

Manifesto on Making Love in Hartford, Baby

By RAYMOND MUNGO Editor, Boston University News

The University of Hartford is about to experience a revolution from the bottom which will succeed simply because if it is well-directed, it will fill a profound and awesome vacuum of dynamic leadership on the new campus.

This university is in the clearest sense of the metaphor a virgin; its purity resides everywhere -- in its lack of all-togetherness (which a new geographical unity will resolve) in the sterility of its newly-polished desk furniture and cement-block walls, in the noticeably premature (in a sense, pre-sexual) and abominably lethargic attitude of most of its students.

There is a certain carriage and grace which a woman achieves when she has finally achieved maturity and has performed as mistress, wife, or mother; in a traditional Irish phrase, she is "all-together" when she ceases menstruating and becomes pregnant.

Hartford isn't altogether because it still spills blood all over the place; it's only half-grown in the first place, and everybody walks around construction fences and half-erect buildings. There's no easily identifiable focus of activity -- no central, seminal point which can be appreciated for its sheer tangible permanence, for its non-linearism. (This is to say that although English classes may predictably take place daily in the same classroom, they are linear, pedagogical experiences; they are not hard and concrete.)

The new student union, as depressing and conventional as its internal trappings will be (I am drawing on a tour conducted for my benefit by Dean John Addley), will add immeasurably to the physical cohesion which will mark the sexual and political growth of the campus. As more buildings are completed, and the union itself remains open late into the evening, there will be more of a community here upon which to draw a revolution. More resident students will help, but even commuters will find it more convenient and seductive to remain on campus past class hours rather than returning home to family squabbles and an atmosphere of 18 years' familiarity.

The portions of the university -- the classroom buildings, offices, cafeteria -- which now exist are no less sterile. They have a peculiarly unraped atmosphere such that one feels that real people do not LIVE here (while they may pass through) because they've left no evidence of their humanity. The fact that only your bulletin boards contain posters and announcements, and not your walls, and that the only public forum is the cafeteria, rigidly established with partisan tables and tiny subcultures, rather than the hallways or (better yet) the classrooms, does not indicate any respect for the university from its students. It indicates simple indifference.

All of this sterility also has an intriguing but hardly endearing quality of innocence about it. The same innocence which makes the

administration and the faculty. I don't mean to imply that they are also unmoving and concerned largely with trivia and gaming, but they are definitely waiting for something to happen in terms of extending the university to the role it should play as fiercely dynamic and controversial arena for political change, social conscience, and intellectual challenge. (For example, the faculty I met complained that their students weren't willing to take on the personal vulnerability of an academic revolution -- i.e., abolishing grades and exams -- and I immediately wondered whether they had done so in THEIR undergraduate years. Dean Addley insisted that "students here could get most anything they wanted from the administration if they just asked for it" -- and I sensed that he is a man who has never had his position seriously threatened by students asking for rights instead of privileges, power instead of influence.)

At any rate, because there is a virginal kind of unpunctured smoothness to the administration of university affairs, students here are about to capitalize on their opportunity to fill the power vacuum; in fact, it is only when they and their teachers begin to do so that UoFH will begin to build the kind of reputation of which it is capable.

It isn't often that one is confronted with a university so new that the ideal of student-faculty communal ownership could be anything better than a sick joke. Of course, UoFH has its trustees, no matter how young its incorporation may be and they won't readily give up the control to which they have never been entitled in the first place; but by the same token the administration's control over what is going on indicates a minimum of conscious self-aggrandizement, perhaps because there is no challenge yet to its authority and therefore no real need to reassert it.

Hartford is in many ways an ideal place to make illicit love because it doesn't offer as many discouragements as the larger and more complex campuses in major urban centers. In Boston, New York, or San Francisco, for example, truth competes with power for dominance of the mind and the body. In Hartford, there may still be room for both.

The intellectual seeks truth in a calm, dispassionate, and disinvolved fashion; he prefers to stand back from the bed of physical consumption and consider objectively all the aspects of a world caught up in violent transfer and kinetic love. The politician (who may at times be a principled man) seeks power in the world by throwing himself into the violence, by seeking his own experience, by volunteering his own virginitly before the eyes of the world and himself. He wants to act as well as to know.

The artist is perhaps the best



Revolution is love making.

stand; that, far from complying quietly with current restrictions on human behavior, including laws against peace (conscription statutes), the mind (the Marijuana Act of 1936), and love (the Chastity Laws), they will openly and publicly disobey; that, far from representing a small minority, they will seek to convince the apathetic majority through educational pamphlets, speakers, personal contact, seduction.

