

# Lost Cool

By Liz Aitken

Why is the University's budget always cut? That is a question that has been haunting me all year, so finally I decided to do something about it. I made an excursion to the Statehouse and there talked to some of the senators who are most conversant with the University budget and its problems.

No, I didn't find the answer but I did get bits and pieces of an explanation and would like to pass them on to you.

There is, of course, the factor that the Legislature who ultimately votes on the approval of the budget is bound by a dual representation. He not only is dedicated to what is best for the state, but also what is best for the citizens of the district which he represents; and we all know that big budgets mean high taxes, an area in which the average Nebraskan is just as conservative as he is in every other part of his life.

Another factor, and one that I would like to discuss most fully here, is that of the University's presentation of its biennial budget. This presentation takes on special importance when one realizes the relationship between the University and the Budget Committee.

This Legislative committee is the University's representative on the floor of the Unicameral. If the University does not give the committee all the pertinent facts behind their request, they are merely cutting their own throats for without the proper facts, the committee can only function inadequately, at best.

As a specific example of the handicap imposed by a lack of full knowledge, let me cite the situation two years ago when a member of the budget Committee was being challenged on a point concerning the University's building program. He had not been informed that the University officials had employed experts to study the most efficient utilization of university buildings and had to field senators' questions while lacking the full perspective. Even today he feels that the missing information would have helped the committee's case for the University's budget.

This withholding of facts from the committee, unintentional or otherwise, stems from a feeling that runs nation-wide the more penalties the budget will incur with the legislators. This lack of trust may or may not be founded on past situations, I don't know. But I do know that an attitude which holds that pertinent information must be withheld in order to gain certain objectives is a self-defeating one and should be discarded, no matter what the imagined penalties.

What I am going to say next may seem contradictory of what I have just proposed, but another problem with the University's budget is that there are too many people who are trying to evaluate the University's needs. The justification alone for this biennial budget runs to ten volumes—ten volumes! Can you imagine many senators wading through all that? I can't, but I can picture a number of senators voting against a budget simply because they can't make sense out of pages and pages of figures and words.

One senator put it more directly:

"The more facts, papers, and reports that the University presents without clarification, the less they will achieve." And sadly enough this year's budget promises to contain more details than ever and to prove more complicated than ever to the senators.

This is not entirely the fault of the get. They prepare their report under a subcommittee of the Department of Administrative Services of Nebraska. This department carries out two functions, accounting and budgeting, and has traditionally stressed the former rather than the latter. So, instead of casting light on the problem, the mountain of facts they compile only tend to obscure it.

So what is to be done? In the words of a senator, "The University should not come before the committee with an iron curtain of conversation and voluminous reports. They should come armed with more than figures." Perhaps the mountainous reports ought to be on hand for reference purposes but the University officials should prepare a concise dossier, containing all the pertinent facts for their case and a brief resume of the philosophy behind their requests. I agree that this is a Herculean task but it is one which must be undertaken.

Some of the senators called for more participation by the Board of Regents. They pointed out that the Board should act as middleman between the public and the University. Instead, at the moment the Board of Regents plays only an "insignificant, minute part" in the University's budget request and is "less able to understand Legislative problems than the Administration (of the University)." This situation was termed a "major tragedy" by one of the senators.

In an effort to augment its understanding of the University's needs, the budget committee is currently visiting the campus. Yesterday, the committee met with officials of the University to quietly discuss general, overall problems. Today the committee is visiting the Liberal Arts divisions of the University to talk with Deans, heads of departments and members of the faculty. Tomorrow the committee will go to the Science and Engineering areas and Friday it will be on East Campus to talk with Agricultural personnel.

Four years ago a program of this nature was carried out with subcommittees, but this is the first time a program of this extent has been tried. I'm sure that I am not alone in hoping that this experiment will be successful; as one senator said "information at crowd-packed hearings is less effective and less impressive than on-the-spot observations."

In the same tenor, at least two members of the committee stated that they would like to come to campus next week and talk with students. They felt a healthy discussion with students would be helpful where the students could discuss what kind of education they are getting and what problems they face at the University.

These personal meetings with the budget committee are at least a beginning towards the understanding and the cooperation which we need so badly between University and Legislature.



DID YOU KNOW THAT I'M MY KEEPER'S BROTHER?

## SNATCH

...BY STEVE ABBOTT

This column is aimed at every man, woman and pencil-packing child at the University. I don't care if you're an Ag Campus freshman or a PhD candidate in physics, what I will be saying applies directly to you.

Why Because SNATCH is going to grab hold of great issues. SNATCH is going to try, at least, to talk about what is most relevant to you as a human being.

Begin with sex (God did didn't He?) I don't think one column last semester ever talked about sex. Why? Sex is certainly more relevant to most of us right now than the Student Bill of Rights, Black Power or Free University. I'll not hit this deal all semester, but it's a good place to start. If psychologists are right this should smooth a solution to all other problems too. Hot Dog!

"So! Is 'Playboy' magazine really the manifesto of the Sexual Revolution? Dear reader, is there really such a thing as the Sexual Revolution or is this term a cunning counter-revolutionary subterfuge?

