

## Viewpoint

### Give us some credit: it's about breasts, not wings

Boys will be boys, they say. They're just red-blooded American males looking for a good time. There's nothing wrong with that, they demand. And besides, you weren't invited anyway.

During fraternity rush in recent weeks, two organizations planned rush parties "catered" by the Hooters restaurant, well-known for their waitresses' lack of substantial clothing and abundance of everything else. The scantily clad "Hooters girls" are there to serve their male customers' every culinary whim, maybe even to bend over and retrieve some dropped utensils. While organizers of these events purport that it was all in the name of chicken wings, something tells us it had something more to do with breasts.

After some female students protested, the parties were cancelled. But the problem remains that most of those involved don't see the problem. They can't understand why women on this campus might find these parties, known on the street as "Tits and Twisters," offensive. They can't see how this type of scenario promotes the same tired old stereotypes of women as sexual servants to men, as mere sex objects to be ogled.

Even if the male students "don't get it," women would expect more from the Elon administration. There is something fundamentally wrong when this college, supposedly of "higher learning," not only allows but approves such an activity which most women on this campus would find degrading and demeaning. A veritable stag party, with the college's stamp of approval. It's one thing (though not necessarily a good thing) for men to "read the articles" in porno magazines or go to a strip show on their own time. It's quite another for the college to sanction similar activity.

This has nothing to do with male-bashing or combat boot feminism. This has everything to do with basic principles of mutual respect and that catch word "community" which the college is so quick to throw around. This has everything to do with March as Women's History Month, a month to honor all the powerful contributions of women in our society, not just women's bodies. Some say the feminist fight is over, that equality has been achieved (or at least we're close enough). But at Elon and everywhere, it seems that there's still a lot of hidden mines on this battlefield.

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 Advisor: Brad Hamm

Office: 102 Williamson Ave., Elon College, N.C., 27244. News: 584-2331



## Dadaism and country disco Or how Amoxicillin fried my brain

It's eight p.m., Tuesday, and I've nothing to write. Deadline looms like tax day. My brain has been turned to alphabet soup by a nine-day Amoxicillin binge that was prescribed by a Alamance ER doctor who's nametag said "Lucky."

Vapor-lock. I honestly can't think of anything to write about. Not writers block, writers canyon... no way to get across. My mind flashes between Waco, Texas, where God is surrounded by the FBI, and New York, where a man who tried to blow up the second tallest building in the world attempted to collect a deposit on the van he blew up in the process. (These bizarre symptoms are obviously directly related to my round the clock CNN vigil. I was too sick to read). Words have abandoned me - hounded from my once potent brain by Bernie Shaw and his cohorts.

Ye God's! What am I saying? I could out-write the entire *New York Times* editorial staff on a 1939 manual *Selectric* typewriter, nursing a spring break hangover and a bladder infection!

Ideas? Who needs 'em? I got style. Sell the sizzle, baby, not the steak. Why do you think Ted Turner was *Times* man-of-the-year? CNN is pure style. He didn't, after all, go out and get different news now did he?

Jack Duval



“ I am the world's last known practitioner of Dadaism. And this fact seriously loosens me up. ”

But that's not important. What is important is that I am the world's last known practitioner of Dadaism. And this fact *seriously* loosens me up. No fences for me. I can say, do, and write things any way I like - and get this - there's nothing anyone can do about it but interpret! It's insane!

No, but seriously, what I really want to write about is how bad red meat is for you. Ever since Reagan deregulated the meat packaging industry, production has tripped at the packaging plants. So now, when they run the carcasses through the lines, the trimmers often slice the intestines,

thus spilling gallons of bile on the tables, which then contaminates whole batches of meat behind them. Not to mention the general disrepair of the plants themselves (there's no time to clean them when they run round-the-clock). Rust literally flakes off the aging pipes and falls directly into your Whopper-to-be, similar to the way roaches and cigarette butts end up in the mix. And thus we have six deaths from *Jack in the Box* burgers.

Which is crazy, but what I really want to write about is the state of the music industry. The way I see it, Rock is right in the middle of another 60's size talent explosion; Rap is getting better with the introduction of actual instruments into the music; Folk is making a respectable comeback (led by James McMurtry and most of the bands on last summers *Hoard* tour); only Country is back-sliding. Country, it seems, is going through a disco phase. Instead of singing about mama, trucks, and prison, they're singing about achy-breaky-heartburn or some such.

You see, I didn't need a topic to write about at all.

*Because in the valley of the schizophrenics, the man with the best imagination is king.*