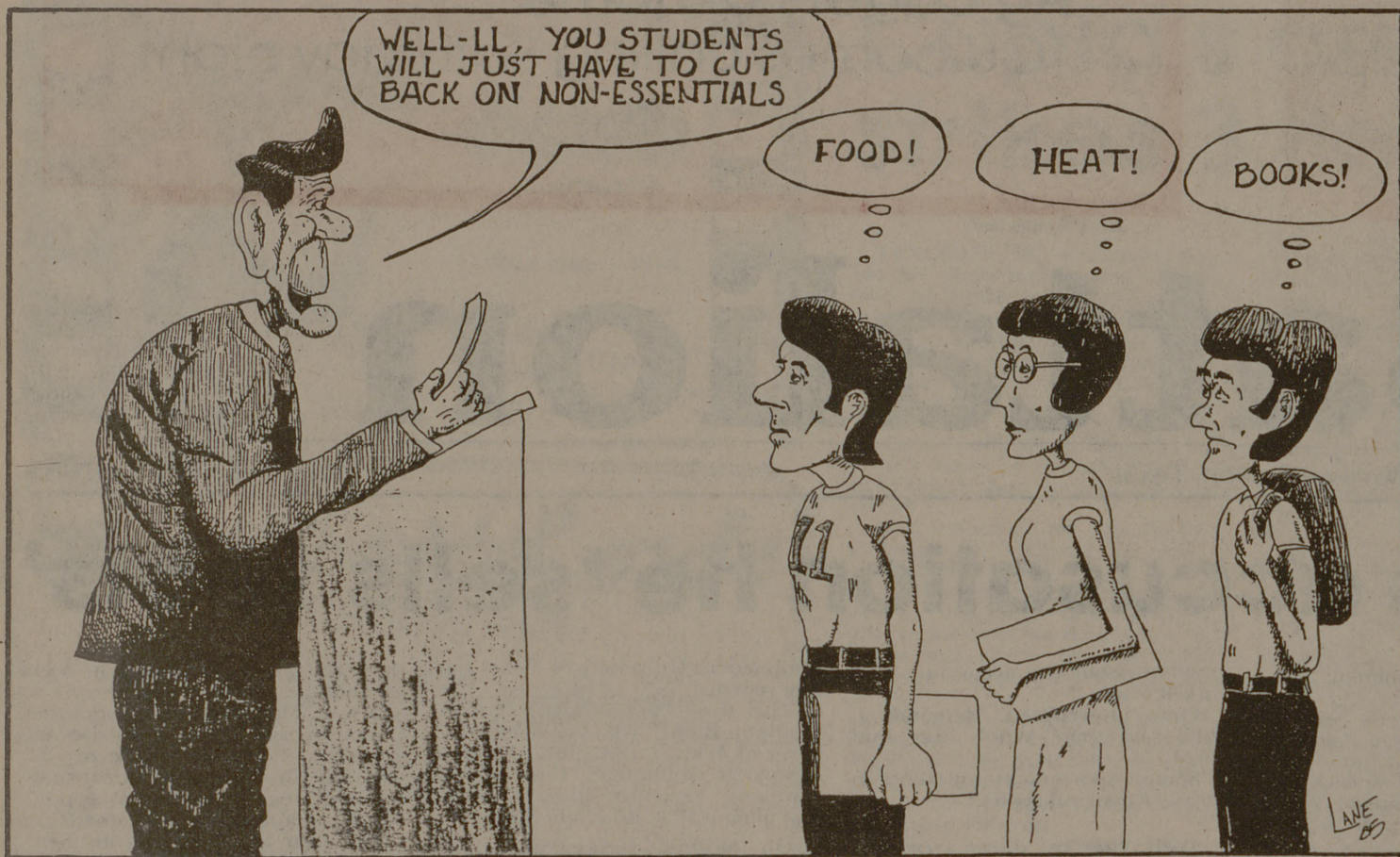


OPINION



There's no quiet place in entire galaxy

# Silence isn't golden; it's dead

Chatter. Chatter. Chatter.

If silence was the only thing golden there would be no gold left in our galaxy.

