

casserole

a supplement section
of the gateway

produced and directed by
the gateway staff

This week's Casserole, being under new management, offers you special introductory features.

For the first time we offer you a 'komix' section complete with characters so real you'd almost think they actually existed. Of course, if we can believe the people from Vancouver Street Theater, there may be some truth in the matter after all.

Also for the first time, we introduce genuine, tropical (some like it hot!) opinionated women's pages. (Come to think of it, this may be a real first for journalism.)

Also this week, Brian Campbell (the father of Casserole) presents a steaming, seething review of the arts in Edmonton, also known as 'in which everybody gets it in the neck'.

Incidentally, if some of the ads on C-2 and C-3 look a little strange, we assure you that it has nothing to do with the ad manager. Snicker, snicker.

And finally, Steve Makris offers you commercialism through the lens-eye view, see page C-1.

So here it is, our great introductory offering. On for a limited time only, so please take advantage of it, compliments of the same people who brought you 'Student as Nigger' and other timely specials.

Smile, you're on . . .

READ THIS, READ THIS, READ THIS, all you male chauvinists, all you unliberated females. Why? Just because the CUP unliberated females said so. That's why.

Women may serve a variety of functions in American society, but a function all women serve is that of a domestic market.

And they serve it faithfully, almost eagerly, it would seem. American women, perhaps more than any other women in the world, must fulfill their role as heavy consumer. If they don't, their whole identity—an identity created primarily by business and advertising, will be shattered.

When a woman reads in her favorite woman's magazine that "Unfortunately, the trickiest deodorant problem a girl has isn't under her pretty little arms," she starts to worry. Is my vaginal area ("the most girl part of you," the ad gurgles) giving off offensive odors? she wonders. She may not smell all that bad, but just to make sure, she picks up a container of FDS (feminine deodorant spray) and Alberto-Culver Co. scores another point.

Alberto-Culver and other companies in the woman market understand the American woman. They know she's insecure, often unhappy with the narrow perimeters of her life, desperate in her efforts to catch and or keep a man.

So the company anticipates a female insecurity that can be turned into a need, and creates a product to fulfill that newly-discovered need. If the product is successful, the company's profits increase. If not, there's always another "need."

Women are commodities

Basically, there are two problems with corporate America's approach to women—which can apply to its approach to all people.

First, business can hold no real concern for women as human beings. It must objectify all women as a "market" in order to increase growth and profits. Business is concerned only with the ways in which it can get women to buy. Whether the products sold are of any real use, or meet real needs, is unimportant.

Second, American business creates excessive waste of resources, particularly through products made for women. People do not need 50 different kinds of soap to choose among, or 100 different types of lipstick. But American companies continue to produce dozens of variations on the same useless themes, and thus divert energy, resources and money from more productive human goals.

The advanced technological era that America has recently entered should make for greater freedom for Americans.

But American technology has generally granted the opposite effect, and American women are the most alienated from and enslaved by it. As a group, women have little control over production and planning. They relate to the technological society primarily as a consumer market.

Of course, there is nothing inherently wrong with consumption. But in American society, women are forced to consume large quantities of goods and services they really don't need or want.

Advertising is the mouthpiece for the companies that create products for the woman market.

On a very basic level, the advertising and editorial comment of women's magazines like *McCalls*, *Seventeen*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Mademoiselle* are insults to women as human beings. So are the women's sections in newspapers and daytime TV.

A market in training

Let's look at some of these insults and the ways in which they are used to keep women in their place as a domestic market.

Teenage girls are a market in training. The people who run *Seventeen* magazine, the slick, top-selling tenn-

age publication, understand the importance of the youth market. "The *Seventeen* award to American industry for its investment in the country's young women under 20"

An ad in the New York Times, June 18, 1969, reads: "Once again advertisers have demonstrated their realization that youth sets the pace."

And once again *Seventeen*, their magazine, has broken all publishing records for a single issue.

