

Opinion

Once you're married, beer for breakfast is a no-no

Married life has a way of changing a person. I married last year and my lifestyle became very different from what I was familiar with. I'm not talking about the small changes that one must make when you begin living with another person. I'm talking about the huge changes that must be made to survive with a person of the opposite sex.



Richard Williams

Almost nothing is as bad as learning to live with the pantyhose that hang in the bathroom, or being told that football is not a sport to be watched 24 hours every day.

My wife tells me it is hard to accept dirty socks thrown about the room, but I don't believe that's true.

Small changes, like learning to be more responsible, are nothing compared to the changes that a meat-and-

potatos man must make at the grocery store.

When I lived with a couple of guys, shopping was no problem. We simply bought from each of the four basic food groups and everybody was happy. However, my wife has informed me that alcohol, steak, potato chips and pizza are not the four basic food groups.

My wife likes things like apricot nectar, whole wheat bread, diet drinks and well-balanced meals. She thinks the four basic food groups, as taught in school, are to be followed. This is hard for a man to accept.

When I lived with the guys I didn't have to worry about where the furniture went. The furniture was placed in the rooms when we moved in and it stayed there until we moved out, or the roaches got tired of the way it looked and decided to move it around. The only thing that can make a guy move the furniture is if he needs to cover a stain from a party.

Women seem to be different. A married friend said he came home last week after working late one night and en-

tered the house without a light. He walked past where the television should be and turned to go down the hall way when something suddenly tackled him. After removing the rug from his mouth he found a light switch and saw that the room was rearranged. He swears the furniture was moved around again before he got up the next morning.

Apartment decorating is another area that males seem to care less about. My wife refuses to allow me to hang beer posters on the wall. To a man, a beer poster on the wall is better than two of Mona Lisa. A Coors Light poster is art — a painting of three ducks swimming in a stream by the windmill is not true art.

My wife wants furniture that matches. Before I was married I considered milk crates from the same company matching furniture. The closest I came to having the chairs match the couch was the time that we had the same brand of beer spilled on them.

Another of the major changes in my life was learning to put the toilet seat down. This was very hard to learn for a man that has lived with a group of guys

for about four years. Guys don't worry about little things like toilet seats.

However, the lesson was finally brought home in about one minute's time. My wife, groggy from just waking, headed towards the bathroom. Soon after she entered I heard what sounded like a splash. The splash was followed by words I had never heard in four years of living with guys. The look she gave me when she came out of the bathroom convinced me it was time to start putting the seat down.

Women also seem to have this thing about how the toilet paper is placed on the spindle. My friend says his wife will argue about whether the paper should roll off from the top or the bottom. I don't care how it rolls off as long as it is in the bathroom.

Being married has also forced me to change my kitchen habits. I lived in a fraternity house in which the guys did all of the cooking. We had cast iron stomachs. We could eat anything and survive.

I was used to cooking today and cleaning the dishes next week. My wife

objects to this and I can't understand why. I can no longer fix supper, then wait until next week to wipe green stuff from the plate.

My wife won't let me have coffee, french fries, cheese cake and strawberry Quik for breakfast. Once again this hard to swallow (or not to).

Being married has changed my habits. My old roommates would me to the Chicken the night before. My wife won't do that. My wife thinks this theory that an increased amount of time spent studying will result in increased grades.

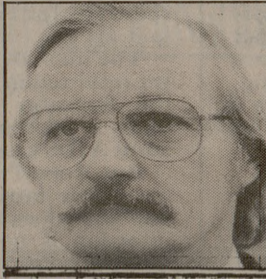
My old roommates' theory was talking about the test over a few beers the grades wouldn't matter. My theory is proving to be true, but I like to spend some more time on my old roommates' theory.

I'm not trying to say that marriage is terrible. Far from it. I love my death, but if I could just get her to hang that poster of Heather in the living room and...

Richard Williams is a senior agricultural journalism major and editor of The Battalion.

All show and no substance makes conventions dull

The Democratic National Convention this week completed its transformation from a political event into a television event; more's the pity. What once was a vibrant — if disorderly and rambling — ritual has become a spiritless, vapid exercise in party unity, drained of spontaneity, conflict and meaning.



Donald Kaul

Oh, a few speakers — notably Jesse Jackson — broke through the styrofoam packaging to touch an emotion. But for the most part the convention was dull, not merely in the way of politics with its long-winded speeches, but deeply, profoundly dull in the manner of television. Framed by that hideous set — "the podium that ate the Omni" — it looked like a TV game show.

