

Collage For Autumn

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You just don't read *Collage*, you experience it! It is on that premise that the editorial staff based its assumption that this year's *Collage* would be of the highest quality possible.

And, without danger of fulsome exaggeration, we feel we have succeeded. Certainly, this magazine cannot compare with the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Playboy*, or any of the other national publications, but we sincerely believe that we have achieved our goal. That is, to produce a magazine that covers a broad spectrum of creative and journalistic excellence.

When we took over as editors of *Collage*, needless to say we had a tough act to follow. The Winter, 1978, edition was judged second place winner in the Sigma Delta Chi regional Mark of Excellence contest.

Thus, our work was more than cut out for us. The success of the past editions gave us something to shoot for--the goal mentioned previously. Although we feel we have succeeded, the true judges, the ones who will actually decide if we have indeed succeeded, are our readers.

So what's new about *Collage* this year? Plenty. Our emphasis has been placed upon features and to that end, we have included stories which run the gamut of journalism.

For example, our opening article, "Hustling: The Life and Times of a Male Prostitute," is an incisive portrait of a young man who at one time in his life sold himself-in order to survive. Although some might think the story is offensive, we do not. On the contrary, we think the story is done in good taste, offering an insight into a subject which for too long has been hidden away by society.

"Living Together" is about just that--cohabitation. The story includes interviews with two couples: one, very happy with their relationship and another whose relationship ended after they decided to live together.

A growing avocation of many people is canoeing, which is the subject of "Shooting the Rapids in Tennessee." Not only does the story include pertinent information for the canoeing enthusiast, but also an account of one person's initial plunge into the sport.

The family of an MTSU football coach comes under scrutiny in "One Man's Family." The story examines the relationship between a coach and his wife and children.

The editors of MTSU's three student publications gives a humorous look at what it is like to edit *Sidelines*, *Midlander*, and *Collage* and the problems therein, in "Letters From the Editors."

"Sexism in Media," comes under fire in "A commentary for *Collage*," a regular feature on the role of the media in today's society.

As far as fiction is concerned, *Collage* continues to present the best works of MTSU's writers. In a slightly satirical vein, we have "A Letter to Harold," the story of a woman liberating herself from a dying marriage, and "Death of An English Major," which asks the question, "Is there life after a community college?"

"Moving Day" offers a reminiscence of things past as a woman prepares to move away and leave the home she has loved for years. "Someday," gives us all a look into the dreams of a writer.

Poetry is once again an integral part of *Collage* with an outstanding collection by some of the most talented poets the University has to offer.

And this year, as in the past, *Collage* features the high quality artwork, photography and design for which it has gained a solid reputation.

Therefore, the decision is left up to *you*. We invite your comments, criticisms, compliments and suggestions, for only with your help can we truthfully call our efforts a success.





HUSTLING HUSTLING HUSTLING

BY JEFF ELLIS

At first glance, Gary looks much like the ideal college man--tall, good looking, self assured, easy going and content.

At second glance, however, you can see the lines in Gary's face--there on his forehead, around his eyes and around his mouth--lines that indicate aging. Although only 22, Gary looks older upon closer observation.

But it's to be expected, because Gary is not exactly your run-of-the-mill college man.

At a time when most young men his age were thinking about getting their driver's licenses, Gary was thinking about, as he puts it, "getting paid for being laid."

At the age of 16, Gary joined what is commonly referred to as "the world's oldest profession."

Gary was a male prostitute--a hustler.

Starting while a junior in high school, Gary spent four years on the streets. "I went into a liquor store in Nashville," he said candidly. "I wasn't old enough to buy the stuff legally, but looked old enough, you know?--and I guess I sort of turned the guy behind the counter on."

The liquor store clerk offered to give the young man the liquor, free of charge, in return for sexual favors. Describing himself as "sexually open," Gary consented to the man's offer, thus becoming part of a Nashville subculture that until recently was somewhat hidden away.

Now, however, male prostitution has "come out of the closet," according to Sgt. Carl Davis, supervisor of the prostitution section of the Metro-Nashville Vice Squad.

"It's always been around," Davis said, "but now there's quite a bit of that traffic in downtown, around the sex shows."

The police officer explained that when the downtown sex shows became more "liberal" the traffic in male prostitution "came out."

"Used to, they (the male prostitutes) worked inside the theatres and shows but now they congregate around the street corners outside those shows," he observed.

But, he added, "If someone didn't know what was going on, they would just think they were looking for a handout--panhandling. They're not as pushy as the girls who solicit customers."

Nashville's estimated 150 male prostitutes, their age ranging from 17 to 21 and the number of whom on the street varies at different times of the day, generally work the same way, Davis said.

When a single male approaches (one who looks safe--not a policeman) the hustler will go to him and ask for money. If the "john" (customer) recognizes this as a hustle, he simply nods his head, thereby letting the hustler know he wants his services. The two then walk away to a hotel room or some other convenient spot, where the sexual services are performed.

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"If a guy wants the services of one of these boys, then he knows how and where to find them," Sgt. Davis contended. He added that unknowing persons would think nothing more of the incident, not realizing they had been propositioned by a prostitute.

Gary agreed with Sgt. Davis' assumption that the services of a male prostitute have always been there for the taking. "Guys in Nashville used to be a little more discreet, you know? They wouldn't really be aggressive in going after customers, but now they just don't give a damn," he laughed, adding that because of this openness, authorities tend to report an increase in male prostitution in the area.

"I'd say that about a year after I started working the streets, hustlers became pretty common in Nashville," Gary said.

Why does a boy become a prostitute? Some are seduced by older men and seize the opportunity to make money. Such was the case with Gary. But what psychological factors lead a boy to make the decision?

Dr. Robert S. Sturgeon, associate professor of psychology at Middle Tennessee State University, said that a person, whether male or female, must rationalize the situation in order to become a prostitute. "Their value system has to be different," he said. "It must be such that it allows a person to do that, to prostitute themselves. They must tell themselves that what is considered by most as unacceptable behavior is acceptable."

For the boy who decides to become a hustler, more often than not his concept of the male is distorted, Dr. Sturgeon suggested. He added that this can cause the boy to be left out socially, his sexual identity altered.

"The male prostitute has a higher sense of himself than the female prostitute," the psychologist said. "In a sense he is belittling his client by forcing him to pay for his (the hustler's) sexual favors."

After his initial encounter with the liquor store clerk, Gary said that he gave little thought to becoming a hustler.

"I didn't think of it as being prostitution the first time. Hell, I kind of enjoyed it," he reminisced. Later, however, a need for money led Gary to decide to try it again—for cash.

"Man, I was flat broke. I didn't have enough money to buy a cup of coffee. So I remembered that the guy in the liquor store had said if I came back again, he'd pay me. I went back, but he had gotten himself fired or something."

However, Gary was an enterprising young man: "I went to a hotel lobby and stopped the first guy I saw. Now I realize that I was lucky I didn't pick a cop," he said.

Far from being a policeman, Gary's first prospect was delighted to accept the offer and become a paying customer. Explaining to Gary that he was from out of town, he made appointments upon subsequent trips to Nashville.

"He was in his late 30's or early 40's, I guess; not a bad looking guy. Half the whores in Nashville would have gladly traded places with me; probably half the other people in Nashville would have, too," Gary boasted. "He was married and had a couple of kids, if I remember right. He told me that he liked boys, because with girls only you miss half the fun."

But were the offers of money and an attractive man the real reasons Gary became a hustler?

Thoughtfully, Gary considered the question. "No, not really," he confessed. "I'm not really sure why I started. Maybe I was just bored or something; sure I needed the money—who doesn't? But now I guess I realize that I could have come up with the money some other way. Yeah, I was just bored—that's why I did it—and I was alone, you know, lonely. People don't realize just how cold Nashville can be sometimes."

What is the sexual orientation of most male prostitutes? Dr. Sturgeon said the lack of research done on the subject leaves many questions unanswered, including this one, but added, "I find it fascinating that most of them call themselves heterosexuals, yet they are

aroused by homosexual acts.”

Regardless of the answer, Dr. Sturgeon said, it is difficult for a male prostitute to make it in a male-female relationship.

Is Gary homosexual? “No, I’m just sexual, that’s all. I like boys and girls. I guess technically that means I’m bisexual—but isn’t everyone basically bisexual? For pleasure, I prefer girls, but if I’m doing it for money, I like boys better because they pay more,” he said.

The majority of Gary’s customers were like the man in the hotel—married with a wife and children waiting at home. According to Gary, “they just liked to do something a little crazy.”

Does “a little crazy” mean whips and chains? No, Gary said, but he admitted that on occasion he did come into contact with sadists.

“As soon as I realized they were going to do something really kinky, I got the hell out of there,” he revealed. “Now, I’m not knocking it, if someone really gets off on stuff like that, it’s okay for them. But I don’t enjoy pain very much, you know?”

The hotels Gary worked were not the seedy kind usually associated with prostitution. On the contrary, Gary did most of his business at one of downtown Nashville’s finer hotels.

“I enjoyed working there because the clientele is usually middle- to upper-class. They not only pay more for your services, but they usually treat you like a person, not like a piece of meat,” he said.

Gary admitted that the hotel’s management might be surprised to find that their establishment is, as he described it, “one of the hottest spots in town.” He added that “the horniest people in the South stay there. I never had any trouble getting any action.”

Gary’s “action” with police was a very rare occurrence. He said that he could remember only a “couple of times” that he was apprehended by law enforcement officials. On those occasions, he said, they only warned him to stay out of trouble. At no time was he arrested for prostitution.

“Guys hustling were still kind of new to them—a novelty. They weren’t sure what they were supposed to do—arrest me or start hustling themselves,” he quipped.

The hustler-turned-student estimated that he made between \$150 and \$200 on a “good” night. At \$50 per customer, Gary could perform sexual services as few as three or four times per week and get by financially.

“But girls can make a lot more,” he contended. “They can take on a new customer every fifteen minutes if they want. Hell, they could make a mint if they really wanted to!”

“With guys it’s different. Unless you’re superman, four or five times is your limit. After you’ve made it with five different people in a span of three or four hours, it’s pretty difficult to do it again.”

“Doing it again,” as Gary put it, began to take its toll. “It got to be a drag. I just didn’t enjoy it as much as I first did, you know?”

“Anytime sex becomes something you buy or sell, it becomes depersonalized,” Dr. Sturgeon emphasized. “Many prostitutes don’t enjoy sex at all, for various reasons. Some clients are not desirable; for the male prostitute, his customers are probably older men who can’t attract sexual partners, therefore they must pay someone.”

“At first, the prostitute feels needed, wanted, but then they feel dehumanized,” the psychologist added. “Not being able to talk freely about what one does is one of the biggest problems a prostitute faces.”

Gary agreed. “The pressure of living a ‘double life’ was getting to be too much—you know that sounds funny, ‘a double life’—it sounds like some cornball old movie, doesn’t it?”

But real life is not like a “cornball old movie,” Gary said. Eighteen months ago he was on the brink of nervous collapse. As he talked of that time in his life, the “macho, all-American, super stud” facade which had been evident earlier faded away.

“It scares the hell out of me when I think of it,” he

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confided. "I was at the lowest point in my life. I was hustling on weekends and a couple of nights a week, then going to school or out with friends or spending time with my family the rest of the week.

"I became very paranoid. It got so bad that I couldn't take my mother shopping; I was afraid I'd run into one of my customers, you know?"

Having been graduated high school in 1974 ("I was back out on the streets as soon as I got my diploma," he said), Gary entered an area college in 1976. "I was kind of stupid when I first got out of high school and just didn't care what happened--hell, I was having a good time. But after I started to college, I was beginning to grow up, to mature and the pressure just became too great."

Fearing a total descent into insanity, Gary began to see a psychologist, whom he credits with "saving my life."

"I really think I would have committed suicide if it hadn't been for that doctor," he confessed.

While working the streets, Gary had stockpiled quite a sum in his bank account--an account his parents knew he had, but one much larger than they suspected. The two would have been shocked to find that their son could very well have been making more money per month than their combined incomes.

"They thought I was working for a subscription service--selling magazine subscriptions--the classic way to work your way through school," he said.

When he decided to enter college, Gary's parents were among the first to know of his decision. Ecstatic, they offered to assist him financially, but when he turned down their offer of help, they were perplexed.

