

However, I must admit that I do find Mr. Roppel's investigative reporting outstanding. It would be interesting to find his source of information regarding his statement that John F. Kennedy had numerous sexual adventures and generally mistreated Jackie. Because if Mr. Roppel can verify these rumors (which no author has yet been able to do) he may yet become a full-fledged journalist.

I also find Mr. Roppel's brilliant views on the Vietnam war interesting. Admittedly President Kennedy did send the first troops into Vietnam, however, before praising President Nixon's role with regards to Vietnam, he should check the statistics, regarding Americans killed in action under the two administrations.

There is a distinction between true critical journalism and destructive journalism; which is simply for the sake of theatrics. I am afraid that Mr. Roppel has not yet learned this distinction, and his article reeks of this lack of knowledge.

In conclusion, Mr. Roppel should consider himself lucky, as we all should, that John F. Kennedy had been President, and not any other members of the American National Security Council (except possibly Robert F. Kennedy) during the Cuban Missile Crisis, because if he had not, there might not even be a world today, and Mr. Roppel might not even have had the chance to write his glorious article.

Robert Girvan
Arts I

#

Arms talk

Given the easily verifiable fact that Israel is a "micro" player in the world of international arms suppliers, Oscar Ammar's latest journalistic effort (see "Venceremos", Gateway Nov. 22) demonstrates an incurable paranoia about the State of Israel and — not to put too fine a point on it — suggests that he has finally flipped his lid. If I were to take him seriously, I'd have to accept the implicit proposition (a) that the weaponry used by the (internationally recognized) governments of El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, etc. — all of which Oscar dislikes — are actually Israeli-made and merely cleverly disguised to look like planes, tanks, guns, etc. exported from the US, Britain, France, W. Germany, Sweden, etc., and (b) that the military hardware used by insurgents who dislike the government of Nicaragua (which Oscar evidently adores) is likewise a collection of Israeli imitations.

I may be obtuse, but I have real difficulty accepting such a proposition; and in view of Oscar's evident concern for the sanctity of human life, I also wonder why he makes no mention of Soviet weaponry supplied, via Cuba, to (liked-by Oscar)

groups which seek to "destablize" (disliked-by-Oscar) Central American societies.

Come to think of it, I also wonder why Oscar, who is now so agitated about the murderous activities of Central American juntas, has so suddenly diverted his gaze from the Middle East. Could it be because there we see among other things (a) Syrian President Assad calmly disposing of his own people at Hamda (where international agencies placed the body count at between 10,000 and 30,000 men, women, and children); (b) Libyan forces bombing and shelling defenceless towns and villages in Chad, while Col. Khaddafi simultaneously continues his efforts to "destablize" Somalia and South Yemen; and (c) Syria and Libya actively helping some Palestinians to kill other Palestinians — and in the process frustrating Lebanon's attempts to rid itself of all foreign occupiers (Israeli, Syrian and the PLO).

On balance, I guess I don't really wonder why Oscar has chosen a new battlefield for his quixotic fights. But because of his long-standing attachment to the Palestinian cause, as he understands it, I do have a question for him. Which PLO would he recommend for support? Arafat's men or the Syrian/Libyan-backed mutineers who are cheerfully killing their ostensible "brothers" because they regard Arafat as a "traitor", i.e. as willing to negotiate with Israel rather than continue a mindless campaign of terrorism which has achieved nothing and will continue to achieve nothing.

Cheryl Berkowitz
Science III

#

Sexist Advertising

The Maxell ad on page 10 of this issue is an example of sexist advertising. The woman in the ad is depicted as an object to hang the product on. Look carefully at this ad. Do you see any real correlation between a semi-nude woman and a sports bag? The product should be sold on its own merits. The use of the woman as an irrelevant attention-getting device, only serves to maintain the objectification of women and the promotion of negative stereotypes through advertising. Though the ad could not be pulled because of contractual obligations, it should be noted that this type of degrading advertising is not condoned by the entire staff, and that some Gateway staffers took personal offense to publishing such an ad.

Barbara Eyles, Gateway staffer

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Correction

Re: Article on YES-CFS in last Tuesday's Gateway. The YES-CFS campaign is not appealing the DIE-Board decision; rather, the appeal is a personal one being filed by Robert Lunney, the campaign manager.

