The Subversive Element

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following satire on the issue of academic freedom at Wayne State Teachers College was written by a University student for an English class.)

Once behind the times, in a nice, clean college town, in a nice clean state, there lived a nice, clean college president who was also a very fine administrator. His name was Doctor Brandenbirch and he was, as the president of Brandenbirch College, one of the state's leading manufacturers of certified teach-

Now Doctor Brandenbirch was responsible only to the State Ouija Board, which was an august body of nice, clean men, set up by the Legislature to govern the four state colleges. The board had been very cleverly named, so that it would appeal to the general public, as well as to just such learned men as the good doctor himself.

The name not only implied a sort of super-normal and infallible, collective institution in matters of decency, normality, and conscience, but also (and here is the clever part), through the combination of the French OUI with the German JA, formed an apt and, for its creators, reassuring definition of its own function, with the joke on the public thrown in for good measure.

As it happened, Doctor Brandenbirch had once consulted "Johnson's Dictionary" and knew that an administrator is 'one who administers," and that to administer is "to direct the execution of" as well as "to give, as a dose of some-thing beneificial." Had he bothered to look up "fine" as well, he would have found that it means "very small; miniscule." Fortunately he had not, or he might not have remained so warm toward his good friend, Senator Wallow, who was responsible for his being known as a "very fine administrator."

Several years before, Doctor Brandenbirch had been obliged to play the executioner part of the administrator's role. A professor, whom he had hired for the coming school year at the college, had the poor taste to become the object of national notoriety by lending a soap box to a known Communist sympathizer. The good doctor and the ouija board had been obliged to "nip" the prospective professor "in the bud," to borrow a popular phrase.

Accordingly, they fired him before he started, thus protecting the nice, clean farm kids at Brandenbirch from being contaminated before they could be certified. Lord knows, national notoriety is a bad enough sin in itself, but the greatest danger was that the professor might have contracted Communism himself by handling the soap box before the sympathizer handled it by a sort of a retroactive contagion.

For the last few years, however, things had been normal and nice at Brandenbirch. For the most part, the administrator's role had required only the routine, beneficial dosing of the faculty and (by osmosis) the student body. But alas! In their contentment the good doctor and the ouija board had grown careless, and one day it was discovered that a bearded, subversive element had obtained a position on the faculty. It had evidently been there for some time, but unfortunately the nice, clean farm kids did not know what it was and had learned not to care about anything except being certified after the four-year waiting per-

Some of the faculty knew what it was, but were unable to communicate with the administrator because, as he so often said, "communication (was) a twoway street" and whichever way they went (the doctor always told them where to go), he went the other way. Moreover, since it was his policy-for communication purposes-to keep all the doors in the administration building open at all times, it was so cold in the build-

And so it happened that it was Doctor Brandenbirch himself who discovered the element. As he was leaving the Student Union, where he had a segregated corner in which to drink his coffee, he noticed two students thronging about someone seated in a lawn chair directly in front of the administration building. Approaching to within a few feet, he began to discern that it was, in fact, a violent, mass demonstration, led by the sickly, little bearded subversive sitting in the chair and passing out letters of resignation which contained vulgarities and questioned the academic freedom on the campus. More and more students were joning the deemonstration all the time

Frantically, the good doctor ran to consult the ouija board, for he knew that word got out that there was a bearded instructor on his campus there would be t-r-o-u-b-l-e, just as there was in River City. The ouija board, of course, gave him absolute authority to take any action necessary, and so he promptly squelched the freedom question by suspending the bearded element from the faculty and obtaining a restraining order

But the problem of student demonstrations remained, unsolved, until Senator Migraine, a vociferous proponent of the "nip-it-in-the-bud" tradition, came up with a solution that proved to be both effective and (characteristically) simple: "If there are troublemakers, let's get rid

Now, for many years it had been a standard policy in the state to "get rid denbirch, many feared that unless "stern dents might even try to grow genuine subversive beards under cover of the state-wide whisker movement now under way to commemorate the state centenni-

Obviously, if the decent people merely waited until the end of the year when everyone else shaved, it would be too late to nip these troublemakers in the bud, so Senator Migraine urged the Legislature to follow the lead of a famous western governor who had "set an ex-

A man of wide experience, the governor had recently faced just such a crisis in his own state, and had proposed the same kind of double-barreled solution he had employed in his campaign to clean up the entire nation (with borax) in the old Death Valley days: a si-multaneous tultion hike and budget cut at all state colleges and universities. In his characteristically simple way, Senator Migraine figured that even if someof the students could afford the exorbitant tuition fees, the schools would have to close anyway for lack of funds.

