

# Opinion

## 'In Search Of' a quiet place in the library

"OK, everyone ready? We'll start with a fade-in from black, focus on the library doors, and then center in on Leonard standing here by the garbage can. Ready. On three. One... two... three, take it."



Mark Nair

The taping begins. "Good evening. I'm Leonard Nimoy and this is 'In Search Of...' Tonight, we take you to one of the farthest reaches of human imagination, to one of the deepest mysteries in existence. We are here, on the Texas A&M University campus to find out if the legendary tales of a hidden, quiet study area in the Sterling C. Evans library are true. Is there, as many believe, a secret, secluded spot where one can study without interruption and noise? Or, like many others believe, is this quiet area merely a dreamy student's nirvana that really does not exist at all? Let us now begin our spelunking into the realms of the unknown, the mysterious, and the bizarre. Let us go in search of... a quiet place to study in the Evans Library." "Cut. Good, good. Take ten while we set up the next shot. And Leonard, hit make-up. Linda, do something with him, will you?" The crew sets up in the library. Many people rush around wielding large pieces of mechanical equipment. Linda delicately applies powder to Leonard's face. Leonard is drinking black coffee. "OK, people, OK. Let's get to it. Leonard, chop, chop. Come on. Let's go."

Everyone rushes around. "All right, people. Leonard? On three. Ready? One... two... three, take it." "It is rumored that the quiet place we search for exists in what is commonly called 'the stacks.' Where are these so-called 'stacks'? Is this area really quiet? We interview to find out. With us is Mr. I. M. Hick, an eighteenth year senior in electrical engineering. Welcome, Mr. Hick." "Hahdee." "Mr. Hick, you tell us that once, long ago, there was actually a quiet area in this library." "Yah, sir. That's right. I got pitchers." "Could you show us?" "The pitchers?" "And the once-quiet area." "OK. Boy hahdee." Leonard accompanies Mr. Hick back into the depths of the library. The camera follows. "It was rightcha here." "I see, Mr. Hicks. Now, there seem to be two smartly dressed people whispering here." "People are always whispering around here, nowadays. It's the Republicans, I'll tell ya. They're responsible for it." "And you have pictures?" "Yah, sir. That's right. I got pitchers. Here tis." "Well, Mr. Hick, this looks suspiciously like a large tree stump in the middle of a lake." "Aw, shoot. Wrong pitcher. That's my Loch Ness Monster one. Yuck, yuck. Here ya go." "Hmmm, it does seem to be quiet in this picture." "Don't it though?"

"And you were around when it was actually quiet here?" "Sure enough. Took the pitcher, didn't I?" "Strange. Is this evidence of a quiet place in the library? We'll find out after this." Commercial. "With us now, is the noise expert-in-residence, Dr. Quigly Shutup. Dr. Shutup, can you tell us exactly why the library isn't quiet any longer?" "Certainly. There are factions developing here in the Sterling C. Evans library, factions which are insidious and evil. Factions composed of sororites and fraternities." "Yes?" "Indeed. They come to our haven of study and talk. Some whisper, but their whispering sounds like gas escaping from a 747 spare tire. It's louder than talking in a normal voice." "Indeed." "And some talk in low, booming tones. The floor vibrates when this happens." "Interesting." "And then there are the laughers, and sneezers, and coughers, and wheezers."

"And green eggs and ham, said Sam I am." "What?" "Oh, sorry. That was just a little joke." "Humph. Anyway, Leonard, it has come to a point now in our dwelling of many books that there is simply no quiet place to study any longer. It's a place of social gathering, not study. In fact, the group study areas are quieter than the quiet areas." "Astounding." "It sure is. And then, oh, get this, the Walkman Zombies." "Sounds mysterious. What are they?" "The Walkman Zombies are people that come here to 'study' with their trusty Walkmans and end up wandering around with the music coming full blast from those itty-bitty headphones." "But surely that can't be loud." "Loud! Loud! Jeez, try deafening. And those people just wander around, or when they find a seat, just sit there and listen to the music. I suppose they don't realize that the entire rest of the floor can hear it, too." "I suppose not." "Ah, Leonard, there just isn't any place to study in solitude here anymore."

