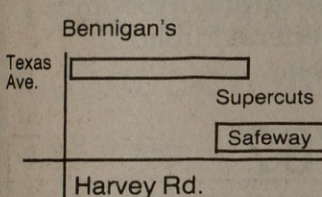


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If you don't have cable, don't turn on your TV set

A new show will debut tonight that has made me realize that if you live in the Bryan-College Station and don't have cable television, you might as well leave your television set turned off.

The name of the program is "Rollergames," and it will premiere at 8 tonight on local channel 28, which is the same thing as KWKT, channel 44 out of Waco.

"Rollergames" seems to be trying to revive that sport of "Laverne & Shirley" mentality called roller derby. Only the '80s version, thanks to the influence of wholesome entertainment such as "Rambo" and "The A-Team," features beefed-up violence and even the possibility of (gasp) death.

Isn't that what the television audience wants to see?

It must be, because the "Rollergames" competitors are dressed in flashy "Mad-Max"-style costumes and grunt and roar as prolifically as any World Wrestling Federation wrestler. They even must face utter doom at the hands of the roller derby track, which looks surprisingly like the "Star Search" set and features the horrific "Wall of Death" and the nightmarish alligator pit.

Tied in to all this excitement, in some bizarre way, is rock 'n' roll, prompting the slogan, "Rock and 'Rollergames.'"

And all this information is conveyed in the program's commercial — just imagine what sights you will see if you make through all two hours of fun and frolic.

Right. The only fate I can think of worse than watching the show is hav-



Chuck Lovejoy
Assistant
Lifestyles
Editor

ing to stand less than four feet from the show's "stars."

But I can't decide which to be more frustrated about — the fact that such a useless show even exists, or the fact that the Bryan-College Station (non-cable) television market is a desert.

And a desert it is — bone-dry and lifeless.

In fact, the most entertaining channel we can receive in this area is KWKT — which, if you'll recall, is a Waco television station.

The independent channel distinguishes itself by being our local FOX network, bringing us such deliciously trashy fare such as "Married... With Children" and other solid shows, including "21 Jumpstreet" and "The Tracey Ullman Show." Their weekend movie matinees are also something to brag about.

KWKT does have its faults, though, as it broadcasts reruns of "Silver Spoons" and "The Facts of Life" (not to mention airing "Rollergames").

The only other alternatives for the non-privileged couch potatoes of Aggieland are KBTX (channel 3)

and KAMU (channel 15), although when Mercury is in line with Saturn or Scorpio is in the fourth house of Aquarius, you can pick up a few Houston stations — but just barely.

And that leaves plenty to be desired.

KBTX, a CBS affiliate, distinguishes itself by re-running episodes of "Night Court," "Family Ties" and "The Cosby Show" on weekdays.

Not that I can't handle the reruns, I just can't handle the re-reruns.

For instance, there is one episode of "Night Court" in which Judge Stone falls in love with a witch. I swear I must have seen this particular episode three times this year. There is also the "Cosby Show" episode in which Rudy finds a snake in the basement, at least for the second (maybe third) time since January.

And don't think I am slamming channel 3 as a whole — it was declared Texas' United Press International Station of the Year for 1988. But that accomplishment is mainly for news reporting — not for programming.

Then there's A&M's own KAMU, College Station public channel. I must admit they do a nice job, especially with the local "15 Magazine," but there is only so much of "This Old House" or so many of "The Frugal Gourmet" 's vegetable jokes that I can stand.

We need variety! We want interesting programs! We want our MTV!

Then again, I guess we could always forget television and study.

Nah.

Rolling Stones, Strait albums among latest musical releases

By John Righter

Of The Battalion Staff

The Rolling Stones
Steel Wheels
Columbia

In what could be a last hurrah, *Steel Wheels* showcases one of the Rolling Stone's best efforts in recent years. The album is more focused, reverting to a clearer, straightforward sound than the funkier, more soulful 1980s releases *Emotional Rescue* and *Dirty Work*, and quite honestly, Keith Richards sounds damn good, both singing and playing.

Unfortunately, The Rolling Stones have a legacy to respond to, and unless you are completely blind with Stones mania, you have to feel let down. The album is not a bad album; it's simply OK.

"Mixed Emotions," the album's first single, is already an airplay hit, and one of the best "Glimmer Twin" (Jagger/Richards) pieces since *Exile On Main Street* was released.

Three songs later, "Hold On To Your Hat," is a raunchy rocker that has Jagger screaming over the recklessness of a friend. "Get out of the madhouse/You're getting loaded/I've had it all up to here."

And Richards' "Slipping Away" is a moving ballad that ends *Steel Wheels* on a high note. "Here comes just another day/That's drifting away/Every time I draw a breath/It's dying away."