rid of," and the nice, clean people lived happily ever after. Even Doctor Brandenbirch was happy. When the schools were forced to close, he had taken a position with a dry cleaning firm, and when last heard from, once again had his "hands full of more pressing mat-

. . . Alan Barton

An excellent example of what I mean

Ah, I think there was a misquotation

is demonstrated in Dean Synder's recent

remarks in Monday's Daily Nebraskan

where she says, ". . . that people coming

to the University are not ready to make

decisions on what will have the best over-

here and it should read something like

this-"the students are highly capable of

making relevant decisions which will bene-

fit their total education. That's why ev-

eryone wants to live in the dorms under

the supervision of regulated hours." Such

parental guidance system is the spontan-

taneity with which students have re-

sponded to the administrators projected

filial image. I think we all consider them

as our parents away from home, and af-

ter all, isn't this what we came to school

for-to acquire a total education within

the boundaries of our family? Or is it to

to evolve from. They provide us with a

foundation to explore the recesses of

knowledge in search for a unique iden-

tity. I owe my parents a great deal-I

think each one of us does. But I wonder

how much we owe our self-appointed par-

ental guardians at the University?

Parents are a most wonderful nucleus

The most successful quality of our

parental concern is overwhelming.

all benefits for them."

discover ourselves?

Everyone develops responsibility to-Parents are wonderful. Being born and raised in a conservative climate. Neward the group as a whole by sharing braska. I have come to appreciate the such communal facilities as the cafeternecessity of parental guardianship no ias, lounges and washrooms. Truly, this matter how old I become or where I go. attitude brings us into perspective with Isn't it true that we all need parents ourselves as well as others and radiates now more than ever before since America's moral and social fabric has taken out an underlying quality of responsibila turn for the worse-toward promiscuity and pornography? Trust is another very meritable frui-

Whistle While You Walk

In lieu of these undermining tendention of our parental system on campus. cies it is imperative that, in our case, By closely watching and regulating our the University should maintain it's paractivities the administration injects into ental guidance system to regulate our us a sense of trustworthiness which we hours and activities, social functions and all accept graciously and use piously to dating. Here are a few of the advantages justify their faith in our competency to of the successful system operating at our make decisions. ginstitution of "higher learning."

An important facet of the University's program embraces a complete tone of guidance, the essence of which is security. Contained in this policy of security are the controversial issues of hours and mandatory dorm residency.

I do not feel that there is any justification in arguing against these restrictions since they were provided to protect the student body from itself. After all, without them students would be getting into all kinds of trouble, and everyone knows that much more is done after 1 a.m. than before it. For this reason alone I am glad that coeds are locked in

Similarly, group living is a desirable situation since most of us plan to spend the rest of our lives in dormitory living units cohabitating with other members of the same sex. Thus, both of these regulations, hours and group living, are necessary compliments to our assimilation of a total education. But there are many

The parental guidance system at the University manifests within each student a sense of responsibility. The coeds, in particular, benefit from this policy because they develop not only a sense of punctuality, being in on time to avoid those nasty late minutes, but also a true rapport with education through the es-tablished study hours provided for them.

ing that he never went there.

until, in no time at all, there were three.

to bar him from the campus.

postgraduate troublemakers by fixing salaries below the subsistence level. In this way, the state had been preserved. so to speak, and was in almost as good a condition as it was at its inception, one hundred years before. But now, in view of the mass demonstration at Brandisciplinary action" was taken, the stu-

ample for all."

And so the troublemakers were "got

Carbondale. "The danger," continued Dr. von Teller, "is that if they perfect an anti-missile missile that would destroy our missiles, they would then feel free to launch their missiles at us because we have no effective antimissile missiles.

"Our choice then," said

the President, frowning, "Is to build either more missiles than they have anit-missile m Issiles or more anti-missile missiles than they have missiles."

H-0-4-8-0-M-G

Our Man Hoppe-

Raise the Anti

"I have called this emer-

gency meeting on national security, gentlemen," said

the President gravely, "to

discuss the growing missile

"Excuse me, Mr. Presi-

dent," said Dr. Werner von

Teller, "it isn't a missile

gap precisely. I am proud to say we still have 342

more missiles than they have. The problem is that

they are developing anti-

missile missiles with which

to shoot down our missiles.

And while we have more

missiles than they, we fear

they have more anti-missile

missiles. This creates an

"Did you say 'missile-missile'?" asked the steno-

"No," said Dr. von Teller.

"Anti-missile missile.' The

hyphen comes between the 'anti' and the 'missile.'"

"Thank you," said Miss

anti-missile missile gap."

typist, Miss Carbondale.

MICKEY MOUSE,
MICKEY MOUSE,
... FOR EVER ...

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Carbondale. .

"I am anti-missile," said the Secretary of State. "We have a hard enough time now projecting a peaceful image with all the missiles we've got around."

