

**Terrace Bay  
Schreiber**

# News

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**Editorial**

## Self-appointed censors of the nation

David Carswell

Yet another section of our society has come under government control and the former Ontario Censor Board (now the Ontario Film Review Board) has taken away just one more freedom from the people of Ontario. But this time they have gone too far. This time they are censoring personal entertainment within one's own home. That's right, the OFRB is now "classifying" home videos. They now have the right to decide who can watch what, and they can even stop retailers from stocking certain movies.

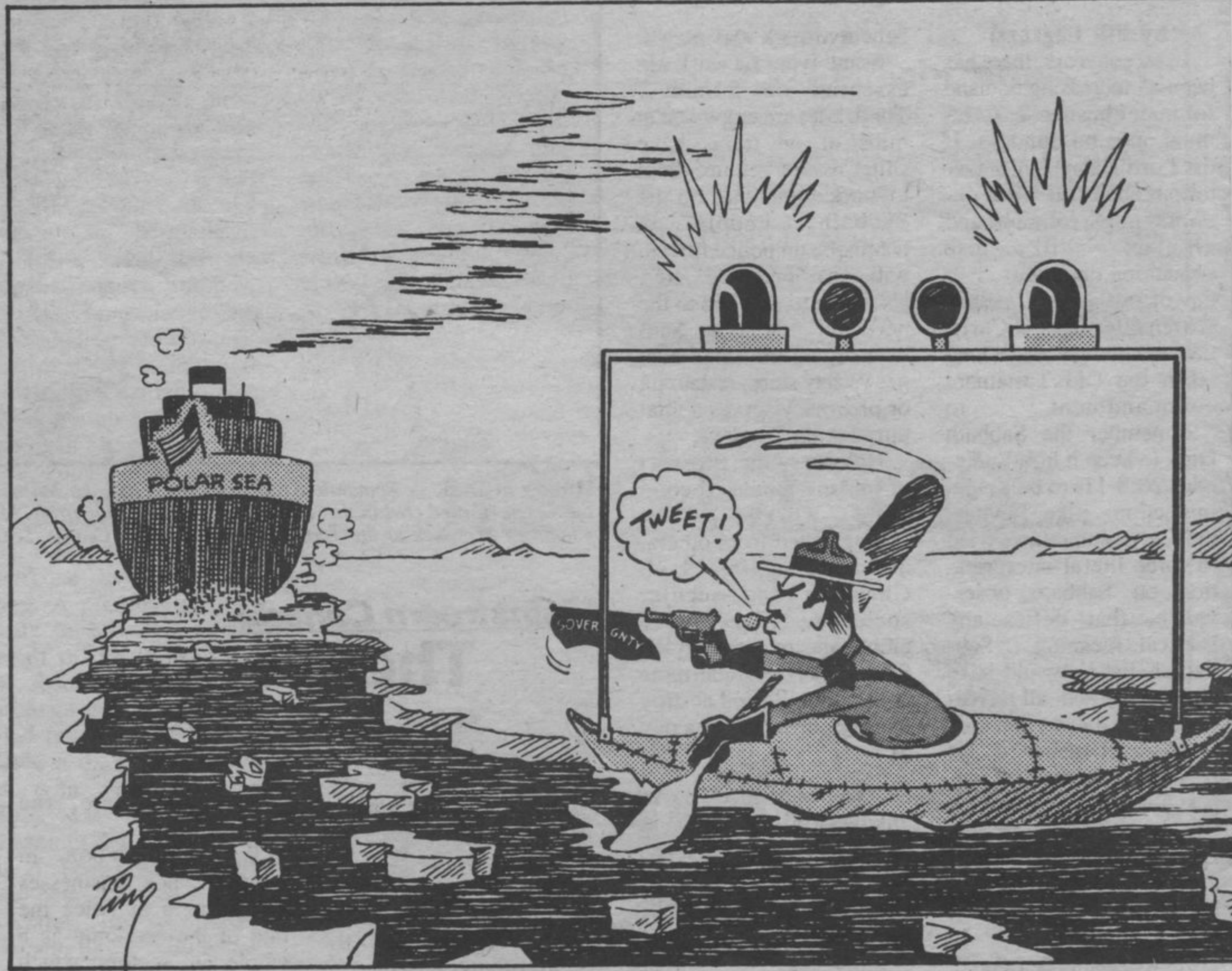
Admittedly there are some movies that could be considered offensive by different parts of society, but shouldn't the decision to watch or not to watch be left to the individual? Personally, I feel insulted to think that the Ontario government doesn't feel that I can think for myself.

Then again, it's not just the OFRB that is the problem. There are hundreds of organizations out there, acting as "self-appointed censors of the nation." These groups feel that it is their duty to "protect" the public from "decadent" movies, books, television shows, records, etc. Whether they be religious groups, government agencies or just radical groups, they are still infringing on the most basic of human rights - the freedom of choice.

The most unfortunate fact about all of this is that there is nothing that we seem to be able to do about it, as long as government and business leaders continue to give in to the pressures of these groups.

Do you want to have someone tell you what you can and can't do in the privacy of your own home? If not, let your feelings be known! Believe it or not, letters to MPP's or media people really do help correct injustices. Perhaps it's time a lobby group representing real people had a voice.

