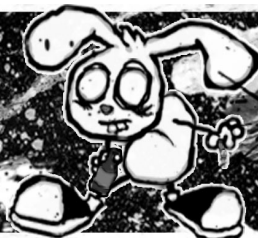


97.9 REPRESENT



*Also inside: Idiotbox Effects—Guitar Center Comes To Town—Kardashian
Dreaming—Grand Stafford Theater Reopens—Pedal Pushing—Todd On
Film—Dear O'Bannon's—CD Reviews—Concert Calendar*



979Represent is a local magazine
for the discerning dirtbag.

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On the Internetz Cloud Thingy at

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Materials for review & bribery can be sent to:

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Brian vs. Goliath

Last month Guitar Center opened the doors to its newest location, on Harvey Rd. in College Station. There has been a bit of handwringing from some folks in the local music scene about the big corporate bad guy coming into our humble burg and challenging Lippman Music, the small mom-and-pop styled store that has been serving the area since 1985 by local musician Brian Lippman. As with any story, the black-and-white stark presentation of the Good Guy versus the Bad Guy...well, it doesn't really come down to one or the other.

Lippman's is small. It is very much a guitar player's store, with a good selection of Fender and Gibson product, as well as a few other brands. Electric, acoustic, bass, etc. Lippman's has a fairly good selection of amps too, mostly Fender and Vox. Lippman's feels homey, perhaps because it's so small, or that Brian populates it with gigging musicians for employees. Lippman offers instrument repairs, gear rental and lessons, and what he couldn't get String and Horn Shop or The Guitar Studio could cover you. And, with Houston and Austin so close, any big repairs or used/vintage stuff could be had on a Saturday road trip. Where Lippman's is challenged is pretty much everything else. The store is small so choice is limited. If you play drums you were kinda hurt. If you played keyboards, or DJ'ed or did anything that didn't involve guitars, Lippman's didn't really serve you.

Enter Guitar Center. You can find all these things and at retailer prices. But wait, I'm a fairly modern think global act local kind of guy. I'm supposed to want to boycott Guitar Center out of principle for being the big bad evil corporate Wal-Mart of the music instrument retail industry. I'm supposed to automatically default towards protection of our local shops by default. It's not that simple really. I'm a big consumer of music instruments. I play guitar, I sing, I play drums, I play keyboards, I DJ, and I record music. And I perform live at least twice a month with somebody doing one or more of these things. So I need sticks, strings, straps, pedals, cables, and drumheads regularly. I also sit in front of a computer all day so I read gear forums and watch Pro Guitar Shop gear footage a lot. So that means I suffer keenly from Gear Acquisition Syndrome, also known colloquially as GAS. So I'm forever buying shit I don't really need because I'm an American and that's how we roll. I could buy guitar-based stuff from Lippman easily, and have often since I've lived here. But I was at the mercy of his small selection when I needed drum supplies, so I'd often have to mail order. That isn't an option if you broke a head or a snare strainer and needed a replacement for a gig in two days. Fortunately, this is where Guitar Center comes in for me. It is for this, I think, that Lippman and Guitar Center actually compliment each other in a way I think neither intended. Lippman's is quiet and comfortable, and is a well-stocked new guitar shop; Guitar Center has a lot of other stuff too. I believe both can survive for that very reason. Sure, Wal-Mart has running shoes, but that doesn't put Brazos Running Company or Shoe Daze out of business. There is enough room for everyone, and the local musicians benefit the most.—KELLY MINNIS



idiotbox effects

profile by Kelly Minnis

It seems that all roads to "Atarimatt" Matt Shea lead through the video arcade. This local musician is well-known for playing guitar and bass in a number of punk, metal, and weirdo bands, but is also quite well-known for his solo work, making bizarre electronic music with modified Atari 2600 gaming consoles and old cathode tube console televisions. Now you can add guitar effects builder to his resume, and that also, quite naturally, came about as a result of gaming.

"Over the years I collected a lot of cabinet arcade video games," Matt tells me over lunch one day last month, "and they'd be in all shape of disrepair and I'd have to fix them up just to be able to play them, let alone sell them." That wasn't Matt's first experience with a soldering iron though, as he, like so many Gen X'ers before him, discovered a taste for electronics from a Radio Shack electronics kit gifted to him as a kid. But how do you go from being a gaming geek and electronics nut to designing guitar pedals?

One day Matt decided to build a pedal from scratch, just to see what he'd get. And eventually he got Idiotbox Effects. But not before he'd experimented and failed miserably a time or two. "Or a hundred!" Matt recalls. Trial and error led Matt to design his first noisebox, based on the popular Atari Punk Console design of a single square wave oscillator, Matt's was housed in an old school Atari paddle wheel controller. From there, Matt built pedals by design for friends, "Rat pedals, clones of other stuff" before he designed what has become the backbone of his current lineup of pedals: The Mad Dog Stutter and the Death Ray Frequency Mangler. The Mad Doctor is a hard square wave

tremolo that works a lot like a kill switch set to a variable steady tempo. The Death Ray is like a cross between a typical fuzz pedal and a frequency modulator. Both effects

are far from conventional and not usually the sort of thing that the average player is looking for. The Idiotbox pedals help guitarists and producers add sound colors to their palettes that aren't easy for other folks to replicate.

Idiotbox also designs more "normal" guitar effects, like a clean volume boost pedal and a distortion pedal based on the famed LM chip from the U.S. series of Rat pedals, as well as a couple of different fuzz pedals, the Lazer Fuzz and the Blasteroid Fuzz. Matt keeps to his roots by offering two different square wave-based noiseboxes, a simple two oscillator design UFO and the Orange Cycle that adds an 8-step sequencer to the design.

