

"a little Mantovani...

...and ULTRA-VIOLENCE"



CLOCKWORK WAR

Why isn't life about dad and his glad bag?

guest opinion

Shirley Trebelhorn Mosley is a freshman majoring in human development and sociology. She is a member of University Women's Action Group.

My name is Susie Creamcheese. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, and am 36-24-36. I'm told I'm the American Dream. I go to college. I really want to be a doctor or lawyer but only 2.5 per cent of all law students are female. Maybe I wouldn't make it; people are always telling me to be something easy, such as a teacher or nurse.

I hide my feelings on the inside, but I smile on the outside. I put up with boys making assumptions about me and what I am.

I feel like a machine programmed for a soft voice, smooth skin and sweet lips. My mind is pounding. It says, "let me out, let me out, I can't play this part." The comb is clicking. My machine has broken. Why is life all about "mom and apple pie?" Why not "dad and his glad bag?"

I'm tired. I don't know which way to turn. Do other women feel the weight of this pressure? Why can't I be me? I've heard about women's liberation, but those women seem strange. They seem free because they laugh and put down the

masculine-feminine game, but the most amazing thing is they get along with other women. They don't seem to be competing for men.

I'd like to be happy and be able to direct my life. Have you ever thought this before? Is this your mind? In the midst of frustration there is a place to go. We each have our own potential. We only have to stop our game and find it and develop it. We have to eliminate the "ideal image" of one woman for all women. Why should there be only one way to be a woman?

To each woman who has become involved with women's liberation or feminism, there is a deep gut-feeling resulting from what we have been taught to say or do. Many of us already have had a bomb explode inside us, and we can no longer live the stereotyped life we can't understand or accept.

We have learned to enjoy ourselves and other women. No longer do we tear each other apart.

Each one of us has said a loud "yes" for ourselves, meaning we can be whatever we want. In saying this, we have also said a loud yes for a new feminism. Not a feminism based on a stereotype, but one based on individualism.

to the editor

Dear editor,

The new method of collecting money for PACE is definitely a step in the right direction. Such a program should be supported by voluntary contributions, not by counting on some students to pay it unknowingly. If this measure of honesty weakens the alleged "students' rights cause," it clearly is an ill-founded movement.

This same issue, the conscription of students' money for various purposes, has long been raging with regard to mandatory student fees. Bruce Beecher's article states, "Students have braved the Legislature's threatening attacks on student fees and suffered humiliations brought forth in never-ending court appeals..." In evaluating the credibility of the intent of this statement, I hope readers will note that students constituted a majority of those testifying in favor of LB 1271 (the bill that would have made most student fees assessments voluntary), and it's students who are making these court appeals.

In short, it's a battle between students who believe they should decide where their money goes and an elite student group that wants to play the big brother role.

In regard to student fees, ASUN can't claim to represent UNL students. ASUN is a farce which most care little about. Campaign platforms include such important and practical issues as tearing up some parking lot to start a meadow. Not surprisingly, the majority of students don't even vote in ASUN elections.

Gary Reichlinger

Dear editor,

As Almighty God, I greet you. I want to extend my heart-felt gratitude to all the editors and publishers who have treated us with generosity in the past. Many have published these letters in their gracious newspapers.

Many people are under the impression that I am all knowing. I reiterate: I am but the Holy Ghost in my beloved son's body. I am not all knowing, but my greater spirit over the universe is.

A few despicable dastards had the audacity to vehemently doubt my veracity; but as a few mangy curs hate me, they shall also be hated with an equal fervor.

Those that love me, love shall drown out all hate and carry on to heights of greater glory, where love becomes known and the recipient will love throughout eternity and the glory of love will endure forever. Where true love reigns, hate is forgotten and a true value of fellowship will remain.

With love and devotion, I close this blessed letter of understanding. As long as the universe remains, my holy name will never be written on paper. My humble son will sign this blessed letter so that hope is not denied.

Eugene Changey



Cartoon by Conrad