"They thought I was trying to be noble, to prove I was a man or something," he surmised.

Gary's mood changed. "I know that sometimes I act like the world's biggest ass, like I don't give a damn what happens, but the truth is, I do. I'm afraid it would break my parent's hearts if they found out what I used to do."

Another mood change--Gary was back up. "Don't want to get too sentimental or maudlin here. I'm not sure what I'm going to do whenever I graduate from college, but I've still got time to decide."

Grinning, he said, "I guess if nothing works out, I can always go back to the streets. I guess that sounds like I'm regressing, but I'm not. Although the pressure would be pretty bad, I could handle it better now. I didn't go to college simply to get out of the business; I went for the reason most everyone else does--to get an education.

"I'm not really ashamed of what I used to do. I don't care who knows it, as long as my parents never find out. Look at it this way: I never had to rob anyone for money; I performed a service and they paid for that service. Hell! I was a businessman just like any of those other 9 to 5 suckers."

With that, Gary stood and prepared to leave. Tall, good looking and confident in himself, Gary is on top of things--now.

"Hey Jeff, why don't you call me a man's man in the story--that'll really freak them all out!" □

Jeff Ellis is a senior print journalism major from Bethel Springs and is editor of Collage.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE HARBISON

LIVING TOGETHER is EVERYBODY doing it?

BY BARBARA HERRON

"Mom and Dad, I have something to tell you. You're probably not going to like it, but it's important to me and I want you to try and understand."

Her mother sighed and sat down. Her father chewed on a toothpick, trying not to react too soon.

"Tim and I have been living together for the last three months." Sarah waited for the explosion. A few seconds passed and then her mother leaped to her feet. "I can't believe you'd do something that is so totally against what we believe in!"

Sarah's parents have become members of the "Parents-who-know club." There are hundreds of parents who are still in the "Parents-who-don't-know club" or the "Parents-who-suspect club." The membership of these "clubs" is ever increasing as more young people experience the newest phase in developing a lasting relationship—living together.

Living together without marriage in legal terms is cohabitation. In 1971, Eleanor D. Macklin, Ph.D., did some research on the subject of cohabitation at Cornell University. Through the use of questionnaires and semi-structured interviews she put together a report that revealed not only the reasons for living together, but some of the problems and benefits as described by the students that participated in the study.

A fairly inclusive definition of cohabitation was adopted by the research groups: To share a bedroom for at least four nights per week for at least three consecutive months with someone of the opposite sex."

When asked if they could apply this definition to their situation, Sarah explained, "Yes, but we live together seven days a week, sharing one house. Both of us have all of our stuff there, so it's not like we just stay together a couple nights a week."

Their reasons for moving in together were synonymous to the reasons revealed in Dr. Macklin's research, where she pointed out a striking relationship between four fairly recent developments in our society:

(1) Today's youth are demanding a right to select their own lifestyle; (2) contraception and abortion services are commonly available; (3) youth are questioning the institution of marriage; (4) living together is not a unique or uncommon lifestyle.

After sharing some of Dr. Macklin's research with Tim and Sarah, Tim offered his personal philosophy: "It definitely is a problem when you have to worry about pregnancy. People who don't take care of that problem shouldn't ever consider living together. As far as questioning the institution of marriage, I think its only fair for our generation to want to improve the quality of marriage.

"My parents are happily married, but they are in the minority," Tim continued. "I think the majority of people don't really know each other or themselves when they get married. When you live with someone, and you love them, you find out a lot about them. You find out where the weak parts of your relationship are, and you learn how to strengthen them."

Meaningful relationships are of major importance to youth



today; Finding a fulfilling relationship was one of the primary reasons given by couples who are living together. Second to that was the economic issue.

"We spent all of our time at my apartment anyway, so what's the point in paying rent on an unused apartment? (or dorm room)" Sarah explained. "But that was only a minor reason for moving in together. We wanted to share all aspects of our lives with each other. We wanted to work as a team, helping each other by increasing our self-confidence and emotional security."

Sarah and Tim wholeheartedly agree that their relationship is very successful. "When a couple has a warm, healthy, and honest relationship, then living together reinforces that relationship." Tim commented.

But no matter how successful a relationship is there are still problems to be dealt with. In an interview with another young couple some of these problems were revealed.

Laura and Dave lived together for eight months. They broke up after they both realized their relationship wasn't strong enough to overcome the problems associated with cohabitation.

"When we first started living together it was blissful. But little by little the relationship started to fall apart," Laura began. "First my parents found out, and they really got upset! They gave me the choice of breaking up with Dave or losing their financial support."

In a later interview with Dave he added his views: "After Laura's parents disowned her we were faced with the decision of whether we could make it on our own (financially) or give in. And since we had too much pride," Dave said cynically, "we didn't give in. So we struggled to make ends meet and that was the first of many hassles."

Laura continued her version of the story. "So the financial situation got to be a thorn in our side. And then I started feeling used. I was working, going to school, cooking, cleaning, doing the laundry and nursing Dave's wounded ego. He got depressed over every little thing. It just got to be too much, and I started to doubt our love. A typical 'love nurse syndrome'," Laura added with a wry smile.

Dave commented, "Laura expected me to be eternally grateful for 'all she was doing'. I began to resent her and to feel guilty because I didn't want to be hassled with household chores. From there it was all down hill."

Laura and Dave's problems eventually led to an agreement to end their relationship. They both feel that they've learned a lot from the experience, and don't regret having lived together.

"It took us eight months to discover that our relationship was not mature enough to last when there are so many problems. And we once thought we'd be married someday!" Dave sighed. "I'm glad we found out now instead of later."

The troubles that this couple experienced are not uncommon. According to Macklin's study there are four major problem areas in cohabitating relationships.

First, the *emotional problems*, as in Laura and Dave's situation. Laura felt used and Dave felt resentful because he was expected to be "eternally grateful."

The second problem area is *sex*. Laura agreed and added, "I really felt cold toward Dave when he wanted his sexual urges taken care of. I would give and give and he would take and take."

Dave's remarks were quite different. "Laura had a lot of hang-ups about sex. She felt dominated when we were in bed. It bothered her until she became so inhibited that our sex life all but vanished."

Students at Cornell named the third problem area as the *living situation* itself. Lack of funds, as Laura and Dave explained, presents a real problem. Other people sharing the house, problems with adequate space, or lack of privacy were listed as minor problems.

But the fourth and most common problem area was *parents*. Both couples named in this article indicated a problem with parents. Sarah tried to explain how her parents felt.

"They see living together as "shacking up." My parents believe marriage is sacred. They don't want me to ruin my chances for a sacred marriage by living with the guy first. My father thinks living together is having all the fun without any of the responsibility."

The difference in moral principles seems to be the point of



contention between parents and cohabitating couples. This has been a controversial issue for many years. The younger generation supports pre-marital sex and cohabitation, and the older generation tries to preserve the morality of marriage by rejecting the idea of cohabitation.

This conflict between principles causes much sadness and bad feelings between parents and their children. Youth are torn with "guilt over deceiving or hurting their parents," Dr. Macklin explained. "More important is the sadness at not being able to share this important part of their lives."

Tim offered a contrasting opinion. "My parents don't mind that we are living together. They know I am happy and that the situation is a healthy experience for us. I am an adult and I must make my own decisions and therefore, suffer the consequences, if there are any."

It was revealed in the study at Cornell that the guy's parents are generally less a problem than the girl's. In no instances were neighbors, landlords or employees a problem.

It is important that the problems not be seen as outweighing the values of such relationships. Along with Tim and Sarah, more than half of the students at Cornell University rated their relationships as "very successful" and more than 80 percent checked that it was "both maturing and pleasant." In no case was it rated "primarily detrimental to the person involved."

Although Laura and Dave's living situation didn't work out, they both agree that living together was a good experience. "I realized I was expecting too much from Dave. I wanted a serious relationship but realized that I wasn't ready for it," Laura concluded.

"I just wanted us to have a warm relationship without any hassles. But I soon found out you can't have a relationship without any hassles," Dave summarized.

When asked what they believed to be the benefits of cohabitation Tim replied, "Deeper understanding of each other." And Sarah added, "Finding out what it takes to make a relationship work."

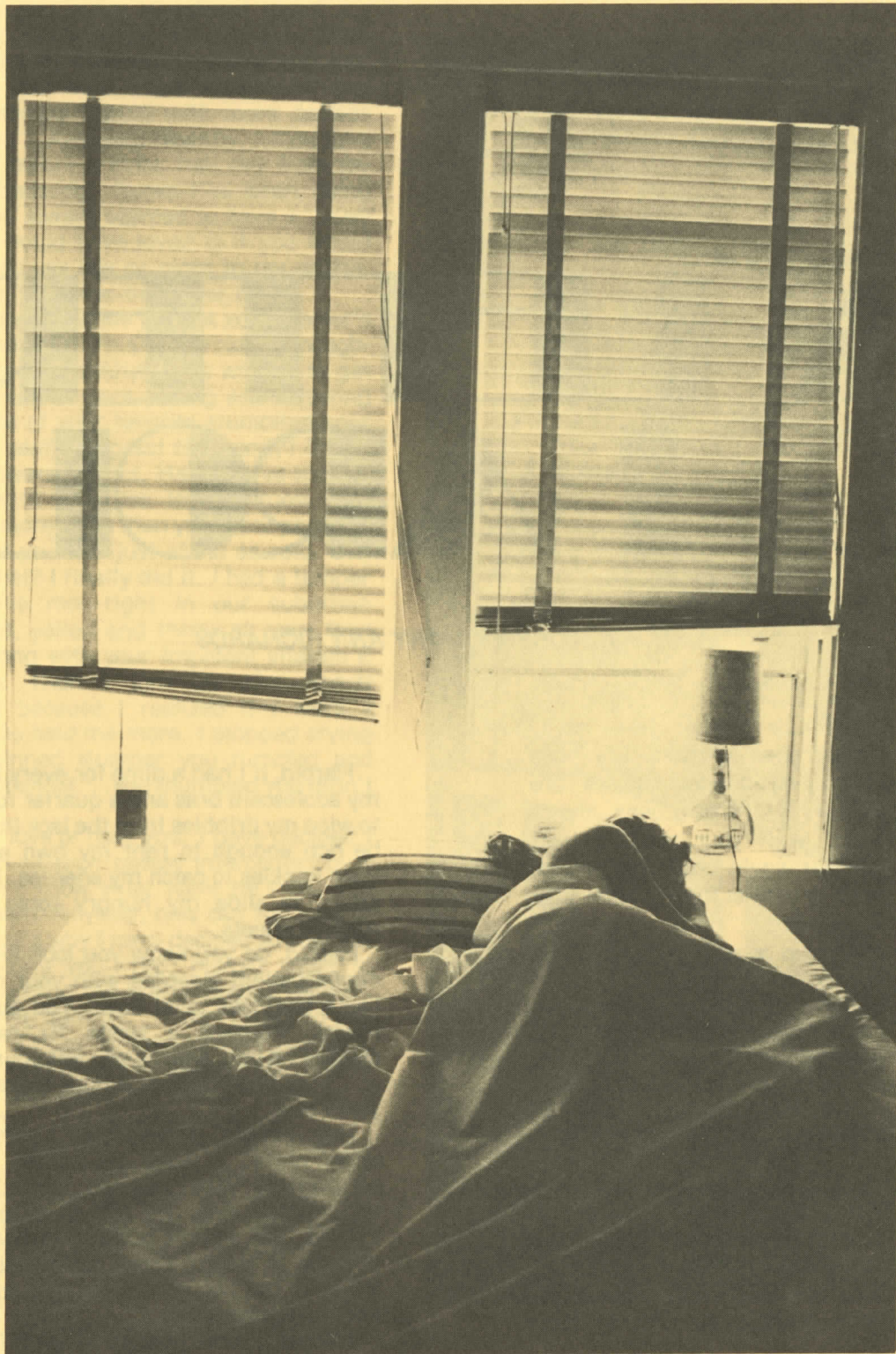
Other benefits listed in Dr. Macklin's study include clarification of what they want in a marriage; an increase in emotional maturity and self-confidence; companionship and emotional security; and increased financial stability.

