

## Escort services provide Aggies with on-campus protection

### Police urge more concern for students' well-being

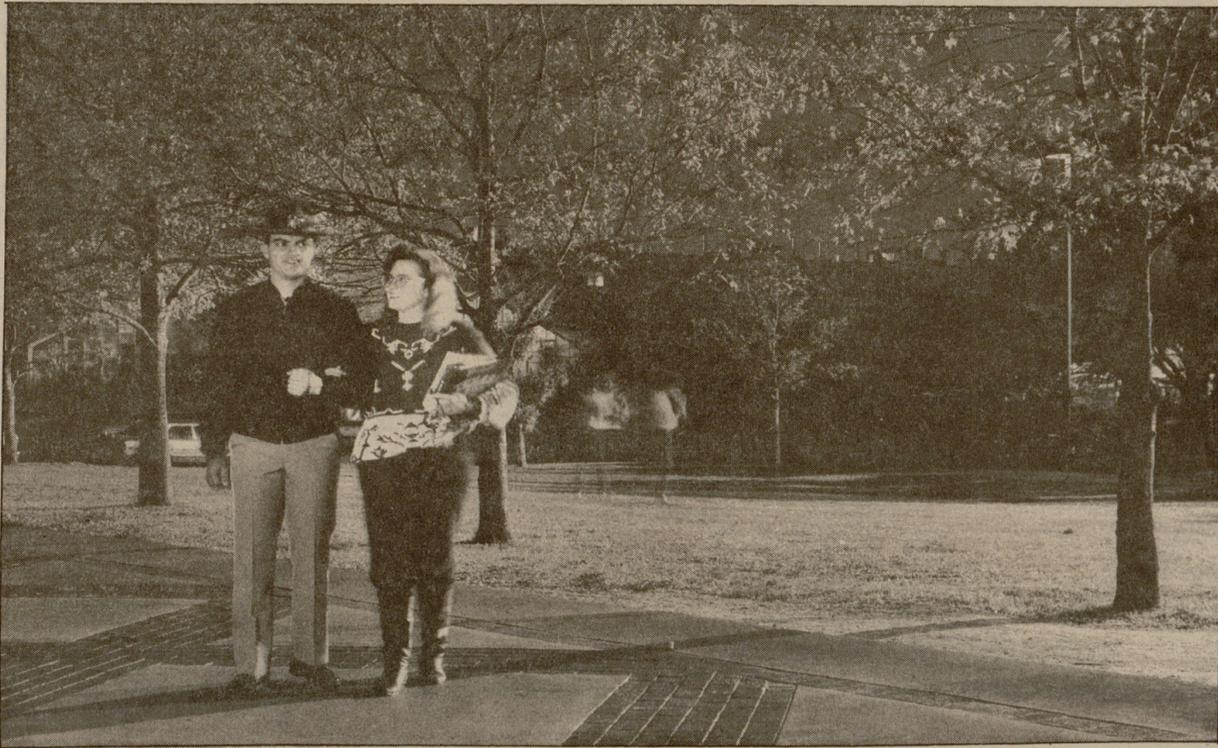


Photo by Mike C. Mulvey

Jim Korry, a member of Squadron 11, escorts Mosher Hall resident Tricia Washburn to the Evans Library.

By Katsy Pittman

Of The Battalion Staff

It's a cold and very dark night as you leave the library and walk toward your car, which, as usual, is parked five miles away. Was that a footstep you heard behind you? You really can't tell since the streetlight is broken.

Why, oh why, didn't you just call one of the campus escort services?

According to Lt. Bert Kretzshmar of the University Police Department, calling an escort service is exactly what the police hope you'll do.

"Personal safety is a big thing around here now," he said. "And the campus police are really pushing it."

The campus police offer an escort service 24 hours a day, and will escort students from anywhere on campus. The best thing about the police escort may be that you get to ride in a police car—without being in trouble.

Eighty-three females used the service last month, but Kretzshmar says the police would like to see more use it.

One reason students don't use the service more often is that they don't realize the officers who patrol parking areas can give people rides.

Police officers don't come right out and approach students, Kretzshmar said, because many girls get the wrong idea when a man (even if he is a police officer) offers them a ride in his car at 2 a.m. in the middle of a deserted parking lot.

Officer Betty LeMay said students should not

hesitate to ask for a ride if they are reluctant to walk across campus by themselves.

"If you see a police officer, flag him down!" LeMay said. "That's why they are out there."

The campus police admit that they occasionally are flooded with calls when students call them at peak hours. However, Kretzshmar said it's far better to wait a few minutes and call back than to take the risk of walking long distances on campus late at night.

The Corps Guard Room also is sometimes overcome by calls, but perhaps that is because it is an even more popular campus escort service.

