

Opinion

Mail Call

Hip, hip, hipster

EDITOR:

Everyone wants a cure for AIDS, everyone. I work in a biochemistry/genetics laboratory. Even though our research is nowhere near the field of retroviruses, we can relate scientifically. Recently I asked people around our laboratory if they would work directly with the AIDS virus. Not many said yes. It seems the risk would not be worth the scientific glory. So let us give three cheers to the scientists who risk their lives for scientific research, would you?

John Villand

In defense of truth and honor

EDITOR:

If I were to stand in front of MSC shouting, "Ghandi was a murderer, a hypocrite, and a child molester!" or "Martin Luther King, Jr. was an adulterer and a lunatic!" it is doubtless that I would soon have a crowd in an uproar and my life in serious danger. Society will not tolerate such outrageous, slanderous statements about such great men. Yet, outrageous, slanderous statements have been made about another great man, and when someone spoke out against the injustice, society rose in favor of lies and slander. I'm referring to the recent controversy in *The Battalion* about the motion picture "The Last Temptation of Christ" and the letter by Ian Dick alerting Christians that Universal Studios intended to make a mockery out of their god.

I do not advocate censorship. In the words of Thomas Jefferson, "I have sworn eternal hostility against every form of tyranny against the mind of man." I have sworn also to defend Truth and Justice. My Constitutional rights allow me the freedom to speak out and offend (if I so desire) and speak out when offended. While Universal Studios has the right to produce this film, I have an equal right to speak out against it and persuade as many as will stand with me to do likewise. I defy anyone to tell me I should not stand up for what I believe.

Censorship and boycott are not synonymous. Boycott is a refusal to support or patronize those whose actions cannot be condoned. Censorship is the forced prohibition of one's actions or ideas.

I urge you, therefore, not to endure this blatant distortion of the truth, as the depiction of Christ in this film (according to the information provided by Mastermedia International) has no factual basis. It is overtly repugnant to anyone who believes that Jesus is the Christ. If you find it offensive, do something about it. KAGC radio station (779-1510) has all the information you may need about petitions and people to contact. There is no excuse for silently allowing men to slander Jesus Christ. As long as I have breath in me, I will neither tolerate lies nor be intimidated by those who scoff at the defense of Truth and Honor.

Laura Gilliland '89

No more rings for this collar

EDITOR:

I would like to publicly thank the University Police Department for the excellent job they did in recovering the seven Aggie rings stolen from the Clayton Williams Alumni Center on July 6. Had it not been for their efforts, in cooperation with the Crime Stoppers program, these rings most likely would never have been seen again.

Special thanks are due the three detectives, Bert Kretschmar, John Phillips, and William Scott, who used metal detectors to locate the rings in a park near Texas A&M.

My husband's ring was his most priceless possession, and due to the early date it was issued, could never have been duplicated.

My heartfelt thanks to Bob Wiatt and his department, as well as the efficient Crime Stoppers program.

Margaret Rudder

More Tea?

EDITOR:

I don't claim to have a Ph.D. in economics. Furthermore, I don't claim to be a radio specialist such as our economically confused Randy Lemmon, either. I am an agricultural economics student, and it's a shame Mr. Lemmon did not enjoy his economics class or retain even the need for economics.

I also don't claim to be a neologist, which, according to Mr. Lemmon, all economists are. Economists, such as I am, use "buzzwords" only to explain how the economy is operating and as a common basis for understanding. After reading the despondent views of Randy Lemmon, I hope anyone who is confused with economics will take an economics class in the near future. Many more economically illiterate people could result in getting Dukakis elected.

The question I'm going to ask is: What is the price of tea in China?

While such useful information is found in surplus on today's airwaves, I am under the impression that most people don't care what the price of tea in China is. Unless doing a relative price analysis of countries, I would not care either.

Uncle Jenkins had a point with the Great Depression. At the time, government was filled with Mr. Lemmons who knew nothing about economics. The American dream has a price tag, but I will assure you, Mr. Lemmon, that worldwide economic depression is not in the forecast. And as for severe thunderstorms, I believe one is now precipitating on your parade.

Damon VanZandt '90

Letters to the editor should not exceed 300 words in length. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit letters for style and length, but will make every effort to maintain the author's intent. Each letter must be signed and must include the classification, address and telephone number of the writer.

The Battalion

(USPS 045 360)

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The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting newspaper operated as a community service to Texas A&M and Bryan-College Station.

Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the editorial board or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M administrators, faculty or the Board of Regents.

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

The Battalion is published Monday through Friday during Texas A&M regular semesters, except for holiday and examination periods.

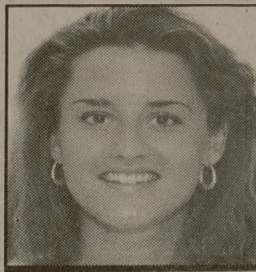
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POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843-4111.

What do you mean "grow old?"

Each person in the world, every year, is going to age, regardless of the countless millions spent on physical fitness, special diets and anti-wrinkle creams. This is not the first time in my life that I have come to terms with the inevitability of growing old, but previously I had only thought of this happening to, you know, older people. Recently however I have started thinking about the fact that I am an active part of this aging process. Perhaps I am going through some kind of pre-middle age crisis.



Barbara Jones

When you are growing up, the concept of aging is about the farthest thing from your mind. You are too busy thinking about boys (or girls) and getting yourself into trouble to even fathom the idea of your eventual maturity. Maturity at that age meant finally filling out your training bra or finally growing tall enough to be able to beat up your older sibling. I'm afraid the latter never came for me. At a towering 5'2" I am still waiting for my growth spurt.

