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Nobody safe from animal magnetism

Pet popularity remains high among college students

Soft and covered with fur. Dependence upon you to flourish. An odor that in no way resembles Chanel No. 5.

Although I could easily be referring to my roommate's 23-day-old cup of coffee that is becoming a mini-terrarium on his bookshelf, I am actually speaking of the inevitable and undying desire for students to have pets.

We attend an agricultural university with pets everywhere: a dog that actually goes to class and eats in the cafeteria, frozen kitties hanging around in the vet school cooler and, of course, all those doting boyfriends and girlfriends who would fetch their master's slippers if only their mouths were large enough. These beings are clearly students and pets at the same time.

I have always been more fascinated by the burning urge of many human students to purchase an animal with the intent to cohabit — not only with the creature — but a somewhat human roommate as well, all in a 600 sq. ft. apartment or, even worse, a 96 sq. ft. dorm room.

It is my observation that this fetish for our four-legged brethren doesn't usually occur until well after the freshman year. It appears that just being released from home/prison and trying to juggle school with parties — not to mention ravenous hormones — keeps the lowerclassmen just too busy to buy a pet,



FRANK STANFORD
Columnist

let alone enough time to feed little Bowser. Daily anyway.

The "I want a pet" syndrome kicks in around the end of the junior year and is a definite symbol of maturation, stabilization and responsibility for the student. It is only a symbol mind you, not necessarily an indication.

In addition to acting as added responsibilities and entertaining conversation pieces, pets provide two other purposes for students. Animals not only serve as emotional substitutes for boyfriends and girlfriends, but as pre-children for pre-marriages.

As far as live-ins or married students sharing pets are concerned, by all means, before raising rug rats, practice on a Pomeranian. Not only is it great parenting experience, but a pet is much easier to return.

Rabbits seem to be the preferred dorm pet for women due to the lack of noise and need for hopping-room. As substitute boyfriends, rabbits stay fairly neat, are quite undemanding, and easily controllable. They almost never look at other girls.

When I was a CT, my Corps dorm resembled a Noah's Ark floating brothel on weekends. Untamed girlfriends and wide-eyed wildlife roamed the halls. Along with the occasional lab rats, iguanas and snakes, it seemed that every year after spring break a senior would show up with a Labrador or Rottweiler puppy named "Patton," "Howitzer" or something of the like. These dogs would chase tennis balls down the hall, entertain the freshmen and serve as make-shift Reveilles during morning fall-out. One even learned to tee-tee in the shower. Technically, of course, the dogs lived at the girlfriend's place and just "visited quite often."

When I became a senior, an underclass-

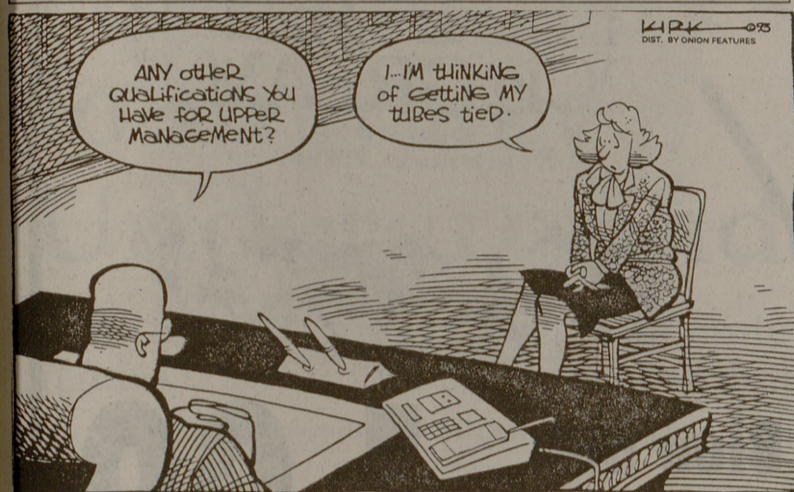
man gave me a five week old, head-strong kitten for my birthday. A Bolivian fish in my outfit named her "Little Puta," creating an F-2 company mascot. In addition to the two birds also living in my room, she lived quite harmoniously with my roommate and the rest of the company. Perched precariously on my shoulder, she was addressed in the hall as "Miss Puta, Ma'am" by the freshmen. Often, I'd walk through the Commons where Puta attracted girls like iron filings to a magnet. My senior boots might as well have been K-Mart flip-flops.