Idiotbox Effects operates out of the same garage as the rest of Sinkhole Texas Inc. and much of 979Represent too. Not only does Matt have his own circuit designs, but he also designs the artwork on his pedals and silkscreens the art onto his pedals.

Matt's unconventional effects are less a result of giving people what they want than it is "designing stuff that interests me, and I've been lucky that it's also interested other people too". So far Matt has sold pedals to modern rock band Cage The Elephant and members of the touring production of Blue Man Group. You can buy Matt's pedals from him directly through www.sinkholetexas.com (where you can also see demo videos of each effect) or you can buy from Lippman Music. Idiotbox is also available at select music stores in Long Beach, Austin, Detroit and Chicago.



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and 979represent.com

Dear O'Bannons...

You gave me a path of 75 beers and a stamp card by which to make my name, and my chalice, legend. You set me at booths and barstools and bulky round tables alongside some of the best - and a few of the worst - beer drinkers in town. You challenged my palette and my paycheck, serving me

beers worth far more than their double-digit

price. A few times you even challenged my patience, like when you just wouldn't lose the Old Chub (#73) off the tour because, even though I'm in the minority here, I honestly can't stand that crap. Time and again, you serenaded my wife and I as we played our silly rounds of backgammon, bathing us in the Irish likes of Flogging Molly and the Pogues and the Dropkick

Murphy's and even the occasional U2. My God, you love to fuck with us! You gave us both solid ground to meet our friends L.A. and Paul, us listening to their stories of long drives across Ireland, them listening to me wax on about the poetry of American dry-hops. (They always told the better story.) You gave me a few long nights with Wonko and the lovely Katie, who taught me the glory of Chuck Palahniuk and proper cupcakes. You gave me James to talk books at the bar and Uriah to share a bodacious tale and Jack to inadvertently revise my Irish accent. You hosted two of my birthdays, without you even knowing it, and you hosted a nine-month long "every Friday" Happy Hour between a rag-tag klatch of local teachers from all over town. You introduced my friend Pepe Guzman to Dogfish Head Punkin', which he began craving this past July. You poured more Hacker-Pschorr down my buddy Tom than all your other patrons combined. You served my wife the best dirty martini of her life, and my dad said you made the finest Irish coffee he'd had in the state of Texas. You won me over to hard cider, stealing the much sought after crown from my cider loving bride, and you convinced me of the power behind a fine pilsner. You gave me a reason to drink some Shiners and Saint Arnold's that I'd been avoiding, and you provided me ample opportunities to teach my beer geek friends the difference between American and British IPAs. You taught me everything I know about cask ales. Not to mention, I pour beer differently from a bottle into a glass due to conversations with your bartenders. I began my tour on a Stone IPA - September 5, 2010 - stoked to my core to finally live in a place serving Stone on tap. At one point in the 40s, I lost my card for two weeks solid. I was distraught.

Some point in the 40s was a over half way to 75. A year's worth of touring gone to naught. I took my chances after taking the Bu 12 across town, and I asked your bartender if a Lost-n-Found existed. He reached in a small box, found a single punch card, and said, "Is your name Kevin Still?" I

showed him my licensed to confirm, and then sucked down two pints on the spot. If there'd only been a few less at the bar that day, I might have bought the entire place a round. From day one, I planned to end my tour on a bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon: the number - #59 - circled in green ink on my stamp card as a reminder. Ah, but you slimy rogues changed #59 from Pabst Blue Ribbon to Oskar Blues



Deviant Dale's by the time I finished the tour on August 24, 2012. In the presence of my bride, and of course L.A. and Paul, I tugged ceramic mug. (This was also the first time I saw the door on your men's room stall. If you only knew how many times I've wished for a door on your men's room stall over the past two years. I damn near donated the money myself.) It was a good ride, to say the least. You gave me 75 beers and a stamp card to make my name legend. I know I've consumed double that amount, and then some, on all those nights I drank off the card, and all those nights I left the card sitting at home on the dresser. No time lost. I read John Updike in your front window over the course of a weekend: the first night meeting new friends for the first time; the second night alone with John. One night, I left my card at home but met a fella in the crowd near the front bar cask with a name beginning in D. We exchanged information. And while we never successfully met up at Great American Beer Festival in Denver last October, we texted each other throughout the night, comparing notes on Great American Beers we might never try again. No, time was never lost. The 75 beer tour was just that: a rambling that began and ended in a window booth looking out over the beginning of a new fall semester. Is the accomplishment of the beers so great that I must calculate the price of my mug in beers enjoyed and beers despised? Or do I weigh the cost of my O'Bannon's mug in stories shared and spun further than before over just one more round? I prefer the second. You are an Irish pub, for Christ's sake. You're drinking for the long-haul, not the score. And I'm stoked, stuffed, and blessed 75 more. T'anks, me lads.—KEVIN STILL



Todd On Film:

Beasts of the Southern Wild

I wasn't sure what to expect when I walked into *Beasts of the Southern Wild*. What I gathered from the trailers I'd seen was that there would be a small child protagonist who splits time between a harsh cruel world and a made-up one where she can escape; something like *Pan's Labyrinth*. It was quite different than the picture I had in my head. The only bits of Hushpuppy's imagination which represent magical elements in the film are the aurochs, huge beastly animals, she can sense running in the distance toward her homeland. Otherwise the story is almost all too real. There is not-so-subtle commentary about Hurricane Katrina as well as climate change, but I don't think they are the center of the story. My takeaways from the movie came from a group of people who isolated from main society and left to fend for themselves. Their method of dealing with this reality was not with sorrow and remorse, but instead a blend of happiness and defiance so that they can protect their home they call The Bathtub.