"And I'm afraid I'm antianti-missile missile. said the Secretary of Defense, shaking his head.

"Did you say two 'antis,' sir?" asked Miss Carbon-"Yes," said the Secre-

tary. "I am against the anti-missile missile. My cost projection analysis shows that an effective antimissile missile system would require a capital outlay which breaks doen to \$97.321/2 cents per casualty. And that's too high. We need a bigger ban for our buck."

"Well, there's a third alternative," said Dr. von Teller. "With a crash program we could, in a couple of years, perhaps develop a small missile to be carried by our missiles. Thus,

sile missiles to. . ."
"Pardon me," said Miss Carbondale.

Arthur Hoppe

when our missiles were

attacked by their anti-mis-

sile missiles, we could

launch these anti-anti-mis-

"Hold on, now," said the President. "That's a dan-gerous time lag. And what if they're already working on an anti-anti-anti missile

"Did you say 'missile missile missile,' sir?"

missile missile?"

asked Miss Carbondale. "Missile missile," said the President. "But maybe we could build an antianti - anti - anti missile. Now is there anybody present who is anti-anti-antianti-anti. . . Hmmm. Please read that back, Miss Car-

bondale.

But Miss Carbondale was suddenly seized with a fit of nervous giggling. For some unaccountable reason it spread around the table until even Dr. von Teller was rolling on the floor, clutching his stomach and guffawing, "Anti-anti-antianti-anti...

The very next day the United States proposed a workable treaty for total disarmament.

RON PFEIFER'S A Handful Of Rain

The Lowlands' Band of Rebels is still screaming for you: help outside your window and you're wondering what they want with you or what you can do for them, Then, as your doubt leaves in an instant, you meet their spokesman. She has you caught in her personality.

They call her the Queen of Revelation and She is the One who doesn't agree with what's going on in the Lowlands. She is the One who speaks in poetic action and wastes few words. She is the One her followers believe in and trust. She has earned their respect.

She is fluent in everything she does. The way she speaks, the way she moves, the way she looks. She is their Unquestionable Leader. She extends to you a sip of their Syrup of Comradeship and after the first sip of the sweetness you know you can't stay in the Low-lands without more of it. You feel you know the understanding that passeth all peace.

From out of the crowd of followers steps an apparently enthusiastic young man wearing a jean jacket and smoking a peace pipe. He hangs on every word she says, as if his life depended on it. He leans against her and seems to be drawing strength from it, as are the other followers.

She raises a golden umbrella and points to the West. The band immediately looks in that direction and rides off toward the Gap, following the Angel of Direction.

Somewhere, out there, this rebel group holds meetings where they survey every thing around them and apparently come to an understanding of their situation. Not too far from there is the home of the Queen. But history tells us that most wayfarers on pilgrimages get high-centered on their way to the Last Hope of the Low-

******************** THIS TRAGI-COMIC WORLD

By Doyle Niemann America is the greatest country in the world, or so we are continually being told. And what is it that makes our country so great? It is our freedom of speech, thought

world. But what does all this mean? I do not intend to deny that we do have these freedoms, for we do. However, I would like to raise some questions as to its value and significance.

and action. This is the distinguishing mark between our

society and that of the totalitarian and communistic

It is true that in the United States one can say and do most anything he wants. There are some limits, but these are so broad as to pose little restriction. Consequently. Americans do have virtual freedom of thought

If someone dislikes the government or its leaders they can and have every right to say so. If he thinks that our society is corrupt and morally bankrupt he can urge people to change it. There is no effective power to stop him. There is no one to tell him that he cannot say and think the way he does.

The question which arises, however, is what value does this freedom have. What is its effect upon our society? While it is undeniably true that anyone can say and do what he pleases, it is also true that anything he may say and do will have little effect upon the mass of society. No one (relatively speaking of course) ever

Our society has become so fat and complacent and so used to freedom of speech that it can ignore any call to change, any criticism of the status quo. The criticism may be true and change may be necessary but, society just does not listen and so nothing is done. Society simply shrugs off as irrevelant anything it does not like.

The effects of this apathy can be seen throughout our culture. Potential artists, writers and intellectuals soon discover that anything they say and do will have very little effect upon society. As a result, they give up creating for the people; they give up attempting to change society and, instead, turn to more esoteric subjects and purposes. They write for themselves or for a small group rather than for the mass of people. Consequently, what they create has little relevance to society and the masses and almost no effect upon them.

