

SPECTRUM

The opinions found in Spectrum are not necessarily the views of The Brunswickan. People interested in writing for Spectrum must submit at least three (3) type-written articles of no more than 500 words each to the Brunswickan.

The tyranny of the chain letter

A friend of mine who is in sixth grade got a chain letter the other day. Actually it was a chain post-card. The idea was that you had to send four cards to the four addresses at the top of the list and in three days you would get 17 billion cards from all over the galaxy. Or maybe it was in 17 billion days you got three cards from Chipman. It kind of reminded me of the olden days when we used to get those chain letters. At first, the gig was that you would send one dollar to each of the five people at the top of the list and in three months you would get like \$512,000.00. Then it became illegal to send money through the mail so you sent a money order. Then, when I was in college, the "fool proof" method was you bought a copy of the letter for five bucks, sent

five bucks to the person at the top of the list and in turn sold two copies for five bucks each. This was supposed to make you break even. This was in case you never got any other dough back, which no one ever did in all of history. My buddy Pete bought mine off me and he sent the five dollars and never sold his. He also flunked out after his freshman year.

My favourite chain letters swore curses on you and your descendants, that is, if you lived long enough to have any. The cover letter told tales of horror about all the stupid jerks who were foolish enough to "break the chain". One man was eaten alive by a swarm of Mexican Hairless Chihuahuas. Another was skewered by a Tasmanian zucchini. Someone's thoughtless

sister was drowned in a vat of tapioca. All hideous fates.

Whatever happen to those old chain letters? We got wise? Amway and NuSkin took over the idea? Naw, it's now the lottery. The government got into the act! We now buy lottery tickets. The great thing about lottery tickets is that they're so versatile. At first you could pick numbers based upon intelligent dates; like the day you lost your virginity in the front seat of the old family Plymouth. Or perhaps, the day you graduated from doggy obedience school. This then, was too much for some people. The states of Florida and Pennsylvania will generate you random numbers as if you're too stupid to come up with the six number sequence.

Well, this is what I think

By D. J. Eckenrode

Probably this gimmick was invented because the ninnies buying those things held up the lines of other ninnies behind them trying to remember their hat size or something truly novel like the square root of the number of decibels of their roommate's loudest belch.

The other day, I was in a gasoline station taking out a second mortgage and cashing in my kids' life insurance, just because I thought I'd "filler up" with those litre things. (I still can't figure out if I get good milage or not) Anyway, I can't tell you the name of the station,

but it begins with a big I. There was this obvious parent/child combination who appeared to also be cousins of some sort. They looked like penniless troglodytes who surely needed milk for the twins at home. They were shelling out a buck each for the "scratch off" jobs. (and no sniff either) While they scratched, tooth and nail, I hoped for the best. I really wished they could somehow pull off what my old buddy Pete couldn't manage. I wanted them to hit it big time!! It was not to be. However, I thought about it and so I slipped them Ed McMahon's phone number.

Until the day dawns

As one of the writers of this column, who also happens to be a member of the UNB Student Women's Committee, I would like to address the misconception the we are hiding beneath a cloak of anonymity which was brought to our attention by Greg Doran in "Blood and Thunder" in this paper October 11, 1991.

Dear Mr. Doran,

You are not the only person on this campus who is suffering from the assumption that this column has only one author. You are, however, the only individual who has taken the time to write for clarification. We thank you for your timely and valid query.

After several years of requesting that the feminists of this University be allotted a space "of our own" in the Brunswickan our request was granted. Perhaps in our eagerness to "get to the nitty-gritty" of issues germane to wimmin on this campus we have neglected to identify ourselves to your satisfaction. For this we apologize.

We do not apologize, however, for our choice to remain anonymous. We, the new members of The UNB Wimmin's Committee, have consensually agreed to structure ourselves as a non-hierarchical collective. Subsequently, those of us who feel we have something to contribute to this column do so, others contribute their time and talents in ways in which they feel most comfortable. There are no guidelines or suggestions for topics assigned by the committee

and the opinions expressed here are usually grounded in the writer's own personal experience. We encourage anyone who feels strongly about any issue concerning women (it's hard to think of one that doesn't) to take a stand in this column.

You see, Mr. Doran, like yourself, we quite agree "that it is high time that the issue of equality (etc) be raised in a public forum." As have generations of wimmin before us. The only problem with your argument is that you appear to be unaware of the consequences of wimmin raising their voices,

putting pen to paper and signing their names.

Allow me to attempt a little "grass roots consciousness raising." A perusal of herstory, (that's history with the other half of the world's population included), will reveal that we have been maligned, ignored, medicated, institutionalized, placated, chained in attics, patronized, raped, burned at the stake, and murdered in cold blood in our classrooms. And still we carry on. Your taunt, the we, as wimmin writers, lack personal commitment and courage somehow rings hollow

in light of the evidence.

We are concerned with issues here, Mr. Doran, not names. Traditionally wimmin have been compelled to write under pseudonyms to protect themselves and their families from harassment. The name of Anita Hill immediately comes to mind.

When we tell of our plight, they do not believe us. When we reveal our pain, they snicker. When we charge them with their

crime, they deny it. When we are insistent, they become angry. When we hesitate, we are accused of fantasizing. Wimmin do not all presently possess the strength and courage of Anita Hill, Mr. Doran, so until the day dawns when we can walk the campus in safety, and live our lives without the threats and violence simply because our views conflict with traditional patriarchal values, We will continue to write anonymously . . . for now!

The Wimmin's Room

I will fly away