

## The Collegiate

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## Warm Porn

On Gay Street, in Columbus, a big and seedy dump of a building houses what its owner promises to be the biggest selling magazine in the "Men's Magazine" business: Larry Flynt's *Hustler*. If the magazine is little known in Eastern North Carolina, it's because mid-westerners buy them faster than Flynt can stock them.

In "Men's Magazines" only *Playboy* and *Penthouse* outsell Flynt's *Hustler*, which, amazingly, has reached a circulation of about 1.5 million a month. That such a large circulation could have been attained in such a short time (the magazine is only 18 months old) testifies to the adage that no one ever lost money underestimating the intelligence of the American public, for that is precisely what *Hustler* seems to do.

Like the building where it's published, *Hustler* is, frankly, a dump magazine; a kind of pornographic *National Enquirer*; a digest of rank humor about as subtle as a locomotive; and a wealth of turn-ons for the average American male. In short, *Hustler* is not much different from any other magazine selling at the corner pornography store: *Hot Sex*, *Swing*, *Pornocopia*, *Pussycat*, *Wide Margin*, etc.

What's disturbing about *Hustler* is that unlike the other garage magazines it sells big and on a national market. At least *Playboy* and *Penthouse* have certain redeeming qualities. As long as those magazines carry good articles, the reader can justify his purchase, but *Hustler* lays it all out front and makes no pretense to good taste.

Although Flynt is a rather obtuse fellow, he is unconsciously a shrewd judge of Americans, and if his magazine is a success, then it is a commentary on Americans. Flynt states: "Our magazine is a turn-on. You see? And our magazines respond to what the people are, not what we'd like them to be."

Perhaps this is the tragedy of the average American: he's settled to be what he is instead of trying to be what he can be. In other words, he's decided that ideals are useless and settled for being lazy. Collectively, the American public has forfeited ideals and thus opened the door to hucksters like Flynt who capitalize on our complacency.

The solution, an emphasis on the liberal education, may seem like warmed-over hash, insipid and the politician's final answer to any problem. Banning material like *Hustler* is dubious and creates more problems than it solves. (Those fire-mouthed fanatics who would, give me the shivers.) But by bringing back the liberal oriented education — foreign languages, history, English, geometry — and replacing the so-called practical subjects like electronics and welding, we begin to cultivate those broader and somewhat less definable attitudes that constitute a real education. If this sounds like the old cliches in a college catalogue concerning the value of a liberal education, it's only because they're truths that we often overlook. If the average American's idea of entertainment is *Hustler*, as Flynt would have us believe, we're in quite a mess.

JOHN PACA

## Letter To The Editor

Well, congratulations, Collegiate, you have made another one of your classic 14-carat statements. I am referring to the nature of the caption on Fleetwood Mac in your December 11 issue. Fleetwood Mac was one of the better concerts that has come to this campus and it was the one you chose for your putdown! You want some examples of poor concerts! Hydra and Atlantic Rhythm Section were washouts, but not a peep from them.

Also, how can you account for a statement like "perhaps a band more people can relate to."

Now, that was a riot. Have you ever given thought to the different types of musical preferences here on this campus? Trying to make a blanket like that is ridiculous. Also, no matter what type of band you get to come to this campus, not all the students are going to go!

Finally, I would think that you owe the members of the entertainment committee an apology. It took a lot of work to set this concert up and they had a huge crowd on their hands. They deserve a pat on the back, not a stab.

Chuck Franks

## For Lack Of Anything Better

What are you doing right now? Reading the latest issue of the Collegiate? How nice. Thank you for your time, because the staff appreciates the fact that you

have taken a moment to read what it took some time to come up with. If I were not on the staff, I would probably be reading the paper, too. But I think that I

have read it before you. Therefore, I feel exempt from reading it again.

Ridiculous? Of course. That's exactly what it was meant to be. It shows the futility of three editorials thrown away in the course of the last three hours. It also shows that I am beginning to go batty trying to see something that will make sense to me and to those of you who put up with my work. I thank you. It is very tiring to think up an idea that will hopefully make your life a little better, and then see that no one is very interested. Sort of like a professor must feel when he prepares a lesson and no one else in the class seems to think that it was worth the time to read the assignment. Or maybe like the people who worked hard to think up questions for the questionnaire that some of you did not see fit to return. Or maybe like the SGA.