Compare this to the Soviet Union, an autocratic, dictatorial country, lacking all our guarantees of freedom, It is true that in Russia there is censorship and repression; that to speak out often means reprisals and perhaps, death. But, despite all this, men do speak out. They do criticize the society and the government. And, what is more important, what they say does have an effect; it is relevant. The people care; they listen and sometimes act. Even the government is wary of and attentive to these men. The government does not dare repress them too much; it is forced to listen and to make

Thus we see that, ironical as it may seem, what is said and done in the Soviet Union, an autocratic, dictatorial country, matters and is relevant; while what is said in the United States, the freest of the free, is not.

In conclusion, I ask only that you think on this one question: what value does freedom of thought and action have if what is thought and done has no effect?

Daily Nebraskan

TELEPHONE: 477-8711, Extensions Subscription rates are \$4 per semes-

ter or \$6 for the academic year. Published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, by the students of the University of Nebraska under the jurisdic-tion of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications, Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraskan are responsible for what they cause to be printed.

Member Associated Collegiate Press, National Advertising Service, Incorporated, Published at Room 51. Nebraska Union, Lincoln, Neb., 68518. EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor Wayne Kreuscher: Managing Editor Bruce Giles: News Editor Jan Itkin; Night News Editor Pag Ber

Editorial Page Assistant Susie Phelps; Sports Editor Ed Icenogle; Assistant Sports Editor Terry Grasmick; Senior Staff Writers, Julie Morris, Cheryl Tritt, Randy Irey; Junior Staff Writers, Mick Lowe, David Buntain, Roger Boye, Jim Evinger, Dan Looker, Paul Eaton, Mark Gordon, Chris Carlson; News Assistant Elleen Wirth; Photographers. Mike Hayman, Doug Keistre: Copy Editors mney Reutrel, Lynn Ann Gottschalk, Marty Dietrich, Jackie Glascock, Chris Stockwell, Diane Lindquist, Ann Hoege-

Business Manager Bob Ginn: Na-tional Advertising Manager Roger Boye; Production Manager Charles Baxter; Classified Advertising Manag-ers Janet Boatman, John Flemming; Secretary Amy Bousks; Business As-Business Assistants Bob Carter, Glenn Friendt, Russ Fuller, Chris Lougee, Kathy Schooley, Linda Jeffray; Subscription Manager Jim Buntz; Circulation Masager Lynn Rathjen; Circulation Assistant Gary Meyer; Bookkeeper Craig

BUSINESS STAFF

That's What It Says

Gov. Reekin sat back in his chair and watched the rain. He had just finished his fifth term as Governor.

He picked up the newspaper and read a page 52 story "Former University California president Clark Curr died yesterday.'

"Ha!," he snorted, "serves him "What serves who right?" Reekin's wife Nancy asked.

"Curr died. Serves him right." Reekin smiled. "Poor Curr," Mrs. Reekin said, returning her husband's smile, "he never

really caught on to what education was "Remember when I first took office?" Reekin asked. "All those radicals were

at Berkeley then and Curr was their leader. First we got rid of Curr, then the radicals, then Berkeley. "Yes, it certainly is much better as an agricultural station now than it ever

was as a University," Mrs. Reekin added. "Cows in Berkeley?" Reekin was doubled up with laughter. "Your tuition proposals were good too. After you made your famous speech in

1970, 'Why Stop at \$400' there was nothing they could do." Mrs. Reekin's eyes twinkled with delight. "Well, those boys and girls had to learn to pay for what they were getting. Actually, \$2000 per semester was never out of anyone's income bracket. To pay

any less would be the same as stealing. "Remember how enrollment dropped from 87,000 to 1500? The University was at its finest hour. Too bad all the pro-

fessors left, though." "But all the football coaches stayed, Nancy, and that's what counts. UCLA won the Rose Bowl for 11 years straight. They even beat the Green Bay Packers one year."
"It was marvelous, Ronnie, but if

Curr had stayed it never could have happened."

"Curr didn't like football: he was incomprehensible. Why, when I went to Eureka College, we had things like English and history, but we had football too. In fact, I majored in the theory of foot-

"I always hated the name multiversity anyway. The 'multipigskin' was a much better name.' "Football was practical, Nancy, and

Curr could never see that. He wasn't practical. There was no reason to teach the boys and girls things like philosophy. How could they possibly get any value from their education after majoring in philosophy?"

"The Berkeley Agricultural Station has produced thousands of excellent farmers, Ronnie. It was a great idea." "Those boys sure can spade the ma-

nure. They'll make fine citizens." Reekin made quick little motions with his hands as if shoveling manure. "Changing UCLA to a School of For-

estry wasn't such a bad idea either." And you have to admit that the Riverside campus is doing much better as the Institute of Home Economics." "The Police Academy at the old Da-

vis campus was just what we needed." Reekin smiled again. "It's been great, Nancy, but it's too bad I never got any-one to take over as University President."

-By Steve Gruber Collegiate Press Service