Television has a way of doing that. Did you see the All-Star baseball game a couple of weeks ago? They had Mickey Mouse and hundreds of dancers prancing around, waving banners and singing pseudo-patriotic songs before the game. Mickey Mouse! At the sacred All-Star game! It was enough to make you burn your bubble gum card collection.

Turn down the sound of your television these days and it's hard to tell whether you're watching the Super Bowl, the Olympic Games, a beauty pageant, a political convention or "Let's Make a Deal." They are simply different slices of the same piece of salami.

It's done in the name of entertainment, oddly enough. Somewhere along the line the people in television have got the bizarre notion that everything should be entertaining and, moreover, entertaining in the same way. So everyone cuts his act to fit television's requirements. The brightest colors are muted, the corners are knocked off controversies and the event loses its essence. If you live long enough you'll see a convention chaired by Vanna White, featuring the Radio City Rockettes, in which the candidates appear exclusively through commercials. It's coming.

The paradoxical thing, of course, is that the more they try to make the conventions entertaining, the less entertaining they become, even to game show fans.

People tuned in to the major speeches but outside of that what was there to see? Television reporters relentlessly pursuing the story that wasn't there: The damage done Michael Dukakis by

his "cave-in" to Jesse Jackson. Puzzled delegates kept saying "What cave-in?" but the TV types wouldn't be taken in. They kept worrying that story like a dog a sock, asking the same dumb questions again and again.

(Switching back and forth between channels produced an astonishing revelation: ABC is the best news network. It's got the least hysterical reporters and most thoughtful commentators.)

The real story of the convention was that Dukakis took control of the party, handling "the Jackson problem. If the convention proved anything else, it was that George Bush is in for some heavy sailing this fall. Hardly a speaker passed up an opportunity to hurl an insult at the vice president.

Ann Richards hung the "born with a silver foot in his mouth" label on him. Ted Kennedy hit him with his "Where's George?" routine. Texas Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower called the vice president "a man who was born on third base and thinks he hit a triple."

Even former President Jimmy Carter and Sen. Lloyd Bentsen got in their licks.

Asked whether Bush's constant slighting references to the Carter presidency bothered, Carter said:

"No, they don't, but I don't think they do him any good, either. They simply reinforce his image; he gives a general impression of silliness." Carter went on to say of Bush:

"He's been a kind of indefinable person so far. Who is he? What does he stand for? What role did he play in the Reagan administration? What was his participation in the Iran-contra scandal? What is his relationship to Noriega in Panama? People don't even know where he lives."

And, of course, there's Bruce Babbitt's characterization of Bush as someone who "reminds women of their first husbands."

