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## The SEC Era Begins

Finally, what most of us in Aggieland have been waiting for since that fateful announcement last fall. Texas A&M University has officially said adios to the Big 12 Athletic Conference and a big hola to the Southeastern Conference, more informally known as the SEC. And the rollercoaster ride has just begun, and whether or not you give a big hairy crap about sports you too are on that ride.

As of July 1, there will be millions more eyes focused on College Station than we are normally accustomed to. Even though A&M's football program has sucked balls for quite a while now the former students still fill that stadium and buy pretty much any garment available in maroon with ATM on it. Although business has been booming for A&M sports and licensing, now it has the potential to go THROUGH THE FRICKIN' ROOF. And that, my friends, is why this rocket ride includes all of us.

For years Northgate has languished as the cesspool shithole eyecore of College Station. There's been plenty of development in this town but none where it really needed to be done. Why? Because all the old families that owned those underdeveloped properties asked exorbitant prices, just waiting for the right time when a developer would consider the returns worth the risk of the high asking prices. And, with the promise of millions more dollars rolling down University those developers are taking the risks. Between the state projects improving pedestrian AND driver accessibility to campus and pretty much every shithole on Northgate either getting a facelift or bulldozed completely in favor of yet another high rise big money luxury private dormitory, the SEC move will trickle downhill to affect sports and dirtbags alike.

So what does this mean for College Station? It means more is at stake than the Aggie football team getting smeared up and down Kyle Field by REAL teams until the Aggies finally catch up. It means that culturally, College Station will be changing. College Station already has very little real culture other than what drips from the spit of A&M, but now it will face the challenge of preserving what little bit of tradition it has clung to for so long versus the gaping maw of BIG MONEY BIG CITY AESTHETICS. Who will win out? Will it be those of you that like the down-home, pretentiously unpretentious feel we've come to know and at least learn how to deal with, or the faux Little Dallas urbanization favored by HUMV'd big oil douchebags? Break out the popcorn, because it's sure to be one helluva show y'all. —KELLY MINNIS



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# Todd On Film

*Moonrise Kingdom* is not just another quirky Wes Anderson film. Yes, Bill Murray is in it, and Jason Schwartzman makes an appearance, but their characters are not large players in the central story. There are the straight-ahead shots and pans, jokes that are delivered with brilliantly blunt deadpan, as well as some songs that probably haven't been heard on a radio in over forty years. Anderson often gets accused of being too much in his own peculiar ways, and his detractors imply that his films go for style over substance. Sure, maybe not every one of his movies are great films, but the guy knows how to create characters which have great scenes together and give us moments of pain or hilarity to remember. He also likes to focus on children; not the ones who are simply enjoying being kids but the ones who are dealing with the same realities as normal people, such as the two young runaways in this story. This quality is what *Moonrise Kingdom* does so well, and perhaps what sets it apart from his previous works.

Children always feel like they are closer to being adults than they actually are, but they can still be very wise in their own right. When a kid is looking toward their future desires, dreaming of a certain profession or finding love, they sometimes resemble adults better than adults themselves, only to be put back in their place by age and order. This learning experience is what makes growing up such a special and unique time, but of course it doesn't stop when we turn 18 or get married. The moments and experiences which are collected every year continually teach us that maybe we are not as smart as we think, and are a reminder of how much more there is to learn about life and our own place in it. When the world turns upside down on us we sometimes feel or even act like children, but then reality sets back in, and we must dust ourselves off and make things normal again.

Anderson is excellent at portraying these aspects in the characters of *Moonrise Kingdom*, effectively putting adults and children on an equal level without compromising either of their identities. When the two young lovers are out camping on their own, their dialogue repeatedly bounces back and forth from being twelve years old to seasoned adults, often within the same scenes. It's hilarious and yet painfully accurate if you can think back to when you were twelve years old. In contrast, there are scenes when the adult characters sink to moments of helplessness and uncertainty, only to prop themselves back up and take charge of the situation. The point isn't that no one ever grows up, but that we can't really be sure of when we've made it.

