

## **Why I like the Dallas Cheerleaders**

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Truth, the real truth, is a funny thing. It is often best left unsaid. One's joy in life can often be greatly enhanced by ignoring it in public. However, in private every human being has an obligation to face the truth. Facing and knowing the truth is to live in reality, to live a meaningful existence. The truth is not tarnished by the disbelief of others; rather, the tarnish is on the disbelievers. Recognizing the truth allows one to accurately assess one's own likes and dislikes in a rational way, and this ultimately leads to a better life. It is for these reasons I add this note to my private journal.

I like the Dallas cheerleaders not so much for their fertile, scantily dressed bodies but for who these cheerleaders really are. Many Americans know little about the Dallas cheerleaders other than the talent they so amply display at half time. In point of fact, the typical Dallas cheerleader is a happy, intelligent human being that has a rich and rewarding life off the playing field.

Of course she lends emotional and moral support to the football team, but she also loves children and animals. Frequently, these same cheerleaders display impeccable taste in decorating their bedrooms and bathrooms. They spend a large part of their time doing volunteer work. When visiting a hospital or an old age home, one senses how deeply they care for others. Humanity is often the richer for their important contributions to literature, science and physiology. Their mothers (some of whom were cheerleaders in their day) are always remembered on mother's day. In short, this select group of young women have a true beauty about them that has not been noticed by many other than myself.

One might ask, "When it comes to the Dallas cheerleaders, why has society failed to see past the type of beauty that one wears on the outside and take notice of the type of beauty that one wears on the inside?". To answer this question, one is forced to face a sad truth about American culture: Beauty is a curse in our "liberated" society. One can talk all day about the good deeds of Mother Teresa, but would Mother Teresa have received any of the appreciation she now enjoys if she had the misfortune to look like Marilyn Monroe? While Americans show appreciation for the important inner qualities of others, beauty too often serves as a barrier to recognition of these more important qualities. Would we still think the same of Barbara Bush

if she looked like Madonna? How ironic that in a country with a strong feminist movement, even a feminist can not see past the exterior feminine beauty of a Dallas cheerleader. It is easy to talk on about the admirable qualities of a Eleanor Roosevelt, but has anyone the courage to publicly acknowledge these same qualities in the Dallas cheerleaders? I think not. Society is a bigger loser than the cheerleaders.

Society can be held accountable for its prejudices, but should the Dallas cheerleaders be held accountable for their fine complexions?

In short, my fidelity to the truth and a sometimes faltering courage for honest introspection brings me to this grain of profound truth. I like the Dallas cheerleaders because they are decent, caring people and also because of the cheerful and uncomplaining way they handle the irrational prejudice society has toward them.