

Thursday, September 21, 1989

Brussels sprouts, sex surveys and a Florida columnist

Several weeks ago, Scot Walker, the editor of *The Battalion*, shared with you the thoughts of several A&M students about birth control. Reader response was good, and a number of people called in or wrote letters, saying they were glad Scot had written the column.

Of course, we might have gotten that reader response just because Scot's column dealt with **SEX** (you gotta put that word in bold and make it uppercase to draw the reader's attention).

So OK, it could have been just the **SEX** that got the response. Maybe it didn't really matter what Scot was saying about **SEX**, just as long as he was saying something about **SEX**.

But this column isn't about **SEX**. Remember, it's not about **SEX** at all. No **SEX** here.

So this column is not about **SEX**, but it's about another issue that is important to most college students. It's a subject that some people might not want to read about, but it's important nonetheless. Frankly, the time has come to confront this ugly issue:

Brussels sprouts. Who eats 'em and why?

I already had prepared my brussels sprouts survey and was planning to ask a few students to give me their views on brussels sprouts (confidentially, of course) when a friend of mine pointed out that the average college student doesn't give a hoot about brussels sprouts.

"Brussels sprouts is stupid," he said. "Damn stupid."

So today's column will not be about brussels sprouts. Instead it will be about syndicated columnist Dave Barry.

But before we get to Dave, I have a neat trick to show you:

Take your copy of *The Battalion* and place it on a flat surface like a desk or a table. Now press down on the newspaper with the palm of your hand. (This trick will work best if you have sweaty palms like I do.) OK, now remove your hand from the paper and take a look at your palm.

You can read that type right off your own hand, can't you? Amazing!

You won't get reproductive quality like that from the *Chronicle* or the *Morning News*. No sir, only *The Battalion* offers its readers the chance to read the news right off of their own hands. (The secret is our patented E-Z Smudge® ink.)

Actually, we're thinking about centering a new advertising campaign around this concept.

"*The Battalion*: There's always time for the news when it's printed all over your hands."

But back to our topic for the day: syndicated columnist Dave Barry.

As you probably know if you've read any of Dave's columns, Dave is a funny guy. Damn funny.

He writes for a newspaper in Florida — the *Miami Herald*, I think — and his columns appear in other newspapers across the country.

The fact that Dave is such a well-known person makes it difficult for me to say what I'm about to say, especially since he works for an esteemed newspaper like the *Herald*. Dave, if you're out there, just remember that I didn't want it to come to this, but you gave me no choice.

Frankly folks, Dave Barry has been stealing my columns for several years now, and I'm just about sick of it.

In fact, Dave, as I'm sure you'll remember, I even called you one time and tried to straighten out this mess. Do you remember that call, Dave? Do you? Well, good, because I recorded our conversation and

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Dean Sueltenfuss
Lifestyles Editor

Pogues blend rousing Irish tunes, punk style in rollicking concert

By Eric Truax and K. Diane Bell

Special to *The Battalion*

We knew this was gonna be great. The Pogues back in Austin at the Opera House on a Saturday night. Memories of last year's concert at Liberty Lunch lingered, images of people alternately dancing, jumping and jigging to panted-up Irish tunes, beer flowing freely, losing themselves in a joyful celebration of Irishness and rock 'n roll in a hotter-than-hell concert hall.

Those of you who have heard of the Pogues know that they are hard to describe, a neo-punk/folk band that reinterprets the folk tradition with mandolin, accordion, penny whistle, guitars and even a backing brass section. Just as important as the instrumentation is the attitude and image, an image they seem intent on perpetuating.

An image of eight drunken Irish musicians gleefully and fiercely attacking traditional Irish tunes in a way that defies any categorization. An image that was not too far off the mark at last Saturday's concert and which carried over with them afterwards, keeping us from dismissing the image as a package sold to the public.

In case you aren't quite up on your Irish Gaelic, the Pogues' name comes from the phrase "pogue mahone," which translated colloquially means "kiss my ass." This attitude is, it seems, Shane MacGowan's creed in life, apparent as he walks on-stage wearing his Ray-Bans, with a cigarette in one hand, squirt bottle of unknown contents in the other, somehow managing to hold onto the microphone as he snarls incoherently the lyrics of the opening song, "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," from their second album *Rum, Sodomy and the Lash*.

But it makes no difference to the audience that MacGowan can barely stand up, this is what we're here to see, we already know the lyrics.

The Pogues' music is and has always been rooted in a very Irish tradition of enduring oppression, tragedy and misfortune, usually at the hands of the English. On their new album *Peace and Love*, on Island Records, this comes out most vehemently on the song "Young Ned of the Hill." "A curse upon you Oliver Cromwell/You who have raped our Motherland/I hope you're rotting down in hell/For the horrors that you sent to our misfortunate forefathers/Whom you robbed of their birthright..."

