

LIES ET R to the Editor

Good Grief

Dear Folk in Charge
of the Campus Center,

I could almost understand when the campus center was air-conditioned during forty degree weather in September. It figured that it would take some time to get all the mechanisms adjusted. But good grief, it's the middle of December, the first snow has fallen, and I'm still forced to wear a heavy coat and mittens in this lovely building. I wouldn't mind so much, it's just that I've got furry mittens, and the hair keeps falling in my dinner, making the meat even more of a mystery.

Please turn on the heat, or I shall be forced to start construction on The Holcomb Commons Barbecue Pit.

Hopefully,
A Frozen Mushroom

Greeting Card

To "The Human Race"

Thank you for your cordial invitation to join your group. Thank you also for spending 25¢ on a greeting card; it's the thought that counts and simple things amuse simple minds.

After having thought it over we have decided that we will remain an entity unto itself; there's no hassles that way. Being malicious is no fun. We hope you grow up soon.

Love,
Cheryl (Sheryl)
Wendi (Wendy)
Marlene

Linen Please

To Ed Massa, (if there is such a person)

Two weeks ago, my linen locker was broken into and the clean linen was stolen. The same misfortune was handed to my roommate. So from Thursday to Thursday until next Thursday, we will have no linen. We may not EVER get our linen. Yet we have paid thirty dollars or so, so that we will be supplied with clean linen each week.

We have been notified that if ever a linen problem should arise: Contact ED MASSA, CRANDALL HOUSE, ROOM 304. So that's just what we did. But alas, no ED MASSA. Try and try again; still no Ed Massa (we even left our phone no., in case Ed Massa should come back to his room. And because there is no Ed Massa, there are no sheets, towels, or pillowcases. This presents many problems; sleeping on a bare mattress with a pillow with no case, or taking a shower and drying off with a borrowed towel to then sleep on a dirty, coverless mattress.

It looks like we have one of three courses of action. Those being: 1) Find out if there is a real Ed Massa, 2) If there is we would like him to stick to his responsibility and find us our linen, 3) If we can't find him we will contact the college linen service and inform them of Ed's lack of responsibility.

So, if anyone knows the whereabouts of Ed Massa, ask him to be where he is supposed to be so we can find out about our linen. And if Ed Massa should read this, you have our number -- please call. Oh, Edy Massa, please get off your assa.

Mattress Man
The sheetless Wonder

Not Alone

Dear Administration,

After being forced to take John J. Sullivan's economics class (no one else offered), we, as well as other students in the class have become accustomed and tired of being ridiculed when trying to ask

a sincere question. Since when has making fun of students' dress, speech, and thoughts been acceptable behavior for a University of Hartford "professor?"

Mr. Sullivan has no right to be called a man, never mind a professor when he tells his class, "don't bother wasting time on your textbook" at the beginning of the term, and then gives an exam based entirely on the book.

Mr. Sullivan should not be "teaching" here when he forces students to take an exam on Moratorium Day, or when he forces students to take their FINAL EXAM on Friday, December 19. We know better than to ask for a make-up exam in January because Mr. Sullivan will be on vacation during regular exam times, as he is every semester.

Mr. Sullivan has squashed dissent from his ruling authority in the past by leaving complainers and people he doesn't like, out of the highly necessary curve on his ridiculous exams, so we have written this letter in hope that someone in the University cares enough to correct the hypocritical acts of this "man."

In short (he sure is) we seek relief from a "man" who does not even try to make it appear that he gives a damn about his students. We would like a teacher who does not waste class time ripping apart students, other professors and the administration of his department and the school. We would like to learn economics and with Mr. Sullivan it is nearly impossible. We would like to sign this letter, but because of Mr. Sullivan's policy that would mean dropping the course at this late date.

Signed,
Several Business Students

On Several Points

Jack (although I guess you don't really need it),

First of all, let me congratulate those gutsy boys on the fourth floor of R House on their courageous stand against the tyrannical forces which provide a place for them to live. They have proven, once again, that you can be a college student despite a total lack of intelligence. I've seen better thought out and more logical arguments from third graders, and THEY didn't know what they were talking about either. If Mr. Moore was as big a bastard as they make him out to be, he wouldn't be a member of the administration, he'd be a student, probably living on the fourth floor of R House.

