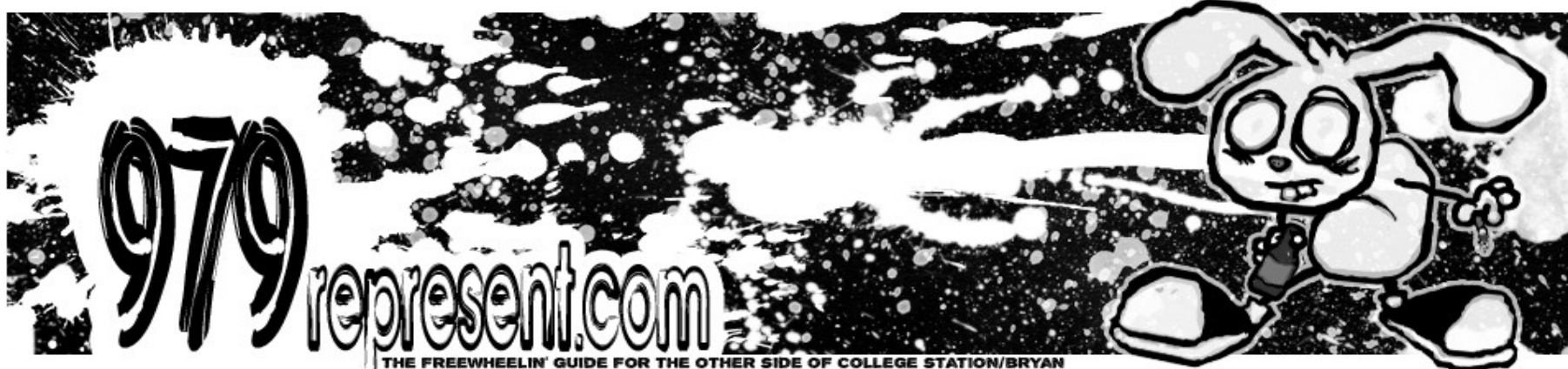
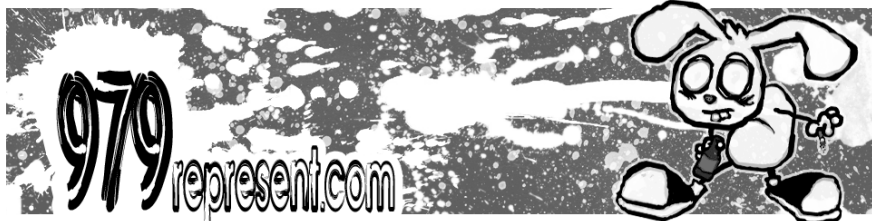


NOVEMBER 2010  
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# ***SIGNAL RISING***

***NEW ALBUM—NEW SOUND***



**979Represent** is a local magazine  
for the discerning dirtbag.

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## AIDS IS STILL 4 REALZ

It's been 30 years since the first whispers of an unknown disease began to go around urban areas, a disease that attacks your immune system and doesn't really let go. By the mid '80s it was no longer a whisper. The word was out about Human Immunodeficiency Virus, better known as HIV and referred to more commonly by the name of what the virus causes, Auto Immunodeficiency Syndrome, or simply AIDS.

We've been beat over the head ever since about the dangers of AIDS/HIV and that practicing "safe sex" or abstinence or whatever will prevent you from contracting it. That message seems to have sunk in, because HIV isn't quite the bogeyman for the Millennials as it was for Gen X'ers. For the most part AIDS numbers have dropped significantly. We all know to use condoms, not share needles, etc. Lifetime expectancy has increased dramatically, thanks to the new drug cocktails that help make HIV somewhat manageable for those who are HIV+. I think we all know that HIV is still a huge problem elsewhere in the world (especially in Africa) but the fever pitch of AIDS sneaking into your bedroom and killing you in your sleep has largely died down. It's rare you hear of anyone dying from AIDS-related illness anymore. It just doesn't happen much.

