

Letters To The Editor

To the Editor
U of H News

In your October 2, issue Miss Shelley Stein answered my letter to you which appeared in an earlier edition of your paper. Essentially in my letter I stated that the U of H News erred in its personal insults to those who have worked many years at the University. I did not insist or even ask that these persons be revered because of their service. I stated that continued personal affronts to these individuals hinders the resolution of the disagreements which exist.

Secondly, my statement on the birth control article did not imply that such articles appeared in college papers twenty years ago. On the contrary. My point is that adequate information on this subject is available in most libraries, from doctors, and other qualified sources. A primer of such devices is redundant in a college newspaper.

Miss Stein, your conclusion that my thinking is colored by the fact that I am a business student is in error. I teach at the School of Business and Public Administration. Further I speak from personal experience about the college press of twenty years ago. By today's standards that press was remarkably mild even though at the time it seemed quite bold.

I am happy that you responded to my letter. Perhaps this represents a dialogue. The present U of H News does not foster a dialogue. It is essentially a monologue of obscenities and vulgarities. Unfortunately, because it chooses this approach, it loses the massive audience it attempts to reach.

Frank C. Grella
Associate Professor of
Management

An Open Letter to Belle Schwartz:

In your letter appearing in the last issue of the UH News, you ask what the faculty of this university is doing to counter the unkempt condition, drug abuse, disrespect for law and order, etc. found among the students. Not much I will grant you. In this respect we are hardly different from most university faculties. But what is wrong with an unkempt appearance in a society in which what seems to be more important than what is? The purpose of the slovenliness, unconventional dress, hairiness, and so on is not only to affront you with the stylishness of studied unstylishness but to educate you as well. The young are saying: "If you really want to find out who I am, peeking at my labels isn't going to help, I have not been standardized for your consumption, nor have I been outfitted to disappear, i.e., blend harmoniously into the innocuous mass, I am not going to go away, and to find out who I am you will have to examine my statements, not my appearance." That's what their thing in part is all about. I find it disappointing then Mrs. Schwartz that you prefer not to discuss the merits of the slogan "If You Don't Know, Learn" but rather focus your discussion on the appearance of those who argue this proposition!

As for drugs: yes, a very serious problem. But why is the faculty all of a sudden responsible for this problem. The students have learned enough at home watching the folks settle down for a nice highball before dinner with a martini or a Compoze. Don't expect us to miraculously undo twenty years of upbringing in the home and the brainwashing by the media. And please, don't take too seriously all that crap about "in the place of parents." That's the administration's bag, not ours. As long as the university, like its host society, remains in its highly bureaucratized state, with rule by absentee landlords and decision-makers whose only functions are

to make decisions perverting, corrupting, and otherwise frustrating the functions performed by those without the power of decision, there is little possibility of any meaningful hook-up outside the classroom, between the students and the faculty, or the faculty and administration, or the administration and the students. We simply are not a community. Despite our protests, we are careerists as well as teachers and scholars. Similarly, most of the students are careerists; they have been programmed with aspirations of social mobility and are eager to undergo a process intended to ease their assimilation to an extant social regime by equipping them with the skills it requires for the continuation of its own insane growth and expansion without purpose. Students and faculty are participants in an administered system of division of labor in which participation in matters affecting the condition of the whole, the definition of the good for this collectivity, tends to be simulated and ritualistic (advisory committees in the place of empowered forums) or else defensive and interest-maximizing, much like the performance of the citizenship role in the larger "democratic" polity.

If there is any education taking place outside the classroom be-

tween faculty and student, it is probably less a matter of understanding and conventional wisdom trickling down than of real insight "trickling up." At a time when this society is so profoundly immobilized by the contradictions and corruptions of bureaucratic expansionism and careerist, other-directed, public-relations thinking as in this age of the smooth deal; at a time when definitions of rationality and responsibility (the elimination of 800,000 jobs to check inflationary pressures) get in the way of recognizing real human needs, I think it is more reasonable to ask not what is the faculty doing for the students (same old hierarchical, paternalistic, "we have all the answers" bag) but rather how can the students better educate their parents and teachers. History after all will record that the decision of this nation to seriously face up to the meaning of democracy, the moral ugliness of racism, the imperative of peace, and the human costs of bureaucratic welfare-warfare capitalism came not after the pleading of our elder statesmen but in response to the challenges articulated by its sometime irresponsible youth.

For the many parents who may find these thoughts somehow distasteful or otherwise anxiety provoking, let me console you with this disclaimer: I speak only for

myself; most of my colleagues are probably in disagreement with me, I don't know -- we don't discuss these matters too much among ourselves.

Darryl Baskin
Asst. Professor of Pol. Sci.

Miss Scarborough:

I have this answer to your "sweet Southern letta" composed in reply to the UH News' comment on ex-Governor Wallace and the representative castration of the Black Southern male: How extremely knowledgeable you are about Black Southern opinion. When was the last time you were a Southern Black. What happy Southern "niggra" told you the tale about singing happily in the cotton fields all day? Was it one starting in Mississippi, running from the dogs in Florida, losing a child to a bomb in Alabama or dying in Vietnam? If there is something so charming and provincial about slavery and racial segregation (past and present), what were Nat Turner, William Garrison, Medgar Evers and Martin Luther King all about? And, aren't you glad they're dead.

Claudia Booker
"Black and Aware"

Dear Jack:

Does any senior on campus know that senior pictures for the

Frank Jasinkas' shoes.

How soon can you fill them?



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PRIMUS are going to be held from October 14th to the 25th? Do they also know that they are supposed to make an appointment with Miss Jane Harbison of Barlow House, Room 108? Her phone number is 243-1853. I DOUBT IT VERY MUCH!

This extremely important event has never before been so highly UNPUBLICIZED. That cute comic strip of "YOU OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES" was so vague and unclear that I'm sure many seniors who saw the "commercial" could not link this article with making appointments for senior pictures, but rather some movie advertisement.

Since this article will probably be obscurely placed in the paper (if at all), please attempt to make a more lucid "come-on" for seniors to have their pictures taken. Perhaps someone should make posters for the walls. The difference between a good and bad year-book lies in the balance.

Finally, although Miss Jane Harbison may be a dedicated worker for the PRIMUS, she should NOT be the only one to reserve appointments. It is ridiculous, considering the total number of graduating seniors, I have already tried calling her today for a reservation twenty-seven times and, . . .

CLAYTON OSTERGREN
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