The father and daughter protagonists have a unique relationship that is built on living in the realities on their world. The chemistry of their interactions is what makes the wheels of the story turn. Most of the time the father serves more as a mentor than a father, teaching the daughter the necessities she needs to know to live in The Bathtub. He teaches her how to rip open a boiled crab and catch a catfish with her bare hands. He teaches her to take pride in the place she lives in and to walk like a man. He teaches her not to cry. Wink doesn't show Hushpuppy the fatherly affection we are used to children deserving most of the time, but it's not because he doesn't love his child. He is trying to prepare her for a time when he may not be there, when she will have to live a life without a mother or father. Initially she reacts to these lessons with a certain amount of abjection, but gradually Hushpuppy starts to rise to the challenge.

When disaster initially hits The Bathtub, a debate ensues between its residents about whether they should remain at their homes or flee for elsewhere. On the one hand, they know that the storm is coming, but why would they leave for a foreign place when this is the only life they have ever known. It can be characterized as being stubborn, but I would call it tenaciousness instead. When you call someone stubborn it implies that they are wrong about the decision they have made. When you call someone tenacious it implies that, while they may be in the wrong position, they refuse to back down from adversity. When a house comes down, they build on what they have left. When a friend dies, they respond with drinking and revelry rather than sorrow. It's not about whether or not they're losing the fight, but what they do to keep the fight going that counts.

The secret of *Beasts of the Southern Wild* is that the beasts are not the huge boar-like creatures which seem destined to bring imminent destruction, but the people of The Bathtub themselves. This is not to say the characters are savages, because that is not at all the case. They are strong creatures, human beings who are willing to do whatever it takes to continue living. The world may not always present favorable circumstances, and, accepting this fate, they fortify themselves and take the good with the bad. We see this fight through the eyes of Hushpuppy, who doesn't fully understand these realities, but knows it's ultimately her vocation to keep the fight going.—TODD HANSEN

TO THE POINT
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The Stafford To Reopen This Month

The Stafford has been has been a fixture on Main St. in downtown Bryan for decades. Its most recent incarnation was as a rocknroll dive bar, and it limped along in that guise for three years before falling over. Recently Cody Marx Bailey of Creative Space picked up the lease and, after months of preparation, planning and construction, The Grand Stafford is set to reopen this month with a series of concerts beginning September 6th with an electronica-fueled party with a performance by Dallas band Ishi.



The Stafford that many of us knew quite well has been somewhat transformed. The stage is larger, the seating along the side is gone, there is only one bar and entry/exit has been improved significantly, the bathrooms are larger, the loft area upstairs has been reopened with another bar and seating, a state-of-the-art sound system has been installed...The Grand Stafford has been gussied up and is ready for its debut.

But not only are the insides different. The way the Grand Stafford operates will be completely different from previous incarnations. For starters, The Grand Stafford has an official entertainment buyer. Jose Arredondo of De Facto Productions now books The Grand Stafford. Jose has booked and managed a selection of B/CS bands over the past few years and was responsible for helping to pull Rock The Republic back from the brink last year. The acts booked for The Grand Stafford so far bear his stamp, as many of the bands scheduled for performance this fall have played here before as a part of Rock The Republic or previous bills Jose has booked. Another difference is that The Stafford, once mainly a rock and metal venue, will have a more varied group of performers, from hardcore honky tonk country legends like Billy Joe Shaver (Nov. 17) and Junior Brown (Sept. 14) as well as indie rock, hard rock, singer-songwriters and the occasional oddballs like Octopus Project (Sept. 21).—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!

Online @ www.northgatevintage.com
On Twitter and Facebook
Phone: (979) 691-8820
Address: 403 University Drive West, College Station, TX 77840 (located upstairs above Pita Pit)

Welcome To Aggieland: A Guide

OK, so you made it off to college. You've got all your stuff unpacked in your tiny dorm room with the smelly roommate from parts unknown, or maybe you've got all your stuff tight in your first apartment with all your bros and ladies. You've got your books, you know (for the most part) where your classes are, but you don't really *know* Bryan/College Station yet. You've heard vaguely about Northgate and you're pretty sure you can get back to the grocery again next week by yourself but you're pretty convinced that your friends are all right. You *are* pretty fucking dumb for having chosen to go to Texas A&M or Blinn instead of Rice or U of H or UT or somewhere much cooler out of state. Well, stop feeling sorry for yourself. You have something cooking right here in your very own backyard. You see, if all you do is stay on University Dr. or Texas Ave. then you'd never know that Bryan/College Station has some awesome places to patronize that aren't located on the beaten path right in front of you. We've got lots of tiny places full of character *AND* characters.

Every town has pretty much the same chain restaurants and stores. It's the homespun unique places in a town that make you want to stick around. We've got lots of restaurants and shops and they are all practically BEGGING you to spend your parents' hard-earned money with them. This map will help you find the cool places to shop and the cool stuff to do at night without having the inconvenience of stumbling around town. That's how much we love you...we'll do you this solid *gratis*.

I moved here in the summer of 2006 and it took me easily a year to find out that there was actually cool stuff to do here beyond the usual Aggie and Northgate stuff. And the usual B/CS stuff isn't bad, really. I've lived in many college towns over the years and I've never attended or worked at a university more rich in tradition than Texas A&M. Going to a football game here is as big a deal as going to see the pros play. I'm proud to be an adjunct Aggie. But if sports or redneck culture is not your bag, then please refer often to the map on this page and try out some of the cool and unique stuff Bryan/College Station has to offer. And then *why don't you maybe see about offering something up yourself!* Start a band, even if you've never touched a musical instrument in your life. Paint. See a play or write and produce one. Sculpt. Make art out of trash. Hold a protest. Join the roller derby league. Make friends with someone your mama and daddy would absolutely freak out if they ever saw you with ...and then introduce them to each other at Parents Weekend!

