

H.H. News Liberated Press

The Mirror Of My Madness or

"Why Must You Scramble Your Egg In My Eye?"

This University is the mirror of my madness. Not in that I have been called insane by my elders, but in that I have this craving, a masochistic desire to tear down the pseudo-sophisticated facade that covers us in such a lie; I have this desire to see the nakedness of a university, stripped to that which it really is — a place of introspection.

Is it our duty to sell out for the perpetuation of a system? Unfortunately, most of us will have to sell out to the system after we leave this university and go out into the REAL world; shouldn't we treasure our freedom for the four few years that we have it? The democrats sold out this summer for the perpetuation of a system — and they lost. They picked a party man rather than a thinker — and they lost. We can pick our party men; we can pick out party newspaper and win our convention, but we will lose the election; the election in which the REAL world passes judgement on whether we are a real university or a mickey-mouse club.

FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY

And what is this freedom we have, and what is our responsibility? According to the administration, we have a responsibility to be two-faced. We have a responsibility to censor ourselves, we have a responsibility to be part of a failing system. Garbage! Our only responsibility is to be real, to be naked, to search the very marrow of our bones for our soul. The REAL world outside is not real. It is filled with sell-outs, cop-outs, wipe-outs. It is filled with people who live in a world of backyard nature for beauty, martinis for stimulants, and television violence for manifestation of their sexual frustrations. It is filled with people who have never seen a tree, a blade of grass, or a butterfly. It is filled with people who have never stood naked before the stars and cried "I am alive!" This is the world to which they tell us we must sell-out. I say we will not.

And the cry comes from our students, the pawns of education — "make education more relevant." Yet this merely shows the egocentricity of today's youth. What they mean is make it relevant to me! me! me! They must be spoon-fed their facades so that they can fit as a block into the tower of Babal big-daddy capitalism is building. And no one cries "make it relevant to us!"

And nobody has tea parties any more — except us. We are having OUR Boston tea party. The tea is coming from the imperialistic power and it is heavily taxed. We are rocking the boat, throwing the tea onboard; we are saying maybe we will perish without mothers milk, but it is high time we are weaned. We are biting the hand that feeds us, yet we are biting it before it slaps us in the face. I think it is high time we stop giving the outside world what it WANTS and start giving it what we think it NEEDS. This town is exploiting us. Our curriculums are governed by the kind of product they want. If the university cannot be the educator of society, who can? And our newspaper is condemned because it challenges the double standard morals of the outside world. They tell us it is all right to challenge the morals of our university but don't let it get outside. And they want an education factory — put in the raw materials and mold them into a specified product; if anyone argues with the management — fire them. Everyone must work and keep their mouths shut. And nobody has parties anymore except us; we have a tea party once a week: Wed., 12:00 noon.

POWER

We are a power-orientated society. We are a power-orientated school. Must we FORCE everyone to do everything? The question now is who has the power to do what in this school, who has the power to do what in the community? I ask who has the ability to discuss, who has the ability to exchange ideas, who has the ability to strip himself of his anger so that his friendship can shine through? And yet here we are at war. We are at war in Vietnam because we cannot discuss matters, we cannot even RECOGNIZE the enemy. We are at war here in the university now because we cannot discuss the problems, because the administration cannot RECOGNIZE the students as an entity. We must think in terms of power — the students are pawns,

the faculty the knights, and bishops, and the administration are the kings and queens. The question now is "can one checkmate a king with a pawn?" Why must this be the question? Our beloved chancellor, in his inauguration speech, spoke of arming students with education; power for the outside world. Never a word about beauty was uttered by the chancellor of one of the most beautiful institutions in the country — beautiful in its newness, beautiful in its art, beautiful in its music, beautiful in its freedom.

Last Thursday was the first sign I have seen of beauty in this university; we had a beautiful meeting in that everyone could speak on the same level — deans with students, department chairmen with faculty — openly, nakedly. No one held power. Yet someone had to catalyze this interaction, the newspaper had to stand naked before the rest of the school could also stand naked.

Someone at last Thursday's meeting talked in terms of our newspaper lacking what he termed as poetry. We are poetry, baby. It just happens to be a new type which doesn't rhyme. The university is still changing the meaning of their lines so that their poetry rhymes. We do not believe in forcing rhyme. We believe in naked verse, open for everyone to see exactly what we mean.