The main undercurrent in this data is the many ways in which the experience can foster growth and maturity. All persons interviewed, including Laura and Dave, indicated they would not consider marriage without having lived with the person first. And all felt the move toward cohabitation could only be seen as a healthy trend.

Cohabitation, in spite of (or perhaps because of) its support from college youth, is a controversial issue. "Parents, in particular, tend to see cohabitation as threatening to all they consider healthy or moral," Dr. Macklin stated. "They need help if they are to understand and to react without alarm, recrimination or rejection," as Sarah and Laura's parents did.

In her final statement of the report Dr. Macklin said, "The first step which most of the adult population has not yet taken, is to acknowledge that the changes are actually occurring and to be willing to entertain the hypothesis that it may indeed be an improvement on the traditional patterns."

Barbara Herron is a senior graphics major from Indianapolis, Indiana.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE HARBISON

A LETTER TO HAROLD

A SHORT STORY BY MARY ANN RICHARDS

You snore. I sniffle. Your nose whistles. My nose trickles. Harold, our combined boudoir noises are indeed lacking. For there are no moans, groans, ahs or smacking. In fact, Harold, with your reading light turned off, a would-be burglar would hesitate to enter. He might think there was a grizzly suffering from post nasal drip hibernating in our bed.

So there you lie, Harold, next to me 10,000 lightless years away, supinely engulfed in alpha waves, working out your day's residue. And I am thinking about my resume. My credentials as your future ex-wife. Guess all I can plop down on some personnel officer's desk are my old girl scout badges and green socks. Doesn't seem like much at this point, Harold. Maybe I can tell the personnel officer for the past few years I majored in a minor-*you*.

Harold, I don't want a J.C. Penney's catalogue, grill-in-the-backyard life anymore. I hate picking lint off your executive supphose. And I hate picking the lint of a soggy Kleenex off the tip of my red nose.

Yes, I continued to sniffle and trickle while you continued to snort and grabble for more Sears sheets-and not me.

Harold, if I had a dime for every tissue I stuffed down my adolescent bras and a quarter for every tissue I used to wipe my dribbles from the lack thereof of you, I would be rich enough to rent my own apartment with Irish linen hankies to catch my sneezes. Perhaps I could even afford to slide my hungry torso between Saks Fifth Avenue sheets.

Harold, do you know you look like a comatose-struck dental patient sleeping with your mouth hanging open like a toothless toilet bowl. You put Rumpelstiltskin to shame. Perhaps a tsetse fly carrying gapping-jaw disease bit you. Maybe you left your phone off the hook. . . .I've been getting a busy signal from you for three years now.

Hey, Harold, guess what? I slept with Idi Amin the other night. I woke up, rolled over and saw his carnivorous face peering directly into my foggy red-rimmed eyes via the cover of *Time*---You know Harold, the weekly buffer you hold so fondly while I pretend to sleep? There really wasn't much difference between the two of you--he just sounds crinkly and he keeps his eyes open.

Harold, I was jealous of your intimate relationship

with the tube. Have you every wondered about *my* tubes?? I think I was replaced by a home box office closed-circuit cable running between the Sony and you. You know, Harold, you were more concerned and touched the remote control button with more passion than my clitoral button. . .And until recently, I thought a so-called "blow job" meant a quick hair dry from my Son-of-a-Gun every morning. Guess I've been doing some reading too. You always seemed to have a "busy day at the office." I would have loved it if you would have, just once, had a busy day or night in my orifice. Why didn't you put a little over-time over me??

Harold, did you know that while you got your master's in Johnny Carson and your Ph.D. in Friday-through-Monday night football, my backfield was waiting to get in motion? All the time you were yelling and throwing your *TV Guide* at one of your favorite stumbling split ends, you were lying next to a great tight end?? Guess you sent me to the showers. In fact, Harold, I've spent a great deal of time with the tiles lately. Guess I've hugged the porcelain more often than you these past few weeks. I think both of you feel just about as cold. Oh, and Harold! Guess what? I finally did it. / had a temper tantrum. Yep, passive me---right in our suburban bathroom. I screamed, yelled and threw all your Brut after-shave lotion, along with your impotent vitamin E down the commode. Then I tore up your *Sports Illustrated* and cried because I realized if I were a pigskin you would have held me more. I stopped crying when in your pig-skinned slumber you fumbled and asked me to turn the channel. . .you mumbled you didn't like westerns.

Harold, I no longer love or hate you. I have decided I won't have my communication passes intercepted by a teammate who doesn't know what team he's on. We never really were a team. Anyway, how can you love or hate a stranger??? That's why I have decided to step out of the shower and leave you. Yep, Harold, right in between Johnny Carson and the Star-Spangled Banner. I'm leaving your reading light on. . .I don't want to trip over your stacks of *Ducks Unlimited* and Addidas. Incidentally, Harold, don't think I'm leaving you meekly because I choose to take along my box of Kleenex. I won't be crying for me. . .I'll be crying for you.

Oh, and Harold, in case you're interested, I'm not leaving you for another man. I'm leaving you for another woman-*Me!* So maybe tomorrow when you awaken and roll over your latest weekly journal and your delta waves are high, you'll realize I'm gone. As if my leaving *you* really matters anyway. That's why I choose to leave you, probably right where I found you, lying in your early rapid eye movements, because I have decided to major. . . .in *Me!* □



Photograph by Cheryl Montgomery



PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY WILLIAMSON

GRANNY CRICKETT: FAITH HEALER

BY JERRY WILLIAMSON

She takes your hand, blows on it, whispers a few biblical words and the pain soon goes away.

Crickett Bradley, known to Fayetteville natives as "Granny Crickett," is recognized throughout the mid-state area for her ability to heal people.

At age 82, she has healed people with such problems as burns, thrush (mouth sores) and warts. Although some people doubt her, Granny claims she has healed over 2,000 children and many adults.

"If they are burned, I just blow on their burns and say some verses from the Bible," Granny reveals. "Then I tell them to just forget about it and the pain will go away in about an hour, unless it is severe and then it might take two or three hours."

"If people don't do what I say and don't forget about their pain, it won't work. They just have to forget about it," Granny explains.

The short, gray-haired woman reminisces about a small child with thrush she attempted to heal. "I looked at the thrush in his mouth and said the Bible verses and then gave him a glass of water and told him to not look in his mouth or let anyone else look in his mouth," she recalls.

The youngster returned the next week, still suffering from the discomfort. "I knew he had looked in his mouth because the thrush was still there," Granny says. "So I had to heal him again and that time it worked."

By rubbing a person's hand and quietly reciting her memorized Bible verses, Granny can remove warts. "But they have to forget about them," she emphasizes. "If they don't forget about them, they just won't go away."

"I healed David Ogle, (a Fayetteville farmer), one day and a few days later he was combing his hair and happened to look at his hands and his warts were gone," Granny remembers proudly.

Granny contends that she obtained her powers apparently because she was born with a "veil" over her face—a membranous tissue over her face.

But Granny says the biggest factor in determining her powers is her faith in God. "If you don't believe in God, you can't heal. I doctor the sick and God does the rest."

Having practiced faith healing since she was 22 years old, Granny says she has "never failed to cure anyone if they did what I told them to do."

Granny chooses to remain secretive about her faith healing, therefore, she mumbles the Bible verses and refuses to tell anyone the verses she is reciting.

"Well, I've been told by my grandmother that if I tell anyone the words, then I will lose my powers," she explains.

Some day, Granny says, she plans to reveal her mysterious secret, but not until she is sure that the person she tells will have the necessary faith in God to heal people.

For healing people by faith, Granny has no charge. "I guess there isn't a week goes by that someone doesn't come to me wanting me to heal them," she boasts.

It is the belief of many that faith healers, such as Granny Crickett, are fakes. But the people Granny has cured stand behind her and highly recommend her, many times more readily than practicing physicians.

"I think it's the greatest thing I've ever seen," Gary Gault, a friend of Granny, says. "I have been burned many times and brought all of my children to Granny when they were burned and she has healed us all."

"When I first heard about Granny and her faith healing, I laughed, but after she healed me I found that it was nothing to laugh about. It really works," Carolyn Gault, an avid believer in Granny's power, says.

After healing thousands of people, like Carolyn Gault, Granny had established a reputation for being a genuine faith healer and not a fake. She says she will doctor anyone with thrush, burns or warts.

"All they have to do is come and ask me and I will help them, but they must have faith in God." □

Jerry Williamson is a junior print journalism major from Fayetteville.

Becoming

I am who I am
Day by day/hour by hour/act by act.
Imperceptibly I arrived
At this identity.

When I first met you

I did not know how to love you
Or how to make love.
But as I then made love
with less effort
and less attention,
Making love with you became smooth.

Now, loving you
pervades my entire being,
permeates my total moods,
colors all other decisions.

I no longer make love;
I am now a lover.

Love [K]Not

I thought I heard
You say, "I love you"
When you said
"Don't go away;
I'd like you to stay."
But then I discovered
You were really saying
"I love me."

Stereotypical Syndrome

I see

You seeing me

In the way I think

You will see me.

To You With A New Love

Oh yes, I have memories!

And most people enjoy their memories.

But did it ever occur to you how painful they are--
these memories?

How could it, when *you* can rely on reality?

Maybe if I had a present love, I could also enjoy our
memories.

As it is, though, they are like an unquenched thirst.

Even when I try to relive them in fantasy,
they are only shadow-substance

And I am left unsatisfied

Longing again for your touch

And new memories.

Green Fields

Out there
Somewhere
I think
There are green fields
Spotted with white daisies!

Out there

I think
The people dance gaily
To a joyous melody.

Out there
Someplace
I think
There is a rainbow hanging
In a blue, sunlit sky.

If what
I think
Is there is there
Why shouldn't I opt
To find my freedom, too?

But
What if
There, as here,
The eternal green fields
Grow only from within?

What then?

A Surprised Fig Tree Responds

“The next day as they were leaving Bethany, Jesus was hungry. Seeing in the distance a fig tree in leaf, he went to find out if it had any fruit. When he reached it, however, he found nothing but leaves, because it was not the season for figs. Then he said to the tree, ‘May no one ever eat from you again.’ And his disciples heard him say it.” Mark 11:12-14 *THE NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT*

When you were hungry
And needed food for your belly
Why didn't you remember
(I'm sure you *knew*!)
That the season wasn't right for me to deliver?

Why should I suffer
The rest of my life
In verdant desolation
Simply because your expectations and needs
Were not met,
Especially when my failure was not my fault?

What if someone
Had looked for you
Before the time came for Mary to bring forth
And finding, out of season,
Only the form,
Never again had sought the substance?

Should you bear that blame
Anymore than I should be condemned?

Franklin Farmer

CANOEING

Shooting The Rapids In Tennessee

BY L. MILLER AARON

There I was, on the Emory River in east Tennessee, realizing a dream come true; I was challenging a white water river. As I approached the rumbling sound coming from around the bend of the river, I yelled to my partner, "here we go, this is where we make it or break it!" Then, in a fleeting moment, we were riding the crest of rolling waves, and were tossed and heaved against the shoulders of jagged boulders; we were caught in the tumultuous cross-swirl of a raging river. We were pushed up by the swelling underwater current and then, unsuspecting, released from its grasp and sent tumbling down. After the turmoil had ended, we were thankful that we survived; for we never beat a wild river, we only survived it.

The Emory River is an awesome sight. It had an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Its banks were not muddled by civilization; they were untouched by man. And, the river beamed with majestic beauty of upright life, free from sin; bearing no poison or death.

The river sang the sweet song of the maiden; a clever and noble song of great deeds and achievements by those God-fearing creatures who have floated her treacherous waters. She was beyond freedom and dignity; in a way that vintage wine would make you drunk and dizzy from the sweet taste of her juices.

This was what I wanted. I was looking for that one turbulent hour of glorious life on the river that was worth an age without name. The river was where the glory lay and, while my emotion elated me, I did not forget the river.

Gratitude filled my heart. I felt the sudden and larger kind of gratitude; that which we feel for what we give. I had given my all, and felt a lively sense of future favors. We would meet again, the river and I, and the cycle of admiration would begin as it had before. The river provided me tremendous experience and satisfaction, and it seems to be the case for many thousands of people.