Peace and Love is different from their earlier, more "traditional" albums, in that the songs are penned by all of the members of the band, rather than just MacGowan's writings and the band's rearrangement of traditional Irish tunes.

This fact changed the topics and the feel of the songs. They write about what they know best — what it's like to be in a band. Jem Finer wrote the song "Misty Morning, Albert Bridge," a disturbingly sad tune about being on tour and being separated from the woman he loves by an entirely too large ocean.

"Cotton Fields" by MacGowan is about having post-drink paranoia involving crucifixion by critics — the ones at home and the scarier one residing in his own head. "Gartoney Rats" apparently is wishful thinking by the Pogues about a legendary band who could drink until morning but still stay sober. One of the best songs on the album is the hauntingly desperate love song "Lorelei," by Philip Chevron. Listen to it and you tell us what it means.

What this meant for the concert was

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Photo by K. Diane Bell

James Fearnley of the Pogues plays the accordion at their concert last Saturday in Austin.

Shallow Reign to play at Texas Star Tavern Saturday night

By John Righter

Of *The Battalion* Staff

From the inner depths of Deep Ellum comes *Shallow Reign*, a guitar-oriented, '60s-influenced band from the popular Dallas art district.

But Robert Englund, the band's representative, is quick to point out, "Shallow Reign is not just a copy of the '60s' sound, they have a definite alternative outlook combined with some powerful Zeppelinesque guitar crunch. The sound is very accessible."

They will be performing Saturday night at the Texas Star Tavern, marking their second appearance in College Station.

Shallow Reign has played together in its present form for the past five years, releasing their second LP *Strange World* earlier this month. *Strange World* is currently the rave of the Dallas critic circles, reflecting a satisfaction in *Shallow Reign's* broadened tastes.

"The new album is ten times better than the first one (*Shallow Reign*). The style is much more indicative of *Shallow Reign's* direction, a more accessible AOR (album-oriented rock) sound that at the same time doesn't shoot for big time FM airplay. It is very much their own unique sound."

Besides their two albums, *Shallow Reign* has also appeared on a compilation of the

Dallas music scene entitled, *The Sound of Deep Ellum*, contributing a track entitled "Paint The Flowers All Black." The band is also featured in the upcoming Tom Cruise film, "Born on the Fourth of July," in which they perform a version of Credence Clearwater Revival's "Born on the Bayou."

Englund cites the commercialism and new found popularity of the Deep Ellum section as a great boost to *Shallow Reign's* success, one that has enabled them to tour nationwide and open for successful bands like The Cult, The Alarm, Green On Red and The Dream Syndicate.

"All the money coming into this section has enabled the poor kids to get a break. It's been a tremendous boost for bands like *Shallow Reign* who have worked so hard and paid their dues. We no longer have to live in a warehouse."

Shallow Reign is comprised of lead vocalist and guitarist Bob Watson, bassist Mark Thomas, drummer Brad Robertson and guitarist Kit Chambers. The band intends to impress their listeners. In fact, if you're planning on listening to them this weekend, keep in mind that when they played in Denton last month they not only blew out the PA system, but also the lighting and electrical systems.

This won't be a problem for the Texas Star Tavern, but be prepared, these boys come to play.

'Sea of Love' sexy thriller for Pacino

By Todd Stone

Of *The Battalion* Staff

In this barren desert, otherwise known as the Bryan-College Station movie market, "Sea of Love" is an ocean of relief that will cool the hottest movie-goers' desires to see a good film.

"Sea of Love" is a smart, romantic, mystery-thriller that has interesting characters and a surprise ending that won't insult your intelligence.

Al Pacino returns from a four-year film hiatus in "Sea of Love." The performance should re-establish Pacino as one of Hollywood's leading male stars.

Pacino plays a New York detective, Frank Keller, who is an alcoholic who is suffering through a mid-life crisis. He is alone, drinks to make it through the night, and his ex-wife is now married to his partner.

Frank has been a cop for 20 years, but won't think of retiring

because he has nothing else in his life. Then he meets Helen, played by Ellen Barkin, and he falls in love. The only problem is that Helen is a suspect in a murder case that Frank is investigating. The deeper he falls in love during the movie, the more of a suspect Helen becomes. Not only can she break his heart, but she can take his life, too. Who said love was easy?

The story goes back and forth from murder mystery to romance. "Sea of Love" is most effective when developing the romance between Helen and Frank. The romance is interesting because Helen and Frank have been hurt before and are defensive, but still vulnerable.

Pacino and Barkin have an on-screen chemistry that gets your attention, keeps you involved and makes you want their relationship to work.

Barkin, who gained attention for her steamy performance in

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