The rest of the album, though, kind of just sits there. "Rock and a Hard Place" is a rehash of "One Hit (To the Body)" with new lyrics. "Break The Spell" and "Hearts For Sale" lack the vitality that works so well in the harder hitting "Mixed Emotions" and "Hold On." And "Continental Drift," complete with African tempo, winds out way beyond its welcome.

To put it in simpler terms, if you are a Stones faithful, you certainly won't be disappointed. I would gladly listen to this over *Dirty Work* or *Emotional Rescue*, and

at times *Steel Wheels* is pretty good. But, it is hard to accept "OK" or "pretty good" from a band that is responsible for such classic albums as *Let It Bleed* and *Exile On Main Street*.

George Strait
Beyond The Blue Neon
MCA

There is no easy way around this one. It's not that I don't admire George Strait's success, or acknowledge that he's got a damn good voice, or even wish that I had all those women drooling over my behind.

It's just that I have a hard time with singers that don't (or can't) write their own songs, and don't play any instruments on their albums (though Strait does play guitar in concert). I can't help but think that they must feel very detached from their music, at least in the studio.

This has been a constant criticism of mine with Strait and once again not a single song credit bares the signature of Gourgeous George.

Beyond The Blue Neon, the latest RCA release for Strait and company, is a very safe, consistent album. It's his usual mix of catchy loops ("Hollywood Squares") and barroom blues ("Angel, Angelina") penned by a variety of country authors.

Apparently Strait and country fans are perfectly content with this stagnant relationship. *Beyond* moves very slowly, increasing in tempo on a few rare occasions, such as "What's Going On In The World" and "Hollywood Squares," but mostly showcases Straits indelible serenades of heartache and heartbreak.

Beyond The Blue Neon will neither amaze nor disappoint loyal Strait fans. It's a predictable album, from a predictable industry, with amazingly predictable results.

Special thanks to Record Bar at Post Oak Mall for use of The Rolling Stone's Steel Wheels and George Strait's Beyond The Blue Neon.

Party

(Continued from page 11)

Station and The Hall of Fame. (Sorry cowboys, Coty's lasted for all of about two months.)

Graham's most enviable asset is its parking lot, which even dwarfs the Zachry staff lot in comparison. Graham's biggest problem is the number of patrons who come to the door without their T.D.L.s (yep, even 18-year-olds need them) and then have to jump back in their pick-up trucks to retrieve them.

The Hall of Fame, having risen from its fiery grave, is for serious buckaroos only. Weekend Warriors who put on the pseudo-boots for fun can find themselves in pretty deep cow patties if they mosey into the path of an ongoing cotton-eyed-joe dance.

The Multiple Personality Partier
Floats from Zephyr's to Graham's to Carney's so fast that the ink on their right hand looks only slightly more intelligible than that of the on-campus shuttle route.

Where should they go? The latest hot spot in town — Sneakers.

Located in the old Cashion Cain building on Harvey Road, the newest nightclub offers something for just about everyone. It's amiable atmosphere, with no cover charge (whoop), should be a big draw in the

near future. Besides its dance floor, pool tables, lunch specials and cozy corners, Sneakers has volleyball tournaments that literally brought the stands down on its first Sunday debut. If you happened to see some of the players, you might know why.

The Avante-Garde Anarchist

These are easy to spot, unless of course you are looking for them at night, in which case they are impossible to see because they are wearing all black. These streamlined students, who probably even surprised themselves by going to a school like A&M, are usually from Texas metropolises and wouldn't be caught dead in the Chicken.

Located on Harvey Road, about 500 feet from Zephyr's, the Parthenon draws a loyal crowd with its video screens, fog-filled dance floors, and a music play list so random that some of the DJs don't even know what's going on.

Where can they be found? The Parthenon.

Located on Harvey Road, about 500 feet from Zephyr's, the Parthenon draws a loyal crowd with its video screens, fog-filled dance floors, and a music play list so random that

some of the DJs don't even know what's going on. To the Parthenon's credit, it pulls some of the best live acts in town. Some of its recent artists: Charlie Sexton, Joe "King" Carrasco, and the Killer Bees.

The Loyal Ag

With the possible exception of the eclectics above, the loyal Ag is all over campus, and by 4 p.m. on Friday afternoon, is located 50 feet north of Moses Hall.

Where can they be found (if you haven't already guessed)? The Dixie Chicken or Duddley's Draw.

Some caution should be used in spotting these students, however. Many of the patrons inside are only pseudo-students and are actually graduates of Class of '49 who are living out a Friday fantasy that their ring was dropped in the pitcher five minutes and not fifty years ago. However, these revelers should be looked upon with some benevolence just in case they possess your resume come May.

Instead, extreme alarm should be placed on the participants seen spilling onto University Drive, who are actually not A&M related at all, but have been found to be the undercover College Station police officers. They may be innocent enough, until you notice their steely gaze as they impatiently wait to catch just one unsuspecting biker climb onto his motorcycle without the mandatory 50-pound helmet.