Well, tell that to my brother Sean, who passed away from AIDS-related pneumonia earlier this year. He would've been 39 years old this month. Sean hid his HIV status from almost everyone and his sudden illness and death shocked everyone. We've known for decades that Sean was gay. No secret there. But Sean had been coupled up with a nice partner for 12 years or so. How could he have survived with AIDS for longer than that without taking the drugs and without showing the signs? Well, Sean was a very large man and managed to hide it well. And his infection occurred 15 years or so before his death. A random sexual encounter from a time when Sean wasn't so healthy in spirit. Just because we know what to do doesn't mean we always do it. Being young and invincible is often times our greatest danger. And all it takes is one night of recklessness.

Had Sean acknowledged his disease it's possible he could have managed it. But he did not. While we may be 20 years past the heyday of AIDS paranoia you need only step very far outside of polite conversation to find those that still discriminate, still stoke the old fears, still make it prudent to hide it away rather than to confront it and deal with it. And while America is largely more tolerant today than 40 years ago during the Stone-wall Riots and the birth of Out Gay Culture, it doesn't take much scratching of the surface to pull up the intolerance. Had Sean lived in a major urban hub with a large culture of those living with HIV he might've had the support and the courage he needed to confront and conquer it. In rural Kentucky...yeah, that's just not going to happen.

I cannot pretend that my relationship with Sean was anything less than complicated. His death has filled me with more regrets than I can ever really put pertly into words. The larger lesson for me in Sean's death is that HIV is still a domestic issue and that it is ALWAYS important to be careful. Fucking vulcanize your privates before you expose them to any new sexual partner. It also taught me that just being tolerant and down with homosexuality is not enough. It is not enough to just accept and keep your mouth shut. Confront stereotypes, confront intolerance, confront hatred when you see it before you. Just because I had a gay brother and loved him does not give me a hood pass. Contribute to [www.itgetsbetterproject.com](http://www.itgetsbetterproject.com) and let others know what's up. This fall has been rife with suicides caused by gay teens and adults bullied to the point of suicide. Speaking out against the intolerance is no longer a luxury. It is a necessity.—KELLY MINNIS



## Still Drinkin': Shiner Sixer

It goes without saying that Shiner Brewing Company crafts highly drinkable beers. Their national popularity alone suggests that the Spoetzl Brewery is doing something right. In an effort to understand the Shiner craze, I recently purchased the Shiner Family Six pack – a ready-made sampler of six different Shiner beers – and then drowned myself in some qualitative beer-geek research. On close analysis of available data (and my own overjoyed gullet), I concluded something pivotal to understanding Shiner's fame: the Spoetzl Brewing Company designs easy drinking, non-offensive, all palettes-included beers.

By looking at the numbers, we can see that the Shiner beer with the highest Alcohol By Volume (ABV) is Shiner Oktoberfest with a 5.7% ABV. This is a not a high alcohol percentage until one considers that the average ABV count for most Shiner beers is somewhere right at 5%. This means that even novice drinkers can throw back a few Shiner beers and not feel the alcohol effects as readily. As for flavor, Shiner's highest reported International Bitterness Unit (IBU) count is for Shiner 101, which weighs in at 25 IBUs, making it significantly less bitter than, say, a Sierra Nevada Pale Ale that boasts 37 IBUs. These numbers are significantly lower than typical American craft brewery offerings, which obey current trends demanding bigger beers with higher alcohol and more hops. You have to give Shiner credit for remaining true to their roots by consistently crafting solid beers tasty enough to create wide fanfare but inviting enough to keep people coming back for more.

Below I've included my notes on five of the six Shiner Family Pack beers, skipping Shiner Bock due to space and its already overwhelming popularity. In fact, my main objective in exploring these beers is to shift some focus from Shiner Bock to some of Shiner's other offerings. The notes I've included below are crude, unmanicured, and scribbled directly in the moment of Shiner on tongue consumption. Hopefully, you will find a new Shiner favorite among my rabble. Prosit!



**KOSMOS RESERVE** – An American Pale Lager. Kin to Coors or Budweiser American Lagers, except that the American Pale Lager is brewed without cereal adjuncts, allowing it to lose the thinned rice and corn flavors. Kosmos pours with a golden grain color, constant upward dribble of small bubbles. Hay-like aroma, touch of lemon and sourdough. Flavor begins with an evidently bright citrus hoppiness, then mellows into grassy clean finish. Everything about this beer is crisp. Highly drinkable, even if not effectively memorable.

