

The Disease

As The Disease creeps into the Daily Nebraskan office and perfumes our bodies with intoxicating scents of springtime, our minds, and all students' minds, begin taking little trips. Just here and there, we can't really control them even if we try. Each mind travels to its own dreamland; maybe a haven of longed-for delights or a refuge for private little sorrows.

Snap Back

It makes us mad to have to snap back. We do have to—there is no choice. Back to the anxieties, the tensions, the damn boredom of everyday and everyday routine and frustration.

Ah, it's so nice to escape to dreamland where the soul is free. At least in the spring we have momentary excuses to lapse away, because it's so nice outside and besides, everyone else is sighing, too.

And after we snap back we wonder—Why just in spring can we be a little more spontaneous, a little wild even, and not have people think we're crazy? Why just in the spring can we be happy about nothing or cry because we're sick of walking down 16th St.? Why just in the spring do people quit criticizing each other and start understanding and loving, if only for its own sake? Why just in the spring can it be good to be?

Feel Ashamed

Is it just the intellectual community which demands so much rationality? Here for nine months we try and try to know things and we feel compelled to fake it

if we don't know some things and sometimes we admit that we don't know something and we feel ashamed.

And between cramming sessions in the carrels, we run from one committee meeting to another which is a meeting of committees on committees where we get a great idea about a whole news-paper structure of superior committees. Then as we rush to file for next month's General Motors job interviews and check on grade transcripts, we take a sudden breath and try some more not to remember that we feel like robots.

No, it's not just the intellectual community which makes people forget to live. Our whole society pressures us constantly to get ahead, to make money and live prestigiously. Our consciences are carefully conditioned to shame us when we neglect to be ambitious. It's high gear. Prudence, involvement, concern, fulfillment.

Silly Idealism

Where is the life? It's in those "mind excursions" when that so-called silly idealism takes momentary control of the rationale. The life is in the impulsive decision to go to the country for a walk or talk to a friend about last night's dream. It is sometimes when we feel instead of think and when we empathize instead of sympathize.

Living is when we can shed our heavy pessimism and feel it is fun and wonderful to be.

Joy needn't be felt just in spring.
Susie Phelps

On Elections

Starting with yesterday's Daily Nebraskan and continuing until the ASUN election next Wednesday, all candidates for Senate positions are being interviewed for short policy and qualification statements.

Monday's Paper

Longer and more detailed interviews from the ASUN executive candidates will be presented in Monday's paper.

The Nebraskan regrets that each Senate candidate's interview cannot be longer and represent the individual candidate's feelings more completely, but due to space this is impossible.

The main question the Nebraskan is asking all the Senate candidates is "Why they think they would make a good senator?" This question is extremely simple, but it does give the candidates a chance to list their qualifications and maybe a little about their basic philosophy for student government.

Small Degree

The Nebraskan encourages no one to rate the Senate candidates strictly by these short statements, but we do feel these statements are advantageous in that the voters can evaluate the candidates' qualifications and possibly a few of their ideas to at least a small degree.

We do encourage the voters themselves to ask the individual candidates many questions and the candidates should make a large effort to inform the people in their colleges about their stands on general and specific issues.

Membership on the Senate is extremely important and often capable senators prove just as important if not sometimes more important than the executive candidates. We urge every student to consider the Senate candidates seriously and to try to choose for himself outstanding senators that will work effectively in student government.

Endorsement

The Daily Nebraskan will note those Senate and executive candidates feels should be seriously considered or who would do an outstanding job on Monday's editorial page.

We also welcome constructive letters to the editor recommending candidates. The letters will appear in Monday and Wednesday's papers. As far as possible, we will try to present an equal representation of letters for each executive candidate. Policy regarding Senate recommendations will depend on the number of letters received and the space available.

Bob Samuelson's

All The Lonely People

Censorship in a democratic society is a problem which has long bothered individuals, local authorities and even the Supreme Court.

Let me first state a declaration, and then qualify it. I am against any forms or kinds of censorship.

Recognize Dangers

We must, however, recognize the dangers of non-censorship as well as the dangers of censorship.

The dangers of censorship are more obvious, and reached extremes in Nazi Germany. They were quite dramatically depicted in Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451."

It is a common maxim of things of this type that once witch-hunting has begun, it tends to be accumulative and it tends to become less discriminatory and more vindictive.

'Objectionable'

The community may start with an honest desire to protect its youth, and as the radical right catches moral indignation fire, the movement extends to all forms of literature, paintings, sculpture, motion pictures, periodicals, and any other forms the critics may whimsically deem "objectionable."

The witch-hunt has already started at Lincoln in the form of wrath at Bill Steen's bookstores. Legislative Bill 859 is an example of how absurd this maniacal obsession to "protect" has lately been manifested in our area.

