beer in your hand. "Should we invite the Stills?" she asks. "No!" he retorts. "That bastard's a beer-connoisseur, and he'll be on all night about what I should be serving." It's an odd term that sounds like a compliment, but the connotation screams "elitist!"

The truth is that I am, unapologetically, a beer geek, in the worst sense of the word. Even now, I'm typing this post in a Bryan bar, lights dimmed, Meat Loaf bolting rock-n-roll show-tunes on the overheads, while my little red notebook of green inked beer notes rests nearby. I'm about to order a second Real Ale Fireman's #4, and I'm feeling ridiculously content in my corner niche, carved out with pen sketches and pint glasses. Call it a hobby. Call it a habit. But beer is far too much fun to mindlessly toss down the hatch.

I made the conversion from beer consumer to beer geek in the spring of 2005 while living in Kansas City. Half way through a bottle of Boulder Brewing Company's Hazed and Infused, a palette burning coppery citrus hop bomb from Colorado, I knew that something had drastically changed. I was, in that instance, a dedicated hop-head. Over the next three years in Kansas City, I only explored hop heavy beers. Pales. IPAs. Imperial IPAs. Even Imperial stouts. If there were hops, I was there. And I made a drastic motion to ignore beers with a primarily malty flavor basis.

As a laugh to my hop obsession, the wife and I moved to Texas three years ago. Soon after moving, I learned that Texas beers, for the most part, share a more malty flavor basis. Rich German and Czech influence confirms that bock, Kolsch, blonde, and wheat styles shape the Texas beer landscape. Each of these traditionally European styles hit the palette with a sweeter, thicker mouthfeel - a flavor profile I protested in the infancy of my beer geekiness. Hops, a necessary ingredient in all ales, offer either a crisp aftertaste to Texas beers, as in Shiner's 101 Czech-Style Pilsner or Saint Arnold's Kolsch style Lawnmower, or they offer a sharp, spine straight structure beneath the fruity, even floral nature of beers such as Southern Star's Bombshell Blonde or Independence Brewing Company's Austin Amber. In my quest to become a full-fledged Texan, I've learned to seek beauty in unexpected places.

As a formal announcement, Still Drinkin' will be a monthly hobby/habit here in 979-Represent. My goal is to explore a span of the beer landscape that is fairly new to me: Texas beers. And, as a geek who cut his beer teeth in a land far from Texas, there's much to explore.—KEVIN STILLS

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979 Represent 6

The Time I Said "Cool Shirt!" and Met a Punk Rock Demigod



Saturday, and I'm chillin at my friend Mike's. Mike and I were forcing another friend to watch *The Room* for the first time. Dear Clayton, Mike and I will be expecting a hand written thank you letter, penned in your finest cursive, signed with a kiss and hand delivered to our respective homes. It's the weekend of Texas Reds Festival and no one feels like braving the crowds and inadequate parking. During our post-viewing discussion and collective head scratching laugh off, Atarimatt sends Mike a text about a rad band playing at Revolutions. Off we go. We scored a spot so parking wasn't that big of a deal really, but the crowd for Reds Fest was huge. Luckily we didn't need to pass through any of that to make it to Revs.

The band is The Mag Seven they're a surf punk kind of thing from Amarillo. They play a few nice sets. Really cool stuff for sure. They finish and people scatter, heading for the bar, bathroom or pulling out smokes commenting on the band. I see the bassist emerge from the parking lot where he was loading some gear and I notice he's got a new shirt on. It's of the band ALL. I haven't told him "good show" yet, but the sight of an ALL shirt instigates and accelerates my rate of approach. I walk up to him and say, "Hey, my name is Mike. Dude, that was awesome stuff. I really like it. Fuck, dude is that an ALL shirt? Awesome man I love ALL, and I fucking worship the Descendants. They're my favorite band of all time." He replies "oh cool man. My name is Doni, yeah I'm really good friends with Bill." My mind farted out a cloud of brain matter through my ear holes and I'm sure Doni helped me find my jaw after it hit the ground. He was just beginning.

I asked him if it was true he played bass for The Toadies. Yes it was. Pretty cool, not as cool as a close friendship with Bill Stevenson but still pretty cool. So he then tells me he was also in a band I might have heard of called Only Crime. Well I'm surprised I didn't have to be carted off to the looney bin after this, because I LOVE Only Crime. Only Crime is a punk rock super group made up of the singer from Good Riddance, a guitarist who plays with Bane and Converge, brothers Doni and Zach Blair founding members of Hagfish, Zach also plays with Rise Against and was Flattus Maximus in Gwar from '99-02. Oh yeah and a little know drummer named BILL STEVENSON. Sir Stevenson played with some lame bands like Black Flag and The Descendants who were in no way influential to American punk, hardcore and all things rock n' roll. Not many people have heard of Only Crime, but then again practically no one listens to that 90's melodic hardcore sound anymore. Shame on you. Doni told me Bill Stevenson also recorded the Mag Seven and played drums on the album. Doni was extremely gracious and humble.