The point here is that college really is what you make of it. It's the magic time in your life when you have adult privileges without full-on adult responsibility. Whatever you do (provided it doesn't kill you or somebody else) will pretty much be excused away as "oh, that was just my crazy college years". Enjoy it, because it will pass you by quick. Bryan/College Station is full of memories waiting to happen. To let them go to waste is worse than failing Chemistry. I guarantee.
—KELLY MINNIS

Arsenal Tattoo & Design

<http://www.arsenaltattoo.com>

2045 S. Harvey Mitchell Pkwy. College Station (979) 696-3430
If you're looking to get inked, this is *the* place in B/CS to get quality artistry.

Bill Allen Motorcycle Co.

3607A S. College Ave. Bryan (979) 822-4294

Get your ride slicked up right with the best local motorcycle sales, customization and repair house around.

Brazos Running Company

<http://brazosrunning.com>

1667 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 485-9830

The area's first store to exclusively serve runners and walkers, from beginners to marathon pros. Shoes, clothing, accessories, etc. and staffed by runners.



C-Ment Skateboard & Apparel

1724 Rock Prairie Rd. College Station (979) 680-1000
Skater owned and operated, C-Ment's got all the rad skate supplies and apparel.

Clockwork Gaming

<http://clockworkgaming.com>

913 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 703-1838

A gaming shop and refuge owned and operated by longtime Aggie gamers. Purchase cards, compete in video game tournaments or play pickup games with friends in a comfortable environment.

FX Video Game Exchange

fxvideogameexchange.com

1500 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 696-4263

Locally owned and operated by real gamers and not corporate managed to the point of ripping you off like some other chain game stores around here we could name.

Fuego Tortilla Grill

<http://fuegotortillagrill.com>

108 Poplar St. College Station (979) 703-1804

Roll your own taco with the finest ingredients. Open 24/7 and a great place to sate the afterhours munchies.

Fuzzy's Taco Shop

<http://fuzzystacoshop.com>

1712 Southwest Pkwy. College Station (979) 764-8220

OK, it's a chain but they have great food, free wifi and it is, according to Mrs. Editor, one of the best places to study in

Guide To the Cool Stuff In B/CS



This is the closest thing to a cool record store we have...plus lots of other cool used movies, comics and books.

J Cody's

<http://www.jcodys.com>

3610 S. College Ave. Bryan (979) 846-2639

The best BBQ experience in town. Other places have great meat but J. Cody has a great *meal*.

Koppe Bridge Bar & Grill

<http://www.koppebridge.com>

11777 FM 2154 College Station (979) 764-2933

Local polls rate Koppe Bridge's burgers as the best in town. If it's not the best then it's definitely one of the top three.

La Bodega Taco Bar

<http://bodegatacos.com>

102 Church Ave. College Station (979) 220-5126

Mexican restaurants are a dime a dozen around here but La Bodega does it super fresh with an emphasis on fish, vegetables and *health*.

Lippman Music Co.

<http://lippmannmusic.com>

112 Nagle St. College Station (979) 846-1225

The local's favorite hole in the wall jampacked with amps, guitars, and such. You can also get set-ups, repairs and gear rentals there too.

Margies

320 N. Main St. Bryan (979) 822-8422

Margie's is an old school dive bar that's friendly as hell and they pat out one of the best burgers you'll ever have by hand right before your eyes.

Mr. G's Pizzeria

<http://www.gotomrgrs.com>

201 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 822-6747

No college town is complete without a ripping local pizza joint, and Mr. G's is ours. We recommend the calzone.

Northgate Vintage

<http://northgatevintage.com>

403 University Dr. College Station (979) 691-8820

It's the tiniest but awesomest vintage clothing and apparel shop around that also sells new stuff and vinyl LP's too. The only wormhole you'll ever climb up!

Proudest Monkey

108 S. Main St. (979) 361-4777

The Paddock Lane folks' Bryan bar that has stellar food as well as a cool older urban bar kind of feel to it. 979Rep staff recommends you try the chorizo burger.

Revolution Café & Bar

211 S. Main St. Bryan (979) 823-4044

The heart and soul of the local dirtbag community. It's like your favorite living room house party with a cash bar! Free wi-fi, good drinks and the best live music around.

Smoken Joes

<http://smokenjoes420.com>

3701 S. Texas Ave. Bryan (979) 260-1636

You can get cigarettes anywhere, right? Yeah, but this place *really* knows its tobacco, y'know? If you've ever rolled your own then this is your place.

Spoons Yogurt

<http://spoonsyogurt.com>

1509 S. Texas Ave. College Station (979) 446-0085; 943 William D. Fitch Pkwy. College Station (979) 690-8290 & 2305 Boonville Rd. Bryan (979) 776-5670

Self-serve yogurt & sorbet with an assortment of fresh fruit, candy, nuts and whatever in Bryan and College Station. There are others, but Spoons does it best.

town while avoiding the other douchebags at the local coffee shops.

G. Hysmith Skatepark

<http://cstx.gov/skatepark>

1600 Rock Prairie Rd. College Station

Over 1600 square feet of bowls, walls, street courses, hips, and ollie boxes. All concrete, all rad.

Grand Station

<http://grandstation.com>

2400 Earl Rudder Fwy College Station (979) 696-1100

Lazer tag, cash bar bowling, video games, etc. Like Chuckie Cheese for adults & without shitty pizza. Wait, no, they got shitty pizza too.

