

Dinosaur Jr. LP has bite

By John Righter
Of The Battalion Staff

For those of you who already have heard Dinosaur Jr. you might as well go ahead and sneer now.

Yes, I know *Bug*, the band's third release for SST Records, has been out for a year now. In fact, they have since released an EP with a cover of The Cure's "Just Like Heaven," a song they say was made in order to meet "death-rock girls."

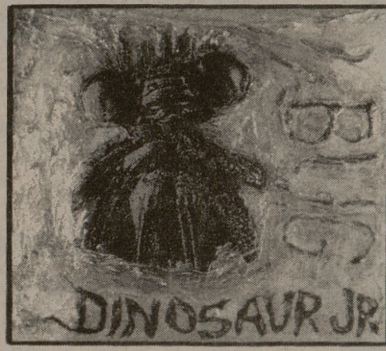
So sneer — go ahead you enlightened few — and while you are at it, give yourself a well-deserved pat on the back.

Now the rest of you, listen up, because you won't ever hear Dinosaur Jr. on the radio. In fact you may have to go to more than one record store to find one of their albums. But do so, at all costs. As both Spin and Rolling Stone confirm, Dinosaur Jr. is the best independent band in America, and *Bug* is the best independent release since Husker Du's *Flip Your Wig* back in 1985.

Three members of Dinosaur Jr., vocalist and guitarist J. Mascis, bassist Lou Barlow, and drummer Murph (just Murph, you know, like just Sting), started out thrashing around their hometown of Amherst, Mass., as a group called Deep Wound. They have since fine-tuned and mellowed into a cross between The Rolling Stones and Sonic Youth

(who claim the Jr.'s as their favorite band), with the feedback of The Jesus and Mary Chain.

Opening *Bug* with "Freak Scene," the Jr.'s display their flair for surrounding Mascis' lyrics with a barrage of noise, smothering his voice, from which he surfaces to wail, "Sometimes I don't thrill you/Some-



times I think I'll kill you/Just don't let me f--- up will you/Cause when I need a friend it's still you." Reminiscent of early REM, Mascis grants us only glimpses of himself and his thoughts, hidden behind his murmurings and guitar feedback.

The song titles also are misleading, allowing one to miss the depth and intense feeling within this album. The titles display the band's commitment to non-commercialism and its preoccupation with shock value "yuckiness." "Tarpit," "Sludge-

feast," "The Leper" and "The Lung" are just gross symbolisms for a message of despair, loneliness and betrayal, which is what Dinosaur Jr. is all about, along with some cynical humor thrown in. They are you and me with a dark, Jeckylesque side, a tumor that hides their hurt and honesty behind a wall of sound and confusing song titles.

The last two songs on the album serve as examples. "Don't" is an intense barrage of feedback and thrash, with Mascis screaming, "Why don't you like me," throughout the entire song with every ounce of lung power he has. Almost demonic in sheer effect, it is guaranteed to touch or arouse you in some way.

Before it is the album's best song, a number called "The Post," in which Mascis exclaims, "Well, she was my post to lean on/And I just cut her down/So I'm out to land on something/Hopefully a girl will come and put me in the ground." It's a love song — an intelligent and innovative twist on all the garbage played on the radio.

For that matter, the whole album is unique and innovative in its presentation of love, hurt and betrayal. In fact, when you purchase your copy, pick up an extra one and send it to Phil Collins. You both need to listen to it.

Aggie fish invade College Station, enjoy campus life despite lines, food

By Katsy Pittman
Of The Battalion Staff

They're everywhere! They're everywhere! No, they are not the desperate drivers racing around blue lots or even the campus ants crawling up someone's leg when they stand in place for over 40 seconds.

They are members of the latest freshman class, and they are back bigger and stronger than ever.

According to Dr. Jerry Gaston, associate provost for Texas A&M, the number is higher than University officials had expected.

"About 58 percent of those admitted to A&M last year actually enrolled," said Gaston. "This year that number increased to about 62 percent."

This means about 370 more freshmen than the University had initially expected.

These freshmen were packing Kyle Field at All University Night to the point that the speakers were inaudible. And they were crowding the Howdy Dance at the Hall of Fame to the point that many of them had to be turned away.

Will this surge of students create shortages in the system? Gaston says the problems created will not be insurmountable.

"There are opportunities for these students," he said. "Classes have just been opened for about all of the incoming freshmen. The problem may be that these classes are not necessarily the time of day they want."

Gaston also said that although many dorms are crowded with freshmen, all undergraduates who requested on-campus housing eventually will get a room.

Foreign students are making their yearly trek back to A&M as well. On the first day of registration, 70 foreign students had enrolled, but Gaston said this is not an official number and the number of foreign students is likely to increase.

Perhaps the best number news goes to the freshman females. The male-female ratio is standing at approximately 56 to 44, which mirrors the undergraduate ratio as a whole.

Better luck next year, guys. Freshman Kevin Judd is not particularly concerned with underrepresentation of females at this point. Judd, a Fort Worth native, is more concerned about facing the challenges of the Corps of Cadets and Squadron 12.

So what is his first impression of Corps life? "I guess you can say it's motivational and challenging," Judd said. "The classes didn't overwhelm me. They were pretty much what I expected. Actually I was a little surprised. I'm an environmental design major and someone told me all the environmental design females were old and ugly. But I'd say that 80 percent of my classmates were female. This could be interesting."

Judd's roommate, Pat Seiber of Amarillo, a political science major, plans to be studying all semester. His only surprise so far was the college food.

"Duncan chow — now that's an experience," said Seiber, who admits the food doesn't taste quite like good ol' mom's.

Dining halls were a surprising event to Fort Worth freshman Georgina Comin, too.

"Sbsia was huge," the general studies major said. "I never thought the lines would be that long — but they did go fast."

