

# Opinion

## Deaf, dumb and blind

It didn't seem possible for the situation to get any uglier, but it did. Thursday night, two A&M seniors hung dead birds and a sign with a racist slogan inside the anti-apartheid shanty built by Students Against Apartheid members.

Need we ask why? Well, if we did, this would be the answer (as told by one of the seniors): "The reason I did it, personally, is because of a break-in at my house and it involved black people, and we have a lot of problems with them around where I live."

Oh.

And to top it off, he says that the slogan found in the shanty didn't say, as the police reported, "There will be no peace until all niggers are dead," but instead, "There will be no peace until there are no niggers."

What a difference.

We can't afford to tolerate such blatantly racist attitudes. Unfortunately, A&M's Board of Regents has done little to address the underlying problem, refusing to meet with students who want the University to divest. A meeting doesn't seem so unreasonable — unless you share the view of Bill Presnal, the Board's executive secretary, who says the regents are not expected to make moral, social or political policy decisions.

"Policy change with regard to these kinds of issues are dealt with in the Legislature," Presnal told *The Battalion*. "The Board is in the business of maximizing the income of the University, and if they fail to do that then they're not living up to their responsibilities. . . ." Presnal added that he's sure the Board members detest apartheid — but that has nothing to do with their responsibilities.

By designating apartheid as an issue not worthy of its attention, the Board belittles the efforts of Students Against Apartheid and others who seek divestment. By abdicating any moral or social responsibility in dealing with such issues, it fails in its responsibility to the University. After all, if only financial guidance is needed a squad of CPAs and brokers could surely do the job.

The Board has an obligation to consider the moral, social and political issues surrounding its financial decisions. Failing to do so is even more intolerable than defacing a shanty with dead birds and racist slogans.

— The Battalion Editorial Board

## Surviving the rigors of the LSAT

Today, I will venture into the realm of the unknown and misunderstood, the mysterious and the arcane. Today, I will talk about Standardized Tests — namely the LSAT. My universal disclaimer: I cannot be held responsible for any heart attacks or other gruesome things that this dangerous subject might cause, and I reserve the right to change the syllabus at my every whim.



Mark Nair

Ahem. The LSAT. This jumble of letters means the same thing as "Law School Admissions Test" or "What a bruiser, eh?" The test is supposed to measure how well you might do in law school by testing your analytical and logical reasoning abilities. These abilities are measured by convoluted questions designed by sadistic pointy-eared fellows who live under bridges and walk around telling people to live long and prosper. For example, a certain question might follow these lines:

There is a class of 200 students. Each seat is numbered, with numbers ranging from 1 to 300. There are 200 seats in the classroom. Bobby wears a red shirt and Betty only wears a green bandanna while Bruce recites only Chapter Four of the arithmetic book by memory. If Barry sneezes several times in succession then and only then can Bill, who is not related to Billy but is the second cousin removed of Bertha, break the bit of blue chalk. Mrs. Banner, the teacher, only teaches on Tuesday and Thursday and every other Friday except when she works at the car wash on every even day. Who sits in seat 187? What is the last name of the person in the pink socks?

It is about now that, if you are budgeting your time wisely, you discover that you have approximately 3.47 seconds to answer this question. They say that you are not penalized for guessing, so you fill in "C" and then scribble something unintelligible in the margin to

make you feel a little better and go to the next question, which is remarkably similar to the one you just passed, only harder.

Now, on this Law School Admissions Test (which is supposed to show that you will do well in law school. Doing well in law school, I take it, is supposed to make you a good attorney. I refuse to touch this one; there are just too many good jokes here.) I have discovered that there are certain ways to figure out the answers to certain questions. This has to do with a construct called the Venn diagram. For instance, you have a question that says something about all Apples are Pears, and all Oranges are Pears, but not all Apples and all Lima Beans are not all Pears or Apples but are all Oranges. You are supposed to figure out what is what without going insane.

Venn diagrams are helpful here. To put it simply, a Venn diagram looks like a bunch of circles overlapping each other, some shaded, some not. These circles are supposed to help you to tell what is what without going insane. Unfortunately, what usually happens is that a gung-ho test-taker stares at the concocted diagram for too long and becomes a victim what we in the trade call LSAT Self Hypnosis. He sits, bemused, until Meefisto, the LSAT/LSDAS handy helper with his newly laundered gold watch comes to the rescue. Helpful hint: if you see anyone who is suffering from LSAT Self Hypnosis, run away immediately. As a matter of fact, if you see anyone taking, wanting to take or even thinking about taking the LSAT, run away immediately. As another matter of another fact, if you see anyone who looks, wants to look or is thinking about looking slightly like a lawyer, run away immediately.