Although many girls openly admit that a pet is a "boyfriend," I am the only guy I know who will confess to having a cat as a girlfriend. Puta was cheap to maintain on table scraps and toilet bowl water, and was affectionate only to me. She was impeccably groomed, unpredictably made her own decisions and ate houseflies to boot. I had no need for a human woman.

The saddest issue concerning students and pets is the ever-looming detachment date. Graduation, a new job far away, or re-possession by a once-significant other often causes that furry, scurrying, scaly companion to become nothing but a memory.

When I moved off campus to a no-pets apartment complex, so did Puta. She spent a summer of waking up my roommate at 5 a.m., slew 50 or 60 sparrows throughout the next year and joined me on several sailing excursions and three trips to Colorado. After three years of bonding, I graduated and had to leave Puta behind. It was a sad day for me. I'm not sure she noticed.

Frank Stanford is a graduate philosophy student



EDITORIAL

Codifying sex

College's rules invade privacy

Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, recently established a set of regulations governing sexual intimacy between students. Unfortunately, the result is a ridiculous invasion of privacy that assumes adult college students are not competent to control their own sexual encounters.

Students at Antioch created this well-intentioned policy in an attempt to reduce the risks of acquaintance rape and sexual assault, according to Newsweek Magazine. Their goal is completely consensual sex. Officials judge all violations and punishments range from written reprimands to immediate expulsion.

The rules require all parties involved in the sex act to obtain verbal consent for every single move.

"May I kiss you on the lips?" "May I place my hand on your shoulder?" "May I take your shirt off?" "Will you let me ...?" And so on.

No one can overstate the real dangers related to sex. Despite constant efforts of police and educators, hun-

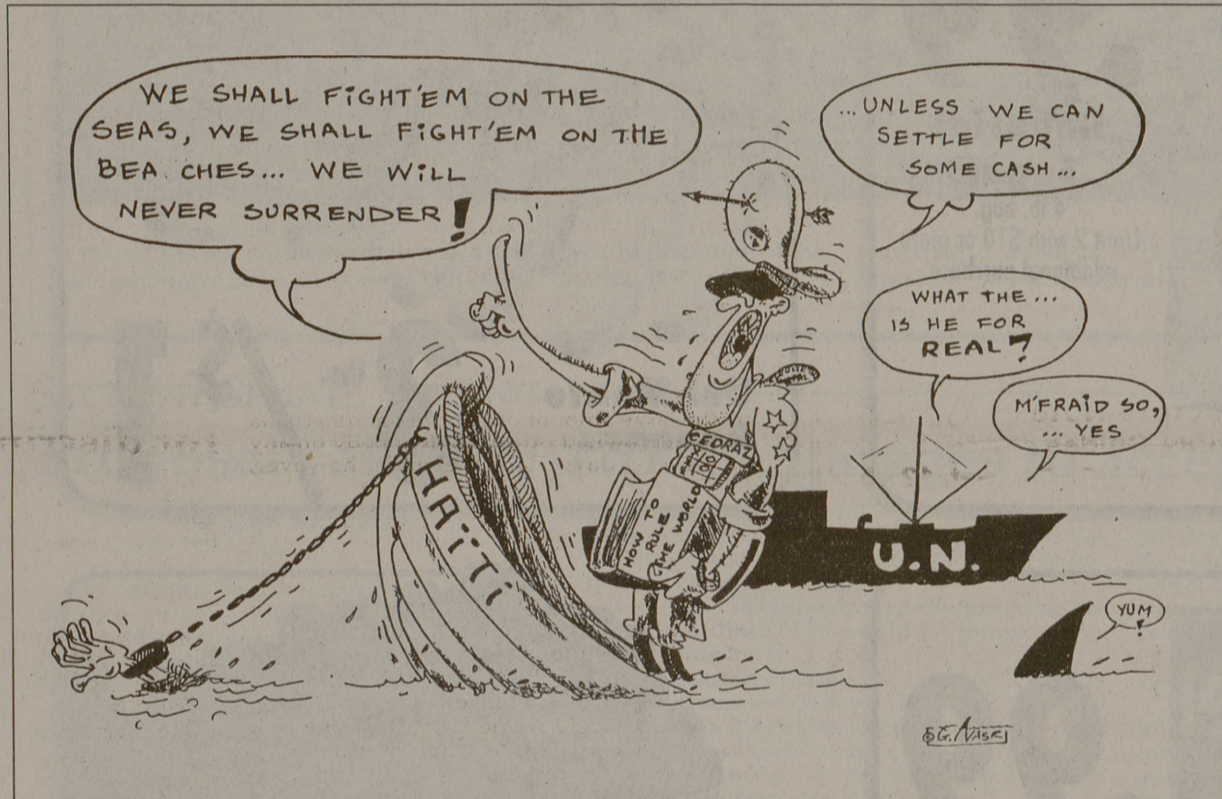
dreds of people fall victim to sexual crimes and abuse every day. The most conservative surveys indicate that one in seven adult women are the victims of forcible rape.

