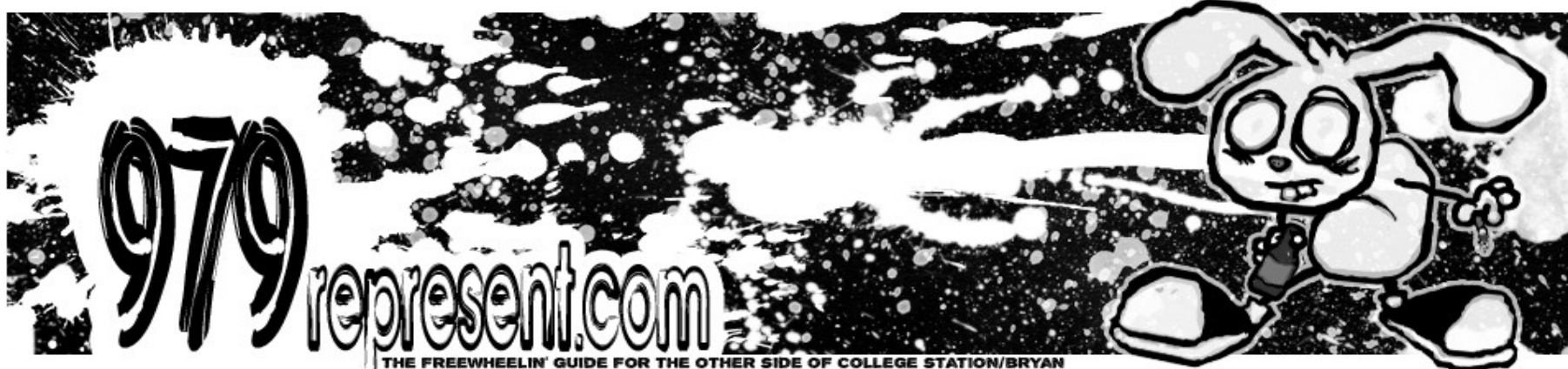


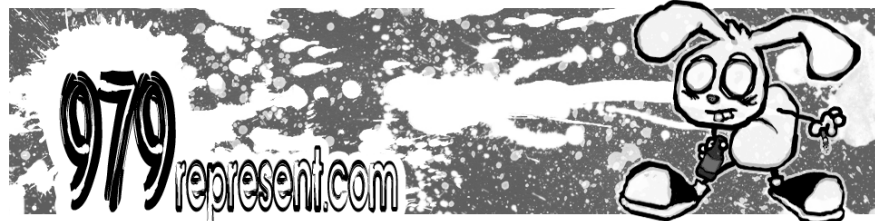
JANUARY 2011
VOL. 3—ISSUE 1



THE FREEWHEELIN' GUIDE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF COLLEGE STATION/BRYAN



Also inside: B-Bit Burgers Revisits Margies—Newks Sandwiches—Mustache Rides—The Dhalì Rama—Dehydrated Boyfriend—New Fiction—Pedal Pushing—CD Reviews—Concert Calendar



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

Editorial bored

Kelly Minnis Atarimatt Niki Pistols

Art Splendiddness

Wonko The Sane

Distributress

Morgan Leigh

Folks That Write & Draw Shit For Us or Take Pick-Chures

Jeremy Frank Marina Briggs James Gray Steve Nam Jason Clark David
Lynch Jessica Kempen Kevin Still Mikey Roe Mike L. Downey Psycho
Mike

On the Internetz Cloud Thingy at

<http://www.979represent.com>

Email to admin@979represent.com

Materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

979Represent

1707 Austin Ave.

College Station, TX 77840

AD RATES

1/3 PAGE \$50

1/4 PAGE \$75

1/2 PAGE \$100

FULL BACK PAGE \$200

ALL RATES MONTHLY.

BUY 3 GET ONE FREE

CALL 979-204-4350 FOR DETAILS

NIKI SHEA
HAIRSTYLIST
SPECIALIZING IN
LOUD COLORS AND
ALTERNATIVE STYLES
ONLINE BOOKING @
www.schedulicity.com
CUTLER 2 SALON
979-764-3000



RIP: Stover Boys Burgers

Wednesday, December 15th, 2010. 1:35PM. My phone rings, and it's Charlie Stover. I pick it up and receive the awful news I know is forthcoming. Stover Boys Burgers has at last gone out of business. It is not the end of the world. As far as I know the Earth's axis didn't budge on its eternal revolution. Gravity did not skip a second and none of us floated away into the stratosphere, or at least towards the ceiling for a heartbeat. But the Bryan/College Station restaurant scene just lost a very interesting and new voice in the very small pocket of locally grown and locally owned foodie-focused eatery community.

Charlie is self-effacing, and he will tell you that he tried to grow too fast too soon and that his takeover of downtown Bryan's Square One Bistro last summer pretty much wiped him out. Unforeseen costs, the fickleness of locals on internet forums who posed as regulars begging Charlie to leave Square One alone (although it had underperformed for years) but turned out to be at the most once a year customers, and the backporch axiom that you can't borrow money from Peter to pay back the money you borrowed from Paul eventually piled up on Charlie's massive shoulders. Atlas shrugged, and Stover Boys came crashing down.

For years I have wanted to open a British pub somewhere, ever since I first stepped foot into The Black Sheep in downtown Ashland, OR. It has an awesome vibe, great beers, the best fish-n-chips I've ever eaten, darts, billiards, etc. For a good portion of ten years I kept that idea on the back burner, thinking that someday when the winds blew just right that I'd become the proprietor of such an establishment. Then in 2006 I found myself in Philipsburg, Montana for the spring and helped a couple reopen a turn of the century soda fountain, and all my dreams of ever owning my own business met cold hard reality. I discovered that small business owners LIVE their businesses 24/7 365. It takes many owners years to come out of the red. Four years later this couple have turned a profit (mainly because they bought the building itself) but one of them has been at the restaurant everyday since it opened. They have not been able to leave town together since April 2006.

