

The victims of small chest: 36-24-35 or bust

BERNADINE WARD

Above all things, summer brings "baring it" to the fore. Bare legs, shoulders, thighs, and yes, even chests; especially chests. Remember those movies of the Forties and Fifties (who can forget Scarlett O'hara) when décolleté was vogue, (still is); when those corsets pushed in the waist and up and the bust out?

Of course, some of us know nothing about being appreciated for what we have. Take me for example. Is it my fault that I, like Joan Rivers, am the result of SCS (SMALL CHEST SYNDROME)?

Oh yes. The bust is talked, written and sung about. But why is it that the women men most rave about are 36 and up? As the song goes, 36-24-35. I ask you, is it my fault that I'm 36----? Guess I'll

never be the "brickhouse" that the Commodores so vocally laud.

But, let me proceed. Perhaps some of you will be touched by my experiences. Maybe we can form an SCS Club. We can elect officers, collect dues, and even... oh, let me continue.

As I was saying, comments upon comments about my chest expansion (or lack of it) have been heaped upon me, especially by my brothers. Somehow, they always manage to leave those Mark Eden advertisements within my eyesight. You know, the ones that promise to change your life completely. The stories those victims, I mean customers, tell are heartwarming: "My life was one of loneliness and grief; but with Mark Eden the phone calls and whistles never cease."

When I failed to utilize Eden's coupons, the verbal assaults began. Here I am, shopping with my

brothers and I spot this gorgeous strapless maxi—the kind that slinks here and curves there. Anyway, I freeze, close my eyes and imagine myself descending silver stairs, lights up, all eyes on me.

I stand there, smiling and saying "I want it! I want it! Can't you see me in it, exciting, breathless?" My brothers stand regarding me, and nonchalantly reply (in unison) "You ain't got nothing to hold it up with." I was devastated. Joan Rivers, where were you when I needed you?

Lest I be accused of chauvinism, let me say that women can be just as heartless as men. Last summer I went shopping with a male companion at the Shrunk Head. I tried this top on the kind that was as you say, "a little bit of nothing." At any rate, the small was too large. The salesgirl, ever ready with assistance, suggested

that I "drink milk" to remedy my situation. Well, I've been drinking milk all these years, and it ain't helped yet.

A similar experience occurred at Belks with a saleswoman. She was a healthy woman, quite amply endowed. As I wandered over to the sale in the lingerie department, she noticed me and asked, "May I help you?"

"Oh, I'm just looking for a bra."

"Oh?" she replied, looking me up and down, while trying to suppress the grin appearing on her face. Then she said, "Here's a pretty one. Oh, but it might be too big."—it was. I could tell she was enjoying herself. Finally, I made my decision. As she rang up the sale, she replied, "I see you found one. Pretty little rascal ain't it?"

The last atrocity wreaked upon me was one I shall never forget. Ladies, you can usually count on mothers to be understanding and compassionate about these matters. Or so I thought, until that

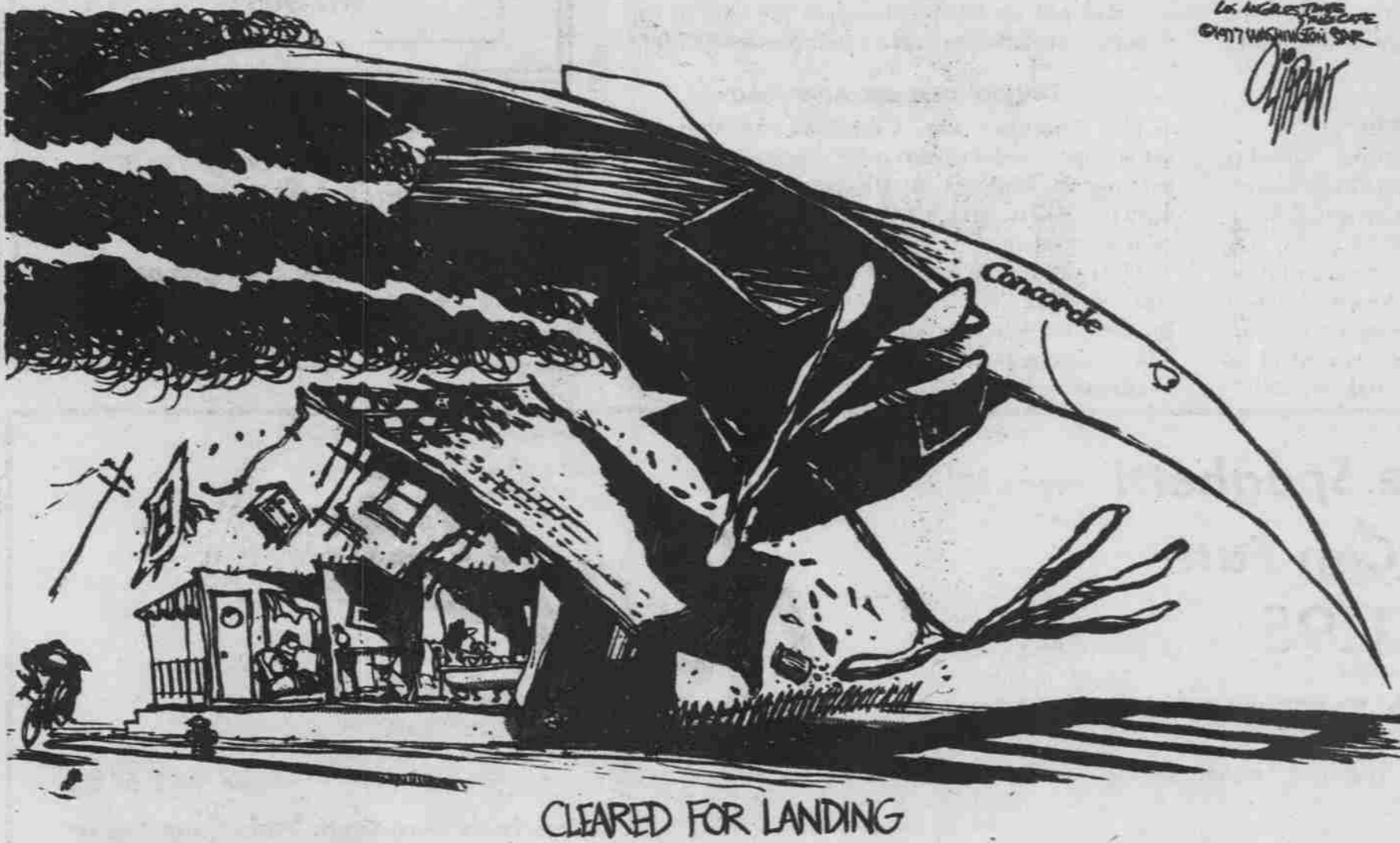
night...

