

Word, people — time to get ill!

Sandwiched in between the pro-Fish Camp and squirrel letters and the anti-Dukakis and *Battalion* columnist letters, every day I receive notes in the mail which I refer to as "the World U. at Aggeland suggestions."

These letters, usually written by graduate students who wear sandals and both shoulder straps of their bookbags, are chock full o' ideas about how to push A&M into the upper echelon of higher education. You know, suggestions such as the addition of a Fine Arts college and law school, increasing admission standards, building a dome over Kyle Field and printing the school newspaper with ink that melts in the rain and not in your hands.

These are all intriguing suggestions indeed, but alas, not the answer to the "world university" crisis at hand. If A&M is to become a "world university," (step aside, Stanford) we must have a wide range of cultures on campus. And I've noticed one culture that is conspicuously missing here in Aggeland.

No, it's not one from across vast continents and oceans. It's one from Downtown — 129th street, as Kool Moe Dee would say. We don't have a rap culture at A&M.

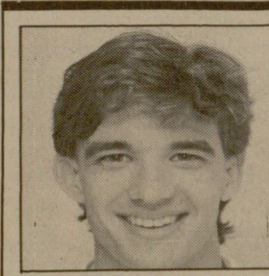
Rap?

Yeah, rap. You know — the relatively new genre of popular music prevalent in large inner-urban areas that features fast talking, record scratching and special effect noises made with the mouth (which sound vaguely like spitting) called beat-boxing.

Rap music is sweeping the nation. Even white middle-class youths have gotten into the groove courtesy of Run DMC — the group, not the building. But I have never seen or heard a rapper at A&M.

In fact the closest thing I've ever seen to a rapper in Aggeland was Darryl "D-Mack" McDonald, a basketball player for the Aggies from 1986-88. McDonald, a Harlem, N.Y., native, was quite a spectacle as he strolled across campus.

D-Mack (he even had a rapping name) was always decked out in official rap gear: adorning the head was a cango (a hat similar to the one worn by Gilligan), complementing the soles were a pair of loose-laced hightops (Adidas are def but



Anthony Wilson
Opinion Page Editor

Nikes were free), and rounding out the ensemble were a casual and practical (yet dressy) set of easy fitting sweats and stylish accessories — a large gold chain sturdy enough to tow a mid-size truck with a medallion that looked as if it had just been swiped off a Benz.

And who knows? When D-Mack wasn't hooping it up, maybe he spent his spare time getting ill in Cain Hall.

I enjoy rap and get totally bugged when someone downplays the significance of its cultural value. Rap is a reflection of the times, especially for urban youths. Hogwash, you say? So what kind of music do you enjoy?

Oh, Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd, huh? Yeah, nothing like experiencing the creativity of middle-aged men on hallucinogens. You like Debbie Gibson and Tiffany? Hmmm, what grade are you in? You say U2 really floats your boat because their lyrics are so deep. I suppose so — I've never been able to understand them.

And I think that's most people's problem with rap — they just don't understand it. So I've composed a beginning rapper's dictionary for all you LL Cool J wanna-be's, complete with examples:

Biting — stealing someone else's rhymes, which is an uncool thing to do. Ex: Nine whack crews **bitin'** at my rhymes... I said 'Please stop **biting** and don't imitate.' They refused. So what happened? Now there's eight."

Bet — all right; cool; great. Ex: "I tried to talk to you there, but you were acting as if you were scared. She said, 'I'm not scared now.' I said, 'Bet! Well, let's go then...'"

Bug — a maximum bad mood; hack off; annoy; attempt to provoke. Ex: "Sometimes guys test him by trying to **bug**. He just leaves ring imprints all over their mugs."

Def — short for definitely; used to

express approval and enjoyment. Ex: "Your love is so **def!**"

High post — extravagant; high-class; well-to-do. Ex: "I treat ya' **high post**, but you play me close. And if I bought a drink up, you don't even toast."

Homeboy — a person from one's hometown with whom that person was childhood chums. Ex: "Charlie is our **homeboy** from around the block. He's regarded through the city as the hip-hop cop."

Quiet storm — romantic (or mood) music. Ex: "... flip the radio on and sip Dom Perrignon to the **quiet storm**."

Skeezer — a woman solely after a man's money (see Robin Givens); a woman solely after sex with a famous man (see Robin Givens' mother). Ex: "I met these funny-lookin' people. They called them **skeezers**, so I hung onto my wallet like Ebenezer. If you're kinda confused to what a **skeezer** is, it's just a girl who's on my jock cuz I'm in show biz."

Of course, this is just a minute taste of the rap language, so to brush up on your rap vocabulary, I would suggest starting a rap music collection consisting of DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, LL Cool J, Kool Moe Dee, Erik B. and Rakim, and Public Enemy (you've just gotta love those names — certainly better than pseudonyms such as Elton John or John Cougar).

Starting Tuesday I expect to see all of you closet rappers rhyming on campus. *Word, that'll be crush.*

Anthony Wilson is a senior journalism major and opinion page editor for The Battalion.

Mail Call

UCD's food bests A&M's

EDITOR:

The food service facilities on campus are of poor quality. Food quality, in particular, is poor and there is little variety. Food costs are high. At the Pavilion snack bar, a banana costs 50 cents, a 16-ounce Coke is 74 cents and a limp piece of cake under Saran Wrap is 78 cents.