Unlike Sad Sam, who has the blessings of a pessimistic humor and an optimistic viewpoint, or Angelo, who can fall back onto his hatred and disgust of everything not black, I can only be disappointed and confused by what I see happening here on the campus of a supposedly higher education institution. If I weren't afraid of criticism from my peers, I'd say the students are headed down the same path their parents took; the same path they condemn so religiously.

Isn't it amazing? In a school whose students are generally proud of the numbers of "beautiful people" that attend it, you can't hang your coat in the coatroom because one of those "beautiful people" will steal it. Isn't it funny how we put down our parents' materialistic attitudes, and then bitch because there isn't a TV in the GCC lounge? Isn't it weird how freaks put down frats because they destroy individuality, but wouldn't dare show up one day with a butch and no dungarees because then they wouldn't be a freak any more? It seems to me that if there are any real "beautiful" people or true "freaks" around, they better be put on a reserve before they become

extinct. We, young and not quite young, are murdering these species with our single-minded attitude of not giving a damn about anyone but us. The problem of student inactivity on campus isn't due to apathy. Apathy is not caring about ANYTHING. Our problem is we only care about one thing: ourselves. Selfishness, that hackneyed, worn out, Sunday preacher-damnation term, is what it's all about.

If I don't have a point, or you're too self-enraptured and indignant to understand what I'm saying, I'll bring it right down close to home: when was the last time you stopped before cutting someone down and considered the possibility that you JUST MIGHT BE WRONG? I hope you've got guts enough to answer honestly to yourself.

--gless
P.S. Tell Mr. White and Miss Banazak that it's not so much what you feel when He gets you but rather what you DO.

Whose Honor

To Selection Committee
for Who's Who:

Last week some of us were alarmed at some of the selections made concerning this honor(?). To be specific we would like to know what the hell a jerk like Mr. Dan Brocho has done to deserve this distinction. Being members of the Engineering school we see many deserving students and would like to make it known that at least some of us are pissed to say the least that this no good son-of-a-bitch was named. We would like to thank the editor for the space to air our views.

Some concerned
Engineering Students

In A Search

Dear Administrators and such,

I have a complaint about one of the facets of the inefficiency of this school's communication system, and for the benefit of all students and faculty, I request prompt action be taken to amend this situation.

Last Friday I wanted to get in touch with a university full-time day student from my home town in the hopes that I might get a ride home for the Christmas recess. I knew his name, that was all, I called the university operator and was connected to student information. The secretary after a few minutes of investigation told me he lived in Olmstead House. I called there and he was not a dorm student. So I called again and found that he was in the Engineering school and I was connected there. He was no longer a student there, but had transferred to the Business school. The secretary gave the additional information that he lived in Olmstead, but when I told her that he wasn't, she connected me to Housing Information. No, he did not live in the dorms, but they had no record of his present address or phone number. My call was then transferred to the Business school. I now know that he has no classes after one o'clock, but they could not tell me his number. So, through a now very angry university operator, my call was again transferred to the registrar's office. "I'm sorry, we don't give this information out unless it is an emergency." Could someone please tell me why? (It turned out that they didn't have it either). You can go to Boston and in a matter of a minute or two have the phone number and address of any student at B.U., which is many, many times larger than University of Hartford. I was on the phone for twenty minutes and I still don't have the number.

Later that evening I wanted to call a student who I knew lived in the dorms but I didn't know which one. After 4:30 when the offices close it is virtually impossible to trace even a dorm student. Suppose a friend from out of town comes to Hartford and wants to contact a student. He cannot locate that student through the university.

Therefore, I suggest that list of ALL students and their phone numbers, or dorm numbers, and addresses be available to an information operator, possibly twenty-four hours a day. It would save a lot of people valuable time, and anxiety if a system such as this or one adequately similar were to be instituted.

Thank you to all the secretaries of Student Services, the Engineering School, Housing Information, and the Business School who were so patient with me. I hope next time I won't have to bother you.

Still uninformed,
Susan 'Otis' Olenwine

P.S. I still need a ride home to Allentown, Pennsylvania. Can anybody help me?

Dear Jack,

Question of the week: Did you know that it costs 32,500 Liro to attend school here? (That's the coinage in Israel)

Peace, Love,
and Truth,
El Wipo

A New Show

Dear Jack of Hearts,

This Thursday night, the FLORY-DORY boys (of R dorm) will present its Christmas season special presentation with two shows at 10:00 p.m. and 12 midnight.

