

Sexual revolution?

The black light glows on the writhing dancers. They shimmer an eerie blue under the pall. The music thumps a flashy disco beat. "You should be dancin'... yeah!" Grinning waitresses scuttle table to table with glasses of cold beer balanced on round trays. Couples laugh at jokes and touch each other with the look of intimacy. A pair of men at one table smile and raise their glasses to a pair of women at another table. The joint is rockin' on a Friday night. Dancing... laughing... drinking... touching — but still, desperation hangs in the air.

cort fernald

sidelong glances

I'm taking notes for this column. "The status of the sexual revolution," I told my editor.

You wouldn't know this was a restaurant by the bar or clientele. These men and women aren't hungry for the eggrolls. This is what is called a "meatrack."

The noise of conversation, the incessant dance music, the dipso revelry, relieves them of the burden of revealing their true identities. Being slightly drunk, inbetween laughing jags, and sweaty hot on the dance floor lets the romantic delusions survive.

Two middle-aged men come in and sit at a table on the fringe of the dance floor. One is visibly agitated. He squirms in his chair — looking, leering, looking. His steely eyes light on every woman. The other sits rigidly in his chair. His face is set in stony grimace as he stares at women turning on the dance floor. He sits and drinks and stares.

Three women slowly weave their way to an empty table. They are all eyes — as all male eyes appraise them.

The beer arrives — \$1.35 a glass. Those wishing to forget their aloneness by drink will find it costly.

"Shake your groove-thang... Shake your groove-thang... yeah yeah."

A squat, overweight and balding man is doing kneebends and high kicks on the dance floor. The young woman he's dancing with eyes him warily. She's oh-so-cool wiggling her hips and sashaying her shoulders, swaying her \$80 permed hair side to side. The overweight man does another squat and kick. His face is beet-red as if he may have a coronary. But she knows what his acrobatics are saying.

"The next fast one and we dance," she says to me.

I see that diamond of light glint in the corner of her brown eyes and smile.

"Okay... but I have to warn you. I just flail away without form or grace."

After Tom Jones sings "Stay until tomorrow" — he plays something unrecognizable, but fast. We half-stagger to the dance floor, dodging turning bodies, and dive into the black light. The rhythm infects me and I do my St. Vitus's Dance.

He seems to be in his mid-twenties. He's wearing leather gear. His blond hair is cut in an expensive California-style. She's easily in her fifties. The gauntness of her face preserves a memory of youthful good looks. She's in a "smart" black dress that says "money."

Curious — I glance at him. We exchange a flinty look. I recognize those predatory eyes. Some people have to work Friday nights.

The hour gets late and fear tightens their expressions. The laughter dies down. Men flit from the bar to posts where they lean and try to appear casual as they compulsively suck cigarettes. Women wend their way between tables, trolling along with baited eyes.

I look around. Despite their fierce composure you can read the plea for another voice in the crushing darkness.

"This place scares me," I say to her.

"I know what you mean," she replies.

We leave quickly, passing single men and single women silently filtering in.

Cort Fernald is the Emerald's editorial page editor.



'OH, OH, EVE — IT'S THAT CREATIONIST NUT, JERRY FALWELL AGAIN!'

letters

Danzig 1939

It seems that a lot of modesty as well as hard work has gone into the Danzig program, which is a wealth of lectures, panels, films, music, and art objects relating to the exhibit at the Art Museum, "Danzig 1939: Treasures of a Destroyed Community." At the first lecture by Lucy Dawidowicz Thursday, Jan. 14, Mark Levy was publically thanked for his efforts on behalf of the program. But it is also important to thank Richard Stein, who conceived the project and without whom it would not have come into being at all. We all owe him our gratitude.

Barbara Clarke Mossberg
Assistant Professor, english

Deception

Brought to my attention by an announcement in the Emerald, I attended a presentation last Friday evening on "Subliminal Advertising — are you being seduced by those Ads?" This event was sponsored by the Campus Crusade for Christ and held in the Carson dorm. Students came to learn more about the idea of "Subliminal Advertising." I was appalled to find that the students attending were grossly misinformed. The "speaker" was neither an accredited teacher of the subject of advertising, nor an individual who has worked in the advertising field, but was the Campus Crusades' director: Gene Moniz.

I felt it deceptive advertising in itself to be drawn to the symposium by wanting to learn more about advertising (as the

announcement suggested) and having instead to listen to not one but two presentations; one about the said topic, the second about "Christianity in my life." After the presentations we were asked to fill out three by five cards and state on one side our "impressions" of the presentation, and on the other side write our name, address and telephone number. (For the Crusades' reference.)

Also we were asked to place an "X" by our name to indicate if we had accepted Christ into our lives that evening. I came to hear about advertising.

Some interesting "facts" were presented to the group. Moniz cited the "fact" that "fifty percent of individuals in mental institutions and persons receiving psychiatric counseling resulted from the impact of "mass media" on their lives." (The Emerald of course, falls under that broad category of mass media...)

We were also addressed with the idea that "Advertising sells Lifestyles." This is not true. Advertising sells products. We accept or reject certain products just as we accept or reject certain lifestyles. Advertising twists no-ones arm. We as consumers ultimately decide what, how, when, and why we want a product. We exercise our freedom of choice, in other words.

The Campus Crusade for Christ has made two flagrant errors. First, by presenting opinions on "subliminal advertising" as documented fact, and secondly, by drawing students to their symposium under the guise of discussing "subliminal advertising" and then pontificating their own cause, and making an obvious effort to

recruit new membership into their organization. Perhaps in the future the Campus Crusade could separate its platform from those issues (in this case subliminal advertising) it advertises as topics to be featured. They should also identify their speaker and state clearly in their public announcements exactly what will be discussed at gatherings. Most importantly, the organization owes it to the University to be absolutely certain that information disseminated to students is credible, substantiated, and true.

Mary Campbell
student, journalism

Thanks

Thank you for your Jan. 15 article about the Oregon Smoking Control Project. If readers are interested in kicking the habit with our help, they should call 586-4903.

Karen McIntyre
Coordinator, Oregon Smoking Control Project

letters policy

The Emerald will accept and attempt to print all letters containing fair comment on issues, ideas and topics of interest to the University community.

The letters **must** be limited to 250 words, signed and the identification of the writer must be verified when the letter is turned in to The Emerald offices, EMU 300.

The Emerald reserves the right to edit any letter for length, style or content. Publication is dependent upon space available.

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