**SHINER LIGHT** (4.0% ABV / 13 IBUs) – Bright white cap from an explosion of carbonation bubbles. Glass looks like a geyser in the making. Light lagers typically use more cereal adjunct to cut calories and alcohol, which potentially sacrifices flavor, but that's not the case here. Flavor remains intact. Thick grainy coat makes mouthfeel a bit less palatable than most domestic light lagers, such as Bud Light, Coors Light, and Natty Light; however, Shiner Light boasts far more character, both from malt and hop presence. Highly recommended alternative to domestic market light lagers: same light price with a heavy satisfaction of small business support.

**HEFEWEIZEN** (5.4% ABV / 17 IBUs) – You don't find many beers that look prettier in a glass than Shiner Hefeweizen. Hefes usually sport a jaundiced hue that only appears yellow in contrast to a blazing white foam caphead. Not Shiner Hefeweizen: it's almost neon orange. It's a beautiful beer, and one that I've enjoyed greatly in the past. However, this time around, the spiciness I once loved in Shiner Hefe feels muted, and all I taste now is orange. Shiner Hefe was always stood out, for me, because of its spiciness, but now I feel that I may have been mistaken.

**BLACK** (4.9% ABV / 18 IBUs) – Very dark body, deep plum breakthrough of light at base of glass. Aroma is charred malts, cola, and (oddly enough) something reminiscent of black cherries. Thin halo head assures that, despite dark appearance, this is no porter, no stout. Bright Czech Saaz hop buzz peeps through toasted, smoky, coffee-like malts. The style is repeated (and possibly trumped) in another Texas brew: Ugly Pug Black Lager, from Rahr and Sons Brewing in Fort Worth. Although not available in BCS, Rahar and Sons are a fantastic Texas brewery to look for in the Houston, Austin, Dallas, and Waco areas.

**BLONDE** (4.4%) – Great beer. Wonderful liquid homage to Texas' Bohemian roots and history. Shiner Blonde pours with a beautiful bright golden lager appearance. Party-favor shoestrings of ascending carbonation bubbles fuse into a bold white foam cap. Shiner Blonde looks alive and ready to dance. Flavor bursts with clean grass and hay notes, stretched out on a firm bed of bright biscuity malts. A very earthy beer, even in its lightness. Unfortunately, a dull aftertaste and mouthfeel cuts down on refreshment, but – by God – it's still such a lovely beer! Although nine time out of ten I'll take a Real Ale's Fireman's #4 Blonde over this, Shiner Blonde is still one of my favorite Texas beers.—KEVIN STILL

## Asian Persuasions with The Dahli Rama: Do the '80s Really Need To Come Back?



I'm a product of the 1980's. Being that my old ass was ejected from the womb in 1978, I was in high stride by the time the good chunk of the 1980's rolled around. Don't get me wrong, the 80's were fucking great to grow up in. Me and George Lucas were boys and even at a young age, I could appreciate the greatness that was *Empire* when it first came out in the theatres. Marty McFly was "radical" and Huey Lewis & The News were awesome. Even if you view these flicks from the present, you can feel the genuine nature of the films and that was what made them great. Toys were still constructed with a sense of quality, like the Transformers by Hasbro actually utilizing die cast metal. Big Macs from McD's also looked like the pictures that were displayed in the joint which actually could be deemed a restaurant.

But enough galvanizing about the awesome-ness that was the 80's. The real issue I have with the 80's, beyond the twisted sense of style that for some inexplicable reason is making a come-back, was that it was the time period when modern day capitalism was born. With its birth came the death of standards, quality, and pride in workmanship. These idealistic attributes were then replaced by the unethical observance and acceptance of profit at any cost. It was during this decade that Wall Street took control of our everyday lives and created a formulaic approach to the goal that we all strive for, which is success. It took the everyday little things that created memories and made them insignificant. What mattered now were profit margins, dividends, and marginal costs.