It was a Saturday night, over the spring break, when I was trying on a dress momma had made for me. I stood there admiring myself, when I turned and noticed this expression of horror on my mother's face.

"God, Dean, you ain't got no chest!" was her utterance. My ally and confidant had betrayed me. She didn't have to say what she thought. To make matters worse, she, having recovered her composure, told me to buy a padded bra, or stuff one.

It never ceases to amaze me—this fixation society has about the upper regions of the female anatomy. Fortunately, I've borne it all rather stately—head up, shoulders back, ch---, whatever, out. Summer has barely begun, and I'm contemplating buying a sundress—maybe even strapless.

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Mr. Frost invades the Jimmy 'Green House'

April 1, 1979—David Frost returned to television last night with the broadcast of another taped television interview. The British journalist, best known for his "Nixon Interviews" in 1977, sought to repeat his past success with a taped interview with N.C.'s controversial governor, Jimmy Green.

The Jimmy Green interview examined the strange series of events which made Green governor of North Carolina.

FROST: Governor, popular opinion is that, in the grand tradition of old southern politics, you are a power-hungry... mean... ruthless man.

GREEN: Hogwash. Mah daddy always told me, he told me, "Son, if yo' got a good reason for something, then go ahead no matter what people say about you, 'cause yo' got a good reason for it."

FROST: Looking at your Senate career, I see the bills you liked moved very well—such as appropriations for the Jimmy Green Parkway and the like—but bills you didn't like, like the gubernatorial succession...

GREEN: But we got that one passed, Mr. Frost.

FROST: Yes, right after Gov. Hunt resigned and you became governor.

GREEN: Oh? I thought we got that through before that. Well, we got the thing through and that, son, is efficiency.

FROST: Since we mentioned Gov. Hunt's resignation, let us continue with some more events which critics cite you acted in your political self-interest.

Perspective

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The bitter political feud between Gov. Jim Hunt and then Lt. Gov. Jimmy Green continued for about a year. Then Gov. Hunt suddenly resigned his office, ending the battle.

On Oct. 31, 1978, mysterious tape recordings appeared which show that Gov. Hunt was secretly involved with a Raleigh chapter of the Farrah Fawcett-Majors fan club, a group outlawed by the Senate the week before. The N.C. Legislature that day impeached and convicted Gov. Hunt.

Things happened quite conveniently for you, governor. GREEN: I hope yo' ain't saying

I had anything to do with that. FROST: That two-hour speech asking for Hunt's resignation you made did cause that to cross my mind.

GREEN: I jus' told them that the boy was neglecting his work, that's all.

FROST: And the gubernatorial succession and

always said, if yo' going to do things, do them big, so's it'll do some good.

FROST: And then to ease the unemployment problem, you asked for a \$100 million public works bill that would give 10,000 jobs to the unemployed.

GREEN: Yes, and we got that passed quickly.

FROST: But were all those people needed at the Governor's Mansion?

GREEN: Where they worked ain't important, it's that they got work and restored their pride to earn a living.

FROST: You also ended putting people's pictures on state driver's licenses.

GREEN: Yes, too expensive and too many ugly people.

FROST: And then you put your picture where theirs had been.

GREEN: I thought folks out-of-state might get a kick out of that.

FROST: Governor, things went from ridiculous to absurd. You changed the state flower from the dogwood to the evergreen?

GREEN: That's Ever-Green. FROST: Then you built a new Governor's Mansion at 1600 Greensboro Ave. and named it... no, I can't say it.

GREEN: The Green Hou... FROST: With this, campuses across the state erupted. Protest marches were held. An estimated 50,000 students marched to Greensboro yelling "Impeach Jimmy Green!"

Leading them was a man wearing a strait jacket and wearing a Jimmy Green mask.

GREEN: They jus' didn't understand.

FROST: Instead of answering charges against you, you loaded the civil war cannons on the Capitol lawn, fired them, and accidentally blew up the "North Carolina's Presidents" statue.

GREEN: Solved the pigeon problem.

FROST: It is quite obvious that once you got started, it seems there was no end to what you would do for power. Do you expect me to believe that you've done all this with no selfish motive?

GREEN: Yep. FROST: What do you take me for, Mr. Green? A blind man?

GREEN: Aw, most folks are lettin' it pass peacefully, Mr. Frost. Why don't you?

Stephen Harris is a sophomore from Charlotte.