

Band's grudge gone 15 years too long

In 1973, the Rice Marching Owl Band parodied the A&M mascot, Reveille III, in what may have been a tacky prank during a halftime performance, but was nevertheless harmless. Fifteen years later, the A&M band still holds a grudge.

Come on guys, don't you think it's time we let bygones be bygones? After all, the current A&M band members were between the ages of three and seven at the time, so it's doubtful that the incident was of much concern to them then.

The A&M student body appreciates the refreshing change that the MOB adds to a halftime show, as evidenced by its reaction following the MOB's performance Saturday. The idea that the MOB should have to tone down its act to prevent offending the Aggie Band is silly. If any institution in this country is screaming to be parodied, it's certainly A&M.

And besides, wasn't it a senior yell leader who insinuated that a male Rice student would rather have sex with a sheep than with a beautiful woman during his grody story at Friday's yell practice? Implying that Rice students practice bestiality is hardly a compliment.

The Battalion Editorial Board

Mail Call

Victims should fight back

EDITOR:

In view of the recent abduction and attempted murder from one of the parking lots on the A&M campus, I feel it is time to take a hard look at the standard suggested behavior to follow if you are assaulted — submit and hope for the best.

Although each person will have to make her own decision at the time, I believe serious consideration should be given to resisting at the point of the abduction. You may be injured or killed, but if he is successful in taking you from the parking lot to a remote area, injury will no longer be an option. You will be killed.

The only control we have is the place where the final confrontation will occur and I choose the parking area where I will be quickly found and perhaps able to survive my injuries.

KarenHall

Move bad for handicapped

EDITOR:

I'm writing to complain about MSC Town Hall's decision to move the Robert Palmer concert to Rudder Auditorium. I can understand they would lose money if the show was not moved, but I also understand that the money I spent on front row seats in the handicapped section is wasted.

It seems that the handicapped section is in the back of the auditorium. When the concert was moved, so was I.

I was told by a worker in the MSC box office that if I could walk to my seat I could still use my tickets.

Well, the reason I bought tickets in the handicapped section is because I cannot walk. The worker also told me if my date could carry me to my seat, I could still use my ticket. Since I'm about a half-foot taller than my date, that won't work.

The point I'm trying to make is that for a fraction of the money the University is spending on the street corner markers and new buildings it could make the campus a little more accessible for those who can't walk.

Mike Morris '91

Iron Maiden's a musical genius II

EDITOR:

Last Friday's *Battalion* contained a letter which should have offended any person who had even a limited knowledge of music or a minimal amount of reading comprehension. The letter, most likely printed on a Big Chief Tablet with a Husky pencil, was authored by Roy Davis in response to Timm Doolen's article on rock music.

Applying a little logic to Timm's article lends credence to all he said. First of all, he was concerned with the decline in popular music. Timm only used classic rock groups' talent to illustrate the decline. In his article, I was quoted as saying "From Purple Haze to Purple Rain. That's a letdown folks," and it is.

Neither he nor I intended to say that all black music is horrid, but the popular material is.

Come on now, all one needs to be a rapper is a background filled with delinquency and a large vocabulary of offensive sexual terms. By the way, what does James Brown have to do with popular music? Anyway, Prince may have some musical talent, but lyrically, his music is comparable to the beautiful poetry found on junior high restroom walls.

One of the last points in Timm's article was the "musicianship" and "soul" which some of the more energetic bands such as Iron Maiden exhibit. Steve Harris, the Maiden bassist, is probably the second best in the business.

As far as the lyrics are concerned, Iron Maiden's songs have at least semi-philosophical meanings. Attempting to discount the talent of a group because the music is loud or energetic is insane. Granted techno-pop songs have better synthesized parts than Iron Maiden does because Maiden doesn't synthesize.

Timm's main point is that popular music lacks talent. This is exemplified by Tiffany, Madonna and the people who concoct dance music. Even Roy, I'm sure, could sing to a pre-programmed collection of computerized background jibberish. Lack of talent breeds lack of quality. That is a fact.

Matt McBurnett '91

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.

