

## Faculty Propriety

Nebraska's governor certainly made some very frightening remarks regarding the propriety of University professors who cheered remarks by civil rights worker Dick Gregory.

The governor was reelected to have questioned the propriety of the faculty members' actions at a Lincoln Board of Realtors meeting Wednesday and said he would meet with Chancellor Hardin in a day or two on the matter.

'I'd like to have these names myself,' Gov. Tiemann said in answer to a question from realtor Harold Proctor on the conduct of faculty members cheering Gregory, the Lincoln Journal story reported.

We do not know what the governor would plan to do with the names of the faculty members, but we would criticize any attempt at chiding the faculty members for their actions.

Likewise we would criticize any pressure the governor might attempt to put on Chancellor Hardin in "restraining" the members of the University faculty.

A faculty member, just as any other individual in our society, should be guaranteed the right to listen to controversial speakers and react as he may see fit. Any such restraint on his right would certainly

be a most disastrous turn in the denial of individual freedom.

The Daily Nebraskan believes that all faculty members should have such freedom, not only as an individual but as a member of the academic community.

Any such encroachment upon this freedom would set education a giant step backward.

While there were many statements made by Gregory which we could take issue with, he did make a number of very valid criticisms.

What buries the validity of these comments is that so often short phrases were yanked out of context, and, naturally, they sounded bad.

For instance the statement that "You can't pass a law saying you can't burn the flag" may sound bad to some people at first—"I first want laws and respect for people, not objects. We must address ourselves to people, not flags"—one finds that the statement has some very valid reasoning in context.

Perhaps these comments pulled out of context are those which bother the governor. But it still does not, and should not, deny faculty members their right of expression.



The Daily Nebraskan cannot totally condemn the governor for his statements as he did stand up for the right of students to have controversial speakers such as Gregory on campus—a right which



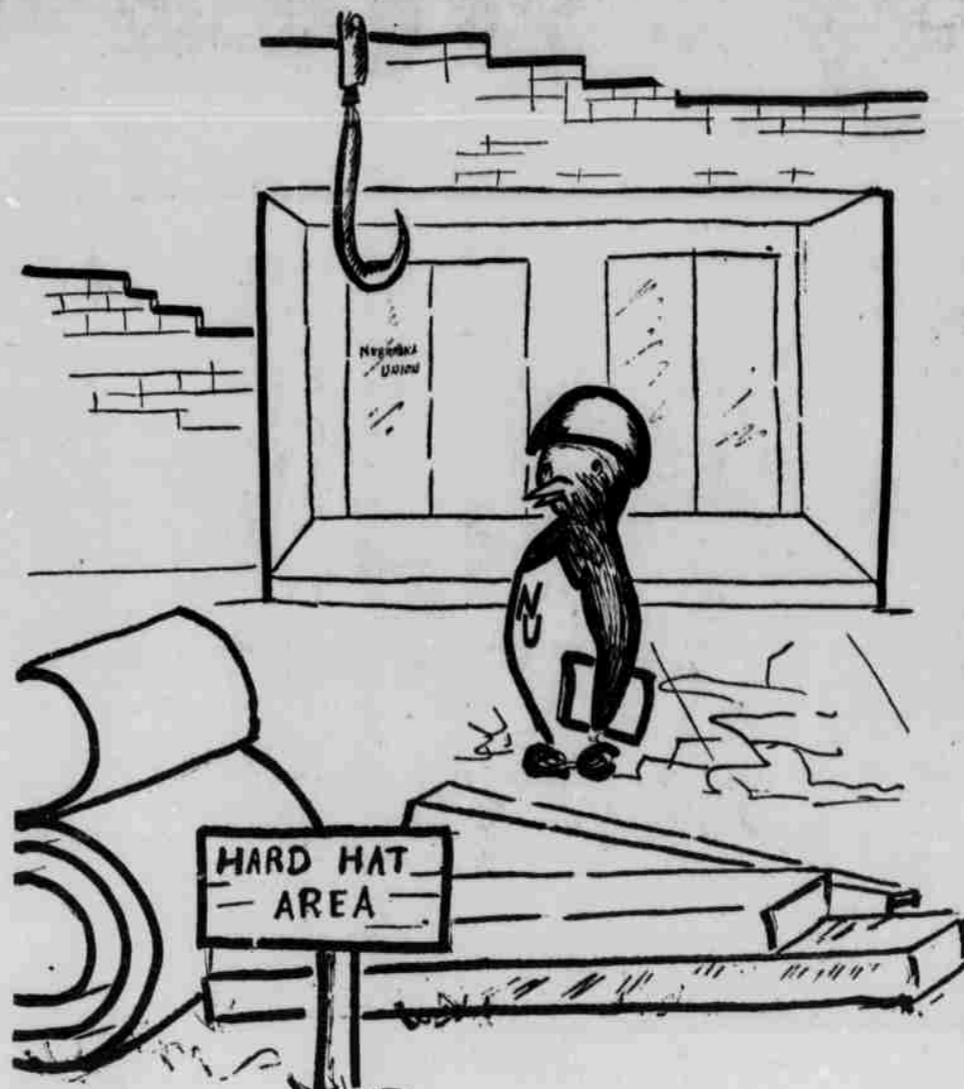
But the fact is still present that the governor apparently would have faculty members stifle their reactions to controversial speakers. This the Daily Nebraskan finds to be a gross violation of the rights

many Nebraskans have questioned since Gregory's speech.

