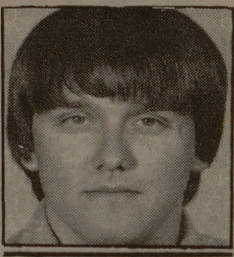


Opinion

God misquoted, didn't say Robertson should run

The Lord spoke to me the other night.



Karl Pallmeyer

"Karl," He said. "What?" I answered sleepily. It was late and I wasn't too sure of who was calling my name. Practical jokes abound at this time of night. "This is God speaking," he said, punctuating his statement with a clap of thunder. "I've got something I want to say to you."

I was wide awake. Needless to say I felt obliged to listen.

"I've been misquoted," he said.

I was worried. If there is anything a journalist fears it's someone saying they have been misquoted, especially when that someone is extremely important. I couldn't think of any time that I had quoted, much less misquoted, the Supreme Being, but I decided to apologize anyway.

"It's not you, it's someone else who made the mistake," the Almighty said.

I was relieved to know that I was not responsible for a mistake that might cause a plague of frogs to descend upon the land.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"Pat Robertson," the Lord of Lords replied.

For those of you who haven't heard, Robertson said that God told him he should run for president. Robertson feels that this nation needs God's

leadership. Since God can't run for president because he isn't an American citizen, Robertson has decided to run in his place. I asked the King of Kings to explain the details of Robertson's religious blunder.

"It's this presidential race," God said. "One evening Robertson was praying to me, I usually try to ignore him but he was being pretty persistent. He asked me if I thought he should run for president, and I told him I thought he should run for pizza. I was a little hungry, and I thought I would see if he would actually do the Lord's work for a change."

"So you never told him that he should run for president?" I asked.

"Heavens no," the Holy Father said. "Robertson misunderstood what I said. He has always had a problem interpreting my word, especially when he interprets my word for those people who are silly enough to listen to him."

I wasn't too shocked by the revelation, the God of Robertson's sermons and the God of the Bible I have read seemed to be two different Beings.

Since I was the first person since Joan of Arc to have an exclusive interview with the Creator, I decided I had better ask a few more questions.

"Do you ever get involved in politics?" I asked.

"Not usually," the Great One said. "I like to think that you people are capable of running your own affairs without my interference."

"That's the beauty of this world," he said. "If I wanted everyone to believe one way I wouldn't have given you people free choice. That's why there are dozens of Protestant sects, Catholics,

MARGULIES
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Jews, Moslems, Buddhists, atheists and many different philosophies."

"Does that mean you don't want our nation to be ruled by the likes of Pat Robertson, Jimmy Swaggart, Jerry Falwell and all the others who say they are doing your will?" I asked.

"Of course not," the Almighty replied. "If I wanted everyone to follow Robertson, Swaggart

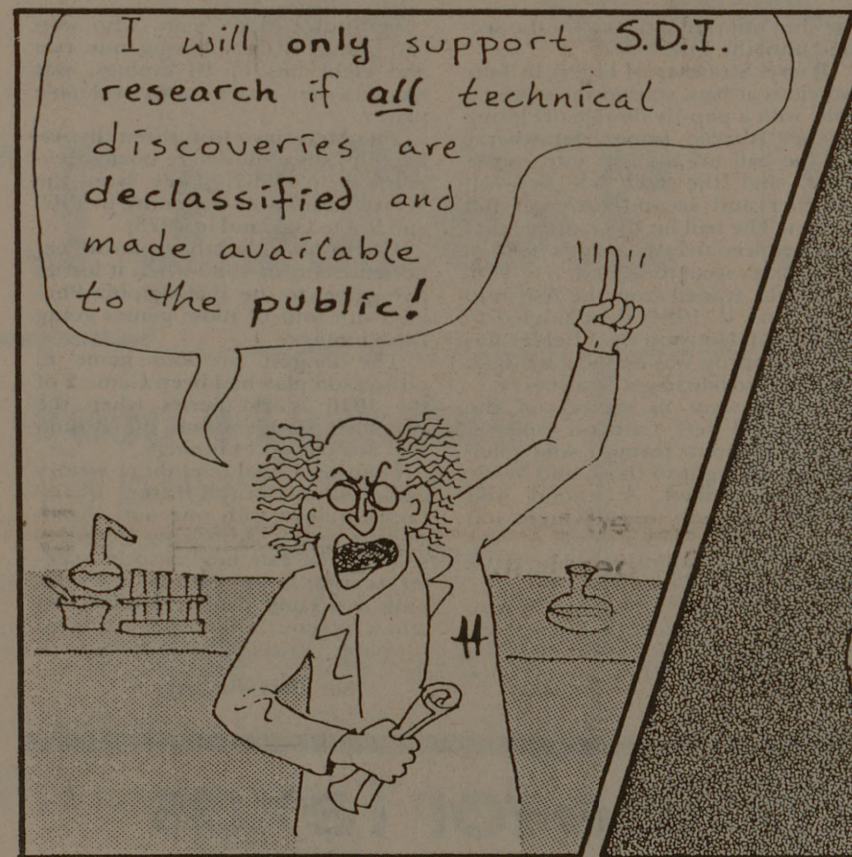
and Falwell I wouldn't have given you people brains."