This August is a new high, carrying 357 advertising pages, 245 in 4-color . . .

Seventeen is the biggest circulation magazine in the young women's field—for 16 consecutive years, it has carried more advertising than any other woman's monthly magazine.

That's the strength of *Seventeen*.

The "strength of *Seventeen*" is not that it informs or educates young women, but that it sells advertisers' products.

The ad congratulates American industry for "investing" in these young women, much as if industry were investing in some kind of new automobile or hairspray.

The focus of the advertising and editorial in *Seventeen* is fashion—clothes and cosmetics.

The projected image is young, super-slim, tall, carefully made-up to look "natural," tastefully (and not inexpensively) dressed and (despite an occasional anglo-looking black model) white. The impossible teenager.

And the youth market booms.

Insecurity sells

Young American girls move into young womanhood with a number of insecurities, mostly about sex and boys.

Seventeen and the youth marketers have a beautiful answer. It lies in the right kind of clothes, and makeup. You "pamper" your skin, "cultivate the flowery look that becomes you," and "highlight your hair, especially if it's brown on the shady side" (*Seventeen*, June, 1969).

In America, a young woman's buying habits and personality develop side-by-side. Corporate America insures that the two will not be separated. What she wears and what she puts on her face become as important to her as what she studies in school and how she relates to other people.

And industry can even help formulate her dreams for her: Wallace Sterling, DeBeers Diamond, Lenox china, Springmaid linen. The make-up, the clothes, the diets, the hair pieces and hair-colorings for an individual girl all point to one goal—to catch and keep a man. This type-casting of women is so obvious in the women's magazines that it never has to be made explicit.

As the young female consumer grows so does her spending power. Industry summons its resources to meet her new "needs."

Whether she's going to college or working in an office, she is told that she must maintain, even amplify the image created for her as a teenager.

Her magazines are *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, *Cosmopolitan*, especially if she's white and middle-class.

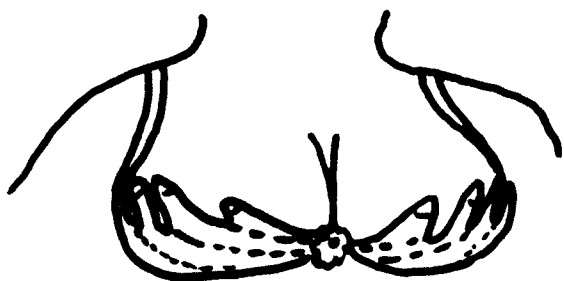
Glamour calls her "the breakaway girl," independent, energetic, strongwilled and, of course, chic. The breakaway girl is an important market, *Glamour* tells advertisers.

In fact, she has broken away from nothing. She may not rush out of high school directly into marriage, but she still fits herself into whatever image industry creates for her in a given year.

A fashion article in the June issue of *Mademoiselle* begins: "During the big jump from high school grad to free-wheeling college frosh, the look changes. Adapts, chameleonlike, to the college spirit. Not only clothes—hair and faces too."

Mademoiselle tells her she's "freewheeling," so she can flatter herself that she's independent while being told what she must wear to college.

Cross Your Heart...
all you optimists



"Play, Tex" the bra with
the human touch

When you really need it...
PDQ
a woman's most feminine spray.

Here's Mud in Your EYE!



Max Plaster eye cosmetics

Don't be a
SCHNOOK

Use
LADY SWICK
and end ugly,
masculine schtubble

The most
beautiful women
use ...

LADY SCARE-ALL
HAIR COLOR - Only
your milk man
knows for sure.
(and the breadman,
the postman, and...)
Has she
or Hasn't she?

"Esther, I hate to
tell you this, but I
always know when
you're around."
'OH NO! you don't
mean...? But what
can I do about it?"
"Well, lucky for you,
I just happen to have
a can of frosty-blue
Secreete tucked under
my arm. A revolutionary
new formula numbs
odor on contact. Try it
and feel the difference!