

Letters cont'd. from pg. 4

tive that men have won the right to keep women in stereotypical high heels, hence to maintain their (MALE) control of women. Ryckborst blankets all women as high heel/"feminine" clothes-wearers. He refuses to recognize individual difference. He does not understand that feminism is not one absolute category. Rather, feminists should be placed on a continuum by merit of their varied expressions of feminist philosophy (i.e. socialist or radical or Marxist feminist). Mr. Ryckborst, like other males with a superficial understanding of feminists and women, tries to suggest that he is responsible for what he describes as the survival of "feminine attire".

What the truth is, is another matter. Later in the progress of the Women's Movement, certain new ideas were advanced and espoused which may appear contradictory or in opposition with early feminist philosophy. For example, many late Sixties/early Seventies feminists overlooked the issue of race. They did not until later recognize and begin to develop the concept of the double-bind of a person who is discriminated against not only on the basis of her sex but because of her race. Many later feminists involved in the early Women's Movement will speak of the embarrassment of not recognizing certain issues which we, as feminists today take for granted as part of feminist philosophy. But this is the process of any framework — change! What I am explaining to Ryckborst will be apparent to any good social theorist. That is, many theories or political/social movements begin by espousing radical ideas and behavior in order to be noticed. This is what conviction is all about. This is what activism is all about. Furthermore, any practice of a political or philosophical framework can be discussed in terms of stages. The Women's Movement is no exception. Where dressing in a specific manner was perhaps more important in early stages to attract attention to their cause, women today do not feel that dress is as central an issue as starvation, nuclear warfare, labour, class, race, human rights (i.e. sexual orientation), daycare, and abortion issues. Heels are in for some. But if army boots are out for others, the issues are most assuredly not!

Women who are feminists in the '80's embrace a new key word — choice. Feminists today do not feel that forcing other women to dress in some specific way is relevant. Dress is a personal choice today even if it was a political statement in the Seventies.

As women, we are free to dress as we please and the choice of skirt wearing is just that — a personal choice. We don't want to blanket every woman with one style of dress anymore than we want to blanket all women as belonging to only one class or race. We recognize difference. Nor do those of us who wear bright colours consider it a feminine act. It is a human one. Women are not amoebas. We do not "complacently conform" to male control by wearing skirts and heels. Of course, the media and mass culture, in general, do influence and create a gender stereotype of the feminine, skirted image who only wears heels for her man (Ryckborst upholds a male stereotype by suggesting that there is a colourless male uniform — the suit — he ignores the recent explosion of male concern with fashion — textures, pastels, patterns, even skirts in parts of Europe). Gender stereotypes do prevail and authorities do condition by mass media to some degree and that is why being a feminist is both a pleasurable and painful life. You must de-condition yourself and try to help others who need to be conscious of manipulation in order to help themselves. and so the cycle of awareness shall continue!

Even a woman in high heels wants daycare, a career, respect and humane treatment. By wearing heels she does not simply turn over her rights and turn into a walking automaton succumbing to male power. Equality is not dead Jerome, and if you think it is, come over to HUB some time and I'll step on your face with my "male" footwear.

Sandra Fox
Arts IV

Not heartbroken

To the Editor:

It has become apparent that something must be done about the state of student financing. Students are becoming desperate. There must be something we can do to alleviate the situation. It's a sad thing to see that there are students who will stop at nothing in order to maintain their standard of living.

I say this after a strange thing that happened to me yesterday. I take a hockey class in the morning and, after I change and shower, I generally leave my hockey clothes in a locker

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to dry and air out. I have to leave this locker unlocked because I also leave my skates and equipment in a locked locker. This was not really a cause of concern to me because I figured that no one in their right mind would want my smelly old hockey clothes. Well, I guess I was wrong. Someone with an incredible need removed my jersey and an old T-shirt from the locker, but graciously left my sweats and a smelly pair of socks for me.

I'm not really heart-broken at the loss of a jersey that didn't cost me any money because it was left in the dressing room and, because no one would claim it, I sort of inherited it, or a six year old T-shirt that has more holes than Swiss cheese. In fact, if this person needs them so badly, I'm glad he's got them. I'm more distressed at the desperation of someone in this state. Even though I will probably have to go down to the Thrift Store to pick up another jersey so I can continue playing hockey, I'm still not upset, I can probably afford it.

By the way, if anyone sees someone around campus wearing a blue and white hockey jersey with Martin's Stucco" and the number "10" on the back and "Youth Aflame, Chiliwack Pentecostal Tabernacle" on the front, or a white baseball shirt with blue sleeves and a crest with "Colorado" on the front, give him five bucks or so. He needs it more than you do.

Barry Longson
Education III

Pamper me

To the Editor:

Upon beginning yet another long and tedious season here at the university, we feel that it is now our duty, and if not our duty, our right to express a few disturbing areas of concern.