"White water canoeing has increased in popularity at an astounding rate over the past five years," said Joseph Looney, director of the Tennessee Scenic Rivers Association. "More and more people want to explore the outdoors and take on the challenge of a white water river," commented Looney.

Another major reason for the growth of white water canoeing is that it is an excellent recreational sport. You can plan trips with your family, friends, or join a canoe club which schedules these trips on a regular basis. A well-planned trip can provide all participants with enjoyment and satisfaction, and being prepared is the key to a successful trip.

According to Looney, preparation is essential in planning a white water canoe trip. Whenever I go canoeing, I try to choose a river that I can canoe without killing myself. I obtain geographic maps of the river, in particular, the section I wish to canoe. This provides me information concerning the grade or slope of the river, where waterfalls or other steep drop-offs might be and the exact number of miles I wish to travel.

If I do choose a river that I am not familiar with, I try to find someone that knows something about the river or find someone that is more qualified than I am to act as a guide. I feel the experience I have at this type canoeing is of great importance in the event of an emergency or any possible trouble that I might encounter.

In trying to determine what river I should choose to canoe, it is necessary that I be able to rate my ability. If I was not sure of my capability, then I would enlist the services of a professional organization. This would help to provide an indication of my ability.

I would visit such organizations as the Tennessee Scenic Rivers Association, the Tennessee Valley Canoe Club, the Tennessee Game and Fish Commission and the local YMCA. All provide instruction and guidance that would aid me in my efforts to rate myself by improving my ability and skills.

In particular, these organizations provide written instruction as well as classroom instruction. For more specific information, I would contact the Tennessee Game and Fish Commission for the correct mailing addresses of these organizations. In addition, these organizations could help me determine and select what kind of equipment I would need for white water canoeing.

The major emphasis should be placed on safety: Selection of a canoe, safety equipment such as life jackets, and how much gear can be packed into a canoe, are the primary questions of importance.

"The best and most popular canoe for white water canoeing is a fiberglass canoe," said Mark Reed, assistant manager of the Nashville YMCA's Outdoor and Programming Department. "It is extremely durable and well-adapted to white water conditions," said Reed. The next best, according to Reed, is the double-keel aluminum canoe, which is manufactured by several companies in the Tennessee area.

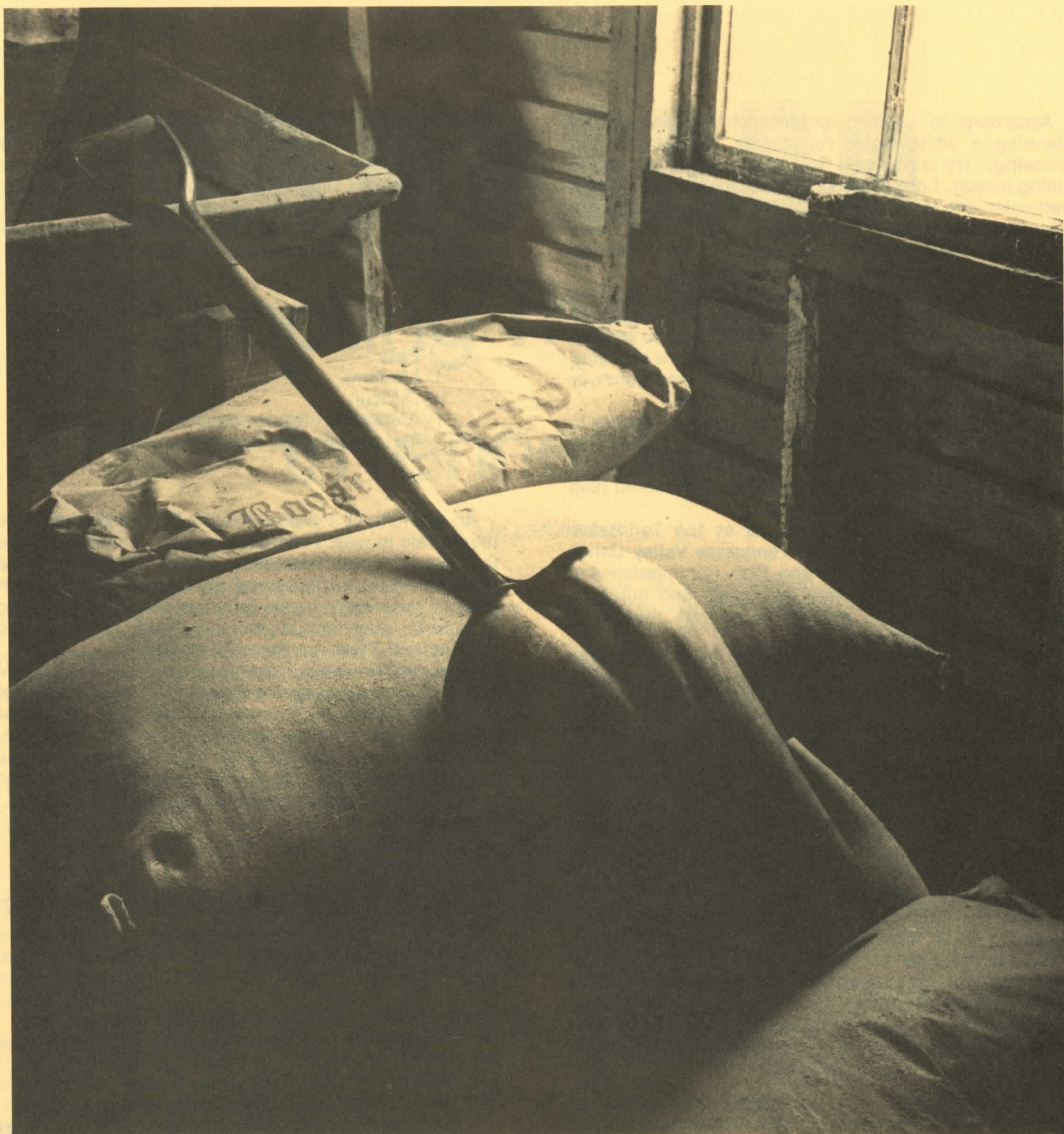
However, not everyone will need either of these two canoes because all rivers are not white water rivers. To compensate for this so that I, or anyone else would know what equipment should be used for white water canoeing, a rating system of rivers was devised in 1971 by James C. Makens, Ph.D. The rating system was devised with Roman numerals representing the difficulty of a river:

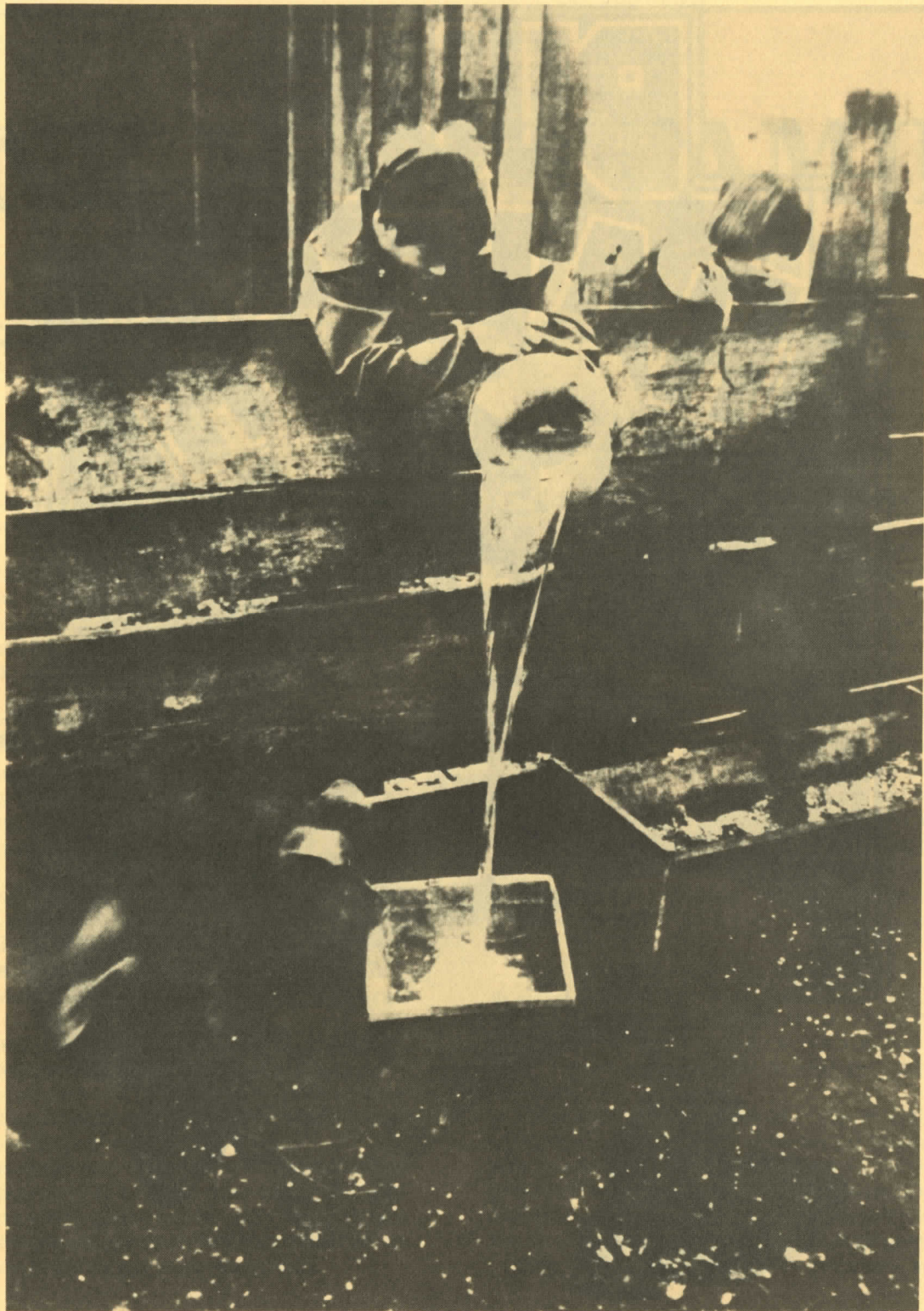
- I-Easy
- II-Medium
- III-Difficult
- IV-Very difficult (experienced canoeists only)
- V-Extreme danger (experts only, risk of life)

An example of a class-I river in Tennessee would be the Buffalo in west Tennessee. A class-II river would be the Duck in middle Tennessee. A class-III river would be the Clear Fork, a tributary of the Cumberland River. A class-IV river would be the Emory in east Tennessee and a class-V river would be the South Fork of the Cumberland River, northeast of Nashville.

Most people would probably never reach the class-V rating, but do not despair because there are a number of canoeable rivers in Tennessee. The most important thing I remembered was to choose a river I could handle, and from there, I worked by way up. Who knows, maybe someday you will be able to ride the crest of a wave and meet the challenge of a wild, raging river! □

L. Miller Aaron is a senior print journalism major from Nashville.





PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE HARBSION



ONE MAN'S FAMILY

BY EDDIE GOSSAGE

The alarm clock rings at 5 a.m. The man arises and gives his wife a peck on the cheek, but it goes unnoticed. She is still deep in slumber.

The rest of the house is quiet. The children are in bed, unaware that anyone is stirring. Quietly, the man takes a shower and breakfasts on a bowl of cold cereal.

He gets in his car and the clock on the dashboard reads 6 a.m. He roars off to work, leaving his family asleep. A long day remains ahead.

Such is the beginning of a typical day for Benny Monroe, linebacker coach on Ben Hurt's MTSU football staff. Monroe will spend the next hour or two working with a group of young men who arose early just like the coach. All have a common goal—to win 11 games during the season. It is a long row to hoe and the August temperature lingers around a blistering 100 degrees.

That is the way football season begins. Long hot days in late August. It continues until late November. Fall has come and gone. Then the weather grows cold. In that entire four months, Monroe spends more time with the football team than he does with his wife, Jane, and their two children, Missy, 14, and Amy, 9.

"I get so I don't look for him until he gets here," confessed Jane with a tinge of sadness in her voice. "Once the season gets started, I can look for one normal night a week with him. You know, home in time to eat supper with the family, watch a little TV and then he falls asleep on the couch."

