

No New Problem

The problem of where to put 109 intramural flag football teams has been solved — at least for the present school year.

But the problem will be returning to haunt the intramural program next fall if the University does not take some action during this school year. Next fall is too late.

Through the hard work of Joel Meier, University intramural director, and the cooperation of the Lincoln Parks and Recreation Department, about eight football fields will be located in the new Woods Swimming Pool area near 33rd and O St.

However this area has been only "temporarily loaned for one year."

Thus, in exactly one year, the University intramural officials will find themselves confronted with exactly the same dilemma and perhaps one even worse if construction and parking take their toll on recreation space.

The problem is not an old one. Meier notes that space for football fields has caused problems for the last ten years.

In fact two years ago, space was so limited that games were played up to the

first snowfall and the football championships were held the following spring.

If this problem has existed for so many years, it seems to the Nebraskan that it is about time for the proper administrative officials to come to grasp with the problem so intramural officials are not faced once again with the last-minute task of finding new fields.

The Nebraskan feels that Administration officials should certainly take note of the increasing number of students and therefore the increasing number of individuals involved in flag football. And then act accordingly.

M. Edward Bryant, in noting the opening of new recreational areas during the summer near the dormitories, explained that such an area encourages spontaneity and reduces tension within the building, "creating a more workable living environment."

The Nebraskan feels that flag football, if there is space for it, can be one of the most effective sports in producing such a situation.

But this will not be the case if the University does not initiate moves to either make or find new spaces for flag football now.

Cultural Advances

This is the time of year for editorial writers to look over the year's cultural offerings and then righteously shout "Nebraska is nothing but a vast cultural wasteland!"

But we can't honestly do it. We looked over the offerings both on campus and in Lincoln and found a wide range of good cultural events scheduled for the entire season.

Go over to the Nebraska Union and look over the list of scheduled foreign films for the season. The Russian film "The Cranes are Flying" and "Nasculine-Feminine" from France are two of the best of the 14 in the series.

The Sheldon Art Gallery season of foreign films also includes a number of experimental films and some American classics like the Humphrey Bogarts.

Even the Nebraska Union 50-cent Friday nights movies include several outstanding pictures ("The Ugly American" and "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold").

If your tastes run to music, the appearances of jazz musician Cal Tjader, the Turnau Opera Players and the Westminster Choir should be enough for a starter on a good winter calendar.

Other music events for the season have been set by the Lincoln Friends of Chamber Music and by the Community Concerts promoters who have scheduled six concerts for the season at Pershing Municipal Auditorium. Tickets for the Community Concerts will be on sale on campus in the next few weeks.

Drama fans should be delighted with the seasonal fare.

University repertory offers plays by Moliere ("The Misanthrope"), Edward Albee ("A Delicate Balance," the 1967 Pulitzer prize for drama) and Howard Pinter (play unchosen as yet). The theatre group also plans a presentation of "King Lear," another in the series of Shakespearean plays put on in the past few years.

Nebraskan Wesleyan University and the Lincoln Community Playhouse have also several good productions for the season.

The Lincoln Great Books Club discussion groups are forming for the winter and the University and NWU art galleries will sponsor several shows throughout the winter.

There is one righteous comment we want to make — attend the campus and city cultural events, it'll do you good.



A DIFFERENT DRUMMER by al spangler

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.

Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.

Despite all the sound and fury aroused by the Board of Regents' decision to enforce stricter housing regulations this semester, there has been almost no discussion of the basic schism which has given rise to all the superficial tremors.

6. Lastly, but of seeming non-importance: How can the Union serve such terrible coffee and charge a second dime for a second cup? Attention Mr. Barnes: Try a cup, or better yet, a second cup of coffee at 7:30 or 8:30 in the morning and don't sign for it. Pay for it and see if either the first or second cup is worth the dime.

But by last week, the friendly shrug and gamesmanship of the Regents' messenger boy, Dean Ross, seemed like a kiss of death to the old way.

When the Regents accepted the recommendations of the Ad Hoc Committee on housing policy

last June, they took care to do so on terms which would make their acceptance meaningless.

What they agreed to do, in effect, was to liberalize the housing rules only if and when there were some guarantee that the dorms would be filled to overflowing.

Last year's lofty debate about "total education" and "the value of group living" has come to no more than this: "you can live wherever you want, as long as more than enough of you live where we want you to live — in the dorms." The students' request for the freedom to choose their own housing was smothered by the Regents' position that the economic stability of the University must not be threatened — even by their own inept policy of building too many dormitories.