County Attorney Paul Douglas and Deputy Attorney Blue have undoubtedly been hunting by persons in Lincoln to "do something" about the material at Mr. Steen's stores.

Against Purity

The criticisms for their actions against the bookstores should not be directed against Mr. Douglas or Mr. Blue, but against a generally uninformed and ultra-conservative minority of Lincoln's populace who are vociferous on points against purity.

These are the same people who screamed about Terry Southern's minor

satiric masterpiece "Candy," got it removed from the bookstores and then scurried out to buy and devour trash (hardbound) such as "The Adventurers" and "Valley of the Dolls" and proclaim their "authors" brilliant.

I am not supporting per se all the material Mr. Steen sells, and as a matter of simply personal opinion, I must state that there is some material at Mr. Steen's stores in which I personally can conceive no possible benefit. However, this is simply not the issue at stake.

Supreme Function

I do not, as an individual, feel that I have the right to dictate to any other human what is or is not beneficial to him. Some people apparently feel that they are omniscient and have this supreme function in life.

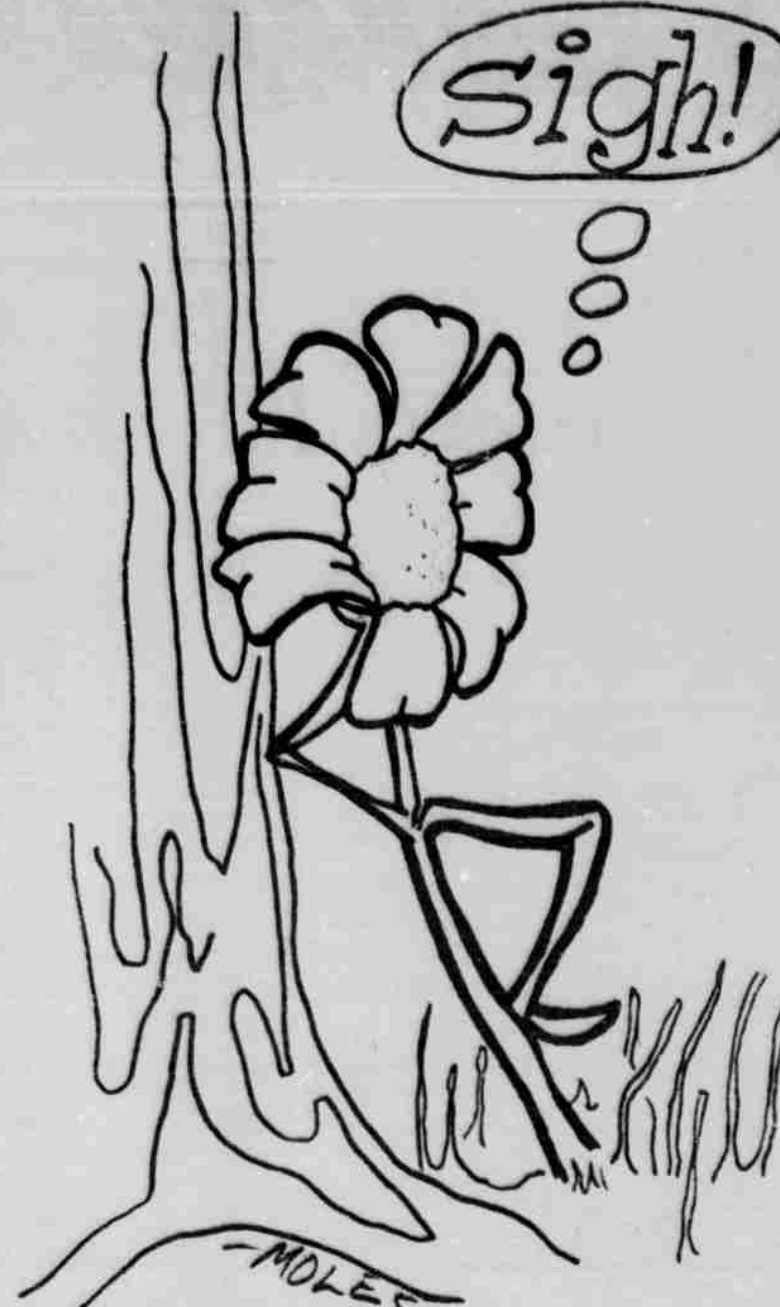
To qualify my original statement, I recognize the possible need for protection of some of the younger and more impressionable populace. (Although I doubt if there is much that could shock them.) If material is sold, some would point out, it will eventually end up in the hands of the youth, no matter what the safeguards against age, so the material should not be sold at all.

It is equally true that the material, legally or illegally, has gotten into the hands of the young before, and will at the future, even if the Heroic Bookstore is closed this minute, never to re-open.

Lose Attraction

Another thing that many overlook is that if the glamour is taken away from these materials, they will lose much of their attractiveness, just as there are fewer problems with teen-age drunkenness in Europe where drinking is legal for teenagers than there are in the United States where it is not legal.