Turns out Doni and brother Zach are from Sherman, Texas. Crazy. He gave me his email address and wanted to stay in touch, sincerely thanking me for the support and wanting to let me know the scoop on future projects. It was an unbelievable joy and pleasure to meet a guy who was been big apart of so much music that means so much to me. He's just a regular guy from a small Texas town. You wouldn't blink twice if he walked into a room, yet if he hadn't spent his life grinding out some excellent jams, punk rockers around the world would be living less fulfilled lives and never no why. So start, and keep on talking to bands. It might make their day, and give you a story to tell.—MIKEY ROE

Pedal Pushing: *MXR Carbon Copy Analog Delay*

I have been told most of my guitar-playing life that the bucket-brigade chip-based analog effect pedal is far superior to its modern digital counterpart. Those bucket brigade chips produce warm echoes, lush detuned chorus, smooth phasing and flanging that digital's 1's and 0's cannot faithfully replicate. So I figured I would take the plunge into Analogland with my first analog delay pedal. It was a Behringer VP-1 Time Machine pedal that is a reverse-engineered clone of Electro-Harmonix's Deluxe Memory Man. That pedal was okay. The echo was very dark, the pedal enclosure extremely huge and the LED on top would blind a lesser man. So I sold it and instead picked up an **MXR Carbon Copy Analog Delay**.



The controls are all quite simple. Regen gives you number of echoes; mix gives you blend of echo to original signal; delay gives you rate for the echo; and mod gives you a chorused modulated echo. At high regen settings the echo will take off on you and begin to self-oscillate, with the delay speed controlling the pitch. In and out is on either side of the pedal and the 9v DC input is located on the right side next to the input (a really inconvenient place to have it). To access the battery door you have to take the pedal apart.

Immediately I was drawn to the pretty hunter green sparkle paintjob and the tiny footprint. My eyes were almost put out by the lazer-like blue led's on top of the pedal to indicate effect on/off and mod on/off.

For starters, it's pretty quiet. MXR sez it is true bypass. I've read online that MXR is exaggerating. Me, I can't tell if it does anything measureable to my clean signal. But I'm not a stickler for that sort of thing really. When engaged it's not really noticeably noisy either. Not like my analog phaser is. The echoes are not quite as dark as my previous Behringer but not nearly as clean or precise as those from my Line 6 Echo Park, even on its dirtiest setting. The mod makes for a very cool rotovibed sort of sound that works really well in conjunction with reverb and the bridge pickup on your guitar. It is not over the top but feels just right. If it sounds a little too tame for you then you can pull the pedal apart and adjust the mod intensity with an internal trimmer pot on the circuit board. Self-oscillation works like a charm and it can sound just like a UFO taking off if that's what you're after. What I like most about the echo is that it can be obtrusive if I want it to be or it can just create a subtle kind of "doubling" effect that doesn't get in the way of your dry signal.

Retail on this one is around \$149, and that seems like a lot for a delay pedal but it's a bargain for analogs, with the EHX Memory Boy/Toy being the only thing coming in below it. If you want slapback or nice vapor trails then this is your pedal. If you want precision you want digital instead.—KELLY MINNIS

concert calendar

7/1—We Were Loud The Stafford's 2nd Anniversary Party with **The Love Letter, The Ex-Optimists, Jacob Asbill, Kill The State, A Letter of Warning**, others @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/1—Salsa Under the Stars @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 8pm

7/2—Puente, the Howdies @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

7/2—Phantom X, Behold the Great Throne, Culture in Ruin @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/3—The Black & Blues, Ryan Edgar @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

7/3—5 Syllable Rule @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

7/3—Primal @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/5—Robert Ellis @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/7—Reves Doux @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/8—Stay In Touch, Bachelor Police, Kill The State @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

7/8—Magic Girl, The Salvation Band, Richard Paul Davis, Green Whiskey @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/9—Charger Fits (CD release party), **The Hangouts, The Ex-Optimists, Venus**

Whalers @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

7/9—Foe Destroyer @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/10—Puente @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

7/10—The Roomsounds @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/11—Midnight Caravan, BONNIE Blue, Set Aflame, Wolves Among Men, From the Eyes of Servants @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/12—the Captive, The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, Caney Creek Heros, Gatlin Elms, Sotol @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

Totally Insane Must-See Show of the Month



his stuff in the corner for several months, where friends rescued Atarimatt's gear and cartridges from certain oblivion.

