

Opinion

What's this business about picking up chicks?

The following is an excerpt from a soon to be released book "How to Pick Up Chicks at Texas A&M." According to the author, who prefers to remain anonymous, the book will soon be featured on late night UHF television commercials nationally for only \$19.95.



John MacDougall

Chapter Four - Breaking the Ice

It is common knowledge to guys that small talk is one of the most effective means of meeting quality females in College Station. Let's consider the following case.

Name: Marvin Goodaggie

Age: 21

Transportation: 1972 Dodge Dart

Major: Nuclear something

Hobbies: Collecting Star Trek memorabilia, racing radio-control sailboats and trading baseball cards

Social life: Member, Order of the Moose

Last date: 1979, when mother forced him to take his second cousin to a sixth grade dance.

Major weakness: "I try to meet girls in bars, but when I walk up to them I forget what a I was going to say and start stammering. Then I turn beet-red and run to the bathroom to throw up."

Marvin needs help. To the average coed, his life reads about as exciting as an economics textbook. He desperately needs some bar room lines to break the ice with College Station's finest.

There was a time no more than a decade ago when Marv could win affection with a sensitive approach. But things were different then. Alan Alda was a spokesperson for a generation of sensitive men who understood the trials and tribulations of womanhood. Phil Donahue told men that it was okay to speak from their hearts, and Jimmy Carter revealed that he had lust in his ticker. At the time, the following line would have evoked eye watering sympathy from a woman. "You know, I've often wondered why most of my closest friends are female . . . I guess because I can relate to them on a deeper emotional level. And my male friends are so caught up in that competition thing."

Nowadays, in clubs across America, sensitive lines such as that one elicit ego-busting responses like "Are you gay?"

Fact is that today's woman wants a father figure — a strong man with ambition and direction. Down with wimps and up with macho power. It used to be that commercials featured bubble-headed blondes holding products and smiling seductively. Now, Madison Avenue parades skivvy-clad, brainless hunks across our TV screens hawk everything from cologne to grape nut cereal. These advertising agencies are trying to tell men that they need to be tough, ambitious and motivated.

This means that the average college male must embellish his background a bit if he expects to make a splash in a nightclub.

"What are you majoring in?"

"Astrophysics and pre-med. I'm going to work for NASA as a medical doctor on the first shuttle mission to Mars. I've already been pre-selected for astronaut training school after graduation."

If that doesn't make her jaw drop, nothing will. Of course, there is another angle. I call it the "I don't know what I'm going to do after graduation, but I know I'm going to be rich" approach.

"Well, right now I'm pre-med and pre-law. I've considered going to medi-

cal school after I get out, then going to law school so I can specialize in malpractice law. Then maybe I'll get an MBA and open my own business."

Today's college student needs to tailor his openers to the environment in which he is courting. He should downgrade the career bull if he's drinking beer in the Dixie Chicken. If he wants to meet a coed at a local Greenpeace chapter meeting, a more socially conscious approach would work. Consider this one.

"It really bothers me when those party animals on Spring Break taunt the sea gulls. Every year, thousands of these defenseless birds die needlessly on the beaches of Padre Island because ruthless college students feed them Alka-Seltzer tablets. Poor critters can't burp. They just . . . they just . . . explode (sigh)."

For those who aren't as adept at small talk, the safest place to meet women is in a loud club. These establishments are so noisy that customers must abbreviate what they want to say into a few short bursts between bass beats. A typical dance floor conversation goes like this:

"Hi, (bump bump) my name is Marv."
"Huh?"

"I said (bump dee dah bump) NAME IS MARV."

"No, (bump de da) I DRIVE A PED"

(Smile politely at each other)
If you don't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit. A palist friend of mine has had modest success posing as a reporter for Rolling Stone Magazine. Unfortunately for his spiel only works in dark clubs because he's too preppy to look like a reporter. He has also posed as an English professor (that got absolutely no response), unemployed repo man and an unidentified government agent. "I work for Government," is all he says, with special emphasis on Government. You could most believe him when he wears sunglasses.