The FBI defines rape as only the forcible penetration of the vagina with a penis. No other action, such as oral sex or object penetration, qualifies for rape status in FBI investigations. These facts cause fear and illustrate the need for legal improvements and social change.

however, the new rules at Antioch address the wrong side of the issue. College policies already tell students how to behave in classes, clubs, and sports.

Administrators do not need to tell students how to have sex, too. Everyone knows how to do it. They need to be informed what not to do. No means no.

All variations of sex are private acts that must be consensual. Any violation of this principle is wrong and should be treated as a crime. That is the only rule anyone needs.



Quest for cash leads from pizza delivery to funeral home

As you may have already noticed, college is damn expensive. Tuition, books, building fees, parking fines and keg expenses can bankrupt any middle-class working family.

Most families, mine included, have returned to the old values of a driving work ethic to put their children through institutions of higher education. Unfortunately, the current trend is to push the values on the child and make them do the work.

More and more college students are trying to supplement their incomes by taking on part-time jobs. Yet, it isn't easy to both work and hold down a job at the same time. It requires intense energy, relentless dedication, a desire to have no so-

cial life and parents who won't share their seemingly infinite wealth. It also requires a plan of action.

When I came to this illustrious institution, with a promise from my parents for total moral support but not much else, I decided that I wasn't going to rely solely upon loans from a school with a 22 percent interest rate. I was going to get a job.

But I didn't just rush into the job market willy-nilly. I figured that since I was new to the town, I needed a job that would not only earn me a little cash, but would also familiarize me with my new surroundings.

Ding-dong. Pizza delivery boy. What other job would have me intimately acquainted with the back roads of College Station? I learned which stoplights could be ignored without fear of getting pulled over and I quickly found out where I could park on campus, close to the dorms, and avoid the PTTS. All these skills have continued to help make my life at A&M much more enjoyable.

But I soon tired of screaming through town in a tiny two-door car with twenty pounds of molten cheese in the seat next to me. I also quickly got tired of never

making any tips. One quick note: You were too lazy to get off your fat couch and go pick it up yourself, so be nice to the person who breaks a few traffic laws so you can have your food in under thirty minutes.

Boredom quickly hit, so I made the decision to move on to a much more exciting form of food service. I became a waiter.

The next Saturday I showed up in a suit ready to bury the dead. Now mind you, this isn't a job for everyone. It can be pretty difficult to put the "fun" back into funeral.

The training was fairly simple: don't sneeze on the food and remember to always kiss the customer's butt. Simple rules that will take you far in the real world.

The tips were great. Also, I met all sorts of professors and dignitaries in the

restaurant and all sorts of scum and lowlife in the kitchen. Remember the commercial about Saran Wrap going from one extreme to another?

The waiter job was fun for the first year, but going into the second year it, too, became boring. The tips were still quite good, but I had learned all that place could hope to teach me. I finally felt it was time to move on.

My classes were growing more difficult, so I knew that I would have to choose my next job more accordingly. I needed to work someplace quiet, with little work but good pay.