Grand Stafford Theater

<http://grandstaffordtheater.com>

106 S. Main St. Bryan

The Brazos Valley's premiere live music venue, serving up rock, country, blues and other musics.

Guitar Center

<http://guitarcenter.com>

1003 Harvey Rd. College Station (979) 694-6982

Brand new to town. Gots pretty much whatever you need for music making, however you make it.

Half Price Books

<http://www.hpb.com>

1505 University Dr. College Station (979) 696-2325

Stover Bros. Cafe

facebook.com/StoverBros

1760 Briarcrest Dr. Bryan (979) 846-8199

Inside Village Foods (the hippie grocery) you will find award-winning quirky meals with all local ingredients prepared by the Valley's only rock star chef, Charlie Stover.

To The Point Piercing

tothepointbodypiercing.com

119 Walton St. College Station (979) 595-4153

If you love it then you should put a ring through it...and if so then you should definitely let Jave and company be the ones to do it.

Village Café

thevillagedowntown.com

210 W. 26th St. Bryan (979) 703-8514

Great fresh food, cool atmosphere and the occasional singer-songwriter in the corner. Also plays host to the hottest salsa dance night in the twin cities.

Village Foods

http://www.villagefoods.com

1760 Briarcrest Dr. Bryan (979) 846-9600

The best selection of organic, free-range and gluten-free groceries in B/CS, and home to both Stover Bros. Café and the temporary home for Heberts Cajun (since it was displaced from its long-time Northgate home recently).

Vy's Kitchen

http://vyskitchen.com

102 Live Oak St. College Station (979) 485-9817

Pretty much the best pho in town, bro. And not just good for here. Just plain good period.

Other Cool Stuff to Look Out For

In the last year College Station has opened up to the idea of the food truck, an idea that has taken off in urban locales nationwide, particularly Austin. We have four so far, and I'm betting more will pop up soon.

Cake Junkie

http://cake-junkie.com (979) 268-2342

Serving big-ass cupcakes out of their mobile truck, and you can also order custom cakes and cupcakes from their storefront at 4001 E. 29th St. in Bryan.

Chef Tais Mobile Bistro

http://cheftai.com (979) 268-3251

Chef Tai offers a unique fusion of Asian and American cuisine with affordable meals and daily specials. He's so good at it that recently Chef Tai's Mobile Bistro was voted America's Favorite Food Truck by Food Network.

Stover Bros. Truck

Also not 100% operational at the moment, but will be delivering some of the awesome stuff Charlie serves up at the Café but on the road.



Clockwork
GAMES AND EVENTS

clockworkgaming.com

Monday - Dungeons & Dragons, Video games

Tuesday - Magic the Gathering Constructed, Draft, Trading

Wednesday - Pokemon League & Trade, Dungeons & Dragons Encounters

Thursday - YuGiOh Constructed, Trading

Friday - Magic the Gathering Constructed, Draft, Trading

Saturday - Video Game Tournaments & Special Events

Sunday - Special Events, Video Games & Misc. Gaming

Check
Website for
Special
Events &
Tournaments

979.703.1838 | events@clockworkgaming.com

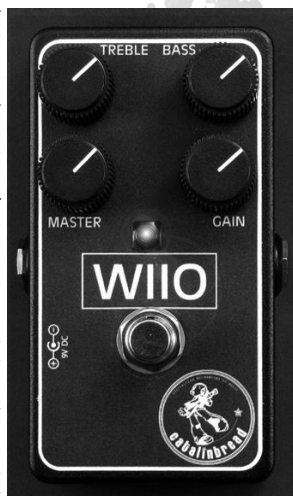
Woodstone Shopping Center | 913 Harvey Road, Suite G | College Station, TX Behind Frygys

Pedal Pushing: Catalinbread W110

Guitar tone is a precious thing, a very personal thing. The boxes one uses to get that bitchen tone that everyone dreams about is very much a personalized sort of thing that depends on the individual, and that choice is never more personal than the type of dirt pedal a person uses. It colors a player's tone perhaps more than any other crayon in the box of 64.

There are a handful of geek-approved overdrive pedals out there that are fairly standard in the obsessive-compulsive world of effects pedal users: Klon Centaur, Paul Cochrane's Tim/Timmy, Fulltone OCD/Fulldrive, Analogman King Of Tone, Hermida Zen-drive, Voodoo Lab Sparkle Drive, Ibanez Tube Screamer, Boss SD-1 Super Overdrive...these are the more popular and forum-approved choices. Some use distortion pedals, like the ProCo Rat, set low for overdrive duties. Some use boost pedals like Analogman Katana Drive, Electro-Harmonix LPB-1 or Xotic EP Boost

to hit the front of their amp in a slightly colored way. Still more use the "amp in a pedal" concept that has been very popular for Wampler (who have Fender and Marshall types) as well as Portland, OR's Catalinbread, who have made a good living recently making fantastic Ampeg, Hi Watt, Vox and Fender-styled amps in a box. It is their Hi Watt derivation the W110 that I have in hand for my overdrive needs.



I cannot attest to how much this pedal sounds like the Hi Watt amps that Pete Townsend used during the *Live At Leeds* era with The Who (which is what it's based on...squinat at W110 and you will see WHO, geddit?) but the demos on Catalinbread's website sure show it to be similar. I don't use it in that fashion, at the end of the pedal chain where your amp would normally be. No, I use it first as my first gain stage, thinking of it like an overdrive. In that capacity, it is a fantastic low gain overdrive that is really sensitive to your picking velocity and volume controls in much the way a really good tube amp is. I actually don't run the gain very high on this at all, preferring to have the tone stack and volume hit my amp and let it push the amp's preamp tubes to put the hair on the tone for me. The W110 retains high end sparkle and doesn't overly color your guitar's basic tone. What I also like about this particular pedal is that it works fantastic behind a good distortion pedal, like a ProCo Rat or Idiotbox's D4- pedal. You can also ride the gain hard and get a good basic rock distortion sound in the MXR Distortion+ territory.