A can almost hear it now. "Oh, no, not again! Get ready for someone else to give me a list of ways to change my life." And I can almost sympathize with you. After all, your Sunday school teacher and preacher told you to change your evil ways. Your parents told you to grow up. Your teachers told you to shut up and listen. Everyone you come into contact with has got something to offer you that just does not seem to fit the way you live. Even if you refuse to listen to them, you are forced to keep up with someone else's idea of correct clothing, correct hairstyle, correct slang, correct everything that you did not have a chance to think up on your own. Is it fair for me to expect you to listen to me while I try to help a little bit? Well, being as vain as I am, you could have guessed that I am going to do anyway. After all, maybe it will help somebody. At least you will feel a little sorry for what we editorial writers have to go through to please our boss: you.

Sit back for a moment. Close your eyes. Roll them around in your head for a minute. Close them tight for about five seconds. Relax. Now, take a deep breath and feel the air coming into your lungs. Repeat that. Just breathe quietly for a few minutes and let your mind wander. Then do whatever you have to do.

That was not as bad as you thought it would be, was it? I hope you feel better, too. After all, since I have nothing better to do, I can relax all night. Just consider this a present from someone who cares enough to want to do better. You know maybe this wasn't such a waste of time for you or me after all, was it?

Jamie Brame

## Two Failures

By this time in my career as editor of this illustrious tabloid, I feel sure that my readers have discovered my affinity to complaining. To be honest, I feel my job necessitates a quantity of griping. If I do not gripe, people become too complacent and just tolerate things that are often unjust and unfair.

Two days ago I decided to chide the *State and Script* people for their choice of dramatic productions. I found their selections, as a whole — excluding a few — morbid bleak, and altogether too negative. Sure, life presents a variety of negatives, but for me, life presents far more positive elements. Then Paul Crouch blows my editorial by announcing tryouts for *Godspell*. I can see no way to describe this play as negative. It is a virtual celebration.

But, alas, I must still complain, not with the *Stage and Script* or with Paul Crouch, but with the playwrights of *Godspell* and its predecessor, *Jesus Christ Superstar*. I have seen *Superstar* done by a touring company of national renown. I have seen *Godspell* done by the youths of the local Christian Church and as a movie more times than I care to admit.

My problem arises in the theology of these two productions. To me, and my opinions are always different from most people's, the two plays emphasize the humanity of Christ over the divinity of Christ. Basic Christian theology dictates that Jesus is fully man and fully God. I am fully aware of the theatrical difficulties of dealing with a god, but the presentations at hand transform Christianity into some sort of moral standard. While being an ethic, Christianity must be considered a religion, complete with all of the mystical ramifications.

Sure Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount. But he also healed lepers and caused a blind man to see. He talked about faith and belief and goodness, but he also walked on the water and calmed the seas. To me, Christ is the link between God and man. He is more than the only perfect man: He is God.

Now, I'll cry when Bob Hope dies. He is a great man. But I have to face facts. When Hope dies, a great humanitarian and a great comedian dies. But his death can do nothing for me than make me stop and reflect. In the death of Christ, I have a fresh approach to life. He not only gives me a code of ethics that makes me feel warm inside, he gives me the promise of a new and better life after I die to the world. This fact is not reflected in the two plays to which I refer. In *Superstar*, Christ's death is the end, he is not resurrected, he does not defeat death. To be honest, I cannot tell whether or not Jesus is resurrected in *Godspell*. However, this play strikes me throughout as a celebration of a man and his ethic. Maybe that's the point. I don't know.

I have always tried to approach these plays as a worship experience, yet I always fail to see the truth of the Christian experience depicted. Maybe I am becoming a mystic, but I cannot worship an ethic. I need a religion. Christianity is my religion; it may not be the only one, but it has personal meaning for me. In this final sentence, I am spiritually forced to say that Jesus Christ died and lived again for me. (Amen?)

BRIGGS PETWAY

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