

Editorial

Yank edification

As I watched the Toronto Bluejays finish off the New York Yankees on Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but think back to that very first Canada-Russia series in 1972.

Remember the cockiness that was abound at the outset of that series? Who were these foreigners that thought that they could challenge us at our own game? The Don Cherrys of the time seemed almost proud of their total ignorance concerning the Soviet Union and its people.

Then do you remember the utter astonishment when the Russians "upset" the Canadians 7-3 at the Montreal Forum in the opening game of this supposed mismatch? All of a sudden our eyes were opened a little with regards to the Soviet Union.

Albeit a crude method of education, that game, and the subsequent series, showed Canadians that the USSR was more than a vast tundra full of vodka drinking potato farmers.

We were truly ignorant.

And when NBC's television cameras send back pictures of downtown Toronto and Ontario Place to places like Ladoga, Indiana and Pottsville, Pennsylvania, the American people will be force fed a liberal dose of much needed education regarding Canada.

If you've ever been asked about covered wagons and igloos by some underinformed and overobnoxious American that is wishfully anticipating an affirmative response, you'll agree that a certain amount of teaching is required.

And what better way to show Americans that we too are civilized than to infiltrate one of the cornerstones of their society? Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie, and mom.

It's almost written in their damn constitution that one is to ignore the simple, unimportant things (like learning) in order to drink beer in Wrigley Field or Chavez Ravine. It shows.

In yesterday's *Edmonton Journal*, there was an article about the Jays by Janet Cawley of the *Chicago Tribune*. In the opening paragraph came the first of a long list of examples of American stupidity concerning their northern neighbours. She wrote of "... Canadian-type things, like chopping down trees or strapping on snowshoes..." From there she mentioned dogsleds and mounties. Then for an opinion from the typical Canadian, she had a few quotes from an RCMP in Inuvik.

Cawley later qualified most of these statements, but the fact remains she perceived this as speaking on level terms with the average American. From there she taught them otherwise.

No doubt this newfound knowledge will lie deeply embedded in the minds of Chicagoans for minutes to come.

So, over the next couple of weeks (and hopefully longer), when you hear ingenious statements like "Gee, I didn't even know what Toronto was until I came up here on a road trip," you may rest assured that not only has the author of this statement never had the advantage of a Canadian education, but their intelligence is on par with an embarrassing number of their countrymen.

Mark Spector

Oh woe, Mordecai

What should we do with Mordecai Richler now that he's disparaged Edmonton in the *New York Times* no less?

That was the challenge to slightly alert listeners by the apologetically sunny hosts of CBC radio's morning show yesterday.

Okay, so Wayne Gretzky is blander than the CKXM theme song. Okay, Edmonton's skyline looks like randomly placed refrigerator crates. Okay, Edmontonians would have no reason to exist if they didn't resent Haughty Eastern Bastards (HEBs in knowing circles).

Edmontonians would never question the veracity of the points Richler raises. But true to the spirit of Edmonton boosterism, we feel compelled to defend ourselves. Someone has to tell us we're okay.

So in valiant reply to the white knights at the beloved CBC, what should we do with Mordecai Richler now that he's disparaged Edmonton in the *New York Times* no less?

Probably the cruelest thing we can do the guy is to re-stage *Duddy!*

Suzette C. Chan

Feminist crutch

It is unreasonable to question the reasons that result in public lectures of the likes of those delivered by feminist Dale Spender on the U of A campus last week. The difficulty I have with so many feminists is how quickly and how often their arguments degenerate into tawdry showmanship and gimmickry.

Spender made several acute observations about our society, but her championing of the colour purple and dogmatic insistence to be "rude to at least three men a day" borders on the ridiculous.

I understand that causes need symbols to rally around — but the colour purple is better known today as the trademark of a short, eccentric, near-transvestite pop star. And rudeness is simply, well, rude.

Until women consistently take the fight for equality and justice to men into the open, unadorned with cliché and unreasoned nay-saying, many men will ignore the arguments and deny women respect, let alone equality.

Mike Evans



"I've still got a quarter of a tank - want to try for the PLO office in London?"

Letters to the Editor

1-Trash sports editor

Dear Editor,

I would like to respond to Mark Spector's editorial dated October 1. What a tasteless piece of pseudo-journalism! Mr. Spector must have had to stretch his imagination for an editorial topic and when nothing came to him wrote about feminine protection.

What is making Mr. Spector and his father so uncomfortable? If trusses for herniated males were advertised or athletic supporters, would he and his father squirm in their seats? I would hazard to guess no.

The discomfort stems from ignorance. The article exemplifies the avoidance mechanism some men choose to use when they are faced with a very real female phenomenon. Perhaps if they were to satisfy their curiosity in this area we wouldn't have frivolous articles perpetuating neanderthal ideation to readers.

T. Czajka
Science IV

2-Mike's tum

Re: Length of Letters

After struggling through three extremely long letters in the Oct. 3 Gateway, I read at the bottom a notice that letters should be no more than 250 words long. As a quick estimation these three letters were all over 500 words long. Since all of these letters were long-winded and boring, why didn't the letters editor edit these letters to within the limit?

Kerry Deane
Science III

3-Not Ann, too?

Re: Editorial of Thursday Oct. 3rd, "Purple Thursday"

So the men in the office reacted defensively when you mentioned Ms. Spender's comments, did they? Were you trying to educate them, or were you, perhaps, indulging in a bit of self-gratifying ridicule? Someone sincerely interested in educating another person is rarely "thrilled to bits" when their efforts fail. If, however, I have misunderstood the situation, and your remarks to your friends were tempered with love, I am certain that they will be willing to look at and learn from their defensiveness. Don't expect miracles: only time and patient determination reduce mountains to rolling hills.

Regarding Ms. Spender's lectures, I am pleased that she believes women to be ultimately responsible for their own oppression and liberation. Women and men, both, are oppressed only to the extent that they permit themselves to be oppressed (no, I am not forgetting social and historical conditions... but I have only 250 words). I am disappointed, however, that Ms. Spender has not realized that antagonism is self-defeating. She is free, of course, to "put the fear of God into them" and to never "trust men," but she is likely to achieve much more with their cooperation. Only God is going to "put the fear of God" into me; words can move me, but pushing never will.

I suggest that Ms. Spender and you, Ms. Grever, try St. Paul's strategy: "Love never fails (1 Cor. 13:8)."

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Gilbert Bouchard wanted to preserve Audrey Djuwita and John Watson so he put them in the freezer along with Roberta Franchuk, Virginia Gillese and friends. "No, not next to Gary Dillon!" screamed John Charles, "we'll get stuck together!" Don Teplyske, James McDonald and Kathleen Beechinor offered to climb in with the ice cream while Lutfulkabar Khan, Elaine Ostry, Rosa Jackson and Susan Atkins complained about the frozen fish. "It's ukky," commented Rod Campbell to Tim Enger. "Edna Landreville's eating the fudgesicles," announced Vince Byfield, his mouth full. "We're cold," shivered Tim Hellum, Greg McHarg, Rob Schmidt and Ron Damant, little realizing that Alex Miller was living it up in the butter dish in the fridge below.