

## Rank Sexism

In this day and age when so many papers pretend to be "objective" and refuse to take a stand on political issues, it is indeed gratifying to know that *Gateway* distinguishes itself by taking an active position on the issue of women's liberation. After all, as the Black Panthers say, "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem."

In a recent picture — advertisement for the student directory, *Gateway* struck a major blow for women's liberation. Instead of presenting woman in her traditional role as an active participant in society (as a doctor, a lawyer, a plumber, a prof.), *Gateway* revolutionized the traditional approach of the media by picturing woman in a completely new and challenging role — that of a passive sex object waiting for a telephone call!

*Gateway's* policy of affirmative action for women's liberation also manifests itself in the sports pages. Sometimes a generous five per cent of the sports coverage is relevant to women's athletics!

*Gateway's* Arts Department recently sponsored a contest where competitors were required to fill in a caption under an R. Crumb cartoon. Most of the entries were so blatantly sexist and anti-woman that *Gateway* fittingly punished the competitors by giving them each two free tickets to see *Fritz the Cat*.

Nor does *Gateway* sell out its principles for thirty pieces of silver from the advertising companies. Doesn't their regular ad for Old Style Pilsner (the cowboy picture ad) cut across the mystique of toughness and masculinity with which beer advertisers often try to surround their product? After all, if its "HIS style" that's good enough for me (though I sometimes wonder what his sister was doing while he was quenching his "healthy thirst".)

A very large number of women (and men) at the University of Alberta are fighting for liberation from the stereotyped roles which society has assigned to them as females (or as males). Many of us are fighting for our lives — because we can't stand to live in this sexist, male-dominated, capitalist social system any longer. In view of these facts, it is reassuring to know that *Gateway* — the newspaper we support with our hard-earned money — has taken a definite stand on the issue of sex-role stereotyping.

Yours for a women's liberation university

Charlotte MacDonald  
P.S.—Seriously speaking, Shiela Thompson deserves credit as the one *Gateway* reporter who really tries to do a good job for women at the U of A.

Re: *Gateway* picture and caption regarding student directories, November 1973. (pg. 3) "Come and Get It."

As some of the thousands of women on campus, we strongly object to the assumption that all women wish to be classified merely as subjects of male pursuit. Making allowances for the fact that the picture and caption might have been intended as humorous, we still find it extremely offensive. The student directory is a sensible student service for contact with friends and not a lonely hearts club file for MALES only.

Jill Rutherford  
Nina Shiels  
Cathy McCarthy

I am writing this letter in protest to the photograph of the woman advertising the student directory with the caption "Come and get it," in the November first edition of the *Gateway*, page three. Elatant sexism is evidenced to a large degree everywhere, but must the image of a woman as a sexual object be promoted in a university newspaper? I would believe that any individual with a liberal and educated mind would object to the portrayal of a person, male or female, in this limited dimension. As a woman, as a person, my body is only part of me. My mind, my soul and my body are an integral part of my total being. Accept this and sexism will be obliterated.

Margaret Oseen  
Rehabilitation Medicine '75

## Library hassles

Enclosed please find my description of an incident which occurred Sunday, Oct. 28/73 at 1:30 p.m. at the Edmonton Public Library, Main Branch.

I was embarrassed and humiliated by the ladies mentioned. I ask for your assistance in making a small voice loud enough for some people to hear.

"Excuse me, I'd like to use your private record player please," I said to the girl behind the counter at the Edmonton Public Library - Audio Visual section.

"What are you researching?" the young lady asked.

"Beethoven's Symphonies A to Z in C Minor."

"What qualifications do you have?"

"In fourth year Bachelor of Arts, majoring in Music at the University of Alberta," my reply.

She quickly pulled out a set of ear phones and with a courteous smile she whisked me to the private booth. I couldn't help notice her eying the way I was dressed, with approval.

"You know how to operate this machine?" she said, so softly, as she took the speakers of the record player and gently laid them on the floor. "The arm is moved forward to start the machine and back to stop it. If you have any trouble, please call us. We're more than happy to help."