The food service organization at the University of California at Davis is altogether different than here at TAMU. The UCD Coffee House in the student union is an excellent example of the quality a university can possess if so desired. The Coffee House is a non-profit cafeteria-deli, accessible to all students and faculty.

With the exception of a permanent non-student manager, the Coffee House is staffed by students. They are cheerful and dynamic, exchanging banter and offering suggestions to patrons. They work efficiently and quickly, taking pride in the food they serve and their work environment.

The food is excellent and is oriented towards health-conscious patrons — vegetarian soups, tofu and whole grain breads are available. Baked goods are produced from scratch. Other items include mini bagel pizzas, cold and hot pastas, salads, casseroles, fresh and prepared fruit, and a wide assortment of desserts. Bagels come in all shapes and flavors, split and warm, with a huge slab of cream cheese on top for 75 cents. A huge piece of cake is 40 cents. A large bowl of fresh fruit costs a dollar. This cafeteria provides a service to students — cheap, good food on campus. The student is not a mere consumer with money to be removed from his or her possession.

In other arenas, a vendor dispenses free samples of new juice products. Plates and other utensils are disposable in order to cut cleaning costs and facilitate take-out. The ambience is casual, rather than stifled or reserved and natural lighting augments the spacious layout.

The Coffee House is subsidized by student fees. This subsidy was used to provide start-up capital, but has not been utilized for several years. Rather, the turns a profit. Revenues are reinvested as student (staff) wages and salary for the permanent non-student manager, as well as university overhead and rent. Excess monies are returned to the student government to be made available to other activities on campus such as student organization programming.

The UCD Coffee House provides a role model for the TAMU food service. Quality, diverse and unique foods, coupled with lower costs for students and a pleasant atmosphere makes eating at UCD an overall more pleasant experience than at TAMU.

Jake Weltzin

Medical care can prolong life

EDITOR:

I would like to reply to some of the comments made by Dean Suetenius in his Oct. 20 article "Technology may be immoral."

As you said, technological results and experimentation have not always been considered ethical. As far as the medical technology that you wrote of, some of your facts were not quite accurate.

Not only "rich" people receive adequate medical care. My family receives adequate medical care! My family receives only one income — that of a state police officer. This income supported a family of six. My younger brother who suffers from Acute Lymphocytic Leukemia received the best medical care available at M.D. Anderson Hospital in Houston. One fact you failed to mention is that people who are residents of Texas cannot be denied medical treatment, regardless of cost. A state funded hospital such as the M.D. Anderson Cancer and Tumor Institute.

You have obviously never been in an intensive care unit room with a terminally ill person. I don't understand how you can be the judge of the question concerning "pulling the plug" until you have to make that decision for your own 17-year-old brother who lived 18 months longer due to the benefit of modern medical technology. It is true some suffering is involved. But those like my brother, who loved life, are able to enjoy a few more months with their families.

So as you can see, the massive amounts of money spent on improving technology do not benefit only a select few. Many poverty stricken people can do receive medical care.

I would suggest that until you have to look at your own grieving mother and then tell a doctor to "unplug" someone you love that you should write about something you know a little more about.

Ann Kulik '90

We are the world

EDITOR:

In answer to James Burns' and Mike Trebue's letter concerning the sovereignty of South Africa, I must say I find their methods inadequate. The situation in South Africa goes beyond "trade sanctions" and "domestic policy," plainly and simply abuse of human beings.

00801401 The short-sightedness expressed in Burns' and Trebue's letter shows the main problem facing the world today. The people being repressed in South Africa are not separated from us, but a part of us. This is not a world of countries, but a world of people of people. And those people in South Africa are my brothers and sisters.

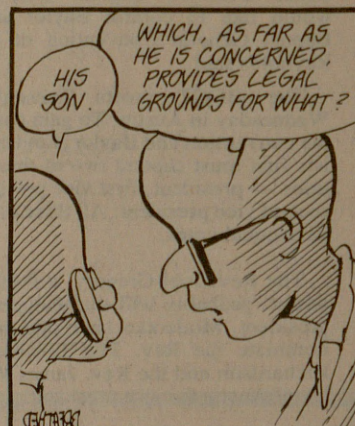
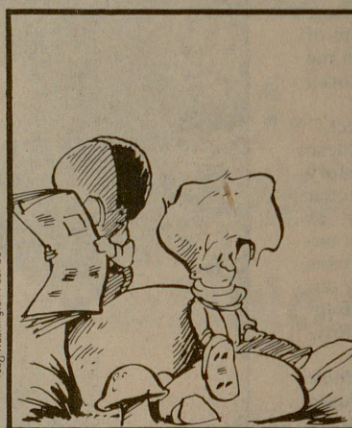
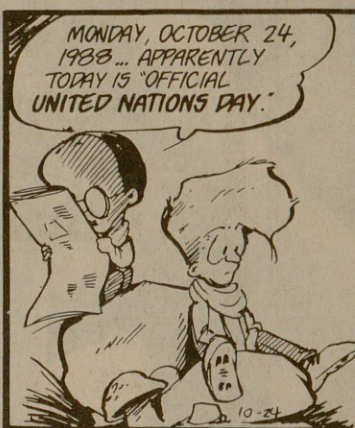
If we look beyond the false boundaries we apply to ourselves, we will see that be true. Break down those boundaries and we of this world will be as one.

James Keck '92

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

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



The Battalion

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