Chatter, chatter, chatter.

There's not a quiet place to be found within 400 light years of the planet Earth.

Everywhere you turn — well actually you don't even have to turn — you hear something. Noise pollution.

Noise is the most inescapable form of pollution — and it is hazardous to your health, according to an article in the March issue of Science Digest.

Studies show noise pollution can reduce learning ability and hurt the ears. There even are indications it can injure the brain.

The Science Digest report states that in several animal experiments, 65 decibels of sound — the noise level of an air conditioner — damaged the brain stem.



Kellie Dworczyk

A lot of people are concerned about protecting the earthly environment from land-type pollution.

What about noise pollution?

Noise pollution is of course relative to a personal definition of noise. Is a taxi driving by honking its horn noise? Maybe not if you live in New York and have a fondness for the city. Is a tractor moving through a field noise? Maybe not if you live in the country and have a fondness for such things.

Noise pollution has become so pervasive no matter what noises you have a fondness for or what noises you voluntarily surround yourself with there are always pollutants and polluters.

Stand in line at the grocery store, jingle your keys. Walk across campus, turn up the walkman. Buy new shoes, walk so you can listen to them squeak. Drink a cup of coffee, drum your fingers on the cup.

Stand on Mars, hear a piece of a U.S. satellite fly by. Relax on a star, hear music blasting from the Shuttle. Try to catch some sleep in a quiet hole in an unknown part of the galaxy and hear clat-

ters and clanks from the newest space pollutant from Earth, heavenly hearses carrying cremated bodies.

When you want to talk to someone, do you quietly send them a letter with minimum paper rustling? No, instead you yell across the room, the field or, with the help of a telephone, the world. What happened to smoke signals?

The worst noises are ones that wake you up. Slamming doors between midnight and noon. Ringing telephones between midnight and noon. Hairdryers. Stereos. Barking dogs. Cats in heat.

Rumor has it you can find quiet in the country. Get up early to watch a country sunset, hear the Concord fly by. Walk through the crop fields, listen to the highway department resurface the farm road.

If man can invent spectacular things like ink pens that write upside down and eye glasses that change color when you go into the sunlight, why can't we have one quietly, golden place in our galaxy?

Kellie Dworczyk is the news editor for The Battalion.

# Why bog down our minds with thought?



Ed Cassavoy

I hear the Board of Regents might consider incorporating Newspeak into the University regulations. It's about time.

Around A&M, things are getting pretty wild. Why on Wednesday Miss Texas A&M was the guest speaker at Sully's Symposium. She talked about all the controversial things beauty pageant contestants do.

I was shocked and amazed. Who are these vendors of freethinking infesting the campus like so many Red agitators?

Everywhere I look I hear outrageous statements and subversive talk. I heard the word "gay" five times today, two of those were in the Quad. If you can't trust the Corps to uphold A&M traditions who can you trust?

That is why I welcome Newspeak as the official language of A&M.

It would be glorious to have a whole new straightjacket to tie up my mind. Sanitize and purify too, just like a toilet bowl cleaner.

We already have some wonderfully nebulous terms to incorporate into our new lexicon.

Words such as "Good Ag" and "Hump it." Those are the type of meaningless words that make me swoon with pleasure.

"Good Ag" for example has been linguistically pulverized to the point that I couldn't even begin to give you a definition of the word.

The concept of Newspeak is to simplify the world. And God knows we need that at A&M.

I get tired of thinking about important, relevant things. I want to think more about the new car I want, or my new squash outfit or the next football game.

My life would be thankfully simplified by adding wonderful words like "ungood" to my vocabulary.

Then it would be easy to pigeonhole things here and in the world. The Battalion is ungood. Teasips are ungood. Gays are doubleplusungood. See? It's simple.

I just want to erase all those arguments about Ronald Reagan being a simpleton, or that women are equal. Who needs to hear that kind of closed-minded thinking?

I want a world of true free thinkers. As in free-of-thoughts.

Thoughtcrime to me means allowing people on campus who dare to debate the existence of God. I think the existence of McDonald's is evidence enough of His divine plan.