Perhaps the most amazing trick that *Moonrise Kingdom* pulls off is creating such a simple, believable love story. There isn't a mushy confession of the heart or star-crossed Romeo and Juliet plotline; it's absolute. The characters simply know that they are in love and refuse not to be together. At the same time their romance isn't two dimensional, either. They may not worry so much about where they are going, but they understand how their motives arose from where they came from and that life can't be solved by just running away. But despite all that they never doubt that there is nothing more important than each other. The conclusion of the movie is really quite beautiful, and leaves you with a feeling of satisfaction that requires no further questions to ask or tissues to wipe any tears.—TODD HANSEN

# The Beach Boys Are About *The Song*

What is more emblematic of summer in America than singing about girls and cars? That pretty much summed up the Beach Boys concert on their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary tour at The Woodlands Cynthia Woods Mitchell Pavilion June 8<sup>th</sup>. I've been to a few shows at the Mitchell Pavilion over the years -- Green Day, Sammy Hagar, Blink-182, John Fogerty -- but the venerable Beach Boys (most are in their 70s) had this outdoor venue nailed. You could hear instruments and voices -- especially -- so clearly, even when most of the 17,000 in attendance were bellowing "Let's go surfing now/ everybody's learning how" at the top of their lungs.

The Beach Boys are as dysfunctional a band that there's ever been, but most of it is because since they've just survived all these years. I mean look at the Beatles and the Stones -- what will Radiohead look like in 50 years? Or Coldplay? The Black Keys?



But back to the concert. My college-age daughter and I were on the lawn in the middle just behind the seats under the shade, but it didn't matter since it was the one cloudy day of the month, temps in the 70s. We actually got rained on during the last encore, but who cares by then? The Beach Boys' stage show features about a dozen musicians on risers behind the current five long-time members. They mainly focus on vocals although damaged pop music genius Brian Wilson (looking befuddled as ever) sits behind a white piano and David Marks and Al Jardine play some guitar (Bruce Johnston handles some keyboards). Mike Love just sings and taps the occasional tambourine. Wilson is still the walking poster child to just say no to drugs, but he could write some songs way back then, and he still can arrange tunes pretty well. Also, there was something especially affecting about seeing the man who wrote the infectious rocker "I Get Around" 48 years ago still belting that tune out (although the crowd was doing most of the belting).

The band did 47 songs, playing from shortly after 8 p.m. until almost 11 p.m. with an intermission. Up until the astonishing array of concert-closing tunes, the show went through periods of well-crafted and impeccably-performed often-odd choices from their vast catalog (read: not their hits -- "All This Is That" about transcendental meditation?). People listened politely until the band finally got to the radiant oldies that most of the crowd came for that brought many to their feet and unleashed their voices. However, one of my favorite Beach Boys tunes is one of those odd choices they did -- "California" from the 1973 "Holland" album. It sounded fantastic. But what most people came for -- the lawn crowd was toddler to senior citizens to college students -- it was a chance to hear live versions of all those songs from the past: "California Girls," "Good Vibrations," "Sloop John B (my all-time favorite). Personally, I haven't sung that much at a show... ever. For me, these tunes not only were part of a lifestyle I never knew growing up in West Texas thousands of miles from California beaches, but also tunes I had shared with my daughter for years about the joy of music. To be singing "Barbara Ann" -- one of the songs I put on a cassette tape for her when she was probably three -- at a Beach Boys concert with her was just priceless. The concert-closing "Fun, Fun, Fun" is likely the definitive tune for the Beach Boys, a song about the sheer exuberance of driving fast and just being alive in the moment. Additionally, I found a goofy allure in warbling with a really-bad falsetto to "Surfing USA" and shouting the chorus to "Help Me Rhonda."

It all made the \$35 concert t-shirt worth it.—MIKE L. DOWNEY



# the denver beer trip pt. 1

We parked the car at O'Dell Brewing Co. in Fort Collins and relished one of Colorado's most scenic views. In one direction, a block away from O'Dell, we could see Fort Collins Brewing Co., its metal beer label signs glistening on the sides of the building. Through the trees behind O'Dell's parking lot, looming with steamy peaks and brick precipices, New Belgium Brewing Co. perched above the town, glowing large and inflated like the Wonka Chocolate Factory on a not so distant hill. If my birthday could be measured in longitude and latitude, I found the navigational intersection of sheer joy. It's in the O'Dell Brewing Co. where one might gaze on the birthplace of beautiful beers.