All neat and together, but alas, I'm but a mere pauper enrolled in a mill work and carpentry course at NAIT trying to survive on \$220.00 a month. I don't smoke, drink, watch T.V. or read the Edmonton Journal. I always dress casually, but clean, have long hair and a beard.

N O W ! I approach the counter at the Edmonton Public Library, Audio Visual section, holding five Blues records I had chosen from their fine selection. Each of the five having the potential of teaching me a new form of communication. A way of making not only me happy, but many people coming into contact with me. Clutching the records, my babies, knowledge I feel to the light of my life to be.

I said "Excuse me, I'd like to use your private record player," to the lady standing behind the counter.

"For what?" her reply.

"I'm doing some research on Blues harmonica."

She got all flushed and laughed, looking at the girl beside her. "Guess what this guy is studying?" the girl said.

"I don't want to know."

"Harmonica," said the first.

The laughter could be heard from where we were standing right to Section 9 downstairs, Volume 991.42 - "Why People With High I.Q.'s Become Bored Very Easily and Often Quit With Mechanical Jobs" such as, well - working at the library.

After the laughter, a short pause, then - "Well, just so I don't have to hassle with you,

I'll let you use it." She drooped over and fumbled around for the earphones. I followed her over to the machine feeling a bit like a unwanted hitchhiker or someone who's forced to beg for the first time and his first prospect insults him but gives him the money anyway. She took the machine apart saying, "You probably know how to work this thing. Push the arm IN for start, go BACK for Stop. Right," she says, "IN for Go, BACK for Stop," like the robot, in Lost in Space.

I was getting ready to use the machine, she was still hanging around. I looked up at her, she said, "You know I don't have to let you use this machine unless you're studying music."

I said, "Because I'm not studying music! What's your definition of studying music!" She mumbled something about Certified School of Music. When asked if it was a written regulation, she slipped off in a cloud of Paragraph 5's, Section A's, 3rd lines, fine prints. They have two such machines there, never have I seen more than one in operation.

Bringing back the earphones the young lady that helped me was dusting off records. She heard me at the counter, looked up, saw who it was, huffed and puffed, turned back and forth a few times in her revolving chair, then decided to help me.

"I hope there won't be as much trouble next time I ask to use the machine," I said.

This brought the other girl over. "I don't think you understand sir," she said to me, "we've been having nothing but trouble with these machines, and it's because of people like that we're thinking of taking them out."

The one that originally helped me said, "We don't have to let you use the machines. You told me yourself that you didn't study music."

Well, by this time I knew who I was talking to so I figured Jesus had to use parables, why not me. "Some people call it sexual intercourse, other people just call it fucking, but it's all the same thing," this worked alright. They have some kind of emergency button and before I knew it, there was a library security policeman standing beside me and both ladies were talking at the same time so I thought I'd join them - a kind of community talk. By the time the smoke cleared away, I was heard to say, "Do you have a written rule?"

One woman got a big black binder, looked through it, then said, "I'm sorry, but I can't find it, but if you would like to have further information on it, you may contact our supervisor." My exit was sounded with their laughter.

So I'm supposed to become a victim of someone's preconceived idea of who's a truly serious student of music. Making a long story short to the tax payer, the bread winner has to beg his wife for dinner.

I used to have a two-wheeler; no matter how I talked to the pedal, it always hit me in the shins. I even kicked it a few times, but nothing worked. It seems I've exchanged my two-wheeler for two young ladies.

laughed at, but still around,  
Adrien Bachand



## Soviet

Thank you for the mini-editorial on the Soviet-Ukrainian delegation. One is hard put to detect any significant difference between the statement made by one of the delegation members and the effluent of Goebbels, the Nazi propaganda minister. If one is to have any credibility at all, one must start with the assumption that the audience has at least a particle of intelligence. This point seems to be lacking in this case.

Perhaps Panchuk is so used to speaking to the forced conformity groups in the U.S.S.R. to realize that a non-coerced audience might have an intellectual response beyond his own. In any case, few things can betray the utter shallowness and inhuman depravity of the Soviet government more effectively than listening and thinking.

