

## Free speech finally coming to Texas A&M

What began as a low mumble among students is turning into a distinct voice. Freedom of speech seems to have finally found a home at Texas A&M, at least for the moment.

Tuesday, Students Working Against Many Problems hosted an open microphone at Rudder Fountain. It was just one of many open forums held lately on the Texas A&M campus. At the same time as the SWAMP open microphone, a religious speaker preached near the library to interested students.

People from all facets of the University were on campus listening while others chose to walk on.

That is what freedom of speech is all about. The chance to talk, to listen or to walk on.

Students at Rudder Fountain were thinking, speaking and listening. It wasn't a forum for student leaders who often get the chance to be heard, but instead for anyone who wanted to speak — about anything.

Topics ranged from the Gay Student Services recognition to abortion to the execution of Barefoot Sanders. Differing viewpoints were brought out on many topics.

We applaud the students who provide the chance for others to speak and be heard. We applaud the students who choose to speak out on issues. And we applaud the students who take the time to stop and listen.

— The Battalion Editorial Board

## Living with the big chill

The old group sat around the kitchen table. They talked about their friend who had died. The videotape whirred. Our old group sat around on the floor in front of the television. It was the Big Chill; it was a big chill.

The phone had rung at 10:15 Thursday night.

"Did you hear about the bike wreck on 2818?" Roy asked. "It was Borgeson. Kevin. He's dead. Sandra and I were here watching the news and we just heard it. I can't believe it. Do you have Dave's number?"

I slinked down the stairs, picked up the phone, and read Dave's number off the tv stand.

Dave flew in from New Jersey. Tracey and Tracy and Kathy — Paul was in Arkansas, a victim of the working world, he couldn't get off of work — were all there. So was Mark and Tom and Tex and Todd.

I had seen some of them a month earlier, at another friend's funeral.

"The cycle has begun," Tracey had said, "weddings and funerals — that's the only time we'll see each other."

The videotape whirred. The movie scene had moved to the living room. The characters made up of lines on the glass tube talked about lost idealism and deserted friendships. The characters in the movie had lost touch with their friend. They had lost touch with the idealism they had in college. They thought they had lost touch with themselves.

Kathy chirped up.



Donn Friedman

"Let's call Paul," she said. The pulse of the telephone line traveled electronically from College Station to some hillbilly town in Arkansas. The phone tried desperately to bridge the distance. It brought the heart of the group in College Station infinitesimally closer to Paul; the group was so far away.

Roy and Sandra arrived. More friends, both old and new, came and went.

The videotape whirred. On the television they watched the Michigan football game on tv. In the living room, they watched the movie. From time to time someone broke the quiet of the movie watching crowd and the group broke into a giggle or a sneer.

The cycle, the cycle, the cycle.

On it goes. Funerals and funerals and funerals. It seems like an Igmar Bergman film. Death, clothed in a black sheet, constantly within striking distance.

Like in Bergman's films we may dance with our friends when we die, but we mustn't forget to dance with our friends while we live.

A week ago I wondered what the old group was doing. I wondered where Dave and Kathy and Paul and Tracey and Tracy were. I wondered where Kevin was.

I know where Dave and Kathy and Paul and Tracey and Tracy are. I don't plan on letting them get too far away. The best plans go astray. I'll try. But I know the next time I see them. A wedding, a funeral.

I wish I could say the same about Kevin.

Donn Friedman is a weekly columnist for The Battalion. His column appears on Wednesdays.

## Deputy Dawg or Pinocchio? It's a tough choice

Two of the leading contenders in this year's Stupidest Political Advertisement (broadcast division) race are opponents in a political fight who are running campaigns geared especially for the eight-year-old and younger crowd.

They're running ads on local radio stations and let me tell you, the ads are hotter than two-day-old pizza. The fight hasn't quite reached the mudslinging stage yet; it's more like tapioca pudding-slinging at its finest.

