

Editorial

I don't mean to sound stupid but — say, is Cathy Rigby out there?

My father and myself were at home the other night, just sitting around watching a little television, when there was a commercial break. It wasn't until I noticed him reaching for the television guide with an annoyed look on his face that I realized that a tampon commercial had graced our viewing screen. He then began reading the feature article in that week's guide. I've never seen him read that article in my life.

Am I the only one that has made note of the air of discomfort that pervades any room in which males are subjected to one of these ads? This is a rather strange phenomenon that can only be brought on by the fact that men, almost to the number, know nothing about this oddity known on the TV as "feminine protection."

It is no wonder that anyone without years of experience under their belts is not familiar with this art. Judging by what I have picked up from the TV, we are dealing with a super-complex subject here.

At first, I thought that there was only the tampon. Then came ads selling something called panty liners. Then shields. Then the dreaded modifier for all of the above: scented and unscented.

From there, things get slender, regular, super absorbant, and maximum absorbant. Why would anybody want something that was merely regular when they could have something super? And what of these ones called slender? Is it like in soft drinks? Are these somehow less fattening?

How about these things that they refer to as panty liners. Isn't that sort of redundant? Are not panties in themselves a type of a liner? They line your jeans, right? "Maybe that is what these shields are for," I thought to myself. But the dictionary definition for a shield is "any protection used to intercept blows, missiles, etc., such as a tough piece of armour carried on the arm."

Carried on the arm? Why would anyone want a scented shield to put on their arm when they are going off hang-gliding or jogging anyway? Wouldn't it just be underfoot while on horseback or in the swimming pool? and do only active women need these things? Just once I would like to see a huge fat woman on one of these commercials.

Which reminds me of the old joke about the little girl when asked what she wanted for Christmas replied, "I think I'll ask for one of those O.B. things. I'm not sure what it is but once you get one you can go hiking and diving and all sorts of fun things." That joke is not unfounded. Why don't they ever show what one of these things actually looks like on TV? All they ever show you is a stupid drawing of what is supposed to be in the package. And what of the package? It's invariably light blue with white flowers on it. How do you know if you are getting the right thing?

Anyway, I just wish that they wouldn't be so secretive about all this stuff. Then maybe when one of their ads comes on TV everybody wouldn't be so fidgety.

Or maybe it was the fellow that I met this summer that had the best idea in regards to these dumb commercials. He said that the networks should save up all of their "feminine protection" ads for the whole month, and then for a three or four day span they could lay them on real heavy. Then they could just go away for another month. I'm not sure exactly where he gets his logic from, but it would certainly save my father from having to read that TV guide ever again.

