

WEEKEND PREVIEW

Thursday, Sept. 12

Cowboy Mouth, a rock band from New Orleans, is playing with opening band Skeeter Hawks at the Dixie Theatre.

Austin-based band Breedlove is playing with Citizen Lane at the 3rd Floor Cantina.

Radioshow, a cover band, is playing with Linus at Bullwinkle's.

Wakeland, a rock band from Oklahoma, is playing with Kirk Tatom (former lead singer of Deep Blue Something) at The Tap.

Sneaky Pete, a classic rock and novelty cover singer, is playing at The Cow Hop.

Friday, Sept. 13

Vallejo, a groove-rock band from Alabama, is playing with opening band Skeeter Hawks at the Dixie Theatre.



Vallejo

Gary P. Nunn, a country western singer from Oklahoma, is playing at the 3rd Floor Cantina.

Fitzwilly's is hosting The Don Overby Band, a classic rock group.

Allan Mayes, a classic rock band is playing at Chelsea Street Pub & Grill.

Michele Solberg, an Austin-based folk singer, is playing at Sweet Eugene's House of Java.

Sunflower, an Austin-based rock band, is playing at The Tap.

MSC Cepheid Variable is presenting the Rocky Horror Picture Show at the Grove at midnight.

Jester, a rock band, is playing with opening bands Deep Ellum and Saturday Night Moses at The Cow Hop.

The MSC Film Society is showing Flirting with Disaster at 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. in the Rudder Theater.

Saturday, Sept. 14

Jack Ingram, a country & western musician from Dallas, is playing with opening act, Jesse Dayton, at the Dixie Theatre.

The 3rd Floor Cantina is hosting a Caribbean Club Party, featuring Root 1, an Austin-based Reggae band.

Old Army, a classic rock band, is performing at Fitzwilly's.

Allan Mayes, a classic rock band, is performing at Chelsea Street Pub & Grill.

Mike Cancellare, an acoustic performer, is playing at Sweet Eugene's House of Java.

MSC Cepheid Variable is presenting the Rocky Horror Picture Show at the Grove at midnight.



Jesse Dayton



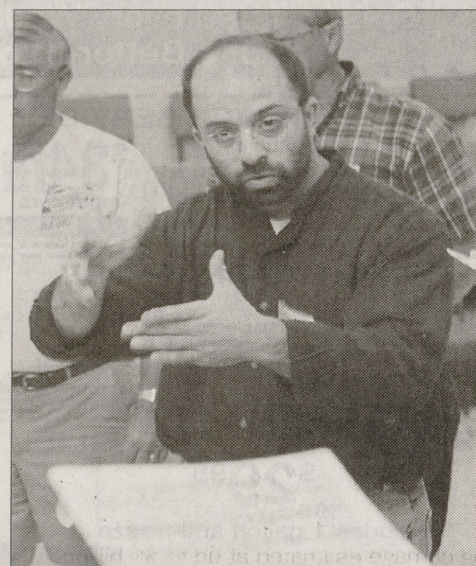
(From left) Bo Allen, Greg Economides, Norman Homburg, and David Watson sing a cappella at rehearsal.

**THE
 Harmony
 OF
 Brotherhood**

There are no trimming shears, no shaving cream, but a group of men from the Brazos Valley still know what it means to be in a barbershop quartet.

Story by April Towery

Photos by Rony Angleriwan



Greg Economides keeps the beat during a Brazos Barbershoppers rehearsal.

Every Tuesday night, 25 Brazos Valley men get together not to play poker or drink beer, but to sing at First Baptist Church in College Station.

Dr. Bob Wattenbarger, president of the Brazos Valley chapter of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing, said he became interested in the group because he sang in college.

"I took a break from singing for about 30 years and started with the Barbershop Quartet when they formed here around seven years ago," he said.

The barbershop quartet focuses on entertainment and camaraderie among the singers.

"We are all close friends and get along really well," Wattenbarger said.

The weekly rehearsals involve breathing exercises, bass, baritone and tenor vocal practice, and more Milli Vanilli jokes than at the 1989 Grammy Music Awards.

The Society for the Preservation and

Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing is an international organization that has been in existence for about 60 years.

Wattenbarger said the Brazos Barbershoppers is more like a choir than a quartet.

"We sing in churches and at banquets," he said. "We also have a big Valentine's Day show every year."

The men are split into quartets of lead, bass, tenor and baritone.

Wattenbarger said the Quartet is comprised of a variety of age groups.

