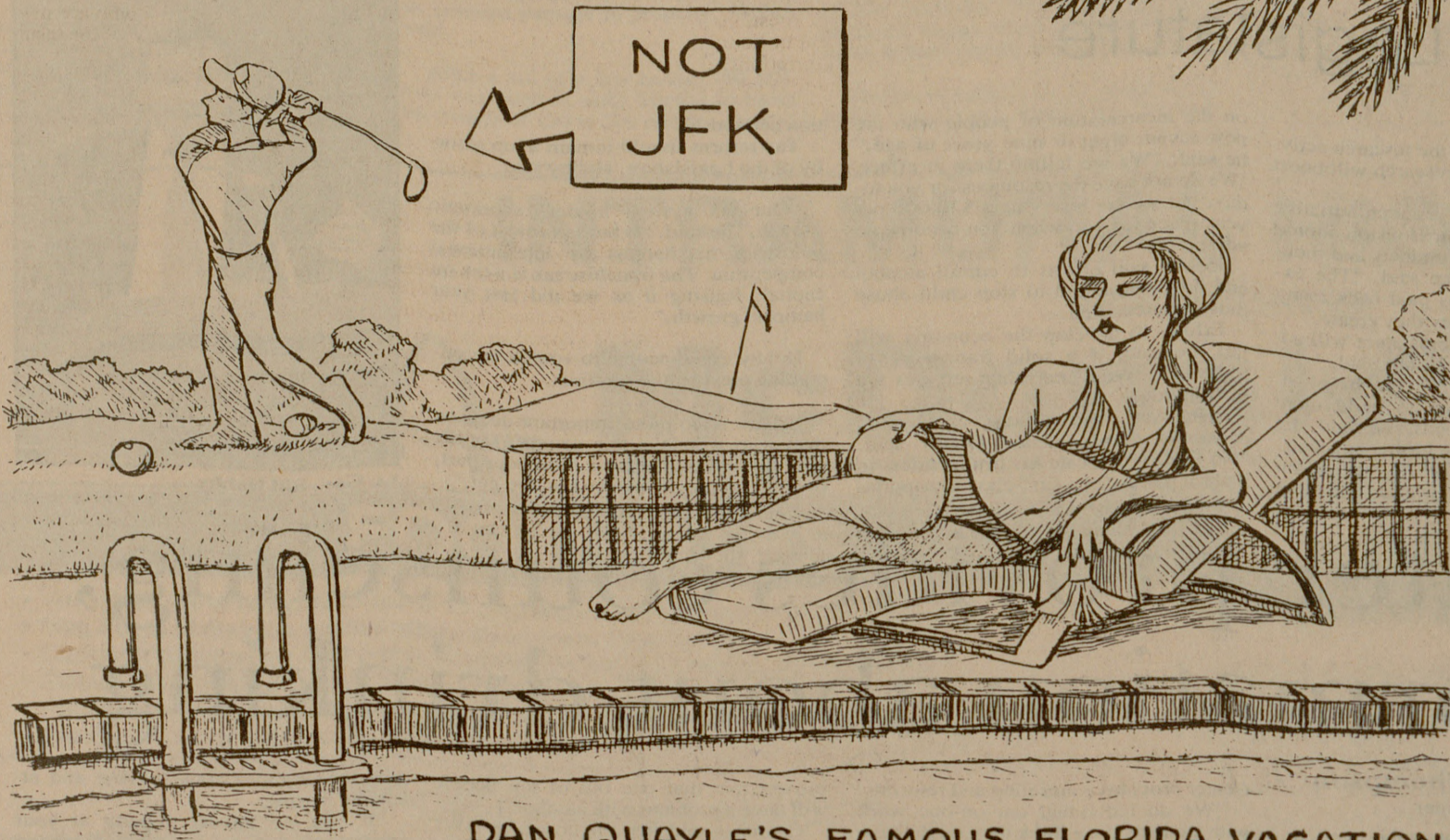


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DAN QUAYLE'S FAMOUS FLORIDA VACATION

Time! Time! Time! See what has become of me

It's here!