— jack hardy, editor



The Price Of Our Thoughts

"Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not from you, And though they are with you yet they belong not to you. You may give them your love but not your thoughts. For they have their own thoughts."

Kahlil Gibran

For just a few moments last week it seemed that the children had some thoughts of their own. University spokesmen found themselves being questioned by students (and some outstanding faculty members) about the functions and responsibilities of a student newspaper. The Administration maintains that the newspaper should function as a representative and responsible school publication.

The Liberated Press functions as an open discussion, without guidelines, so that it can represent anyone willing to express his ideas. The question of responsibility was discussed last week but not thoroughly. The University of Hartford is in a financial dilemma that many young private schools are suffering from. Without a large endowment, the Administration must raise money from the business community. If we occasionally offend this outside community, the financial tap runs dry. This situation is called education. Personally, I do not understand why a businessman or a kind wealthy donor from West Hartford should control our education. We pay a great deal of money to attend this university. We do not receive a comparable education.

The statement from the administration suspending publication of the paper said that we were interfering with the functions of the University. Perhaps the function of the University should become education rather than fund-raising to finance expansion. Learning should be going on now. We should not have to pacify the business community. Our concern should be with the Ghetto communities that the businessmen helped create and perpetuate. Our most important responsibility is our minds and how we can use what we learn to improve our society.

Dan Hazelton, city editor

"Nixon Makes A Cabinet"

or

"Freedom Gets A Coffin"

During the past Presidential campaign, Richard Nixon promised to remember the "forgotten man." Keeping his word, he chose 12 of them for his cabinet. Of course, George Romney is not forgotten, although many people wish he were. To discover the facts behind Nixon's choices, I contacted my usually reliable source. After she read my palm and some tea leaves, she revealed the secret conversations between President-elect Nixon and top policy advisor Louie Laveque. Mr. Laveque, a civil rights militant, formerly advised, the Penn. Central Railroad, where he strongly advocated the hiring of colored porters. Relying upon arduous research, painstaking interviews, and an active imagination, I present this startling conversation:

"Well, Louie, we need 12 complete unknowns to accomplish my administration's foreign and domestic goals."

"What goals are those, Mr. Nixon?"

"I don't know, but we'll have to think of something. If we can't think of anything, we can always turn the government over to private industry. American free enterprise will find a way—at least that's what my backers tell me."

"What about Spiro Agnew?"

"Great. Never heard of him, a complete unknown. We'll give him Secretary of State."

"No, no. Mr. Nixon, he's your Vice-President. I want to know about his relationship to the cabinet."

"Agnew? Agnew? Oh, yeah, the southern fellow."

"He's not a southerner. He's from Maryland."

"Maryland? Maryland?"

"Never mind, Mr. Nixon. Here is the phone directory for Beaver Falls, South Dakota. We should find a real non-descript there for the Interior Department. May I suggest Mr. Elton Bigelow, a recluse who hasn't left his house in 15 years. He subscribes to "Outdoor Life," so I'm sure the conservationists will like him."

"Well, then we don't want him. How about Alaska's governor, Wally Hickel? He's not completely unknown, but he is the worst man for the job. He made his fortune in the oil and gas industries tearing down forests and polluting rivers—so he's for progress. The big G.O.P. contributors will like that."

"But, don't the Alaskan Eskimos hate Hickel?"

"Louie, are the Eskimos middle-or lower-class whites?"

"No."

"Do we need the Eskimoe vote in '72?"

"No."

"Then Hickel's our man. Now, we need a Democrat on the cabinet for bi-partisan Congressional support."

"Mr. Nixon, if you mean a democrat with a small "d," none of them will have anything to do with us."

"Hmmm. Louie, the most pressing problem this country faces is the plight of the colored people. We must show them that we care."

"You're so right, sir. Should we give a Negro the Department of Defense, Housing, or Transportation?"

"Are you crazy? A Negro in MY cabinet? All I WANT to do is hire another colored waiter."

"You know, Mr. Nixon, judging by your cabinet appointments, I think you'll be the greatest President since Warren G. Harding."

"Harding? Harding?"

by Mark Sabu Persky