The important specs. It is true bypass, powered on 9v battery or Boss-style power adapter and it is built strong. There is talk that there is a subtle difference between the V1 W110 (like the picture above and what I reviewed) versus the V2 W110 (the graphic is different). The V1 W110's are more ballsy with more gain on tap, while the V2 W110's have a greater variety in lower gain range. \$179 for this one out the box from most e-tailers, but patience will score you one on the forums or Ebay used for around \$100. Whether or not it gets me "Young Man Blues" at the tap of my foot is debatable and beside the point. The Catalinbread W110 is another great overdrive pedal in a crowded field of great overdrive pedals and could be that one Crayola in your palette that makes your sound yours.—KELLY MINNIS

Kardashian Dreaming

Khloe was on my team. I'm not sure why since she's my second favorite after Kourtney and leagues before Kim. Still, somehow, there we were, Khloe and I, battling high stakes water volleyball against her sisters. Khloe was, to her credit, quite good at defense. Her height helped. Kourtney, bless her heart, stayed on her toes just to keep her elbows above water while Kim kept her hands in fists to protect her nails. The ball was in Kourtney and Kim's court. Kim served a perfect arch directly over the net. Khloe didn't even need to jump to spike the ball directly in Kourtney's face. We were on a roll. Going in for the high five Khloe yelled, "Hells yes!" A gusty breeze formed off her /h/ and /s/, gushing the smell of her "hells" into my face before the sound of her "yes". There was the hint of a FunYuns taco shell wrapped around a heap of freshly smoked menthols. "Holy junk, Khloe! What have you been eating?" She jumped back from me and put her hand over her mouth. "Do I have something in my teeth?" she asked. "Yeah, you do. It's called dog crap," I said. "Your breath could peel paint." She breathed into her cupped hand and sniffed hard. For a moment, I imagined I could see her breath forming a Poseidon shaped cloud over her face. Khloe could release the Kraken with a simple pleasantry. Her brow scrunched perplexed. "I don't smell anything," she said. From across the net Kourtney asked, "What's the hold-up?" I waved dismissively at Kourtney while pushing Khloe's cupped hand to the side. "Let me show you," I said reaching my thumb to her mouth. Khloe instinctively grinned her lips back and I rubbed my thumb over her top row incisors. Khloe's teeth, perfect and pearl white, felt like tiny little Jaguar XJ hoods in tiny little Whitesnake videos. Even in her disgustingness, my teammate was glamorous. But the truth remained painful, and I saw the pain in Khloe's eyes when she sniffed her mouth off my thumb and shrieked in horror. The sound of children dying filled the Jenner family in-door heated swimming pool. Kim rushed to her sister, her chest smacking the water like bulbous beaver tails. Kourtney swam to Khloe's side, a ten-foot butterfly stroke I thought a bit dramatic. Khloe's hands covered her face. "My mouth, you guys! My mouth smells like ass! Smell Kevin's thumb!" Kim leaned over and sniffed my thumb. Kourtney swam two butterfly strokes and sniffed my thumb. I did not sniff my thumb. "Omigod," Kim said. "We all had the same thing for lunch. What if all of our mouths smell like ass?" Kourtney turned to me and grabbed my wrist, "Can you check all our mouths?" I paused for a moment to genuflect upon the uniqueness of my situation, and then agreed to check Kourtney and Kim's mouth. "No tongue, y'all," I said. "Only teeth." I put my hand under the water and scrubbed my thumb with a chlorine bath. "Come here, Kim," Kim flopped over and grinned her lips back. I rubbed Kim's teeth - so shiny I caught my reflection in her right canine - and then held my thumb to her nose. A light lit in Kim's eyes as she sniffed her mouth on my

thumb. "It's like babies," she said. "Let me see," Kourtney said as she held my hand to her face. "Damn, Khloe! Kim's mouth smells good on Kevin's thumb!" Khloe pouted. "Shut up, Kourtney!" she said, grabbing my hand and sniffing it. "Why come Kim's mouth smells better than mine?" Kim glowed. "Now hold up," I said. "We still gotta check Kourtney's mouth." "I bet it smells like Kanye's coconuts," Khloe said laughing. "Hey," Kim said, frowning away her "paparazzi-potential-hue", as we call Kim's face in the Jenner home, for the first time all-day. I reach to Kourtney's mouth, "Let me see your teeth, Kourtney." She grinned back her lips and leaned towards me. For a secret moment, I marvel at Kourtney's eyebrows. They're the thinnest of the three sisters, pointing into her peripheries like the leaping lines of fleeing gazelles. Her teeth, on the other hand, are the keys of a piano fallen from Yanni's skyrise window. I rubbed my thumb over Kourtney's teeth like Braille. Then I hold my thumb to Kourtney's sweet button nose and brace myself for volume. Instead, Kourtney's shoulders drop and she sighs. "Like kittens," she says. Kim sniffs Kourtney's mouth on my thumb, "Oh purr. Just like kittens." Khloe grabs my hand, "Give me that fucking thumb!" She sniffs and slaps the water with an open hand. She sniffs again and slaps the water with an open hand. The scene is getting ugly. Khloe continues to hold my hand, sniffing and slapping the water, but she says nothing. Her silence, however, is inconsequential because I can hear her heart, pulsing through the hand holding my hand like a grenade in war. I look at Kourtney, and I know that she knows. I look to Kim, and she has lost the paparazzi-potential-hue again. I'm not sure what to do, for Khloe or my thumb, so I look to Kourtney and nod my head towards Khloe. Kourtney shrugs her shoulders. Neither of us look to Kim because Kim is useless. "Khloe," I say, "you still got my thumb there, champ." Her head is down. Her face not yet relinquished to the truth. "Yeah," Kourtney says, "Kevin needs his thumb back. We haven't even tried his buck-tooth snarl." She says it laughing, but I still give her the finger with my free hand. Kourtney shrugs again. I realize this is why she's so good at the butterfly stroke: her shoulders are bricks from shrugging all the time. I pull my hand locked in Khloe's hand, but she's not letting go. Then she really freaks my shit out when she looks at me and says, "Do it again. All of us. Check all of us again." Kim said, "Omigod no." Kourtney said, "Khloe, it's okay. Just go inside and brush." I say nothing because I'm not a sister. Khloe holds up my hand like a peeled scalp in the old West and says, "Do it again, honey! Only this time hit the mofoin' molars!" I look at Kourtney one last time, her eyebrows like uni-colored rainbows promising the end of storms and not the beginning, and then wash my thumb in the Jenner indoor heated swimming pool.—KEVIN STILL