Beauty's skin-deep in our appearance-crazed society

When was the last time you were involved in a stimulating, thought-provoking conversation? One in which you discussed and questioned the meaning of religion, love, politics, philosophy, the nature of life? Those types of confabs can often be invigorating and usually leave you wondering, "What's the point — not only of the conversation in particular, but LIFE in general?"

I had one of those conversations recently, and we talked about something that has bothered me for a long time: appearance vs. reality. Have you ever noticed how possessed society is with appearance? The first thing many of us look for when we meet new people is: Are they thin enough? How big are the biceps? How attractive are they? Do they dress "right"? Are their fingernails clean? Do they have plaque? Preoccupation with appearance has swallowed us, complete with hook, line and sinker, and society has really capitalized on it!

If you aren't attractive, go to a plastic surgeon: get a silicone beep-up, have a nose-bob, have your whole body re-built with plastic so you'll look "right."

If you don't have the "right" kind of clothes, take your plastic money and buy a new wardrobe of synthetic clothes. Enshroud yourself in the "right" uniform, be a fashion plate, a clothes horse, wear what's "in" and to hell with what you like or feels comfortable. Remember, your success in society is in direct proportion to how flashy, trendy or sexy you look and these important qualities are a function of uniform.

If you're too fat, go through a surgical procedure called liposuction, where the doc uses a plastic tube and sucks all those lard cells right out. Presto! Instant thin. Those extra ten pounds you just couldn't live with or get rid of through a little spot exercising are gone. You are now the proud possessor of what society calls a "perfect 10."



Suna Purser
Columnist

But what about those sagging biceps and breasts? Gyms, health clubs, Nautilus equipment, free weights. Pump iron until your muscles have a tensile strength greater than the iron you're pumping. And while you're at it, make sure you wear your best synthetic gym clothes and have your liposuction done. NEVER go to the gym looking bad or out of shape. After all, sweat is sexy and marriages aren't made in heaven anymore. They're made in the health club. So put your best tennis-shoed foot forward. Mr. or Ms. Right may be there.

And never, absolutely NEVER go out of the house without being dressed to the nines, dressed fit to kill and dressed to knock 'em dead. For the ladies, this means "perfect" make-up, hair, clothes, fingernails and accessories. For the gentlemen, this means LOTS of expensive cologne, either very tight or very baggy clothes, a trendy haircut and an American Express Gold card. Heaven forbid anyone should see you, the real you, behind all the glitter and glitz.

Society is mass producing plastic people who are more concerned with appearances than they are reality. It isn't so much who you are on the inside, but how well you're packaged on the outside. After all, who's going to risk meeting a "loser" and wasting time getting to know the "inner" person, just because they don't like the way the "outer" person is wrapped? No one wants to risk themselves or waste the time, when they could be surveying the surroundings for someone who "measures up."

But how important are appearances in the face of reality? Aren't appearances often associated with illusion, confusion and superficiality? One scratch beneath the thin — and insincere — veneer of appearance, reality do you find there? And how often do you take time to scratch deeper at all? Have you been too busy to judge others? Trying and comparing them after giving them a trial "once over" and not liking it?

The appearances and reality of and what we are don't necessarily respond. There are lots of "skin-deep" looking people who are pretty given a chance, just as they are "skin-deep" who aren't so near after all. How would you ever know this if you took the risk and time to get to the superficiality of appearances?

I guess what it boils down to is perspective: how and why do we judge the appearances we do? I'll admit, I notice appearances and none of us can help but be concerned with how others look. It's human nature. We can get beyond appearances to a deeper reality, if we allow ourselves.

I'll also admit I'm a sophist, I believe in multiple perspectives. I think they're all valid, each in its way. And just like the appearance of my friends vary and span the "right," they're good people on the inside, regardless of what they look like on the outside. I'm just glad I've been able to distinguish the difference between appearance and reality of people who and what they are.

Ya' know, it's funny how one situation can start you thinking about why, exactly, they are your friend.

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

These are a few of my unfavorable things

I really love to complain. It's one of the things I do quite well, mainly because I have so much practice.