If you've ever been to Stover Boys at lunch time you've no doubt seen Charlie working his tail off, or his wife taking her lunch break from her 9-to-5 job to help take care of the cash register. It requires that kind of commitment for years to make a successful self-owned business take root and eventually pay off. All it takes is one mistake, and the foundation of the business can start to topple. Charlie made it all look easy, but I know it's hard, and I would never trade places with him no matter how awesome I thought his food was (and it most certainly was awesome).

Charlie says that he hopes to pay back everyone he owes, including employees who worked for the promise of a paycheck for months. And then he hopes to do it all over again. That's how the American dream occurs. If once you don't succeed, pick yourself up and try again. A little smarter, a little warier. Hopefully Charlie makes it all work out, because I for one miss those Death Fries and the Turkey Burger plus cheese and jalapeños.—KELLY MINNIS





B-Bit Burgers Revisits Margies

About this time last year I decided to do a burger review for Margies at the persistent positive hype of Bill Allen. They had quite a few different burgers on the menu, but of course I ordered the Sexy Pimp. Why would you ever order anything else, with a name like that?! And pretty much it was the best burger I had had in town as far as a standard burger goes. But for whatever reason I never made a trip back. Then I found out we were gonna have the 979Represent Dirtbag Xmas Dinner there. I was stoked.

And of course again, I ordered The Sexy Pimp.

The Sexy Pimp is the code name for Margies 1/2 pound burger. And let me tell you, this is no frozen Cysco crap. It starts out as a lump of fresh meat and is seasoned, smacked and flipped with love into what is now as far as I am concerned the Top Burger In Town. When ordering this burger do yourself a favor and don't be a picky bastard. Get it all the way with lettuce, tomato, onion, cheese, mustard and mayonnaise to get the full experience. This thing is huge and you will not be disappointed. But don't just take my word for it. Ask Niki and Morgan. They both ordered a Sexy Pimp and even though combined they barely make my body weight, before I could ask either one if they liked it or not there wasn't a trace left except a smile and meat juice dripping off their fingers.



Niki Pistols proudly displays her Sexy Pimp before it got up and danced away down her throat.

So go to Margies, order the Sexy Pimp and tell em Atarimatt sent you and maybe if enough people come in I can sweet talk them into adding some RATT and Anthrax to the jukebox. Margies rules!

Bit Rate: 10/10

Does B/CS Need Yet Another Sandwich Joint?

That's a very good question that no one seems to be asking. I'd say no, but yet we keep getting them. The latest such sandwich joint to open, Newks, is located on University and Highway 6 in the parking lot between Fish Daddys and Home Depot.

If the restaurant seems like a slightly more upscale version of McAlisters, then at least Newks comes by it honest, as Newks shares the same parentage as McAlisters. The menu is quite similar, relying on a combination of soups, salads and sandwiches. One major difference Newks has is its offering of wood-fired pizzas, setting it up as a direct competitor with Blue Baker as well as McAlisters.

I've eaten there twice this month. I'm not really a big personal pizza fan so that took a good third of Newks' menu out for me. Their sandwich offerings seemed pretty anemic to me too. Their specialty sandwiches are not as interesting as Blue Baker or McAlisters. Neither does it have the fresh-baked bread thing that Blue Baker has. So on my first trip I ordered soup and salad. Although that seems pretty boring, Newks is pretty good at the basics. The servings are in epic proportion and the salad is probably the best pre-made salad I've had in town. Mixed greens, nice croutons, grape tomatos...the works. The potato soup I had was good too and tasted homemade, with a swirl of sour cream and bits of bacon and green onion.



The second visit I went for half a Newks "Q", a chicken sandwich melt with white BBQ sauce. It was a stinker, so I'd stick to the simple sandwiches, or that big ol' salad and sandwich. Newks also appropriates a bit of the McAlisters vibe with its offering of teas, but in a self-serve set-up. I kinda like that better than waiting on someone to refill my cup. The beverage island is quite attractive, plus Newks offers a selection of bottled beers and wine as well as fancy bottled water.

Both McAlisters and Blue Baker have lots of great cookies on tap for pretty cheap, but Newks goes a tad upscale and offers fresh-baked cakes plus a handful of pre-wrapped items like Rice Krispie treats and such. The cakes look fantastic, but I have yet to spring for a piece.

And last, Newks lays out some cool "extras" on a bar upfront for you to add to your meals. An assortment of peppers, breadsticks, roasted garlic and pickles that are certainly appreciated. And again, aesthetically the spread is nice but I think maybe it should be elsewhere in the restaurant instead of right at the front door. All in all, even though I would say Bryan/College Station needs another sandwich joint like Snookie needs more spray tan, Newks should fill a niche between Blue Baker and McAlisters. Get wi-fi up in there and it should get pretty popular.—KELLY MINNIS

979 Represent 3

Asian Persuasions with The Dahli Rama: Lost In Translation



It is widely assumed, but wasn't confirmed until just now, by me, that English was my second language. Up until about the second grade, your Dahli Rama spoke fluent Korean, and a lot of broken English. My earliest memory of English being spoken to me was when I was three. Pinole, California is a suburb located in the East Bay closest to Berkeley. Back when I was growing up, there were still business proprietors who practiced apprenticeships and one such establishment was the local barbershop. To sum it up briefly, my mother was speaking in Korean letting me know that I needed to shut up, and the patrons and employees were laughing at the strange dialect spewing from my three-year-old mouth.