Talk to anyone in my family, even my little brother, and the praises of the Reagan administration are pretty prominent. Can't deny he was a well liked president. But his reign brought about a period where materialism was what spurred on the economy. It all became less about who you were and more about what you had. You didn't go to college to learn about what you wanted to be. You went to college to get a degree in something that would make you a yuppie. Damn I miss that word. But more importantly, growing up became less about shaping and attacking what it was that made up your dreams, and more about what you could make money-wise and the cool shit you could get with it. With all the attaining of said cool shit came the perceived fulfillment of credit cards. Yay for fucking debt. Gone was the mentality of "don't buy shit if you don't have the money," and along came the prominent mindset (even today) of "I can get this cool shit now and eventually pay for it later".

The 90's had some great shit too, but things became more about how society was pissed off and less about trying to roll in the crew with the Member's Only jackets. Life reclaimed some sense of sustenance. But being that today is 2010, I see a lot of the values of the 80's making a come back. How many remakes of 80's movies have we seen this year? Did we really need Liam Neeson sporting a cigar and being Hannibal in the modern day version of the A-Team? Anybody else's nostalgic memory of Optimus and Bumblebee get raped by the repeated and unnecessary spoken dialogue of Megan Fox? And what was the deal with the ghetto-fied ebonics-talking hatchbacks?

To bring back the focus from a pop culture stand point to a value and moralistic review, I see a lot of people investing and re-investing their efforts and life energy into the things that supposedly make life more efficient. I've heard the media and people who write more succinctly and intelligently than I do that this is the information age. At any given moment we are blessed with the infinite knowledge that is available to us at a moment's whim to where we can access a collective knowledge base of information. But let's be honest, what is it that we do with this powerful tool? Porn for one (I'm uber guilty being the lonely Asian that I am), and an arranged library of videos that depict the "quirks" that people used to want to hide. I'm not saying that this sense of new found honesty is something that should be covered and hidden again, but there is a sick sense of shit just being wrong when folks like to YouTube about every inane thought and than for the more hardcore upload videos of random objects and the personal space of their rectum that said objects occupy. The sick sense comes not from the objects and the array of methods of insertion (yes it does), but from the origin of the author(s) intent. I'm not here to judge. I completely understand an individual's need to self-explore and self-express. But the intent is not for these altruistic and sometimes twisted means. They are driven by profit. The information age is spurred on not by creativity, though it is a byproduct. No, the bravado is induced and enacted with the hopes that advertisers will see an untapped market through the audience of said twisted fuck who likes to insert Hot Wheels into his/her urethra. "Hot Wheels - Leading the Way!!"

To live in the present day and age in America, money is a necessary evil for lack of a better term. Having an iPhone 4 or the new Motorola Droid X is fucking bad ass ballz. Have the original trilogy on VHS and DVD? Fuck that. Lucas decided that the definitive collection is to be released on Blu Ray. Was Indiana Jones your favorite movie series? Let me enlighten you on how aliens can fit into everything and release this piece of doo doo movie called "Indiana Jones and the Crystal Skulls". Fucking Skulls made out of Crystal!?!? This is what money in the present brings forth. But are these things, creative ideas (I use that term very, very lightly), and marketing campaigns fuel for what is valuable in life? These things to life value does not bring (my shallow attempt at Yoda-speak). The fundamental formula for a life fulfilled is the same as it has been for eons. It's wrapping your head around the knowledge that humans are pack animals and that we need people to participate in our lives to make it better. This excludes the need to show off your Nissan 370Z or 15 inch Macbook Pro with the Intel i5 core. We are all guilty of that sense of recognition that comes from the cool shit we get. It just shouldn't fall by the wayside however, that we as these personalities that make up who we are have worth that is much more than the things we buy. So by all means make use of the efficient and utilitarian tools made available by the radness that is technology, but keep in mind that showing them off only creates suffering through jealousy and envy. Unless, of course, they're tattoos that you've invested in. By all means show those off with pride.

The Rama Dahli.