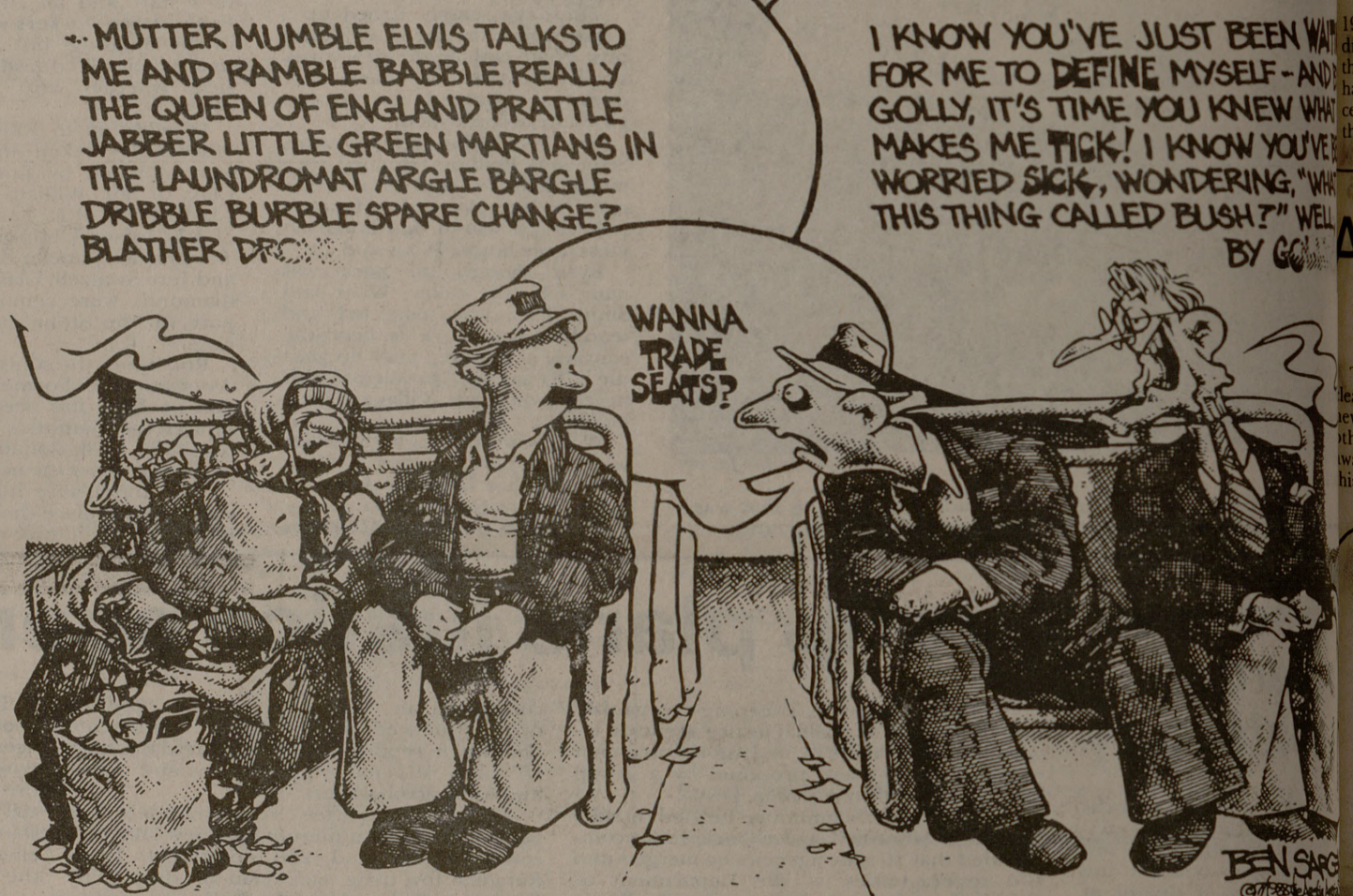
It's not that the jibes against Bush are so cruel; they're worse. They're condescending.

Asked the difference between himself and Mr. Bush, Sen. Bentsen, referring to a certain vagueness concerning Mr. Bush's whereabouts at crucial times in the Reagan administration, said:

"People would remember if I attended a meeting."

When two stiffs like Jimmy Carter and Lloyd Bentsen can get good hits on you, you're in trouble. A politician can withstand brutal criticism, but ridicule is lethal.

Things are looking up for Dukakis. Copyright 1988, Tribune Media Services, Inc.



Mail Call

Come out of your cave, Joe Hyde

EDITOR:

I'm writing this letter in response to the letter by David Van Dyke, and the column by Joe Hyde that appeared on last Friday's Opinion Page.

It seems that these two unfortunates were the only citizens in the country who missed the Surgeon General's informative, albeit redundant, pamphlet concerning the AIDS epidemic. Either that or their caves don't have cable. Just in case there are others still in the dark, AIDS is spread by contact with the fluids of an infected person either topically or internally. Don't sweat it guys, that's "Acquired Immune Difficiency" not "Intelligence Difficiency."

Mr. Hyde intimated that apathy has been the cause for the recognition of GSSO. And now the AIDS threat is poised to devastate this community through the strenuous efforts of a few extremely overworked bisexuals who can't make up their minds which side of the fence they belong. He went on to say that if "becoming a world class university means cultivating amoral organizations with institutional funds, you can kiss my a..." Call me crazy, but didn't you just say that's what started the whole AIDS thing? Maybe, had we not been laughing so hard at the utter drivel being thrown by "Christian" and "Humanist" alike, we might have spoken up at the time. But there are

those of us who believe that one can enjoy the circus without jumping in the ring with the clowns.

No, Mr. Van Dyke, the epidemic has not been spread merely "through homosexual activity and intravenous drug use." It doesn't take mental giant to see that had been the case, the "Christians" of the world would be sleeping a little easier, safe in the knowledge that God spared them this plague, as he spared the Jews in the days of Moses. There is no segment of the population that could not conceivably contract the disease.

Maybe, the Lord was wondering if the Milk of Human Kindness had gone sour, since He has consistently left off the Sunday dinner list, I can't say for certain what the point of the AIDS epidemic is, if indeed there ever was a purpose. But if Mr. Van Dyke and Mr. Hyde are in the neighborhood they might ask Him about that. Perhaps they might consider it a test of the common sense the Lord supposedly gave everyone. An exam to see who's been reading between the lines and who's just been memorizing them.

Mark Fortner '87

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The Battalion

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