See Fish/Page 16

Looking for a good time? Don't call Mickey, Minnie or Goofy

Cray Pixley
Asst. Lifestyles Editor

So Mickey Mouse bought Kermit the Frog.

The earth-shattering news that the Walt Disney Co. purchased the famous Muppet characters, created by Jim Hensen, to appear as cohorts of Mickey at the Disneyworld/Disneyland attractions brought newly buried memories back to gnaw at me.

While most A&M students were tucked safely away at summer school or summer jobs, I was experiencing a nightmare vacation at the fabled Disneyworld in Orlando, Fla.

Does this sound like a strange holiday for a 22-year-old student? It was.

My mother and I were lured into

the trip by the assurances of family and friends that Disneyworld was a monumental shrine to fun and education. We were told that, regardless of the fact that we were both over the age of 10, we would have a blast.

Some of these Disneyworld admirers actually had visited the amusement mecca twice in the past two summers and salivated with envy at the thought of the ecstasy my mother and I would encounter should we choose Florida as our vacation destination.

"Oh, do go to Disneyworld," they said. "It's impossible to imagine the fun of the Magic Kingdom and the educational experience of Epcot Center."

After battling around the idea of the Virgin Islands or Washington and Canada as holiday possibilities, we chose Disneyworld. After all, how could all those friends and other tourists be wrong. It must be some

place, we thought — a virtual entertainment paradise.

We really didn't need tans that badly, and Canada could wait. We reasoned that staying within the 50 states would save some money and that the islands and Canada would be a bit pricey.

So off we flew to the Magic Kingdom without any children chaperones, and without a clue as to how far the Mouse's paw would reach into our wallets.

We found out.

The essential four-day passes to the Magic Kingdom, Epcot Center and Disney/MGM Studios that everyone advised us would be necessary cost a whopping \$230 for the two of us. That's a lot of money for Mickey. If we had been smart we would have paid for one day at one park and been pleased.

But this was Disneyworld, the wholesome home of Mickey and

Minnie, where Walt's men wouldn't let us be ripped off, would they?

Our first stop was Epcot Center, site of the famous Earth Station golfball that everyone sees when Disneyworld is advertised. Epcot Center proved to be interesting because of the 10 miniature replicas of famous countries. Each country's architecture is semi-faithful to the real thing and the food places are great. We spent many a happy minute chatting with the French waiters at the Bistrot de Paris.

The stinkers at Epcot were various hokey "educational" exhibits that were nothing more than traps that try to fake out visitors with pseudo undersea exploration and moving puppets. These were the very places we were assured were so "educational."

The next disappointment was the Magic Kingdom with the kiddie rides, not to mention the second

largest parking lot in the world. Yes, the second largest parking lot.

Disney personnel must be rather impressed with this fact because they reminded us of it five times as we were being driven by trolley, and then by monorail, to the front gates.

I don't know about the other tourists, but I didn't need to be told it was a huge parking lot when it took 15 minutes to drive from my car to the entrance.

Maybe we could get the third largest parking lot in the world right here at A&M. Now that would be an attraction.

We didn't last too long at the Magic Kingdom — about half an hour, actually. This place should be prohibited to persons over 42 inches tall and unaccompanied by a child.

The place was dull. I even heard several kids begging their parents to take them home, and it wasn't too

long before we headed back to the parking lot.

The only saving grace for the place was the new Disney/MGM Studios. Perhaps we enjoyed it so much because it was geared for adults instead of children. There actually were attractions we could view and participate in that didn't make me feel we were crashing a tiny birthday bash.

Sometimes Disneyworld isn't even for kids.

One Florida friend has children who despise Disneyworld. When they misbehave, he addresses them with the mock threat, "If you don't behave I'll take you to Disneyworld. They usually pop to attention."

After visiting Disneyworld and getting a firsthand look at its attractions, I have to admit that the same threat would work on me.



Menu

Appetizers	
Nachos	2.95
Cheese	2.95
Meat & Cheese	3.50
Chile Con Queso	1.95
Chips & Hot Sauce	.95
Cheese Sticks (8)	3.95
Basket of Fries	1.95
1/2 lb. Hamburgers	
All burgers served with lettuce, tomatoes, pickles & onions and French Fries	
Dirty Juan Burger	3.50
Mushroom Burger	3.75
Cheese Burger	3.75
Jalapeno Burger	3.75
Grilled Chicken Sandwich	4.25
Guacamole Burger	3.75
Specialties	
Hand Breaded Chicken	5.25
Fried Steak	5.25
Chicken Strips	4.25
Fried Catfish Fillets	5.25
Drinks	
Tea	.69
Coffee	.59
Sodas	.69
Small	.69
Large	.89
Orange Juice	.69

Zucchini	2.95
Mushrooms	2.95
Basket of Onion Rings	1.95
Veggie Basket	3.25
Quesadillas (beef, chicken)	4.75
Chicken Tenders	3.95
Childs Plates Served with fries	
1/2 lb. Burger	2.95
Chicken Strips (3)	2.95
Salads	
Taco Salad	3.95
Fajita Salad	4.50
Tossed Salad	1.95
Fajitas for 1	5.95
Fajitas for 2	10.95
Chicken Enchiladas with Sour Cream Sauce (3)	4.25
From the Bar Happy Hour 4-7 Everyday	
Margaritas-Lime, Strawberry, Aggie Swirl	2.00
Mug	2.00
Large	4.00
Longnecks-Miller Lite, Coors Light, Bud Light, Bud, Michelob Dry, Miller Genuine Draft	1.50
On Tap-Miller Lite, Coors Light	.95
Glass	.95
Pitcher	3.95
Import-Corona	1.75
Bar Drinks	2.50
Well	3.00
Premium	3.00

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