EDITORIAL

X-Mas wishes For SU and fishes

Christmas is a time of tradition and those of us in or around journalism have a tradition all our own.

Yes, as the Christmas cheer flows freely and newspaper editors need spend less of their time finding excuses to imbibe, they spent that creative energy composing Christmas

No, not lists of presents they will buy for their loved ones a panicky hour between 4:00 and 5:00 on December 24 takes care of them - but a list of more etherial gifts that they would bestow upon those famous and infamous folk who so occupy the conscious hacks from Fleet Street to Lamont.

Like many Christmas traditions the editorial Christmas list is given to excess and abuse. Indeed, the exercise is largely one of self-indulgence, one in which newspapers preen their self-righteous feathers as they ruffle those of people in the real

The Gateway is no exception.

Robert Greenhill (self glorified accountant)

Three piece, edible underwear.

Greg McLean

A halfway house that eases frat boys into real life.

Barb Donaldson

A residence student, an arts student, another woman, and of course, a commerce student.

Peter Block A successful rush through life.

Andrew Watts

Two solitudes and one waterbed.

Myer Horowitz

A speedy recovery from his untimely demise.

The DIE Board

An election off.

Gerry Stoll (Dinwoodie cabaret manager)

A jailbait detector. Don Moore (RATT manager)

MTV and bar glasses that explode in the elevator.

Angela (photo editor)

No presents for Angela.

Ernest Braithwaite III A one way ticket to PEI - by dogsled.

A snowball's chance in hell - if they don't already have one.

Gail Brown

Four months on the Housing and Food Services diet - you eat all the cafeteria food you can keep down.

Oscar Ammar A nice Jewish girl to take home to mother.

The U of A Women's Centre

A world where men are men - and women are too.

An express lane at DIE Board, for 10 complaints or less. **Peter Lougheed**

A successor.

Grant Notley

Peter Feldman (SUB Theatre Manager)

The Rolling Stones in the Theater and Wayne Gretzky in a hockey draft.

Don Millar

A dream that never dies and a hope that lives on.

The Engineers

A third childhood. The Golden Bear Hockey Team

A trip to Trois Riviers.

A poisoned pen.

Gunnar Blodgett

Money printed on loaves and fishes.

Tony Brouwer (Students' councillor)

A job selling advertising.

Rob Lunney (CFS campaign manager) A chance to see if Don Millar's lips actually move.

Steve Knowles (Sports information director)

Butterdome Butterdome Butterdome

To the cast of the Tallystone A three week cold shower.

Mike Walker

A balance of power with Jens Andersen Lorne Leitch (VP Finance)

Pepe Guaspe as a consultant.

Laurence Decore

An official city boomerang that always returns.

All our readers

Straight 9's and a Merry Christmas.

Gateway staff



The red menace

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Logic and the single editor

RE: "After all, Spock is dead" by Gilbert Bouchard. (November 29, 1983).

Mr. Bouchard has attempted to give us sane and logical reasons to believe in irrationality. His argument may be cast in this form.

Logic is acceptable only if the world is logical. The world is not logical.

Therefore logic is not acceptable.
This is a valid argument, (modus tollendo tollens), and as students of Philosophy 221 (should) know, logicians claim that this ensures the truth of the conclusion provided that Bouchard's premises

Are Bouchard's premises true? I'm not sure how to take the second premise - that the world is not logical - but if it is correct I can't see why I should accept his conclusion even if his premises are true. So it seems that Bouchard stands in imminent danger of being "hoist with his own petard" (as Will put it).

Actually, logic is not dogmatic - pace Bouchard's main complaint. In logic (as in any science) there are rival theories and systems, and it is a matter of ongoing controversy which of these is right.

Mohan Matthen Assistant Professor, Philosophy

to the power-wielders of alberta and to my brother-sister students:

baccalaurei in artibus; has litteras edit ut omnes ad quos pervererint certiores

fiant a monument to what? is it a corrupt monument? is it the fantasy of a trembling eunuch, an illusion? can they really have spent 75 million on ego, on the

strangled neck of their fantasy, of their fear?

We've lost the view of the whole, and found ourselves learing backward to the weary oldness of the done-before conpartment, there is a smothering of innovation, because of the putridity of fear; cultural, intimate, individual and human fear.

like contorted faces in a ringer washer, our leaders hope it will go away, or rather, our elected representatives, at every subtled level. have they no ideas? have they no consciousness? lougheed and the red-neck gangsters: there has to be give with the take, there has to be push with pull, there has to be nurturing for maturity, there has to be a return to integrity of the self, and a glance up to the Director, with humility. nature demands these things. get your act together.

we have to return to belief, to contributin, to sharing, to love. not because they're nice, but because if we don't we die, alone as we are, each one in reality, all alone together. our academic main man said at convocation saturday that we have to trust: listen to him.

michael cenkner, b.a.

Semi-clad ad

RE: Sexist Advertising.

I feel compelled to reply to the letter on sexist advertising in regards to the Maxwell cassette ad. in the Nov. 29 issue.

As opposed to the view presented by Ms. (god, I hate to use that title) Eyles' on the semi-clad woman in the ad, I do not see the woman being presented as an object to hang the Maxwell Sports Bag on. Instead I see the bag being depicted as an object to hang on a woman (note that the bag has a waterproof pocket for wet bikinis) although I'm sure that it could also hang on a man. I did take Ms. (I really do hate to use that title) Eyles' advice however; I looked very carefully at the ad (thanks for drawing my attention to it). She asks if we see any correlation between the semi-nude (and very beautiful) woman and a sports bag. Well, it seems very obvious to me that the bag is meant for packing your portable cassette player (and of course your Maxwell tapes) for a trip to the beach



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Tora Tora Tora! Gilbertologists appear in the morning sun and swoop down, unleashing the full horror of their destructive power swoop down, unleashing the full horror of their destructive power against the unsuspecting Rockyford Legion. Neal Watson and Jordan Peterson drop megatons of bad Karma. Barbara Eyles, Cheryl Parson, and K. Arthur strafe the old ladies and grandchildren with hollow point ediotrials. Tom Haywood, Tom Hun, Christina Starr, Zane Harker and Kent Cochrane run their ideologies headlong into the brickwalls and hardened arteries.

Brenda Waddle, Gunnar Blodgett, Suzette Chan, Bernie Poitras

and Nate LaRoi are back in the city, ready to torture the survivors in urban jungle prison campus. Oh God, lan Ferguson, Peter Chung, Shane Berg and Jim Moore have staked out the old guard to be drawn and quartered! Flanked by Oscar Ammar and Dwayne Chomyn, the Emperor Algard sits back in his palace and revels in this day, this day that will live forever in infamy.