Dean Ross and the Office of Student Affairs, in the manner of Dean Rusk and the Department of State, has attempted to convince the student body

that getting stepped on can be fun and profitable.

But it is coming to light for an increasing number of students that something is amiss. Echoing folk singer Donovan, even some of the so-called "respectable" student leaders are beginning to say that they "feel like a fool in a foolery."

What has made previous attempts to "work with the Administration" so abortive is the simple political truth that the difference between recommending and negotiating for changes is made by power. It is the difference between making requests and making demands.

The A.S.U.N. Senate is, by design, powerless, while the Regents derive their power from the authority of the state constitution.

In this context, student apathy about progressive change through the machinations of their government is a sign of grass roots intelligence.

But authority is not the only source of power. There is also the power which comes from the potential to use force of one kind or another. The reason why the Regents can justify their actions as simple "practical necessities" is that students haven't yet said that the action they want is just as practical and just as necessary.

Imagine what the United Auto Workers would reply if Ford Motor Company said that hiring non-union workers was sometimes an economic necessity.

Perhaps it is the insipient belief that ladies and gentlemen don't threaten to use force which has made the changes that have occurred thus far a product of "necessity" and crisis.

But there is hope that not everyone believes that crisis is man's ordinary state, and that this University's next hundred years will not be another accidental century. To those who want to make this hope a reality, the time is not to mourn but to organize.

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor:

We all know that the summer months spent away from the classroom are designed to relax and refresh us so that when September rolls around we return to the classroom with alacrity. However, the aforementioned theory doesn't work in practice for most of us. We find our thoughts lingering on memories of the beautiful blondes at the beach who lived in the briefest of bikinis. Those thoughts begin to dissipate by the time the first line of hour exams is fired our way — other years have worked that way, at least.

Dear Editor:

Seeing how there are 18,000 people playing the game of college this year, it occurred to me that these 18,000 students could possibly find some way to protest, better yet, do something, about the prevailing conditions on our campus.

times used first semester the next year.

5. If you are registered in school and still don't have your new ID sticker, why can't a person check out a library book for use in a class if he is carrying a notebook and books?

Upset With The Game

If you haven't tuned in yet, this column is dedicated to the pursuit of hippiness. With the help of the hippies (both of you) out there in the Multiversity, it could become to the Daily Nebraskan what the Other is to East Village.



end. A hippie Nebraska stock grower has offered to turn his pastures over to NU nude-niks for the weekend.

It's the first Nebraska Krishna Kitty Clover Crunch-In. In the euphoric barnyard air, hundreds of bare bottomed Nebraskans will turn on by alternately sitting on potato chips and smoking corn silk and chicken feathers. Gas.

The latest outcry of organized motherhood against legalized abortion is, "Keep the baby, Faith."

While the University cats were away, the Nebraska mice were at play with housing regulations and also made it "crystal" clear that they would not tolerate drug taking.

OK, all you heads out there. Kiss your No-Doz good-bye. There'll be no midnight oil "trips."

However I get the impression from reading the back to school issues of Esquire, Playboy and Time that a student who comes away from college this year without having a hallucinatory experience will be as out of it as his father who "missed" all the panly raids at school.

What was the term? Total Education? —Dan Dickmeyer

Daily Nebraskan Vol. 81 No. 4 Sept. 18, 1967 Semi-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb. TEL: 472-2300, 472-2301, 472-2302. Subscriptions rates are \$4 per semester or \$8 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 direction of the Faculty Publications and Student Publications. Publications shall be free from copyright by the subscribers or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraskan are responsible for what they write in the paper. Member Associated Collegiate Press, National Advertising Service, Incorporated. Published at 800 F. Nebraska Union, Lincoln, Neb. 68503. EDITORIAL STAFF Editor Bruce Giles; Managing Editor Jack Todd; News Editor Cheryl Trill; Night News Editor Alan Peterson; Editorial Page Assistant Julia Morris; Sports Editor Mark Gartin; Assistant Sports Editor Charles Davies; Staff Writers, Dave Bostain, Andy Corcoran, Gary Giffen, Ed Lemongie, Dan Looker, Nick Love, Sherry McGeehan, Jan Park, Tom Veder, Steve Ainsworth, Sandra Newstead, Senior Copy Editor Dick Tregent; Copy Editors, Lora Gutrichall, Randy Ivey, Betty Pennington, Ann Eshel; News Reviewers, Night News Assistant, Chris Stockwell; Photographers Mike Slavens and Dan Lebeck. BUSINESS STAFF Business Manager Glenn J. Webb; National Advertising Manager Roger Beyer; Production Manager Charles Seiler; Advertising Assistant Janet Bussman; Bookkeeping and Classifieds Allen Bann; Subscription Manager Jane Bann; Circulation Manager Gary Karsch; and Gerry Meyer; Sales Manager Dan Crank, Kathy Smith, Bob Karsch, Ken Miller and Wayne Miller.

