

opinion

Aggie barbers source of grief

by Red Earl Scheart

In Nacogdoches, I went to the same barber for thirteen years; a nice old gentleman with a gentle hand and a soothing voice. I then came to A&M and promptly had my hair butchered by the barbers at the MSC. For the next year, I grew my hair long in between visits to my hometown, before I decided to try a second attempt to get a haircut in Aggieland. Except for a few details and a sex change of the barber, the two experiences could be the same.

I walked into the shop and sat reading a copy of the Batt, while my future barber (barberess?) was cutting the head of a C.T.. The barber being a woman, I foolishly believed this experience would not be as hairy (pardon the pun) as the previous one. What silly, romantic notions we men have about women. Approaching the barber's chair, she asked me how I would like my hair cut. I said that I didn't want to come out looking like a corps member. She asked, "Are you in the corps?" I said no. "You want it cut like the corps?" I should have left then, but some stupid notion of finishing what I started kept me there. Dumb, real dumb.

Reader's Forum

She then started shearing my skull. I can honestly say that never in my life have I ever so acutely felt the act of my hair being separated from my head. In an attempt to salvage some part of my hair, I quickly told her that I didn't think she was getting it right. This was equivalent to telling a mugger that the knife at your throat wasn't exactly over your jugular. She started talking to the barber next to her, named Mabel (pronounced May-Baell), about some man, "He's prob'ly chomp in his jaws (ja-aws)

Letters

Writer bemoans 'censorship'

Editor:

I don't know the whys and the wherefores of the scene censored from "A Clockwork Orange" which was shown on Thursday night in the Rudder Theatre, but somebody messed up. Even at Texas A&M, censorship is a very dirty word.

If Cepheid Variable was unaware that they had rented a censored copy of the movie, that can be forgiven. Having been a member of C.V., I seriously doubt that they would have purposely rented an edited copy unless forced to do so by outside pressure.

The scene which was edited, for those that don't know, was the fast (ultra-fast) motion sex scene performed to the William

wait in fur me." I did not doubt the veracity of this statement, for at the speed she was cutting my hair, you might think I had an appointment with the President in three minutes, and the way she was cutting it, you might think I was going to a Punk Rock social.

I looked up at my barber as she passed in front of me, a pleading look on my face, but she just attacked my hair even more. Some people like that, they have the instincts of a wolf; show any weakness or that you are at their mercy, and they go in for the kill. My barber was a female wolf.

With diabolical instincts for torture, she turned her attention to me (for the first time) and asked me what I thought of the Dallas Cowboys. I decided to try a policy of appeasement, "I think they're America's team!" "I think that's a crock of s-t," she replied. My hopes for a reprieve took a dive. "You probably have excellent reasons, I don't doubt." I didn't want to crawl too much, perhaps that was another mistake.

In my misery, I tried to think of reasons why she might be doing such a poor job. Maybe she was going through a divorce, her husband having run off with her best drinking partner. Perhaps her mother is still living with her, her teenage daughter might be pregnant, and she believes junior is doing hard drugs. That could account for almost anything.

Sunk in my melancholy, I began to imagine that the barber shop had been designed in a fiendishly clever way, when I noticed the mirror on the wall opposite me was set at such a level that I was only able to see the top of my head. The jackals had probably done this so we couldn't see the look of horror in our eyes.

When finally finished with me, she asked if there was anything else I wanted done. Maybe she thought my eyebrows were too bushy. I wanted to ask her to raise my sideburns to match the hairline