Once the season is underway, the day doesn't start quite as early. Benny gets up around 6 a.m., as does Jane, who gets ready to go to work as a kindergarten teacher at Smyrna Primary School. Missy and Amy are usually up in time to see their father off for the day as they begin to get ready for school.

Still, Jane and the girls seldom see their father. A normal week during the season finds Benny at home only one night a week. On Mondays, the assistant coach doesn't come home until after 9 p.m. following the weekly meeting of the Blue Raider Club. Tuesday, he gets in around 8 p.m. and eats dinner with the family. On Wednesday, Monroe is in charge of bed check and usually comes in after 11. On Thursday, after practice, Benny travels to east Tennessee where he is in charge of recruiting. He stays there overnight and usually attends a Friday night high school football game in which one of his prospects is participating. Following the high school game, Benny drives back to Murfreesboro, arriving home in the wee hours of the morning. On Saturday, he gets up around 6 a.m. and heads to school to prepare for the game later that afternoon. It is a long hard week.

"He gets so itchy he just can't get anything else on his mind," Jane said about her husband's intensity during the season. "On Sunday after the Tennessee State game, he was up by 6 a.m. and was over there by 7 to see the film, even though it wasn't there yet."

"Sunday is the busiest day," she went on. "The coaches meet at about 9 to see the films, they have a practice and then on Sunday night, they begin preparing for the next game."

"I guess the hardest thing is not seeing him enough," she said. "I don't resent football, though, because I am a real fan of the game."

"If he didn't coach, I would," she added with a laugh.

Football has been a way of life for the Monroes. When Benny was coaching in high school in Athens, Jane said she and the girls went with him to see about five games a week, from junior high games to Saturday afternoon college contests. On Sunday, the family saw two professional football games on television.

"We have raised the kids in bleachers and stadiums and



spent a fortune at concession stands," Jane admits. "The first place Missy went when she was little was to see her father play ball."

Benny quarterbacked at Maryville College and was named Little All-American his senior year in 1965. He and Jane were married during his senior year and after graduation, Benny played in the Canadian Football League for the Hamilton Tiger Cats, leaving his wife behind for a summer.

After one season in Canadian football, Benny settled down in his home town of Maryville and began coaching junior high football. A few years later, Monroe moved to McMinn County High School in Athens. There, he achieved a great deal of fame and respect for his coaching prowess. In fact, following the 1975 season, in which his team went undefeated, Monroe was named Coach of the Year by the TSSAA.

Monroe was offered the head coaching post at his alma-mater, Maryville College, earlier this spring. Benny fought with the decision about whether to leave MTSU and to return to his hometown. Some family members wanted to move. Some didn't. Others really didn't care.

"It was hard for the kids to move here," said Jane. "For Benny, it was a big move here (to MTSU) professionally. Personally, I don't ever mind moving."

Missy had other feelings. When the family lived in Athens, Missy played on the junior high basketball team for two years. Finally, she was scheduled to start when she was in the eighth grade and her father decided to take the job at MTSU, thus leaving Athens and the junior high team. When the talk of moving to Maryville surfaced, Missy immediately thought of the prior incident.

"This year I thought I would try out for the team at Oakland and I made it," she explained. "I didn't want to move and have to leave basketball and all the friends I had made here. I was finally happy here."

After taking a long careful look at both the pros and cons of the Maryville job, Benny decided to remain at MTSU, much to Missy's delight.

Through it all, Jane feels Benny has been very good to the family, despite the small amount of time he has been able to spend with them.

"He has really been good to explain football to us and

because of that, I feel I have learned more than the average woman about the game," boasted Jane. "So do the kids."

"Yea, it makes me real mad when boys act like you don't know anything about football," chimed in Missy. "I think I know more than most of the boys do."

Although Benny said he enjoys college football, it has its drawbacks. Still, the young football coach maintains the drawbacks are not as big as one tends to believe.

"I'm not really away as much as you would think," Benny explained. "Most of the time I am away is during the day, not really at night, and that is no more than a regular sales job."

"I do know an awful lot of divorced coaches," he went on. "I don't think you could ever be the kind of father you want to be and be a real good football coach."

Although Benny has been relatively successful during his short career and is striving to keep up the pace, Jane said he was a good father to their two daughters.

"Well, I do think Benny is extra good with the kids with what little time he has with them," Jane said. "I think a football coach is safer having girls than he is boys. There is something really special about the relationship between a football coach and his daughters."

"A coach's family has to be a special kind of people," Benny added.

With that, Jane just sat back in the recliner and smiled, seemingly forgetting for the minute that tomorrow would start another long day in which she and the girls might only get to spend a few minutes with Benny.

Eddie Gossage is a sophomore print journalism major from Nashville.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN ARMISTEAD

Moving Day

I'm moving now, leaving the home I've lived in all my life.

I refuse to linger here, to lean against the door and stare at the bare walls and empty floors, to drown in reminiscence, wondering where the time has gone.

I won't walk slowly through the rooms, stopping, gazing and remembering. That's just a torturing ritual that people go through when saying goodbye.

Leaving is not going to be like some tear-jerking movie where the daughter goes off to college and the mother sits in her almost empty room, perhaps holding a ragdoll, as the flashbacks begin.

No, it's not going to be like that. I'll simply close the front door, locking all of the memories inside, and I won't turn back for that last heartfelt glance, remembering how the house used to look before the moving men came (the chair used to sit over here, and look, there are the four dents in the linoleum where the coffee table sat for so long. And oh, remember how junk used to pile up in that corner!)

No, it's not going to be like that. See, I'm closing the door now and I'm walking down the steps. Notice I'm not turning back. Whoops! There's that crack in the sidewalk that always used to make me fall off of my skates. Well, I guess some memories sneaked out of the front door before I could lock them in.

And I tripped over them.



Jackie Gearhart



photograph by steve harbison

Someday

Old Man Time had turned the pages of her manuscript as yellow as He had turned the wallpaper in her house. The manuscript lay on the crickety old desk with her body bent over it in deep sleep, and above her head was a wall full of dust-covered photographs, dating all the way back to her great grandmother, Elizabeth, and all the way up to her youngest son, Clem.

It was an attic room, the one she'd always dreamed of having so that she could go up and look at all of the pictures and dream up the stories that were behind them, turning them into prize-winning short stories and novels. But she hadn't won a prize yet. The manuscript was prize material, though, she thought. It was the novel that weaved itself around the pictures on the wall, and someday it would be finished. Someday.

She awoke to the chiming of the ancient grandfather clock which stood against the wall facing her back. It was behind her so that she would never have to look at it, so that she could work on through the night at her desk, building her story, oblivious to the time that was ticking on, ticking on.

Damn that chiming, she thought. Someday I'll get that old clock out of here. Someday. She looked down at the paper full of words, then gazed up at the wall full of photos. Wearily she lay her head on top of her arms which folded over the worn, yellowed manuscript, and began to dream about the past. As the clock tick, tick, ticked on, she died in the peacefulness of her dreams.

Paradise Bar

In a crowded Texas barroom sat an old man
His hands were worn and scarred
But he looked as young as anyone else
Half as worried and twice as smart
He talked of Paradise
Just off Interstate Forty-Five
Where they fill your glass with lots of ice
And something else that's twice as nice

“Take me back to Paradise
Once again before I die
It's my home away from home,” the old man cried
“It's my one and only Paradise”

In a crowded Texas barroom stood a young girl
Her soul was so weary and tired
She slipped another drink to the old man
And took a chance on getting fired
While he talked of Paradise
Just off Interstate Forty-Five
Where they fill your glass with lots of ice
And something else he called “advice”

“Take me back to Paradise
Once again before I die
It's my home away from home” the old man cried
“It's my one and only Paradise”

In a lonely Texas motel lay an old man
His hands slowly covered his face
He relived a vow to somehow get out
And make his way in the human
And make his way in the human race
But still he dreamt on of Paradise
Just off Interstate Forty-Five
Where they fill your glass with lots of ice
And every Tuesday dreams are only half-price.

My Red Telephone

A red phone sits under my table
But it is disconnected and unable
Its life cord cut in half by a pair of scissors
There is nothing for it to do but
Look good against my blue carpet.

About Reincarnation

Reincarnation? Can there be such a thing?
There is no question it exists for it presents
itself before us each new year, as the earth
begins its thaw from the winter past.
Life springs fup all around us, as if death has
relinquished its hold on growth.
The dead grass becomes green
Trees bud and produce their leaves.
Days grow longer as the sun's rays add brilliance
to the replenished life.
Poepple find themselves happier, lovers find each other.
And as the mood changes from one of blue and despair
to one of joy and excitement,
What else can it be but a new lease on life?
Reincarnation? It does exist. It is Spring!
Look, listen, here thy new soul sing.

Mike Stubblefield

Endurance

She is noted in the town
For quiet patience
And devotion to duty,
The pattern of her days
Laid carefully end to end.
Deep in quiet afternoons
She strokes her cat
And for a moment
Violence is in her eyes.
It gives her courage
She plans activity for her hands
And thoughts to still her mind
And tasks to sew accomplishment
For which she is admired.
And in the town no one guesses
That all of this is simply
Breaking unbearable misery
Into manageable pieces.

Mary McLemore

I Wish I Could

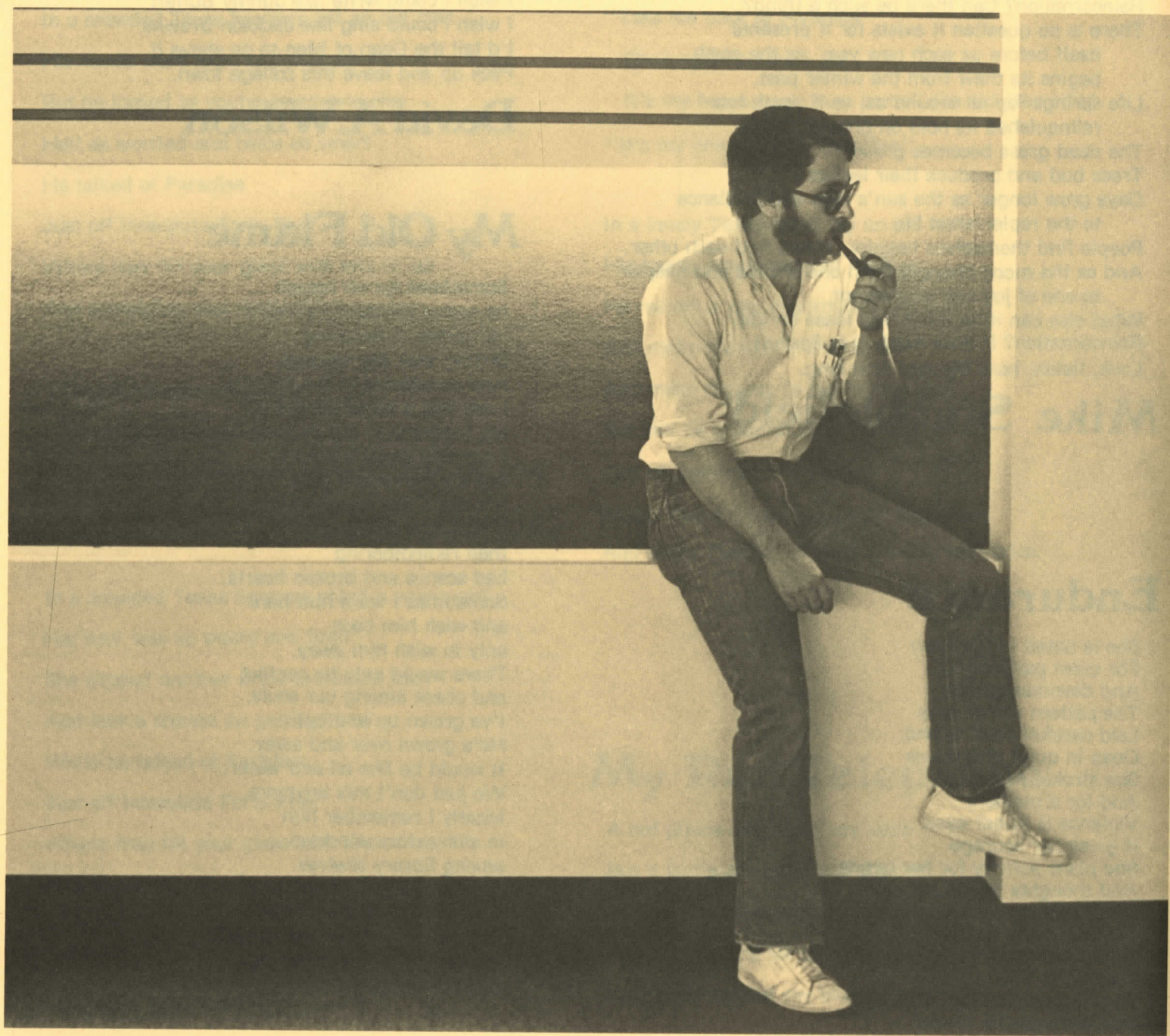
I wish I could write like Jimmy Buffett
I wish I could sing like Jackson Browne
I'd tell the Dean of Men to go shove it
Pack up and leave this college town. . . .

