

OPINION

# Will A&M finally let gay issue die?

The Supreme Court Monday let stand a lower court's ruling that Texas A&M may not ban a student homosexual group from campus.

The lower court's ruling stated that A&M violated gay students' rights by not officially recognizing Gay Student Services. But A&M appealed anyway, saying that recognition of the group could lead to "increased overt homosexual activity and resulting physical, psychological and disease ramifications ... in the student body."

Right.

For that reason, A&M officials thought they would be allowed to discriminate against gays.

But such discrimination is unconstitutional. It's official now. A&M had to take the fight all the way to the Supreme Court to be told the obvious, but there's no denying it now.

So is the battle of sex finally over at A&M? Have the powers-that-be here finally accepted reality? Have they finally accepted that they can't discriminate at will against people whose politics, or sexual preferences, they don't like?

Doubtful.

It seems A&M will insist on fighting dead issues for some time. University officials will continue to waste time and money fighting, and the courts will keep throwing the cases right back.

In the meantime, the rest of the world will move on, leaving A&M behind.

The Battalion Editorial Board

# Generation, ignorant of war, often takes life for granted

It's been 19 years since Arthur Plato Wright died. His helicopter shot down over Viet Nam — my grandmother's youngest child, my mother's baby brother.

Leigh-Ellen Clark

The officer came up the walkway to my grandmother's home at 7 a.m., much too early for visitors. He rang the bell and delivered the message on orders from Washington. He was very sorry.

At 8:30 a.m. the telegram from the Department of the Army arrived and somehow seeing it in print made it true. Funeral services were pending as they waited the arrival of the body.

Capt. Wright to the government, A P to his friends and Sonny to his sister, Arthur was 29 years old and unmarried. His promising military career was buried with a three-volley salute and a properly folded flag that was laid in my grandmother's arms.

So I drove my mother to the cemetery on the anniversary of that day to take flowers to Sonny. She and I talked about the freshly mown grass, the smell of rain and the splashes of color from flowers dotting the acres of gravestones.

The trees at the cemetery are short, round cedars. Momma said she wants to be buried under a shade tree — I've never really thought about it.

She carried a pot of sunny chrysanthemums for all the joy he brought to her and one rose because he was her hero. She set them on the stone and

gent down to pull the stray weeds from around the marble. She said something about how she should come out here more often to take care of things but she just got caught up in living.

I thought what's wrong with living? But then all I know of this man, her brother, is a mahogany and glass case at my grandmother's house. Inside the case lies a purple heart, captain's bars, a properly folded flag and a letter from the U.S. Army — they were very sorry.

That was all I would ever have of him, whether there were weeds around his stone or not.

But I realized something I guess I've always known — my uncle is my mother's brother. And "taking care of things" didn't really mean the maintenance of his marker. It meant the maintenance of her heart and dealing with the grief there. I never knew him so I never had cause to grieve. But he was her brother and they had spent almost 30 years together, it wasn't the normal course of events that he should die when he did.

As my relationships with my two brothers has endured punching and tickling and competing for parental attention, I've grown to love them. They are my heroes.

The oldest one, 10 years my senior, patiently babysat when he should have been out with his friends. He ran along behind my first bicycle, complete with banana seat and sissy bar, living all the way saying he was holding me up — when it was his encouragement that was keeping me upright and not his strength. He married and was gone be-

fore I even hit double digits and I don't suppose we really know each other anymore — but all it would take is a phone call and the other would come running.

The middle child, just a year ahead of me in school, was my handsome ally in mischief. All my friends had a crush on him and all his friends thought I was a pest. He defended my efforts all the way and said we could still be buddies even when I hit what seemed like a perpetual ugly stage. Now we call and compare relationships and grade points — I won't tell on him if he won't tell on me.

I've never thought of losing them. But then we've never known a war.

It's been two weeks since Arthur D. Nicholson, Jr. died. The Army major was shot by a Soviet sentry in East Germany — a husband and father to an eight-year-old girl.

He was eulogized by the commander of the liaison mission in East Germany. The commander said that Nicholson was intensely interested in bettering relations between the superpowers.

Later the Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin met with Secretary of State George Shultz and said that the talks would be aimed at "closing the entire incident." Whether it's all closed or not, it won't be really forgotten and the tension will continue to grow between the two superpowers.

The threat of war is one life closer and makes me want to be closer to my heroes.

Leigh-Ellen Clark is a senior journalism major and co-editor of *At Ease*.

# LETTERS:

## Infantile problems plague Aggies

EDITOR: Where is the public concern at Texas A&M University? Have we all forgotten that we are the future? The world is not the cozy place that some (good Ags) might lead us to believe. Aggiland is not perfect either, and we shouldn't run those with multidimensional perceptions out of town with *Highway 6 runs both ways*. How can a place improve when people are brainwashed into believing that imperfections are traditional?

Public concern is tradition in our democratic society. We should fix things

that are wrong, which corresponds to righting injustices. An obvious example of this is the recent uproar about letting women in the band. Can you really tell that a woman or a man is marching if we consider they are wearing unisex uniforms and have their hair pinned up. With the addition of these new members we may even improve the band. I believe that women can play musical instruments just as well as men. Would anyone like to argue?