It is a truism in the United States that restrictive laws simply are not effective, whether they restrict the sale of alcohol or written material. Silly laws such as LB859 make a mockery out of all laws.



Our Man Hoppe

The Fairy Kingdom



Arthur Hoppe

Copenhagen, Denmark

Once upon a time there was a beautiful little fairy kingdom. It had blue lakes and green parks and many lovely castles.

It had a king and a queen, whom everyone loved, and three charming princesses, whom everyone cherished. All the young girls were beautiful. All the young men were handsome. And all the older people were kind, gracious and very, very nice.

Every Morning

Nobody was terribly rich. But nobody was terribly poor. The hotels were comfortable and cheap. The food was everywhere delicious. You could always get a taxicab. And anyone who wanted to could sing and dance and drink until 5 o'clock every morning.

Truly, there could be no more delightful place in the world to visit.

★ ★ ★
But it was, after all, only

a tiny little kingdom. And the older people (those over 30) worshipped something called "hygge" (pronounced sort of like "hugg-hee," but not quite.)

A Feeling

Now "hygge" was difficult to define. It was a feeling it was the cozy feeling you had when you sat around a warm fire sipping tea with relatives you liked on a snowy Sunday afternoon. And the older people in the tiny little kingdom loved nothing more dearly than that.

But the younger people, being young, were different. They like a little "hygge" once in a while. But not all the time. "There's more to life than 'hygge,'" they would say defiantly. And their elders would smile tolerantly, nod and sip their tea.

Being Young

The younger people, being young, naturally wanted to change the world. They would march in parades,

shouting slogans like, "Stop the War in Vietnam!"

And their elders would smile tolerantly, nod and sip their tea. For the world didn't much care what the tiny little kingdom thought.

The younger people, being young, naturally wanted to change their country. They would march in parades, shouting slogans like, "Legalize abortion!"

Smile Tolerantly

And their elders would smile tolerantly, nod and sip their tea. And maybe they'd change the laws (after a long and pleasant debate) and maybe they wouldn't.

So it went. And the young people would say with frustration: "This is like living in a doll house." Or, instead of saying, "Let's go out and have fun," they would say, "Let's go out and get drunk."

Some of the young people left the beautiful little kingdom for the outside world where life was harder and crueler. And more exciting.

Grew Older

But most simply grew older. And as they grew older, they slowly wrapped themselves in a soft, cozy blanket of "hygge." They seemed very happy.

But you couldn't help wondering as they sat before the fire, sipping their tea, if sometimes they didn't miss those who had left them behind—and the dreams they used to dream themselves.

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Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb.
Subscription rates are 50¢ per copy plus for the domestic rate. Publications are published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year, except during the months of August and September, by the students of the University of Nebraska under the supervision of the Faculty Publications Committee. Publications are sold by the University Book Store, 2201 North 22nd Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68505. The University Book Store is not responsible for what they cause to be printed.

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Stacked Cards

Last month I had nothing to do so I stormed into the library, approached the desk, and yelled, "I hate this place, and I want to blow up the whole building!"

The librarian was calm and collected. "You'll have to fill out a card," she said.

Question Sanity

This experience has caused me to question the sanity not only of the library, but the entire University. Yesterday I went to the circulation desk and filled out a card for the "Holy Bible." For the author, I combined humor with exactness and wrote down, "God."

The librarian quickly returned the card with an appropriate scowl and said, "What's this, a game? You forget the first name and middle initial."

Sometimes, in a moment of weakness, I use the Xerox machine (The "X" stands for—excuse me, I'm broken again). One day, after printing three thousand copies of "Eat at the Varsity Inn," and two thousand 1965 calendars, I decided to try my luck once more, at the circulation desk.

Not 'Out'

You will find, if you go to the library often enough, that a book you are looking for is not "out." More often it will be in the bindery, lost, in the reverse room, or just playing it cute.

Last week I tried to take out a book, and the librarian gave me a card that said, "Book Lost, Will Trade." I never knew what that meant, until I accidentally stumbled into the head librarian's office and saw him sitting on the floor with ten rolls of tissue paper—tracing a book.

Yesterday I went to the periodical room. "Have you got Time?" I asked.

Periodicals

"Pick me up at seven," responded the librarian. "I don't think you understand," I explained. "How about Life?"

"O.K.," she giggled. "I'll be ready at six."

Someday when I'm old and gray and my three-year-old son asks me about my school library, I'll show him a picture of our grand super-structure reaching high into the sky. He'll carefully count the number of floors and say, "Gee, Daddy, your library had five stories."