David A. Wilson

My Old Flame

Sometimes for no reason
he comes across my mind.
He comes in laughing
flirting with my feelings.
And sometimes in the night
I can feel a bit of his spirit.
He hovers over me and watches my sleep.
I can still recall the hurt
but it's minus any pain.
It's more like remembering
a misunderstanding
than remembering
bad scenes and broken hearts.
Sometimes I want him here
and wish him back
only to wish him away.
There would only be conflict
and chaos among our souls.
I've grown up and out.
He's grown over and away.
It would be like oil and water.
We just don't mix anymore.
Mostly I remember him
in shiny store windows
among library shelves
or in a backyard lawn chair.
But he doesn't come often.
Only when he feels me forgetting.
He keeps me remembering
he's my old flame.

Elizabeth Morse



PHOTOGRAPH BY LISA KAY THOMPSON

Death of an English Major!

A SHORT STORY BY MARY ANN RICHARDS

Would Henry James abort his quest for more comas and the perfect "donne" to take out the garbage?

Envision Chekhov laboring in a dimly lit room, reeking with the odor of vodka, sweat, pipe tobacco and musty leather (they didn't have corduroy then) about to give birth to a masterpiece whispering, "Sonya, Sonya, for you I write" and then hearing "For God's sake, Andre, cut the grass."

How long do you think John Crowe Ransom or Allen Tate would have lasted if their creative bodies were constantly stifled and bound by a 100 percent fruit-of-the-loom neurotic mother who insisted on a pair of briefs, I brooded. How many times do I have to tell that woman I don't believe in underwear anymore?

Hell, I'll bet they'd have worn a hair shirt before allowing even a crust of bread slide down their eccentric esophoguses before 11 a.m., let alone wheat germ, bananas and Jimmy Dean sausage!

Well, I took my stand--right in the kitchen! (Sylvia Plath would have been proud) and faced the uneducated, insensitive enemy, my family. It was the time of the tone or the tone of the time I announced to the marmaladed mob that they accept the full responsibility for plotting to kill my poetic nature.

Oh, you should have seen them sitting there with sheer guilt and disbelief written all over their middle class faces, along with bacon and milk moustaches, trying to deny the charge of first degree murder. Not that they said anything, I never gave them the chance. As I paced my loafers (the weejuns my mother is always trying to throw out) across that disgusting avocado linoleum floor, the conflict between art and Mop 'n Glow fully manifested itself.

"You are all liable for killing me," I pounded my fist against my oxford shirt and threw my thesaurus across the room, hitting that obnoxious avocado Whirlpool dishwasher that so rudely hummed and belched every evening just when my fragile mind demanded chanting and Beethoven.

"My target date has arrived," I screamed in agony as my sister squirmed that damned cheerleader's butt closer to the toaster and my father hid behind a newspaper and the backside of a box of Wheaties. I had them and they knew it, even though my mother kept humming "When it's springtime in the Rockies" while asking those psychopaths how they wanted their eggs. She knew all of them--especially she--was guilty of manslaughter!

"Yes, you have finally succeeded in squelching any squelchable creative capability within this too, too solid flesh. I shoved my ink stained hands into the pockets of my corduroy pants (the one's that wheat germ addict always tries to iron) and continued my address. "Congratulations, Poloniuses. To be or not to be is no longer the question, but what to be is a little more pertinent. For I am now a mere "Shellyless" shell. A man for no seasons. A pen without a hand." I tossed my pen up and tried to catch it but missed it due to the emotional hostility they were psychically transmitting to my sensitive nerve endings. "Oh, how cold I ever have expected to survive, let alone thrive, in an environment where *Reader's Digest* and *Sports Illustrated* are the only literary topics of conversation?" I shoved my hands back into my pockets and began to indict them individually, while imagining the deceased canonized Saints of literature, Byron, Keats, Yeats, Hemingway, were somewhere beyond, acknowledging my ploy.

As I walked back and forth in front of the feeding grounds where the culturally deprived mingled and munched every morning exchanging such profound ideas as the Chicago Bears, Aunt Lyola's gout, and the so-called success of that block-headed, Big-Mac inhaling cousin of mine who got another scholastic offer to attend some institute of higher learning, I felt the spiritual presence of "Our Lady of the Pen," Emily Dickinson, spurring me on. Oh, crap, how they've raved about that tiger's mild champion while completely ignoring my pleas for a suitable audience to nurture my budding talents.

Death...

"Entropy, entropy," I screamed to my father. "You have headed a house where energy ceases to flow." I ran over to the window and threw it open, accidentally sending a geranium plant to its Ivory Liquid death. "Pynchon, Pynchon, now I know what you were trying to tell us! Yes, equilibrium is the cause of my death. A balance between golf clubs and henna lucent shampoo has finally drained every ounce of creative energy from my body. Oh, Pynchon, Pynchon..."

"You've pinched yourself, dear?" my mother deliberately tried to change the subject, while my old man grunted. "Let's put some Vitamin E on it. Here, come eat your eggs," she continued.

I pointed a piece of Orowheat toast at my father as he sat there slurping coffee, with a San Clemente exit expression on his face. "Not once have you attempted to have a 'man to artist' talk with me about literature, poetry, and why I must be seen in a Volkswagon. You have shunned all attempts I have made to convince you that literature and a Pinto wagon don't mix. Do you realize, Abraham, that you have sacrificed your artist son to the gods of football, Kojak, and a community college," I choked! "You'll never be the father of a Pulitzer prize winner now."

He just sat there smelling of that nauseating after shave cologne, ("musk something or other"), and asked my mother for more coffee, while picking lint off his supphose, trying to look absorbed in the sports column. "That's it," I screamed, "Continue to stage this black comedy."

(God, why does he have to wear his hair in that 1960 princeton? I'll just bet he's trying to get something going with that air-headed secretary who has chronic nasal malfunction.)

I pushed a chair across the room and started to pound my spiral notebook on the table. "You have pushed me into the grave. Just continue to sit there with that maxwell house smirk and dote on my dying! You could have been in 'Who's Who' but now your lot in life will be first-degree murderer in charge of the Lion's Club ox roast." He just grunted and glanced down at a boat show ad. "I wanted to be a prolific writer but you wanted me to be a prolific lawn cutter." That did it. I noticed his hands tremble as he tried to ignore that accusation. "Yeah, watch where you cut around Mama's chrysanthimums, son, got a little close last time." Then he went back to his coffee.

"Pain, pain," I screamed.

"I told you darling, to put some Vitamin E on that finger." Mrs. Olson covered nicely for Dad. She handed me a glass of

orange juice with an Anita Bryant expression of innocence and benevolence. She'd probably be insensitive enough to play "Paper Roses" when Truman Capote stopped by to discuss my work. I turned on the other partner in crime, my mother. "Well, Gertrude, Claudius over there has admitted to his guilt by his nonverbal communication and his superb performance of hide and seek with the *Dayton Daily*."

I tossed my notebook toward my father's briefcase, missed and hit the dog dish. "This is not madness that I mutter. You have brought your own son to the test," I said with lowered tone as I stepped on a Wheatie. "Repent, repent, for your sins have slain me." I cried.

"Do you know how many artistic thoughts have been sucked from my soul by that Hoover vacuum cleaner moaning outside my study? Oh, you even tried to deny the presence of your son's literary state of mind by covering up the scents of knowledge with Tide, Clorox and Downey." You should have seen her standing there with that *Better Homes and Gardens* look of concern on her face.

"John, are you constipated?" she asked while trying to wipe the orange juice off the sleeve of my coat. "I told him he needed to eat more roughage," she said to my father.

That was the final straw! I stood on top of a chair, shrieked and threw my corduroy jacket across my shoulder. "My kingdom for an empathetic ear. My kingdom for an empathetic ear!" Just when I was really getting into it and had their full attention that damned cheerleader had to open her "rah rah" mouth.

"Mother, John's just upset because Mary Jo Kindler, Ms. Drama, dumped him for an older man...a professor who has published something..." She sat there twirling a piece of hair around her pudgy finger and daintily stuck a piece of bacon in her mouth..."Everyone knows it," she gloated,... "that's why his face has broken out..."

God, I should have known such an absurd statement would dribble out of the mouth of an individual who thinks David Janssen was a fugitive writer and who only appreciates the aesthetic value of hair.

I knelt on the chair and began to sob. "Death, death is finally upon me! Don't ever again refer to me as your brother. I no longer exist! You pom pom queen, while you were out kicking your legs and shaking that butt of yours for our moron cousin, I starved to death from a diet of no reinforcement whatsoever, accompanied by the noise of a blow dryer and KISS."

I picked up my dictionary and aimed it at her rounded backside. Boy, did she need a literary kick in the ass. The weight of it got the best of me and I slipped into a plate of eggs.

"All of you have poisoned me. Oh, die! Now cracks the noble heart." Just when they were about to say their copas I backed into that damned, canine candied mongrel's dish, getting Gravy Train and Kennel Ration all over my shoes and hiking socks. Even that yapping, sock-sniffing beast was in on the plot. He was quivering underneath the table, with his tail tucked between his legs--pertinent place to put it since he was responsible for making his presence known by depositing little hate packages for me and the lawn mower.

"I will take up this body, and bear it like a soldier to the garage. Try, all of you," I sniffled, "to wash your hands of my noble passage." My exeunt was aborted by a stumble over a dog-chewed life of Steven Dedalus. "Take the garbage out to the curb..." my mother's voice trailed, "...it's Thursday..."

Climbing into the Pinto, I descended into hell and rose again to declare the death of an English major. As I turned the corner, I threw my pipe out the window and decidedly headed for biology lab.

Mary Ann Richards is a junior with an undeclared major in life. She is originally from a small town in Ohio.

**NEVER OFFER GOD A COOKIE;
HE MAY BE DEITING.**



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE HARBISON



ARTWORK BY OLLIE FANCHER

BY JEFF ELLIS

An estimated seven million persons, including some on the Middle Tennessee State University campus, have used PCP at some point in their lives, according to the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

At least 100 persons across the country died in 1977 because of its abuse, yet the number of people using the odorless drug is growing at an alarming rate.

But just how widespread is PCP use in the middle Tennessee area?

PCP use is so widespread today that "you can go to practically any elementary or junior high school in the state and find kids using it," observed a local man close to the drug scene, who asked not to be identified.

Marjorie Wheatley, director of the Drug Abuse Information Center in Nashville, said, "PCP is being used in this area, but to what extent we're not sure. It's very hard to gather statistics."

"There seems to be more people in the area using it than ever before," contended Lee Fleisher, director of the Drug Treatment Center of Nashville. "We've treated many people in the past three or four months who were suffering ill effects due to PCP."

However, Sgt. Tony Cochoran of the Metro Nashville Vice Squad, reported that use of PCP is on the decline. "We're concentrating on heroin and cocaine since they seem to be the biggest problems in the middle Tennessee area," the policeman said.

Told of the conflicting reports by Fleisher and Cochoran, an undercover member of the Metro Police Department's Drug Team admitted that "as policemen, we have to say that PCP use is decreasing." The drug team member asked that his identity not be revealed because of the nature of his work.

PCP has a bad street reputation and, according to the

PCP

NIDA, "Many people--after using the drug once--will not knowingly use it again." Yet others enjoy it consistently and use it chronically.

Why?

Fleisher said that one reason people continue to use the drug is that not everyone suffers ill effects from it. And, he added, "it's a fad."