As for Ronald Reagan, I like a President who admits he doesn't read one whole book in a year. I like having a man running the country who does care for those complicated details.

Reagan's mind is as clear and devoid of intense thought as a blue cloudy sky.

That is bliss. Someone should get that damn pro who said "Life is complicated" and teach him how to play racquetball.

That is reality. I just want a world where I don't have to worry.

Yankees are another one of those doubleplusungood things about A&M. They come down here and just turn our life into a horror picture.

They come here with their mascot cents and Big Apple T-shirts and we and complain and talk about home and the Cubs.

They have strong opinions. And they're not afraid to say them out loud. But a cure, a balm to soothe our mental aches is here.

Yuppies.

They are clean and neat and nice. Real nice. And, what's more, they're into the nice narrow world I am constructing for myself.

I want to dress all my pets in three-piece suits. I want to make squash a national religion.

I want Perrier gushing from all the faucets and a Saab in every garage. I want free enterprise and more cable television. I want money.

Money is easy, simple. You earn it, spend it and then find another tax shelter.

Events such as acid rain, nuclear war and whatever happens in the rest of the world are just the blurred images before for a half hour before the A-Team. All I only watch the news to see what I'm wearing.

So the next time you see someone on campus attempting to exercise the freedom of speech, don't hesitate to shout them down. Remember that the might actually attempt to reason with you.

I'll be right behind you.

Ed Cassavoy is the city editor and weekly columnist for The Battalion.

# Gold cards persuasive

By ART BUCHWALD  
Columnist for The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

From a Newsweek story on Yuppies: "When American Express found that women were not responding to their overwhelmingly male 'Do You Know Me?' series, it launched its 'Interesting Lives' campaign, which features up-to-date activities such as (a woman) taking a man out to dinner to break in her card."

I've seen the ads on TV and I've been impressed with them. But I've always wondered what happens after the girl shows her charge card to the good-looking guy in the lobby of the skyscraper, and they go off to a very expensive restaurant.

The maitre d'hotel presents the menus.

Woman with credit card to male guest: What is your pleasure?

He: Why don't you order for the both of us?

She: Pasta verdi with pesto sauce, steak Diane, souffle potatoes, endive salad with the house dressing, and a bottle of the nouveau Beaujolais, slightly chilled. Kiwi souffle for dessert.

He: You certainly know your food.

She: You have to if you're on the fast track.

He: I usually don't go to dinner with married women.