Brian Robinson, a senior cadet from Uvalde, said the Guard Room sometimes gets up to 60

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## Allen's new movie 'Crimes' might be best effort thus far

By Todd Stone

Of The Battalion Staff

With his most recent film, "Crimes and Misdemeanors," Woody Allen once again proves that he is a master filmmaker.

"Crimes" may be considered Allen's best cinematic effort, combining his dry wit, intellect and feel for drama. Allen also added philosophical perspectives within the story.

"Crimes" is actually two movies in one, or at least two storylines. First, the film is a fascinating character study of a married man, Judah (Martin Landau) trying to end an affair. However, the woman is obsessed with Judah and will not tolerate ending the relationship. She threatens to expose the affair to Judah's wife and to disclose other of his questionable activities.

Although this woman isn't as wacky as Glenn Close in "Fatal Attraction," she is still a serious threat to the entire order of Judah's life. She has the potential to ruin his marriage, family and career. Judah's brother suggests "she can be gotten rid of." Judah has two serious choices: either tell his wife about the affair and hope to be forgiven, or have this psycho-queen killed.

On the lighter side is the story of Carl (Woody Allen). He is a middle-aged, intellectual filmmaker who isn't successful, is stuck in a passionless marriage and must direct a documentary about his wife's pompous brother, Lester (Alan Alda).

Lester is everything Carl isn't. First, he is a successful filmmaker of superficial television shows (anything but public television is superficial, according to Allen). Lester is also charming and handsome, but shallow and vain.

As if Carl doesn't have it bad enough, he is competing with Lester for the affection of one woman, Halley (Mia Farrow) who could bring happiness to Carl's life.

The characters of one story are primarily detached from the characters of the other. The only connection is that Lester's brother is a patient of Judah (who is an optometrist).

The entire cast of characters interacts only during the begin-

ning and end of the movie in large social functions. Otherwise, the film drifts from one story to the other.

Most of the humor of the film occurs during Allen's performance as Carl and Alda's performance as the nauseating Lester.

Allen, who wrote and directed the film, effectively includes classic Woody Allen one-liners as well.

"The last time I was inside a woman was when I visited the Statue of Liberty," Carl complains.



The characters explore many avenues of thought. Judah ponders the value of a human being and the existence of God. Carl tries to discover the source of happiness and true accomplishment in life.

The dilemma each character faces is not happily resolved within two hours of film time. Allen realizes that in reality these questions often are never answered. His conclusions remain open-ended with tidbit phrases such as "we define ourselves by our choices we have made," and "most human beings have the ability to keep trying and find happiness through the simple things."

The movie isn't deep enough to be strictly labeled as an intellectual effort. The story of Judah's dramatic and intense, but the movie has many lighter moments as well. For all the philosophical dilemmas and plots introduced, the film doesn't forget to entertain.

If you are someone who needs a change from the mindless drabble often associated with hit-making films, "Crimes and Misdemeanors" might be the thought-provoking tonic you need.

## For Cryin' Out Loud, these bands ain't Pathetic

### B-CS groups release demo tapes

By John Righter

Of The Battalion Staff

For Cryin' Out Loud  
It's Rainin' Hecpats and Dogmas  
Basilhead

If you were to take the best (or worst—they're both the same) parts of the Dead Milkmen, Violent Femmes, Wall Of Voodoo and the Circle Jerks and cram 'em all into a blender set at ultrahigh, you might just end up with For Cryin' Out Loud, or at least a mutation closer to the truth than I can describe.

But providing an accurate description really doesn't matter, because the band makes no sense whatsoever, and seemingly has no purpose... which is why they are so damn good.

With Chris Cessac on guitars and lead vocals, Bob Burrus on bass and Mike Thompson behind the drum kit, the band has released its second tape, titled *It's Rainin' Hecpats and Dogmas*, which is another dose of three-chord, 60-second bashes that range from surreal to trash-rock to kindergarten rhyme-rock to simple sarcasm and parody.

Twenty-four meaningless tracks grace a tape that is first class all the way down to its title and packaging (a vibrant collage of nonsense and satire). In fact, I had *It's Rainin' Hecpats and Dogmas* penciled in as album title of the year until Ministry released *A Mind Is A Terrible Thing To Taste* this week.

The group will just have to settle for best song parody for its rendition of "I Think We're Alone Now," an even grosser mutation of the Tommy James song than Tiffany's vile effort. It's so sweet to find a band who takes pride in totally dismembering a song, forgetting the lyrics, mutilating the rhythm section, and still releasing it on a tape. Only a band that sings "Bang your Head" to an acoustic guitar would have such wonderful gall.

