

invite

Après beaucoup de discussions nous en sommes arrivés au point suivant: Enfin! que dis-tu, la Fouère... Nous avons l'impression que tu es «à cheval sur tes principes», mais peut-être que nous avons tort.

Nous aimerions beaucoup discuter ta lettre plus en profondeur. Donc nous t'invitons à participer à une petite discussion amicale jeudi le 8ième février, à 1400 heure, salle Tory 1-108.

Nous invitons aussi toutes autres personnes intéressées à cette rencontre de nous rendre visite.

D'origines ethniques diverses et intéressés à élargir nos horizons, notre invitation a pour but de nous faire connaître les manifestations culturelles canadiennes françaises en Alberta.

Venez sans guéguine nous illuminer.

Élèves de Canadien français 200
Section A1

Letters to the Gateway on any topic are welcome, but they must be signed. Pseudonyms may be used for good cause. Keep letters short (about 200 words) unless you wish to make a complex argument. Letters should not exceed 800 words.

The Gateway is published bi-weekly by the students of the University of Alberta. Contents are the responsibility of the editor. Opinions are those of the person who expressed them.

Staff this issue included: Belinda Bickford; Allyn Cadogan; Kimball Cariou; deena hunter, arts editor; Terri Jackson, editor; Sylvia Joly, typesetter; Andy Klar; Victor Leginsky; Loreen Lennon; Colleen Milne; Art Neumann; Walter Plinge; Les Reynolds, footnotes; Larry Saidman; Candace Savage, news; Nina Shiels; Margriet Tilroe, typesetter; ron treiber, production; Brian Tucker, sports.

gateway

euthanasia by computer

I would like to correct an apparent misimpression by Mr. Simpson of the Department of Classics regarding my views on University administration. My platform seeking staff and student support for presidency of this institution indeed argued that computers could help to eliminate administrative redundancy. However, I did not mean to suggest euthanasia by computer for all redundant administrators. Instead, I maintained that the FUNCTIONS of these administrators could be largely computerized. I believe that

computers are not pernicious or dehumanizing IF they release human efforts for more productive and creative endeavors.

Individual administrators, at least most of them, could return under a system of more computerized administration to the practice of their originally-chosen profession of teaching and research. Such a policy would eliminate need for the "severance pay and gold watches" suggested by Mr. Simpson—to the benefit of the entire University community and the society as a whole.

Anthony L. Vanek

endorsed

I would like to commend and endorse the editor's stand on the Engineering Queen contest. If Mr. Scaman's sub-literate and emotionally primitive letter -- gratuitously offensive to the editor in particular, to women in general, and to human dignity as a whole -- is any indication, you certainly hit an exposed nerve of deep-seated insecurities and feelings of inadequacy. Or perhaps, as is to be hoped, you were merely the butt of a last desperate irrational rear-guard action of the kind that usually characterizes reactionary movements in their death-throes.

Franz Szabo
Graduate Studies

1=4

In last Thursday's *forum five*, Mr. Bissell professed his "naivete" to the fact that some people "can consciously choose evil". He shall understand (if he doesn't already) that these people also don't know how to say *I*. Why not? Because Professeurs Plato and Kant (and the other Pritchetts and Tookeys of the world) have been "teaching" them that *I* is a four-letter word.

And they're getting away with it--almost.

Mon-art Pon
Arts

found: a friend

some people care

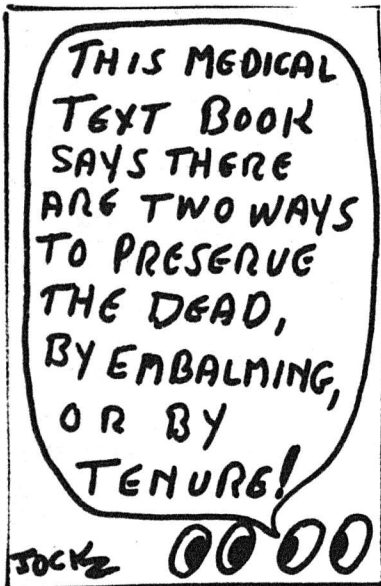
I am left speechless, what could a man say to such beautiful people? Thank you just doesn't seem to be enough. You have restored my faith in humanity. I had forgotten that there was still beautiful people living in this world of ours. I would like to impose on your friendship one more time and ask you if you'll please thank each and everyone of the people that have written to me. I'll do my very best to return the friendship I have found in these people. You have my most humble gratitude and the friendship the students have bestowed upon me will never be forgotten. And just a momento to Maureen... I think you're just beautiful!!