Our tours began at O'Dell. My buddy Herb and I checked in early for the 1:00 tour and ordered two separate flights to

touch anything that looks hot. Or cold. Or wet. Or metal. Or wooden. In fact, just don't touch anything. A fellow with finely tuned facial hair (including well-sculpted eyebrows) and a tattoo of a canoe walked us through the belly of the brewery pointing out various machines and tubs and temperatures and smells. He recited the history of the brewery and the head-brewer's beer philosophy. He talked environmental philanthropy. How O'Dell strives to use as little energy as possible to brew, ferment, bottle, ship, and consume their fine products. How O'Dell uses all natural, organic ingredients. How O'Dell works with only local Colorado businesses for their materials. How O'Dell desires bigger beer bellies than carbon footprints. By the time we reached the end of the tour, saddled around free 6-ounce samples of St. Lupulin Extra Pale Ale, I wasn't sure if the



bide our time and blister our thirst. O'Dell holds a special place in my heart. The wife and I married in a church that did not allow alcohol on the premises. Still, my groomsmen, being the righteous wedding day servants that they were, snuck in sixers of O'Dell Cutthroat Pale Ale and Cutthroat Porter. I'm not sure my wife even knows, until here it shows up in print, that I had a slight buzz walking into the ceremony. If you gotta get married, you might as well enjoy yourself in the process - that's my philosophy. I relayed this story to Herb, who was in the congregation that day and sober, sipping Myrcenary Double IPAs and Harmonium Sour Mash.

The O'Dell Brewery tour was fairly standard. Stick together. Don't wander off. Avoid wet spots on the ground. Don't

guide wanted us to drink the beer or the Kool-Aid.

As a side note, this is something I love about Texas: our land is so big and wide and plentiful and not pretty that when we talk beer we talk beer. Colorado is smaller than Texas. They have less land but way prettier land, so that when they talk beer - or anything else - they're actually talking politics and environmentalism, but they do so in such a romantic fashion they've convinced themselves they're still talking about beer. Honestly, I find this rather endearing. Colorado is a love struck teenage girl, arms crossed over her books over her mountainous chest, head back against the locker, eyes googly and ceiling gazed, totally in love with that boy in second period named Earth. It's cute really.—KEVIN STILL



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# Squid ink collective

profile by miney ree

Brian MacLasky of Squid Ink Collective is a busy man, but he took some time out to answer some questions.

*Can you give me some background on Squid Ink Collective? Who's who, what do y'all do and how long you been doing it?*

BMAC: Squid Ink Collective was started in 2007, right after I moved back from Oslo, Norway. It was started with the intention of being a real collective, although it has always been just my wife Lynnea and I. We make t-shirts, art and house wares. I do most of the design and Lynne is the seamstress, business management and P.R. side of things.

*I really dig the flyers you guys print. The Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> White Denim show in NYC was killer. I also really liked the one for Diplo. Are these commissioned or do you just print 'em for the hell of it and build some hype for the shop?*

BMAC: Some are commissioned, and some I just contact bands I like and ask them if they're into it. All are done with approval and permission of the artists. I love doing them!

*How many years have you been live screen printing at SXSW?*

BMAC: Two years ago I hooked up with Industry Printshop. I am the production manager for the shop, and they have been live screen printing all over for about six years, including SXSW.

*You've also done work for Fun, Fun, Fun Fest. To what extent is the involvement with SXSW and FFF Fest?*

BMAC: During Fun, Fun, Fun Fest and SXSW we participate in an event called Flatstock put on by The American Poster Institute. They are a curated show of poster sellers from all over the world. These events feature hand-printed gig posters and art prints.



*You designed the cover art for the Zorch E.P. Cosmic Gloss/ E.M.F. I really love that cover. Have you worked with other groups?*

BMAC: Thanks man! I have done stuff for little bands and bands that I was in, but Zorch is my musical and artistic

soulmate. I do most of their design, working on the cover for their full length album out this year.

*I noticed (iN) sect Records put out the Zorch album. No question there just something I noticed.*

BMAC: Yeah, that was a



good one.

*What are you listening to at the moment? What's a movie that you love but feel is underrated? What are some things that inspire you?*

BMAC: I have been digging Taake, Dan Deacon (of course), Fang Island, Skeleton Witch, Anti-pop Consortium. I recently really enjoyed *The Future*, by Miranda July. I'm inspired by people making things happen, cities and people living in them, alone with their stories. I really get inspired by documentaries. I'm a huge "This American Life" fan.

