

Diagnosed with Junioritus

Fear accompanies transition to senior year

My roommate and I have discovered a new disease — it is called Junioritus.

It's been around for a long time, and it deserves some recognition so that all of the sophomores who can think about nothing but being able to whoop next year will know what they are really in for.

Your junior year is when reality officially slaps you in the face; up until now, it's just kinda been tapping you on the shoulder. It is a time when you realize that the warm, safe cocoon of college will be ejecting you in a year (or two, or three).

One can live off of student loans only so long. I hear you have to pay them back, and not some day — immediately, and in large, painful doses.

Those doses are especially painful if you have a life of journalism salaries to look forward to.

If you are like most class of '96ers I know, myself included, — in other words, if you are a year from graduating and have not co-oped, gone by the career center, or know where it is, or taken the GRE/GMAT — your junior year is the time to OFFICIALLY start freaking out.

My apartment has become the unofficial career center. Entire afternoons are spent on the phone with graduate schools, advisers and potential internships. I remember the days when we were content to lay around watching Ricki Lake.

"The Future" was the furthest thing from our minds. Now that we are almost seniors, it is the one thing we cannot escape.

I'm sure "the future" would not be such a frightening thing if I had an inkling as to where I will be a year from now — homelessness and unemployment are not pleasant things to think about. Neither is continuing my part-time job a day past graduation.

I can't pinpoint the time Junioritus was first diagnosed. I think I was asked "What do you want to do when you get out of college?" one too many times and something snapped.

I cannot even imagine what Senioritus is like. If it's worse than this, I might not make it to next May.

AMY UPTMOR
COLUMNIST



I don't think this is paranoia. Life up until now has been safe and orderly. Every significant change has followed an understood pattern.

For example, I knew that I would go to college after high school. Mom and dad would send money, and I could come home on the weekends.

I knew that would be how it would happen since I was about seven. I had years to come to grips with this change.

Now I'm facing the possibility of shipping off to the ends of the earth to do who knows what with the possibility of seeing friends and family only once a year.

And, to make it worse, the apron strings will be cut off completely. Needless to say, these are not comforting things to contemplate.

Despite my fears, I don't plan to hide in my closet after I graduate. I look forward to whatever great adventures lie ahead of me.

Half the excitement of going to college was knowing that it was my ticket out of Smalltown, U.S.A., and on to bigger and more exciting places. I just wish I knew where my ticket was taking me.

In an attempt to keep myself from going completely insane, I've been trying to dwell more on the positive aspects of becoming a senior. I don't have to tell you that they are. I order my ring in three weeks.

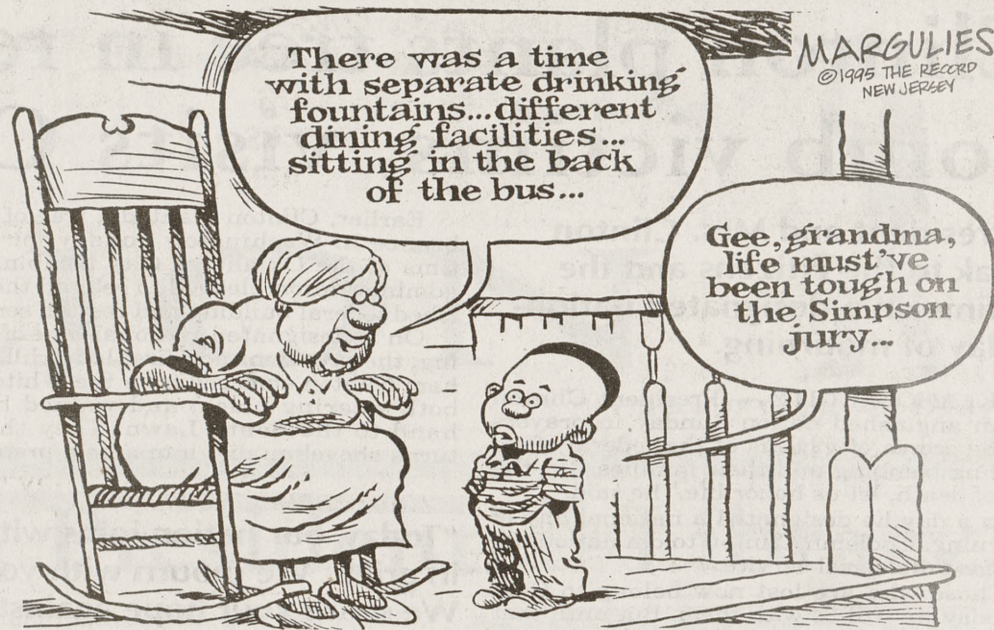
I'm actually getting the classes I want through telephone registration. And, of course, I'll get first pick at tickets from the t.u. game. Sorry, sophomores, this is one privilege you won't be looking forward to your senior year.