I love English. There are a multitude of words that I can string together to make myself seem important and illustrate just how vast my foreign yet domestic ass can get. But as much as I love English, there are some feelings, emotions and situations that occur that I feel English doesn't encapsulate the experience as well as my first language can.

One word that I'll use as the object of my said subject for this day is 문제 – Moon Jae. Moon Jae literally translated into English is "problem". But it doesn't pertain to math problems, or a scientific conundrum. Moon Jae relates to problems associated with life. Most commonly, it's used to illustrate issues regarding a personal dilemma and sometimes even with regards to relationship issues. But what I enjoy most about this word, beyond just saying it, is how it relates to how much of my life I can apply it to. Even whilst trying to drum up a topic for this month's piece, I found myself using it to quantify the shit I feel is wrong with other people. My mind automatically floated to this saying:

돈은 인생 문제 언인미다. 사람은 마음 이 문제 다

Translated:

Money isn't the Moon Jae. It is the will of people and their intent that creates the Moon Jae.

It just looks way cooler in Korean. I haven't quite put into perspective why it is that in certain situations my mind will float to Korean as a means of putting a situation together into the realm of comprehension. Perhaps it is because English was my second language (yay for ESL classes) that my vast knowledge of all that is life is so well put together (totally bullshitting by the way). What isn't bullshit, however, is that while life is vast, and though it may seem the English language is just as vast, there are times when the everyday words that we use don't quite capture what we are trying to communicate. It's in those everyday instances with the ones that we surround ourselves with that those miscommunications turn into unnecessary moments that often times become Moon Jaes in our lives. Life is abound with Moon Jaes.

PS: Apologies for those of you who actually read this and are disappointed with a closing that is usually more succinct and positive.—THE DAHLI RAMA





Animal Kingdom. Original Fiction by Kevin Still

Chester stood over the opossum poking it with his finger, marveling at the salvation of man. He knew the opossum had been dead a long time. Although he had never received formal training in forensics, he could measure the timeframe of an animal's afterlife by the number of flies on the meat or the caking of blood on the coat. When you scooped animals off the road for a living, you learned these things. But in four and a half years of working for the county, he had never seen anything like this.

Chester had studied the dead opossum for the better part of an hour. He had walked around the animal, stepped back from it, knelt over it in every possible direction, and no matter the angle he saw the same thing. A face. The ruffles in the dead opossum's hide and flesh and bone folded in fashions that formed a perfectly drawn human face. And Chester was certain he recognized the face. The recognition filled him with equal swells of fear and hope, holding him near the body.

Distracted by a voice behind him, Chester turned and saw a man walking on the road kicking rocks, signing into open sky. "Miracles need witnesses," Chester whispered. Waving his hands, he flagged the man. "Hey! Come look at this!"

The man jumped at Chester's call. "Come look at this!" Chester yelled a second time, still waving his arms. After a moment's consideration, looking up and down the road, the man jogged across the road.

"Neighbor," the man said approaching, "you sound keyed up. You got something wrong here?"

Chester pointed at the opossum in the road. "You tell me if you can see that," he said.

The man looked at the opossum and nodded his head. "Yessir, that there's a dead critter. You kill it?"

Chester shook his head like he was wagging out a wet rag, sweat sprinkling from his hair. The man took notice and stepped to the other side of the opossum, wedging a spit more space between them. "Came to clean it up," Chester said. "Walked over to assess the 'quipment I needed and then saw it. Saw it just like it is there. Can you believe it?"

The man spat a wad of brown juice towards the side of the road and wiped his lip with the back of his hand. "Course I believe it. Ever since them big city top hats installed them high price shopping centers these critters have taken to the streets." The man chuckled, "Hell, I ran over an army-dildo the other day and was glad to end its suffering. Critters got nowhere to get around here but the sky."

Chester fixed widening eyes on the opossum like he was seeing it again for the first time. His breathing suddenly became heavy. "But don't you see it? Don't you see what's in the body?"

979 Represent 4

"What? You drop your contact lens in that critter?" The man laughed again.

"Look!" Chester shouted, his face turning red. "Look again. Look until you can see it."

"Neighbor, I am looking. I'm looking and all I see is a critter some old lady probably ran under her Thunderbird. If there's more to it, if that critter's a gumball machine with a penny slot, I don't see it."

"Do you see the face?"

"That critter ain't got a face no more."

"Look here." Chester knelt and traced the details of an image only he could see. "The kidneys make the eyes, the broken ribs form the nose, and the fur flips here to make the mustache over the lips formed by the intestines. Also, look at this." Chester pointed at the dried blood on the ground. "You see how the juice is already crusted up?"

The man spat and nodded, squinting his eyes.

"That blood has been there for hours, but there are no flies. Usually, flies land on dead road flesh within an hour of impact. But there aren't any flies. And look there." The two men looked up as Chester stirred circles in the air above them. "No buzzards. No vultures. Not even a phone wire crow."

The man looked back at the dead critter searching for the face, running his eyes where Chester had run his finger. "Look, man, I seen a lot of dead critters, and the only thing special I see about this one is that this one here has a yahoo drawing pictures in it." The man reached for Chester's shoulder. "What d'ya say we leave this critter to our Savior and you go sleep off whatever you -"

"Don't you see? This is not a dead animal. It's a sign." Chester said, turning towards the man. "He's sending us a sign. He's telling us that he's coming."

The man stepped back again. "Who? Who's sending a sign?"

"Marsupial Man." Chester continued. "He's coming."