I will tell you how these questions came to lodge themselves in my mind.

A seminary friend of mine wrote a letter to "Playboy" last summer in which he suggested that "Playboy" was more relevant to most people than God. Seminary officials weren't pleased to see his letter published — so much relevance at once I guess—nevertheless the point stood: No one goes around saying "Playboy" is dead."

That got me to thinking! First, just because no one has the guts to say "x" doesn't mean "x" isn't true. Dictatorship of Chairman Mao is no more stultifying to Chinese kids than Dictatorship of Chairman Conformity is to American kids. Idolatry of any kind prolongs anxiety.

Secondly, to admit "x" as fact is not to approve of "x." Fact is we spread napa on Vietnam kids and LBJ wants more of my tax money to pay for it, but if you think I've got to approve you must really take me for a fool. Enough said! So the time has come for the final and ultimate secular blasphemy (and a new school of sexualogians)—reader, Columnist says: "Playboy is Dead."

"Playboy" is dead because its philosophy is basically anti-sexual and anti-human. It encourages the psychological

hangup (i.e. sickness) of voyeurism (i.e. "Looky here, heh, heh) which isolates a person in his private lust behind goopy syrup of "cool stud."

In short, "Playboy" philosophy makes average guy envious, withdrawn, smug and dull—the very opposite of outgoing sexual hero Tom Jones.

A sexual person has an alert awareness toward life, a readiness to love his own mystery (as Natalie Wood does with her eyes) and share that of others. Awareness—not cerebration or talk—is the key word.

The moment this uncalculating total consciousness is lost and one divides himself, focusing and limiting attention to reproductive organs for instance, then grove is lost and the spell is broken. An embarrassed awkwardness sets in, as if a graceful dancer suddenly broke rhythm and stopped to belabor simplest steps.

"Playboy" is ridiculous! Can you imagine Tom Jones reading "Playboy" "Playboy" is a magazine to titillate cunuchs who haven't wherewithal (i.e. simply self-awareness) to be Tom Jones's.

Am I prudish and reactionary to declare this? Henry Miller said pretty much the same thing in an "Esquire" interview last spring and Allen Ginsberg said at the University last year—let it come from the heart baby, not the brain.

But these are courageous men, men incomprehensible to Average Guy. Average Guy is duped by that slogan: "Keep your cool!" which means, "keep up defenses, keep up that wall between your public and private selves, keep up that mask of cynical boredom until even you forget the quivering mystery hidden within you."

I wish someone could prove to me that the Sexual Revolution isn't a sham, but I'm afraid they can't. The most irrefutable proof of the Great Emasculation plot is this: American society is afraid of real emotions, real sex, real love.

All these things are to be hidden and repressed as unsophisticated and dirty (also to be enjoyed as dirty, with a rather nervous, unconfident joy). In place of the real is substituted the synthetic; in place of emotions is substituted callow sensationalisms; in place of sex is substituted drunken lust; in place of love is substituted selfish and febrile emptiness of the lonely crowd—all of this is "Playboy" voyeurism writ large on billboards.

# CAMPUS OPINION

## Cornhusker Publicity Poor

Dear Editor: Recently selections have been made for the Cornhusker's Eligible Bachelor candidates. We understand that this project's purpose is to promote Cornhusker sales, but we also believe that it must be conducted in an open and democratic manner.

Although we realize that slightly less than 15 per cent of the men residing in campus live in this unit, the fact that no publicity or information has been received, either before or after the sales competition is still hard to rationalize.

The Eligible Bachelor contest is probably more representative of the male population on this campus than any other competition, we say this because it receives more space in the Cornhusker, and therefore more publicity present and future, than any other activity of this type.

It seems that the Cornhusker has taken its responsibility as the sponsor and publisher of this contest rather lightly. We have been able to uncover the fact that 25 Cornhusker sales must be credited to a unit before it is eligible to present a candidate, and for each additional 25 Cornhusker sales an additional candidate is allowed.

The Cornhusker editor tells us that only eleven Cornhusker sales were credited to Cather, thereby setting our number of candidates at zero. Due to the lack of publicity we were not able to inform our residents that they should be sure their purchase was credited to Cather Hall, but even considering the publicity the eleven sales credited to us is ridiculous. Over 75 Cornhuskers were purchased by Cather residents, either in their rooms or in the first floor lobby.

We see no reason why our unit is not entitled to have credit on these sales, even though our residents may not have stipulated who should get the credit for them. We wonder how many other men's residences or fraternities have had this same problem.

We realize it is hard for the Cornhusker staff to contend with the time factor involved but it would be nice if at least slightly representative of the men on this campus.

The purpose of this letter is not merely to protest the Cornhusker staff, but to show the bad management that we are afraid is an example of how many University activities are handled, these activities lose any purpose or value they might have if handled in such a manner.

Cather Hall Executive Council

Jim Ludwig, president

## ...NUtes

By Karen Jo Bennet

"These boots were made for walkin'..." Ever notice how energetic and vivacious most music majors are on this campus? Of course, Nebraskans are naturally healthy, vigorous people (so I'm told every time my New Jersey sinuses give me a hard time). But music majors have got to be the healthiest.