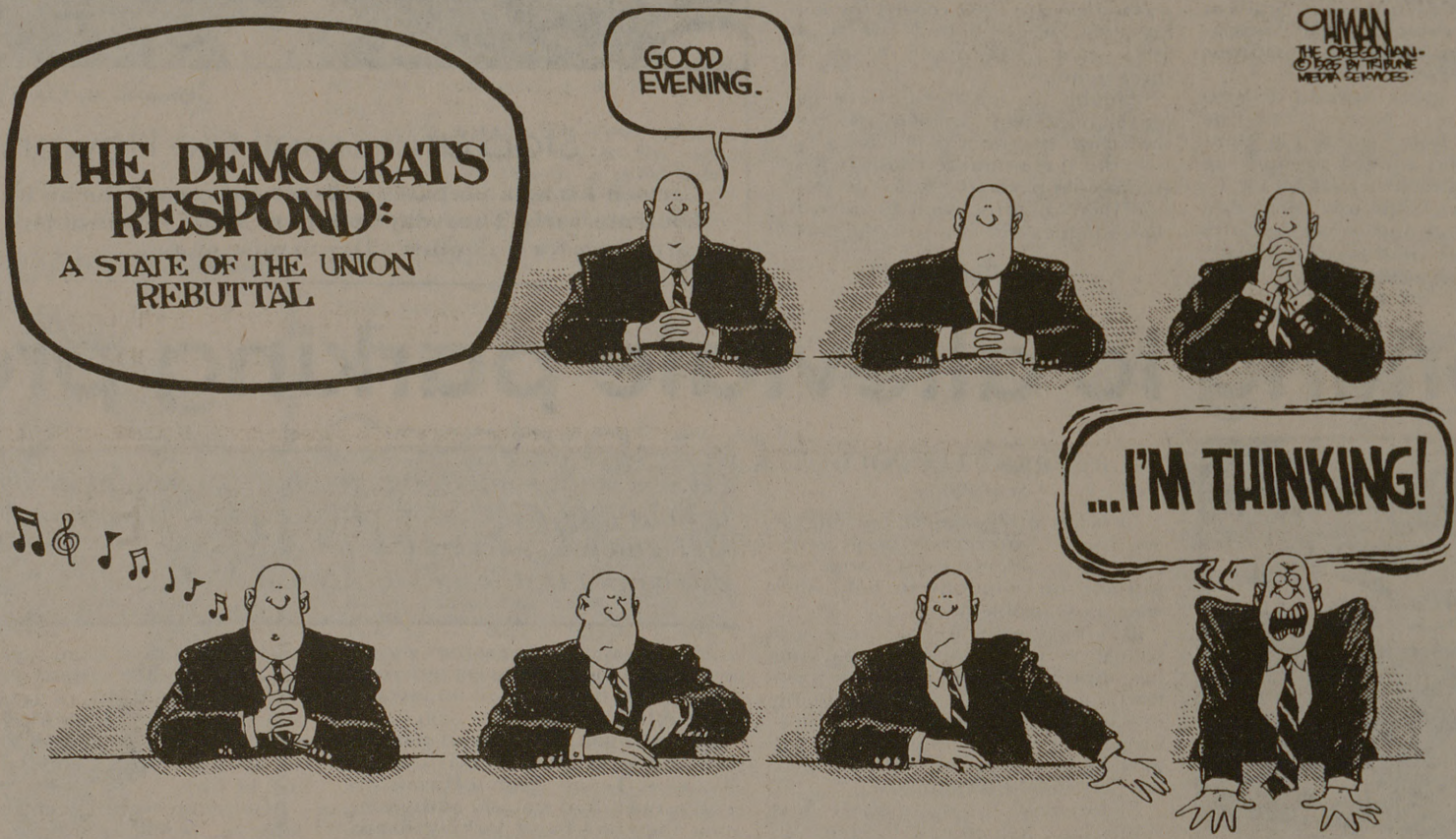
She: Come on, loosen up. We're out to have a fun evening.

He: I just didn't want you to get any ideas because you're buying me a meal that it will lead to something later on.

She: What kind of upwardly mobile person do you think I am? Have some more wine. Let's drink to having it all and having it now.

He: Having what now?

She: Did anyone ever tell you that you have beautiful eyes? Talk to me a little about yourself.



He: It's nothing exciting. I was raised in Iowa and came to the Big Apple to make a name in advertising.

She: I have some influential friends on Madison Avenue that might help you. They all owe me favors. Here's my card.

He: Please don't do that.

She: Do what?

He: Hold my hand. I'm not that kind of guy.

She: What kind is that?

He: You know. Someone who sleeps around with any woman who has a gold credit card.

She: Let me refill your glass.

He: You're trying to get me drunk, so I won't know what I'm doing.

She: How can you say that? I

wouldn't be a vice-president of marketing if people didn't trust me.

He: Let's talk about your husband. What kind of person is he?

She: Let's just say he doesn't understand me. He's boring. All he wants to talk about is having children.

He: And you don't want children?

She: They don't issue gold credit cards to women who buy Pampers.

He: Please take your hand off my knee.

She: I was trying to find my napkin. Here, have another glass of wine with your steak Diane. Do you find me attractive?

He: Very much. But can't we just have a nice dinner and be friends?

She: We are friends. I genuinely like you for your mind. What health club do you go to?

He: I'm starting to feel tipsy. Maybe you better take me home.

She: If that's what you want. We could have a nightcap at your place.

He: No way. I told you not to get any ideas about the evening.

She: But we're the "Me" generation, and we have the whole night ahead of us.

He: I vowed never to get involved with a married woman.

She: Why on earth not?

He: Because I don't want to be the "other man," waiting for the phone ring while you're buying your husband dinner with your gold credit card.

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The Battalion also serves as a laboratory newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photography classes within the Department of Communications.

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