Too Complacent To Dream

At the risk of being accused of pouting about the outcome, the Daily Nebraskan feels obligated to comment on the general conduct and meaning of the ASUN election.

The voter turnout was the largest in the history of ASUN and most likely the largest in the history of this school's stu-dent elections. Although it is too soon to generalize about what significance this fact may have in a larger perspective, it is sure enough to say that this indicates some kind of new awakening of interest among students in the governing of the environment in which they are temporarily living.

However, the nature of this interest is the question which is open to interpre-tation. As has been repeatedly discussed by the Daily Nebraskan, the emotionalism which identifies this campagin from a l l others was disgusting and degrading to the student body. If this is the factor which stirred up students enough to vote in such great quantities, then perhaps the campaign signified nothing, or even will rate only negative comment, in the long-run

It is not to students' credit to have voted as a result of pressure which even bordered on bribery applied from so-called campus leaders or pseudo intellectuals or to have voted after listening earnestly to only the side which earmarked their former prejudices. The most obnoxious aspect of this is the attempt at outright cheating at the election polls. Clearly, this tock place on at least two sides of the political picture. The executive candidates on these two sides must be absolved of blame for surely they did not condone the incidents of double, triple and in many cases multiple voting by a single person. If they knew it was going on, it is likely that it got completely out of their control.

The ones who deserve the blame are the organizers, the pushers, the extremists on both sides. One bad turn did not deserve another, but many people rationalized that if the other side was collecting identification cards from the dorms and sending sympathizers through to vote, then their side could only be fair to itself and try to keep up. It is curious why the outcome was of such extreme importance to some people to cause them to insult the integrity of those running and the integrity of the student body itself. Most likely the people who indulged did not consider the results a life or death affair for the future of their school but, pardon the expression, simply "lost their cool" and let the excite-ment get the better of them.

Then, perhaps, maybe lost cool isn't the only thing involved. It is obvious that despite the personality clashes and unusually odd circumstances that started the ball rolling (i.e., the split in PSA), there was what appeared to be a choice between persons holding varied political philosophies, from radical to liberal to con-

Supposedly then, following this reasoning, informed students cast votes favoring either: beer in the Union, liberal dissemination of birth control pills and complete voluntary selection of housing (SDS platform); a revised advising system, college of independent thinking and a liberal interpretation of Article 5 of the Bill of Rights (Pfeifer-Aitken-Olson platform); or interdisciplinary programs, team-teaching and support of the alternate Article 5 (PSA

If in their completed forms the platforms did reflect a dichotomy of thought into somewhat clear categories of political philosophy and if the students knew them. understood them, and then voted according understood them, and then voted according to their considered opinions, then it would be a most encouraging reflection of the evolving level of sophistication and intelligence of University students. Then one could later note, in retrospect, that the student government elections of 1967 were a landmark in the transition of the University a landmark in the transition of the University student from an apathetic and somewhat naive playboy to a concerned, re-flecting "student of life."

Sadly, it cannot be true. The plat-forms, with the exception of a few ideas presented but not pushed by SDS were not dissimilar. Everyone pushed the education theme, which is fine, but with ideas borowed from the advisory boards of each other. By necessity, Article 5 w a s bent out of proportion so it could appear that there was a radical, a liberal and a conservative interpretation of it. Perhaps to the extent that philosophical intricacies were involved this is true—but all candidates said that ASUN would have to negotiate with the Administration in order to make any progress towards different pol-icies, because this was the only realistic

In the realm of pure political thought, which may or may not be relevant in the development of student government, the campaign appeared to be just as confusing. There were radicals, liberals, confusing. servatives and in-betweens of every shade. In the context of the traditional Nebraskan conservative, one would think of him as a "rugged individualist," opposed to most sorts of governmental controls and sincerely loyal-the purist of democratic institutions. But strangely enough those who were earmarked "conservative" were talking about the need to prepare for the future by adapting ourselves to a society which is quite strictly regulated. They were not calling for a situation which would insure "individualism" among students. No-this role, the conservative role--was trumpeted by SDS and the so-called non-SDS liberals. Well, it is hard to tell what to call who.