Grand Sprix by George Kaufman

I first became aware of the existence of Bill Steen two years ago. I was standing before a book rack filled with the works of Ayn Rand at the Campus Bookstore where he was an employee. I later realized that the prominent display of her books was probably his project.

A voice behind me asked, "Do you like Ayn Rand?" I looked around to make sure the voice was speaking to me and was confronted by the tall, troubled-looking figure which everyone in Lincoln last year came to know well.

From there I was invited to a "discussion" of her works and ideology — objectivism — at his small apartment near campus. I accepted, mostly from curiosity and went, quite frankly fearful of everything from being attacked to being involved in some sort of Communist cell activity.

Of course it turned out to be just a discussion and, even though I found him to be a likable, frustrated intellectual, I chose not to attend his weekly gatherings. I did this mostly in honesty to him, for he was such a sincere man that I felt guilty pretending to be more than mildly interested in the utopian fantasies of Miss Rand.

I soon forgot about the entire thing, and it came as something of a surprise when I heard he had established a small bookstore at his apartment in devotion to his first love — books.

But it soon became known that Bill Steen was not selling the pallid offerings to be found at the front of the Union, but instead intellectually stimulating books, quote underground unquote books and just plain, everyday, run-of-the-mill dirty books.

As such enterprises do when seeded in a receptive environment, Mr. Steen's store grew and prospered and was moved to a new home in a spacious warehouse just a block from campus, and gained a new and appropriate name, "Heroic."

This self-made entrepreneur now handled paperbacks on sex, religion, history, philosophy, autobiographies, novels, lapel buttons, nudist magazines, wall posters, and, as he advertised, "if we don't have it, we'll order it."

Even the "good" students were understandably drawn to Mr. Steen's emporium, as he sold all paperbacks (a sizeable portion of a college student's class texts) at a discount under the campus bookstores' prices.

But Bill Steen committed a crime. Whereas a n y drugstore, bus and/or train station, etc., in Lincoln could and did sell books vividly describing a certain widely-practiced act between a man and a woman, Steen sold magazines which showed (blush) nude women and men.

It was at this time that the defenders of this country's morals rallied to show their colors and just how small they were.

Steen was hounded, arrested and his store duly berated and condemned in the blackest of words by the members of the County Attorney's office.

Bill Steen was convicted of selling and advertising pornography by a jury of solid Lincoln citizens and his case was appealed to the Nebraska Supreme Court. The University community made no secret of the sympathy for Steen's cause; and while a march staged in his behalf through downtown Lincoln drew mainly the type that would join any march except an Army drill, most students were silently but helplessly for him.

While his case was on appeal, Deputy County Attorney William Blue, Steen's prosecutor, visited the Heroic Book Store and, upon emerging, was quoted as having



CELEBRATING THE END . . . to a week of classes, students unwind at Friday's Jazz 'n' Java session.

said that it was too bad Steen persisted in selling bad magazines because otherwise the store had many good books to offer.

To those who were not aware of Mr. Blue's fine character, it might have appeared that he had set himself up as the god of literature, benevolently strolling from store to store nodding approval or chastising the owners' choice of fare. But of course he did not stroll from store to store. He visited only the Heroic Book Store.

This summer, Bill Steen passed away and, with something that to some sounded like a sigh of relief, officials announced that the charges against him would naturally be dropped.

It is now sort of hard to believe that Bill Steen ever existed. His existence to the students of the University lasted barely a year, yet he became perhaps the best-known figure on campus.

And he laughed with the students at the absurd hypocrisy he had uncovered. Although he never knew it, I laughed a lot with Bill Steen.

I guess this is a sad sort of combination eulogy and belated thank-you note. Good luck, Bill Steen's sister.