"The cartoon superhero?"

Chester's feet shuffled and pattered beneath him. "It's the face of Marsupial Man. In the opossum. It's a sign. Marsupial Man wants us to know he's coming to save us. Just, here, give me your hand." Chester jumped forward, reaching for the man's hand. As Chester reached out, the blood on the tips of his own fingers became evident. The man leapt away.

"What'd you do, man?"

Chester followed the man in a circle around the opossum. His eyes leaked clear drops on his cheeks, slithering down to his lips. "I've been waiting for this. I've been waiting for someone. Please, you need to believe. Just touch him. Touch and be touched like I have."

"Brother, you don't need Marsupial Man. You need the Holy Ghost." The man ran in the direction he'd been walking, his voice jabbering steadily. Chester thought he might even be singing and he did not blame him.

Standing alone again in the road, Chester fell to his knees. He stroked the air an inch above the tire-chewed body. "Marsupial Man? Are you really coming to help? We need . . ." Images of a life flew through Chester's mind. A child. A church. A songbook. A thirst.

Bowing his head, he allowed his chest to open, as his hope fell fully through sobbing. His heart raced, washing his own hide and flesh and bones. "Our saviors, all our saviors, have become our rivals." As he wept, a breeze skittered through the street, lifting a tuft of hair from the opossum's coat, tickling his hand. Chester felt himself being rewritten.

Lifting his head, he realized that he was not alone. On the road ahead, between himself and town, between this moment and the people who needed to know, three buzzards squatted in patient consideration, their folded wings smooth as judicial robes.

"I know why you're here," Chester said, scooping the opossum in his arms like a child. "You can eat me too, but you'll never take what I have."

The buzzards squatted in silence. Theirs was a life of waiting, and Chester knew it. But as he watched them watching him, a hot pudding flow of blood bathed his bare arms and soaked his work shirt. The body of this opossum, who laid down his life for faith, seeped over Chester's stomach and pooled in his crotch. He knew what he knew, and he knew what he had to do. He would start by going door to door. Then he would stand on the street corners. Maybe they would even let him talk on the radio. The future was coming, but man was still yesterday's creation.

Holding Marsupial Man in his arms, Chester stood and stepped towards the buzzards. They opened their wings in invitation. Before letting go, Chester leaned down and kissed the body broken. "I will let them know, Marsupial Man," Chester said. "I will let all of them know."

Leaving his truck on the side of the road and his equipment in the ditch, Chester walked towards the buzzards. They did not move. With his dripping chin pointing towards town, Chester tossed the body to the buzzards. "Here," he said, as he walked between them.

"Taste and see."



BonnieBlue

as profiled by foil face

This ain't yur Grandma's music.

2 step Southern Mosh Metal is what is delivered by this local Hardcore Metal band. Since 2008 this band was grown from just a beer drinkin' jammin' in a shed type of band to Owning a stage and crowd while producing some of the Biggest & Hardest Mosh Pits the Brazos County Metal scene has ever seen. I'm talkin bout Bryan/College Station's Hardcore Southern Metal Music band BonnieBlue but first, let's unload this shotgun by meetin' the band members.

Marty Chronister—the lead pipes of screamin'/growlin', songwriter and bare fist ed boxer

Judson Curtis—the abuser of sticks and skins; learned to play drums through a lot of built-up aggression and tributes his drum-min' skills to being ambidextrous

Eric Carpenter—6 string choir boy gone metal, can also play the violin, cello, and red rover; has a pitbull as a pet

Steven Toler—6 string shortstop who learned to play guitar by ear, likes hairless cats and country living

Chris Matula—pretends to play Bass and acts as 2nd set of vox for the band, can also play a badass Triangle while drinkin' beer

This local Hardcore Metal band has worked Hard to get where they are now with the Release of their new CD *Attack of the Lot Lizards*. If ya don't know bout the band then let's back up a couple of years to when I first saw BonnieBlue, in February 2009 at Schotzi's in College Station .

Judson Curtis was carryin' his worn out drum set with broken cymbal up the stairs and I made the comment that the task looked like a BUZZKILL and He replied, "You got that right!" That night I heard some hardcore metal music with a Southern Thang to it, they played an amazing set for just a few people in attendance. I instantly become a Fan of this poor grass roots band called BonnieBlue.

Over the past two years, this band has been known to "Stay too Themselves" in the local Metal scene, booking their own shows and bringin' other bands in on a card, and they do a great disappearing act after performin'. So when this 101 year old Metalhead got the chance to sit in and interview the band I was all over it like a starving cow on fresh cut hay. Not knowing what to expect, I walked into the interview that turned out to be more like a "Round Table" scene from the TV show *That 70's Show*. These Guys shared stories and popped off comments that got WAY off from the main interview leaving me laffin' my ass off as beer bottles and burps Fired off.

Here is some of that interview y'all. It did get serious:

Foilface: Since I 1st seen yall ,yall have made band member changes-who has been in BonnieBlue ?

Marty—We started with Me, Toler, Carp, Nate Ayers on bass, and Taylor Fuller on drums, then we got Judson on drums and later had Zack Light on bass. We made changes that improved and evolved the band through the changes too where we are now with Chris on bass. We all get along great and truly have the passion to perform. We remain good friends with our past bandmates.

Who does most of the song writing for BonnieBlue?

Toler (in a bullshittin'/'jokin'/'laffin' voice) - Marty. He is the main reason BonnieBlue exists. He comes up with everything from the lyrics to some riffs. We just fill in. We actually was gonna call the band "Marty" but it sounded like a country band name.

Carp—Seriously, We all work together in the songs we produce, it's a team effort.