"Do you want to know the worst aspect of whole matter?" God asked.

"Certainly," I said.

"I still haven't gotten that pizza."

Karl Pallmeyer is a senior journalism major and columnist for The Battalion.



If doctors acted like chiropractors

My secretary, the multi-talented and semi-precious Miss Wanda Fribish, was in a minor automobile accident recently on her way to work.

Lewis Grizzard

When she called the office to say she would be late, however, she was livid with a rage equivalent to several sticks of dynamite.

"I don't blame you for being angry," I said to her. "Sounds like a road hog to me."

"That's not what made me so mad, Typewriter-face," she replied. "While I was waiting on a tow truck, two chiropractors stopped and gave me their cards."

"You mean, they solicited your business right there at the scene of the accident?"

"Do I stutter, Newsprint-nose? That's exactly what happened."

"The first one said, 'You could have severe neck and spinal injuries and not be aware of it. Come by my clinic for a free initial examination.'"

"And what did you say to him?" I asked Miss Fribish.

"I said, 'Out of my face, Pencil-neck.'"

"And what about the second chiropractor?"

"He said the same thing."

"And you said?"

"I said, 'Take a long walk on a short pier, Four-eyes.'"

After Miss Fribish told me of her experience, I began to consider what it would be like if regular physicians ever became as pushy as chiropractors.

If you watch television, you know that about every eight minutes there will be a commercial advertising the services of a chiropractor.

"Come on down, folks, and see Curly the Chiropractor. Have one vertebra pushed back in place, get the next one aligned for free."

Imagine a medical doctor appearing on your television screen saying, "Hello, Dr. Achenot here. If you've been feeling rotten lately call me for an appointment. Remember our motto: 'If Dr. Achenot can't make you feel better, then you might as well give up hope and wait to die.'"

And can you imagine doctors soliciting in public like Miss Fribish's chiropractors?

"I see you there with a cigarette in your mouth, sir, I'm a doctor. Call me when you get lung cancer."

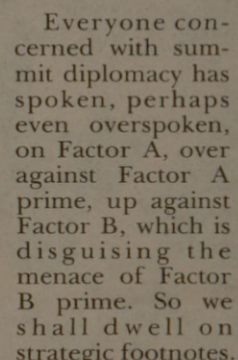
Or, in a restaurant: "Excuse me, Ma'am. I hate to interrupt your meal, but I'm a doctor, and you look really sick. It's probably the heartbreak of psoriasis. Here's my card and have a nice day."

I hope such a thing never occurs, but you never know. In the meantime, if you are accosted by an overzealous chiropractor, remember the words of Miss Fribish:

"... And the horse you rode in on, Lumbago-breath!"

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Strategic footnotes Reagan should read



William F. Buckley Jr.

Everyone concerned with summit diplomacy has spoken, perhaps even overspoken, on Factor A, over against Factor A prime, up against Factor B, which is disguising the menace of Factor B prime. So we shall dwell on strategic footnotes.

A mere half-page in the current issue of Time magazine condenses the memoirs of Yelena Bonner. She is the wife of Andrei Sakharov, the physicist who gave the Soviet Union the hydrogen bomb, in due course repented of the behavior of the government to which he had given it, and was exiled to Gorky five years ago.

We know all about the treatment of dissidents by the Soviet Union. Recently we effected the release of two of them, Yuri and Irina Orlov. It is probable that we first petitioned for the release of Sakharov, but the Soviet Union regularly uses as a reason for not releasing him that his mind carries deep secrets of the kind that might damage the Soviet Union, were he free to divulge them.

But the thing Sakharov and his wife carry in their memory has less to do with variations on E equals MC squared than on how it is that official Russia deals with those who are in disrepute, but who, for complicated international reasons, official Russia dares not simply eliminate (Stalin style), or even sequester in Siberia (post-Stalin style).

Ever since he was exiled in Gorky, Sakharov, by one means or another, has managed to get out this or that detail of what he has been submitted to, but never in such detail as now, thanks to his wife's brief permission to visit Western doctors.

