Robert E. Malchman

Letter from the editor

The Tech received the following letter last week:

To the Editor:

I refer to the front page story by Vincent F. Light and Ellen L. Sprou, ""Hope's dismissal: no 'black' discrimination"" (Jan. 18).

Why did 30 students who participated with ""most of them""? Throughout the entire Hope incident students have stressed this as a non-issue. Is the paper going against its wishes and falsify their claim? Why bring in another explosive situation?

The article is a reflection of how some of the MIT community perceives black and white.

As if we need the points, Light and Sprou went on to insist that Richard J. Higgins '85 was a white participant.

The photograph, however, was a juxtaposition. Of the seven identifiable individuals present, the five that could be ""black"". What is black and white about that photo?

You should have indicated on the photograph that those students behind places:""Hope's dismissal: no 'black' discrimination"".

Maybe you should have indicated that the people in the snow off the steps was ""black."" Maybe you should have indicated that the photograph shows day that is ""black."" Maybe you should indicate your lack of insight and apologizes.

Amri Hylton '84

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Guest Column/C. Okongwu

Message from Philadelphia

One night during the Christmas vacation, having paid the obligatory house calls, I decided to stop by one of my favorite hangouts from high school: Bullshit Saloon.

I took about an hour of driving through the slow hour traffic until I entered central Philadelphia. At the intersection of 14th and Locust Streets. The Bullshit Saloon has been present for as long as I can remember. It is a comfortable corner at the intersection of 14th and Locust Streets. The dim lighting, the TV set at the end of the bar, the musty smell of cigars, and of course, good old fashion drinking.

I sat down at the bar and ordered a Wild Turkey and coke. It took me about an hour of sitting there, just one thing about the place, I've always had great luck finding parking. Eager to see if it had changed, I quickly parked the car and entered the saloon.

Inside nothing had changed. The dim lighting, the TV set at the end of the bar, the musty smell of cigars, and of course, good old fashion drinking.

As I approached, a small white Subaru pulled out of a parking slot in front of the saloon. That's something I've been seeing a lot around the country, making jerks.

I am disappointed at the lack of understanding demonstrated by the letters writers and the editors of Malchman's humorous article recounting his travels in France. (Please turn to page 15)