This presentation has a new choreographer. So watch the lounge windows in R Dorm for the great show.

The Boa
P.S. There will be more than one full moon out that night.

Subtlety Please

Dear Russ:

Congratulations! The Sports Page of the U.H. Liberated Press, December 10 issue, displays coverage of our athletic program in a highly professional manner. It's fine reporting, and hope it continues.

Thanks for the plug for a trainer. Year after year a trainer has been requested for our athletic program and though always supported by our faculty committee on athletics, the result obviously has been negative. A few more SUBTLE remarks in subsequent issues might be of some help, as my annual request for a trainer has recently been submitted.

Again, my heartfelt thanks for your felicitous articles on our athletic events.

Sincerely,
Peter LoMaglio

Reach Out

Kevin,

Your bitterness reveals a deep need for the healing love which is Christ.

Betty B.

Can You Write

Dear Students,

For a while there I was conducting a Write-In against the war in Viet Nam. The object in mind was to send a deluge of mail to various congressmen and senators urging them to raise their voices in Congress and demand an immediate end to the President's damnable policies in Southeast Asia. The Write-In produced, in a three-week period, just over 60 letters, hardly a deluge. The Write-In, as such, is over, although the reasoning behind it remains valid. While everyone knows that writing to the President at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is a worthless gesture, he rarely reads his mail and probably couldn't give a shit anyhow, writing to congressmen and senators most certainly IS worth the time. Your representatives to Congress, more than any other elected officials excepting local magistrates, are influenced

directly by the people they represent, i.e. YOU. You, alone, have the power to vote them in or out of office. Being under the age of 21 doesn't change that; they'll be running for office again when your time comes. I urge you to participate in this constructive endeavor and thereby consider yourself responsible for bringing peace a little closer to Viet Nam.

In Hopes of Peace,
Peter Sklar

Dear Santa

dear santa claus,

I am a good boy for the last year. This christmas please bring me the things that I ask you for and not those that my mommy and daddy want me to have, I want a army helmet, some tanks, some burned babies, some medals, some slaves, and a lot of real official like guns and things. you really dont have to give me anything but the weapons because then I can take all of the rest for myself like my brother does. also if you can bring my brothers home from that playground over in azia so they can teach me some more neet tricks.

thax

Ulysses Samuel Gary Ion
p.s. dont send me any more of those raindeer sweaters

Dear Santa

dear santa,

after completing a whole year with only one arrest, one conviction and one suspension, we feel that we have been good enough to deserve a good christmas this year. Please bring us a new chancellor, (to replace the one rumored to live in north house), a new dean of students, peace, a new government, a new library, understanding, a new social ethic, Dr. Brody, Mike Drouilhet, love, constitutional guarantees, justice and anything that can be given to anyone who needs anything.
staff uh news liberated press

My God hears me. And I hear my God, My God speaks to me. And I speak to my God. He tells me when to turn to the left and when to turn to the right. My God tells me when there's a pitfall around the corner and when it's safe.

My God will not let my foot stumble when I walk with him. He leads me one step at a time toward the kingdom of glory. He makes my enemies footstools at my feet.

He gives me joy when the world around me is dark. He floods me with light when I stand in the midst of darkness.

My God loves me and holds me in the palm of his hand. My God never leaves me. When all else has forsaken me, he still stands. And there is my joy -- he is always at my side.

He loves to have his children lean on him -- for all things. He delights in giving good things to his children. He delights in bringing joy to his children when others round about are weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth. He delights in flooding a cell with the light of angels for those who are persecuted for his name.

My God is a god of joy -- joy in the dark hours and joy in the light.

My God is real. His presence is real. His presence is like no other presence. And when that presence speaks -- you know it's from God. His voice is real. His words are real. The ear heareth not, yet the spirit knoweth with certainty. The spirit knows with every fiber of the body that God has spoken.

And when God speaks, we jump -- we jump one more step toward his kingdom: his heaven on earth.

God's words have only but one direction in our hearts -- toward him. Obedience to that word brings us one more step INTO him, into his reality, into LIFE, the life of the SPIRIT. God is spirit. And there is no life except in the spirit -- the spirit of God.

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