

Moving from mush to a masterpiece

Remember that old TV show "The Girl With Something Extra"? It starred Sally Field as a girl who could read people's minds.



Kathy Wiesepape

I always thought that would be great. For one thing, classes would be much more entertaining. What's that brown-nosing business student really thinking as he feigns intense interest in the lecture? What's that snoring cadet dreaming about?

It could also be profitable. Is my smiling calculus prof planning to nail us with a quiz next week? Are the IBM interviewers really impressed with my resume or do they just want to get this over with and go to lunch?

And think of the broader implications. I'd love to find out if David Alders really thinks he's serving the student body, or if the regents are thinking about firing Jackie Sherrill, or what new national strategies Ronald Reagan is kicking around in his head. The possibilities are endless.

But to have people read my mind — well, that's another story. I consider it a very private place. For one thing, my mind is such a confused mess most of the time. It's almost as bad as my room on Saturday afternoon after I've spread books all over the floor during an extended study session, covered them with piles of laundry in progress, balanced the makeup and hot curlers on top of that, and spent half an hour throwing clothes around, trying on everything in my closet to decide what to wear that night.

As a general rule, that's about how organized my mind is. Most of the time, I try to ignore the muddle and go on as best I can. Anyone trying to make any sense of all the stuff that's in there would be appalled.

The only time I can't ignore my messy mind is when I write. Then I have to take all that garbage, throw it into the typewriter, get it in some kind of readable form, and force myself to look at it. Then I can play with it, switch things around, and try to make it into some kind of sense.

The first stages of writing are almost as personal to me as what goes on in my

mind. In my first reporting class, when my instructor would look over my shoulder as I typed, I had to fight back the urge to throw my body over the lens to block his line of vision.

Two years later, I've resigned myself to working in a crowded, noisy newsroom with people looking over my shoulder every ten minutes at the unintelligible mumble appearing on the VDT. Sometimes I even leave unfinished stories in the system, where a bored journalism student can open it up and have a good laugh.

But when my mental garbage ends up in *The Battalion*, where any bored A&M student can open it up and have a good laugh and wonder what in the world is going on over here at Reed McDonald — that's another story. When it appears on page 2 with my picture and my name on it, it's painful.

See, last week I was working on two columns. Both were in the computer. On Wednesday, one was finished. One wasn't even close.

The finished one was a nice little piece on tourist traps like the Hard Rock Cafe in London. The unfinished one was a bunch of mush that was trying to be worked into some sort of column to wrap up my series on Great Britain.

On Thursday, when I opened up *The Battalion*, there was my column. Unfinished. Mush. Topped with a headline calling me an ugly American.

I was horrified. I called my lawyer and asked if I could claim violation of privacy. He said I'd have a hard time convincing a judge that my editor read my mind and then passed the contents on to the the student body.

I still don't quite understand the muddled explanations I've heard of how this happened. I'll leave that one up to the management. I was promised it wouldn't happen again, but I have to confess I'm a bit worried. My journal from this summer is in the system right now, part of an independent study project I've been working on. I'm expecting that to be front page news any day now.

This is one of those things my mother says I'll laugh about in a couple of years. It's been a week and I haven't laughed yet.

Kathy Wiesepape is a weekly columnist for *The Battalion*. Her column appears on Thursdays.

LETTERS:

Cassavoy wrong about Student Senate

EDITOR:

In response to Ed Cassavoy's article "Real Student Leaders . . . don't wear tweed," I disagree with his view that the Student Senators do nothing. I am the Senator for Krueger, Spence, and Briggs. Each week after the Senate meetings I speak to these three dorm councils and inform them of what was done in the Senate at the last meeting date. Each time I have asked for suggestions or opinions, if they would like to accompany me to a Senate meeting, or work on any of the legislative committees. It may be the students, not the student leaders, which are apathetic.

Jana Ahlfinger
Class of '86

Alders: snake-oil salesman or leader?

EDITOR:

To: David Alders, Student Body President:

I'm sure that somewhere there are

one or two people who were able to decipher your letter which appeared in Tuesday's "Readers Forum."