In addition to running stupid commercials aimed at third-graders, these candidates also get high marks because the radio stations that they're running their commercials on have formats designed to reach an older crowd.

So, these guys not only run irritating ads, they also hedge their bets by trying not to influence their usual target audience (i.e., voters) because they're running commercials that are custom-made to influence people reading comic books. They've picked the wrong message — and they've also picked the wrong medium!

Very clever, but I think the judges for the Whimpies (of which the Stupidest Political Advertisement is but one division) may see these commercials as being attempts to grandstand and may believe that these ads are just too stupid to have any real merit.

One of the two candidates in this race is running an ad in which a character, who sounds suspiciously like Deputy Dawg, claims that he's big business and he's donating \$1000 to the other candidate be-

cause the other candidate has been *real* good to big business. I'd want a lot more than \$1000 (especially from big business) to buy my vote, but I guess what the candidate is trying to say is that the office he's running for doesn't carry that much weight.

Besides, everyone knows that Deputy Dawg is just a law enforcement officer in Coondog County.

The only way he could be big business would be to have a state university located within his jurisdiction. That way, he could hand out parking tickets and rake in the dough. He could also afford to give the candidate a lot more than a measly \$1000.

I'm not sure what this candidate's name is or what office he's running for because that information is given by a regular announcer and he just can't compete with Deputy Dawg when it comes to holding onto my attention.

Fair enough. The other candidate is running a commercial saying that he isn't under the influence of Deputy Dawg (er, big business). He says his opponent isn't telling the truth, which isn't very creative, but not very offensive either.

Then, in a blatant attempt to make this commercial as equally obnoxious as his opponent's, some airhead cuts in on the Deputy Dawg candidate's commercial and tells the opponent that his nose is growing. Add one point for the obnoxious airhead, take away two for lack of creativity and misuse of the Pinocchio story.

This commercial would get points for the Pinocchio angle if it was true, but the other candidate's nose would be as big as the Goodyear blimp by now because he's still running his Deputy Dawg com-

mercials. I haven't seen anyone in town with a Goodyear blimp-nose, have you?

I don't know what this guy's name is either. He also has a regular announcer give the information about who he is and what he's running for. I only heard that part once because I usually turn the radio off before they get to the obnoxious airhead (having the radio turned off when one of your commercials is running is considered real plus by the judges and may help this commercial gain back the points it lost on creativity and misuse of the Pinocchio story. If the candidate loses the race, he's a shoo-in for the Whimpy).

Since it's sometimes difficult to keep track of who is saying what when it comes to politicians, I think it would be a good idea to put pictures of Deputy Dawg and Pinocchio next to the candidate's names in the voting booth.

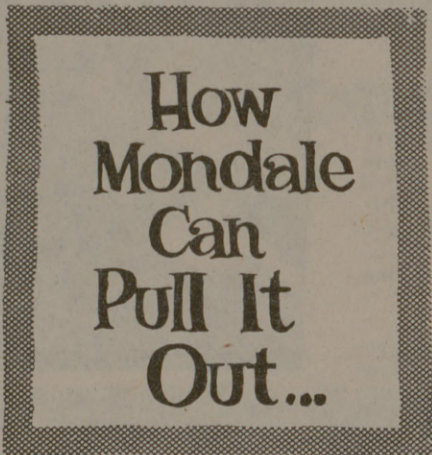
That way, if any of the voters are confused (or if an errant eight-year-old should make his way into the booth), they'll know what candidate to choose.

Me? I'm voting for Mighty Mouse; he'll keep our defenses up and make a valiant effort to bring the deficit down while not raising taxes or lowering the quality of life in the good of 'USA.

At least that's what the righteous rodent says. I hope he doesn't turn out to be one of those left-wing blimps after he's elected.

Bill Hughes is the entertainment editor for The Battalion. He is a ninth year general studies major with degrees in biology and business.