But when I got home things just weren't any better. I mean here it is, one o'clock in the morning, wound up tighter than a cheap Timex, roommate's asleep, so can't talk to anyone, my attention span just shrunk to 15 seconds (watching Merv, reading, masturbation and tiddly winks are all physical impossibilities) and I'm climbing the wall.

Now, a Wednesday night is no time for an anxiety attack, after all I do have classes the next day. Knowing that in my present state I'll be up all night, I have no recourse other than to turn to "Gilbert's sure fire sleeping potion" (three 22's and two bottles of beer). After this little nightcap I fall asleep like a baby.

That's when I had the dream.

Okay, in the dream, I'm sitting on this bus stop bench, you know the kind, with the CHED radio ads on the back, and a bus stop sign right beside it. But this particular bus stop is smack dab in the middle of my parents backyard. My parents live on this dinky farm 600 km outside of the city, mind you, but here I was in the backyard, sitting on this bus stop bench.

So here's this bench, trees all around it, the path where dad drives his tractor to get to the back quarter section in front, the old granary where dad keeps his junk in back, and an oat field, baled and haphazardly stacked to my right.

Then all of a sudden, from behind the barn a transit bus pulls up. I can read its number quite clearly: 46, but instead of the usual "downtown", lit up on its face was "Other places" in bold black letters.

I get up, the driver opens the doors, and I step up onto the first step. "Where Ya going?" I ask. The driver looks at me as if the answer should be super obvious and blurts out: "I'm going past depression, past strife and human unrest, past uptight self-righteousness, past tension, detour round pain and illness to fulfillment and betterment, mental strength, harmony and brotherhood with the terminus at Utopia."

I stood there stupidly, pecking at the caked mud on the step with the toe of my tennis shoe, "but do you go Downtown?"

The driver glared at me. I hastily stepped down, and whereupon he slammed the door in my face, roared off in a cloud of oat chaff, weaving and bobbing between the piles of hay bales stacked here and there.

I sighed, sat down, and waited for the next bus.

#



by Gilbert Bouchard

From where I sat, on a bus stop bench on Jasper and 110 Street, I could swear that the full moon was shinnying up the Hotel MacDonald. Like a great big huge monkey, this bloated orb wobbled (like some gigantic stellar wino) up the side of the building, reached the top, seemed to pause for an instant then leapt clear of the skyline and started to drift alongside the clouds.

Then my bus pulled up, a few old ladies cautiously tip-toed off, and by the time I looked back the moon was hidden behind some convenient clouds.

I moved to the back of the bus and sat on the last bench (I find the roar of the engines conducive to thought), where I decided to write out my little moon metaphor before I forgot it. It didn't take long, a few minutes at most, but when I looked up everybody had gotten off the bus without my noticing. I was alone (sort of, the driver of the bus, of course, was still at the wheel, expect that he doesn't really count, hiding behind his partition as he always does). Just like that, zipping along, then bing-bang, you're finishing the trip alone. I don't know why, but tonight this thought just freaked me right out.

I had to ring the bus' little bell and get off, even though I was still quite a few blocks away from home. This was one of those evenings where a mile long walk does a hell of a lot of good. I start to worry when rising moons and empty transit buses affect me profoundly. Tonight I'll be quite happy to walk the few extra blocks home and be swallowed up whole by the dark.

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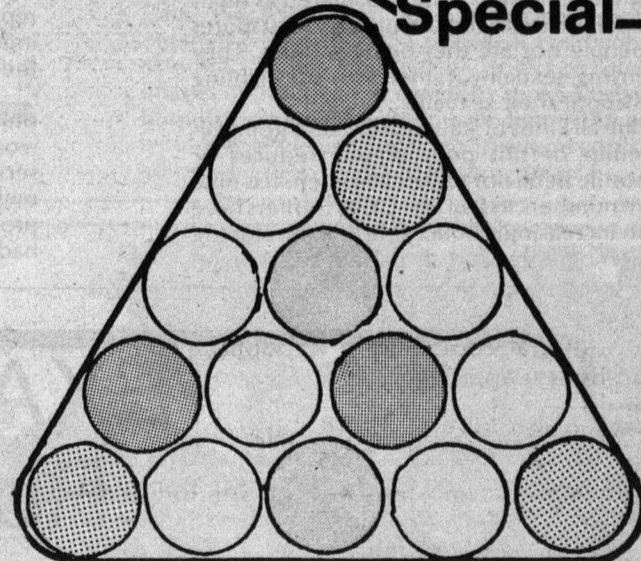
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