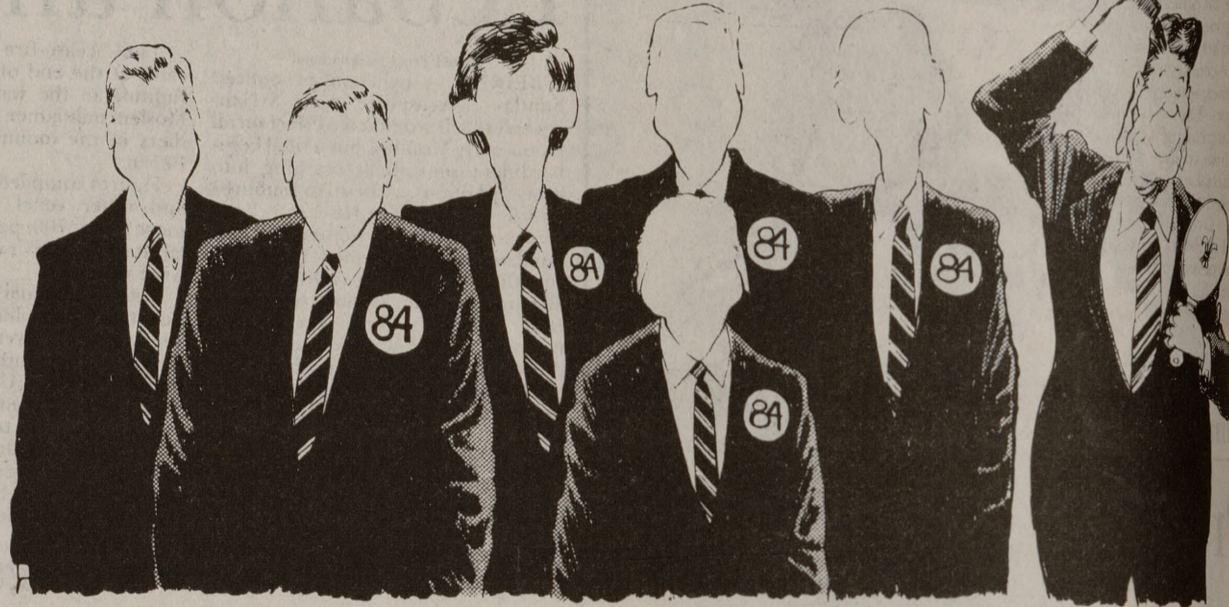
Tell Overture; it is shown at such an incredible speed that no intimate views of the various acts performed can be discerned. The effect is quite hilarious and only by extreme standards can it be termed "vulgar".

With this occurrence, I can only dread to see what horrible censorship will be perpetrated against Andy Warhol's "Frankenstein" to be shown later this semester (If it does in fact get shown).

Scott Ranalli

P.S. All week long you Cepheids ran a Batt ad for the movie with Beethoven mistakenly spelled Beethoveen. Now we know who's responsible for that.

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'Dedicated Americans' asked to give Reagan encouragement

by Art Buchwald

The Republicans are using President Reagan's reluctance to announce he will run again to their advantage. A friend, Bill Downey from Santa Barbara, just got a letter from Senator Richard Lugar, chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Committee.

It said in part "...I just returned from the White House after meeting with the president... He told me how worried he was about the outcome of the 33 Senate races that will be gearing up soon.

"He wondered aloud whether that Congressional support would be there if he ran for a second term.... It was then I realized that the president might decide not to run if he thought we were going to lose the only sure support he can count on — our Republican Senate Majority."

Lugar wrote he desperately needed Bill's help to make the president decide to run. "Send President Reagan the special ballot I've enclosed personally urging him to run — before the press, Tip O'Neill and with your contribution of \$33. Why \$33? Because that's \$1 for each Senate seat up for election next year."

The senator from Indiana said he was

only sending the ballot to truly dedicated Americans like Bill. "Patriots who'll back up their commitment with their hard-earned dollars."

Lugar ends the letter by saying, "It's in your hands now William L. Downey. I urgently need to hear from you. Tomorrow may be too late."

Well, I wish I could report my friend Bill responded to Senator Lugar's passionate appeal affirmatively. But he feels if the president needs Downey's blessing, plus \$33, before he makes up his mind to run for re-election, maybe Reagan shouldn't go for it.

Bill felt very bad about it. But as he wrote me when he enclosed the Lugar letter, "Thirty-three dollars is exactly the amount of the tax cut the president gave me last year, and I don't see why I have to give it back to him."

Meanwhile back at the White House, Senator Lugar walked into the president's office with a grim look on his face.

"Any word from Downey in Santa Barbara?" the president asked.

Lugar shook his head. "It's been two weeks and not a peep."

"Well," said the president, "that does it. I'm not going to run in 1984."

"Please reconsider, sir. The letter may have gone astray, or maybe it went to wrong Downey. Why don't you call him?"