For this very reason, the Soviets imprison their intellectuals. Fortunately in our society, thinking about and questioning what is presented to us is not a crime, and we would be doing a great disservice to the prisoners of conscience if we failed to utilize our capacities in this regard.

Sincerely,  
R. Walzk

I enjoyed the editorial on the Soviet-Ukraine delegation. Canada is affronted when a supposed cultural-friendship exchange is made a platform for such mockery and deceit as was evidenced in their statements.

But to the dedicated party-comrades, words are just a tool in an ideological war. To them, truth, honour, justice and freedom are words to be manipulated to disarm unthinking audiences.

It must be a better potion to conquered peoples under Soviet control to know that while the iron curtain is a prison to them, stooges are in Canada proclaiming the iron curtain as the entrance to heaven.

May the cultural-friendship delegation cease affronting Canada with their vile lies and stupid assertions.

Also, congratulations to professor Barker of the Faculty of Law for his resolution re: prisoners of conscience that was passed in General Faculties Council.

David Day  
Faculty of Law

## Trick or treat

I don't know if you are normally interested in publishing a letter like this, but I think such an example of good hosting and friendliness should be rewarded with a little publicity:

On Hallowe'en night, a group of us dressed up for the occasion, and decided to look into a few local bars. At one particularly popular one, the lineup had been waiting for over 1½ hours, and there was no way they'd let us in, no matter how much trouble we'd gone to with our costumes. However, when we arrived at the Commercial Tavern we were given a very favourable surprise. We were seated, given excellent service, offered (would you believe?) pumpkin pie and unshelled peanuts by some very farout fellow customers and actually given FREE BEER on the house

by the management as a reward for dressing up and favouring their establishment. Further, we were even allowed to provide a little entertainment (by singing original blues songs to the tune of a harmonica) — a crime, I must note, usually punishable by being thrown out from any other bar in the city.

At any rate, we had a great time, and were extremely grateful to the people at the Commercial Tavern for their good nature and friendliness. (I hope that makes them worthy, *Gateway*, of receiving a little extra publicity by the publishing of this letter.) Thanks a lot.

Paul Meyer  
Education 4

## Eating out with All the Whip

With the cost of rat-hair infested meat and greasy vegetables skyrocketing, institutional cooks and food planners will no doubt be pleased to know that there are a lot of really disgusting things that can be done with fish and poultry.

The world's oceans lakes, rivers, streams, ponds and ditches are teeming with thousands of nasty little brutes that, when consigned to the murky depths of your smelly cauldrons, will delight the budget committee and keep enough stuff on the plates after everyone is jammed up at the doors of the washrooms for an absolutely unforgettable Friday hash.

Suckers, carp, and other so-called "junk fish" can be dipped in flour and water, charred to ashy perfection in keeping with the cafeteria policy and served with a slice of slug (or lettuce) and frozen french fries that will send the stomach of the hardened diner wrinkling and bloating in agony. Some of these fish, such as sea robins, puffers, and star fishes, are spiny and poisonous which makes them hard to clean. Puffers can be stuck with a hat pin to deflate them and then popped into a toaster to make a nice snack.

Sea robins and star fish can be whipped with powered eggs to make a foul smelling soufflé that is guaranteed never to raise more than an eighth of an inch. It also slithers into the Friday hash quite well.

Poultry, on the other hand, requires some pretty careful negligence to render it inedible.

Buying chickens or turkeys, dead or alive, but unviscerated can save quite a bit on that food budget, and it can also provide suitable filling for the hash or when cooked sufficiently, a moderately effective non-skid surface.

Cooking these gutsy birds without cleaning them can save a lot of time. Naturally, the guts and feathers make a bit of a smell that clings to clothing and walls, but a simple three alarm blaze in the kitchen will clean up the mess in no time.

The pinfeathers tend to fall out of the rubbery flesh when the object is cooked, which is also a time saver.

The cost of inferior vegetables has risen along with the bad meat but we still have our old friend, the turnip. Deep fried turnip rings can tickle your palate (right near that little thing in the back of your throat that makes you gag if you touch it). Dessert, for the cigar smoking matrons of the kitchen, poses no problem. A chocolate cake, in which you substitute potatoe