# An American Teacher in Abu Dhabi

Special Report & Photos by Kristi Galligan

This summer found my children and me residing in Abu Dhabi in the United Arab Emirates. For those that are geographically challenged, the United Arab Emirates is a small Middle Eastern country on the coast of the Persian Gulf. Most of us know it, in America, from *Garfield* or from *Sex in the City II*. When I applied for the position that brought us there, I had a vague idea where it was. I knew it was in the Middle East. I knew it was wealthy. I knew it was near Dubai. I had no idea it was thirty miles from Iran or that it was quite close to Iraq too. I just knew I was starting an exciting adventure of teaching overseas with my two boys, 13 and 8.

I had no idea it was going to be one of the worse experiences of my life.

I had always wanted to teach overseas. Before I even graduated with a teaching degree, I had looked at international teaching positions. Most of them required three years of teaching experience, ESL certification and a master's degree. I had a vague plan to teach while acquiring an ESL certification and a master's degree. Then, when Zak graduated from high-school, I would apply to teach internationally.



Abu Dhabi waterline

were set.

So, there we were in Abu Dhabi in August. It was miserably hot. I can't even compare it to anything. Every day was over 100 degrees and heat radiating everywhere. The pool water had to be chilled because, otherwise, it was ninety degrees even in the pool. At night, the windows would fog in the hotel because of the humidity outside.

We were also there during Ramadan which is a month-long Muslim religious celebration. During Ramadan, Muslims fast from sunset to sundown. Since the UAE is a Muslim country, the rule applies to everyone. Businesses and restaurants are closed during the day so everyone can fast without temptation. One cannot drink water or chew gum in public.

We quickly learned two things: Subway will serve food during the day and they deliver. We ate Subway every single day in Abu Dhabi. The windows were covered with paper so people could not see inside while customers order. It gave me a fugitive type feeling. I felt sneaky bringing the food out or guilty when I had it on the elevator with a Muslim. I didn't want to be disrespectful but I was hungry.

The other thing we learned was the mall was the place to go. I don't know if an American can ever comprehend an UAE mall. They have Carrefours (which is like our Walmart) or Lulu's (like our Target) in them. They have ice rinks and fun places (like Chucky E Cheese). They have every shop one has wanted to visit such as Gap, Mac, Louis Vuitton, and Versace. They also had air conditioning. We went to the mall so much in Abu Dhabi that it was ridiculous. We would make Carrefour runs for crackers and drinks because we were living in a hotel. Room service was expensive.

There were some flags that I may have made the wrong decision even in Abu Dhabi. For one, the first meeting we had, they took my passport. It is common for employers to take passports in the UAE because they have to sponsor their employees. I was told it would be ten to fifteen days and they would give them back. I was uncomfortable but I did it anyway.

The first real red flag to me was the week of training. We learned about Arabic culture. We were taught some Arabic. My southern accent found Arabic difficult and it was endless amusement for the other teachers to listen to me speak. Thursday, we had team building activities then they handed out debit cards with 5000 dirhams salary advance (3.67 dirhams equals 1 American dollar). Hey, that's exciting. It ruined the team building activities because I am fairly sure some people would have killed newborns to get those cards. We had been there almost a month and we had already got paid!

Um, wrong. We actually had not been paid. The cards had no money on them! The ADEC representatives had not mentioned that. None of us realized it until Thursday evening and the weekend in the UAE is Friday and Saturday. So, Sunday, we tried again. Nothing. Monday, nothing. But, ADEC had told us that we were getting paid. Surely, they wouldn't lie to us. It must just be a mistake. Tuesday, nothing. Someone from ADEC told us we would get paid by Thursday. Great. Thursday, nothing.

People explained it was a cultural issue. Arabic people want to please you so they say what you want to hear. I can understand that but the people talking to us are Westerners. So, what is going on? We get an email that states we will get paid within thirty-six hours. I think, well, no company would send an email that gives a deadline about pay without meeting it. I was wrong. Thirty-six hours passes and we still don't have pay.

To put it in perspective, my travel group had been in the country for a month, money. People were doing laundry in bathtubs and eating crackers for meals. There were some families with three children there and we had been told to bring maybe \$2000 or so. For me, I thought ADEC was going to follow through on their promises and I rented a car. So, I was starting to worry. A lot.