Perhaps better than trying to pin old labels on students and student politicians it would be more accurate to say that what reigns on this campus is narrow-mindedness. Surely students in the prime of their lives should be excited to at least consider new ideas. This is not to say all new ideas are good ones and should be accepted eagerly for their own sakes. But apparently the mandate just given to student government is that it just exists throughout the year and he quite sure not to stir up any controversy.

A philosopher once said: "a person who isn't radical at 20 isn't thinking and a person who is still radical at 40 never started thinking." If we immediately reject things that are a little wierd sounding University students, we surely will not be equipped to be the persons who are trying to find solutions tomorrow for a better world This is high sounding, true. But we do believe in an eventual better world, don't we? Or is our generation too cynical and complacent to dream?

The College Switchboard

The next target of the student move-ment should be the college switchboard. Perhaps I am overly sensitive—my job requires a number of calls to students on the nation's campuses.

Nonetheless, it seems to me that an innocent requistioner to His Majesty's Royal Dormitory should be entitled to better service than the nasal voice of a septegenerian informing you that, "We have no such number available," or, "I'm sorry, sir, that line is busy," for two hours. Even the CIA gives better service.

Picket Line

Take my alma mater, Oberlin College in Ohio. The first problem in reaching Oberlin is the Northern Ohio Telephone Company-a free-flowing group which made the mistake of competing with A. T. & T. Calling through Northern Ohio always gives you the feeling that you've crossed a picket line of some sort.

The situation is so bad that a protest we ran at Oberlin against discrimination in Northern Ohio hiring practices attracted a large crowd with signs demanding bet-

The College cannot be blamed for Cleveland-that's a cesspool of its own creation. Oberlin, however, has developed its own ingenious obstacle course. Students hole up in the library all day long, in which, of course, there is no phone.

Tornado Announced

At II p.m., "le deluge." The dammed up calls of an entire day bombard the dormitories as if a tornado had just been announced. One hour later, however, the gate slams shut. After midnight, outsiders are greeted with, "I'm sorry sir, you didn't best the clock, the clock best you but as a

Oberlin does well by comparison, how-ever. At least you know where you stand. At least you can leave a message with someone. At least somebody cares.

a student at Providence College in Rhode Island. The conversation went something

"Hello, mam, could you put me in touch with John Bardwell" "I'm sorry, sir, we don't accept out-de calls between 7:30 and 10:00."

"Oh. Well, then, could you leave a

"I'm sorry, sir, we don't take mes-

"Well, then, why do you keep the switchboard open?"....

We will accept an emergency call,

"Well, this is an emergency."

At this point, the caller received the number of a pay phone engulied deep in a basement of a dormitory. Needless to say, the student lived on the third floor,

Dormitory Meal

Something just has to be done. The idea that a college student is not entitled to receive a phone call after a certain hour, or cannot get a message when he's not available, or has to be shielded from the outside world like some sort of saimander in a cage is every bit as insulting to an undergraduate as the average dormi-

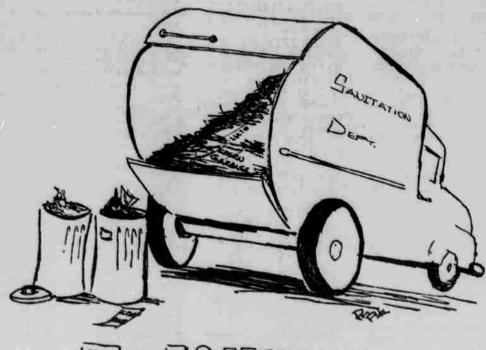
Yet who protests? Who even knows? There are, doubtless, thousands of students who have lost millions of dollars in job offers, just because some switchboard operator decided to take a stand.

It is time for the students of this country to take a stand. I would suggest that after repeated attempts to convince college administrations to change these policies fail—as they always do—students run a nation-wide phone-in.

Two hundred students on a campus should arrange that friends call them throughout the day, particularly at hours when the switchboard won't let them through. When the operator refuses, each friend should heap abuse on her. I mean, the nastiest things they can say. Two weeks of such treatment should yield

Act now, however, People are probably trying to call you at this very mo-ment, with little success. You really do have friends. Your boyfriend really has been trying to reach you. Love may spring eternal, but ringeth not at all. Down with the switchboard

> Ed Schwartz Collegiate Press



THE ASUM ELECTION DANDMARONI

Our Man Hoppe-

Russia With Mixed Feelings



- Arthur Hoppe

I'm out! The feeling of escape, the sense of relief that washes over you as you safely cross the Soviet border is hard to describe. But what is even harder is to know whether it is

justified. Room Bugged? Was I watched during my week in Russia? Was my room bugged, my mail opened? Were those two

tough characters questioning my maid M. V. D. Or were the constant tension, the occasional suspicious, the flashes of fear, merely the result of imaginings produced by 20 years of Cold War conditioning?