The senior year is not something to dread, but living in limbo for an extended period of time is. As the job market gets more competitive, things are only going to get worse for college seniors.

But I'm determined to not let Junioritus or Senioritus get the best of me during my last official year as a kid. I'm going to enjoy my last year, but I'm sure I'll miss it much more when I get a job.

Then, I'll be able to start complaining about what a drag it is to have my future mapped out for me.

Amy Uptmor is a junior journalism major



Television programs set bad examples for youth

I don't want to alarm anybody but the television programs that we watched as kids did not improve our minds. Even though shows like "Manimal," "Facts of Life" and "Misfits of Science" were entertaining the truth is they were not educational. Not one of us scored higher on the SAT because we watched "Growing Pains" or "Who's the Boss" religiously.

The sad truth is that the television of the late 70s and early 80s only taught us bad things. You might think seeing every episode of "B.J. and the Bear" made you a better person but it didn't. It probably stunted your emotional and psychological growth by teaching you a bunch of lies and half-truths.

Don't think for a second that "B.J. and the Bear" is the only television program guilty of this though. Any cartoon or situational comedy that we watched between the ages of three — 14 has caused us irreparable harm.

"Scooby Doo" — Taught us that doing drugs was okay by showing Scooby and Shaggy stoned in every episode. Their chronic laziness and never-ending munchies can only be explained by heavy pot use. It's time we faced the facts, Scooby snacks were marijuana brownies. The show also taught us that having sex before marriage was all right. It didn't matter the situation, Fred and Daphne wanted each other and they didn't have any rings on their fingers.

Fred: "Well, that evil glow-in-the-dark robot has to be around here somewhere. Let's split up and find him."

Scooby (slurring speech): "I'm hungry." Fred: "Shaggy, you and Scooby go check out that spooky barn. Thelma, you go down and check the basement. Daphne and me are going to go check the back of the Mystery Machine to see if he's hiding there."

Daphne (purring): "Oh Fred." Shaggy (staring at ceiling): "Cool man, we've been wearing the same clothes since this show started three years ago. Zoinks!"

"Josie and the Pussycats" — I think the name says it all. Basically an all-girl band functioning as animated whores for adolescent boys. Taught young girls they would be considered prettier if they had tails.

"What's Happening" — We learned that fat people (i.e. Rerun, Shirley) better

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SPORTS EDITOR



be funny or we really have no use for them. It also wronged in teaching us that a man will not get beat up if he says "Hey, hey, hey, hey" more than once in a month.

MacGyver — Taught us that you could save the world from destruction by using ordinary items.

Mac: "These nuclear warheads are set to destroy the world in 45 seconds. I've got to do something. Janie, check that box for materials."

Janie (sexy female appearing only in this episode): "All that's here is fishing line, gum wrappers and an autographed picture of K.C. and the Sunshine Band."

Mac: "Perfect, we can stop the warheads now. Good thing I put this broken pencil in my pocket earlier in the show or the rest of that stuff would be totally useless to us."

"Different Strokes" — Taught us the only way black children can get ahead in life is to live with white families.

"Webster" — Taught us that "Different Strokes" was the best show on television at exploiting black children.

"Dukes of Hazzard" — We were instructed all police officers are bumbling idiots and should not be respected. The speed limit, seat belts and other aspects of car safety were shown not to be that important. The worst thing Uncle Jessie and the boys taught us was always help people no matter what federal law they have just broken.

Bo: "I don't care if she is our first cousin, did you see those shorts she was wearing today?"

Luke: "Oh yeah! Man, I wish we lived in Arkansas."

Uncle Jessie: "Boys, I just got word that Boss Hogg is in trouble. It seems he helped some fellows steal all the gold from Ft. Knox and now he's being double-crossed. We've got to help him avoid prison so we can save him next week."

Bo: "All right, we'll do it. But only if we can unnecessarily jump everything in Hazzard county with the General Lee."

Those are just few examples of how television has ruined our lives. It's now time to start the healing process. I hear there are some excellent doctors on ER.