It's arrived with overwhelming force and in such unfashionable short order. If Newton and Einstein knew, they would roll over in their graves and re-think their physics. The signs of it are everywhere. Just take a walk through campus and observe.

Students are walking around in a glazed daze, as if they were stand-ins for the actors in "Night of the Living Dead." Zombies, whose eyes feel like low-grade sandpaper. Their contacts feel as if they've been soaked in acid. No sleep, no fun, no one cares. They're going somewhere. To a class. To take a test. They have to hurry. Hell is half-over.

The students feel like they've been on acid. Life is like an animated Salvadore Dali painting, where clocks melt and bodies contort. They've been up all night, for days on end, until the semester is just one big day and one big night. Time is of the essence, time is running out, time waits for no man, TIME, TIME, TIME!

The minutes and months fuse together: the semester is half over. They've been up all night — reading papers, writing papers, typing papers and grading papers. They've been up all night — reading text books, typing reports, working on projects, studying for exams. They're running out of time and the clock won't stop melting. They get to bed late, if they get to bed at all. Then they must get up early, if they ever went to sleep.

And the late nights and early mornings are claiming the casualties. The stu-



Suna Purser
Columnist

dents are sick. They have the crud. They share and share alike by giving it to everyone they come in contact with. They go to the "Quack Shack" and watch the clock melt as they wait to see a doctor. They need drugs so they can make it through until the end... if they can stay alive long enough to see the doctor.

The clock melts. They have no time to eat balanced meals. For several reasons: they've been so busy with school they forgot to pay the light bill — so, no electricity for the stove. They've been so busy with school, they haven't had time to wash dishes — so, the health department condemns their sink as a community health hazard. They've been so busy with school, they haven't had time to buy paper plates and plastic forks — so, they eat with their fingers like cave men. They've been so busy with school, they eat their meals straight out of the can like a cat — vienna sausages, pork-beans, raviolis. The food of champions. The food that makes them have dreams that resemble animated Salvadore Dali paintings.

They have no clean clothes to wear. They have no time for laundry. They go to the closet and open it. Immediately

they are attacked by dirty clothes wads. They look at the mess and choose the garments that are the least dirty. They put them on. The clock melts. They use the reversal method on underwear and socks and ask themselves, "No one will notice... will they?"

They haven't taken showers in what seems like a millennia. When the do, systems go into shock. They run around in the shower barely long enough to get wet and call that clean. They have so little time and the clock continues to melt off of their arms and off the walls.

They stand in life-threatening lines to get their mid-terms. After hours of waiting, they get to the desk: "May I have your i.d.?" They didn't know they had to have an i.d. to get their mid-terms. Suicide. After hours of waiting, they get to the desk: "I'm sorry. The names beginning with 'Sm' are in the next line." Murder. They finally get their grades: murder the professors and then kill themselves. And the clock is still melting.

They continue to stay up all night. The pressure is building with unrelenting force. Study for this test, write that paper, give a report, meet those deadlines. Hell is half over. They inject massive quantities of coffee. They pop caffeine pills. They gorge on candy until they have sugar-induced nightmares. They tear their hair. They tear up their papers, so they can one day tear up life.

Hell is half over... the clock continues to melt.

Suna Purser is a journalism graduate, a graduate student in English and columnist for The Battalion.

Mail Call

Prison furlough program works

EDITOR:

The prison furlough program that George Bush loves to hate is used in the states in this country for one simple reason — it works!

The prison furlough program has been effective in reducing crime rates 50 percent. This means that repeat crime is cut in half in states that use the furlough program.

What is the purpose in having punishment without reform? What justice is there in sending an 18-year-old to jail for five to 10 years only to dump him on the streets with no preparation for dealing with society? Consider that he's grown up in a prison cell isolated from the outside world with only other convicts for role models. Is there any wonder that he should end up in jail again three months later for an even more serious crime?

