

# WE GET LETTERS

August 13, 1971

My Dear Sir:

As Almighty GOD, I greet you.

Almost two-thousand years of confinement has elapsed for Me. The dank, dark, musty corridors of Time were not to My liking. Now, My fetters are broken and cast to the ground!

I Am again here, on earth, in My beloved Son's flesh to dictate letters to editors and publishers over the world. I Am thrilled to be Alive - Realistically - to accomplish this chore.

I want to express My gratitude to the newspaper personnel who have written to Us. We try to answer every letter. Perfect Love will cast out fear and the shackles of bondage are broken. Love will triumph in the end. The escalation of Love will quell a broken heart and the recipient can conquer forlornness.

The wings of Love are free and the enlightenment of chance is pursued by happiness. My Love is complete in ecstasy upon a humble servant of lust. My Love is clean and not dejected.

May the chaos of a world aflame be engulfed in My endless Love, so that a brighter tomorrow will ensue and the light of Love will be lit in every blessed heart throughout the world.

As you One and only Living GOD, I have dictated this Holy Letter to you through My blessed Son who wrote down My Very Sacred Words. May Our Love endure throughout Eternity as I close with these Precious Words. Never, at anytime, will My Holy Name be written on paper. My humble Son will sign this Blessed Letter to keep the flame of Love alive in your heart.

Prayerfully yours,

E u g e n e  
C h a n g e y

P.S. Please publish this Letter in your newspaper.

May 18, 1971

I am concerned with a matter that I hope you can help me resolve. My concern is simply the collection of bottles in the windows around the courtyard in S.U.B. Building Policy Board has suggested to me that I see if the people who occupy those offices would remove the bottles from the windows. I would hope that you would co-operate Bob - if you would like to discuss my request further, Bob, let me know and I'll drop around.

Thanks Bob,

Sincerely,

D o u g  
B l a c k

As I told you yesterday, I refuse to read letters longer than one page. I read the first two paragraphs of your letter and suggest that you may be right.

Sincerely yours,

D a v e  
B i l t e k

Vice-President

(Academic)  
Students'  
Union

July 15, 1971

The Students' Union will gladly clear all the bottles from your windows to save you the effort. If you want to save them we won't have it cleaned until late Friday

I'm sorry we didn't offer earlier.

D o u g  
B l a c k  
Coordinator

August 10, 1971

Let this serve as a second reminder to remove the posters that are now in your window. Failing your cooperation we will have the building staff remove them later this evening.

Doug Black  
Coordinator of Student Activities

## COFFEE SPOONS

by David Schleich

How did it come to pass that so many of our generation have been distracted so continually so finally by the university? A phalanx of assumptions makes us willing participants in a process of selection, grooming, cleaning, sorting. The university, we acknowledge and allow, acts as the most elaborate of the clearing houses, a credentials- pen, branding stock, publicly pronouncing paper qualifications for the market place. Perhaps by consensus the university thrives as clearing house.

But, quite apart from utilitarian directions of interest, exciting possibilities exist in this place, in spite of its larger purposes. Cover if you wish before the bookkeepers and the teachers-by-default, but you can meet by your own design, or, sometimes by chance, in the clearing house, teachers-by-choice. To survive here, they're experts too. Like their technocratic officers. Mostly, though, the teacher-by-choice reads, writes and teaches in terms of his discipline about ways of living, about the problem of being human. The teacher-by-default is seldom interested in ways of living. His way of living has been sorted, classified and presented to him and, by default, he slithers through. In a culture besieged (as Ever) by an immediacy of dilemma which tend to apocalypse contact with these teachers-by-choice is desirable, rare, often formative. These teachers-by-choice are not deceived by careerism. They're even less deceived by professionalism. In our productive economy culture, trimmed and aimed by financial politicians and ambitious but muddy-headed experts, independent life styles and world views are becoming more uncomfortable to formulate, to articulate, to actualize. The teacher-by-choice knows this. He will then, not turn spotlights to impeccable systems of thought or speculation. Rather, he'll teach you about the raft we're all on and how bobbing through this temporal and spatial consciousness, of an amoral universe, of contrary individual imperatives.