*What's up with the collaboration stuff you're doing with kids? I imagine as an artist it's a lot of fun seeing kids create.*

BMAC: That was a fun project organized annually by Chula League here in Austin. They pair up artists and promising young students to collaborate for a show. My kid Adrian Muñiz was really cool and creative. Age 11. We made two editions of prints.



*Do you have any juicy rock star moments you wanna share?*

BMAC: Nothing juicy, only my bumbling and stuttering meeting Zach Hill or being giddy to hang with Dan Deacon.

*Can you tell me about some current projects as well as what might be in the future for Squid Ink Collective?*

BMAC: Right now we are getting new designs ready for the Fall. We should have some cool stuff out for our slew of Fall and Winter shows. Lynnea is experimenting with re-upholstering some vintage furniture with some original designs printed on the fabric, so that could be cool... I'm working on a project called, "Supreme Pizza Cats," and I co-opened a gallery called HI5H.

*Where are you guys at in Austin and where can people find you online?*

BMAC: We are on the awesome East Side! Stay in touch, we are always working on new projects. Online at: [www.squidinkcollective.com](http://www.squidinkcollective.com) (clothing line/posters) [www.industryprintshop.com](http://www.industryprintshop.com) (our shop) [www.hi5h.com](http://www.hi5h.com) (gallery) and [www.catsandrobbers.com](http://www.catsandrobbers.com) (cats eating pizza)

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# Record Reviews

## RUSH CLOCKWORK ANGELS

### Rush Clockwork Angels

I don't think it's any secret that Rush is perhaps one of my top three favorite bands of all time. Certainly the band I spent the most time listening to between 1981-1991. I've seen them in concert three times, know pretty much every album word for word and taught myself to play drums by sitting on the edge of the bed as a kid with a pair of drum sticks, air drumming along to the band's back catalog. I'm a fan. But I feel like the band hasn't progressed all that much since 1994's *Counterparts*. If you've heard any of the band's last four albums since 1994 you've pretty much heard them all.

But isn't *Clockwork Angels* supposed to be different, a concept album with some sort of vague steampunk story and a heavier sound? Well, yes and no. The sound is CERTAINLY somewhat heavier, and at times points in directions that the band hasn't pointed towards in some time. The title track has a certain jaunty swing feel that the band really hasn't gone for since the early '80s *Signals* period when the band was ripping on The Police HARD. "The Anarchist" rips on classic Yes big time, with Geddy proudly charging forth with a big Chris Squire bass tone and feel. And "Headlong Flight" quotes backwards to "Bastille Day". That Rush is beginning to look backwards more towards what endeared so many of its biggest fans is certainly a good thing, as I've said before, I find that the 1994-2007 big modern rock sound of the band has been largely generic. It doesn't sound like Creedleback or Tool, but it certainly has those aspects at times. It's just that Rush kinda became bland. The music for this album has certainly helped to remove that problem. And certainly the musicianship is still here. Drummer Neil Peart will be 60 in September. I can't play half as fast or intricate as he does on "Headlong Flight" at roughly half his age!

Sadly though, the band has largely left the pop song behind. Even when the band were at its densest prog in the mid to late '70s the band never forsook pop hooks. There are never any shortages of melodies and what, there's an orchestra on this album? But you have to get nearly to the end of the album with "Wish Them Well" to get a good old-fashioned chorus. Line this up with a story

line about the Watchmaker and something or another that, even 10 listens in now I can't really penetrate, makes this album need a bit of an immersion process. Supposedly there will be a comic released to coincide with the album to better fill in the story. Somehow though, I never needed one for 2112 or "The Fountain of Lamneth" or the Cyrus X-1 multi-album series.

Overall I certainly think it's a far better album than their last (2007's *Snakes and Arrows*) but lacks the emotional urgency of 2002's *Vapor Trails*. But, as I said, I'm a fan and I'm willing to give these guys my full attention and listen with a patience that I don't think most anyone new to the band would give them. Will the *I Love You, Man* promotion give these guys a true fanbase bump and, if so, will they stick with them like us old stalwarts have? Only time will tell—KELLY MINNIS

## Metric



## SYNTHETICA

### Metric Synthetica

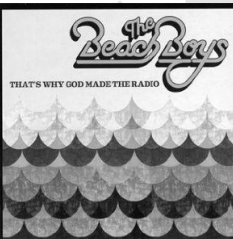
Metric made a grand first impression on me. I was driving through steamy Dallas traffic with no air conditioning. It was July. Sweat ran so thick down my forehead that my eyelashes resigned and splashed each time I blinked. And then as I pulled into a parking lot this song came on the radio (yeah, air and cd player totally pooped out: we're talking major first world problems here) that jolted my spine. Fuzzy guitars. Precision tight drums. Balled-up, fist heavy bass bumps. Out of place piano that oddly worked. But the thing that stole me in that sweltering car, that kept me splashing from the eyelashes in that damn July hell of a parking lot, was the woman's voice. Shrill but tempered. Pointed and layered. She sang on top of the song and under the song. And I was instantly sold.