If first impressions are lasting, college males should make sure they are prepared with an arsenal of lines. Texas A&M coeds deserve better opening lines. "Where have you been all my life?" is the classic phony case of mistaken identity. "Suzy, how've you been. God, you are looking great . . . Oh, I'm sorry, I look so much like a girl I used to date."

John MacDougall is a graduate student and a columnist for The Battalion.

Mail Call

Eat more meat

EDITOR:

In order to avoid rash judgement, a probe is desperately needed into the university food services across the state. For example, it is easy to assume that the recent upheaval in assault charges is a direct result of aggressive behavior by the more physically adapted species. I would like to suggest, however, that this trend is more readily attributable to malnutrition, caused by an insufficient supply of red meat to the body. Because university dining facilities may offer only minimal amounts of this staple, the stronger individual is forced to scavenge restaurants, bars and parking lots for satiation.

It would be absurd to suggest that the universities of our state allot more money for food services, for there are greater needs at hand — parking garages, research, etc. Thus, it is our duty, as the physically maladapted species, to join in the food-chain and let natural selection take its proper course.

Ron Pippin '88

Lacking awareness

EDITOR:

Shannon Bower's letter displayed a sad lack of awareness of both history and current events. Somehow, criticism of Israel's handling of "crazed Palestinians" became, for her, turning the Middle East over to the communists. This is complete nonsense. A little history (Ms. Bower could possibly begin by reading her Bible) shows us that the religious and ethnic conflicts there pre-date Karl Marx by several millennia. Nor are the communists poised for a takeover: the Soviet Union's only significant ally in the region is Syria; The PRC has none. We, on the other hand, have a number of friends in the area (Egypt, Israel, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia) and have a tremendous interest in seeing a peaceful resolution of these problems.

Ms. Bower's comments about "slime oozing up" through Central America make her appear equally uninformed. There are historical and cultural reasons for the racial and class oppression in these countries; many people there (mistakenly, I believe) see communism as their only hope. If we wish to keep the Soviets from taking advantage of Central America's poor people, perhaps we should offer them something superior to what we have in the past.

I think communism is misguided and essentially ridiculous. In the struggle for human survival, progress and freedom, however, ignorance is no help. I urge Ms. Bower to take a course in history, anthropology or sociology and broaden her perspective. After all, that's what the university is here for.

Jeff Farmer
Graduate Student

Thank you, Mr. Ovenden

EDITOR:

I thought about writing in response to the article "Poverty: A Culture Shock." Views of this sort have enraged me for a long time. So long in fact that I have stopped fighting them. I have grown callous toward such perceptions. That is one of the reasons I did not respond when I read the article. I have accepted them as part of the environment in which I exist.

The main reason for my letter is to thank Mr. Thomas D. Ovenden for his response to the article. He did what I no longer have the will or desire to do. I do not condemn Ms. Galarneau's view or perception. However, I do hope that she does not accept her initial experience and misguided information as the gospel truth.

I must stop now as I do not want to get worked up. It may cause me to show my "true colors." Once again, thank you Mr. Ovenden. If I can ever do anything for you sir, I am at your service.

Hector Hernandez '88

IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S NOT GIVING UP, SIR-- IN FACT, THESE LATEST ALLEGATIONS HAVE MADE HIM REALLY DIG IN HIS HEELS!

WELL, COME ON-- WHAT'S HE REALLY DONE, AFTER ALL?

YOU NAME IT, SIR-- DRUG TRAFFICKING, MONEY LAUNDERING, WEAPON SMUGGLING, VISA SELLING--

WELL, MAYBE SO-- BUT NOBODY SAID HE WAS PERFECT, Y'NO?

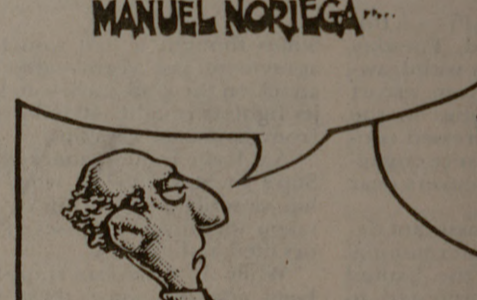


--SIR?