Chris—If you listen to our music you can figure out whose riffs are whose in this band.



The songs tracks on the CD are as follows :

- 1) Lot Lizard
- 2) Cougar Hunter
- 3) The Chair for George Nelson
- 4) Swine Flu
- 5) Untitled
- 6) Ted Dancing
- 7) Kansas Girls Don't Put Out
- 8) Northern Lights

The music on this CD highlights the band's ability to play Hardcore Metal while keepin' the true Southern Metal sound, which is sumthin a lot of young "Texas" Metal bands ain't doin' anymore or can't do. BonnieBlue's music is filled with wicked but understated guitar solos that blend instrumental metal riffs and insane drummin' along with earthquake makin' vocals like a destruction waltz straight out of the river bottom. The vocals are both deep low screams/growls topped with Chris' clear High's making them "Stand Out" from a lot of other young Hardcore Metal bands in the whole Texas Metal scene. The whole CD provides a satisfyin' dose of Metal Music wrapped up in a heavy southern tortilla of greatness.

BonnieBlue has a fan base that's strong. At most shows, the fans are aged between 15-50 year olds and show up in large numbers

seriously wantin' to Mosh/headbang to the music. When this happens the stage presence and teamwork by the guys goes into overtime, given everyone of the payin' customers more than their money's worth for a Live Metal Music show.

The bands hard work and dedication have also earned them sponsorships and endorsements over the last two years from Arsenal Tattoo, Murdered Out Design, Soultone Cymbals and Shine Drums.

Check the bands website for upcoming shows,video's,and other kool shit on the net!

Facebook/BonnieBlue
<http://www.myspace.com/thebonnieblue>

Every band spends a lot of time together and there's an asshole in every band. Who is the asshole in BonnieBlue?

Everyone in band rolls in laughter sayin "Toler" as even Toler raises his hand admittin' it.

Of all the local metal bands BonnieBlue has been the only band to travel the States on tour with their music. Was this a pre-planned tactic?

Marty & Toler—We never wanted to stay just here in the local area so we teamed up with other bands to do coast tours. Playin' here over and over can get boring, even for our fans. We enjoy playin' other states in metal music bars and making new fans and friends along the way. We hope to eventually be playin' our music on the road for two weeks and then off for two weeks, but we are not quite there yet.

What can Fans expect from BonnieBlue in 2011?

Carp & Judson—New material.

Marty—Another West Coast tour is in the works

Everyone—We are going to promote the new CD on the tour this year and work on new shit and party. It's all about the Party .

How did yall come up with the name of the CD?

Carp—The title song. It was based on a speed freak hooker called The Lot Lizard. This woman at a truckstop in Southern Arizona. She was hoppin' from big truck to big truck in the parking lot.

- * -

Now, 979Represent Reader, yeah, I'm talkin to you! Let me tell y'all about this new CD by BonnieBlue called *Attack of the Lot Lizards* .

The CD which has been two years in the making finally came together in three days under the production studio guidance of Robert Mercier at Looney Bin Studios (<http://www.myspace.com/thelooneybinstudio>). After witnessin' all the songs going from first time played onstage to a final studio recorded cut, hearing the upgrades and improvements, BonnieBlue's CD *Attack of the Lot Lizards* is in my opinion, Brazos County's TOP Metal Music album of the year for 2010 from a local band ,so let it be known.... \m/



You can also find the CD at Hot Topics in Post Oak Mall!

Pedal Pushing: Electro-Harmonix Double Muff Fuzz

Distortion pedals seem to all be really straight forward. They take a guitar's signal and crunch it up, clip it, tweeze it, compress it and un-prettify it and spit it out to your guitar amplifier. Easy enough, right? So why is it SO HARD to find a good distortion pedal that doesn't Hooverize your tone or your volume whilst making whatever you run through it sound like the Gods of Metal are shining down upon you?

About 20 years ago I first learned about the Electro-Harmonix Big Muff pedal from the title of Mudhoney's first EP *Superfuzz Bigmuff*. Both parts of the title are vintage guitar pedals. The Big Muff was at one point an integral part of the "grunge" sound, utilized by most of the genre's big players, from Cobain to Corgan and beyond. Take a tube amp, stir in Big Muff, plug in guitar and power chord away. But I have taken possession of three Big Muffs over the years and I've never been able to figure out how to get that awesome Big Muff sound that so many others have nailed. I just can't seem to dial it in. That pedal just seems so finicky. Yet Atarimatt makes his Russian Big Muff grind and wheeze with The Tron Sack, making his bass sound like Zeus shouting down from Olympus.

I had been using an Electro-Harmonix LPB-1 boost pedal for a little dirt on top of my rhythm guitar. The LPB-1 adds just enough chug to make it sound dirty but not that super-saturated crazy massive sludge tone that I need a few times a set to make it go over the edge you know, like turning the amp to 11. I was using an Ibanez Turbo Tube Screamer for that particular sound, but it wasn't bassy enough and didn't just scream out in a ridiculous over-the-top fashion. So I was in the market to replace the TS9DX when I spied an unused pedal in the X-Ops practice room.

Enter the Electro-Harmonix Double Muff. It is pretty much what it sounds like it is. Two Big Muff circuits in one pedal. Two knobs, one for Muff 1 and one for Muff 2, plus a switch for single or double mode. In single mode, you are basically dealing with a Nano Muff, or a regular old Big Muff without the tone and volume knobs. Flip it to double and your signal is muffed twice. My problem with the Big Muff is the same problem I've had with Boss distortion pedals. Even with it pegged you lose volume when you step onto the pedal. Not so with the Double Muff.