On to more important things: From the looks of *The Battalion* opinion page I would have guessed that this is a high school paper. I haven't heard the overwhelming misconceptions about gays since at least that long ago. Then again, I am from the North which must be beyond this infantile catty mentality.

There are, however, issues that we should all be discussing — for example, the major public policies, such as arms control and nuclear war. Yes, Aggies, there is an atomic bomb. These bombs are dangerous. There are many other nuclear weapons as well. Our environment is beginning to wilt before our eyes, and we ask "can a fraternity exist at A&M?" I think that we should not waste the space in this editorial page to discuss the restriction of human rights, rather we should enhance our well-being by discussing public concern.

Michael Forbush

## Censorship problem may have solution

EDITOR: I may have found a simple, effective solution to this ugly censorship controversy, and one that is also in good keeping with the Litmus concept.

Litmus comes in two colors: red and blue. So why not publish two versions of Litmus, Litmus Red and Litmus Blue. Litmus Red would be the originally intended uncensored version. Litmus Blue, for people like Mr. Goehring, would be set in large print, maybe peppered here and there with cute little pictures, and would feature such titles as "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" and "Little Jack Horner."

Oops. Sorry. Perhaps that latter title is a bit too risqué.

Tom Zanussi

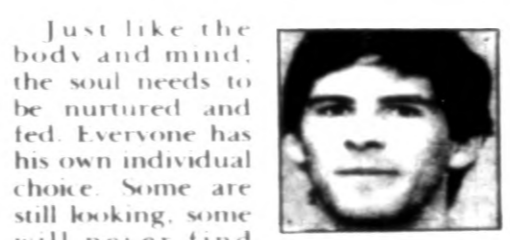
## A&M wouldn't be same without Corps

EDITOR: We just want to take this opportunity to say how great we think the Corps of Cadets really is. The A&M Corps has raised more money on this year's March to the Brazos than any other group ever has in the Brazos Valley.

The Corps truly is and always has been an asset to the University. A&M could never have become the world class University it is today without the Corps. Way to go, y'all! We're proud to be Aggies with you! Keep up the good work.

Helen Miller  
Kelly Black  
accompanied by 33 signatures

# Tea one of necessities of life



Ed Cassavoy

Just like the body and mind, the soul needs to be nurtured and fed. Everyone has his own individual choice. Some are still looking, some will never find theirs.

Tea has always had the necessary, almost mystical affect in removing some of the dreaminess in my life. It is one of those intangible things that rejuvenate the heart.

I like interacting with this devilish and volatile concoction. And I can't help but be fascinated by the influence it had and still has on human society. It is like being a member of a secret society.

Through the ages wars have been fought over it. The fortunes of India and the British Empire were tied closely with it. The social psyche of countries such as England and Japan would wilt without it.

Only tea has this power. I simply can't get worked up over such poor cousins as coffee or soft drinks.

Though there may be commercials expounding on the virtues of coffee and "being a Pepper," I remain unmoved.

I feel sort of bad that none of the inherent elegance of tea drinking has ever

rubbed off on coffee. I always feel sort of like a "mug," in gangster lingo, when I ever I drink black mud.

Stuck in my mind is the idea that coffee is the drink of choice for mobsters, GIs, drunks and transients. That's not my, uh, cup of tea.

Personal experience has shown that the mighty tea leaf can survive almost any hardship or injustice. Almost.

Since I was a little kid, tea was a constant companion. It woke me up in the morning, it warmed me after playing in the snow, it consoled me. Tea was always there when I needed it.

Red Rose was the family tea. It had a certain place on the counter, the aromatic bags tucked into a silver tea container. It was family.

Since then there have been many changes in my relationship with tea. Lately, I have seen the evil and base side of teas. College Station must take some of the blame.

The horrible water twists the subtle nuances of tea into crude caricatures of its true form. The inferior teas available here are bastardizations of the original intent.

Many a foreign tea drinker will be surprised to receive ice tea when he asks for tea. For me, there is no room for flexibility or compromise in the world of teas.

There is no such thing as cold tea. Cold tea is the death of a wise man.

The serpent in the Garden of Eden, the sinking of the *Titanic*. I feel like a grave robber whenever I see people slurping down a glass of ice tea.

My tea tepidness has subsided somewhat since my introduction to the Mercedes of teas — Twinings, Earl Grey, Orange Pekoe, Irish Breakfast and other goodies are a salve to my wounds.

Now I have a rallying cry, a banner to wave and cause to further.

There is no more just revolution in my mind.

When the colonial Americans decided to really bug the crap out of the English they went for the jugular. Did they shoot soldiers, burn buildings, draw funny pictures of the king? No way. They had the Boston Tea Party.

Maybe it is time for a second such display. I guess this is idealism at its best and worst. Tea is not exactly high on the public agenda.

And I can't imagine creating a new flag displaying the mighty tea bag for my new republic. No excitement, no zing.

Tea is like concrete, it is a necessity of life. But try and generate excitement for the plight of concrete or tea. It's a much more difficult task.

I figure the power of positive thinking and a good television commercial will turn the situation around.

Ed Cassavoy is a senior journalism major and a weekly columnist for *The Battalion*.

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*The Battalion* also serves as a laborator newspaper for students in reporting, editing and photographing classes within the Department of Journalism.

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Letters to the Editor should not exceed 300 words in length. 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 be signed and must include the address and telephone number of the writer.  
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