

Mail Call

Is it racism or individual expression?

EDITOR:

This note is in response to Cherita Montgomery's Dec. 6 letter concerning racism. Do you, Ms. Montgomery, expect to see every drawing of a black person to be depicted in perfect detail while all other races are drawn abstractly or as caricatures? I think not.

Drawings are a form of communication. If the artist is trying to get a point across, the thought is important, not the picture. Any artist (black, white, Chinese, etc.) will draw something using their own style. Look at the comic section, or political cartoons. They are forms of communication, just as Ms. Lytton's picture on poverty was. The drawing was of two children — one black, one white. I see no racism in that. Your letter sounded like an excuse to yell "racism." My only suggestion to you, Ms. Montgomery, is to read the children's book, *The Boy Who Cried Wolf*. I think you can make a connection as to its moral content.

Glen McLean Jr. '89

Christianity runs rampant at A&M

EDITOR:

I am a freshman attending the public Texas A&M University, or at least I thought it was a public university some months ago. As it turns out, my image of what a public institution is (and subsequently what the legal view of what a public institution is) is all "wrong" here. Basically, Christianity is the official religion here, and if you don't like it, by God you're a two-percenter.

My first gripe is with the saying of a Christian-bent prayer before the football game last Thursday. Frankly, I was offended by the use of a prayer in a football stadium which is owned and operated by a public institution. I feel that my rights as a member of this institution, and more importantly, mankind, have been abused. I call on the immediate stop of any such "ceremonies" in the future for the sake of this "world class university's" own good.

Secondly, I sadly must say that I wasn't shocked a bit to see Christian writings on the blackboards of my math class. They stated that "all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God . . . the wage of sin is death," but then the relief that "For God so loved the world that he gave his only (begotten) Son and whosoever believed in Him should not die but have eternal life." I don't know who put this on the blackboard of a math class, but in my opinion, it certainly has no logic to it.

As you may have surmised, I am not a Christian. But I respect the rights of those who are (Christians) by not forcing my views on them in a public forum. I would very much appreciate the same respect in return.

James Keck '92

Batt Scrooge ruins Christmas

EDITOR:

Dean Sueltenfuss — you are the most sacrilegious of them all! How dare you place Christmas in line with hell! How dare you accuse us of losing the "traditional customs and values" of Christmas. You are the one who needs to open his eyes to the true meaning of Christmas!

Gathering for Christmas breakfast still exists, attending Christmas mass is still practiced, and families and relatives still gather for the holidays, spending time together for Christmas dinner and parties. The nativity is still adorned. Don't try to paint a picture of a typical family in 1988, because as an artist, you stink!

Maybe as a child your family goofed by not teaching you what Christmas is truly about. If you think the "Rambo Death Blaster" is a traditional Christmas gift, then obviously your Christmas tree at home is trimmed with hand grenades instead of ornaments.

You see, Dean, many presents that are given today maintain that spirit of love that Christmas is all about, like the dolls that little girls receive and the puppies that little boys get. Are these the toys of destruction? I think not! This attitude that you have taken, Dean, places you right next to Scrooge.

It's people like you that give Christmas a bad name! It's people like you that give A&M a bad name! I fully support Guy Valentino's Dec. 5 letter. You need to "open your mind," Dean.

If you think the true meaning of Christmas is gone then bring it back into focus. Don't tell us that "happiness isn't for sale." In most families, like my own, it already exists.

Christmas is a time for celebrating the birth of Christ. Why don't you tell us about that? Or do you yourself not remember?

P.S. I feel that the writers and editorials should quit being so cynical towards the student body. Start being more responsible with what you write and how you write it.

Stephanie L. Champagne '90

Batt saves the day

EDITOR:

I am currently co-oping in Casper, Wyoming and I was just informed that I will not be asked back for another co-op term. This was very distressing because in the past six years that I've been in the work force, this was the first time I'd ever been "fired." I went back to my apartment feeling like the most unwanted human being in the world. All sorts of emotions went through me from hurt to anger to despair. When I reached my mailbox, there was the copy of *The Battalion*, faithful as ever in bringing me Aggie news, even way up here in Wyoming. In the Nov. 23 issue on the opinion page was Dean Sueltenfuss' column, "It's Thanksgiving, but are we really thankful?"

I had just gotten fired. What was there to be thankful for? Dean had the answers, and because of him and the person(s) responsible for giving me my free Batt everyday, I too understand how thankful I should be.

Andrea Endriga '90

Liberated roommates are a pain

I have this roommate — who shall remain nameless except my roommates are Debbie and Liz and it isn't Debbie — who has dared to do what few girls (women?) have done before.

She asked a guy out.

Now you are probably sitting around on a bench or in a broken lawn chair, eating those little crackers shaped like ducks and saying "Big deal! Women ask men out on dates all the time."

Well, yes, they do. In liberated places like California, New York and certain suburbs of Minneapolis. But we are in the middle of a place where women scream if a Corps guy doesn't open the door for her. This is the school where chivalry lives (in a terminal coma, maybe, but still alive).

Women do not ask guys out here. It is simply against all applied rules of etiquette according to A&M females.

Instead, women put on some make-up and hit the bars. They flex the eyelashes and giggle (tee-hee-hee, ha ha, followed by a demure toss of the head).

But not what's-her-name. No, she marched right out there and asked a guy out — sans eyelash-flexing.