Bonner writes eloquently about what life is like in Gorky under KGB surveillance. But this eye fastens on the Sakharovs and their automobile. Yes, they are one of the few Russians who actually own a car, a 1976 Somethingorother (the make is not revealed in the Time story).

To have a car in the Soviet Union, even if you are restricted in where you can go with it, is on the order of having, in the United States, a newspaper-television-telephone-telex-helicopter-congressman. Official Russia didn't want simply to remove the car from the Sak-

harovs, so it mounted instead something on the order of a National Security Council Operation Overlord.

1. When Sakharov declared a hunger strike, the KGB stole the car.

2. When the Sakharovs proceeded with their hunger strike (designed to elicit an exit visa for their daughter, law), the KGB called to say, "Home. Your car has been found! Come to East Gorky and get it!" The Sakharovs knew better than to leave their apartment.

3. So, frustrated, the KGB broke into the Sakharovs' apartment and patched them to hospitals to be hospitalized. After this was done, they were returned to their apartment—and behold...

4. Outside was their car. Only a strangely misshapen. Everything that could be unscrewed was. Even ashtrays had been removed. It took the Sakharovs, who could design a space vehicle to Venus in the same period of months to piece it together.

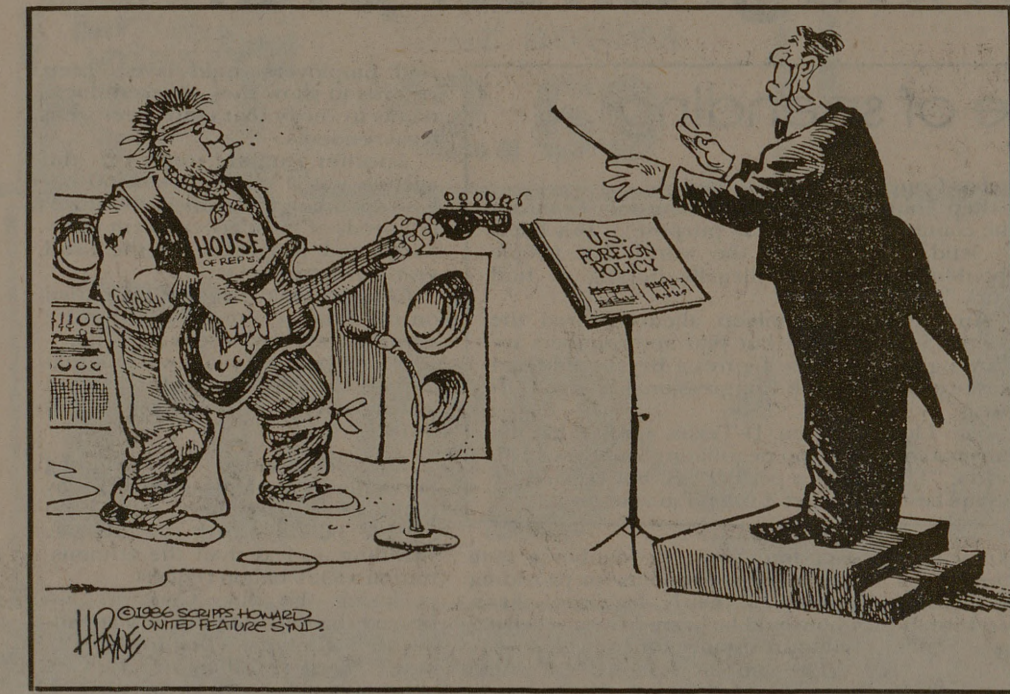
5. Whenever the Sakharovs did anything displeasing to the KGB, their automobile suffered, in effigy. If the car spoke, by whatever means, to a correspondent, a tire would be sliced a window fractured, and they were they could not pick up hitchhikers' suits in difficulties.

6. Once they picked up two old ladies their car was stopped, and the two ladies dragged out of it. Another time they saw a man with a child of 4, sitting with a broken leg. They stopped, take them to a hospital. The car rushed into the car, took the child to the aid station and cautioned the Sakharovs: One more of these and you your car, permanently.

Ronald Reagan apparently has an opportunity to add to his summit agenda four new tires for the Sakharovs and a brand-new ashtray. But never be inopportune for the present to bear in mind that, in dealing with the principal engine of official Russia. And official Russia, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the embodiment of the kind of people who do that kind of thing to that kind of people.

We strung up people like these in remburg, and now we have changed with them. Amazing what an amount of nuclear bombs will do for you.

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