The president shook his head. "I use, Dick, I've been talking to Tip O'Neill and the rest of my enemies, and they've convinced me not to run for a second term. If true patriots like Downey won't send in a lousy \$33 so I can have a Republican Senate, I might as well go to the ranch."

"I'll go out and talk to Downey myself. Maybe I wasn't clear in my letter how important his check was in making your decision."

The president looked out the window at the Rose Garden. "It's a waste of time. When Downey makes up his mind, nobody can change it. You've done all you can do. Dick, I'm not going to announce for another term if the people don't want me."

"Please, Mr. President, you have to think of the country first. There are millions of people out there who are praying you run again. We could still win the Senate without Downey's \$33."

"I'll write a letter to another dedicated American."

"Do what you want, Dick. But I'm going to tell Nancy to start packing the china."

Legal solutions not the answer for Olympic internal squabbles

by Maxwell Glen and Cody Shearer

LOS ANGELES — Mary Decker, world champion, looks angry when she runs. It's a visage of the determination that led the 25-year-old California native to two gold medals at this month's track-and-field championships in Helsinki.

Angry could also describe how Mary Decker, woman, feels about the International Olympic Committee (IOC) and its affiliates. With more than 50 other women athletes from around the world, Decker has filed suit here to add two running events — the 5,000 meters and 10,000 meters — that Olympic organizers refuse to include in the 1984 Games.

One defendant, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, says its rules make any additions impossible. Plaintiffs Decker and Co. contend the only obstacle is blatant sexism on the part of international committee members who wrongfully view women's events as money losers. While Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Julius Title won't decide who's right for at least two months, the decision shouldn't be his to make.

For their part, American planners for the Los Angeles Games are puzzled by the suit fired by Susan McGreivy, an American Civil Liberties Union attorney, on behalf of the female athletes. They're proud of the 12 new women's events, including a marathon and a 3,000 meter race, they helped to place on the Los Angeles program. "We have been sympathetic to the goals of women in sports," said a defensive Peter V. Ueberroth, LA organizing committee president. Added an LAOCC aide: "(The suit) is like the ACLU suing Martin Luther King for not doing enough for civil rights."

Initially, at least, one gets an entirely different impression talking to McGreivy, who swam for the U.S. in the 1956 summer

Games. In her mind, the Los Angeles organizers are part of a male-oriented "network" that has discriminated against women athletes since a "very hostile" Baron Pierre de Coubertin began reviving the modern Games in 1894. When Ueberroth touts the efforts made on behalf of women, McGreivy charges, "It's like they're saying, 'We've stopped slavery' and then saying how much they've done for blacks."

Numbers alone seem to justify the women's case. Only about one-third of Los Angeles' 220 events will involve women competitors. Of course, many competitions — the pole vault, hammer throw and steeple chase, for example — may never break the sex barrier. Yet despite what one U.S. team official called the enormous number of new female track competitors, the IOC has honored women's modest demands for "parity" with minimal enthusiasm.

Although the deliberations of international athletic organizations have tested even the best sports sleuths, McGreivy claims to have evidence of a subcommittee proposal made last year to the International Amateur Athletic Association to have the 5,000 meter and 10,000 meter events included in this year's world championships. The IAAA leadership ignored the proposal, McGreivy suggests, because the IOC executive committee was reluctant to see either event sanctioned as world-class and, therefore, worthy of 1984 Olympic competition.

McGreivy insists that Decker and Co. don't view their suit as a punitive jab at chauvinistic tradition. A mere two running events would do them very nicely, thank you, and could be added at virtually no extra cost and in time for official tryouts next April.

But the likelihood that at least one of those events will be on the 1988 program in Seoul underscores a fact about this bit of

Olympic litigiousness: 5,000-meter and 10,000-meter races in 1984 would primarily benefit Mary Decker and ace Norwegian marathoner Grete Waitz, each of whom would likely add another gold medal to their tally. If the all-male IOC executive committee ignores a court order to add races, the understandable interests of great athletes could throw the 1984 Olympic program into a judicial quagmire.

While such a prospect may do more to Decker and Co.'s well-publicized Helsinki announcement to make IOC executives quiescent, it would mean an unsightly solution for an essentially internal public problem. Athletic squabbles don't belong in the courts.

Berry's World



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