"It's a new drug and one word leads to another, so people use it," Sgt. Cochran claimed. "Pushers will put the name of PCP on anything if they think it will sell."

Along with the myriad of names by which it is known--angel dust, killer weed, cadillac, embalming fluid, rocket fuel, super joint--PCP is sold as THC, LSD, mescaline, amphetamine or cocaine.

But regardless of the names under which it is sold, the horror stories associated with its use are almost reason enough to keep most people away from the drug.

*A young man while under the influence of PCP bit off his girlfriend's breast.

*A young California man was arrested for stabbing his best friend. When arrested, the man said that he could not remember anything about the incident. He was high on PCP.

*A girl, arrested for possession of illicit drugs, drowned in less than two inches of water while in the shower at the jail at which she was being held. She was suffering a delayed reaction to PCP.

*A young man came downstairs from his bedroom to find his father watching television. He shot him. His mother was in the kitchen preparing dinner. He shot her. The young man wrote on a blackboard by the telephone: "I didn't mean to kill them. I love them!" He was tripped out on PCP.

The effects of moderate amounts of PCP are hard to define because most often it is assumed that persons suffering from PCP's effects are either under the influence of other substances or schizophrenic.

The most common side effect is depersonalization. The user feels a sense of distance and estrangement from his surroundings.

"It's like you're floating up above your own body," said an MTSU student who has used PCP and preferred not to be identified. The student's eyes betrayed his fear as he said that the drug also can bring about a depression so severe that "you don't think you'll ever come out of it. You feel very paranoid; you think everyone is out to get you. So sometimes you want to strike out at them--before they strike out at you."

The student added that he had been told by others who had been with him while he was under the influence of PCP that, "I was staggering around like I was drunk." Laughing, he said, "It's funny; I don't know what it's like to stagger around when you're drunk. I don't drink."

Hallucinations also may occur, but usually they are associated with higher doses. Bizarre behavior--nudity in public places and barking while crawling on the floor--also have been reported.

"People on PCP tend to be more aggressive and very dangerous," cautioned the undercover policeman. "If I see someone having to be held down by two or three people, then I know they're on PCP."

PCP is readily available in Nashville, according to Fleisher and Wheatley. "It's quite easy to come by on the streets," Fleisher reported. It is true, he said, that virtually anyone could manufacture PCP in a garage or basement laboratory.

"If people have the money," the undercover policeman asserted, "they can do it easily. The chemicals used in PCP production can be obtained legally, so if you know a little about chemistry you can make a good profit."

Authorities estimate that persons manufacturing PCP can make an initial investment of \$200 with a return of more than \$200,000 from trafficking the drug on the streets.

Sgt. Cochoran pointed out that his department has not "come across many PCP dealers in Nashville recently."

His undercover comrade attributed this to the fact that "the biggest dealer in Nashville was recently put out of business."

PCP dealers in Nashville are relative newcomers to the drug scene although the drug made its first illicit appearance on West Coast streets in 1967. The drug met with limited popularity, however, and use since that time has been rather sporadic.

Phencyclidine hydrochloride (the generic name for PCP) was originally developed as an anesthetic for human use. The drug's erratic side effects brought about its abandonment for use with humans and its principle use today is as an animal tranquilizer.

Yet this animal tranquilizer can be used by humans in a variety of ways. It can be swallowed like an upper or when in its granular form (angel dust), it can be snorted like cocaine. But usually it is sprinkled on marijuana or parsley and smoked.

The amount of PCP used in a joint varies from 100 milligrams to one gram. When the drug is swallowed, the effects can be less controlled than if it is snorted.

A PCP high can last anywhere from four to six hours, with an even longer coming down period. Some users can develop a tolerance, therefore needing increased doses to achieve the desired effect.

PCP comes in many colors and has no odor, although some users have reported a slight metallic taste.

"I really don't know why I use it," the MTSU student said in reflection. "I just like to get high. Sometimes I worry about it, you know, like maybe I'll O.D. on it or maybe kill somebody."

"But it's hard to say no to something that makes you feel so good." □



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBIN RUDD



PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL RAY

Letters From The Editors

When Jeff first asked me to write this letter, I thought, sure—a chance to get back at everyone for all the problems they have caused me. Now that it comes down to actually writing it, I can't think of anything to say. This position did not come as much of a surprise since I was the only person to apply for the job. In the spring, it seemed like such a good idea (it would look great on my resume.) Now, I am not as confident. I knew the problems that I would face but I did not know they would be of such magnitude.

There are a few tricks to the art of being an editor. The first is to pretend it is a marriage (even though you can't get a divorce for at least a year.) Once you start a yearbook, it becomes the most important thing in your life for the time that you are editor. If things screw up, everybody blames you (even if it wasn't your fault.) The second item is to learn to sleep with your eyes open while checking copy, stamping pictures, typing names, and drawing layouts. I guess I have a natural

talent for this because I have done it for six years and no one has caught on to me yet (especially the teachers in whose classes I was asleep.) In this job one has to know how to handle people-if they don't do what you ask of them, get rid of them. Some staffers will expect an editor to do all of the work (which the editor usually ends up doing) but there will be a few good eggs that will work above and beyond the normal call of duty.

When I applied for this job, the publications committee asked why I wanted to be editor since I wasn't even a mass comm major. I made up a real good answer and tricked them all. The fact of the matter is that I like what I do (most day.) I meet interesting people and I get to work myself to death. Other than being insane, I'm perfectly normal. If you have any complaints when the yearbook comes in April, I can be reached at Box 94, Anywhere, Peru (I will be with Cathy Wood and Jeff Ellis.)

Linda Nelson

Linda Nelson, editor of Midlander, is a senior pre-elementary education major from Franklin.

“I’m a writer, so I know writers; I’m an artist, so I know artists. . .”

That, folks, is the spiel I gave the student publications committee at that eventful (and I daresay, historic) April meeting, when they, in all of their infinite wisdom, named me editor of *Collage*, the best little magazine in the South.

Needless to say, having a broken arm (at that time in my life I was not quite so agile and graceful as I am now) didn’t do any harm in capturing the sympathy vote. And of course there was my well-rehearsed presentation for the committee members (the stage lost a great one when I chose journalism instead- “Hey, kids, let’s put on a show!”)

I suppose an argument could be made that *Collage* is the easiest publication to edit. And, in a sense, I guess it’s true, since we have but two issues per year (lack of adequate funding prohibits more in these days of escalating printing costs.) But, believe me, I have my fair share of problems.

For example, a few stories planned for this issue didn’t pan out due to a lack of initiative on the part of those assigned to write said stories. (Are you listening? You know who you are.) I would have preferred doing the stories myself, but it would not have looked very good for every story in the magazine to bear my byline.

I feel compelled to point out at this time that due to the fact that I’ve not been published in *Seventeen*, some people tend to think I’m incapable of determining the format of *Collage*.

I decided I wanted to be a writer when I was in the seventh grade and even though I had to suffer through all the John-Boy jokes, I can think of nothing else I’d rather do or of anything that gives me a higher sense of accomplishment.

A non-writer would have a hard time imagining the pride a journalist takes in his or her work. For me, each new story is like a new child, especially if I feel the story is timely, interesting, well-written and especially if the story does, in my opinion, some good for somebody anywhere.

As the token male editor, I am faced with the task of competing against Cathy and Linda for the spotlight (and, believe it or not, some people prefer the smell of Chanel No. 5 over the scent of Aramis.) but somehow I manage to hold my own against those two barracudas. (Hey, just kidding girls; I’m mad about you both.)

Since it is now 1:30 a.m. as I write this missive, it would be quite easy to allow myself to become cynical (Ozzie and Harriet wouldn’t let Dave and Rick stay up past midnight, I’ll just bet.) and say I don’t really like editing *Collage* (which many past editors have done.) But the fact remains that I love every minute of it! I still find it amazing that I’m being paid to do something that is this much fun.

So, in conclusion, all I can say is that you should all be so lucky. Heck, even Dave and Rick didn’t have this much fun eating Harriet’s brownies.

Cathy, Linda, what’s say we go to the malt shop for a root-beer float. □

Jeff Ellis

Jeff Ellis, editor of Collage, is a senior print journalism major from Bethel Springs.

In promos for a TV show about the reluctant sheriff in a small Western town during the 1920s, James Garner stood in the town's bar, shaking his head in mute desperation and finally whimpering, "But I don't wanna be sheriff."

That's the way I felt last spring semester when the student publications committee elected me editor in chief of *Sidelines*. It wasn't like they had much choice since I was the only applicant. (I guess word had gotten around that since I was dumb enough to try why should anyone else?) As managing editor of the paper that semester, I was the logical choice. Everyone had assumed that the reins of power would be passed to me. I sort of glided right along. It's real easy to talk about next fall when it's not even spring yet.

But at that committee meeting, I got my first clues that the ride would not be as smooth as I had pictured it.

"Cathy," asked one of the committee members, "how will you balance your budget if you receive this new electronic printing equipment?" Right away I knew I was in trouble. (*Sidelines* had a budget?) The next question was even worse. "Miss Wood, how do you plan to motivate your staff?" (Cookies and milk?)

Walking out the door after the meeting, I was determined to take control of the situation from the very start. "Ben," I asked the then editor of the paper, "what was that stuff about a budget?"

"Oh, hey, don't worry about it," he assured me. "You just have to do the payroll and make sure you don't spend more than you've got."

"Uh, how much have I got?" I asked timidly. (I was always timid back then.)

"Oh, whatever you think you need. Look, don't worry about it now. How's your story coming for today's paper?" While that sounded like a railroad job at the time, I now recognize Ben's thoughts: total concentration on the newspaper. *Sidelines*, just like a jungle volcano, demands human sacrifices and consumes them totally.

For everyone who works on the paper, the sacrifices are real. And as editor, those problems are my problems. Reporters, for instance, give up free afternoons to do their stories, tracking down untrackable

people just to ask them nasty questions. Then, after all that work, their copy is chopped up and handed back by an editor only a year older than they are. ("C'mon, we asked for a story, not a bunch of shit.")

Reporter aren't the only ones who feel mistreated and underestimated. Photographers are a race unto themselves and must be treated gently.

Not all the problems come from dealing with the people I work with. At least they understand, and we share a goal. It's the public that makes the work a job: the people who threaten to pull their advertising if certain stories don't run, the people who get upset because a story made them look bad or the people who tell me something publicly and then claim I misunderstood what was said.

Constant scrutiny is something else I contend with. Every move, every opinion is analyzed and criticized. Former friends are now possible interest conflicts. As editor in chief, I am no longer simply Cathy Wood. And since Cathy Wood is essentially a private person, life as a public figure wasn't easy.

Sidelines drains you emotionally and physically. It's a tough job, especially when you're a student, a roommate, a girlfriend, a daughter, a sister and a friend all at the same times. The constant pressure, the responsibilities, the burden are all too much sometimes. There are days when I want to pull the phone out of the wall, break my typewriter over someone's head (if I weren't so damned tired) and leave Murfreesboro, MTSU and the *Sidelines* office choking in my dust. But I never do. For one thing, there's never enough gas in my car to go anywhere (I keep forgetting to fill it up) and for another, I really don't want to leave. Not yet, anyway.

What it all boils down to is *Sidelines* and I, the newspaper and a mere human being. It's kind of a symbiotic relationship: we'd each be nothing without the other and we both know it. I'm willing to give up one semester of my life to that. I draw the line in December. So, to whoever takes over next semester, don't call me, I'll call you, okay? Oh yeah, about the budget. Listen, kid, don't worry. . .

Cathy Wood

Cathy Wood, editor of Sidelines, is a senior print journalism major from Manchester.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JACKIE RULE

According to Greek mythology, Minerva, daughter of Zeus, sprang fully formed from the head of her father. With sexism it was not quite so easy; it did not suddenly appear with the growth of the women's movement.

Instead, sexism, the stereotyping of sex roles, reared its ugly head thousands of years ago. Perhaps no institution has been as instrumental in establishing sexism as has the mass media.

One need only examine the television series of the 1950s and 1960s to discover the prevalence of sexism in that medium. *Leave it to Beaver*, for example, presented the "perfect mother" in June Cleaver, who seemed always to be baking gingerbread, turning mattresses, or vacuuming doorways while dressed in crisp, neat clothes with a coordinating apron tied about her waist. She was the epitome of American motherhood. . .according to the sex roles of television.

