

Who Murdered Edwin Drood?



You Solve!

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood"

There's one great mystery on Broadway—so mysterious that not even the cast knows how it will end! It's "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" and it's just one of six great Broadway performances coming to Texas A&M this year.

In 19th Century England, at a merry Christmas celebration, young, arrogant Edwin Drood disappears, apparently done in by one of the revelers. Was it the split-personalities John Jasper, or the Ceylonese twins Helena and Neville, the sinister Princess Puffer, or his betrothed Rosa Bud, or even the Reverend Crisparkle? As the cast of this mystery musical, based on Dickens' unfinished novel, search for a culprit, the audience votes to choose a villain, a pair of lovers and a conclusion, which the company then performs.

Come revel in the music, the mystery and the fun. Choose your own ending. But watch closely. Not everything (or every one) is as it seems.

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood" is just one of six Broadway performances coming to Texas A&M for MSC OPAS 16, the sixteenth season presented by the Opera and Performing Arts Society. The Theatre Series will also include Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge", a special Hallmark presentation "The Immigrant" and the great Gershwain musical "My One and Only." Plus the internationally acclaimed blacklight theatre of "Mummenschanz" and a special season finale performance to be announced later.

Don't miss this chance to write your own mystery and save almost 30% over single ticket prices. OPAS 16 season tickets are now on sale in the MSC Box Office.

Tickets on sale at the MSC Box Office, Rudder Center, Credit card order by phone 845-1234.

OPAS 16

This season we bring you the world.

MSC Opera and Performing Arts Society • Memorial Student Center of Texas A&M University



Oh My God—IGLOO MADNESS ONE DAY ONLY

Wednesday, September 7
Noon — 10 p.m.

25¢  **25¢**

4501 Wellborn
between Texas A&M & Villa Maria
846-1816

IGLOO MADNESS SALE

FROZEN COOLERS
Flavors

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Strawberry Daiquiri | Cherry Daiquiri | Banana Colada |
| Peach Daiquiri | Screwdriver | Raspberry Colada |
| Banana Daiquiri | Blue Hawaiian | Peach Colada |
| Raspberry Daiquiri | Mai Tai | Pineapple Colada |
| Pineapple Daiquiri | Hurricane | Grape Colada |
| Spiced Apple Daiquiri | Tropical Punch | Peaches & Creme |
| Watermelon Daiquiri | Margarita | Strawberry & Creme |
| Grape Daiquiri | Pina Colada | Bananas & Creme |
| Lemon Daiquiri | Strawberry Colada | Raspberry & Creme |

All drinks are made with real fruit or fruit juices
All creme flavors made with real Vanilla Ice Cream.

Small \$2.75 (12 oz.)	Medium \$3.75 (20 oz.)	Large \$5.50 (32 oz.)
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25¢ **\$1.75** **\$3.25**

Limit one 25¢ drink per person per visit. Limit six people per vehicle. Enjoy in Moderation. Please Don't Drive While Intoxicated.



Night view

Battalion file photo

The fountains in front of the Chemistry Building spray in the moonlight.

B-CS a cultural black hole

In case you haven't noticed, this town is virtually a cultural black hole.

We have the Sterling C. Evans Library which doesn't meet up to "World-Class University" standards because the school would much rather spend money so that a group of hyperthyroid Neanderthals in helmets and shoulder pads can run up and down a field of fake grass while throwing a pigskin filled with hot air, instead of spending money so that normal students can read, research and learn about the world, one day making a viable contribution to society, instead of taking up valuable TV air time to sell light beer.

We have a student program that brings in good classical music that is usually out of the financial reach of most students. Of course, most students wouldn't be able to go anyway because all the tickets are usually sold to local merchants and rich, old A&M two months before they are supposed to go on sale to the general public.

We have a student organization that brings wonderfully diverse bands as Alabama, Alabama and Alabama to perform concerts in the acoustically pristine G. Rollie White Coliseum.

You might think that Bryan-College Station, being a college community, would have a lot of culture to offer the public. But once you consider the college, there is not much good you can say about the community.

We have local theaters, which show the newest movies starring Sty Stallone, Arnold the Barbarian and Mayor Eastwood, or feature high school kids having sex, getting killed or doing both at the same time.

We have local radio stations that make sure that you can hear Madonna every hour on the hour.

We have local record stores that make sure you can find a Madonna album in case your radio breaks. They don't clutter up their shelves with other records so that they will have plenty of Madonna on hand.

We have local book stores that have plenty of copies of "Jane Fonda's Workout for Pregnant Women and No Nukes Demonstrators" and "Garfield Gets Hairballs," instead of stocking real books that have words instead of pictures.

We have local video stores that have dozens of copies of movies starring Sty Stallone, Arnold the Barbarian and Mayor Eastwood, or feature high school kids having sex, getting killed or doing both at the same time. You figure video stores with thousands of videos could have a selection of something besides "Dirty Rambo, the Terminator from Hell Part 8.1794 x 10."

I went into one store and asked they had any foreign films. The reply went something like this:

Joe Bob: "Hey Billy Bob, do we have any ferrin films? This guy wants some."

Billy Bob: "I think we had one once, it was in French or somethin'."

Joe Bob: "Naw, I 'member were in German, this dude came one night an' came back in 'bout minutes an' said 'What the he 'dis! I can't understand a w they're sayin' an' it's got words bottom of the picture. An' I can ad!'"

These guys obviously came from a long line of cousins.