It took several days and much Google searching of the only lyrics I could remember to learn that the song that made July in Texas bearable for four minutes and five seconds was Metric's "Gold Guns Girls", an ode by lead-singer Emily Haines to Tony Montana. She wrote the song after watching *Scarface*. (I love that part of the story.) Metric's entire *Fantasies* record stole me as much as "Gold Guns Girls" did in the parking lot. *Fantasies* became a Still family favorite, the perfect melding of my girl pop obsession with my wife's gritty rock roots.

Three years later, Metric finally released their fifth studio album, *Synthetica*. Damned by some critics as not far enough of a leap forward, *Synthetica*, in my opinion, is further capitalization on what Metric does best: electro-fuzz, dance-rock with folk-influenced female vocals. *Synthetica* opens on the tubular-stretched and echoed prelude "Artificial Nocturne". Haines' vocals slip up as if from under water, "I'm just as fucked up as they say." Opening a record on such a line immediately tells the listener, yeah, it'll be that kind of record. Dire, Reflective. Intropective. Both a votive candle and a sledge-hammer in a bathroom mirror.

Haines sings violent lines of disillusionment on *Synthetica*'s first single, "Youth Without Youth" (Hangman / We played / Double-dutch with a hand grenade / Behind the church / Hiding place / Apathetic to the devil's face) beneath a chunky-thumped toe-tapping New Wave bass bounce. Two tracks later on stand-out track "Breathing Underwater" Haines pulls the mirror closer (I'm the blade / You're the knife / I'm the weight / You're the kite), her voice vibrant in an undercurrent of airy-synthesizer and foamy-thick guitar. Other stand-out tracks include the playfully boppy, synth-stomp "The Void", where Haines' voice giddily spins like a late-night club turntable, and straight-forward pop rock track "The Wanderlust", featuring a very Nick-At-Nite paternal sounding Lou Reed chiming in on the chorus.

Critics be damned. I don't need Metric making massive leaps forward as much as I want them making the music only Metric can make. *Synthetica* offers solid proof that Metric can improve, even if only slightly, on something that was already pretty damn perfect.—KEVIN STILL



### Beach Boys

That's Why God Made the Radio

The Beach Boys set a record getting back on the music charts with *That's Why God Made the Radio* after nearly a half century since their first appearance, but this is not your parent's Beach Boys... and that's too bad.

It's not a good thing the most stirring tune is a quiet essentially vocal-less meditation that's less than 90 seconds. "Think About the Days" also opens the disc and

sets the tone for the most persistently-melancholy music the band has ever done. The band still has its vocal chops -- groups like the Fleet Foxes owe their career to the Beach Boys' groundbreaking vocal prowess. Brian Wilson is still a musical genius, but it's quickly apparent he is not interested in revisiting the "good times" music of his past. While lyrically the songs may reference many happy memories, the music etches a sonic -- and somber -- landscape filled with beautifully-crafted vocal harmonies, perfect for a dreary cloudy day. This is all "In My Room" and no "Surfing Safari" or "Good Vibrations." Nowhere are the pop gems that evoke sundrenched beaches, cars, and girls that now fill the Beach Boys' current tour. This is despite titles like "Daybreak Over the Ocean" and "Beaches in Mind". The most animated tune is the calypso-flavored job at reality celebrities: "The Private Life of Bill and Sue".

