

Cheap suds, cops, missing utensils — B-CS parties

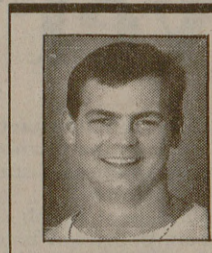
Everybody likes a party, right? Yea, unless it's at my house. A couple of weeks ago, my roommates and I decided to throw a wing-dinger of a party.

By that Friday evening, everything was going according to schedule. We had purchased our three kegs of Natural Light (for those of you present, we lied. Miller Lite was too damn expensive). So, at this point, we were about \$100 in the hole.

Our out-of-town invitees started filing in at 6 or 6:30 p.m. Due to the fact that they had to drive a few hours to get here, they were under the impression that gracing us with their presence was compensation enough for the party, so they offered us no money.

Around 8 p.m., all was going about as well as could be expected. My roommates and I still knew almost everyone present, no one was completely out of control and the neighbors still were content.

Things began to change, rapidly. Gradually, people started packing our house. After countless "How's it goings" I went to get a bite to eat for a hometown friend. Upon returning, I



Matt McBurnett
Columnist

noticed all hell had broken loose. Hundreds of people were milling about in our house and in the yard. Someone had purchased two additional kegs and placed them in our backyard. The ground was saturated and completely muddy due to the fine weather College Station had been receiving in the preceding weeks. So at least one-third of our back yard itself, ended up stuck to our carpet.

No matter how low we tried to keep the stereo, some joker would turn it up to neighbor-angering levels.

The last time we had a party, numerous items were stolen from our house. Included in these were our spatulas and our wooden spoons. Why someone would steal our spatulas, I do not know. But someone did.

So before this party, we made our

house theftproof. We secured all valuables and most random kitchen utensils. Nonetheless, I caught some girl trying to steal our 8-foot Manute Bol poster. My money has it that she has a few extra spatulas around her place.

At any rate, the thing was getting out of hand. I could only recognize about every fifth person. These people were not content with the beer cups provided, so they took cups out of our cabinet.

Some idiot started throwing up on our couch so my 6 foot 5 inch roommate tossed him into the yard.

I was even told to leave my own home by some malcontent I happened to brush up against.

Apparently there weren't very many cats stuck in trees or maybe Whataburger was closed that night because the police would not leave us alone. By the time College Station's finest showed, the crowd was large but the stereo was not loud. The police warned us nonthreatingly, and then left.

No more than two hours later, they

were back wielding a \$117 ticket with our names on it. We were out of beer anyway, so the festivities were basically over.

The ticket was second on my priority

list next to sleep. I opened my bedroom door to see two people sleeping on bed and two more on the floor.

Upon awakening, on our love seat started evaluating what had happened. Our place was in shambles. Mud was everywhere. My roommate's bedroom door was out on the front porch in

about 50 pieces. Vomit was randomly distributed throughout the house. Finally, we were \$217 in the red because the guy who had been collecting money for the beer already had left Austin, with the money.

If nothing else, my roommates learned a lesson from our shindig. College Station is not the place to throw a party. College students are cheap. Beer, tickets and spatulas are not. Finally, our police force apparently nothing better to do than make us already turning into a bad situation even a little more miserable.



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Life in Kuwait

Learn more about the world

I came to A&M many years ago to escape, in a way, a place I had grown to hate.

This country fascinated me, and the school I chose to attend bewildered me. Aggies' knowledge of geography seemed grossly limited, along with their knowledge of world history, politics and cultures.

I managed, nevertheless, to fall in love with this school and its traditions. I got to know at least half the student body, or so it seemed, and I fit in quite well, perhaps because I didn't exemplify the features, attitudes or accent that brother and sister Aggies had erroneously labeled my region of the world by.

It sufficed for me to introduce myself by an abbreviated form of my name at times, to avoid complicating matters or unduly burdening people with a "foreign" and seemingly unpronounceable name.

I ventured back home once in awhile and returned every time with a stronger conviction than ever before; whatever I do, I don't ever want to end up living there. Freedoms of speech and expression were systematically suppressed and you were openly discriminated against if you weren't a native of that land.

Furthermore, discrimination was rampant within the nationality itself, as citizens of that country were divided into seven "levels," with the highest being the American equivalent of if your ancestors were among the first to step off the Mayflower.

A non-citizen couldn't own a business, buy a home or even get a driver's license without being subjected to the most arduous of processes and belittling of treatments.

People cannot vote for their president and parliaments are dissolved if they don't agree with the ruler's philosophy or try to introduce reforms that could, God forbid, lead to a more democratic form of government.

A non-native can be deported for having three traffic violations. Teenagers are rounded up in police vans for

Samer Usama Al-Azen

Reader's Opinion

congregating in public areas, and women are treated like second-class beings.

