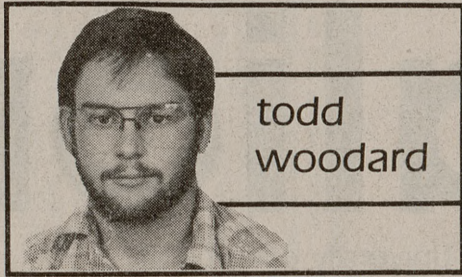


What I learned in school today



todd woodard

As we huddled around the 16mm projector, I grew more paranoid. I could sense legions of MAP (Mothers Against Pornography) members moving toward us in the darkness, waiting to cast a net of aspersions on our moral character.

We had gathered together, bretheren, for a bit of educational movie viewing in the privacy of a friend's apartment — movies with stars who hadn't gone all the way to the big time.

Were we aware of a recent showing of *Deep Throat* to about 500 University of Houston students, who had cleared the flick with the district attorney? Yes, ma'am.

We decided, rather than let everyone and their spiritual counselor know about our surreptitious show, to limit our audience to a few hand-picked associates who hungered for 20-frame-a-second education.

We weren't prepared to deal with the off-screen antics that a more publicized showing would draw.

On the UH set, for instance, at least three big-name, poly-denominational, see-no-evil groups complained about the showing to Harris County District Attorney John Holmes (no relation to the film star), according to The Associated Press. He replied that he would not prosecute under Texas obscenity statutes, as the groups requested, even though he doubted the educational value of the Harry Reems-Linda Lovelace *pas de deux*.

One complainant, responding to the degenerative effects of watching a poorly-edited piece on moving white curtains, is reported to have said, "I don't send my children to college so they can see obscene movies."

Well, fellow children, sub-adults and

usurpers of the Powers that Be, I felt moved to respond. I have labored under the impression that college was designed to strip fetters off the mind. At least that's what my counselor in high school said, ma'am.

Can you imagine my shock at her statement, to know that I had been duped for most of my semi-adult lifetime into believing that discipline away from home was self-imposed? Heavens.

When this realization came to me between reels of the quadruple feature we had arranged, I rushed headlong for the telephone, to spill my trembling fear upon the unerring ear of Mum and Dad.

Ring, ring, click. "Hello."
"Dad, this is Todd. I have bad news."
"What, you're not doing so well in school?"

"No dad, worse."
"What, you're not feeling well, son? Maybe your mum can fix some hot chicken soup for you, if you come home."
"No dad, I found out something terrible."

"What, you've found another coach there? I thought you had the best."
"No dad, well, yes, dad, we do have the best, but that's not it."
"Well, get to the point, son. You know you shouldn't spend your hard-earned

money on expensive phone calls. You could invest instead."

"Dad, I found out from a woman in Houston that I shouldn't watch those inexpensive X-rated shows everyone recommended when I was in high school. Something about me going blind, or lame, or your not paying for something," I said. "Is that true?"

"Well, son, I really hadn't thought about it. I thought watching artsy films was part of stripping off your fetters — I mean fetters — loosening your perceptions, expanding your vision."

"Yeah, me too, dad. But apparently we've been deceived by the forces of darkness, overcome by lasciviousness and generally not been too bright. How could that have happened?"

"I give up, son. You've gone to school, how could it have happened?"

"I think it could have happened like this, dad. We've been blinded from the truth, led astray, pushed down the wrong fork."

"Well, I tried to tell you to start using your silverware on the outside, and work your way in."

"No dad, the wrong fork in the road."

"Right. Well, yes ... here we are. What do you plan to do about it?"

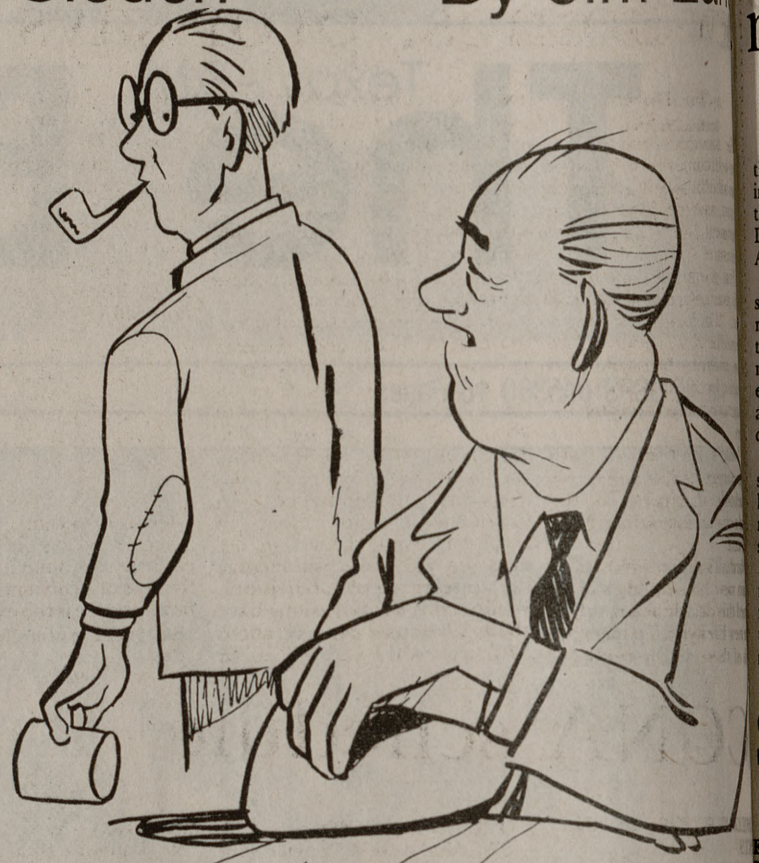
"I have decided to stop watching those nasty things on the silver screen. I will instead travel to Houston to see the artsy performances in the flesh, so that my eyes stay true."

