

LETTERS to the Editor

Ed.'s Note,

We print all letters to the editor that we receive; they may be sent through inter-campus mail (free) or dropped up to the office by 7:00 PM on Monday.

Fiasco

Dear Editor,

Who is responsible for the academic calendar '69-'70? Who is responsible for: "January 5-21, 1970-Exams, Special Programs and Make-up Tests."? Would someone care to explain just exactly what the purpose of such a period is? Does ANYONE really know? Are we really expected to go home the 20th of December and come back Jan. 5 for exams, and then leave again until second semester?

If the intention of such scheduling was to ease us into an inter-session type calendar, then why the hell didn't they just do it? A month off in the middle of the academic calendar could be invaluable as far as pursuing independent study, getting a part time job or just ski-bumming for awhile. But this business of coming back for a few days and taking exams is ridiculous, to say the least!

It would seem to me that the "student body" has three alternatives in such a predicament: We either 1) give into that Wizard of Oz who runs this place, 2) Get petitions circulated in EVERY class to change the calendar before they tell us it's too late, 3) Boycott exams. They tell us the only way to get things done around here is "through the proper channels," therefore it would seem that #2 really is our only alternative. (So what are the proper channels for changing blunders like this?)

Would anyone care to explain this fiasco to us?

respectfully . . .
Dianne Terry

Love, Love, Love

Dear Jack,
Alas, The Jack of Hearts is, after all, the jack of spades. Remember the Puerto Ricans? Remember the Grapes? Remember Appalachia? Remember Sam Houston? This world is a broad and many-colored place. Are your eyes open? Have the Blacks cared for The Yellows? The Browns? The Reds? The Pastels?

I am a WASP and the rats gnaw at my slumlord's foundations, And the roaches run. Should I burn my home? When I march on the Jews, Will I merit an eight-page requiem? Will my sad impotence, too, become a paper phallus? We have all been slaves. Recognize our chains. We are all now minorities. Recognize our integrity. Jack, I love the Blacks no less than any other living things.

I also love perspective. I am one of many. Love and empathy. Mama Nabors and Abby and Other Living Things

One Man's Views

Mr. Welton Johnson has written a rather bitter article in the UH NEWS, his "Lesson in Confrontation." Insofar as I can see, he beautifully epitomizes the "Last Angry Man." I do not know what prompted this vindictive animosity on his part, but I wish for the student body to realize the blatant facts. Johnson calls whitey the bigot, the racist, and any other name he can find, but he calls the black community "brothers." How the hell can Blacks and Whites get

together if neither side will see the other's views?

He claims that whitey is killing him, but I think that the opposite is true. The Blacks are killing themselves with bitterness and hatred. They riot, vandalize, and cause inestimable damage in the name of Freedom. Bullshit. This country supposedly runs on a democratic basis whereby each man is equal. The black cannot attempt to be more equal. When they attempt this, ruin and useless destruction follow, which serves no purpose.

Learn, Welton, that violence only begets more violence, and this is not the solution. Learn also, Welton, that name-calling is useless and immature. And learn finally, Welton, that the pen is mightier than the sword!

Mark Lowy

Thank You

Dear Editor,

perhaps you think it in good taste, or think it relevant but I call it pure crap. I am referring to the section entitled "together." It was atrocious material that could hardly be called together. Welton Johnson cannot write. James Odell is trying hard to be a beautiful black man but is about as beautiful as he is black. Marcus Manselle ought to go back to Weaver High School where he belongs. If you are going to print one-sided black trash then at least make it well-written one-sided black trash. The good old liberated press is starting off another year by putting the shoes on the wrong feet. The "together" section does not belong on our campus, it belongs, crumpled up, on the already garbage strewn streets of the north end. I do hope you will use better judgment in the future.

sincerely,
John Vorhees
School of Business

Let God Do It

To the student body:

Greetings. If you are happy, contented, well-adjusted, and satisfied with things as they are, then this letter is not for you. But if you worry, are irritable, lack a purpose in life, have no goal, no real interest in living, if you're bitter, bored, frustrated, anxious, feel guilty, desire to escape reality, or fear death, then this letter is for you, because I offer you the answer to these problems. The answer to all of this is the One who promised us abundant life, Jesus Christ.

At once you will say, "O that is fine for you, but not for me." How do you know it's not for you? You've never tried it or you wouldn't say that. Maybe you've tried a "Christian" church but you haven't known Christ, I have, I do know him. This is what makes Christ truly unique. He is not a religion, not a doctrine, not a creed or a church. He is a person, a person you can get to know. Until you know Jesus Christ, you are not and never have been a Christian.

Now consider for just a moment all the conditions listed above. Neither I nor any of my Christian friends are afflicted by them. Christ can deliver you just as easily as He did us. Christ's promise of abundant life is for all who will receive Him as Lord and Saviour.