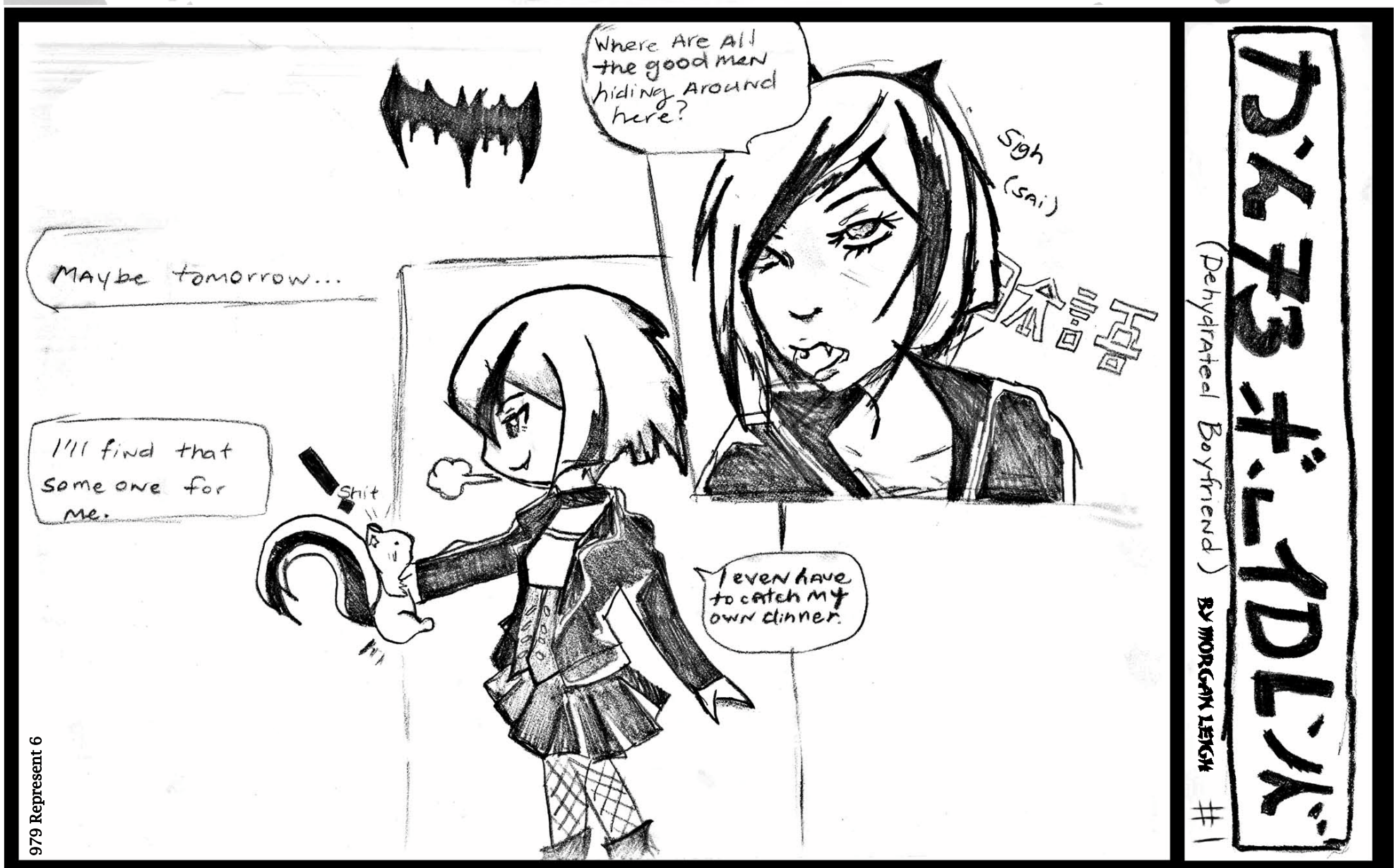
It makes my silverface Fender PA100 sound like a Marshall stack with the muffs pegged on double. Feedbacky and monstrous, but the cool thing is that I can hear each one of my strings when I have the pedal engaged, so it's not just an impenetrable wall of fuzz. But it is definitely big and gnarly and gives me that second tone I was looking for. It is not really big in a modern metal sort of way. If that tight fuzz is what you're after then this isn't your pedal. If J Mascis or *Siamese Dream* is your thing, then the Double Muff is not too tough for you.

The cool thing about the Muff channel is that it is fantastic for non-guitar usage too. Bass players use Big Muffs quite a bit. I've not had any chance to use the Double Muff in that capacity but Wonko had it in his Venus Whalers bass rig and found it wanting. That said, it is fantastic for crunching up vocals and especially drum machines. It squeezes the dynamics and adds tons of crunch. For that particular reason, using the Muff on something static like a synthesizer or other pedaltone-type instrument really doesn't do much. Dynamic instruments benefit more from the Muff than the more static stuff.

Oh yeah, the particulars. It's EHX so it's pretty solid. Rolled metal casing, mono in and out, a 9v adapter input, etc. One improvement over the Big Muff is that it uses the standard negative ring 9v adapter so you don't need an adapter for your daisy chain. The other improvement, well, it's smaller than the Big Muff. By quite a bit. The Big Muff is a massive pedal. Clone Muffs have been able to pull that circuitry down into a casing the size of an EHX Nano pedal or MXR encasing. The signal is noisy, but it does boost your signal quite a bit and, really, it's a fucking distortion pedal and it is supposed to be noisy. That said, when bypassed I can't tell that it adds any coloration or other shenanigans to your signal. You'd have to be one of those diamond-eared scoop-the-mids-at-250Hz douchebags to hear any discernible difference in tone.

