

Not all men consider Williams' rape joke funny

In regard to Colin Moss' column concerning Clayton Williams' "joke" about rape:

As a man and a registered voter in the state of Texas, I felt I could not sit quietly by while Moss printed his piece about a crime I consider to be second only to murder.

Moss was right about one thing: he or I or any number of regular people could make that "joke" and it would not be remembered. But when Clayton Williams makes a comment like that, he brings serious doubts to my mind about the extent to which rapists will be prosecuted if he is elected.

Williams may have meant his comment to be a joke, but the man is running for governor, the highest political office in the state. And as a contender for that position he should have the sense to realize that anything he (or Ann Richards, for that matter) says is going to be under intense scrutiny.

I know, I know. Clayton Williams is "tough on crime" and will make druggies bust rocks. But how secure do the women of this state feel knowing that our potential governor

may have such a casual attitude about a horrible crime.

As for the implication that I, as a man, find this whole thing amusing ... I would laugh if it didn't offend me so much. Just so you'll know, Mr. Moss, many of my male friends and I speak up about this "joke" when the gubernatorial race is brought up.

And I don't know if I'm meeting different women than Moss, but none of them so far have become hysterical or screamed that Williams should have certain appendages violently removed. The main emotion they express is concern. I'm concerned too. I'm afraid every day for my girlfriend, my mother, my sister, and the consequences if any of them were assaulted.

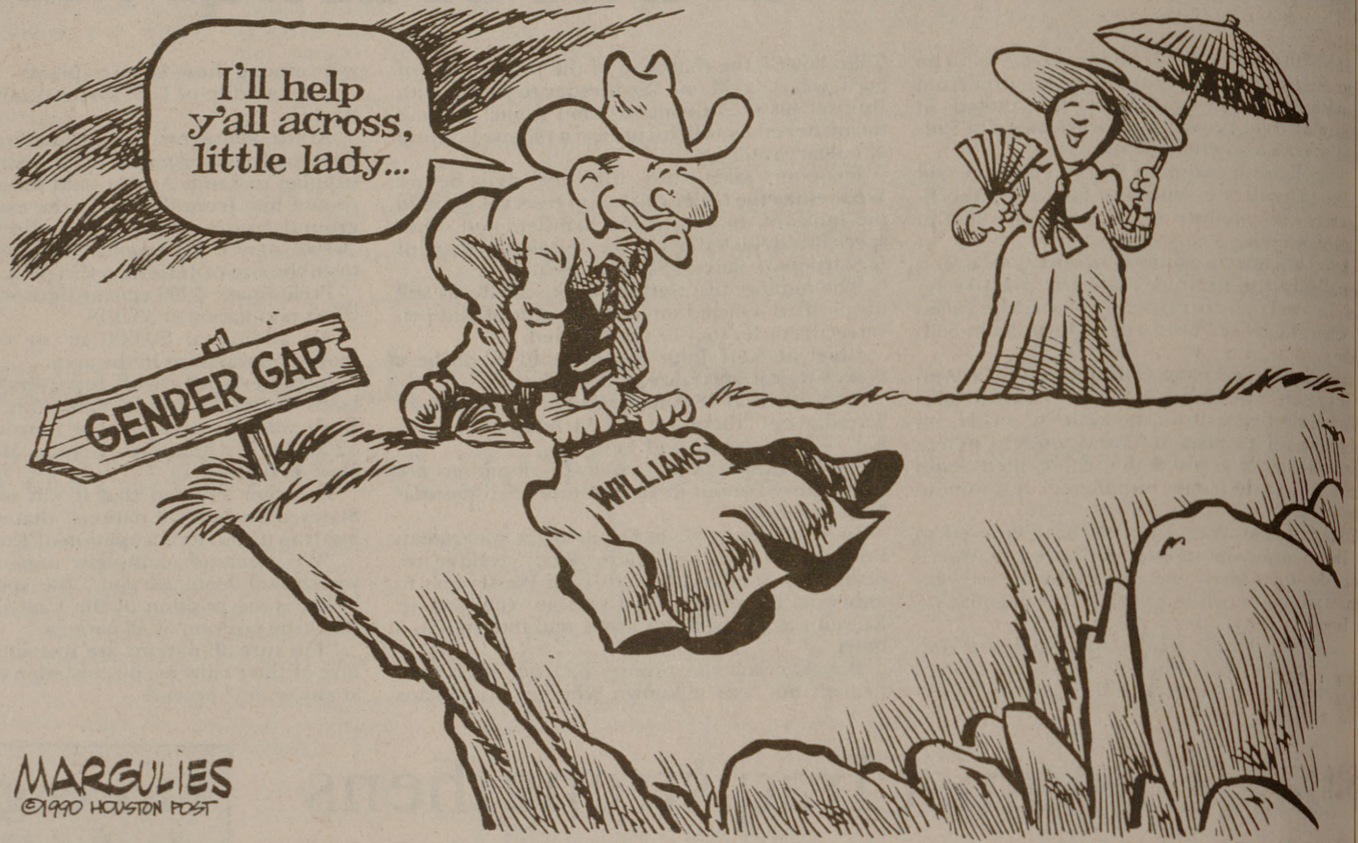
I assume that Moss and other men reading this feel the same way I do. Rape is an atrocious crime that can cause terrible physical and emotional damage.

