

OPINION

So this is Super Tuesday

So today is Super Tuesday.

Many students and staff on this campus would say that this has little relevancy to the university or even the province. One just has to scratch the surface to see the similarities between the states that are having primaries today and the problem of western alienation that the federal government has had since Confederation.

Two-fifths of all the states will be holding their primaries today. The primary is a statewide election that determines the state's choice for their Democratic and Republican candidate for the presidency. Thus, if 40 percent of the states in the union are selecting who they want as their candidates for the presidency, those states wield much power. They get the right to weed the "undesirable" candidates from the race. The twenty states that get to participate in Super Tuesday are mostly the southern states: the land of Dixie, the confederacy, and stock car racing. Every candidate is now trying to pass off as "one of the good ol' boys." The ones who pass off well get a lot of votes, the ones who don't (usually northern liberals) get the boot.

Why does this have any relevance to Alberta? Although we didn't go to war with central Canada, we certainly have experienced as much alienation as the southern states have. The reason they get to virtually select the candidates on Super Tuesday is that they want to have some say in who will win the presidency come November.

What is one of the major gripes that western Canada has about Canada's electoral system? At 8:00 when the polls close, we see the results from Ontario and figure out that some party has a majority government already.

States like Texas and Georgia were also tired of this. They were tired of seeing New York and California make the decisions and having their votes look meaningless.

The regions are similar. Texas and Louisiana are oil-rich states, and like Alberta, are still reeling from low oil prices. Many of the states south of the Mason-Dixon Line are heavily into agriculture, and like the Prairies, depend heavily on primary industries.

The South was being dumbed down by the whole United States just like the west is in Canada. They were lucky that they have an electoral system that could be altered to the demands of a region. In Canada, either this has never been explored, or it can't happen.

Too bad, it might work.

Alan Small

The Gateway



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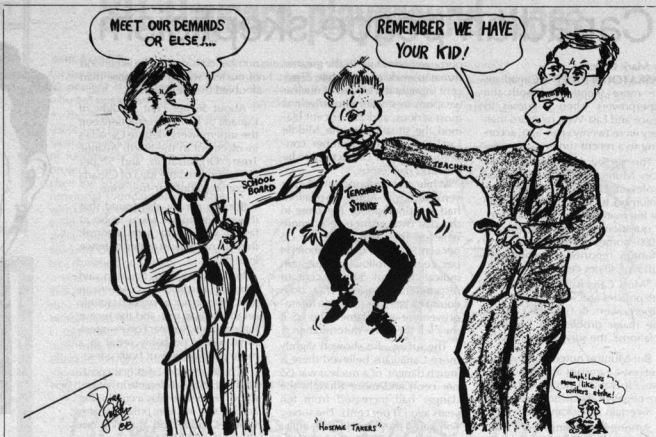
If you have a comment which would be of interest to the students of the University, please do not hesitate to send it in. Letters must be signed. Addresses and phone numbers are required but will not be printed.

Letters may be edited for length.

Mail or deliver your letters to Room 282 S.U.B., or drop them at any S.U. information booth.

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LETTERS

Vander Zalm rules

Why were people ranking out over Vander Zalm's comments about abortion? I think people who can't handle the inhuman way abortions are performed are probably feeling guilty about condoning, having, performing, or resulting from an abortion themselves.

The fact is that Vander Zalm is absolutely the most fabulous politician in Canada's pitiful governmental system. He is the only leader who has the guts to disagree publicly with the loud-mouthed boneheads lobbying for all kinds of innately stupid things.

I know that insults aren't the best way to make a point, but some people don't deserve to be spoken about in any other manner.

Peter Englefield

Movie review missed mark

Re: Biko's spirit *Cries Freedom* (Gateway, Rosa Jackson, Mar 1/88)

Having just seen the film *Cry Freedom* which Rosa Jackson has recently reviewed, I feel that the readers of *The Gateway* deserve much better than to

be left with the impression that this movie "falls short" of being capable of changing one's thoughts about apartheid.