I simply don't know. For the casual tourist, I can think of no more secure place to visit than Russia. The intourist guides meet you at trains and planes and shepherd you to your hotel and usher you through each airport. How convenient it is. How coddled you feel.

And yet, as old Russia hands point out, what an efficient way to keep tabs on where you go and whom I think of Russian friends

Old Russia

I made and how openly they laughed and joked in private about politics or bureaucracy. And yet, if we parted in a hotel lobby or public square, how quickly they shook hands. turned and walked away.

I think of the American newsmen in Moscow, living in apartments with Soviet police at the doors, presumably checking out each person who enters. I think of the harrowing tales they tell of this colleague blackmailed or that one exposed -and of the conspiratorial caution they use in personal dealings.

American Bachelors I think of the handful of

The Labyrinth

By Bruce Mason

It has been said that many a man has perished in the dark confines of the labyrinth. Many have tired of the effort expanded in fleeting hopes of escape.

Some, oblivious to their stifling prison, sink deeper and deeper into the abyss. Others cast their eyes downward, resigned to their dismal fate.

Rarely, a few escape; their eyes stinging from the un-accustomed brightness. Those few, even before the soreness of their eyes has vanished, with spirits soaring from their laborious liberation, plunge back into the gaping cav-

By their wasted bodies, poisoned with the foul air, strewn about the dark corridors, others grope their way to safety. They also, after the brief exultation has faded, seek the hideous bowels of the chasm.

The serenity and calm is rejected for the maybem and the vileness of the labyrinth. Their senses numbed, their yes blurred to the fifth and pestilence, only downward can

For inside their bellies a demon exhorts them to seek out those who have failed to escape the labyrinth. A living sacrifice, to those who will later vomit their eaten flesh, they become. With their faces marred by dust, sweat, and blood they pummel to their destructive triumph.

Men of vision blinded in their need to free the others perish beneath the chains of the very ones they so desperately sought to save. The serpentine walls muffle their words. The thick air rots away their brains.

Slime Mocks

The slime mocks their feeble attempt. The oppressiveness pounds their hearts to annihilistic submission. No encouragement rebounds in the labyrinth.

Battered by the assaults of the enslaved, their muscles scream for an end to their misery. Their insane will lives

With their bones crushed, their flesh charred, their guts spilled out on the craggy floor, they have escaped the hideous pit forever.

Yet, as their struggle oozes to an end; others begin their destructive odyssey back into the jaws of the labyringth. Lured by the screams of those below, they too will perish. For only in death do they escape the claws of the

American bachelors there. Most Russian girls won't date them, they say. And how they suspect the few who will!

Yet I wonder if the

American community, cut off and ghettoized as it is, doesn't tend to become slightly paranoid. But why are there no stairs in the towering

Ukraine Hotel? Guests Forbidden

At times, you have to wait half an hour for an one floor. But if there are stairs, guests are forbidden to use them.

"It's because the 12th floor is jam-packed with bugging equipment," says an American with a knowledgeable smile. "And they don't want anyone wandering around." Maybe. Maybe not. I

don't know. I simply don't know.

But, after a week of daytime tension, nighttime fear, gloomy hotel rooms. indifferent food and a vast. confusing panorama of strange people, strange scenes and strange emo-tions, I have checked into the most luxurious hotel in

Hot Water The dependable hot water is cascading into the gleaming tub. The huge, warmed towel hangs waiting. The deep bed with the feathery comforter is

turned down. And there's one thing I do know. There are times in life when there's nothing more richly enjoyable than to be a thoroughly decadent

Daily Nebraskan

Vol. 50 No. 50 April 14, 1907 Second-chass postage paid at Lincoln, Net.

TRILEPSONIE; 2774711. Extensions miss. 557e and 5500.