Re: Dean Bennett's reviews

We would like to express our deepest thanks to Dean Bennett, as his movie review of *The Color of Money* managed to save us 15 bucks. The only thing he forgot to describe in exquisite detail were the coming attractions. We are anxiously awaiting his next review when we plan to get together with a few friends and sit around the table, eat popcorn, and read his next review. It's a good thing he didn't review "Roots" as his article would be equivalent to reading 'War and Peace'.

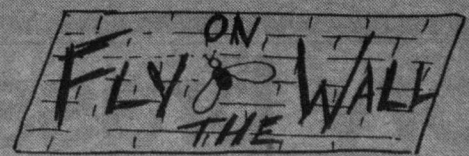
Re: Eating facilities

Have you ever noticed that your odds of finding a place to sit and eat at noon are only slightly better than winning Lotto 6/49? I have been reduced to eating on the floor, eating on the go, or not eating at all. Seems to us the only place you can find a place to sit is either in the old Arts building or at a Bears' football game. May we suggest using a system similar to that employed in the rationing of gasoline: on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, those people born in an odd year may eat, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays, those born in an even year may have first choice of the minimal seating capacity of our university. If this doesn't work, perhaps opening up the university pavilion as a cafeteria would suffice.

Re: Parking

Those of us with so-called scarce parking permits can never find a place to park no matter what time we arrive. We, along with throngs of others, own a parking pass to Windsor Car Park which seems to be as valuable as an Arts degree or a free ticket to a Bears' football game. Every day we are forced to either park so high up we need Everest climbing gear or are shuttled from car park to car park until we've missed our classes or have run out of gas. May we suggest a multi-million dollar underground parking complex or something simpler, such as valet parking?

The Mad Squad



I was just in the lobby of the fourth floor of the Rutherford Library where I saw a guy wearing mirrored sunglasses and a shirt with buttons done up to his navel. I figure he was either today's version of Clark Kent halfway through a costume change, or he was trying to pick up girls. I hope, for his sake, that he is Clark Kent. Inside the library, I saw something even more unusual.

Along the back row of carrels, amidst all of the other students studying or looking for books, and right in front of the librarian who was trying to clean up after these students looking for books, there was a student who, without taking his eyes off his book, very carefully pulled a string of dental floss between all of his teeth. When he finished, he simply rolled the floss up and shoved it into a pocket, to be used tomorrow, I guess.

I have seen lots of students brushing their teeth — in the bathroom and once, outside — but never have I seen a student use dental floss. At least, I haven't seen a student use it at school. I assume that this student uses it quite often at school. He looked perfectly relaxed sitting there in his chair, reading and flossing. There were a couple of girls sitting around him also. I wonder if Clark knows about this stuff?

J. Dylan

Humour

How come the Gateway usually puts "Letters to the Editor" and "Humour" on the same page? Are Cheerios just defective Fruit Loops? And why aren't there any moose postcards for sale on campus?

Throwing burning curiosity aside, I'm off to a cabal with my compotors. Contrariwise, we do not allow any form of cephalomancy on the credenza. Give yourself a brownie point if you've guessed that this week's featured letter is C.

cagmag: Anything that's cagmag is edible only due to its chemical composition, not palatability. Cagmag is the caserole you have for dinner after you clean out the fridge.

camelopard: A camelopard has, obviously, the neck of a camel and the spots of a leopard. Voila, the humble giraffe.

Canberra: The place you can never remember when someone asks "What's the capital of Australia?"

caret: A caret is the thingamajig you put in when you've left something out. One of these

catapedamania: Catapedamania has a penchant for jumping from high places. Why wait for those crowded R.A.T.T. elevators anyway?

cenophpbia: Cenophpbia is the fear of empty spaces. Cenophpbia is what you get when you've only half filled the examination booklet.

cheimaphillic: If you're cheimaphillic you love winter, cold, dead car batteries, and frostbite, which you might as well if you live here.

cisvestitism: Cisvestitism refers to the wearing of unusual or inappropriate clothing. To Arts students, everyone else is a cisvestite and vice versa.

climacophobia: Climacophobes are afraid of falling down stairs. See catapedamania.

cob: Something corn comes on, a male swan, a stubby horse, a beeting with a stick, a lump of coal, a seagull or a baby herring. Take your pick.

comprivigni: This is a useful word. If the members of a couple both have children from a previous relationship, the children are each other's comprivigni. But as few people know this, you'll have to give an elaborate explanation of relation anyway, so you might as well not have said comprivigni in the first place.

conurbation: A conurbation is a sprawling suburb around a city. Millwoods is a conurbation of Edmonton or is it the other way round.

creel: A wicker basket used for storing fish. A hot gift tip for those hard to buy for friends.

crithomancy: A crithomancer can see the future by throwing cake batter over sacrificial victims. Betty Crocker off her rocker.

cumyaphily: The hobby of collecting matchboxes.

Sandra Peterson



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