On July 15th Atarimatt will shake off the dust and crank out the tunes at Revolution Café & Bar in Bryan to help raise money for this very magazine, along with local electro-prog one man band **great unwashed luminaries** and the all line-input supergroup **Electrofucker**. If you've never seen Atarimatt you will immediately be dazzled by his Max Headroom on acid visuals from his two 30 year old tube TV's and then gut-checked by the deep, glitch square wave pulse of his punk rock for robots approach. His songs, unlike most electro dudes, are indeed *songs* and his melodies are definitely memorable. Not to mention that the beats are pop-locking fresh. Atarimatt's music makes for a good, fun time, not to mention the live show that will have you gazing all acid casualty-like into the TV's waiting for the Poltergeist to grab your face and pull you in. Also, someone will drunkenly attempt to do the Robot, and that is always a winner—**KELLY MINNIS**

7/13—Granger Smith @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

7/14—the Judges, FightPriestFight @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/15—Eleven Fingered Charlie @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/16—Dan Dyer, Adrian Hulet @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

7/16—The Ex-Optimists, Foster, The Criminal Kind, Shotgun Hustler, Starkiller @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/17—Signal Rising @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/18—Holy Rolling Empire @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/19—From the Top @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/21—Cypress Station @ Schotzis, College Station. 10pm

7/23—Rattletree Marimba @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

7/24—Kerrville Reunion w/In-Situ Sound, South Texas Hippies, The Puss & Boots Project @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 9pm

7/28—Valet Parking @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/29—Radio La Chusma @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

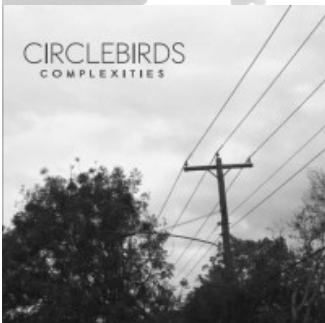
7/29—South Shores, Color Me Vivid, Empire Holiday, Go Action Team @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/30—Cropdusters @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

7/30—Roca Azul @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

7/31—Dirty Wormz, Mike Terror, Smile Transylvania, Signal Rising @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm

record reviews



CircleBirds Complexities

Modern indie rock is such a different animal than it was when I was growing up. 25 years ago American indie rock was an outgrowth from the punk and hardcore movements. Those bands were aggressive as fuck, but eventually tired of aggression and incorporated other sounds and influence. These days indie bands are rarely aggressive and are more concerned with being expansive. Bryan/College Station's CircleBirds wants to be expansive too, and succeeds with their new CD.

Listening to *Complexities* is like listening to a less effete and Afrobeat Vampire Weekend (singer Matthew Jackson's vocals are a dead ringer for those of VW's Ezra Koenig) or perhaps a fictional Now 115: The Best Of 2000's Indie Rock compilation. That is not necessarily bad for a band's debut full-length. Reflecting your surroundings is understandable. That's how you get some of that Arcade Fire grandiosity (mostly thanks to the production of Paul Clark) and Wolf Parade cartoonish effervescence. It's not that *Complexities* is entirely a smiley affair, but the overall tone of the music and production just doesn't lend itself to emotional Sturm und Drang.

And therein lies my problem with this album. There is such an overall focus on the lush production and intricate instrumentation that for the most part songwriting hooks are discarded in favor of the *overall sound*. There are certainly exceptions to that rule. While "Howling At the Moon" has no

discernable chorus there is instead a catchy boy-girl harmony line courtesy of Whitney Smith that substitutes nicely. For the most part though CircleBirds focuses more on the overall mood of the presentation than the actual songcraft. Songs get you on the radio. It is the hooks that Sufjan Stevens and James Mercer and Win Butler bring to the table that has made their work memorable and iconoclastic. CircleBirds have got the sound but not the songs are not quite there yet.—**KELLY MINNIS**



Charger Fits Bottom of the Bottle

If you have seen Houston's Charger Fits there are two things that stick in your mind: they are all left-handed, and it is impossible to be a wallflower at their shows. Singer/guitarist Kelly Lee has been known to use audience members as vehicles, microphone stands, and sweat rags. The threat with any such band is that their live show will always overshadow their recorded output. I mean, how you do replicate that kind of confrontational experience on album? You can't.

Fortunately, that is not a problem for Charger Fits. Their new EP *Bottom of the Bottle* is crammed with taut anthemic mid-tempo punk rock. "Who Cares Club" gets the EP started off right with a strutting rock shuffle; midway through the EP they pull it down and remind you that they're Texans and twang it up a little bit with the punk/country hybrid of "Fiction To Diction". Charger Fits continues that gutter country vibe with "Figures and

Guesses". "Mistakes To Misfortunes" picks it back up to go out on a poppy punk vibe with a great singalong chorus.