"We have professors, college students and a high school student now," he said. "We used to have a 10-year-old kid. We're always looking for new singers, regardless of age."

At the age of 16, B.J. Ables is the youngest member and appears to mix well with the diverse Barbershoppers, whose rehearsal attire ranges from T-shirts and tennis shoes to suits and slacks.

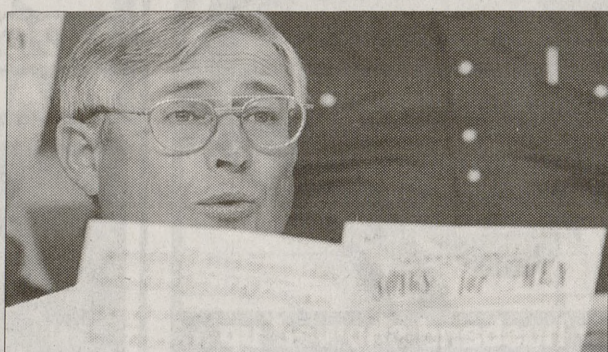
Ables arrives at rehearsal late, singing as he walks in the door. All the members smile as he sits next to a man old enough to be his grandfather. The man whispers something to Ables that brings a smile to his face. Ables returns a comment to the man, who suppresses a laugh and the two continue singing.

The camaraderie they share spans the age differences in the group.

One of the veterans of the Barbershop Quartet is Director Bo Allen.

Allen said he has enjoyed singing since he was a child.

"My daddy liked to sing, so I learned how to sing tenor before I was in the first grade," Allen said. He said that the style of the barbershop



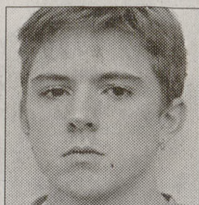
Norman Homburg, a member of the Brazos Barbershoppers, sings during rehearsal Tuesday.

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The importance of being anal: a lesson in housekeeping

College life has begun to turn me into my parents in sudden and disturbing ways. This transformation has come about mostly over the past few weeks. After a two-year tenure, I am out the dorms, and I am now living in a house. A house. A place where you must do yard work and dust the furniture and clean the bathrooms. "Whoa," I now think. "I haven't done this stuff in years." When I was a kid, I hated mowing the lawn. I couldn't understand why my folks made me weed the gardens. Washing the dishes was pure torture. And a clean room — who needed it?

Columnist



John LeBas
 Junior journalist

"You'll learn," Mom and Dad said. "You'll see how you feel when you have your own place," they told me. In true know-it-all fashion, I haughtily dismissed their predictions. Time has proved me wrong and my parents right. I am becoming my childhood's worst nightmare. I am becoming ... responsible. This new frame of mind sneaked up on me. My roommates and I have put effort — a whole lot of effort — into fixing and cleaning our house. I quickly became very protective of it, and I'll be damned before I see my hard work succumb to someone else's carelessness or lack of respect.

Sound familiar, Mom and Dad? I first expressed my newfound attitude a few weekends ago. My roommates are in a band, and they had gathered their other seven bandmates at our house to practice. These are all friends, guys I've known since high school, and I trust them in our house. But the weekend taught me that my friends can be stupid, bringing out the parent in me. Some examples: The door opened and several loud guys clamored inside. The door stayed open. "Shut the damn door," I yelled. Several loud guys tracked mud through the house after escaping torrential downpours. "Wipe your damn feet," I yelled. Several loud guys raided the pantry

to fend off starvation. "Go buy your own damn food," I yelled. Things settled down after they knew the rules, but I was left wondering what was happening to me. Then, a few days later, I mowed the lawn. It took me almost two hours, and it cost me a lot of sweat. But I actually enjoyed it. It wasn't the work I liked, it was the result. I took care of something because it was important to me. "How strange," I thought. My transformation continued a downward spiral, unchecked. Last week, my girlfriend taught me how to shop for groceries. I unknowingly took detailed mental notes on the processes of price comparison and coupon clipping. Much to my chagrin,

we actually saved some money. Scary stuff. After returning home from the shopping trip, my girlfriend and I decided the pantry was badly unorganized and demanded our immediate attention. We spent the next half hour reshelving everything, designating spaces for canned foods, staples, junk food and breakfast food. My roommate inspected the result later that day. "John," he said, "you're so anal." I pondered his assessment and realized he was right. I want things in my house to be clean and organized because ... because I'm growing up. "Yes, I am anal," I thought. And you know, Mom and Dad would be proud.