It's a fairly inexpensive pedal for what it is and built strong. There's not much else in that price range (\$60) that performs as well, except for perhaps the out-of-production Digitech Grunge Pedal and, well, the Ibanez TS-7 Tube Screamers.—KELLY MINNIS

(www.ehx.com/products/double-muff)



concert calendar

1/3—Page 9, Evolett, Love Me Last @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

1/6—Behold the Great Throne (CD release party), Bonnieblue, United We Stand, Culture In Ruin, Alphanu-meric, Counterstrike! @ The Stafford, Bryan. 7pm

1/7—Ghost Stories, The Ex-Optimists @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
1/7—Elvis Tribute Show with Terry Price @ Stagecenter, Bryan. 7pm
1/7—Joey McGee @ Frame Gallery, Bryan. 6:30pm

1/8—Elvis Tribute Show with Terry Price @ Stagecenter, Bryan. 2 & 7pm
1/8—Brian Hudson, Matt Harlan @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

1/10—Jacob Asbill, Will Reynolds @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

1/12—Nightosaur @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

1/13—Letters To Voltron, The Kickback @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

1/14—A Formal Affair @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm
1/14—Sideshow Tragedy @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

Totally Rad Show of the Month



Hell City Kings...faces only, well, not even a mother could love

thought that mimicking The Stooges by way of Motley Crue was punk rock. As admirable a group of players as these kids were, they were *not* punk rock. Later, Houston's **Hell City Kings** came onstage and showed the entire night's roster *how to play punk rock*. These five drunks rammed downstroke power chord four-on-the-floor attitude down our throats for 30 minutes and went down like cheap well whiskey, fire going down and fire coming out. And this month they headline The Stafford with another four-on-the-floor brash rock band **Kansas City Faggots** and new Dallas punk/metal hybrid **Modern Wolves**. It's gonna be one of those nights where all the bands rock it out so hard that you will go home *exhausted*. Plus it's *979Represent* editrix Niki Pistols' birthday that night so you can't afford to miss what will be this year's first "can't miss" show.—**KELLY MINNIS**

Back in November The Hangouts were asked to play a punk rock night at Fitzgeralds in Houston, organized by Houston DIY punk rock record label Cutthroat Records. The band that played before us were a bunch of college-age kids who

1/15—Sour Soul @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
1/15—Strawberry Jam @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

1/17—Chad Petty @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

1/18—Spamalot @ Rudder Theatre, College Station. 7:30PM

1/19—Band of Heathens @ Texas Hall of Fame, Bryan. 9pm
1/19—Spamalot @ Rudder Theatre, College Station. 7:30PM

1/23—Big Texas Nights @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

1/24—Jacob Asbill, Will Reynolds @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

1/26—Curren\$y The Hot Spitta, Mookie Jones, Money Militia @ The Drink, College Station. 9pm

1/28—The Canvas Waiting @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm
1/28—J Wesley Haynes Trio @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

1/29—Kansas City Faggots, Hell City Kings, Modern Wolves @ The Stafford, Bryan. 10pm
1/29—St Cloud @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

1/31—Chad Petty @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm

Record Reviews

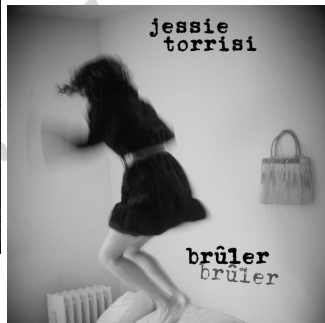


Joey McGee
Love Is the Way

If you've spent any time around happy hour at any of the B/CS's fine dining or drinking establishments (ie. non-dirtbag places) you may have noticed a dapperly dressed black man with a guitar singing pop songs. That's Joey McGee, a local singer-songwriter. *Love Is The Way* is Joey's first new non-demo recording since moving to the area from the Northeast.

Love Is The Way is NOT a singer-songwriter album. "Right and Wrong" launches off the album in an upbeat almost Vertical Horizon sort of way, but with a smoky tenor that has a lot in common with Seal but much clearer, less gnarly. All songs have a full band backing featuring members of Leeanasaurus Rex. The songs would all have fit comfortably on hot AC radio ten years ago. Just six well-written pop songs about boys and girls, and a crackerjack organ-fueled cover of Bob Dylan's "I Want You". Then the chorus of "Yesterday" drops some heavy hard rock riffing, showing that Joey has a lot of facets to his music that can't really just be encompassed in the usual singer-songwriter sort of thing. I've only seen Joey play live by himself, but if he can get this band to play behind him I don't see why Joey wouldn't be a smash on Northgate and in Bryan on

First Fridays. There aren't many around town that can do that.—**KELLY MINNIS**



Jesse Torrisi
Bruler Bruler

Bruler Bruler by Jessie Torrisi and the Please Please Me Band is one of those albums that eases its way under your skin. Initially, the tunes are pleasant enough in a low-key female singer-songwriter sort of way, but then the more you listen, the more compelling the songs become - and the little touches start creeping through.

There's the nice cello on "Breeze in Carolina", the unexpected drive of "Runaway Train", the startling muted trumpet in "X in Texas". Mostly, though, it's Torrisi's voice that reels you in, whether the cautious tough-yet-vulnerable appeal of "Hungry Like Me" or the bare-bones understatement of "The Brighter Side". One of the album's best tunes is the sly call to action—that's the action as in love and life—in "Cannonball" with its questioning "Are you with me?" Torrisi alternates between reaching out to her lover while letting him know she could make it without him. Again, it's that voice that promises, teases, and growls.

