

Serving up some canine rock'n'roll

By ALLISON PIKE
Staff Writer

One day during Christmas break I went to the local shopping center to pick up some toothpaste. Before I could get into the drugstore, though, I had to play Russian Roulette with three adolescent skateboarders who were careening and zig-zagging across the sidewalk. After a few near misses I finally made it inside. It wasn't until I was heading for the check-out line that I spotted the trio again. The one with the upturned baseball cap was buying gum. The other two were drooling over the latest issue of People magazine, which featured a cover shot of Drew Barrymore. "She's soooo sexy," the one with the bandana proclaimed about the 13-year-old actress of "E.T." fame. At that moment only one thing came to mind — the new album by Doggy Style.

Although relatively unknown in the Southeast, this fivesome has established quite a reputation for itself on the West Coast, where the band wreaks havoc from "behind the Orange Curtain," i.e. Orange County, Calif. "We might be dicks, but we're good at it," is Doggy Style's motto. These guys make the Beastie Boys look like saints.

"Don't Hit Me Up" is the band's fourth LP. The lineup has shifted over the past five years, but it seems to have reached a stasis with Hedge and Bosco on guitars, Ray Beez on bass, Rib Finley on vocals, and Danny Stone on drums. Maybe this lineup has stayed intact because all the members share a favorite hobby: skateboarding.

Those skateboarding dudes who



Hey, skateboard enthusiasts! Meet bosco, raybeez, hedge stone and rib finley, the West Coast rockers, Doggy Style.

spend their weekends trying to break their necks out in the Pit would love this album. In fact, they'd probably call it "bitchin'" or whatever the terminology is these days. With songs like "Goofy Head" and "The Heffas," and lyrics such as: "You're my friend. I'm gonna beat you up," or "Meet Mastro. Bitch Tygo. Dog Catcho. Eat your bon bon voyage," this is your basic slam dancing, head banging, ultra skateboarding hardcore music. The record's frantic pounding rhythm combined with zany, moronic lyrics would probably make the Dead Kennedys or Black Flag laugh.

But why not laugh? These guys

are just a bunch of 19- to 20-year-olds banging their instruments. They're just having a little fun while they're not skateboarding.

So, what does all this mean to the average college intellect? I'm embarrassed to admit that a few of the songs on this album actually set my toes tapping. The title song isn't half bad, and it's even danceable. The chorus of "Bon Bon Voyage" locks into your brain before the song is half through,

and before you know it, you're chanting along with Rib Finley. Believe it or not, these guys aren't totally brain dead. They do address some relevant issues: friendship, family life and the draft.

Also, a surprisingly out-of-character subject is found within the lyrics of "Useless Toy." This song, which discusses the horror and violence of rape with a sympathetic attitude toward the woman, is almost a ballad (if such

a song type exists in this genre of music).

Musically speaking, the highlights of this record are the few catchy guitar riffs scattered here and there in the songs. As for Finley's vocals, I can sing just as well with a frog in my throat.

Rumor has it that Doggy Style will be touring after winter. So, if you see any of those dudes out in the Pit, be sure to let them know.

General College

By ANNE-RENEE RICE
Staff Writer

For those of you who missed "General College's" season finale, here's a recap, which opened up many new doors and closed others that had been open too long. Soap operas sometimes tend to drag, but that's their nature — right?

Mr. Kingsley discovered that Sarah caused herself to have a car wreck in order to make him feel sorry for her. What a smart plan, sweetie!

However, she was still missing and only Lisa knew her whereabouts. Kingsley can't figure the deal out.

Jack is making a deal and is headed to Chicago to check out a contract there. He's through with his pseudo-amourous fling with Priscilla.

"Jack is still in love with you, Alex," said one of Alex's friends. "He's at the airport now — you've got to catch him!"

So, Alex takes off running around RDU Airport hot on Jack's trail. Of course, they never get to talk; we're supposed to wait

several weeks to see if his plane leaves or what. It could be interesting . . . it could be awhile.

Courtney received a phone call by an anonymous caller.

"Don't go to your lab tonight, Courtney," the voice said. "What happened to Jason will happen to you."

Courtney thought it was her ex-boyfriend, Darryl, and hung up on the caller. Then she called Darryl and flew into a rage.

"I can't believe you just called me and acted like that. I now know that it was you who beat up Jason, and you tried to make it look like his Tri Psi brothers," she screamed.

"But Courtney," Darryl said, "it wasn't me that just called!"

Obviously an insider to the situation was giving her the scoop on her fate for the evening. But will she heed to the warning?

Ken prepares a romantic birthday dinner in his room for his new girlfriend, Violet. But that isn't all he prepares for.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked.

"Well, I never have before," she said, "I know this is such a cliché, but will you respect me in the morning?"

(Yes, Violet, that line is a little trite.)

And with a cheesy, but sincere grin, Ken replied, "Will you respect me?"

Anyway, they decide to take the plunge, but, not before Safe Sex is discussed. Planned Parenthood would be proud. They've both been on trips to the drugstore, now the big question is which fashion statement to make. Purple is rumored to be a good color this year . . .

Mary Catherine packed her bags and left her jerk husband Brendan while he was sound asleep.

Kyle was still in the hospital. Meg had been visiting her rape counselor just down the hall from him. She popped in Kyle's room to say hi.

"Kyle, Kyle, wake up! Oh my God — no!" she screamed.

Kyle was holding an empty bottle. He must have overdosed — or did he? Perhaps his depression got the best of him.

And so, "General College" left us with many new mysteries to ponder over the holidays. Be sure to check out the new year's episodes on Monday through Thursday nights at 11 p.m. on channel 11.

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