

Editorial Page
 THE CLARION October 4, 1973

**Women Students
 Need Representation**

Cathy Varner

Brevard College prides itself on being "up-to-date." And it is — in some ways. One of the major areas in which Brevard falls far behind other colleges and universities across the United States is that of the participation of women students in associations, clubs, etc., that help to promote women's awareness in life, in their situations on the job, in the classroom, and in life as well as their roles as a member of the human race.

It is true that Brevard College has made some advances toward "liberating" its women students. One of these is the card key security system whereby women are free to regulate their own hours for entering and leaving the dormitories. Few other areas, though, have received this much support and concern from the administration and student body.

In September, a Tri-State meeting of the Intercollegiate Association of Women Students (IAWS) was held in Chapel Hill. Women students from North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia attended the meeting. Speeches by Dr. Elizabeth Koontz and Osta Underwood covered the implications of the women's movement, and the need for cooperation between men and women in order for the women's movement to succeed.

The meeting proved to be somewhat of a disappointment because of the lack of participation by the colleges and universities in the Tri-State area, but those who did attend benefited from the experience. Brevard College was among those colleges not represented at the meeting. Why?

To begin with, Brevard was notified approximately one and one half to two weeks in advance of the meeting. Although both SUL President Chip Tate and Dean of Students Mary Margret Houk knew about the meeting, communications mix-ups contributed quiet a bit toward keeping the information from the students. No one really knew who to contact about getting representatives who wished to attend the meeting, and since few students, if any, knew anything at all about it, Brevard College joined the ranks of those schools not represented at the Tri-State meeting.

**Merry Christmas
 From The Clarion**

What is needed at Brevard is an association for women students composed of those who wish to see the roles of women in society advanced and who want to help women in their struggle for "equality" with men. If Brevard had had such an organization at the time of the IAWS meeting, the information about the meeting would have been passed along the right channels to those who could do something about getting representatives to Chapel Hill. Perhaps, then, Brevard could become numbered among the colleges in the Southeast who care about their women students and who see them, not as tomorrow's housewives, but as tomorrow's leaders.

A conference is being held in March for the Southeastern region of the IAWS. If students and administration act soon, Brevard may be able to send its representatives to this conference. There are those on campus who are interested in the women students of Brevard, and there is at least one member of the faculty who would not object to seeing the women students organize themselves into a group which could benefit them and women students all over the United States. If enough interest is shown and there are those who are willing to participate, we may be able to join the IAWS. Those who are interested may contact Mr. Roger Taylor in room 130 of the McLarty-Goodson Building. Brevard's women students are just as important as those from other colleges and should be able to have the same opportunities that they have.

**Is Survival
 Possible?**

Like an incredible black bird of prey, the final exams which have been circling overhead for the past couple of weeks are upon us. "Abandon all Hope, Ye who Enter Here," and other dire warnings dance through the brain. Math, Physics, English and Foreign Language. The mind reels.

But there is a way to survive! By careful planning and following a few simple rules, the semester can end with a minimum of misery. First and most important, (inscribe it in letters of fire) Plan Your Studies. Don't wait to the last minute to cram a semester's worth of notes. Cramming only results in headaches, ragged fingernails and partial amnesia. Take 15 minute breaks during your studies to rest, laugh or throw up. Keep the stereo down. Good luck, Pilgrim.

Confessions Of A TV Addict

"At an unspecified point during author Jessica Mitford Treuhaft's 60th birthday, celebrated at a huge party in her Oakland home, somebody walked off with the family TV set. Adding to the mystery is that the guests were mainly writers who insist that they wouldn't be caught dead watching television"

Taken from the San Francisco Examiner

We all have names for that electronic Frankenstein's monster that has taken the dominant position in millions of American homes. "Boob Tube," "idiot box," "Cyclops," "Glass Teat," "Mind Laxative," and worse names have been applied to the TV set.

Certainly television deserves to be damned. It is violent for the sake of violence, sexed but sexless. It has given us Howard Cosell, "Let's Make a Deal" and Mr. Whipple. Grandmother and Grandfather have been replaced in their roles of family story tellers and have retired to a rest home. "Don't touch that dial," it screams at us, and we silently obey.

Television is the most powerful social force since the development of the printing press. What started out as a simple gray shadow box has become a Technicolor marketplace for the names, values, and more's of a nation. Cynicism chokes the airwaves and network executives

secretly call their product "garbage" All too often integrity and imagination are sacrificed to fit budgets, deadlines and standard formulas. As David Gerrold notes, William Shakespeare would never make it as a TV writer, for every story must be broken down into fourteen minute segments, each with its own climax. No wonder television is so underwhelming.

But even Frankenstein's monster has redeeming qualities, a human side. Perhaps, like the villagers who tormented Frankenstein, we have been so blinded by television's outrages that we can no longer see its brief moments of greatness. I know of them because, I might as well admit, as a child I was a TV addict. Annette Funicello was my first love (I've never quite forgiven her for growing up without waiting for me). I knew that if I stood up straight and said things like "aw, its just a scratch, maam," when it really hurt like hell, I could be one of the Cartwright brothers and spend my time roaming the Ponderosa. Good or bad, I watched it all, and some of it was buried in my heart and my brain. Roy Rogers always shot the guns out of his enemies hands and made swell statements like "cheaters never win and winners never cheat." Superman taught his viewers the value of "Truth, Justice and the American Way" with all the subtlety of a sledgehammer. But I was a kid and I believed in all that stuff; I knew that I could be the type of person that Roy,

Superman, and my parents wanted me to be, "as soon as I got around to it." As I got older, TV taught me other things. From weekly excursions into "The Twilight Zone" I discovered the incredible potential of the human imagination. Pictures of Viet Nam shattered a million quiet dinners and changed my conscience and the conscience of a nation. A quiet stranger named Spock taught me that to be different was nothing to be ashamed of. I have witnessed a President struggling to keep and finally losing his office. I have run with Bruce Jenner, swam with Mark Spitz, strolled the dead plains of the moon, danced with Nureyev and dreamed of freedom with Kunta Kinte. Television is truly a wasteland, but even the Sahara has an occasional oasis. Goodnight, John-Boy.

The Brevard College yearbook, The Pertelote, has been notified of still another First Class Honor rating for the 1977 book, by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association in the forty-third annual yearbook critique and contest conducted by the Association at Columbia University of N. Y.

The yearbook has been winning national awards since 1963. Cathy C. Lowe of Galax, Va., presently a junior at Carson-Newman College, was editor of the '77 book and Mrs. C. E. Roy, adviser.

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