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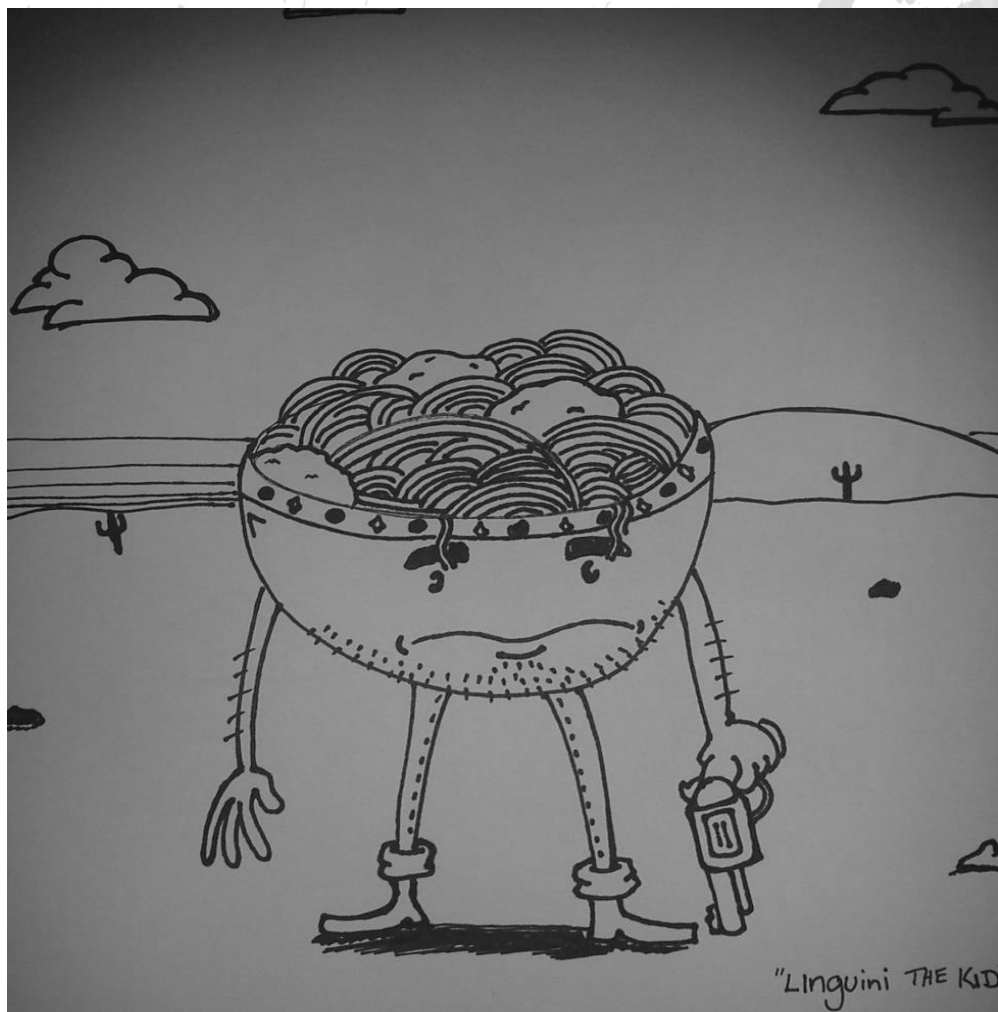
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concert calendar

9/1—Come and Skate It Skateboard Competition @ G. Hysmith Skatepark, College Station. 11am

9/1—Stout City Luchadores (cd release party), **The Hangouts**, **Frank James**, **Golden Sombrero** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/2—Exceed, **Rudebwoyz**, **Mad Mike**, **DJ Ill Money**, **Delta** & **Naptha** @ Velocity, College Station. 9pm

9/6—Ishi, **Gobi**, **The 71's**, **Featherface** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/7—Grupo Fantasma, **El Tule**, **Strawberry Jam** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/7—Rocks Hard @ Zapatos, College Station. 9pm

9/7—First Yell with **Robert Earl Keen**, **Rick Trevino** & **Granger Smith** @ Kyle Field, College Station. 8pm

9/8—Green River Ordinance @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/8—Nelo @ Schotzis, College Station. 9pm