Jim McCabe 123921
Box 69
London, Ohio 43140

me. I feel that this is quite adequate, so you can squelch the ad, as I surely would not want to try to answer the whole University! I did not realize there were so many young people who could be concerned over the plight of a fellow human being! Not only is it heartwarming, but the responses I have received denoting the interest and the human warmth, leaves me with a feeling that this old world isn't going to be such a bad place to live in with such people at the helm in the not too distant future. You see, by some standards, I would be considered old, as my age is 52, but it is amazing that the ones who have answered have been able to relate to an older person, still realizing that I am a human being rather than a statistic, that I am an individual with feelings and my loneliness has been dispelled enormously! Prior to these letters, I felt that nobody cared, but now I know better! GOD bless you all!

Owen E. Propst 122587
P.O. Box 69
London, Ohio 43140
U.S.A.

The response to the ad you placed in your paper has been most gratifying! As of now, 15 beautiful people have written to



capitalism, freedom, will

I did not "damn" your ideas, Mr. Bissel. (In our fragile world damnation seems such an ultimate curse.) Nor was I rooting for anti-intellectualism, though I can recognize the cathartic values inherent therein. Your ideas, I repeat, are free to be expressed in any form you wish. They cannot be repressed, since they have no substance. (No pun.)

You make a serious error, I believe, in equating capitalism with freedom. The impressive list of achievements by Western man that you tender explains only that man is an intelligent animal who has learned to apply his manufactured goods to pretty up his material life.

Forgive me, I fail to see the logic of including the artist and the artisan, the scientist and the philosopher in your bag of commercial goodies. I can see bartering for goods to fill "needs", but does an "artist" stop creating if he doesn't sell? Surely not. Examples abound of posthumously-released creative treasures to which some starving wretch gave birth. And other than the plethora of "talent" that washes over modern TV viewers, where are the greater numbers of creative geniuses for whom capitalism was to open their cocoon? Creativity, I

submit, is not an "esoteric profession" that can be bought.

Your idea ship runs aground when you would restrict Capitalism to the "exchanging of value for value", for that is not as I see its development. Capitalism would barter for *gain*, not for equal value. Steering clear of mechanistic detail: is this not how there can be such enormous economic inequities under such a system? Is this not why we North Americans—a fraction of the world's population—consume over half the planet's natural resources? Is this not what breeds—ultimately, I submit—the profound arrogance of dropping highly-refined incendiary warheads from an illustrious 30,000 feet into a jungle hut? (Those damn bombs again.) And—fine irony that it is—we view via satellite in the luxurious comfort of our heated homes the panoply of reinforcement that we wreak. Woe to him who would resist imposition of our concept of "freedom".

The givens that you list: the value of ideas, the evil of unprovoked force, the "right to exercise capacities" to "effect survival", life-sustaining values, and so forth are so ancient that they sound almost archetypical.

They certainly didn't come into the fore with the rise of the industrial revolution.

A final word about "volition", Mr. Bissel. This can perhaps best be explained by an illustration from an East German novel, "Die Aula" ("The Auditorium") by Hermann Kant, a fellow with a surprisingly insolent tongue, in that land of barbed wire and armed border guards.

His wife, it seems (it's an autobiographic novel) is an ophthalmologist in technologically-poor East Germany of the '50's. She and her colleagues are trying, with great difficulty, to save the eyesight of an angry, ungrateful old woman who, among other abuse, is insistently crowing about fleeing to the "West" to her sister in Kassel, where they have better doctors, of course.

After a protracted medical fight, they manage to save her eyes. A week later she flees to Kassel, from where she sends them a grateful post-card, praising their achievement and then adding:

I'm in West Germany now, and I praise God that I am in freedom."

There's more than sight needed, it seems, for the perception of freedom.

U.T.A. Neumann