In His Service,
Gene Bowski

Filler

Dear Jack:

My congratulations to you and your

staff on the September 10 issue of the UH NEWS. The pictures of Ho and Ev as handled was superb; the black supplement was darn good; your editorial was thought-provoking; and, the coverage of campus news quite effective. I know you have always argued that the paper should not be a bulletin board, yet it is the only medium on campus that reaches every member of the community. Whatever else the paper attempts, it should print all the news that's fit. We need effective communication (exchange of ideas?) on this campus. You can do it, whatever else you would like to accomplish. I think

you owe this to the students who support you and the university for which you are a leading voice.

Keep these lines open!

DEAN SWEENEY

HO, HO, HO

Dear Mr. Hardy:

My sister keeps telling me that the young people of today have much more concern for others than any other generation before -- they really feel strongly about things and want to help.

After your cover picture honoring the leader of North Vietnam, I find that she must be very wrong about some young people. Anyone who feels for others would not do such a thing to men and boys who have died in Vietnam, their families, and those who are there now, whether they want to be there, believe in it, or not.

I am very sorry for you.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Katherine M. Nold

ed. reply: could have fooled me; I would have sworn it was a Mrs.

Abbie Hoffman

by John Cronin

Abbie Hoffman is going to speak tonight. A wise suggestion is to be there--if not for anything else just to educate yourself to another view of revolution.

Abbie, like most of you, is straight out of the middle class, having attended both Brandeis and Berkeley. He is a self-labelled drop-out from society and such system-irking things as YIPPEE!, dropping money on the stock exchange and other things meriting him over 25 busts characterize this label.

"Revolution for the Hell of It" is his theme and his

life. If you haven't read the book, try. It's a pisser of a book with some good words and some shit but the message is clear. Free society-abolishment of private property and money--everyone living off our land's fat. "Free is the Revolution."

He holds that our system runs on the premise of Catch-22, that the system can do anything they want as long as we don't have the power to stop it. This being quite true. And that the solution to this problem is, for lack of a better word, anarchy. There being doubt there however. He's a glib critic but there is lacking a plan of action but only

because he doesn't approve of plans of action. Everything must be spontaneous and from your plans as your problems arise and then action.

On the whole, Abbie is creative and dedicated. Can't deny that. But I can't get off on his laying down of Are's and Are Not's for revolutionists at all. He may seem arrogant and overbearing but don't let put ons fool you. He's a devotee of McLuhan and uses the media well, and to his advantage. He's good at theatre.

Enough critical bullshit. Go to the lecture and hear and get educated a little bit more. It's Free.

Something for Everyone For the Business Students

At first I thought throwing out money at the Stock Exchange was just a minor bit of theater. I had more important things to do, like raising bail money for a busted brother. Reluctantly, I called up and made arrangements for a tour under the name of George Metesky, Chairman of East Side Service Organization (Esso). We didn't even bother to call the press. About eighteen of us showed up. When we went in the guards immediately confronted us. "You are hippies here to have a demonstration and we cannot allow that in the Stock Exchange." "Who's a hippie? I'm Jewish and besides we don't do demonstrations, see we have no picket signs," I shot back. The guards decided it was not a good idea to keep a Jew out of the Stock Exchange," so they agreed we could go in. We stood in line with all the other tourists, exchanging stories. When the line moved around the corner we saw more newsmen than I've ever seen in such a small area. We started clowning. Eating

money, kissing and hugging, and that sort of stuff. The newsmen were told by the guards that they could not enter the gallery with us. We were ushered in and immediately started throwing money over the railing. The big tickertape stopped and the brokers let out a mighty cheer. The guards started pushing us and the brokers bood. When we got out, I carried on in front of the press.

"Who are you?"
"I'm Cardinal Spellman."
"Where did you get the money?"
"I'm Cardinal Spellman, you don't ask me where I get my money."
"How much did you throw out?"
"A thousand dollars in small bills."
"How many of you are there?"
"Two, three, we don't even exist? We don't even exist!"
We danced in front of the Stock Exchange, celebrating the end of money. I burned a fiver. Some guy said it was disgusting and I agreed with him, calling my comrades "Filthy Commies."

The TV show that night was fantastic. It went all over the world. TV news shows always have a pattern. First the "serious" news, all made up, of course, a few commercials, often constructed better than the news, then the Stock Market Report. Then the upswing human interest story to keep everybody happy as cows. Our thing came after the Stock Market Report, it was a natural. CBS, which is the most creative network, left in references to Cardinal Spellman; I was surprised at that. Every news report differed. Some said we threw out monopoly money, some said twenty-thirty dollars, some said over \$100, some said the bills were ripped up first. It was a perfect mythical event, since every reporter, not being allowed to actually witness the scene, had to make up his own fantasy. Some had interesting fantasies, some boring, one tourist who joined the exercism got the point: "I'm from Missouri and I've been throwing away money in New York for five days now. This is sure a hell of a lot quicker and more fun."

—Abbie Hoffman