--AND ANYWAY I DON'T CARE WHAT HE'S DONE 'CAUSE ED MEESE IS MY BEST FRIEND IN TH' WHOLE WIDE WORLD!!

NORIEGA, SIR-- MANUEL NORIEGA--

OH, SURE-- TRY TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT--



BEN SARGENT-- Coz/1988 The Austin American Statesman-- Universal Press Syndicate--

Living forever is one tough job

My friend Rigsby, the health freak, has decided he wants to live forever.

"That's impossible," I said to him.

"Not with the recent breakthroughs that foil the aging process and also guard against certain life-threatening diseases," he replied.

I asked him to give me specifics. "First," he began, "there's Retin-A, the new skin cream that takes away aging lines, and blemishes and also makes the skin take on a youthful, rosy glow."

"Are you sure," I said, "this isn't just some new snake oil?"

"What, you don't read the papers?" asked Rigsby. "Said C.M. of Oshkosh: 'My face looked like it had been run over by every participant in the New York Marathon until I began using Retin-A. Now, I look 20 years younger and have joined a square-dance club.'"

"And, C.M.'s not the only one,"



Lewis Grizzard

Rigsby went on. "D.F. of Montgomery said, 'For the last 15 years, my husband has made me wear a sack over my head when we go out. Then I discovered Retin-A, and this old bag is finally out of the bag.'"

"I'm not going to die of a heart attack," he said.

"And how do you know that?" I asked.

"Because studies indicate that heart attack risk can be greatly decreased by taking regular doses of aspirin."

"It's only 11 in the morning," he went on, "and I've already had two Anacins, an Advil, a Goody's powder and a Midol, for good measure."

"But what if all that aspirin affects your stomach?" I asked.

"I'm washing down each aspirin with a big swig of Maalox," Rigsby said. "If that doesn't work, there's still Roloids, Tums and the fast-cutting action of Pepto Bismol."

"OK," I said, "you got Retin-A for your skin, you're taking aspirin to prevent a heart attack. What else are you going to do in order to live forever?"

"Simple," Rigsby replied. "I'm going to use Simplesse by the NutraSweet

Company."

"Simplesse?"

"It's the new natural substitute for fat that mimics its rich taste and texture but cuts the calorie content in ice cream butter and the calories up to 80 percent."

"By using Simplesse, I can cut down my cholesterol intake and lose weight and not have to sacrifice taste."

"What about cancer?" I asked.

"I've given up smoking and eating too con."

"Liver problems?"

"I drink non-alcoholic beer."

"What about getting killed in an accident?"

"I've quit flying. I always wear my seat belt in my car, I have a smoke alarm in my home, and I avoid ladders and bleachers."

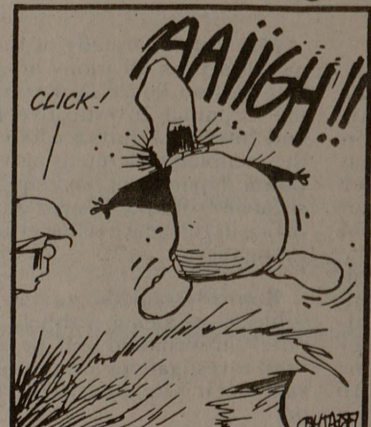
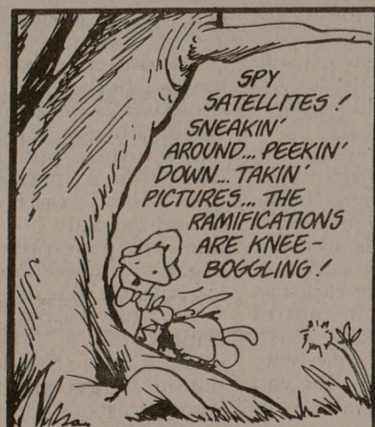
"But," I said to Rigsby, "you're still not going to live forever."

"I guess you're right," he answered. "Besides," he added, becoming philosophical, "it's like R.F. of Des Moines said with his dying words, 'Forever is a long time to take Pepto Bismol.'"

There is a message there somewhere. I'm not certain what it is, but it's there.

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BLOOM COUNTY



The Battalion

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