Oh, gosh, I'm cracking up. It's just so much stress." The director is twirling his hair. It is time to go. "Oh, look. It is time to go. And on again on 'In Search Of...' we have terminated pretty much nothing. We delved into the depths of mystery and have found nothing. We have been in the stacks in the cave of the fascinat and have lost our lanterns. We have even for intelligent-sounding metaphors and have failed miserably. Until next week, then, this is Leonard Nimoy." "Cut. Good. Now... oh, wait a minute. Leonard, are you... You aren't you. Great. That's just great. Everyone, we have to do it over. Leonard's been wearing his ears again." The crew moans. "Come on, chop, chop. Let's get on side. Same as last time. And Leonard get rid of those ears." "Boy, I hate this job." "What'd you say, Leonard?" "Nothing. Nothing at all." Mark Nair is a senior political science major and a columnist for The Battalion.

### Mail Call

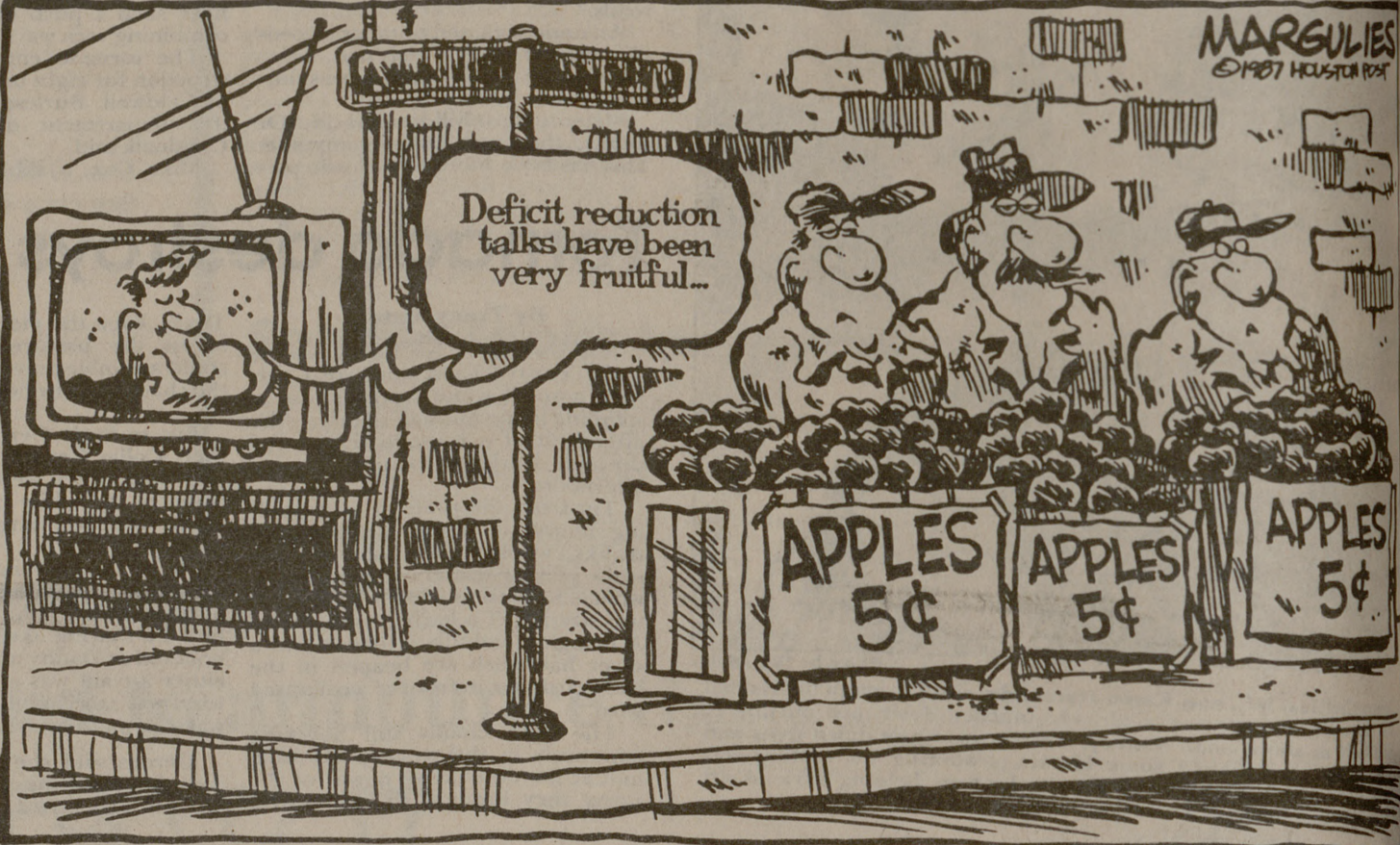
#### Thanks for hospitality

EDITOR: I would like to express my appreciation to all the students, parents, alumni, and friends at Texas A&M who received the Mustang Band so warmly Oct. 31. To be frank, I was surprised to find the hospitality so generous and gracious. The lunch provided was excellent, and the standing ovation at the conclusion of our performance was more than could be asked for. A special "thank you" to Col. Joe T. Haney and the Fightin' Texas Aggie Band for sharing a halftime with us when they are so capable of handling one alone. This gesture of goodwill and sportmanship will not soon be forgotten here on the Hilltop. I do not hope that your football team ever warrants a punishment so severe as the suspension of its season, but maybe sometime in the future "The Pride of Dallas" will be able to return your favor. Once again, thank you for your Texas hospitality, and best wishes for your continued success in all your endeavors. Brian Waddle, SMU '89 member, Mustang Band