David Winder is a junior journalism major



The new faces of terrorism

If there is one thing in this world that truly disgusts me, it's terrorism. Terrorists attempt to force their motifs on the world governments by violently attacking the weak and vulnerable. They don't give a damn who they hurt.

Children? Ah, to hell with children. They mean nothing to a terrorist. In fact, the more innocent children killed the bigger the news story.

They'll tell you it's all done in the name of some righteous cause, of course. Causes, however, that tend to be as vague and shadowy as the terrorists themselves.

We've all heard of them. The Shi'ites, PLO, IRA and other groups are notorious for trying to get their "causes" across.

Every now and then they remind us of how ruthless and cowardly they are, by hijacking airplanes, setting off bombs and shooting innocent people to death.

Real heroic stuff, you know. The bad news is that up until now these atrocities have been rather insignificant.

Violent, but insignificant. A bomb here, a hijacking there, nothing to make the world stop.

Well, that changed a few weeks ago. On March 27, 1995, terrorism crossed the darkest thresholds and into the world of mass destruction.

It was quick and simple. An unknown man walked onto a Japanese subway, messed around with a package, and then abruptly left.

The same scene was played out simultaneously in four other train cars. When it was over, ten people had died and over 5,000 people were injured due to a deadly nerve gas called Sarin.

In this one instant the rules

ADAM HILL
GUEST COLUMNIST

changed. Now unconventional weapons are on the shopping list of international terrorism. Weapons that could conceivably target not just hundreds of people but thousands, even millions!

The good news is — if it can be called good news — is that for now, the terrorists appear to be only on the chemical weapons aisle. But reports say they're shopping quickly.

This attack happened in Japan and Japan is far away from us, right? So the question is, how real is this new terrorist threat to us?

Well, we all know after watching the news the other day that terrorism has definitely landed in our country. This time it was a car bomb.

But are we at risk now for a more potentially devastating chemical attack?

Marvin Cetron, president of a Virginia-based think tank and advisor on terrorism to the Pentagon, told Time Magazine that a chemical or biological attack on the U.S. is becoming more and more likely. He thinks it could happen "within the next five years."

Representative Glen Browder, an Alabama Democrat, said that "it's just a matter of time before it occurs in the U.S."

If Browder and Cetron are right, and this kind of terrorism has the potential to be let loose in our country, then the next question is: What are we planning to do about it?

Time Magazine said that the FBI and CIA are spending more and more money on counter terrorism. But they also say that preventing an attack from a determined terrorist group is almost impossible.

For instance, it has been reported that the Tokyo police had numerous

warning signs of an imminent chemical attack, but they were still caught off guard when it occurred.

I can think of only one way to stop these fanatics who would kill our children. Total authority should be given to our counter terrorist agencies to become fanatics themselves.

That means total authority for counter terrorists to hunt down, infiltrate and break up all suspected groups before they strike.

That's total authority without the fear of repercussions, I might add.

Now, there will be people out there who will adamantly protest this. They will scream and yell about potential civil rights violations, police brutality, big brother government, overspending, and so forth.

Kinda like during that Branch Davidian thing.

These people are a detriment because they cause hesitation in our counter terrorists groups. And that puts us all in danger.

But when the first homemade atom bomb is detonated in a major city or 60,000 people are nerve gassed at America's favorite pastime, then I think these people will shut up.

With this terrifying new threat, the game changes and so must the players. It all boils down to a simple analogy. Terrorists are like cockroaches.

They're nasty little creatures that hide in the shadows, and scatter when the lights come on.

You step on one, and another one appears. So when your house becomes infested you have no choice but to call the exterminators, who exercise no mercy.

Adam Hill is a sophomore anthropology major

THE BATTALION
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Tubularman sexist, trivializes violence

This letter is in response to the comic/advertisement that appeared on Wednesday, April 19, which depicted Tubularman telling a boy to "tell your mom to shut-up or I'll spank her like I did last night." This comic is blatantly sexist and extremely offensive. It perpetuates the sexual objectification and degradation of women which is all too common in our society. Comics like this have no place in a college paper.

Kimberly Thomas
Class of '95

I am surprised that The Battalion printed the offensive ad for Tubularman in its April 19 issues.

The cartoon for this ad depicted Tubularman responding to a young boy whose mother had made some derogatory remarks about the so-called "superhero."

Tubularman says he will spank the boy's mother as he (Tubularman) had done the night before.

In a world which has just witnessed the wanton destruction in Oklahoma, it is unfortunate to publicize the trivialization of violence.

Dr. Sara Alpern
History Professor

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