The sound of *Bruler Bruler* only hints at Torrisi's rock and roll pedigree as a

drummer in a dozen New York City punk and rock bands, but that only adds another quixotic touch to the overall album. Catch her live when you can (the now-Austin artist played Bryan twice in 2010). Rock the kazoos - you'll understand at the show.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**

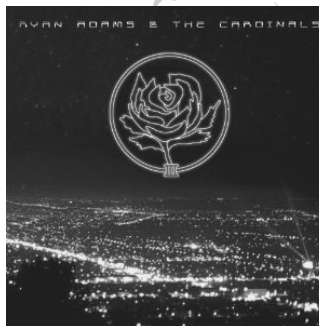


Sufjan Stevens
The Age of Adz

Wasn't it just a few issues ago that I was praising Sufjan's first EP in several years *All Delighted People* for discovering new sounds to wrap into his textbook ragtag school orchestra making nice with the drama club kidz sound? Yup. So here I am a few issues later, fixing to shit all over Sufjan's new album.

What? Everyone else is glowing over it! Here's my problem with *The Age of Adz*. Sufjan has gone electro. That's not a new thing. He has always created little '70s new age vignettes in his previous albums or full-on Philip Glass odes. This time around, Sufjan has opted for a more modern electronic sound, and the sad part is that it makes him sound just like Vampire Weekend now. But wait, does Sufjan Stevens sound like Vampire Weekend or does Vampire Weekend sound like Sufjan Stevens? And rumor is that Paul Simon has some electronic beats

courtesy of Grizzly Bear on his next album, so will Paul Simon sound just like Vampire Weekend sounding just like Paul Simon? Or will Paul Simon sound just like Sufjan Stevens sounding just like Vampire Weekend sounding just like Paul Simon? Oh shit, my head hurts now. And that's pretty much how *The Age of Adz* goes. What an awesome promise with the EP just to get resoundingly shutdown by the LP.—**KELLY MINNIS**



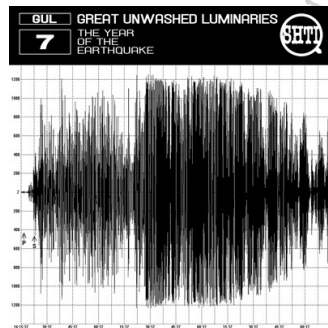
Ryan Adams & The Cardinals
III / IV

It's been an interesting year for Ryan Adams. He's started his own label, Pax -Am, released a weird metal concept record, *Orion*, and he's capped 2010 off with one of his best records in years, the double LP *III/IV*. This record was made back in 2007 during sessions for *Easy Tiger*, and this is the material that Lost Highway thought better not to release. If you're like me and you dig Ryan's rock stuff, you will be overwhelmed by this record.

Over the course of 21 songs, Ryan exploits all the influences that have popped up throughout his career: the jangly Smiths stuff, the ragged Replacements anthems, the cool post-

punk explorations. It's all here, and in spades. Its hard to point out a weak spot on these two records, which is saying something - Ryan's past few years of recorded work has been spotty at best - but always yielding something worth hearing. Here are few of my favorites. "Icebreaker", which has a drum breakdown, shows the best of the *Orion*-style metal influence here. Its chorus bursts open, just once, and there is so much in this one little song, just this one alone would be amazing, but there's 20 more, like "Star Wars" in which Ryan pleads for someone to love him the way he loves Star Wars. It's kind of hilarious but its also profound in a way so many of us can relate to. "Dear Candy" crushes a dreamer's crush with the reality that "This was just a fantasy of yours", and "Wasteland" has the kind of soaring chorus we haven't heard from Ryan in a while. *IV's* "P.S." has the kind of repeating guitar figure with moving bass that so many mined in the 80s, and here it works so well.

I could pretty much name every single song on this record as a standout. This is one of those records that has so much good stuff that it pops up in your head like a jukebox. It's just a shame that in reality very few will hear this self-released record. It deserves a much wider audience than it seems destined to have.—**JASON CLARK**



great unwashed luminaries *Year of the Earthquake*

The new recording by Great Unwashed Luminaries—*Year of the Earthquake*—is an eclectic assortment of melodic electronica, ranging from the brash percussive drive of "To Marathon by Morning" through the thorough aural landscape exploration in the half-hour "Embers".

GUL - multi-instrumentalist Kelly Minnis - coaxes his analog synthesizers and computers into creating an emotive panorama that works more often than not. "East Pacific Rise" is a pulsating and throbbing piece of music that steadily layers various electronic keyboards that builds and builds to the end. "Tomb of Spectres", as befits its title, captures an eerie and uncomfortable foreboding mood that wouldn't be out of place on a movie soundtrack.

Speaking of soundtracks, the middle third of "Embers" features what could have run through a "Terminator" movie (before they got bad), a threatening and futuristic computerized progression that draws you in. The whispery murmurs of the first third aren't bad either.

Also pulling you in is the first cut "To Marathon by Morning" that starts with snappy drums that rise and fall while an undercurrent of bass and treble notes percolate throughout the piece. The last third of the song matches percussion and intense keyboards before building to an abrupt finish.

If you like intelligent electronic music, this is the place to continue your listening enjoyment . . . or to start.—**MIKE L. DOWNEY**



SINKHOLE TEXAS, INC. SHIRT CLUB!

ALL SHIRTS \$10.00

AVAILABLE AT
NORTHGATE VINTAGE
C-MENT SKATE SHOP

AND

[HTTP://SHIRTS.SINKHOLETEXAS.COM](http://SHIRTS.SINKHOLETEXAS.COM)

TO THE POINT

BODY PIERCING STUDIO
979.595.4153
119 WALTON ST.