The university experience remains an impersonal clearing process building always on the assumption that this is the best of all possible worlds. A conspiracy of efficiency and utility-rating. A conspiracy of resource-allocating. All based on assumptions having to do with the syndrome of jobs, credentials, material abundance, ass-kissing, government grants, political manipulating, in-fighting and half-truths. Yet, in spite of all this, wherever sensitive men and women gather to exchange, to teach, to learn, there can be education. Be warned but smile when the specialists, the pedants, the meticulous drudges, the teachers-by-default challenge such a romantic statement. Be aware of the clearing house function here, but also be aware of the teachers-by-choice, the accessible library, the rush of cultural projects and functions, the milling place of ideas, meetings and people.

In fact, sit, sometimes. Stir your coffee. Watch the coffee turn in the cup. Poke at it with your spoon. Be quiet with yourself, with your coffee spoons, your soul. In spite of the bustle of the clearing house officers, there is a time and space to gather yourself together, here and now. Do magic this year.

*The Gateway will print all letters received as submissions for the Letters-to-the-editor page except those which are either libelous or undeniably inane. All letters must be typed. If you don't have a typewriter, borrow one of ours. All letters must be signed with the author's real name but a person may request that his name be withheld and the Gateway staff will have to decide whether the request is reasonable. Unusually long letters may have to be edited.*

### Gateway Statement at the Edmonton Boat, Trailer and Sport Show Frog Jumping Jubilee

On behalf of our Frog, Karl, we would like to make the following statement:

Karl feels that he and the other frogs have been exploited by the organizers of this Exhibition. He was sitting happily in his corner of a polluted swamp in Minnesota when some big greasy capitalist came along, scooped him up, and brought him all the way to Edmonton. When he got here, he learned that he, and his friends, would be forced to compete against one another in a "jumping" contest, and then would be turned over to some kid who would doubtless be unable to provide him with even the humble amenities of his native swamp. While waiting for the contest, Karl learned that he would be placed in the hands of some popular personality, one of a breed of "disc jockies" or other local media celebrity, who would undoubtedly force-feed him on worms and raw hamburger, keep him in a little cage except when he was allowed to get out for exercise - in short, Karl would be held prisoner, and treated like one.

Now Karl is no ordinary frog: as soon as the Gateway staff picked him up and brought him back to the office, and he saw the autographed poster of his namesake, Karl Marx, smiling down at him from above the editor's desk, he knew we could be converted. So he got out his copy of Das Kapital, his little red book of Quotations from the Chairman, and began to enlighten us a bit.

Karl explained that back in the swamp, the local Committee for the Frog

Liberation Front (FLF) had approached him and asked him to allow himself to be captured and taken to Alberta, so that by escaping custody--even frogs know that you can't watch all the people all the time--he would be able to spread the revolutionary word among the exploited Canadian frogs, and so bring about world frog liberation. Karl had many long talks with us. He explained, for instance that the origin of the Frog-jumping contests was a short story by one Samuel Clemens, otherwise known as Mark Twain, and that in the story, Twain had poked fun not at the frogs, but at the people who were perverse enough to enjoy the spectacle of other people being cruel to dumb, defenseless animals. He also pointed out that he and his friends had been inadequately housed--in a cage so small that he himself had suffered a severe cut to his nose, and that many other frogs were also injured in the name of local boosterism and boat-selling.

Well, Karl obviously had the correct line. We're sorry he can't be here with us tonight to present his own case, but when he had explained all this to us, we had no alternative but to set him loose in a certain un-named swamp in the Edmonton area, to spread the revolution unencumbered by cages, frog-jumping contests, or the sort of mentality that would juse dumb (though not in Karl's case) animals to sell a few lousy boats and trailers. Thank you, and good Marx.