Perhaps in the Philosophy department (Greek division). But to certain of us in your constituency, you came across as a double-talking snake-oil salesman type whose only purpose in submitting that cryptic passage for print was so that the RIGHT person(s) would be impressed by your literary versatility. Literary idiocy is more like it!

A book on nuclear engineering theory would be light reading compared with your prose.

Who was your audience?!? A gnome at the Smithsonian Institution? If you intend to try to relate to the student body then RELATE! The use of esoteric vocabulary and convoluted logic may be fine for the ivory-tower boys, but if you want any credibility with the students whose best interests you allegedly represent then you should consider changing your style. Maybe the Student Senate will appropriate funds to buy you a copy of Roget's Thesaurus. Why don't you try again next week with another subject? Such as the effectiveness of student government executive branch communications?

Hennon Gilbert, Jr.
Class of '84

Alders flinging bovine excrement

EDITOR:

Mr. Alders:

In regards to the recent piece of abusive prose to which the public was subjected by your hand, let me say that a crime has been perpetrated by yourself which justifies your vituperative flagellation by offended users of the King's English. It is with extreme amazement that I am able to observe in the aforementioned letter that a coherent concept was put forth within the editorial bounds regarding length of a submitted letter.

I will refrain from putting to paper inflammatory thoughts regarding your cloying and conciliatory attitude toward the administration and instead impugn the mechanics of your prose by making light of your propensity to fling the bovine excrement. Your verbosity is not impressive.

Chris Smallwood
Class of '85

Aggie football: too big for britches

EDITOR:

I saw my first Aggie home game this past Saturday and I have figured out what is wrong with the Aggies. After seeing the first three games on T.V. I had my suspicions, but seeing them in person confirmed it.

Their pants are too small. That's the

whole problem. Those poor boys are running around and tackling people in britches that are just barely removed from being lewd. They say the Aggies have been tentative and unaggressive. You would be too if your pants were about to come off in front of 50,000 people. It's especially hard on the linemen, having to hunker down in their stance with those tight uniforms cutting off their wind while trying not to moon the Fightin' Texas Aggie Band, Yell Leaders, etc. That's why they have been jumping offside so much . . . they can't stand to stay down for long.

I recommend the quarterback step up the snap count and quit calling audibles. The line may suffocate otherwise. All the holding calls are caused by the players grabbing for their clothes and getting the other guys.

So let's stop all this complaining about the coaches and players. Fire the haberdasher and let's get some good Ag to spring for some new uniforms. At least buy some shirts that can be tucked in. That will provide a little more dignity. In the meantime, suck in that gut, Army, and play ball.

Mike Matthews
Class of '79

Jackie for President?

EDITOR:

Dear Jackie,

Have you ever considered politics?

Roy Quinby
College Station

Another way to deal with GSS 'problem'

EDITOR:

The means of dealing with the issue of the GSS has already been given to us a long time ago. I believe this issue is not a matter of human nature, but rather one of morality. What better source is there to go to for morality guidelines than God's word?