Perhaps television can be blamed for many of the sexist attitudes possessed by both men and women today. In American society, social power is distributed by class, race and sex. On television, the social power of women is virtually non-existent. Male dominated crime shows depict women as peripheral to the action-oriented plot. Although it can be argued that *Police Woman* did not fit that mold, it can also be argued that Angie Dickinson was portrayed in a sexist way. Situation comedies, on the other hand, offer more opportunities for the participation of women since they include more situations and plots about interpersonal concerns and relationships.

An even worse picture of sex roles is painted by the proliferation of Saturday morning cartoons. From Olive Oyle to Sweet Polly Purebred, women have been portrayed by the genre as simpering fools with only one purpose in life: to make their husbands, boyfriends, et al., happy. Even more modern Saturday morning heroines like *Isis* must at times call upon their stronger and wiser male counterparts to calm the storms that are confronted in each episode.

Two recent studies have shown that children's sex-role attitudes are directly influenced by sex-role portrayals on television. A 1975 study by Frueh and McGee showed that children, ages 5-12, who were heavy television watchers maintained more stereotypical sex role values than a comparable group of light television watchers.

The idea that television affects children's sex-role attitudes is strengthened by evidence of influence in other functioning areas. For example, children are more likely to act violently as the result of a violent television program. On the positive side, however, it has been found that television can also produce socially desirable attitudes: willingness to co-operate or to help others, for example.

Due to these findings, television executives can see the immense influence the medium holds in regard to sex-role attitudes. In order to alleviate sexism, it is imperative that television present both men and women in a good light. This may be achieved by showing a wide range of emotions possessed by both sexes; men and women in a variety of occupations that differ from the stereotypical jobs they have held in the past; and by presenting men and women on equal terms.

Television cannot be totally blamed for sexism, however. Motion pictures have been, until the past few years perhaps, one of the most totally sexist of the media.

The whore-virgin pictures have always been in abundance. The bad girls, the ones portrayed by Marilyn Monroe or Jane Russell, seemed incapable of having a lapse of sexual appetite, while the "good girls," Doris Day, Debbie Reynolds, June Allyson and company, seemed equally incapable of a sexual appetite.

So where were the career women? If one chooses to believe films, they were out bitching and castrating the male populace.

Some of the best women's roles have been as prostitutes. Many actresses have achieved quasi-stardom by playing fallen women. That is still another example of sexism which only today seems to be gradually disintegrating.

For example, in *Midnight Cowboy*, Jon Voight played a male prostitute. In *The Turning Point*, Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft played both homemaker and career women. The movie examined the importance of home life or a career.

In *Julia*, Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave were presented as two old friends in the Paul Newman-Robert Redford genre.

Diane Keaton was presented in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* not as a sex object, per se, but more as a woman who treated men as sex objects.

Sexism in the print media is somewhat more subtle than that displayed in the electronic media. Many times stories about women speakers, in addition to stating the main points of the speech, will also include comments on the speaker's attire. How often do similar accounts of male speakers include discussions of their attire? Unless the speaker is a menswear designer, never.

Still more subtle forms of sexism can be found in print. On the sports pages of *The Tennessean* during the coverage of the 1978 Tennessee Secondary Schools Athletic Association girls' basketball tournament, an interview with a male coach had all attributions using the coach's last name. In the same newspaper, an interview with the University of Tennessee's head women's basketball coach, Pat Head, included attributions referring to Pat, instead of the coach's last name.

An item from the Oklahoma City *Times* shows sexism at its worst:

This is the date, 56 years ago today when the 19th amendment to the constitution went into effect, giving women the same voting rights as men.

That was on August 26, 1920.

I hope when you ladies voted Thursday you recognized how generous we men have been with you.

Another item, this one a letter-to-the-editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, while not written as a piece of journalism nevertheless is an example of sexism of the truest nature:

An interesting thought about the Chowchilla kidnapping: What if the driver of the bus had been a woman? In many cases it is. Would she have the ingenuity, the tenacity, and most important, the strength to free these poor children in the nature that Frank Edward Ray did?

Although all examples of sexism in the print media are not the direct result of a journalist's conception of sex roles, many times they in fact are. In order to combat sexism, journalists should be vigilant: referring to a woman by her first name and to a man by his surname is sexism, pure and simple.

Sexism in advertising is anything but subtle; examination of advertising from various media shows people treated either as sex objects or in their stereotypical roles:

**an advertisement for M and E Goddard, Ltd., of Manchester, England, shows a small boy lifting a woman's skirt and looking underneath. The copy reads, "a little knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing!" The ad appeared in International Bottler and Packer.*

**New West magazine attempted to sell T-shirts and subscriptions by picturing one of the T-shirts on a buxom young woman. The T-shirt legend read, "Take advantage of us while we're young and innocent."*

**Advertisements in Pulpit Helps, a magazine for the clergy, contained such headlines as "Teach boys to be manly for Christ!" and "Teach girls to be lovely for Christ!" courses designed to instruct boys to become "real" men and to help girls to be more feminine and attractive.*

**Scribners, a store in Randolph, Vermont, has as its advertising slogan, "Everything for the kitchen but the girl!"*

**Advertising campaigns for St. Pauli brewery in Bremen, Germany, included the slogan, "Enjoy a cold girl!"*

**An advertisement for Pierre Cardin perfume reads "Behind every great woman, there's a man."*

In view of these advertisements, along with many others, the evidence is great that a high degree of sexism exists in advertising. Recent studies, however, show that the tide is turning; the most popular advertisements are the ones which show an entire family instead of the ones in which a woman is cleaning the oven or shampooing the carpet.

Needless to say, sexism goes beyond the mass media. Shocking examples of sexism can be found in all avenues of life. It cannot be blamed entirely upon the media if a woman, or a man for that matter, is subjected to sexism. But the media can help to rid the airwaves and print of sexism.

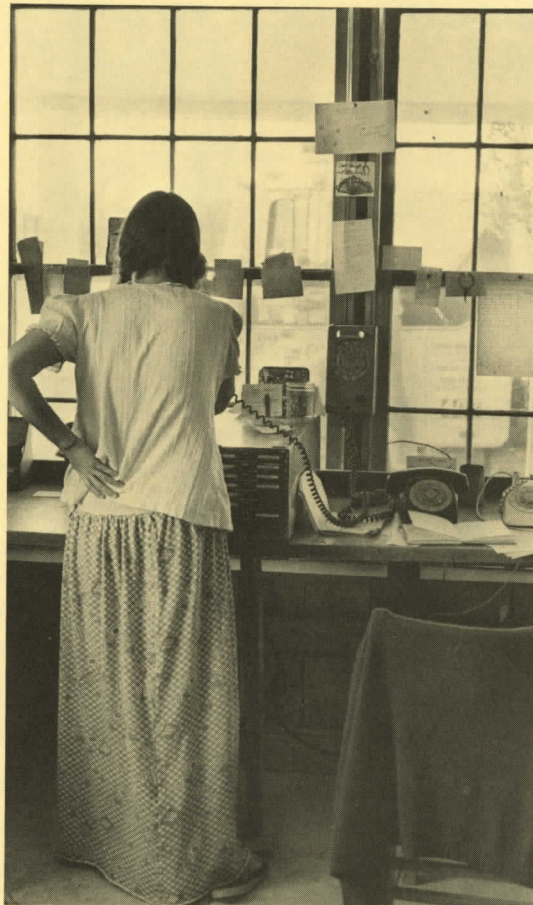
There is no ideal, convenient way to eradicate sexism in one fell swoop. But the media can help the situation by refusing to stereotype sex roles.

I remember that as a child I often wondered why my mother didn't dress like June Cleaver or Donna Reed, or any of the countless numbers of other television mothers, while doing house work. My attitude was based upon the sex roles presented by television. That is sexism.

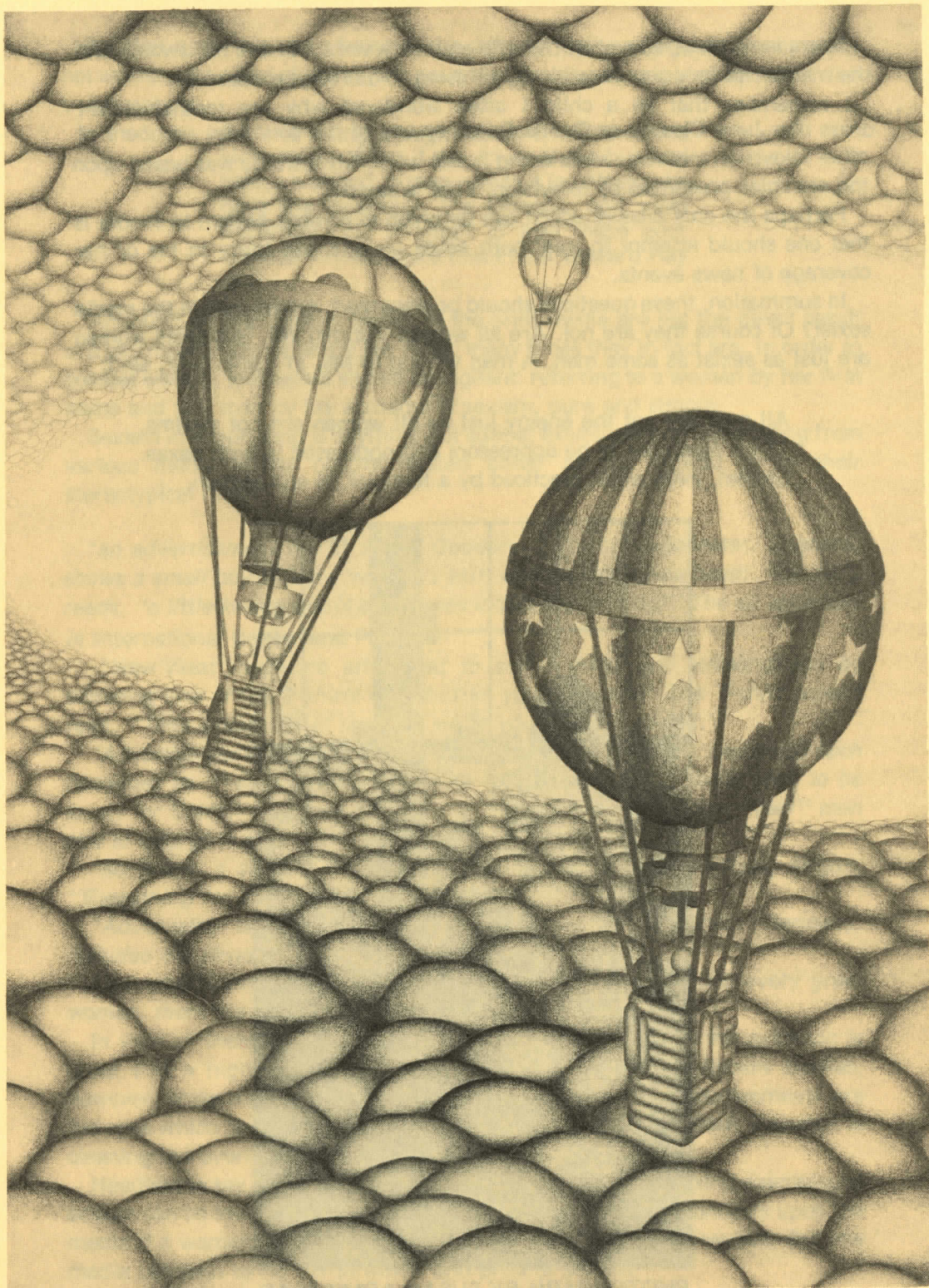
Perhaps the only answer which can be given to combat sexism in media is that one should attempt to treat both sexes equally and fairly in his or her coverage of news events.

In summation, these questions should be answered: Are all men in the media sexist? Of course they are not. Are all women victims? No. But some women are just as sexist as some men. A man writing to *Ms.* in April, 1977, said:

All men are not the enemy just as all women are not victims.
There continues to be oppressors and oppressed in both sexes.
Sexism, even when practiced by a feminist, is still sexism.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN ARMISTEAD



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