The message that this movie brings, and which R.J. seems to have missed completely, is that the ideas and efforts of Steve Biko are capable of transforming blacks and whites alike into believers about the desirability of racial equality in South Africa. It is essential that this movie focus on others as well as Biko since it is they who are charged with the responsibility of carrying on his dream of a racially equal South Africa. In the movie, the white liberal editor Donald Woods (with his mansion, mercedes, and seven-member family) has obviously benefited materially from the apartheid system which allows him to earn a living by airing views which are not too critical of the South African government. However, by exploring Woods' transition from opponent to supporter of Biko's message, director Richard Attenborough has not focused "on the life of the South African editor Donald Woods" as R.J. claims, rather, he has demonstrated the power of

Biko's message to transform the beliefs of others, specifically, Donald Woods. What statement would be made by a movie which concentrates solely on Biko and thus ends with Biko's death? That opposition to apartheid is dead as well?

Surely R.J., you do not really believe that it is Biko's "charm and magnetism which win him thousands of followers"? Mightn't it be that Biko managed to win his followers on the merit of his ability to articulate the resentment of blacks to an unjust system? Mightn't it be that Biko's refusal to knuckle under to the South African "banting" regulations serves as a potent example to others who are restricted as well?

As a movie reviewer, R.J. makes the requisite noises about "brilliant cinematography", the "fine performance" of Kevin Kline, and "all of the elements of a great film", while emphasizing the perceived flaw of *Cry Freedom*. Be not deceived, you movie-goer. This film, like Steve Biko's black consciousness message, will indeed "change the way people think."

Brent Doberstein

HUMOUR

Perhaps I'm not the Boss after all

Psychologists have analyzed the texture of human dreams since that science first evolved. It's hypothesized that many subconscious desires and yearnings find expression through the dream medium. I make this statement for you readers so that I may relate an experience which occurred during midterm week once.

It was the night before the beginning of midterm week and I was laboring with my usual zeal to comprehend some math concepts which escaped intellectual enlightenment. This is an all too frequent event for me and at some point during the long night, my body succumbed to its natural biological impulses and my facial anatomy wound up smack dab in the pages of one of the textbooks with which I was valiantly striving to attain some comprehension of.

I had a dream that an acquaintance of mine proposed a wager which captured my undivided attention. He proposed in rather conspiratorial terms that I live up our math class with my unique and innovative Bruce Springsteen impersonation. My ears cocked up when he offered to pay a \$30.00 fee and a night on the town if my advertising proved successful. The challenge was to get up and sing "Born in the USA" at full volume while our class was in its usual rigor mortis stupor. My response

was overwhelmingly positive when this proposal was made.

My task was a challenging one. I grew some stubble on my face which stirred people to remark that I looked as if a black bear had sat on my face and left his fur behind as a memento. Next, I decided to don a white t-shirt and blue jeans to be a spitting image of the Boss. There were some unforeseen difficulties. The only pair of jeans I had was four inches too small around my waist, as it had expanded over the years due to some extracurricular activities not conducive to wonderful health. The t-shirt was too small around my shoulders and revealed a football-like stomach which hung out like a vine over my jeans. I decided to abandon the notion of being a physical facsimile of Bruce as he was a good deal thinner than I. My snarl would have to suffice for this impersonation.

The fateful day finally came. The sun rose in the sky, the wind blew wistful melodies to the winter and the snow shone a blinding white. Students sat in their usual places as they listened to the professor dutifully lecture on the theoretical principles of mortinometry or whatever. My moment was fast approaching.

The professor spoke with an air of detached boredom at the best of times.

I observed the corpse-like state of the class and I pulled a red bandanna out and tied it around my head. With an air of confident cockiness, I proceeded to stand up and my lungs blustered out the opening lines of the Boss' working-class anthem in a leathery, gravel-like voice. The snarl paid homage to the sweaty spirit of the original rendition. My tone was angry, defiant, and filled with determination. A stampede of hyperactive waterfalls would have stopped to pay homage to me.

Time seemed to stand still for what seemed to be an eternity. The professor's body assumed a rigid vertical position as his pen flew out of his right hand and his jaw dropped like a bomb to the ground. The look of shock would have put a Lotto 649 million dollar winner to shame. Shouts of "yeah Bruce", "right on man", and "rock on" could be heard bouncing off the ceilings and walls of the classroom. I assumed the students had woken up somehow.

I woke up and found my face staring right down at a mortinometry table. My clock read 2 a.m. and I had fallen asleep. I had been famous for 2 minutes as a rock 'n' roller at least in my dreams. It was a nice relief from midterms for a while.

By Eric Anderson