At another video store, one actually had a copy of Ingmar Bergman's "Cries and Whispers." I asked why they didn't get more films. Bergman or other good directors. The woman at the counter said she didn't know enough about films to know which ones to get. She came back a couple of days later with a list of 75 of the greatest films made — films by Bergman, Jean Truffaut, Jean Renoir, Luis Buñuel, Federico Fellini, Roman Polanski, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Akira Kurosawa, Jean-Luc Godard, Michelangelo Antonioni, Alain Resnais, Werner Herzog and others.

They took the list, thanked me and probably laughed as they looked at the list in the trash once I had left. They still don't have anything like one Bergman film and dozens of copies of "Dirty Rambo, the Terminator from Hell Part 8.1794 x 10."

The worst part of it all is that we have a community that believes in the finest moments in art and culture come during the belching contest, the chili and beer drinking held in honor of the day Willie Nelson washed his beard.

By Karl Palmeyer, Sept. 11, 1988

Why can't football fans act human?

So here we are, gearing up for bonfire and the big game with Texas. And here I am, praying I don't kill anybody at the game.

You see, it's not that I'm such a rabid Aggie fan that I set out to decapitate any orange-blooded types who have the audacity to venture near Kyle Field. It's just that I'm growing sick of football fans.

Not just Aggie fans, mind you — all football fans. What I've figured out in four years of spending Saturdays at Kyle Field is that most of us are fair-weather fans at best and hypocrites at worst. We expect other teams' fans to be well-behaved toward us, but we reserve the right to be crude and offensive to them.

The LSU game this year was a prime example. Some LSU fans got a little out of control and a lot intoxicated. Being rowdy college kids whose team had just won a big game, they stormed the field and promptly got themselves arrested. Some others made nasty remarks to Aggie fans. Come Monday, the population of Aggieland was irate and *The Battalion* was flooded with letters about what a disgrace the LSU fans were to their school and how we Aggies would never show such lack of respect for our opponents or their schools.

Hogwash. I remember the Texas game my freshman year very well, partly because A&M pulled off an upset win and mostly because we acted like complete jerks about it. After the game, there were Aggies all over Sixth Street, and I watched a lot of them say nasty things to UT fans. I watched three or four of them pick fights with UT fans. It didn't make me feel too proud.

But what's sad is that it wasn't an isolated incident. And our disrespect extends not only to the other team's fans, but also to the other team, the referees and sometimes our own team.

Last year I spent the entire first half of one game trying to keep myself from throwing two senior cadets over the concrete barrier to the first deck. It was tough. The gentlemen in question were having a tough time with the officiating, i.e. the refs were calling the Aggies for penalties we were committing.

"*&#*%\$&# ref!!!" they would yell. "Go back to the *&#*%\$& Southeast Conference!" Or: "Ref, get your *&#*%\$& head out of your *&#*%\$& and call 'em right!"

During halftime, these two intellectual powerhouses decided the refs were obviously incompetent and incapable of calling a game correctly. When the second half started — you guessed it — the penalties all seemed to be against the other team.

"Way to go, ref!!!" they yelled. "Way to call 'em!!!" Don't get me wrong; I don't like to see the Ags called for penalties any more than any other fan. But if we did it, it's our fault and yelling at the ref only makes you look like a fool.

So, for that matter, does the horse laugh. Like I said, I don't like seeing the Aggies get penalties. But even

though I know how much I *don't* know about football, there are plenty of times when I see the foul things being called. And I find it ridiculous that some yell like who's had his eye on the crowd and not the game. I decide to get 70,000 people to yell at a ref for what I have been a good decision.

I used to go along with the hores laugh in situations like that. Not anymore. This can cause problems. The Arkansas game when I refused to "hump it" for an unjustified horse laugh and the guy behind me said "Hump it, Ag!" in a highly menacing voice two days from my ear.

The Arkansas game brings to mind another obvious fan: the guy who's out for blood. One of these a few rows behind us at the game, screaming, "BEE THEIR LEGS! BREAK THEIR LEGS!" Luckily, one of the guys I was with loudly proclaimed, "What a sport man we have here!" eliminating the need for me to do something that would have gotten my face broken.

I know, I know, that stuff is all in fun. But I've got too many friends who played football somewhere else to be comfortable with people who gloat over the other team has an injured man on the field. I brought up to believe that this is a game, and that you're any kind of fan at all who hope everyone stays healthy so they can play a good game. I don't want to be around the kind of people who can cheer at an injury that could end a player's career.

But worst of all are the fans who are all too quick to engage in player-bashing as soon as someone has a bad game. And the best example I can think of is Craig Stump. You remember Craig, the miracle quarterback who came in after Kevin Murray broke his ankle three years ago and led the Aggies to some great end-of-season victories. Jackie Sherrill even publicly debated about who would start for the Aggies next season. Stump remained the backup until Murray left.

So what happens at the beginning of the season? Fans label Stump incompetent, boo him, and cry for him to be replaced. Nice fans, those. But beginning a few weeks ago, Stump made a comeback, and once again he's the fans' golden boy. I think it's great that Stump is playing so well, and I can't wait to watch him help us up on the Longhorns. But those fair-weather fans irritate me.

I have to admit there have been times when I have cheered for Craig Stump, but that was back when I was in high school and a Port Arthur Jefferson team led Stump and Shea Walker regularly pounded my beloved LaPorte Bulldogs. I think that's a pretty good excuse. But come Thursday night, I'll be out there yelling at the Aggies — not yelling at the refs, not seeking out other team's blood.

Now, if I can just refrain from bludgeoning other fans...

By Sue Krenek, Nov. 25, 1987