



## editorial Miss Nude - symbol of progress

### Reader Comment

Edmonton is a progressive city, its historic economic growth being a drawing-card for the affluent throughout the Dominion, and throughout the world. We are progressing ideologically and morally from the small church-going community of the past to the futuristic, open-minded, debauched melange of perverts and voyeurs, so typical of the metropolitan centres we so desperately need to emulate.

A very good example of this change of ideals and values can be made of the recent Miss Nude Edmonton Pageant. Those who produced the fiasco aptly gave their TV reviewers the warning that those who might be offended by their artistic display of the female figure should select another channel and watch the usual fare of sex and violence interspersed liberally with commercials and situation comedies.

I ask you, what art-respecting individual would pass up a golden opportunity like this one? Especially since the pageant was preceded by a short resumé of renaissance nudes while soft chamber music was being played so that the feeling of the artistic atmosphere could be osmotically transferred to the series of events that followed?

First there was the evening-gown competition. Entrants were judged on their grace and carriage as they carefully filed before a panel of learned, cultured judges: George McGowan of the Eskimos, Bob McCord of CHED, George Ward of the Journal, and Joe Schlabotnik, who owned the Boston Pizza downstairs.

Next came the bikini competition: one of the entrants leaving to do an artistic dance at the Embers, so the whole production was delayed for her awhile so she could return. Patrons were entertained and enlightened during her absence with the regular fare commonly

seen at Pierre's.

The contestants were judged on the artistic appeal of their bearing during this part. (One contestant, Brandy, wore a very artistic bikini with tassles bobbles twirlers, and all sorts of delightful innovations. Clever girl.)

Another one, a housewife, managed to show off her stretch marks with great poise, not beelng the least bit abashed about the inner tube she carried under her skin: obviously a swimmer with the extra flotation gear she carried in her buttocks and thighs. I think she was to represent the usefulness of the female body, all bases being covered so to speak.

Then came the finale, the nude competition. Alas, the announcer was at a loss for words to communicate the true, artistic feelings that simply overwhelmed him as all the contestants stood before him. He was literally drowned in a torrential sea of art.

Tensions mounted higher and higher as the judges announced the runners up. All contestants were called on stage for this, so they bumped and ground their way in a mottly line as the losers learned their places.

The winner was announced, and the housewife, overcome by the artistic emotion of the entire thing, burst into uncontrolled "pleurs et larmes de sensibilité" and flung her bulbous naked body on the winner.

"I'm so happy for you!" she sobbed, a flood of emotion finding release as the tension ended.

What a grand experience! What a revealing form of art! How happy everyone was! How great was the respect shown on the part of the judges and the contestants for the beauty and dignity of the human body!

Oh, I just wish this could be an annual, if not weekly affair. Wouldn't it be simply great if Edmonton, that forward-looking community could be just like Los Angeles or New York.

Ah, yes, we are embarking on a future of intellectual and artistic involvement heretofore unseen in our great community. Maybe come summer, we

could have another, outdoor pageant perhaps on the riverbank during mosquito season. Such fun, so enlightening, so representative of progress.

Geoff Neiley  
Ag. 3

## letters

### Round 2

I was rather surprised to see that two *Gateway* gurus reacted to my complaints about your paper with such gusto. Let no one accuse you of being reactionaries!

When I pointed out that your coverage of campus concerns is negligent I did not expect your editor to engage in an unofficial count of how many stories you wrote. I expected some reference to the quality of the articles.

You suggested to me that *Gateway's* excellence is partly due to the "close relationship" you have with Students' Council and other university bodies. I suggest to you that this relationship is bordering on incest.

You seem to blindly accept statements and policies issued by university bureaucrats without question. There is no hint of critical analysis in your rag.

In my day newspapers served as a valuable tool for debate and controversy. Today it seems that there is only room for self praise by the editors of a boring newspaper.

M. Bakunin

Dear Mr. Bakunin,

I do not doubt for a second that the quality of life "in your time" was far superior to the hum-drum existence we lead today. I only suggest your time is over.

Bernie Fritze  
Gateway Editor

## That's not cricket

I have always been told that the main criteria of assessing a player's good sportsmanship is his degree of self-control. I have also been told that respect for the rules, the referees, and other players is also important in measuring the differences between one who plays sports, and a sportsman.

I had naturally assumed that our Golden Bears possessed these qualities, and they indeed were sportsmen. I would like to state on 18,000 copies of newsprint that I was wrong, at least in one case; that being Mike McLeod.

Last Tuesday night I witnessed behavior on the part of this Golden Bear football player that was less than sportsmanlike: it was in fact childish, boorish, and downright dangerous. It seems that one is no longer safe to paly even intramural basketball when middle linebackers cannot control themselves to the point that they throw tantrums on the court, and physically intimidate members of opposing teams.

I suppose there would be those who would say that throwing one's beefy shoulder into the chest of an unsuspecting (and much smaller) basketball player, slapping the faces of two others, splitting another's lip, and inviting yet another to "see him" after the game does not constitute flagrant behavior, even if the ball is still at the other end of the court, but those, I hope are in the minority.

It really makes no difference if that player was a Golden Bear or not, or that he was twice the size and strength of anyone on the floor, or that he actually acted as if he was deranged and ready to maim for the sake of a basketball game. Anyone should conceivably be able to conduct himself with more dignity than that.

But the fact that this player had the honour of representing the U of A and a Golden Bear should bring with it enough pride to rise above the childish, pettish arrogance that marks what I would call a jockstrap attitude.

His behavior instills fear, which is a poor substitute for respect.

Might I suggest, Mr. McLeod, that you soak your knuckles and head in cold water, maybe the swelling would go down.

Greg Neiman

