

Female radicalism has died at UNB, says feminist

By JEAN MURCH

Last Friday the fate of male chauvinism at UNB hung in the balance. I mean, men, it could have gone either way. You almost lost the race, guys, and most of you don't even know it. But don't worry. You can relax. Fortunately for my sanity, not to mention your future security in school, at home, and on the job, you won. Yes, guys, the next time you pass the Ladies can on the first floor of the SUB I urge you to salute. That is where The Movement was put down, squelched, squashed, eradicated. Female radicalism at UNB died on a sink in that room. Your world is safe. I am a changed woman. I am prepared to spend my life doing speaking tours of universities and women's clubs in order to spread the word. I will bare my soul to the world. The Truth will be told.

What happened last Friday was the culmination of years and years of what those screaming women libbers call "consciousness-raising", but what you and I know is Sick Propaganda. Anyway, to go back to that afternoon, try to understand the paranoia that had completely taken over my mind. I mean, anything even slightly smelling of chauvinism brought on the dry heaves. I was sick, guys. I had The Disease.

So you can imagine how I felt when I read the last Bruns. I mean, there I was, an Ardent Feminist, and in Arts, and what is the new Arts Rep quoted as saying? That he's going to do his darndest to represent all Artsmen. Suddenly the SUB cafeteria awam before my eyes.

An exclamation of pain and despair escaped from my lips. "Arts MEN?" I whispered hoarsely, dropping the Bruns into my soup. "Arts MEN???" Some heads turned. The girl across from me got up and moved her lunch down three seats. I stared vacantly at her half-eaten tossed salad. My misery was beyond words.

"Are you alright?" the girl with the tossed salad asked uncertainly. My eyes riveted to her face. I had a sympathetic following! I was not alone!

I sprang on to the table knocking the salad into her lap. "Hey!" she yelled. I ignored her. I looked down at the crowd that was quickly forming at my feet. "Male Chauvinist Pigism must die," I screamed. "Let students in Arts be called Artspeople. Free the women of UNB from a thousand years of tyranny. Women, girls, free your minds from their Glad Bag wrappings! Invade the male preserves and sabotage misogynists! Demand quotas in Engineering, Forestry and Law! Tell the President he must hire female professors! Not just one or two, but many...lots...half the faculty. That's it.

Half the faculty must be women! Demand it! Tell him they must be paid equal pay for equal work." I gasped for breath. Power surged in my veins as I surveyed the huge crowd. People were listening to me. Me! Oh, wow, the Women's Movement means something at UNB.

I noticed people hurriedly leaving the cafeteria. Ah, they rush out to tell their friends to come hear the oracle speak on women's rights. When they return, the SUB will shake with the power of the people. We shall overcome, I thought, raising my eyes in awe that She had deigned to inspire me.

"God is on our side," I yelled. "Come, let us go into the ladies john where the riot police won't find us." Two of my followers wanted to bear me across the hall on their shoulders, but I declined. "I shall walk like a woman," I told them proudly.

Once in the smelly can I climbed onto the middle sink. The crowd had grown to ten. Some of them combed their hair nonchalantly and I had to admire their casual acceptance of me as their leader. Silence descended on the room. I swept my arms out to encompass the crowd.

"Girls!" I boomed. "Women in Arts unite! Together we can beat this thing. Together we stand a chance against dirty, creeping chauvinism. It's not too late. Please, stop leaving. Don't look at me like that. Don't you see, they must be stopped. You in Arts! Let's start a movement. Artspeople Forever! You in Science, join together and you may end snide comments about women doctors who have made discoveries. Your self-image may be changed so drastically that you may make fantastic discoveries of your own. You in Engineering! You join with us and the attitudes of profs and everybody, will be forced to change, so that next year there will be more of you.

"All of you! All women at UNB unite! Women of the World Unite! Our revolution is at hand. Profs will be forced to stop calling the student "he". They will be forced to recognize women as writers, M.P.s, policepeople and doctors. They'll have to stop using the housewife analogy as the example of Common Woman.

"Professors, I warn you. We are united against you! Beware the next time you face a class of women students and say "he" for the average student. Beware: be very sure of the nearest exits; or carry a yardstick for protection when you talk about the man on the street, and the common man. The time for consciousness-raising is now! Prof! Reps! Students! Rid yourselves of sex-role stereotypes! Administrators — change your red tape machine so that it won't go bananas when female students refuse to fill in Miss or

Mrs. slots. . . wait. . . Why are those people coming in here. Don't they know this meeting is private? Look, mister, get your hands off my ankle. I mean it, mister. I must inform you that these hands are lethal weapons. Freedom of speech and assembly are fundamental freedoms in this country. You have no right to . . . leave me alone. . . I am standing on this sink so I can talk to the whole crowd. Women of UNB! Don't let them do this! We must unite. Don't let them put that jacket on me. Where are you going? Unite! We must unite or the chauvinists will make us believe we don't exist. We will disappear."

The doctor is a man. He told me, very quietly, that I was rejecting my femininity. Penis envy, he hissed, and then he shrank away from me. He's afraid that I'm going to try to grab it, I thought. The doctor has problems. Maybe you should see a shrink, I told him.

They put me in a little house in a garden. The house is just one room, and they said it has everything I need. It has a stove and a fridge, and lots of cookbooks and pots and pans and a teaset. Everything's bigger than it was when I was a kid. Life-size. When I make cookies now they don't taste like mud. They've even given me life-sized dolls to feed. I asked them for some books, but they said no. I heard them whispering together and one of them said, "Wouldn't the public school texts be alright? They're excellent socializing tools." But another was horrified. "Oh, no," he said. "Even though they teach the female her role, they also teach her how to read and write and to do mathematics. We want to stop that nonsense. It gives them ideas." "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," a grey-haired one said wisely.

"But I'm a university student," I cried. Two of them restrained me. "You are a female," said one, with great booming authority. "Biology is destiny," chanted another. "All girls are dumb!" yelled a third.

I strained to look at the last speaker. It was a boy of five or six. He was pointing his toy machine gun straight at my head. I collapsed for a moment. When I looked up again I smiled, motherly, gentle, womanly. "Would you like a nice piece of chocolate cake?" I asked him.

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