But I'm glad she did it because it gave me a good idea of what guys go through before they ask out that little muffin for the first time. As I learned, this asking out stuff tends to be chocked full of emotions and good stuff like that. It's even better to watch than Days of Our Lives — and that's pretty darn good.

So let's see what my roommate did on her adventure into dateland:



Becky Weisenfels
Editor

• Two weeks ago — She started bringing up this guy's name at odd times for no reason at all. His name leaked into conversations that had nothing to do at all with HIM (that was annoying — if I wanted to discuss HIM, I would have brought HIM up myself.)

She began talking to HIM in the halls and had the FBI do a background check on him. She wasn't too interested at this time, but he sure is cute, by-golly.

• One week ago — He's getting cuter. She starts bringing up his name more often to tell us how tall he is and what size shoe he wears.

Note: I couldn't care less about any of this. I mean, who is this guy to me? I come home for a little relaxation and MTV and what's-her-name ruins it by spouting off about HIM. I decide I have got to do something.

• This week — She approaches the subject of maybe, possibly, perhaps, maybe asking him out. OK. I wish she would. Then I could get some sleep and start to enjoy life again. So I encourage her.

"Yeah, call him," I say. "Ask him out. He'll go and I think it would be a good experience for you (and a break for me)."

No, she decides he might not be the liberated '80s kind o' guy that she could safely ask out. She calls a friend of this guy's to inquire about what's-his-face.

"Is he the kind of guy I could ask out?" It's affirmative, and Mission Impossible is on its way.

I, being the dear friend I am, give her some profound words to guide her through these doubtful times. I say, "It will be either one of the most blissful experiences of your life or you will suffer humiliation like you've never felt before."

• Last night — she calls. It was a quiet kind of thing, unassuming and friendly. They chatted, she laughed. It kind of looked like an AT&T commercial. Then it was THE TIME.

"So, uh, what are you doing Friday night?" which means "GO OUT WITH ME!"

"Nothing, really," which means "I'm open to suggestions."

"Well, what about . . ." and the rest is history (and private).

So she got a date, he got to brag to the guys about what a hot, hot dude he is and I got some peace and quiet. Except — now what's-her-name is soooooo cheesy I can't get her to be depressed no matter how hard I try.

I guess I just have to live with it — I've joined a support group for people whose roommates ask out guys. With a little help, I should be over this troubled time and on my feet again in no time.

Becky Weisenfels is a senior journalism major and editor of The Battalion.

I need an answering machine

If you look at my phone number this year and compare it with the phone number of the Gay Student Services last year, you'll find that the two are not only similar, but exactly alike.

This unique situation makes for some unusual phone calls. On the average, my roommate and I receive five GSS phone calls a week. We really didn't start suspecting anything until the second or third week of school, after we'd received numerous calls for the service.

At first, I was embarrassed at the situation, mostly because I had never had to deal with anything like this before. With time, however, I've learned to deal with the situation and have come to some conclusions.

I must admit I get some pretty strange calls at times. I have gotten so used to the calls that sometimes my roommate and I will play along and just see what the caller will say.

One afternoon a woman called and asked if the GSS could arrange a transvestite erotic dancer to entertain at her "friend's" husband's birthday party. She said she wanted nothing extravagant or too personal, just someone she could be referred to that wouldn't mind dancing in drag.

When I told her I couldn't help her, she paused for a moment and then told me that she hoped she hadn't offended me.

Of course, she hadn't. The whole call actually made my day because it made me laugh so hard that it put me in a good mood. My being in a good mood was imperative since I was contemplating skipping my 5 p.m. speech class.



Richard Tijerina
Guest columnist

Another call I received one day was from a man who was requesting referral to an attorney concerning a custody suit. The journalist in me itched to ask him more questions in hopes of landing a really big story or something. (I'll do just about anything for a couple of brownie points.) However, I told him I couldn't help him and hung up.

More often than not, however, we'll get calls from lonely guys just wanting to know of a good bar in town where they could go and "meet" other guys.

Some are A&M students, some are Bryan-College Station residents and some are from out of town, just here for the weekend.

Sometimes we'll get calls from guys wanting to know of local dance clubs that have any type of gay underground. We usually tell them we don't know of any, although sometimes my roommate will say something about special Thursday nights at the Edge or Parthenon or something. My roommate and I have both considered changing our phone number, but I've always felt that the rest of my sophomore year just wouldn't be the same.

The other day I had to phone the president of the Gay Student Services for a news story I was working on. Dur-

ing the interview, I mentioned my phone number was the same as the GSS last year. He said I must be in a pretty strange predicament.

I agreed.

I also asked him about a few things that were troubling me. It seemed like most of the calls I had been getting were from guys wanting to know of places to meet other guys. The president told me he does indeed tell callers of some bars they could go to.

He said there are even places you could go to for quick safe sex, although he will usually not divulge these locations over the phone. He said most of the people in the gay bars can tell you where these locations are.

He assured me he is not in the business of lending transvestites to entertain at birthday parties. I must admit this made me feel better. I was hoping the GSS was not merely a "dating service" or something. I was right. The GSS tries to make life easier for homosexuals living in the Bryan-College Station area. They do this through group rap sessions, counseling and assorted speakers.

At the end of the conversation, he told me that I could refer all our callers to his personal number, but I didn't want to feel like some sort of secretary or something. Instead, I'll just let everyone know now that the number has definitely changed.

Anyone wishing to reach the GSS can do so through the Student Activities Office, not my apartment.

Richard Tijerina is a sophomore journalism major, staff writer and guest columnist for The Battalion.

BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

The Battalion

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