"Yes son," I'll admit, "and a whole book of poems."
—Dick Wolfie
Collegiate Press Service

Campus Opinion

Alumna Questions Proposed Policy

Dear Editor:
As an alumna who still receives the Daily Nebraskan, I am following, with great interest, the developments in the housing situation at the University. I know that this has always been a problem to students, at least since I entered school in the fall of 1961.

Specially Approved

In recent issues of the "Nebraskan," I have noticed references being made to "... specially approved housing, which means that the housing must be designed specifically for students." (Ad Hoc Committee, Monday, March 20, 1967) I cannot help but disagree with this type of housing theory.

It appears that, in essence, a system of private dormitories will result, with some reliance on less expensive cooperatives. The University of Illinois, Champaign-Urbana, does make use of private dormitories, which seem to be a more expensive way of college living than perhaps even regular dormitory living.

In order to be appealing, these private dorms must offer "luxury" features which, of course, cost more. What housing (off-campus) in Lincoln is already designed "specially for students"? The renovation and hiring of housing managers, as also required by the housing recommendation, would certainly involve a cost that would have to be borne by the student dwellers for a number of semesters.

Renovation

If the recommendation is thinking of less expensive cooperatives, there will still be the problem of renovation. I knew several students who lived in Terrace Hall when it was a cooperative. Here was a means by which students could afford to attend the University and live near campus. This cooperative was then leased as a sorority house, leaving its residents to seek "approved" or dormitory housing.

The only other women's cooperative on campus is Love Memorial Hall, and one must be a home economics major in order to qualify for residence there. For a University this large, this is certainly a limited amount of cooperative housing for students. (There may be some housing of which I am unaware, since my contact with the University lessened last June, when I received a graduate degree and moved to Illinois.)

Although financial consideration seems to be the most pressing issue regarding housing at the present time, I think there is another very important reason why off-campus housing should not be "designed specifically for students."

Junior Member

As a high school student, one is sort of a junior member of a community. He enjoys community life as an adolescent and sees some of its responsibilities via his parents. Then the high school student comes to college; he is isolated possibly as long as four years in a community that is composed solely of college students.

Hopefully, he learns to be tolerant of viewpoints which may be quite far removed from his own. After four years he is turned loose in a fully-functioning, complete community again and is expected to fit in. I fully realize that after these four years of isolation, he may be in a position to serve his community in a far more beneficial capacity than he would have right after high school.

But, how long does it take him to adjust to the average citizen? To the viewpoints of the person who has not been to college? (And we know that even though college enrollments are rapidly increasing, still a vast majority of the people in this country have not attended college and many have attended no type of post-secondary institutions. These people, because of their different experiences, do not have the same viewpoints as the college graduate.)

Adjustment Slow

It is possible, you see, to over-protect our college students, just as parents can over-protect to a point where adjustment in a full society is slow. As a final point, I feel that an all-student dwelling is less conducive to good studying than is a mixed dwelling. In a dormitory, for example, one can always find someone else to whom they can complain.

Panic before tests is widespread. In a less student-dominated dwelling, studying is a part of the student's life just as working is part of the workingman's life, and can be taken in stride. There is no one else who is upset because midterms are next week, except perhaps your roommates.

Home-Like

As a graduate student I lived off-campus and found it much more home-like and conducive to studying. As a future bride, I also learned much about cooking that I had previously known, and that in itself was a valuable part of my year. There was no dormitory maid to scrub the bathroom or vacuum the stairs, or carry out the trash; I had to take household responsibilities.

We are enjoying receiving the Daily Nebraskan very much and feel it's our best way to keep "in touch" with what's happening at NU.

Mrs. Fran Dexter

Reflections On Vietnam

Dear Editor:
The editors of the Cleveland State University Cauldron thought that the enclosed poem by Richard I. Briggs was an eloquent statement. I hope that you will share their opinion and consider printing it.

Why should you worry or give a damn

About what happens in Vietnam?
Why is it any of your concern?
If men and women and children burn?
Only a pacifist, saint or fool
Believes in stuff like the Golden Rule...
You know the answer—you know it well—
"This is a war and war is hell!"

Yes, war is hell for the men that fight,
Pawns on a chessboard, brown and white;
War is death in a sea of mud
To the sound of bullets and stench of blood;
War is madness told as the truth,
Torturing women and crippling youth...
But you know the answer—you know it well—
"This is a war and war is hell!"

Try to project what your thoughts would be
If you left your home as a refugee;
Try to imagine the sense of fear
When the napalm scatters and flames appear...
What kind of feelings would it inspire
If you watched a child with its flesh on fire?
Could you find words for the pilots above
Who boast about morals and Christian love?

War is a gamble played with Fate
Where the stakes are high and the hour is late;
War is the writing seen on the wall
Which threatens to come and engulf us all...
It's time to worry and time to care,
It's time to pity and time to share;
It's time to consider the Human Race
And see ourselves in other man's place.

Alan Rhodes
Department of Chemistry
Cleveland State University