

Mail Call

Stay in the closet

EDITOR:

In Stephen Masters' March 1 article on homophobia, the president of Gay Student Services, Eduardo Casas, stated that homosexuality "is something that they (many people) know they kind of are, and then they end up hating this (gay) person . . . when in actuality it's what they really are."

Is Mr. Casas insinuating that everyone who dislikes homosexuals has repressed feelings toward his or her own sexual gender? I believe Eduardo is attempting to appease his own conscience by projecting his own guilt upon everyone else.

Eduardo, on what basis do you make your claim?

You also stated that AIDS "gives people another reason to fear and dislike a group they do not understand." Personally, I don't need another reason.

You're gay. That's enough reason for me. I also do not fear you because I know you aren't touching me—even if you do so to "release" your inner desires. As for not understanding your group of real sweet guys—I understand you loud and clear. I've observed your nauseating antics, and I whole-heartedly disapprove.

Eduardo, it's not very difficult to understand the correct formation of a relationship. There are only two genders of humans, male and female. It's obvious that male and female is the only proper combination. How could you possibly get it wrong?

Although I don't believe violence toward your kind will rectify the dilemma, I also don't believe that you have the "right" to express your distasteful passions at the expense of everyone else's displeasure. As far as I'm concerned, you can stay in the closet.

Drew Popelka '91

Go watch the cows

EDITOR:

In response to Charles Goodman's March 1 letter defending Greeks' actions at the Feb. 21 Aggie Ladies' basketball game, I would like to say that we are not expecting any "apology."

However, the smart-aleck attitude in which his letter was written cannot help but to alienate even those who are partial to the Greeks.

The idea in itself is a noble one. But do not, sir, try to justify the halftime exodus as study-motivated; it says little of our intelligence and less of yours. Another half-hour would not have made any difference in study (or party) time.

But on your word, however, we will accept as fact that all of the fine young fraternity men took their dates directly home and then returned to their desks to study.

Finally, we would ask that if you have any similar such stunts planned for the future, that you please take them to a secluded place, such as a cow pasture. We can assure you the performance of the cows will not be adversely affected by your actions; on the contrary, they wouldn't mind in the least if you decided to leave early and rid them of your odious presence.

Lady Ags, you played like champions that day, in spite of the deserters. The real Aggies, to include those Greeks who stayed for the entire game, will always be behind you.

Ray Kornhoff '88
Kevin Jimmerson '89

Guns are OK

EDITOR:

This is in response to Ross Lambert's "researched" letter concerning gun control.

"Guns don't kill people; people kill people." It's an old cliché, sure, but a true one.

I've owned guns for years and I've yet to see a single one of them leap off the shelf, run off and commit murder.

Guns are inanimate objects, only as dangerous as their users. If the user truly is dangerous, then we need to control that person, not guns.

Criminals who have the capacity to kill will do so with whatever means they can, if not with a gun, then with any sharp or blunt object.

Instead of gun control, why not put the "bite" back into the law and make the crime of murder more serious? Many criminals aren't intimidated by the law due to our judicial system's track record of leniency.

What if alcohol was outlawed because of the number of drinking and driving fatalities? Or automobiles? (Since you "researched" the subject, Mr. Lambert, you probably already know there are more deaths annually from auto accidents than from shootings.)

Any measures would only take firearms from law-abiding citizens, making them more vulnerable to the criminal, who'll obtain a gun anyway.

Mr. Lambert's comparison between guns and illegal drugs was weak: Certain drugs are illegal because of their abnormally addictive, mind-altering effects, whereas guns are totally safe when used responsibly.

Mr. Lambert then argues that guns at home are a threat to your children's safety. If someone is careless (and stupid) enough to leave firearms and ammunition within reach of their children, they're just asking for trouble. Would you let your child play with matches, pharmaceuticals or household chemicals?

Mr. Lambert, if you don't like guns, that's your prerogative, however, is it fair to take away my hobbies (hunting and target shooting) if I pose no threat to society?

Ted Winkle '89
Accompanied by 32 signatures

Cartoon not humorous

EDITOR:

I found the "Warped" comic of March 2 personally offensive.

In a prejudice-free society, it would not be implied that one would have to be white to enjoy a film such as "E.T.," nor would the play on words with "colorized" have occurred.

That something resorting to racial humor of this nature would escape editorial review and actually appear in the school newspaper speaks rather clearly of the true discriminatory situation on campus. I feel that *The Battalion* and Scott McCullar owe both the University at large and the paper's advertisers an apology for this lapse in attention.

Keith Marrocco Wilkinson '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.

Confessions of a Nintendo addict

At the beginning of this semester, some friends that live down the hall from me, Greg Good and Mike Rollins, purchased a Nintendo video game. I have been good friends with them for several semesters, so I occasionally visit them. At first I never thought much of their new addition, not knowing the small, gray, plastic box would soon take hold of my life.

As I visited them over the next few weeks, I saw John and Danny (Greg and Mike's suite-mates) playing Super Mario Brothers, and I admired the incredible graphics of the game. John's brother had a Nintendo at home, so from the beginning he was better at Mario Brothers than anybody else. The rest of the guys looked to him for guidance when trying to learn the intricacies of the Mario Brothers world.