"Well... I never thought the second verse was nearly as important as the first verse. Sooooo... rather than say the second you get... he he he he," shrieks a snotty Cessac in a ghastly off-tune line during "I Think We're Alone Now."

The whole tape leaves the lesser of us wondering if For Cryin' Out Loud takes anything seriously. Further, with such a perfect blend of vulgar parody, witty satire and original, albeit simple, deliveries, you have to wonder if For Cryin' Out

But this is only a small taste of For Cryin' Out Loud's worldly visions and revealing introspections. "I Want To Have Test-Tube Sex With You," "Surfboard Cowboy" and "My Dog Spider"... are other tales treated with a literary brilliance that most young songwriters only dream of.

Loud doesn't have something beyond a loyal B-CS following.

Just look at the Dead Milkmen. Believe me, For Cryin' Out Loud is better than the Dead Milkmen. Of course a lot of it will depend on whether the band learns to take its unserious approach to music seriously.

But back to the tape. "I don't want to be ketchup/ I don't want to be tomato paste/ Or spaghetti sauce/ But mostly not KETCHUP," is a typical Cessac approach to dealing with his frustration of forsaken ideals and youthful disillusionment.

The end of side two further proves Cessac's importance as a B-CS counter-culture legend, spouting out "Sometimes you meet a person for five minutes and they change your entire way of life... sometimes

not." The biting testimony is intensified with the bizarre rhyme that details the life of a boy named Jimmy and his indecision towards catfish, the twist and beer in a superb portrayal of wasted human endeavor.

But this is only a small taste of For Cryin' Out Loud's worldly visions and revealing introspections. "I Want To Have Test-Tube Sex With You," "Surfboard Cowboy" and "My Dog Spider" (a touching story of the love between a boy and his dog, snuffle, snuffle) are other tales treated with a literary brilliance that most young songwriters only dream of.

For Cryin' Out Loud is to local music what John Waters is to movies—tactless and vile with no aesthetic importance... but oh so enjoyable. *It's Rainin' Hecpats and Dogmas*—buy it, steal it, sell your soul for it—it's worth it.

Pathetic Sketch  
Pathetic Sketch  
Stunes

Mr. Sting look-alike Paul "Stu" Pugh and company headed into Kevin Bomar's Airplay Studio with little idea of what they wanted. Fortunately, they came out of there with an impressive, wonderfully raw demo.

Self-titled, Pathetic Sketch's five-song cassette balances on a tightrope between originality and accessibility. It's definitely their own style, yet it's conventional enough to entertain both classic and college-oriented rockers.

It's not really fair to try and label the trio's sound, but in an attempt to give you an idea, it falls somewhere in a triangle of Eric Clapton, Guadacanal Diary and Todd Rundgren.

Of course they are no where near as talented or accomplished as any of the above, but these predictable weaknesses work in their favor. Playing with a noticeable uncertainty, the band (Pugh, guitars and lead vocals;



The Kerouacs are one of several Bryan-College Station bands that have released

demo tapes. Others include Pathetic Sketch and For Cryin' Out Loud.

Brian Kravlevich, bass and Mark McSwain, drums) holds back some of its live energy, and surprisingly showcases Pugh's less-than-perfect vocals.

Stripping down their sound to the raw basics, Pathetic Sketch stays within the plane of simple, steady arrangements, placing well-deserved emphasis on Pugh's and Kravlevich's lyrics. No they're not incredible lyrics, but they give their authors the impression that they are, which is sometimes good enough. And at least Pathetic Sketch decided to venture out beyond regurgitated spiels of lost love and college addictions.

The finale, "Driving By Your House," is a beautifully arranged song. A true work of musicianship, the song forcefully hides its rhythm

in the back of your mind, peeping up when you least expect it.

"Poet's Lair" and "To The Sky" are other gems, simple melodies that are beautiful in their starkness. Even the questionable "Bomb," a weak, overdone jab at satire, still retains some freshness with Pugh's tongue-in-cheek delivery.

Unfortunately, at the end of this semester Pathetic Sketch will most likely call it quits. With graduation, the band will vanish with only a few people having heard them. This demo will disappear just as quietly, which is a shame. It certainly is not in danger of stealing a major record contract, but it is a wonderful documentary of three people who decided to go into a studio and record their feelings and inspirations on

tape. Pathetic Sketch is definitely worth your effort to find.

The Kerouacs  
Another Day Older...  
Drutunes

It's strange. The Kerouacs without question the most talented (and popular) of the three bands, and their demo is really good, if you can stand straightforward rock 'n' roll. There is no gimmick behind the Kerouacs. They are just four good musicians quite content with AC/DC-style rock. Which isn't bad, but just boring compared to the rawness of For Cryin' Out Loud and the raw hummings of Pathetic Sketch.

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