#### Where's the logic?

EDITOR: During my four-plus years here, I've heard many stories about the idiotic administrative policies of Texas A&M. But I never experienced one firsthand until now. I attempted to register by telephone and got through the first time — this is going to be a good day. WRONG. The computerized voice on the other end of the line said, "You are blocked by department C-O-P-S." The cops were after me. I called the police station to find out why I was blocked. "Well, John, let's see — no unpaid parking tickets, no warrants out for your arrest (what a relief), uh oh, John, I see why you're blocked." "Why?" "Incomplete license plate number." "What?" "Incomplete license plate number." "Well, can we take care of this on the phone?" "Yes, but it will take two or three days to process. If you come to the station we can process it immediately." So I went to the station, signed the appropriate list and waited for my turn. Sixty-five minutes later, they called my name. The lady said, "All we need to do is copy your license plate number from this form (which was from their files) to this form (also from their files). Apparently, when I registered my scooter they neglected to copy my license plate number from one of their forms to another. I watched her copy the number. Then she handed me an "OFFICIAL RELEASE OF BLOCK" and said that I was now unblocked. I said, "Excuse me, but I'm not sure I understand what just happened here. I came down to the station, waited over an hour, never gave you any information or even showed you any ID. You don't even know if I'm me for sure." I had no idea why I was blocked in the first place. Why couldn't they just copy the number? And why did I have to go to the station? The answer I got was "When this type of thing happens, we need someone to come to the station to take care of it in person." So I said "Thanks. It's been a pleasure wasting my time here today." If anyone understands the logic of this, I would appreciate an explanation. John Natowitz

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### Dealing with that 'extra' roommate

If one of your roommates has a friend who spends many hours or even days in your apartment, you may be asking yourself, "What should I do about that 'extra' roommate?" The most important thing to do is to let your roommate know how you feel. If you feel uncomfortable and as if your home is not your own anymore, your roommate should know it. Find an opportunity to talk with your