If you are both on-campus and carless you will be guaranteed a frisky fifty-mile (well... six or seven blocks, one way anyway) hike from day to day.

Even at other colleges and universities I've seen the music building always gets erected at one of the far corners of campus—usually the farthest far corner. And why is the physical education building always always at the opposite far corner.

The best NU exercise yet is a schedule that cleverly sandwiches a 501-building-type-gym-course between two music courses, the last of which is just before that empty walk back to the residency for lunch. Such thoughtful planning is guaranteed to make you hungry—and healthy as long as you keep walking to work off all those extra calories.

Now that the new music building is home base it's even farther to strut. But down deep (even to the caloused soles of the feet) we're not complaining. A new building is a great way to bong in a new year and a new semester. It really gives you that "second chance" feeling when you move to fresher quarters.

Actually we made the switch right after Christmas—State Santa Claus finally delivered. Except for some labor problems it would have been a Labor Day gift. We're so glad to be there at last that it doesn't really matter which present it was.

What a haven to make music in! It's roomy, well-lighted, and scientifically designed to be kind to musical sounds and the ears that hear them. The newest benefits the majors appreciate most include: bigger lockers! Even the small ones will hold a violin, guitar, heavy coat, boots, shoe bag, metronome, scarf, earmuffs, textbooks and music galore. I tried and it only took a little shove to close it leaving an inch to spare here and there.

Other delights include numerous new pianos with keys that all play; private practice rooms with greater sound-proof-ability and tinier windows which prevent persistent peeping. Now even the super-shy-self-conscious folks feel free enough to practice even the screechiest, scratchiest assignments without worrying about an unwanted audience.

The atmosphere is great for concentration: it's much quieter in the halls and better lighted in all the rooms. Even the professors are more jovial now that they have such nice plush studios to call home away from home.

Oh yes! The luxury of all luxuries — "MEN" and "WOMEN" on EVERY floor!

Only one problem. Now with eight laboratories, fifty practice rooms, and numerous ensemble rooms to pick from (Not to mention all the classrooms and studios), your only hope for "running into" someone is class. It takes an efficient advance appointment—time, latitude and longitude—to find any one musical friend, unless he's a special assistant or grad student with his own office-and-name-on-the-door-on-the-third-floor.

But a little search party now and then is a microscopic price to pay for a really superb place to learn musicianship. Every one should have it so good!

# That's What It Says

"Is there something really wrong with today's crop of college kids" ... so begins a recent editorial in the Peoria Journal Star. But this editorial didn't ramble on for a thousand words and then end without drawing a conclusion. Indeed, it pinned down the very thing which affects today's college students so adversely.

You say college students aren't strange?

Well, then, the Peoria Journal Star asks, why is it that a group of University of Illinois students wanted the dean of students to meet with them so they could confront him with questions like these:

—Why does the University have the authority to tell you where to live until you're 23 years old?

—Why is the University an accomplice in deciding which students 'qualify' to be sent to Vietnam (i.e. reporting students' grades)?

—Why can the Navy, Marines, etc., use the 'Student' Union and not the unrecognized student group, the W.E.B. Du-Bois Club?

—When will graduate students be given significant voice in the decision of the University?

—What is (are) the established channel(s) for voicing student grievances and obtaining meaningful action?

The Journal Star goes on to say that these questions point up two significant characteristics about the students who ask them:

"They are bothered by discipline — whether it be the discipline of military service, university police, or the studies they are taking. They don't even know how or where to complain (e.g. their last question)."

The editorial goes on to say that it doesn't know how Dean Millet consoled "these youngsters" but it hopes he told them to bury their sorrow by hitting the books a little harder. "Whatever," (whatever that means) the Journal said, "the fact remains that these college kids are a different breed."

And what did the Journal point the

finger at for corrupting America's college "youngsters"—for making them a different breed? A plot by the Commies? or by floridation proponents? SMERSH? or SPECTRE?

No, it was television!

Because Mickey Mouse made kids into young adult Mousketeers who think that society exists to entertain them.

Because children raised in the electronic world of "white hats" and "black hats" can't be expected to conclude that anything counts but the "fast draw."

Because kids who watched news programs showing South American students spitting on Nixon, and Southern Americans disobeying federal laws, automatically conclude that it is okay to spit on their college deans and to disregard University rules.

Because who can believe that kids "who saw independence and chaos go hand in hand in the Congo" would not think that "the mob scene was the highest expression of liberty?"

Why hasn't anyone thought of this before? With all the sociologists, psychiatrists and whatever else there are on the University payroll, someone should have come up with the brilliant idea before an editorial writer for a downstate newspaper. Why not even Solomon with all his wisdom...

Looking back on these foolish student protests of the past, it is hard to imagine that students ever thought they should be concerned with where and how they live, whether or not they would have to spend several years in military service, whether or not they have a voice in the University, whether or not they pay fee money for all sort of ridiculous buildings, or have an established channel for voicing grievances.

Not even the staunchest critic of Stan Millet could ever claim that, his mind addled by television, he ever thought of paying any attention to these silly kids who object to things that are none of their business.

This is good to know.

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