"Bravo, bully, bloody good show, son. Don't let the fetters get you down. Your mother will be proud of her problem-solving child."

"Yes, dad, I'm sure she will. Goodbye."
"Goodbye, son. Have a good time and write us about what happens."
"I will, dad."

Slouch

By Jim Earle



"This is a new first. He told me he could not make class because he had to talk to his counselor about how he could improve his grades."

Mondale studying for 'intellectual' campaign

By David S. Broder

WASHINGTON - A year ago, when he had just been removed from the White House office he enjoyed as vice president of the United States and severed from the public payroll for the first time in 20 years, Walter F. Mondale painted an idyllic picture of the life that was about to open up to him as a private citizen and highly paid Washington lawyer.

It would be, he said, a life of the mind, of reading and reflection. His book list would be prepared by historian Barbara Tuchman, with supplemental reading suggested by leading economists, businessmen and national security analysts. In pursuit of wisdom, he would travel to Europe, and become a familiar figure at the universities and research centers of his own land.

That was 1981. This is 1982. Mondale has looked up from his reading and he has noted something remarkable: The 1984 election campaign is only two years away.

If you covet a glimpse of Mondale these days, do not look in the library; try the airport, instead. Last Wednesday, he flew off to Tampa to do some anthropological field work at the state fair. On Thursday, it was on to Tallahassee for some intellectual exchanges with members of the legislature and a scholarly lunch with Gov. Bob Graham (D). On Friday, he went to the source of much wisdom, a Dallas newspaper editorial board luncheon, and then made a speech to the teachers of tomorrow's leaders at a National Education Association convention.

This week, the course of scholarship took him to eight fund-raisers for seven Democratic congressmen in Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa. Then there is a break for 10 days of skiing in Vail. (One must exercise the body, as well as the mind, goodness knows.) The March

calendar, still incomplete, lists him in ten states, all of them, except his Minnesota, blessed not just with intellectual resources but presidential marries as well.

When I caught up with him the day after a cable television taping in Washington (another part of his lecture for scholarly discourse), he said by June or so, he would tear himself greetfully away from his first love, law, literature and learning, and almost full-time for the Democrats.

It is his goal, he said, to campaign personally this year for "15 to 20 percent of the Democratic candidates for House and Senate and government number that translates to close to worthies."

By coincidence, the Democratic committee has just agreed to save 15 percent of the seats at the 1984 convention for elected and party of including most governors, senators and representatives. If Mondale is as diligent as he is forehanded, almost everyone whom he campaigns will be in a position to repay the favor with a vote.

When I asked Mondale why he was making this exceptionally heavy commitment of time in 1982, he said he was going to be "a year of great debt" the "radical and destructive" program of the Reagan administration, "and to make the case. People are suffering from these policies, and we cannot for 1984 to turn them around."

And having made it clear that he was scholarly — not crassly political — he glanced at his watch and was away. Watching him go, the thought occurred that if Edward Kennedy, Glenn, Reubin Askew, Gary Hart and the rest want to catch up with Mondale, they really better start reading the books — especially the book that always studying, the Official Mondale Guide.



Reader's Forum

Freedom of decision is real issue

Editor:

Well Murray Moore, (Feb. 10 Battalion) you not only managed to completely ignore the social and political implications of the Hatch Amendment, but you also grossly misinterpreted Miss Philo's sentiments (Feb. 8). Regarding the first point, the Hatch Amendment may zero in on abortion as its focal point, but I feel that the pertinent issue at hand is whether or not the government has the right to make such a personal and ethical decision as the right of abortion. I am by no means an advocate for abortion; however, I do not believe that the U.S. government can make a blanket decision regarding this issue. I see a vast difference between abortion of an "accidental" teen pregnancy and an abortion for a rape victim for whom childbirth would be a disaster. I believe the woman involved should be allowed to apply her reasoning and standards to her personal situation.

You ridicule the "... woman and her all-knowing, all-good doctor..." but according to your letter you regard the United States government as the omniscient and moral conscious entity best qualified to make such a decision. In my eyes, the government has as much business deciding this issue as it does decid-

ing whether Americans be allowed to choose for themselves whether to drink or not. You will, I'm sure, remember how much that idea appealed to the American people.

I see the Hatch Amendment as a threat to us "conservative pro-choicers" as much as it is a boon to you "pro-lifers," Mr. Moore. Furthermore, I feel that I should be allowed to die a natural death if that is my wish whereas you seem to feel that I have no such right and that a doctor must, by law, keep me alive as long as he can, regardless of my state. What rights will you allow me, Mr. Moore if I do not even have the right to die a natural death? Once again I emphasize not what is the right or wrong decision, but merely that I should be allowed the freedom of decision.

As to your opinions of Miss Philo's sentiments concerning other humanistic issues or her similarity to Ted Kennedy, I have to laugh. She is not the "bleeding heart liberal" you say she is. However, just to be fair, I'll call her and make sure she hasn't become a "genocidal maniac" since I saw her last; I certainly have not noticed that tendency in the three and one half years I've known her.

D. Scott Collier '85

Letters policy

Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length, and are subject to being cut if they are longer. 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 also be signed, show the address and phone number of the writer.

Columns and guest editorials are also welcome, and are not subject to the same length constraints as letters. Address all inquiries and correspondence to: Editor, The Battalion, 216 Reed McDonald, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843.

Correction

In a cutline Wednesday, The Battalion incorrectly reported that 1,400 of the 1,500 available applications for the position of Fish Camp counselor had been turned in. However, only 400 applications have been turned in. The Battalion regrets the error.

The Battalion

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