While this pay issue is going on, part of my travel group had been moved to Al Ain. Al Ain is a city an hour and a half outside of Abu Dhabi. It is smaller and less expensive which is nice. It even has a Chillis which is great! That is about all Al Ain has basically. It has three malls which is a small number in the UAE. It is considered expat wilderness to another expat I spoke to.

It could also be a contender for the roundabout capital of the world. They don't have many street lights and the city planners put roundabouts in, instead. Also, there are no real traffic laws. Police don't stop speeders in the UAE. When a person registers their car for the year, they pay their speeding tickets at that point. People drive wild. So, to get into a

roundabout, I just prayed, closed my eyes and shot through into an opening. Death trap. Scarily, I had several people tell me I was a great roundabout driver.

We were still in a hotel in Al Ain. This hotel has seen better days but it is a four star hotel. In Abu Dhabi, we stayed in a five star hotel. ADEC has certainly provided nice hotel stays and they provide us breakfast. The problem, for me, is that we only have one room. We are now on week five and my youngest child does not even have a bed. He is sleeping on the floor or on the balcony. We are tired of each other. We try to get away from each other but it is hard. Going to the lobby requires socialization with other ADEC people and we are tired of each other too. Just when I am getting ready to break, I get paid! ADEC pulled through. Jubilation.

Then, the next red flag happens. We have been in the country for a month. In the UAE, without a resident visa, one can only stay in the country for thirty days or face fines. The only way to avoid fines is to leave the country and come back. Great. Al Ain is on the border with Oman and the kids can cross and come back in the UAE. There is one big problem, though. I don't have my passport. None of us have been given our passports. So, who is going to take my kids across the border? Well, ADEC suggests we find a trusted adult to take our dependents if we are single parents or married teachers.

Here is the problem: I have known these people all of five weeks. They are lovely. As far as I know, none of them are ax murderers or child molesters but I have not known them that long. Worse, I don't even have to write a letter of permission. The kids can just go across with the border with anyone. To say I am unsettled is an understatement. I have received an advance but the fines are really expensive. And, I had to wait forever for that advance. How long will it take for me to receive my actual salary?

So, my kids went across the border into Oman with a stranger.

I am starting to consider going home. I am on a two year contract but I am just not sure if this environment is safe for anyone in my family. I have no passport. I have been in one hotel room for five weeks with my children. I got paid but only after being told several false deadlines and my children have crossed the border with a stranger. Things are not going as planned.

What about teaching? Wasn't I there to teach? Well, no one had told me I might be assigned to a provider in my teaching assignment. A provider runs the school and has its own rules and procedures. It is like a charter school in the States. I am, of course, assigned to one of the worst providers possible. A quick Google search informs me that this provider has a horrible reputation. I try to think positively but, at training, I am informed I am not allowed to talk to parents, I will not set up my own classroom and I am not to make my own tests. For elementary teachers, centers are not allowed-even for pre-K! I am just shocked. I try to be positive-hey, less work for me!

Teaching was actually not that bad. My students were well-behaved. The sexes are separated and they also divide the classes into literary sections and science sections. The literary section means the students are not college-bound but science students are. I have one section of literary and one section of science for twelfth grade. I have one section of science for eleventh grade. The school day is composed of nine periods and I teach six. There is an assembly in the morning and then two twenty minute breaks. There is no school lunch. In my school, there are no copiers, printers or computers for the teachers. We do have textbooks which is more than some of my fellow teachers have. I am in shock after my first day. I am teaching in the richest country of the world and the schools are very primitive. I am not sure what I expected.

There is an underlying problem in all the schools. When they hired English speaking teachers for this educational reform, they never reassigned the Arabic teachers. The Arabic teachers resent the Western teachers and they are scared they are going to lose their jobs. While Arabic teachers only teach four periods a day then leave, Western teachers are assigned six periods and then have to stay for the day. There is resentment at all levels which can make the schools uncomfortable.