I ask all of the men reading this to consider how you would react if one of your loved ones was attacked. I hope your reaction wouldn't be as flippant as Clayton Williams' "joke" makes him seem.

I'm happy that Moss will be making his living in another state by the time of the election, and I wish

him the best. Unfortunately, those of us who still choose to live in Texas can't afford to be so nonchalant.

Peter Vonder Haar is a senior at the University of Texas.

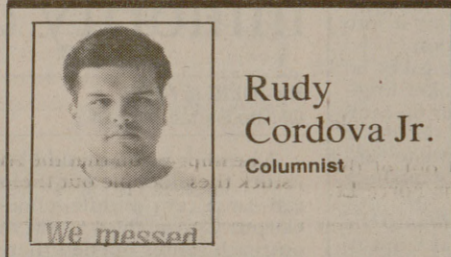


Older Aggie gives some advice to incoming Fish

It's amazing to see all the students that are arriving on campus for the fall semester. I mean, this summer was relatively quiet. Most of the students were here because they were trying to catch up, either because they graduated earlier in August or they will graduate in December.

Now I walk on campus and see confusion plastered on the faces of a new batch of Aggies. And I realize that most of them will one day take summer school because they too will be trying to catch up. And I laugh.

I laugh because, like everyone else, I was once a Fish. At one point I walked



on this campus with a confused look on my face. As a matter of fact, I still walk around confused because I don't know all the answers and neither does anyone

else. But I do like to think that some lowly Fish could prosper from my experience.

One of the first lessons that a Fish must learn is that there is no such thing as a four-year program without summer school. In some cases there's no such thing as a five-year program without summer school. I'm serious ... it could happen.

Summer school isn't all that bad, though. Taking a class for an hour and a half everyday including Friday, isn't the problem. The problem lies in the fact that there isn't much to do in the

Bryan/College Station metroplex in the summer. Unless you want to receive New Kids on the Block paraphernalia at the nearest corner store from the same radio station that brought you the Power Chicken. But, that's another story.

Another thing that all new Aggies must learn is that everyone will try to tell you what is right and what is wrong. I can't tell you who to listen to, but I can say that the decision is all up to you. For example, if your thinking about joining a fraternity don't talk to someone that lives and breathes Greek because obviously he will want you to join his.

You have to go out and find the right one that fits you. There are plenty of fraternities to look at before arriving at a decision. Even then, you may decide that a fraternity isn't for you after all.

I know there are plenty of decisions to be made, but what can I say, that's life. The biggest decision of them all is what to major in. Believe me, most Aggies change their major twice. It's not an easy thing to decide upon because what you major in affects the rest of your life. No pressure.

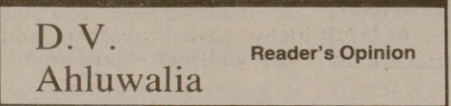
On-screen love does not coincide with off-screen love

On the day a column authored by me appeared in these pages about the complexities of the abortion issue, I read the adjoining reflections of Rudy Cordova Jr. on marriage and divorce.

He writes the column after seeing the film "War of the Roses." It is quite ironic if he does not realize that how many of the marriages, or living-together situations, break up because the on-screen love does not coincide with the off-screen love.

The dream of a man and a woman, at age twenty, about what constitutes a "relationship of love" is often the fictional unreality of the screen. And when it does not coincide with the off-screen reality, it is not the screen-reality which is blamed but the spouse, boyfriend, or the girlfriend. There lies one of the reasons which the columnist, and readers of that column, might wish to reflect upon.

Then there are other more fundamental reasons. And those



reasons can perhaps be summarized as follows. Yes, it is sad that human relations can be that brittle or as fragile as Cordova writes. The fact that human relations are so fragile comes as a surprise, but on deeper reflection it is not so surprising. Most of us are either bored or sedated at the center of our being. It is rarely that we are touched at that core by another existence, human or non-human. If this touching does not happen for an extended period in a relationship the two beings involved become total strangers at the core. It is only for so long that two strangers can stay with each other. Often one of them who does not have an escape, such as: the insanity of Physics or Journalism, seeks out other human beings or some more meaningful experience. Often

such a human being or other experience is another illusion. After that a total disillusionment or death may occur for the core of every being must find some experience or involvement in which some cultural independent meaning exists. In the West this dynamics results in final dismantling of a relationship such as a marriage. In the East (particularly in the Hindu and Buddhist traditions), the human (often men!) leaves for the wilderness or solitude. This forces his or her frail existence to harsh experiences of wilderness or society. An intense experience is unavoidable, even if it turns out to be intense dreaming qualitatively different from dreaming which is associated with ordinary sleep, and is well described in ancient literature of the East.