But this semester I seem to have more to complain about than ever before, and I thought maybe I'd share with you my Top 10 Most Hated Things. (OK, OK, it's not a totally original creation, but believe it or not, top 10 lists *did* exist before David Letterman.)

Number Ten: I hate being sick. I never used to be sick — that is, not until this semester. So far I've had mononucleosis, an eye infection, a cold and probably contracted several other diseases I don't even want to know about.

Number Nine: I hate the way people drive around here. I lived in Dallas for 15 years and learned to drive there. I was taught that green means go, red means go if you can get away with it, and yellow means let the pedestrian beware. Around here you'd think a green light was a four-way stop. There's nothing like the gleam of a brake light sitting in front of you with a crisp green overhead to annoy me.

Number Eight: I hate pedestrians. I realize A&M is a pedestrian-oriented campus, but the street is not a 12-foot-wide sidewalk. And just because there are white stripes on the street, it doesn't mean you're shielded from the speeding car coming toward you. Even if I (oops, I mean those other drivers) try to stop, it won't be pretty. The phrase "blind faith" comes to mind.

Number Seven: I hate roommates. You just can't count on them except to do one thing well — make a mess. Everything else they screw up. They come home at the wrong time, they disappear when the rent is due, they get all the dishes dirty, eat your food and put the toilet paper on the wrong way. But since I can't afford to live alone...

Number Six: I hate television in this town. Most people think of *The Battalion*



Steve Masters
Columnist

as a Communist publication, but the last (or first) Commie influence in this town is cable television. We're under their collective Red thumb. And when you're a lonely dateless-wonder of a freshman stuck at home on Saturday night with no one to give you company but Hee Haw reruns, razor blades start calling your wrists. Why hasn't some Old Ag started an NBC or ABC affiliate in this town?

Number Five: I hate construction. I was riding on a shuttle bus earlier in the semester when a voice came over the radio asking if anyone knew about Houston Street being closed for construction. The driver obviously knew nothing about it because she had a few choice expletives for the individuals responsible for changing her route. It's amazing to me that sheer size of the student body could create so many problems in just reaching the campus.

Number Four: I hate going to classes. I'm light years behind after my disease phase and I only feel worse when I actually do go, because it reaffirms my belief that not only will I not graduate when I thought, but I may not graduate at all.

Number Three: I hate parking. (I had to put it somewhere.) You can always tell the wisdom of an institution by their policies, right? Take, for instance, A&M's parking policy. You know you're dealing with mental giants when they sell 15,000 permits with 3,000 available spaces. It's actually cheaper (and closer

for some) to park in the New Mudlot than to park in blue space behind Cain Hall. We have traded sold more stickers than there are spaces, but this year it seems more fully obvious than ever before. I have a ticket before this year, after years with a clean record, one of my lived off-campus. What does this mean? It's too dang hard to find a parking space. I just wish they could build for some of these people.

Number Two: I hate wine. Who invented this stuff? A hippie surfer. Not that hippies are necessarily bad, but the founders of good old Ancient & Modern would turn over in their graves if they heard the Chicken serves a beer created by a bunch of long hair. Chicken is supposed to be a dietitian of baseball, hotdogs, apple pie, beer. Wine coolers are nothing more than training wheels for more stronger stuff. I would expect more conservative, traditional streak to these wretched substances.

And now, the moment you've been waiting for (or skipped to because we were getting tired of this).

The Number One thing I hate: talking to answering machines. I realize the importance of them, but I hate them myself. There is nothing more frustrating than coming home and finding six messages with nothing but a tone to listen to, except one thing: a machine. You could be wily, wily, wily taking part in a device someone to screen their messages of like a secretary you don't have or take out to lunch on Secretary. The solution? Don't talk to answering machines unless you're calling one.

Steve Masters is a senior journalist, major, senior staff writer and a columnist for *The Battalion*.

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.

Mail subscriptions are \$17.44 per semester, \$34.62 per school year and \$36.44 per full year. Advertising rates furnished on request.

Our address: The Battalion, 230 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843-1111.

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

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