In a few months I will be 23 years old. I should hardly be bordering on senility, but lately I have noticed ways I have changed. In any other environment I would be considered in the spring of life, but here on a college campus this cannot hold true. Because I would guess the average age on this campus is about 19, I have recently been plagued with the idea that I am getting old. Several times a night I will be confronted by some pimple-faced freshman who

would say those dreaded words, "Gosh, you're pretty old!" The idea had never occurred to me before, but now the reality has become all too apparent.

Since my encounter with the freshman I have noticed other subtle things in my life that point to this inevitable fact. For example, I have noticed recently that all my favorite television programs are old reruns of yesteryear. My favorite shows are "Bob Newhart," "Mary Tyler Moore," "MASH," and "Laverne and Shirley." "These are the classics," I tell my younger brother who scoffs and tunes into the modern age network programming such as "Alf" and "Miami Vice." How can an intelligent person sit down and watch a show that centers around a stuffed animal?

Another difference I have noticed between myself and the youth of today is our choice in music. I used to be a MTV addict, but today I can only watch it for about 10 minutes before I begin to suffer a severe headache and have to turn it off. I find groups like Ratt, Metalica, Guns and Roses, and Poison to be completely appalling to the senses and cannot understand the attraction of the youngins today to such groups. I can vividly remember my mother displaying the same sort of disgust over rock groups of my era that I used to lust over. And whatever happened to the rock groups of my generation? Led Zepplin, Boston, Rush and The Police; Now those were the classics. See there's that word again. Only aging people use the word "classic." My favorite radio stations are "classic" rock stations or golden oldies stations — the exact stations my parents used to listen to when I was a kid.

When I go to the mall I almost always feel old. The kids that hang out in the malls across the country look like crimi-

nals to me. They dress weird, wear no makeup then I do and carry around boom-boxes that scream out violent, disturbing music at deafening levels. Have I reached an age at which I can no longer understand the youth today?

My friends, except for a few exceptions that are, like myself, taking the time, have all graduated and are taking jobs as sales representatives, financial analysts and the like. Many of them even getting married and talking about having children. But wait I'm not ready yet! Are we no longer kids? I still feel like a kid. At what stage in your life does everything become clear and you completely understand the ways of the world? Or do you just wing it?

Probably the most devastating thing that happened the other day when a friend of mine from high school called and asked for my current address. When I asked her why (expecting to hear of another dreaded wedding invitation), she said that she is starting to get a mailing list together for our first class reunion. Class reunion! I was shocked to realize that it will soon be five years since I graduated from high school. How time flies when you're getting old.

With thoughts of a nine-to-five insurance and car payments, and complete financial independence looming near in my future I can say only the look forward to all these with a mixture of absolute fright and excitement. Getting old is not something I look forward to with extreme dread. I am trying to look forward to another stage in my life that will be filled with change and additional responsibilities, but hopefully there will always be a part of me that forever remain a kid.

Barbara Jones is a senior journalism major and a columnist for The Battalion.



It's hair today, gone tomorrow

It's time somebody updated the current status of men's hair in this country, and it might as well be me who does it.



Lewis Grizzard

I'm a man, and I still have hair. Still, men's hair is simply not the issue it once was. During the '50s, '60s and early '70s, all anybody talked about was hair.

There was a Broadway musical about hair, and hair was the cause of a great many fistfights.

How men wore their hair once made a bold statement, concerning their politics, musical interests and favorite form of footwear.

It began with Elvis in the '50s. Elvis wore his hair long, and he also had long sideburns.

A number of young men soon were wearing their hair like Elvis. They were known as "greasers," and were thought to be rebellious.

Young men with a future ahead of them wore their hair in a crew cut one step above a shaved head.

Then came the Beatles, who wore

their hair like mops, so some men began wearing their hair that way, too.

They were known as "hippies."

Hippies wore their hair long, were against the Vietnam War, enjoyed listening to loud music while rolling around in the mud and wore sandals.

They were considered generally unkempt by those still in short hair, and I have even heard a preacher denounce hippies as committing sacrilege by wearing the same shoes as Jesus.

They were also ridiculed by patriots and aficionados of country singer Merle Haggard, who sang the pro-U.S. anthem, "Okie from Muskogee." It featured these lines: "We don't wear our hair long and shaggy/like the hippies out in San Francisco do."

And:

"Boots are still in style as manly footwear/Roman sandals won't be seen."

After the Vietnam War ended, however, hippies disappeared and hair took a steep nosedive as a burning issue. Merle Haggard started singing about something else.

Taking stock of men's hair today — something that hasn't been done in some time — I have made the following observations:

1. The so-called good ol' boys used to beat up long-haired hippies, wear their hair long. Meanwhile, racials, liberals and the Perrier and wine spritzer types seem to prefer short hair.

2. Teenaged boys have choices of styles. Some have their hair colored orange and wear it in a fashion reminiscent of the back of one of those ards that lives in the desert.

Others wear the top of their hair the old crew-cut fashion but leave quite long in the back, suggesting the hair stylist had a heart attack in mid-air and didn't get to finish.

The "slick" look is catching on successful male executives. You slick down your hair and then comb straight back in order to look like Michael Douglas in "Wall Street."

Goes great with French cuisine and limo.

4. Even if I wanted to wear my hair that way, I don't know where you can buy Wild Root Creme Oil these days.

5. Men's hair styles are still making statements, indeed, but they seem to whisper now instead of the shout yesterday.

I think I like that a lot better.
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