Hmmm ... where to go, where to go? Then it hit me like a lead casket — a funeral home.

I called one up and sure enough, they had an opening. The next Saturday I showed up in a suit ready to bury the dead. Now mind you, this isn't a job for everyone. It can be pretty difficult to put the "fun" back into funeral. You have to be prepared to deal with rotting corpses, crying family members, hot summer days in a cemetery and really sick dead jokes. Also, I quickly learned that the tips weren't as

good as they were while waiting tables, although I do now own some cool watches.

But aside from these simple drawbacks, I realized that a night job baby-sitting corpses in a small town funeral home was ideal for a college student. I completed much of my homework and term papers while sitting at a desk waiting for death to make another call. Those were some of the best papers I have ever written.

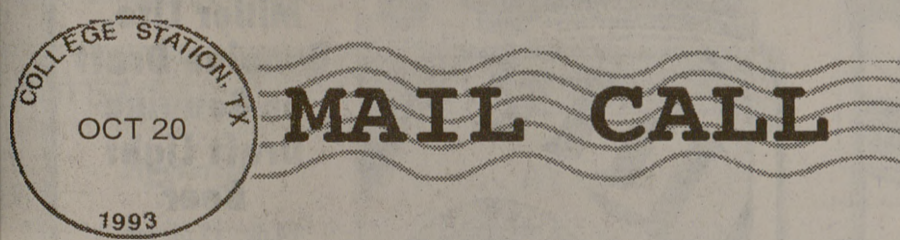
Then came The Battalion job. They offered me beer money if I would be opinionated once a week. Yeah, right, if I bought domestic ... on sale. Still, they let me use their computers and printers, which has proved helpful for pulling off those all-night term paper writing sessions.

Going to college and working can be either a great adventure or a disastrous mess. So remember, it's terribly important to look for the right job when hunting for a part-time job. Only those lucky few who have rich (and generous) parents can overlook this piece of advice.

John Scroggs is a senior English and philosophy major



JOHN SCROGGS
Columnist



Mail Call pointless, just trivial bickering

Just wanted to tell you what a piece of shit your "Mail Call" section is. People bickering over the stupidest trivialities: anti-Bonfire, pro-Bonfire, anti-frat, pro-frat, pro-queer, anti-queer, Democrat,

Republican; it's pointless.

Why isn't anyone writing on how Clinton is actually Bush in disguise (i.e. Bush=Hitler), he's just another greedy politician doing nothing to help the average citizen, while America drowns in its own vomit.

Oh God! there's queers, rednecks, and bigots on our campus!! So. That's life, if you can't take it put a .44 slug in your

head. If you overhear someone say a racial slur, or any of that, don't write a useless letter to the editor on the ills of racism; jack him/her in the jaw. Want to stop Bonfire and save all those poor, darling, innocent (and other environmental adjectives) trees, chain yourself around a log. Someone calls you "faggot," kick him in the crotch.

Worried about going to jail? Boring, you're just another couch-potato revolutionary. It's actions that move the world, not sappy letters to the editor. Rise up! Protest! March! Love your freedom, beat-up a cop. I feel cheap just writing this.

Editorial staff get ready, 'cause I know everyone and their brother will respond to this one.

Robert Adams
Class of '94

Voice concerns about library hours cutback

Howdy Ags! This semester the Sterling C. Evans Library has reduced its mid-term service hours. The library used to close at 2 a.m. during midterms, but will now close at midnight until finals.

This is a concern to me and to many other students who rely now on the waiting list at IHOP or the Kettle to get a few more hours of studying done.

The Student Services Committee, a Student Senate Sub-Committee, wants to check if there are many students who have this need and are concerned about this couple of study hours that have been cut.

The library administration has informed us that the cut in two hours was based on a committee report and is not for financial reasons but for security reasons.

If you use the library service at night and you would like the library hours to be restored until 2 a.m. (as it used to be), stop by the Student Government Office in the Student Services Building and voice your concern by signing a form or by submitting a letter, addressed to the attention of the Student Service Committee, a Sub-Committee of the Student Senate. You can also call 845-3051 to voice your opinion.

Ranjan Natarajan
Graduate student
Accompanied by eight signatures