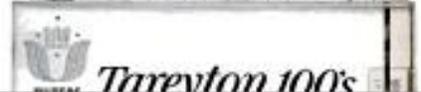
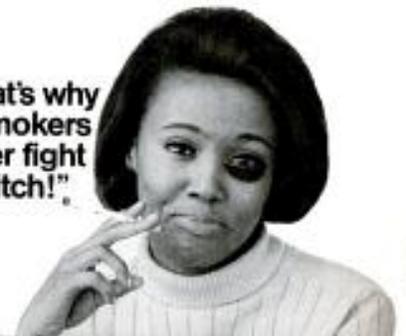


If you could put Tareyton's charcoal filter on your cigarette, you'd have a better cigarette.



(But not as good as a Tareyton.)

"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"



Among so many shocking images in the February 1968 issue of Ebony magazine a simple cigarette ad brings me back to *Black Macho and the Myth of the Super Woman* as though the pictures were meant to be a deconstruction of these myths. It is not a particularly capturing image, I am sure not many people stopped to think about what the pictures represented; a man's frustrated face; a woman's smiling face. On the surface, the two contrasting faces simply show the frustration of someone who can't enjoy this particular brand of cigarettes and the happiness of someone who can. However if the cigarettes were taken out and race was added to the equation the pictures would show something slightly different; a black man who is frustrated and angry because he cannot attain a certain something; a black woman with a bruised eye who smiles even though she's clearly been punched in the face and yet she possesses what the black man doesn't.

How does this relate to *Black Macho and the Myth of the Super Woman*? The man's picture is not an example of the "black macho", per se, because it does not display the empowered image of a black man or the distorted ways in which he seeks to be empowered. But rather it shows the feelings behind that desperate need to feel empowered; the frustration of being treated unequally and not being able to succeed, the frustration of feeling that their female counterparts are somehow also above them by conspiring with the white men. The ignorance of the man perspires through, as he is trying to use an obviously inefficient method of putting a charcoal filter on a cigarette, while the woman has already figured out that she can just buy, or fight, for an already assembled cigarette. The use of his teeth almost evokes a kind of brute quality. The picture is a clear mockery of the black man who unfortunately (and fortunately for the whites) can only try but not achieve and who is easily overcome by frustration and anger. The woman represents the polar opposite of the man, except for that she is also black. She, bruised eye and all, seems quite complaisant. There is no frustration in her face because she has what she wants, right? The truth is that what she possesses and the black man wants is something quite insignificant, it is simply an illusion invented by the white man in his very successful attempt to disrupt the peace and unity among the black community. Once again divide and conquer, as much of a cliché as it is, worked! And yet the black woman with a beaten face smiles, as did all the black women who in order to support the black power movement accepted violence, suppressed their desperate cries for help and their tears, and lost their identities submerging completely under their men. The look on the woman's face, although she is smiling, is not one of happiness; it's one of utter confusion and sadness. I would guess that she could either burst out in nervous laughter or burst out in a loud cry with a painful sound, one that comes from the diaphragm, like the belting of singers. She is not the myth of the super woman but rather the real black woman, the one who bears the burdens of the black race on her shoulders.