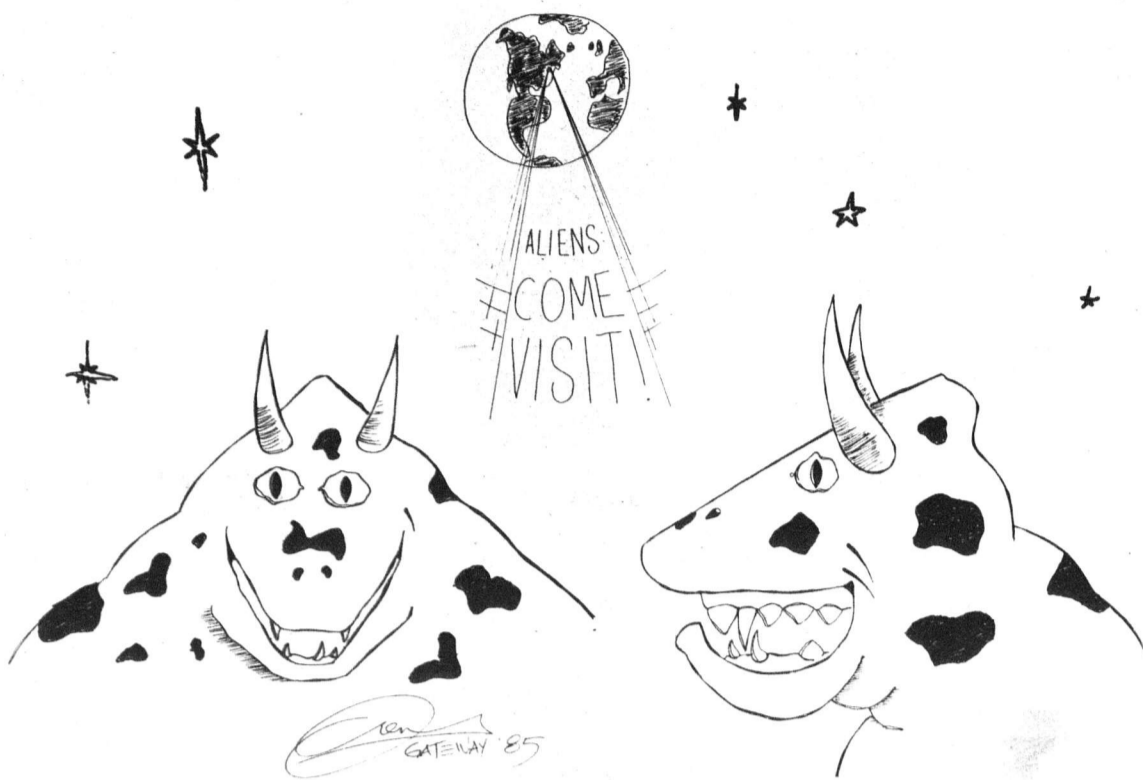
Mark Spector

Northwest Avenue



by Ian Ferguson

News item: Spielberg flips switch on alien-searching radio antenna



"It's bad enough the putz has to make these ridiculous movies about us — but the 'junk mail' has got to stop."

Letters to the Editor

Beer "brew" ha-ha

Regarding the debt being incurred by draft drinkers, I find it almost unbelievable that a bar in a University of 25,000 and with such loyal drinkers as some departments are wont to be that a loss can occur. Somethings ratty in the state of Denmark. And as for the student population subsidizing draft drinkers, bloody hell! How many years have we filled your coffers with our silver? Prices should remain where they are, many bars offer equivalent or better service for similar prices.

Perhaps the Student Union should look more closely at management practices or whatever causes the high prices in our tipling spots. The Power Plant looks continually more enticing.

John A. Lamb
Sci IV

Messiah flunking

Dear Editor
Re: Article in the Gateway
I am Jesus Christ. I am the light. I am the way and whosoever comes unto me shall be saved. I am not in Ohio, I am in the depths of everyone's soul. I am the son of God and I am failing all of my courses. Will someone please help me? Everlasting life for a nine; Anyone game?

Jesus Christ
Recreation and procreation

Other Messiah sick

Dear Editor
What I read the other day in the Gateway was totally ludichrist. You don't realize how serious this is. You have taken my name in vain. You will all go to HELL!!! There is only one me, damn it! I'm telling daddy about the imposter in Ohio. He's not getting anything for Christmas.

I was born and raised in ALBERTA and have decided to make Edmonton into the new Jerusalem. I'm sure the citizens won't mind once they see the progress I make. New fashions will be in order. Replacing paisley will be beards for men and sandals for everyone. Religious in all will spring up soon, street corner preachers and bible thumpers will rule over the Legislature here in ALBERTA. In a way, having AIDS is a way of spreading my word. It scares you into becoming a Christian.

For all of you sinners, take heed of my message. Repent now! Don't look to imposters for inspiration. My final messages are to be aware of the times, Porky Pig is alive and well in Sherwood Park, David Byrne is leading the way for me, Gary Coleman is the ANTICHRIST (Breathed was right), Einstein was just a silly guy with funny hair, Johnny Carson is a pseudo intellectual and Reagan is a wienie!

Until the dawn of a new tomorrow,
Jesus Christ (Political Science Major)

Con't. on p. 5.

The Gateway

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After Gary Dhillon discovered John Charles's fetish for dressing up as a carrot, he and Virginia Gillese and Don Teplyske kidnapped him in the act and planted him. Susan Atkins, Rosa Jackson and Gilbert Bouchard donned potato outfits and stood guard while Blaine Ostapovich and Rod Campbell threw fertilizer discouragingly at Roberta Franchuk. In a rescue attempt, Maurice Lipsitt, Elaine Ostry, John Watson, Edna Landreville and Vince Byfield squeezed into a pea pod and would have sneaked past Rob Schmidt and Lauren Spector had not Greg McHarg tried to boil them. Elsewhere, Alex Miller, Tim Hellum and Ron Damanti drank beer and watched Good Times reruns.