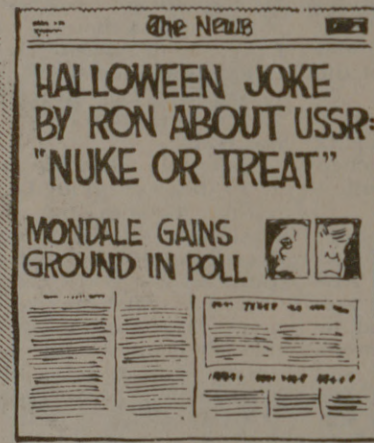
Bill Hughes



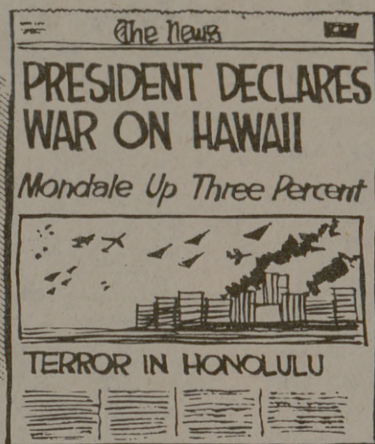
© 1984 THE OREGONIAN MEDIA SERVICE



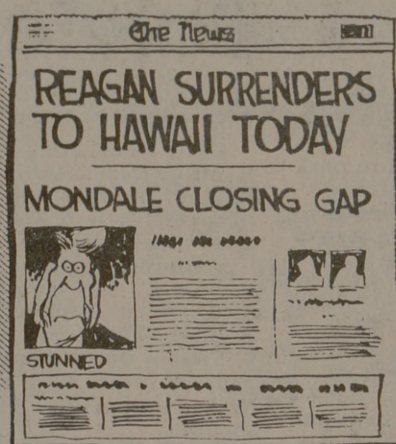
October 30



October 31



November 1



November 2



November 4



November 7

**The Battalion**  
USPS 045 360  
Member of  
Texas Press Association  
Southwest Journalism Conference  
In memoriam  
Bill Robinson, 1962-1984, Editor

**The Battalion Editorial Board**  
Stephanie Ross, Editor  
Patrice Koranek, Managing Editor  
Shelley Hoekstra, City Editor  
Bridget Brockman, News Editor  
Donn Friedman, Editorial Page Editor  
Bonnie Langford, News Editor  
Ed Cassavoy, Sports Editor

**The Battalion Staff**  
Assistant City Editors ..... Melissa Adair, Michelle P...  
Assistant News Editors ..... Rhonda Snider, Kellie Dworacz...  
Assistant Sports Editor ..... Travis T...  
Entertainment Editor ..... Bill H...  
Assistant Entertainment Editor ..... Angel S...  
Editorial Cartoonist ..... John L...  
Make-up Editor ..... John H...  
Copy Writers ..... Karen Bloch, Cathy B...  
Copy Editors ..... Kathy Beard, Kave P...  
Cyndy Davis, Patricia ...

**Editorial Policy**  
The Battalion is a non-profit, self-supporting organization operated as a community service to Texas A&M University-Bryan-College Station.  
Opinions expressed in The Battalion are those of the Editorial Board or the author, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Texas A&M University-Bryan-College Station or the Board of Regents.  
The Battalion also serves as a laboratory for training students in reporting, editing and photography within the Department of Communications.

**Letters Policy**  
Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length. The editorial staff reserves the right to edit for style and length but will make every effort to preserve the author's intent. Each letter must be signed and include the address and telephone number of the author.  
The Battalion is published Monday through Friday during Texas A&M regular semesters, except for holidays and examination periods. Mail subscriptions are \$10 per semester, \$33.25 per school year and \$50 per year. Advertising rates furnished on request.  
Our address: The Battalion, 216 Reed Hall Building, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843. Editorial staff phone number: (409) 845-3333; advertising: (409) 845-2611.  
Second class postage paid at College Station, TX.  
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Battalion, Texas A&M University, College Station, TX 77843.