Don't just sit there! Let people know how you feel!



## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

From July 15-21, 1985 the town of Schreiber celebrated its 100th Anniversary. It was the biggest social gathering that ever took place on the North Shore of Lake Superior. Twice as many people came as were expected and everyone was accommodated. It was beautiful! I was not born in Schreiber but I am certainly proud to be one of its citizens.

But boy, did your paper ever goof? The sum total of your coverage was five photographs. The name of your paper is the "Terrace Bay-Schreiber News." What happened to the Schreiber news? I am not going to go on ad nauseam about this, but would you just tell us why - I think we deserve that.

Yours sincerely,  
Helen Stokes.

Dear Mrs. Stokes,

Due to circumstances beyond our control, a supplement, which was planned for the Schreiber Centennial did not materialize, but we are considering still putting a souvenir supplement together. We would be interested in hearing from our readers on how they feel about this. Also we would appreciate any submissions from the people who attended or organized the centennial celebrations. Letters, remembrances, photographs and the like would be greatly appreciated.

## Arthur Black

# Rambo: blood, guts and short!

Did you see the movie "Rambo: First Blood II" yet? If you haven't, you and I must be the last two holdouts in North America. Scratch North America -- make that 'the World'. Moviegoers are lining up to see this flick at movie houses from Buffalo, New York to Beirut, Lebanon. And I'm not kidding about Beirut. Folks there are queuing around the bombed-out block, dodging live mortars and real machinegun fire for the thrill of watching Sylvester Stallone win the Second Vietnam War singlehanded.

It's not surprising that Rambo is big box office. After all, it got a huge advertising boost from the biggest cowpoke west of the Kremlin when Ronald Reagan was overheard to lament that he 'didn't have a Rambo' to send in and rescue the TWA hostages.

The movie would have made millions even without the Presidential plug. It's got something for everybody. For simple-minded rah rah patriots, it's a flag-waver; for

blood-and-guts racists, it's an hour and a quarter of offing gooks with the very latest in murder technology; and for folks who loathe the film -- be they moralists, pacifists, anti-nukers, vegetarians or just plain folks who think we fill our violence quotient with The National each night -- well, "Rambo: First Blood II" is a god-send for them too. For the pure of heart and the holier than thou, "Rambo: First Blood II" is the most tub-thumpable piece of propaganda since Mein Kampf.

A lot of observers have made unexpected assessments of the movie, but none queerer than the recent pronouncements out of Peking. Incredibly, the Chinese like the movie. An editorial in the official Government newspaper actually praised the character of the hero. You thought he was a lowlife thug? Naw. The Chinese call him "a victim of the Vietnam War". The editorial claims that the movie reflects the agony of the American soul in torment over the guilt of Vietnam.

There is of course another way of taking "Rambo: First Blood II". It is just conceivable that the movie is neither a panoramic reaffirmation of the glorious American spirit, nor a disgusting wallow in the bloodlust swinishness of white supremacist, mad dog Capitalism.

Maybe it's just a glossy, none-too-bright, updated Horse Opera that gave Stallone (Producer, director, writer and Head Hunk) a chance to smear Vaseline all over himself and show off his pectorals.

Could be that we're all taking the movie too seriously. I'm not sure. All I know for certain is that I liked a letter to the editor that appeared in The Globe and Mail last week. It was from a chap named Nigel Kennel, of St. Catharines. Nigel's letter says in effect: what's the fuss? There is nothing particularly pornographic about the movie. If you want to understand it, all you have to do is dig out your old Grade Eleven Greek Mythology textbook.

Rambo, says Nigel, is really just

Hercules in disguise.

And Nigel makes a convincing case. Both men, he points out, undertake their 'labours' to make up for past offenses of the bloodiest kind. Hercules killed his own wife and children; Rambo merely slaughtered a clutch of his own countrymen. Both men have to serve a creep. In 'Hercules' case it was the King of Mycenae; in Rambo's it's a sleazy military boffin portrayed by Richard Crenna. Hercules crossed the briny to bring back the cattle of Hades; Rambo hops continents to bring back POW's. Both Hercules and Rambo are one-man death squads, incapable of being vanquished; both have almost all their friends and allies blown away... the comparisons go on and on. Mister Kennel has, I think, a clever point. The point being that the same folks who condemn "Rambo: First Blood II" as cheap celluloid trash probably revere The Labours of Hercules as sublime classical mythology.

The first time it occurred to me that



the Rambo furor might be somewhat... overblown... was when a photo of Stallone appeared in the newspaper. It showed him standing in a London hotel lobby, next to a statuesque model destined to become Mrs. Stallone XVIII or whatever. Stallone is dressed in sunglasses and shorts, but you could tell it was Rambo/Rocky all right. The pylon legs were there... the piledriver forearms... the corded neck... the menacing hint of rippling muscles under his sweatshirt.

There was just one tiny thing amiss.

Stallone's height. He barely comes up to his fiancee's armpit.

I don't know a heck of a lot about Greek mythology, but I'd bet drachmas to donuts that Hercules was taller than an Athenian fire hydrant.