I say it's punk rock, but it's not go crazy in the pit with the sound and fury punk. This is the kinda punk you put your arms around your bro's shoulders too and hoist some suds and have a good time. Somehow Charger Fits have harnessed that good times vibe and captured it on one's and zero's. Good on ya.—**KELLY MINNIS**



The Black Keys Brothers

The blues. For many of us, the word brings up negative connotations: bad bar bands on 6th Street, endless formula music with bad vocals on top. It's a shame, really. The music that has been co-opted by the party and frat set is the root of all modern rock-based music, and hugely important in ways I cannot even begin to describe. If you've never heard Robert Johnson's complete sides, or any of Blind Lemon Jefferson's recordings, you're really missing out. The real thing is worth hearing. The Black Keys are a band that had deep respect for blues music, and spent the early part of their career draining blood from that stone.

I thought they were a pretty good band when I saw them open for Guided by Voices back in 2003, but I just felt like there was something missing in their music. Listening to their new record,

Brothers, I think I know why. They clearly understand that blues music, R&B and soul music are all pretty much the same, the major difference being in the more developed melodic style of soul and R&B.

And they also understand that the rhythm in R&B is first for a reason. Blues music is also a form of dance music. The drums on this record just rock. Pat Carney's drums are half of the magic here. He brings the kind of thump and swagger that makes a gig a dance party. This combined with songs that just drip with the kind of love pain that blues was built for make for a record that begs repeat listens.

I'll point out a few high points (but the whole thing is just great: "Next Girl" brings bass and Hammond to the mix for a song that laments past mistakes and resolves to never repeat them. It's the kind of song you want to listen to when things just aren't working. It shakes the complacency off of you like only the best soul music can. "Tighten Up" (whose video is worth a Youtube search, it is truly inspired) benefits greatly from whistling (have these guys been listening to Peter Bjorn & John? - it feels like it here) and a passionate vocal from Dan Auerbach (who might just be one of the best soul singers today) who covers familiar subject matter like it's the first time you've ever heard it. "Howlin For You" sounds instantly recognizable but like all great blues music it sounds fresh and new. "The Only One" really stands out to me, with a great falsetto vocal and a sound that connects the pentatonic blues with the Far Eastern pentatonic. It's so sexy and languid, with its "You're the only one" refrain. "Too Afraid to Love You" add some great harpsichord action over a stately beat from Carney and a vocal from Auerbach that reminds me a little of Screamin Jay Hawkins.

These guys just know all the right points to hit, all the right subtle

references, and it never feels anything but current, modern, and fully aware of past, present and future.—**JASON CLARK**



Black Cock Robot Child With a God Complex

Austin's Black Cock has probably the best name for a band in all of Travis County. Until you discover that the band is named for a rooster as opposed to something a little more phallic.

That said, Black Cock answers the age-old question of what a band would sound like if its sound was created from the mating of Autolux with Six Finger Satellite. You get some of that effeminate vocals over blustering guitar minimalism and big drum rhythms turned inside-out plus the added bonus of crazy synthesizers yelping and droning AND atonal bursts of noise.

At the core of Black Cock's fucked-up rock sound are claustrophobic pop songs trying desperately to crawl to the forefront. "Starfleet Destroyer" has a winning bubblegum '70s Saturday morning cartoon cheery boy-girl back and forth thing filtered through distortion and whining Moog; "45" buries the darkened tentativeness of the vocals beneath heavily tremoloed guitars and helicoptering LFO's and math-rock drums; "Cheating" makes you think they are gonna play straight with you before it explodes into feedback guitar and harmony vocals.

And that's pretty much how the rest of *Robot Child With a God Complex* rolls. A fresh spin on the tried and true formula of catchy pop songs encased behind indie post-rock mathematical unease.—**KELLY MINNIS**



Muhammadali Muhammadali

Having only seen Houston damage rock trio Muhammadali live I was eager to have a listen to their latest EP, expecting something quite different than what came back at me through the speakers.

Live, Muhammadali are all big riffs, blurry vocals and racing drums. On their eponymous EP Muhammadali comes off a lot more polished than I expected. And that minimum of studio sheen dusts off enough of the tobacco tar to reveal a post-hardcore juggernaut with an amazing ability to translate hard rocking Fugazi-esque alt-rock through a crust punk gang-pop mentality.

There are lots of sing-along choruses, angular fucked-up guitar progressions and cymbal white noise banging away with squalls of guitar feedback between Mudhoney-esque solo runs. "A Elephant" eases up with a straight-up garage power pop burner that subverts through droning dissonance underneath. At barely two minute these songs pin you to the wall and let go of you before you get bored with having your face melted.—**KELLY MINNIS**

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