Substriction cause are 54 per semester or 55 for the academic war. Published Storties, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday Guring the actual war, except Suring vacuations and exam periods. by the statement of the University of Substantian and communication of the Faculty Subsemmittee on Student Substantians shall be free from emasurable by the Substantian or any perwax orgales the University. Simultant of the Neturaham are responsible for what they cause to be printed.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Campus Opinion

Foreign Flight Problems

Dear Editor:

Quite a few foreign students felt that the Nebraska International Association could perform a worthwhile service to our University by offering a low-cost flight to Europe. While we do not suggest that there exists a conspiracy against our attempt, it does seem strange that we should have to face so many difficulties.

Better Arrangements

About two months ago I wrote a letter to the editor asking whether not better arrangements could be made for a flight to Europe than had been done by the Nebraska Union. Not until about a month later and about three days after we had asked the Union to put up our posters announcing that we were offering a flight for \$300 (which were never put up) did the Union answer by accusing us of using a foreign airline.

It seems strange that the Union should not have been aware that TWA is an American airline. Since the Union had failed to put up our first posters we saw ourselves forced to put them up every few hours realizing that they would be torn down soon.

About three weeks ago we arranged to have an information evening at the Union for students who like to go to Europe. Although we had been promised by the Daily Nebraskan that an article would appear announcing the event it was never published.

Space On Flight

Since we were told a few days ago that the Union flight would not have enough people we contacted them offering to try to find space for them on our flight, which they

It appears they are now making an all out attempt to get enough people for their flight, which is only fair. How-ever, after we had again made arrangements for a meeting with slides and refreshments and the Daily Nebraskan again assured us that they would carry a story concerning our trip and meeting, it is somewhat strange that instead of an article appeared concerning the Union flight and a meeting being attended by a local travel agency and an

We do seem to have enough people for our flight in any case, but it seems somewhat strange that it should be so difficult for foreign students to contribute something to their University. We do feel that our flight is the better deal and we do hope to offer next year also flights to Asia and the Middle East.

Hospitality

In the same way that we enjoy the hospitality offered to us by Nebraskans, we do hope that our friends here will enjoy visiting our countries and that this all may help international understanding. For that reason we offer a flight as reasonable as possible and without making any profit on it. Whatever the outcome may be, we do hope that many of you will be able to go.

... Benno Wymar

Report Not A 'Minority'

Dear Editor.

Apparently my report (April 5) on the success of the Nebraska Free University is not so much a "minority" report as Mr. Rod Basler inferred in his letter published Friday, April 7. I am informed that the E.S.P. class of 75 signer-uppers has dwindled to "10 or 12" regulars. Apparently another survey of NFU courses is in order

I am happy to hear of the success of the NFU Human Reproduction course. I would be disturbed, indeed, to hear that students have lost their interest in sex.

Charles R. Gruner

What's The Fence For?

With spring beautifying the campus, the students of the University owe special thanks to the students of the art departments who have helped in their own little way. Not only have they covered an area north of the Woods Art Building with gravel, but they have succeeded in assembling the largest conglomeration of junk ever to appear on our lovely campus. And another thing, what's the fence for? To keep out the trash collector maybe?

Errors Pointed Jut

The "Tombstone Epitaph" is most amusing especially as regards your alleged support of SDS. However, there are several errors in their generally impartial analysis of the campus political scene which I should like to point

 I am not a co-author of Mr. Davidson's fine paper, "University Reform." I read the manuscript on the way to our national convention, and made several minor sug-

2. Though many members including myself, support much of what Mr. Davidson says in the paper it is not official policy of SDS. It was written for a convention workshop, attended by 30 or 40 people.

SDS does not aspire to "obtain control of our campus." We don't want to replace the minority rule of the Regents, we want to see the University democratically gov-

P.S. It is true that we'd have trouble getting people to stop bathing daily. Studies have shown that Americans are peculiarly neurotic about "cleanliness." Maybe it's the

Memo On An April Morning

Please, Miss April, fashion a lute From reeds beside a stream And let the honeysuckle wind. More fragrant than a dream. Play cool andantes to the green Sweet meadow grasses, dewdrop-clean!

Boy Scout syndrome.

And when the draperies of dusk Enfold the darkening bine, Then open doors of starlight, please, And let my heart look through With wonderment and awe, and be Companion to infinity!

J. Paul Ronin