I don't remember exactly when it was, but the guys encouraged me to play the game. After just a few times of playing Mario Brothers, I was hooked. That's somewhat odd considering my attitude toward video games. I'm not exactly a fan of video games, but occasionally one will catch my eye. I avidly played them when I was younger, but since I've been at college, video games seem more a waste of valuable time than anything else.

But somehow Super Mario Brothers transcends that feeling. When I begin watching the vivid colors, I become hypnotized by their beauty. Once I start playing, it's almost impossible for me to stop. Usually Greg or Mike has to unglue my hand from the controller, and throw me out of the room.

For several weeks I played Super Mario Brothers every day, for up to an hour at a time. Greg bought other games, but none had the appeal of Mario Brothers. Double Dribble, a basketball game, was Danny's specialty, while solving *Zelda* became the quest of Greg and Mike. Neither game appealed to me—I was a tried-and-true Mario man.

Our conquest of the games was all-consuming. Greg finally broke down and made several long-distance calls to the Nintendo hotline, to try to discover the secrets of Mario and *Zelda*.

Day after day, I bugged Greg and Mike to see if they would let me play Mario Brothers; I was obviously addicted. I shudder to think what would happen if I had a Nintendo in my own



Timm Doolen
Columnist

room. I played their Nintendo between classes, at night, even before tests, when I should have been studying. I convinced myself that Mario was a reprieve from studying, but it was something hard to rationalize a three-hour study break. I remember Greg telling me the salesman said Nintendo improved hand-eye coordination. This served as a rationalization for several days.

As a result of Nintendo, Greg's and Mike's grades started to suffer. Although Nintendo was giving us all temporary pleasures, like most addictive it had very negative effects. Nintendo was drawing our lives into a whirlpool of despair, so something had to change.

Last week I learned the sad news: Mario's future. Mario is going home for spring break and never coming back. I'm trying to quit Mario, but the withdrawal symptoms are almost too much to handle. I'll have to go cold turkey when he's finally gone, but for now I'm playing as much Mario as I can.

I really can't blame Greg and Mike for wanting the Mario Brothers out of their life. Not only does it take up a considerable amount of their time because they play Nintendo so often, but so many persons (including myself) visit their room at all hours of the day to play the game.

Hopefully the grades of everyone involved with the Nintendo will go up after their departure. I won't say that Mario is the only reason I frequent Mike and Greg's place, but if I don't visit quite often after spring break, they'll know why.

Maybe I'll find somebody else in Innis Hall who has a Nintendo. No, I'll break down and actually buy a Nintendo system, adding another \$100 to Nintendo sales, which will reach an estimated \$2.5 billion this year.

I'll fondly remember my days spent with Mario, and I can honestly say I miss him.

Timm Doolen is a sophomore computer science major and a columnist for *The Battalion*.

Miss Texas A&M Pageant is far from scholarly

"There she is — Miss Texas A&M University," the emcee bellows.

The newly crowned scholarship recipient accepts the bouquet of roses and proudly begins her stroll down the runway — her bosoms proudly pushed up and pressed together using Lord only knows what kind of devices, salty tears forming little river bottoms in her makeup and a rhinestone crown resembling Elvis' favorite ashtray at Graceland perched atop her hairdo/cycling safety headgear.

It's called the Miss TAMU "Scholarship" Pageant, which is laughable. Those involved stress that it's not, repeat not, a beauty pageant. After seeing photos of some of the participants, I'm hesitant to disagree.

But the pageant does have interview,

Anthony Wilson
City Editor

talent and swimsuit divisions just like more prestigious pageants such as the Miss Iowa Cream Corn Pageant or the Miss Raise Your Hands If You're Sure and You Shave Pageant.

No, Miss TAMU is a "scholarship" pageant. But I have just one question. What other scholarship's requirements include a nice set of garbanzas?

Let's quickly deal with the obvious sexist attitudes this event promotes and move on to the crux of this column.

Any time women parade around in

their skivvies for \$1,000, they're asking to be judged on their looks, something most women abhor, with good reason. The interview sessions were conducted prior to the competition, which is a shame. The audience was cheated out of these women's views on Proposition 42, Gov. Clements' regent nominees, Salman Rushdie, the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan and other current issues.

All the Miss TAMUs, past, present and future, could be blithering morons, and we, their constituents, would never know.

But my focus is the subject nearest and dearest to all you business majors — money. You see, you, and I, and the other 36,764 people on this campus pay

not only for the \$1,000 prize, but for all the other fees necessary to produce Goofy Babe Night, er, this extravaganza.

"How can that be?" you inquire. "There is no beauty, er, scholarship pageant fee on my fee slip."

Au contraire, mon frere. You do pay a substantial student service fee and a portion of that is allotted by the MSC to the pageant. And what do we get in return? We get a handwaving University representative to ride around Dallas in a giant cotton puff every Jan. 1 for the low, low price of a couple of G's. What a bargain!

Since this "scholarship" pageant has been such a huge, smashing success, why not expand the idea? How about

University sponsored bikini, tan, wet shirts and hot buns scholarship contests?

Having a female student represent Texas A&M as Miss TAMU at various functions is not a bad thing. But better ways of choosing that person exist — ways which wouldn't require swimsuit competitions or the use of student service fees. Many intelligent, talented women here at A&M would be proud and able to represent the University in this capacity. But they shouldn't have to demean themselves to do it. And they shouldn't have to pay to have it done.

You've come a long way, baby. As we've got a long way to go.

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The Battalion

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

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