

U.H. News Liberated Press

Retraction

In the course of human events many mistakes are made. I will always be the first to admit when I have made a mistake. I must apologize to the fraternities for the statements I made last week. These statements were never meant to be destructive but rather as a constructive push. Knowing what it takes to move this greatly apathetic campus the statements were greatly overstate and poorly worded. To SAE and SAM, my apologies for accusing them of diverting library funds. To SAE, my apologies of accusing them of racial prejudice—it was later learned that no black rushed them last year. To TKE, my apologies to all the honest brothers that did work in the bookstore (I am surprised that the administration can waste their time on an audit that will reveal nothing when there are so many more obvious examples of mismanagement going unnoticed). I do hope that we can work together for the remainder of the year to make fraternities a more truly relevant faction on campus—

—jack hardy—

Crucifixion Lane

On Crucifixion Lane, the assembly of martyrs shift aimlessly. Robbed of their purpose. Robbed of their message. Here and there, saints march. When will we weep for their loss? How can we move without them?

Jack Hardy has lost his power. He has been stripped, temporarily or otherwise, from his position as Editor of the Liberated Press. Having committed the crime of responsibility. Slapped by the father-finger of tradition.

Such treatment is symptomatic. The disease colors the entire spectrum of society. Having refused to be silent, Jack Hardy was struck down. Crucified. Where is your pillar of justice?

Admittedly, I don't know. It is beyond our collective comprehension how such things continue to happen. We must re-orient our attitudes. Now that we know what we're up against. That which stands in our way.

We must become serious. We must compliment our words with action. Or else we will be robbed of every iota of strength we have. Action. Action.

We must drive this university to the wall. We must reveal their basic lies. The same lies that allow an innocent editor to be repressed. Forces of censorship bringing us down.

We must move. We must deal with truth. For we are being messed around. It is time we come to terms with these truths. For Hardy's censorship effects all of us. We must move to bring them to their knees. The paper belongs to students - not to moral impotents. And this is what they are. We must come together.

Angelo

Getting Together

"Let me say, at the risk of seemine ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love." — Chc

Again we tried. And again the haunting shadow of the money men perverted our message. They took hold of the confusion and brewed it until it became poison. They took our souls and led us to cannibalism. Brothers we're on the same side. No shit.

The "Liberated Press" is much more than a newspaper. Due to necessity we have assumed the role of teacher. "Liberal Arts", the broad background, education is bullshit. Every issue of the "Liberated Press" has been an attempt to offer the student body what political scientist C. Wright calls a "Liberating" education. A never ending process of self educating and self cultivating which results in a truly free individual.

If this university is to be democratic, if we the students that make up the university are to control it, we must be informed about what is going down all around us. The purpose of last week's attack on fraternities was not to expose any racketeering or to destroy fraternities. Only half of last week's "Liberated Press" came out last Wednesday. The other half of last week's paper was written by you. Reevaluation and response was the purpose of last week's paper. Its just too bad that such a vicious one sided attack was needed to strike a response.

The "Money Men" that run this institution of higher learning have siezed upon the poorly worded and purposefully sensationalized allegations made last week to suspend Jack as editor of the paper. We must not let them polarize this campus on false issues for their own benefit. We must accept the responsibility to educate ourselves as to the issues, however confusing, and reach our own rational conclusions. At least in our own university sub-culture let us practice the true democracy. Let us leave the administration sulking in its mastabatory propaganda.

Jeffrey Roth



Really, What Are We Doing Here, Or, You Can't Fuck Your Brother Shell

by Michelle Stern

That's how it is. Productivity is at a virtual, phenomenal standstill around here. I can't even offer a three step solution. I can't even fancy that the University is at the bottom of it. I've only the means to describe it.

Are we all assembled here eager to be educated? Or is an education an incidental by-product of our real purpose? Here on our isolated-by-choice campus we're all FREE to go barefoot, smoke dope, damn the "establishment" and regress to our childhood days when our main and only concern is with ourselves and our own personal gratification. Escape? It's four years of decadence, and all that time our only worries are, "How can I get out of writing a term paper for an English course I never wanted to take anyway?", or, "God, what have I done to my chromosomes?"

You may decide that the answer lies in becoming involved. So you sign you NAME to a piece of paper. Voila! You feel involved. But involvement entails work, and by now your mind is so atrophied that you're no longer capable of making even a single creative contribution and soon it becomes frighteningly obvious that the same thing has happened to everyone else. And there's no comfort in numbers. You're alone in a crowd.

We're all disgusted and nothing, Angelo, is happening. The stagnation is oozing from the piles of grey cinder-block and permeating the entire microcosm of the University. A solution seems so distant that it's non-existent, and there isn't even energy left to fight it.

You consider leaving because you feel useless and sorry for yourself-and trapped. But you CAN'T leave. It's physically and mentally impossible. Because you've been here a year or four years and you're addicted and you're waiting around for some wished-for-inspiration that will never come. Or maybe you've pondered over the alternatives. The projection is just as dismal. Because anywhere else you'll soon discover that you can't fuck your brother, Shell. You've got to stay.