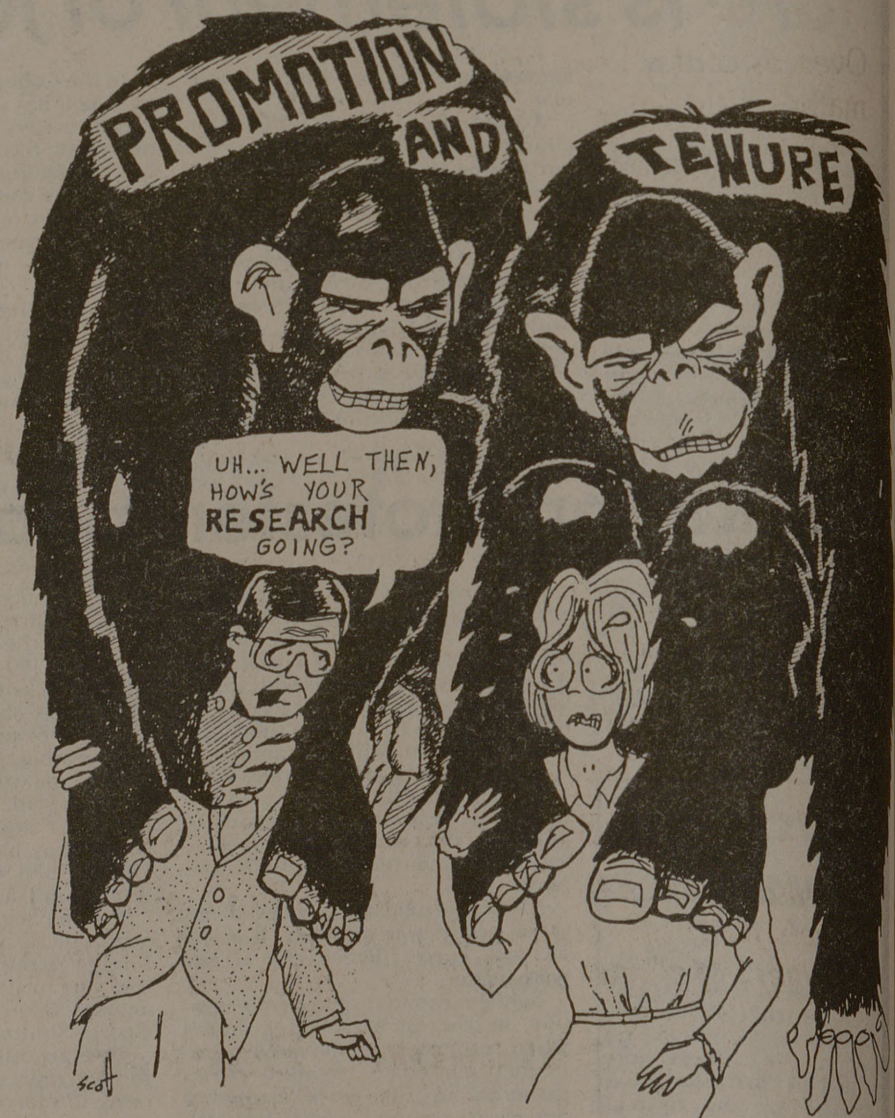
. . . The men abandoned the natural function of the woman and burned in their desire toward one another, men with men committing indecent acts . . .

. . . And although they know the ordinance of God, that those who practice such things are worthy of death, they not only do the same, but also give hearty approval to those who practice them.

Romans 1:27,32

If God will not let homosexuals into his kingdom, I do not see how we can recognize them as an active part of Texas A&M.

Daniel Holland
Class of '88



The Battalion
USPS 045 360
Member of
Texas Press Association
Southwest Journalism Conference
In memoriam
Bill Robinson, 1962-1984, Editor

The Battalion Editorial Board
Stephanie Ross, Editor
Patrice Koranek, Managing Editor
Shelley Hoekstra, City Editor
Brigid Brockman, News Editor
Donn Friedman, Editorial Page Editor
Bonnie Langford, News Editor
Ed Cassavoy, Sports Editor

The Battalion Staff
Assistant City Editors Melissa Adair, Michelle Powe
Assistant News Editors Rhonda Snider, Kellie Dworaczky, Lauri Reese
Assistant Sports Editor Travis Tingle
Editorial Cartoonist Mike Lane
Make-up Editor John Hallett
Copy Editors Kathy Breard, Kave Pahmeier, Cyndy Davis, Patricia Flint

Editorial Policy
The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting newspaper operated as a community service to Texas A&M and Bryan-College Station.
Opinions expressed in *The Battalion* are those of the Editorial Board or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.
The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Communications.

Letters Policy
Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for style and length but will make every effort to maintain the author's intent. Each letter must be signed and must include the address and telephone number of the writer.

The Battalion is published Monday through Friday during Texas A&M regular semesters, except for holiday and examination periods. Mail subscriptions are \$16.75 per semester, \$33.25 per school year and \$35 per full year. Advertising rates furnished on request.

Our address: The Battalion, 218 Reed McDonald Building, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843. Editorial staff phone number: (409) 845-2630. Advertising: (409) 845-2611.

Second class postage paid at College Station, TX 77843.