You have the nerve to kiss your fiancée on the cheek near a public beach? Well, a two-year jail sentence ought to show you the error of your PDA ways.

Yet, if your mandatory I.D. card happened to say "Kuwaiti-Level 1," then all the above hardly applies. If better yet, you belong to the ruling family, you can cast away your troubles forever and no one will dare approach you, or so they thought.



Kuwaitis are now living as exiles in Paris, Geneva, London and other grueling places, drawing a comfortable salary from their respective embassies.

The very few that chose to go to Saudi Arabia and gallantly fight for the return of their homeland manage a few hours of training a day before returning to their spacious tents to feast on lamb and rice prepared by Egyptian cooks. Meanwhile, nearby Western and

Arab forces occupy well-ordered foxholes and dine from "mud-colored packets called Meals Ready to Eat (MRE), known to the troops as "Meals Rejected by Ethiopians."

My message is simple; unless Americans live in the way depicted above, this war is not about preserving democracy and the American way of life.

So before you jump on the "Free Kuwait and kick Saddam's ---" bandwagon, stop and think.

Have you ever been there? Do you know what life is like over there? How much do you know about the history of the region? The culture? The events that led to the launching of this invasion?

Sure, now everybody knows where the tiny emirate I grew up in is and funny enough, fellow Ags have gone from making fun of the "Sand Niggers" to boldly asserting their willingness to fight for their "Camel Jockey" friends and allies.

I contend that most people do not know why this war is being fought. A protester's sign in Washington D.C. posed a very interesting question: "If Kuwait's main export was broccoli, would Bush still be there?"

I am not condoning Iraq's invasion of another country, but for God's sake, don't let your minds be swayed by the opinions of others. Everyone at this University has proven him or herself to be above average in academics. I challenge you now to take your education one step further and learn more about the world you live in.

Granted, this is a rather conservative institution, and the general tendency is to back military action.

But there is absolutely nothing noble about fighting for a monarchy and a people who would rather sit back and watch while American blood is spilled on the thirsty sands of an inhospitable desert.

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Liberalism is misunderstood

EDITOR:

The other day I was eating with some acquaintances after a test in MSC. One of the guys with us began to tell a sexist and very racist joke. As the laughter died and he began to tell another, I politely asked him to refrain and he said, "Oh, sorry, are you one of those liberal types?" ha ha and he you are a tree lover and wear tie die.

The word liberal on this campus, which is used to imply a bad image and hippie persona, is completely misguided. Is it so liberal to accept other human beings for their personal value and not the color of their skin? Is it so liberal care about the condition of our fragile environment, our life-support systems? Is it so liberal to have intellectual pursuits besides lifting 12 ounce beer cans? Is it so liberal to want to improve the weaknesses of our public education system? Is it so liberal to question government policy and to decide for ourselves what is right and wrong? Is it so liberal to wear whatever one pleases?

If caring about issues such as these is considered liberal, it seems to me that the negative image should be on the word conservative. Conservative meaning blind acceptance of governmental policy; conservative meaning judging people by their Greek letters and physical appearance. Conservative meaning maintaining the status quo at all costs, even to the detriment of large majority of people. Conservative meaning not caring about the looming disaster of a failing and polluted environment.

If these concerns are "liberal" concerns, then I am absolutely proud to be "yes, I'm one of those liberal types" and no, I'm not a hippie. It seems to me campus in its effort to be so ultra-conservative is ignoring the real issues and problems of today — problems that ultimately are going to be up to us to solve. And as Aggies and future leaders, it seems that now is the time to question and challenge and think of new ideas and solutions, not wallow in the sameness of conservatism and be critical of those who are different.

The real world is not as homogenized and stereotypical as the A&M campus. We should strive to see the good in other cultures and ideologies to understand the world perspective, not just our little corner.

Go where your closed mind is welcome

EDITOR:

Okay, I've had it. I've tried to stay out of it, but I refuse to be part of the silent majority anymore. As a person with an IQ at least twice as high as your shoe size, I feel it is my duty to speak out against this abomination. Of what abomination do I speak?

I'm talking about the now overglorified comic strip "the itch" and all of the "Fighting Texas Aggie Crybabies" who can't handle it.

For those unaware, there is a war going on. I find it particularly disgusting that while our friends and relatives are fighting for their lives in foreign sands, the biggest worry on some people's mind is a comic strip. This warped sense of priorities makes me want to vomit.

In closing, I have two things to say to these people. First, step back for a minute and re-evaluate your priorities. Second, if meaningless things such as comic strips are even listed as a priority, make some changes. My suggestions would be to transfer to Baylor, where your close-minded, censorship-oriented views will be appreciated.

Trey Woods '93

The Battalion

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the itch