9/13—The Lonely Hunter, **Tim Halperin** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/14—Junior Brown @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/15—Jason Castro, **Lindsay Harris**, **Jimmy Needham** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/16—Rock 103.9 Homebrew presents **Dimitri's Rail** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/20—Rock 103.9 2nd Anniversary with **The Hunger**, **The Last Hour**, **Six Gun Sound**, **Brothers N Arms**, **Signal Rising** @ Daisy Dukes, College Station. 8pm

9/21—Octopus Project @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/22—Band of Heathens @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

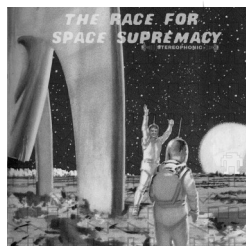
9/27—Bright Light Social Hour, **Quiet Company**, **Driver Friendly** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

9/27—Vagabond Swing @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/28—Jay Satellite, **INOI**, **Gospel and the Wolf**, **Skyacre** @ Revolution, Bryan. 10pm

9/28—Ray Wylie Hubbard, **The Dead Exs**, **Black Pistol Fire** @ Grand Stafford, Bryan. 9pm

record reviews



Army of 2600/great unwashed luminaries
The Race For Space Supremacy

The Race For Space Supremacy, a split CD between Army of 2600 and great unwashed luminaries, is good introduction to the instrumental offerings by Bryan-College Station's local record label Sink-Hole Texas Inc.

Race is a bit of a transition for Army of 2600 since its solo offering in 2008 -- *Bit Attrition* -- that largely marketed in abrasive almost unmelodic soundscapes like "Conquest of Zora" and "Midnight Howls". Army of 2600 uses 8-bit-video game programs to produce quite the unique sound. On the other hand, GUL -- utilizing a dizzying array of digital and analog synthesizers -- dips into its extensive and varied electronica grab-bag to offer a sampling of instrumental explorations.

"Quirk" is indicative of the different approach of Army of 2600 with the tune's low-key robotic pulse beat that grows more infectious the longer it goes. It's undoubtedly the most playful song Army of 2600 has done. This is not to say the band's metallic harshness has completely disappeared -- "Awesome and Amazing in the Morning" makes quite a statement for grating sounds that builds to an almost-unbearable finish. Two songs that

mark the growth of the band's sound are "Two Minutes" (which is naturally over five minutes long) and "Return of the Phoenix." "Two Minutes" is a metal siren of noise while the ominous "Return of the Phoenix" marks an effective use of hiss by Army of 2600 to evoke dread.

For GUL (the solo electronic alter ego of Kelly Minnis), this split reaches back to the tone of *Unearthed Arcana* for a long quiet meditation titled "Sunspace Quasar (For Miles)" and to the spirit of *Wield* for the 15-minute "Space Wizards" featuring an pulsing undercurrent up until the splashy end. One of the stronger tunes is "He Gave Good Rock Fest" that belongs on a movie soundtrack with all its layers of electronics that bubbles along to build to a satisfying end. The tune is most evocative of the themes of GUL's *Kill Screen* album.

The Race for Space Supremacy should be competing for your listening time. —MIKE L. DOWNEY



Stout City Luchadores
The Future

The cover pretty much says it all. This is what Victoria punk rock quartet Stout City Luchadores look like onstage. Mexican wrestler masks set the mood for a good time. On record though, you can't bring anything to the table

but the music, and these folks bring the punk rock like they should be wearing devil's locks instead of masks.

The Future reveals SCL to be perhaps the biggest fans of The Misfits ever. And that is very pleasant to me, since I feel that too many Texas bands leave California punk completely out of the equation for their bands' influence, unless it's awful Orange County pop-punk. "Please Jesus" rumbles off hardcore singalong just like it was an outtake from *Earth A.D.* but with less of a horror schtick and more just about beer drinking, living life, dealing with boys/girls' bullshit and such. The title track is just a dynamite pop-punk song, but not in that bullshit 90s sort of way. Just in that it has a great fucking chorus "I've seen the future, and it's without you". That is what makes this EP so, so good. Two of The Luchadores have masqueraded in other more indie bands and they bring those songwriting smarts to punk rock. With this EP you get four songs in eight minutes and every second counts.

—KELLY MINNIS



One Man Army
She's An Alarm!

Short and sweet -- this is what punk is supposed to be. However, not all of the music on this too-brief EP by One Man Army *She's*

An Alarm is pure punk, but then it doesn't need to be.

She's An Alarm is the first recording by the San Francisco punk band in over seven years after it broke up following nearly a decade together. Its *Dead End Stories* in 1998 was the inaugural release on Green Day leader Billie Armstrong's Adeline label. On this new recording, the trio manages to effortlessly ride pretty a single riff through all four songs, but it does little things with each tune to make them sound both familiar and original. With hints of the Bouncing Souls and the Strokes, One Man Army musically has lost none of its expertise, but Jack Dalrymple's voice has shed its Joe Strummer hushness to better serve the songs.

"Hung Up" is middle-of-the-road punk with an instrumental middle that would almost work in a spaghetti western. The band plays around with some playful backup vocals and an understated opening as well before bringing back that killer riff at the end. "Plastique" is the most traditional punk song as it never lets up... well, traditional except for the fact everyone is in tune -- the kids at the beginning are a nice touch. "Any Minute" echoes the best of the modern rock sound of the 90s, including its muffled-sounding start. One Man Army is at its best on the opening cut. "I Think It's a Love Song" is both careening and subtle, mainly propelled by Dalrymple's vocals and guitar that pull back mid-song for a reggae moment before hurtling to the close.

Adeline is offering the EP in limited neon pink and green vinyl as well as digital. —MIKE L. DOWNEY

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