At this point, though, I am exhausted. I have been told we would get housing three or four times now. I can't sleep. I am greatly concerned about my passport. I can't eat and I have become a ball of anxiety. All of us have. I weighed myself, at one point, and I lost twenty pounds in six weeks. Things are just not working. We need to make modifications.

One of the modifications I make is to search for a school for my eldest child. At this point, I was going to home school them but we don't have a strong internet connection. They need out of the hotel and they have not been in school since May. It is now late September. They are turning into wild heathens and they need routine and structure. We visit one of the few schools that have openings for eighth grade. The school informs us that, since Zak is an American, he will need to get a letter from the Ministry of Education to attend a British school. It will only take a few weeks. I roll my eyes at Zak. Sure, a couple of weeks. We know better now. Zak gets in the car and turns to me. "Can we leave? I want to go home!" I start crying. I have been crying off and on for days from the stress of not knowing about pay, passport or housing and from pure exhaustion. I tell him we should give it a week. In that week, I still did not get my passport. I still did not get housing. I still did not get paid.

We left.

I still have not been paid. Getting my passport involved going to the embassy and so much stress that I literally could not keep down food. It took a week and a half to leave the country but we are home now. The kids are in school and happy.

We are glad we went. We got to visit Dubai which is one of the coolest places I have even been. It is in a different emirate and the atmosphere is completely different. It is much more relaxed and much more Western. We learned some Arabic and we are continuing lessons in Tennessee. We learned about a new culture and we learned about a new religion.

We left.

We are glad to be home, though.



Zak & Alex in front of Burja Khalifa, the world's only 7-star hotel.



Only in the Middle East.

# Signal rising

# rock the republic: postmortem

# concert calendar

**11/1—Capture The Flag @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**11/3—DJ Get Low @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**11/4—Kelly Minnis, Ian Nelson, Paul Joyner @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm**

**11/4—SMUT @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**11/5—Sidewinder Metal Show @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**11/6—The Crooks, Sour Soul, Floorbound @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**11/11—Lyle Lovett & His Large Band @ Rudder Auditorium, College Station. 8pm**

**11/12—The Hangouts, @ ArtBAC, Bryan. 2am**

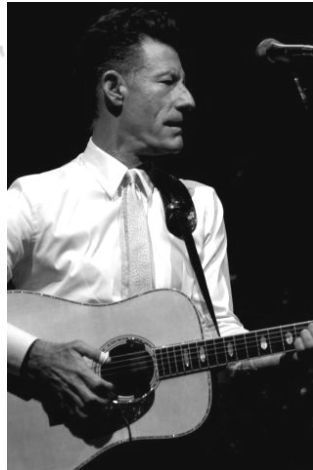
**11/12—Sideshow Tramps, Magic girl @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**11/13 - Shea, big Hush, Downsiid, Killing In the Workplace @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**11/19—Lotus Effect @ The Stafford, Bryan. 9pm**

**11/20—SINKHOLE TEXAS PRESENTS great unwashed luminaries, Patrick Schoenemann, Vegenaut @ Revolution Café & Bar, Bryan. 10pm**

## Totally Insane Must-See Show of the Month



Most Aggies know that Grammy-winning singer/songwriter Lyle Lovett spent some time attending Texas A&M University in the 1970's. He has deep ties to this area of the state. So it is no real surprise that he should desire to help raise money for the college he once attended. And it's not like Lyle's gonna get in a dunking booth outside of Kyle Field during tailgate! No, he's gonna strap on a guitar and show us his stuff. November 11th **Lyle Lovett & His Large Band** will play Rudder Auditorium on A&M's campus as a fundraiser for the Association

of Former Students and in enhancement of Clayton W. Williams Jr. Alumni Center.

Why should you care? Because no one mixes up a stew of Texas swing, heartbreaking country balladeering, singer/songwriter intimacy, and hellfire-preaching gospel like Lyle does, and His Large Band can maneuver any obstacle Lovett sends his way.—*KELLY MINNIS*

# Record Reviews



CATCHING UP WITH THE  
BLACK SWEDES

**Black Swedes**  
*Catching Up With ...*



**Superchunk**  
*Majesty Shredding*



**Eaux Neaux**  
*All That I Regret*



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- Atarimatt



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