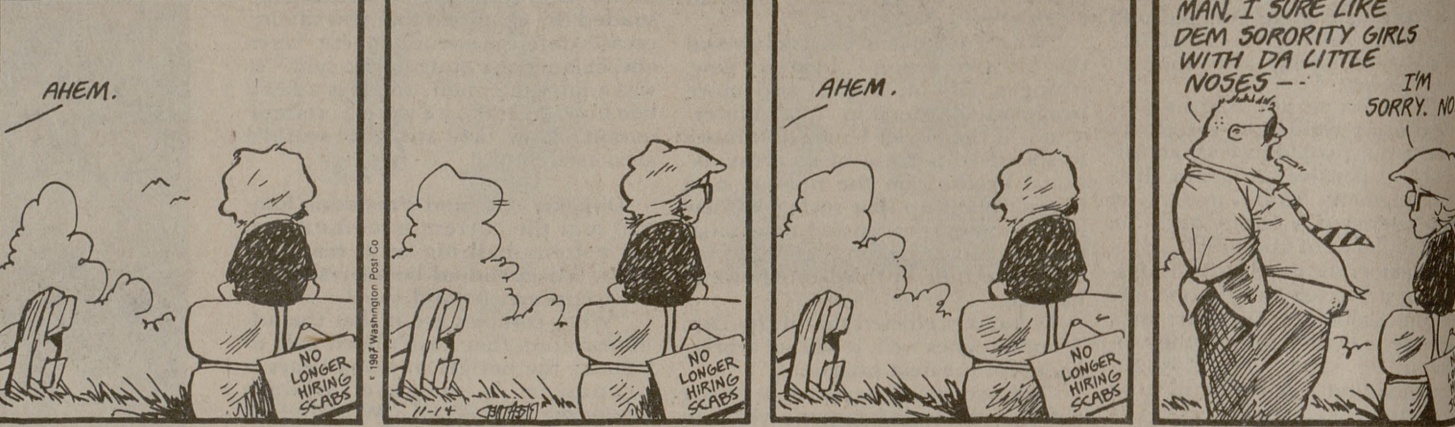
roommate, preferably when the extra person is NOT around. Consider communicating the following points:

1. The extra person disrupts the previous living arrangement you and your roommate agreed to have, creating space and privacy problems, among others.
2. If the "extra" roommate uses the phone, showers, washes clothes, turns on the air conditioning or eats often, there will be extra costs — for which your roommate will have to compensate.
3. Most apartment leases contain a clause which states that if a person stays in an apartment more than a few days,

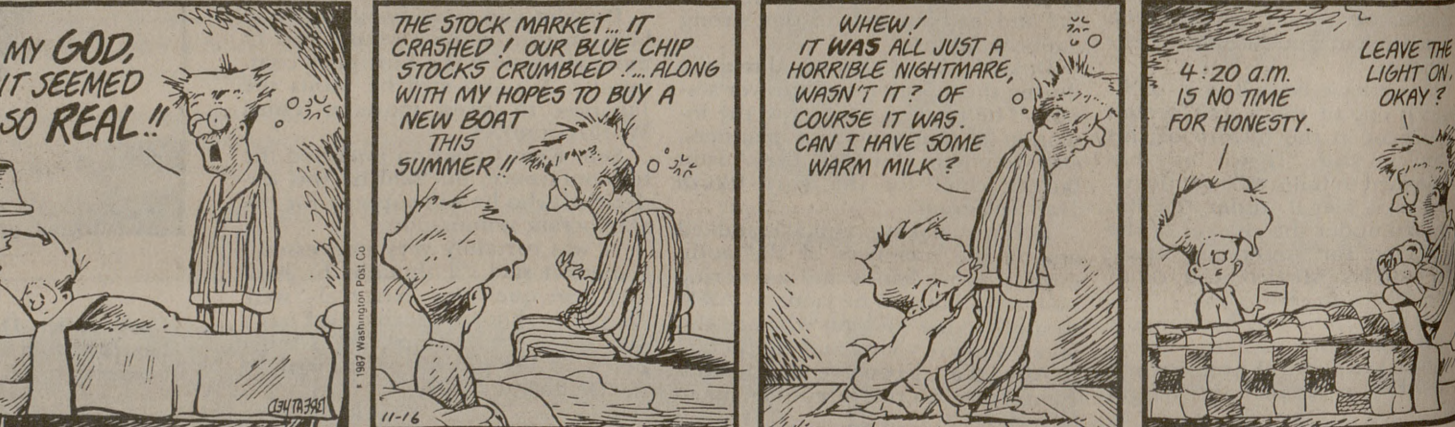
the manager must be notified and he/she should be added to the lease. By talking these issues over, you and your roommates may reach an agreement. If you need further assistance in this matter, the Off Campus Center staff can help you. If you have any questions about off campus living, please call or come by the Off Campus Center. We are located in Puryear Hall, across the street from the YMCA building. We are open to assist you Monday through Friday, from a.m. to 5 p.m., and our telephone number is 845-1741. Erika Gonzalez-Lima is a graduate assistant with the Off Campus Center.

Erika Gonzalez-Lima  
Guest Columnist

#### BLOOM COUNTY



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