The formal dismantling of man-woman relationship in the West and the Sanyas in the East are manifestation of the same underlying need of the human organism. At times it is easy to pass

moral judgments on such occasions, and unfortunately many do to the detriment of the individuals involved. The problem which Cordova has raised is a profound problem deserving of much thought in the silence of one's being.

Part of the problem with the whole matter of dismantling relationships may simply be our embedding in cultural boundaries. It seems essential that the cultural specific aspects of life be carefully explored and some culturally independent needs and aspirations of life be given deeper thought than is fashionable in the modern technology-dominated era.

Perhaps Cordova, or the readers of these pages can provide some wisdom. The problem is as important, and perhaps more complex, as the national deficit.

D.V. Ahluwalia is a graduate student in physics.

And now, just when you thought two quarters was all you needed to buy a soft drink, the price has risen to sixty cents. All you Fish must brace yourselves for these kind of changes which on the surface seem so simple, because now you can't buy a drink and a candy bar with one ironed dollar. Now you need to carry extra change. Oh well, if I can get used to all the construction on campus I can deal with finding a dime.

Which reminds me, beware of all the construction. Just stay away from the construction and learn to find the shortcuts around campus. It's that simple. And if you want to join a Conservationists society then you also have that opportunity, because as the University expands, they destroy more beautiful trees that make our campus look like no other.

These were just a few words from the wise, and sometimes not so wise. As Fish you have the opportunity to make the same mistakes we all did. It's not so bad. I know there is plenty to learn, but just remember that for every question you may have there are 40,000 answers.

Rudy Cordova Jr. is a senior theatre arts major.

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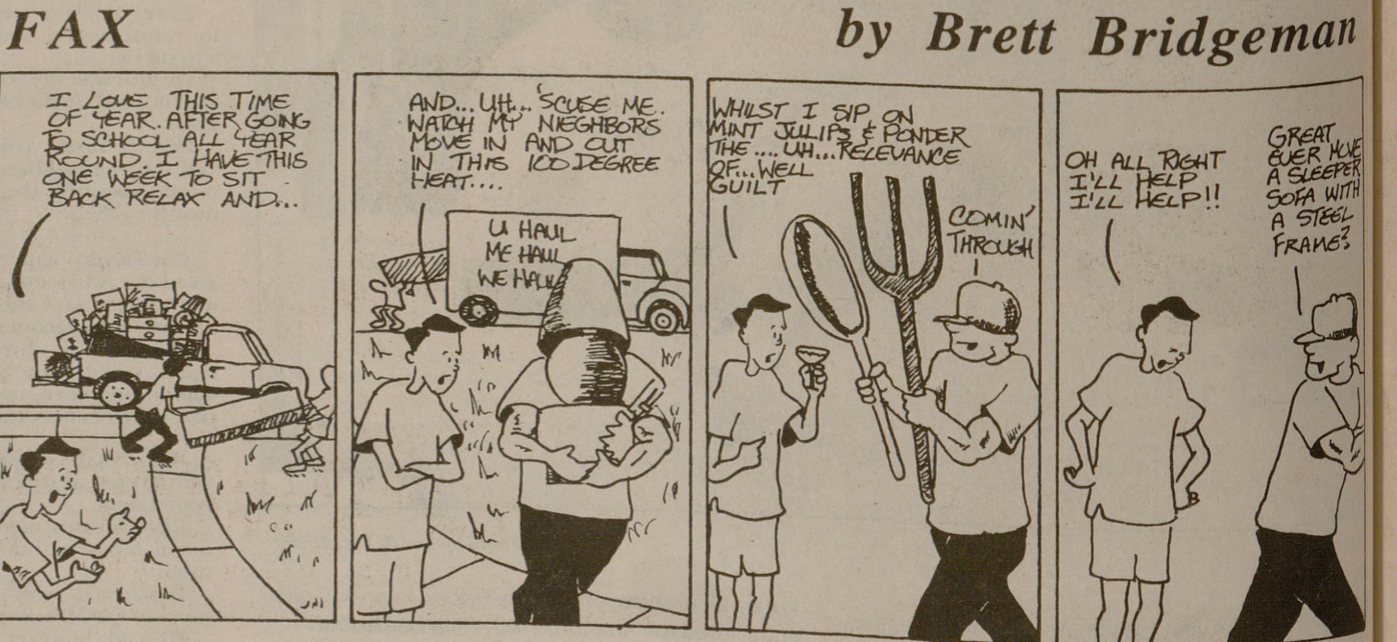
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