It's admirable that Wilson and the surviving band members wanted to do a new album before they went on tour to rake in the big money; they could have continued to coast on their hits. And it's equally commendable they are creating new gorgeous-sounding music for themselves as they enter their seventh decade of music. However, it's all too cloudy for me.—MIKE L. DOWNEY

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# concert calendar

7/3—**The Conglomerate** @ Church Street BBQ, College Station. 9pm

7/7—**Waldo & The Naturals, The Insiders** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

7/11—**Johnny Falstaff** @ The Beer Joint, College Station. 9pm

7/12—**Signal Rising, The Last Hour, Hindsight** @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

7/13—**Goodnight Neverland** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/20—**Hindsight** @ Zapatos, College Station. 10pm

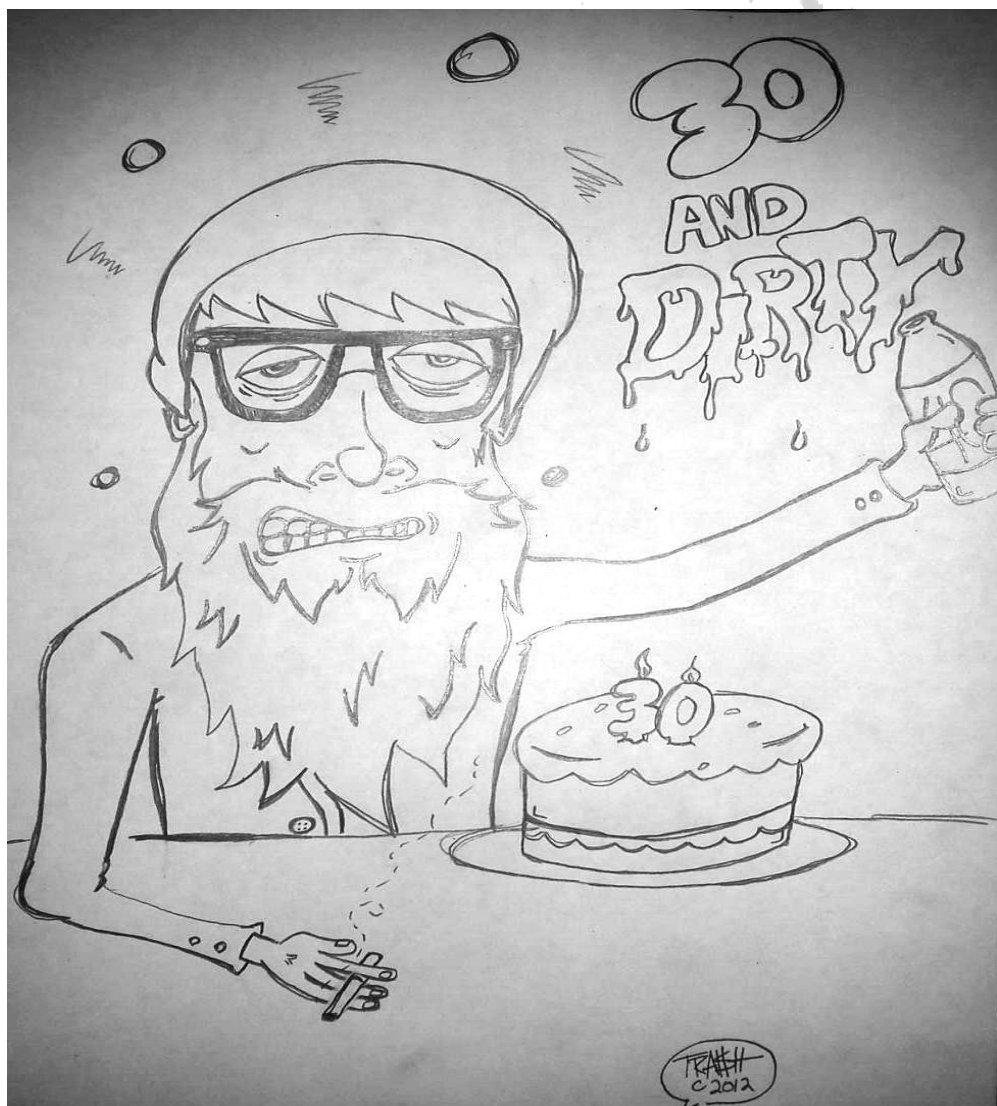
7/22—**Brazos Valley Derby Girls Exhibition Bout** @ VFW, Bryan. 5pm

7/24—**The River Bends, Mike The Engineer, Strike Threatles** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/26—**Big Waves of Pretty, INOI** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

7/28—**Football Etc., The Ex-Optimists, Mike The Engineer** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

## *Moustache Rides with James Gray*



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