OK, OK. What does all this mean, anyway? Well, what I'm leading up to is — My Experience With The LSAT.

First, I register. It costs somewhere around \$980. I escape cheaply. Then, after waiting months and months, I go to the test. The proctor is a very large individual. The proctor is a very, very

large individual. I hope I leave the with only a few broken ribs. That would be lucky.

He-man reads the rules of the No electronic-beeping-calculator-language-type timing devices allowed. Great. I have an electronic-beeping-calculator-foreign language-type clock, hope my medical insurance is paying up.

We must put our thumbprint on the test to show that we are who we are. The thumbprint looks like a Rorschach. I try again. The Hulk tells me to press my thumb down gently. I press my thumb on the paper violently. The Hulk looks like a smeared Rorschach. The Hulk growls. I fear for my life.

It is soon break time. Mr. Meefisto walks up to the test-taker next to me and points at the test and says: "You know that's your future." I groan and say that you really aren't penalized for guessing.

And then, suddenly, the test is over. The poor soul next to me says: "I wasn't there supposed to be. I had no comprehension on that." I say: "What? And he says: 'Uh, oh. So, what's GRE?'"

Then, weeks later, my score comes in the mail. I open the envelope furiously. My score is DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS out of a possible 1000. DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS. That puts me in the top DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS percentile. That means maybe, just maybe, I will be accepted at DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS or maybe even DELETED FOR SECURITY REASONS. But then again, maybe not.

And thus concludes my life with the LSAT (what a transition). Stay tuned folks. Next week, if the response is good enough, we'll take a look at the Application Process: Explaining Your Life Into 300 Words Or Less.

Either that, or some sloshy column about how I'm graduating and this is the last thing I'll ever write and I'll go up to be a bum and never get to be a proctor and et cetera, et cetera. You know the same old same old. Mark my words.

Mark Nair is a senior political science major and opinion page editor for *The Battalion*.

## Mail Call

### Some constructive criticism

EDITOR:

In reading Russell Johnston's letter concerning Aggies against Aggies, I was forced to speak my piece. Russell is basically right. Each of us is an Aggie, and we need to stop "attacking the Corps of Cadets" as a whole. The Corps stands for many things; eternal pride and tradition, leadership and excellence, courteous and kind and an officer and a knightly gentleman. These are all qualities that all Corps members hope to obtain.

However, not all of them are successful . . .

Let's examine the situation. I had the privilege to attend my first parents' weekend. What an honorable and distinguished occasion — all the sharply dressed parents anticipating the beginning of the ceremony. The president of A&M spoke, parents of the year were awarded and then the presentation of the Corps of Cadets Awards.

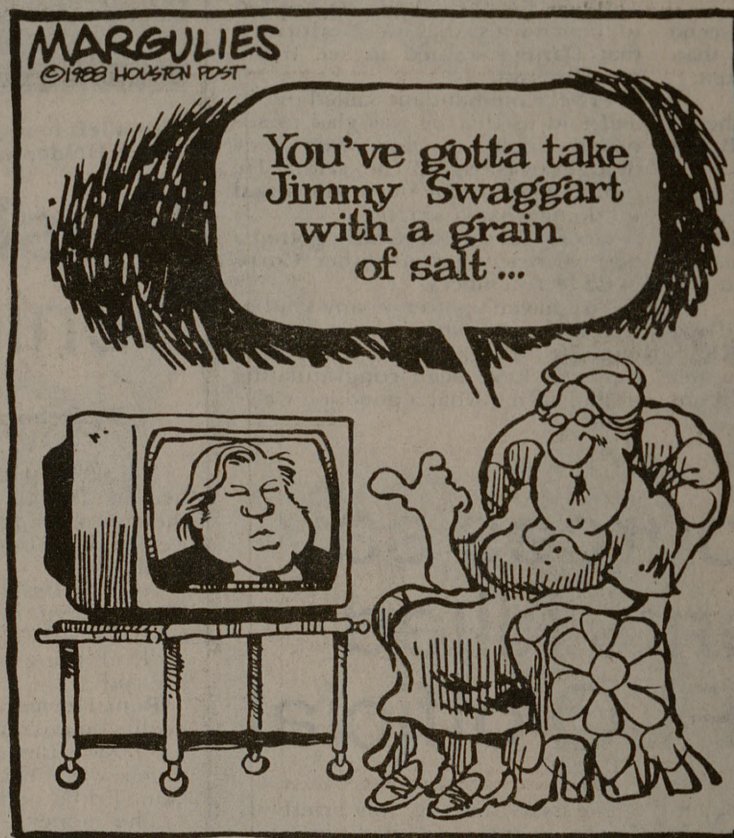
I happened to have the best seat in the house; right behind a flag held high by a distinguished cadet in the middle of the auditorium strategically placed so I could not see half the stage. Everyone waited patiently for all 80 cadets (45 minutes — half the program) to receive their awards. After their presentation was over the audience applauded all the outstanding members of the Corps.

