

## U.H. News Liberated Press

### Is It Just For The Moment?

"We sit here stranded though we're all doing our best to deny it."

dylan

*The day has been very tired. You have been engulfed in the warmth of sleep, the womb of time. You have created a little dream world to protect you from reality. Your eyes are closed and your senses have grown numb. The more you sleep the more you enjoy sleeping, and it becomes harder to awake. Yet you know it is shameful to sleep and the minute someone raps at your door you jump into activity, pretending you were never sleeping. And then one day you decide to go outside and run. It is beautiful, it is alive. You are alive with feeling and the breeze caresses your head as you embrace the wind. But then you reach a hill. It is rough going up. The pearls of sweat form on your forehead. It is no longer fun. You begin to walk. The wind no longer caresses you. You begin to remember that it is far easier to sleep. After all, there is no point in climbing a hill when you cannot even see the top (and there might be another hill after this one). So you curl up to sleep in a nearby field. Yet this time you are sleeping where everyone can see you.*

The past few weeks have seen many awakenings. The Blacks have tried to bring much to our attention, much that is ever so relevant to them. And now they try to make it relevant to those with the say: the regents. What is truly important now is that it become relevant to every student. The proposals that the blacks bring before the university are ones that will benefit all of us. Autonomy is necessary to create relevance and also to create a self-perpetuation of the relevance. The specifics of the 19 proposals are not the issue at the present. The issue is the essence of our relevance to the community and the entire question of the nature of a urban university. This is no urban university. The four projects of token concern outlined by the chancellor in his "hurray for us" statement do not make us an urban university. There are still no programs that make an urban involvement, relevant to the students. We are stranded on an island in WEST Hartford, where our ingrown western culture manifests us as a product of our immediate environment: a machine able to leap a three-car garage in a single bound. And yet we are not BOUND to that which we should be bound: the city. We are isolated. Our students still run around playing their games of pathetic pledging, and liberating balloons.

Balloons. That is where this campus is at. The university is up against a very tight examination of its entire nature in relation to black culture, and where do we find our students? Letting a thousand beautiful, colorful balloons free to the winds when our black brethren have not been set free to their own minds. The ultimate in dramatic irony, poetic justice, or self satire. There are still people STARVING in Hartford; would you care to buy a BALLOON?

Self-perpetuation is a sought after goal. To watch something that needs no extra kick now and then is quite satisfying. Yet as long as we think in terms of watching and being satisfied we have little to do with manifesting self-perpetuation. It is not a sense of being totally caught up in action, as that tends to cause a loss in objectivity which is necessary to maintain a worthwhile objective. It is merely a question of involving oneself in the direction of a goal. Self perpetuation can also be a potential evil. The major purpose of fraternities on this campus is self-perpetuation. They help to create and maintain our isle of isolation.

But what do we have to break this isolation? We have angry blacks who cause trouble and then go home for vacation. We still have members of the

government who feel it more important to play fraternity volleyball than to attend a meeting on a new constitution. What we are faced with is nonexistence. What we are led by are nine-to-five radicals, part-timers who will lead as long as the going is good. There is a lot of work that must be done in the line of communication if the 19 proposals are to be Duly and justly considered. There is a lot of work to do if our new system of government is to work. We must communicate with the administration but most of all the regents.

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The Chancellor is once again "out to lunch", this time for three weeks in Australia. He may be playing his land reform games which will bring prestige to the university, but will there be a university worthy of any prestige when he gets back? The administration is out on a limb with that one. But then there's Hector Prud'homme. Beautiful Hector; Hector (who is only hired part time), Hector (who should be Chancellor). He has the power of understanding, the insight into the younger generation that is necessary for the realization of common goals in education. And then there's John Lee of the regents, another beautiful person. He has given us much hope for an understanding with the Regents. Let us not let them fall under the curse of the flaming sky, the crimson anger, the non-rational rioting of rotting minds. Let us not let the work of the last few weeks go to waste, as there are very few of us and the danger of engulfment is strong. Let us not fall back to sleep. The chancellor's recent statement said that the administration was anticipating demonstrations. This shows his lack of understanding. There will be no demonstrations as long as there are people on both ends that understand each other. The chancellor should take more vacations, as we get far more accomplished in his absence.

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In this world today there is no time for people that sleep. There is no time for people who pass off dreams for honest thought or for those who pass off honest thought for dreams. There is no excuse for a Chancellor who takes a month of precious time to exercise a private endeavor in australia while his university is in the middle of racial strife. This is not only a slap in the face for our black brethren it is a slap in the face for the university. It shows the true "concern" of this university for that which is truly relevant. And yet with part-time active students, how can we ask for anymore? Is it just for the moment that we are involved? Is it just for the moment?

Love and Kisses-

The Jack of Hearts



(Drawing by John Zanzal)