The furlough program helps to assimilate these people back into society when they are released. Of course, the program is not 100 percent successful and George Bush is quick to point out examples where it has failed. But the fact remains that a 50 percent reduction in repeat crimes is much better than the percent reduction you have without this program.

The furlough program is one of the most effective tools we have ever had for breaking the repetitive cycle of crime and George Bush is opposed to it. Perhaps that is why most every major law enforcement organization in the country is endorsing Michael Dukakis for president.

Michelle Touchet '89

Democrats' strategy screwy

EDITOR:

In regard to Mike Thomas' letter "Quayle, JFK, light years apart," one can once again see the backward strategy of the Democrats. Why are you wasting time comparing Quayle and Kennedy, Mike? Anyone who saw the debates could tell you that Dan Quayle wasn't trying to do this, he only wanted to show that he has much political experience as Kennedy did.

Quit evoking the strategy of trying to get Mike Dukakis in the White House talking about how great Lloyd Bentsen is.

If you want to compare and contrast political experience there is no way to compare George Bush and Mike Dukakis. If you want a real brain teaser, Mike, why don't you contrast and compare the vastly different issue positions of Dukakis and Bentsen on abortion, medicare, defense and environmental concerns? If the Democrats win, who's word counts more? Dukakis or Bentsen? Let's just hope it doesn't come to that.

Jeff Putnam '89

Washington not the ACLU type

EDITOR:

In her letter on Oct. 10, Melanie Shouse voiced her support of the American Civil Liberties Union and she even went so far as to say that "Our founding fathers would undoubtedly have been card-carrying members of the ACLU..."

The ACLU, in the name of "constitutional rights," supports the legalization of homosexual marriages, the adoption of children by homosexuals, and asserts that child pornography is a form of free expression. The ACLU opposes the death penalty and long-term sentences for convicts of any kind. It favors, however, the decriminalization of drug consumption. The list goes on.

Is this the America our founding fathers envisioned?

Let's see: Mr. and Mr. Washington wake up in the morning, smoke a joint, send their adopted son to the studio to be raped on camera. Oh, what a country!

No, Melanie, our founding fathers would definitely not have supported the ACLU, and neither should any American — Republican or Democrat.

In America, you can belong to any organization you choose. Michael Dukakis chooses to belong to the ACLU. He may not agree with all of its policies, but he and a feather do flock together. Would a Dukakis presidency see ACLU members appointed as federal judges or into other high offices? Is that what the American people want? The answer (and I hope the right one) will come on November 8.

Andy Keetch '91

Listeners, revolt!

EDITOR:

I am writing in response to Timm Doolen's article on the "demise" of rock and roll. I totally agree with him that most of what we hear on Top 40 stations is complete junk.

Before I came here, I was directly involved in the music business at the fastest growing music centers — Nashville, Los Angeles, and New York. In fact, I would venture to say there is more good music now than there ever was in the 1950s, '60s and '70s. It's just that most of it never emerges beyond studio walls.

The problem is with the non-discriminating consumer. The reason we listen to unimaginative artists and their worthless remakes is because that's what sells.

In the past, the artists determined the music they would write and the consumer accepted it because he didn't know any better. Now, we have the "market age" of music where the consumer is king. We have a barrage of pseudo-musicians seeking instant fame and fortune by giving the consumer what he wants, a catchy melody line with a few simple lyrics, and the real musician to put their good music on the shelf and conform or face starvation.

How can we solve the problem? Discriminating consumers must make themselves be heard! As we have seen with bad music, the power of the consumer can be tremendous. Here are a couple of suggestions that could make a difference. Don't buy a worthless album by a worthless artist just because it has one good song on it. Or call your radio station when that song you can't stand is first released and tell them you don't ever want to hear it again.

If those of us who appreciate good music will band together and take a stand, we can make a difference and usher in a new era of quality rock-and-roll.

Doug Pryor '88

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

The Battalion

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