The powers of reaction which act toward stopping a revolution are

osophes deeply affected by the atmosphere and the ideas their upperclassmen create around them. The frustrated UoFH activist, when he finally begins to make the only news that will be made here, will be laying the road for a broader and more comprehensive movement behind him.

People are making love in Hartford; it's happening all around me, and I can't believe how beautiful it is. There seems especially little to live or love for here, and so the love itself becomes the object in this weary and inert city.

If the urge toward puncturing by-mens and preconceptions continues, and I think it must, the city will rock, like the cradle, and out of it all, a whole new idea of the University of Hartford will begin to be born.

"THIS UNIVERSITY IS IN THE CLEAREST SENSE OF THE METAPHOR A VIRGIN"

man to combine truth and power because he wants to combine his own insight, his internal light, with creativity. He builds his own thing.

I sense in the vanguard of the UoFH student body this kind of artistic ferment, which cannot possibly be held in check. In Hartford, there are not so many established traditions associated with the university that this, current student body cannot begin to build its own, in an unorthodox and radical fashion. There are not so many students here interested in what is happening, nor so many administrators intent upon squelching rising power movements, that leadership should be at all difficult to grasp. Because there has been so close to nothing happening, there is yet everything to come. In the tempest of beginning a new life here, of impregnating the university to insure its having children for tomorrow and a future greatness, the fathers of UoFH, its contemporary activists, have the time to be wise as well as bold.

Time, despite all of this, is still running out, for all of us. If we don't begin as students to brave the security of silence by breaking it, then we probably never will. If we allow the war in Vietnam to continue one day longer than it might, hundreds more lives are lost for which we are personally responsible.

So in a sense, the UoFH revolutionaries feel a sense of urgency; they will be graduating in a few years, and they can't wait for some evolutionary process of political or artistic or sexual or psychedellic consciousness to reach the campus.

They are living in a world very much of the here and now -- a world which could detonate the lethal gases of genocide or the doomsday machins of nuclear devastation at a moment's notice. They are living in an academic community which must become more relevant or be replaced. They know that they will make love or die of contempt.

What this means, practically, is that they won't allow SFA too often in the future to spend as much money on homecoming as it does on the CAULDRON; That the Cauldron itself will challenge some of the basic assumptions on which the university and the country

simply not strong enough here, I believe, to contain the new impetus among people like Dan Riley and John Robinson. Administration, never having been raped and mastered still finds the idea novel and even exciting; faculty members are inert but interested and continually waiting; and the traditional reactionary forces among the student body, such as fraternities, are so ill-organized and splintered and so generally do not take themselves seriously, do not consider themselves adults, that they could hardly contend with a new student feeling which is alien to their entire preconceived role.

Independent student action in the form of a "shadow school" of unauthorized courses or an SFA-sponsored birth control clinic in defiance of Connecticut law would constitute on this campus a shocking blow to the status quo. But even such measures as these are only the beginning of a real revolution -- which challenges the essential precepts on which an undemocratic university is built and works intently and seriously toward threatening their continued existence.

It takes only a few people who are realistic and committed to tell it like it is. This university, perhaps more than most, is removed and insulated from the real world; its students are still involved in a competitive, game-theory ethic in which they "win" or "lose" at inane and irrelevant games in order to keep occupied (games such as getting-good-grades, pledging-fraternity, or expressing "school spirit" by signing a petition demanding a football team).

They need to be told how it is, baby -- how it is to die under a bomb; or have your jawbone melted; or live without a job because you're black and your women are for the white men who drive through your neighborhood at night, offering money for their self-respect; or why your dorm curfews don't exist for your benefit, but for somebody's else's efficiency.

And as for those who will be told, some of them will remember. A recent survey taken twice at Boston U proved that freshmen particularly can have their entire political and personal phil-

a year and a half
and still a virgin!
jsh



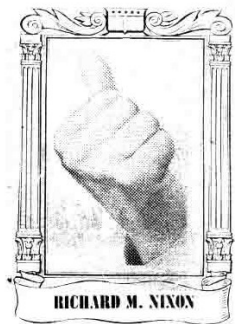
Raymond Mungo, BU News Editor

child a ward of the state or his parents and denies him any rights except those provided by his protectors paints the anonymous faces of the fraternity pledge or impotent student government representative, in their innocence they do not know man; their concerns, they will tell me, are not beyond this campus, but I think their concerns are not, in truth, beyond themselves.

But if all this is true of the student body in its worst representatives, it is also true of the

Revolution takes so much commitment, so much sheer exhaustion, that it is inevitably love-making. The revolutionary in all instances wants to make love.

I wouldn't raise the absolute conviction that UoFH is heading for a revolution if I were not sure that its students, or at least their best representatives, are still very much alive and very capable of inseminating the campus with their own life-fluids.



**"Boy,
How Clean"**