Then people began leaving almost in herds, flocks . . . no, it was squadrons, units, and battalions. The doors were not wide enough to accommodate all of the courteous, well-mannered cadets who noisily stampeded out during the presentation of the Gathright Awards by Dr. Donald McDonald. If this was an uncommon event (the Corps embarrassing A&M yet another time), I would have been amazed, but instead, I was appalled. Since the Corps is such a highly visible segment of the A&M population, it carries the extra burden of representing all Aggies.

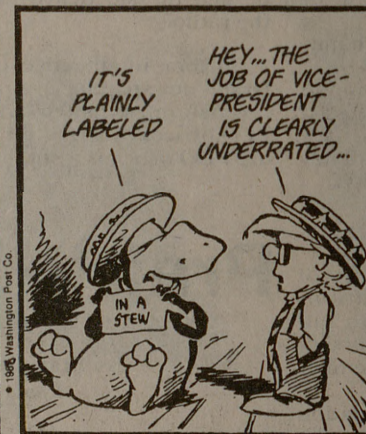
These alleged attacks are not attacks at all, but constructive criticisms from the rest of us, pointing out the actions and behaviors of those individuals who are not worthy of representing A&M or the Corps.

Douglas Scheiding '88

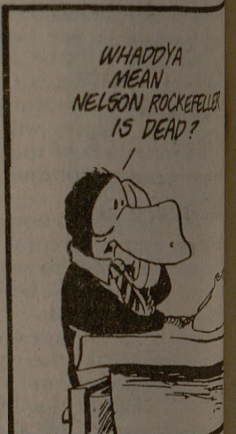
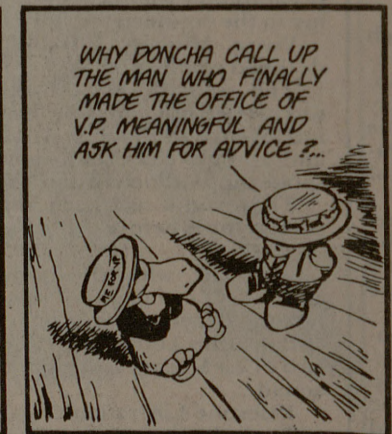
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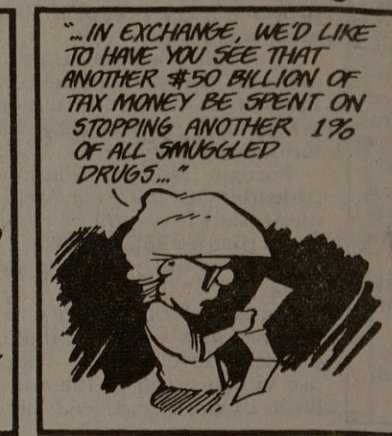
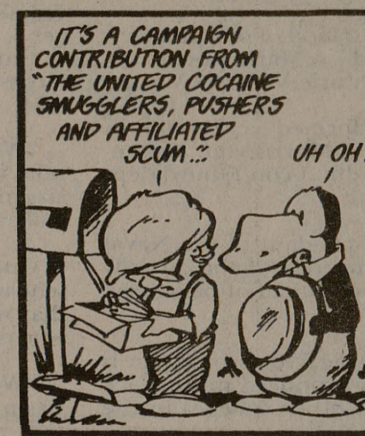
BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed



BLOOM COUNTY



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