The Journal story states that "In Tiemann's opinion, this provides an academic experience so that students can make comparisons on people and issues."

of the faculty member as an individual and as a member of the academic community.

And it would be even more frightening if Chancellor Hardin would not defend the individual and academic rights of the University's faculty members.



## Behind The Front Page

You have a special allegiance, a special function, a special obligation. You sacrifice sleep for meetings and studies for projects and functions and, perhaps, self for a greater whole. You who prize self-sufficiency and freedom of thought, prize this too—the caring that comes from responsibility to something more than yourself. You can never care too much.

—1967 Coloradan

Activities jocks are always fair game for columnists. After all, they're all sellouts and if they're not sellouts they must either be suffering from a vaunted image of themselves or from a distinct lack of intelligence.

Or could it be that there are a few individuals who actually aren't gunning for the sake of gunning?

Are there perhaps a few among the masses of apathetic wonders and activities queens who realize that this University is more than several square blocks?

Cynic that I am I must answer "yes."

The question now arises: why are the few who do care called sellouts? Are they compromising? Are they beating their heads against a wall? Does anybody really care?

I call them sellouts because they're sacrificing themselves, beating their heads against walls, etc., and for what? For a University population that doesn't know they're alive but could not survive without them? Is it worth it? Is it worth the slaps in the face by people who are lacking the fundamentals of intelligence but present themselves to the world as really being in the groove? Is it worth the scoffs of the people who they are working for?

Obviously the few who do care think it is worth it. For what reasons I cannot fathom—maybe just an innate sense of responsibility—maybe because they know that if they don't do the job nobody else will.

I'm not trying to paint them as martyrs and I am sure they have no such image of themselves but the fact still remains that they are doing a thankless task.

I have often wondered what would happen if they stopped functioning and told the University to do it for themselves. It's an interesting thought—can you imagine having no type of governments to uphold, no people to condemn, absolutely nothing to scream about?

To repeat it's an interesting thought.

You know the fulfillment of involvement, the thrill of accomplishment. But activity may become a frantic clutching at a million little things and a vision lost. Remember then, to take the time to listen, to laugh, to find a friend, to hear the whisper above the cacophany of the crowd.

—1967 Coloradan

## Union Society . . .

# Foreign Films 'Good'

By Larry Eckholt

It should be obvious by now, to those who hold Nebraska Union Film Society tickets, that the society has once again outdone itself in scheduling the best in provocative motion pictures for its members. After the first three films the society's program has had stronger start than ever before. These three films, as diverse as one could ever hope for, have proven to be excellent motion picture fare. The only problem is keeping these high standards throughout the rest of the year.

Wednesday's film, "The Cranes are Flying," contained many flaws, often distracting to the point of bringing laughter by those easily distracted. But the film perhaps could be the biggest surprise of the season. Put in the proper perspective (filmed by a Russian director, in Russia, with Russian actors and the most important, in 1956.) this film may be the answer to those who were disappointed in "Doctor Zhivago." This film may demonstrate that it took a Russian to write "Zhivago" and may it take a Russian to film it. As a matter of fact, the costliest movie to date is a yet-unreleased 10-hour Russian version of "War and Peace." Western critics haven't had a chance to discuss it but it might become a classic.

Discussing the plot of "Cranes" is not important. It has a simple story about love—love of country, love of life, love between lovers. It was the winner of the 1967 Golden Palm award at the Cannes Film Festival and after watching this film, and dismissing its melodrama and its occasional staginess, one can well understand why. This film was way ahead of its time. Its surrealistic death scene will probably be the most beautiful scene viewed by society members this season. The acting was so natural at points that no Western audience could fail to grasp the emotional quality of the Russian people.

Propaganda per se was almost nonexistent in "The Cranes are Flying." This movie's message was clearly not pro-war although patriotism was the overall winner.

What should remain memorable is the quality of the human drama in "Cranes." While Hollywood was still filming the

beach epics like "To Hell and Back" and similar "entertainment" or focusing on heroism in "Inn of the Sixth Happiness," a Russian director found the necessary ingredients to film a warm human drama with beauty and charm.

Equally as beautiful was the French movie "Sundays and Cybelle." The psychological relationship between a twelve-year-old girl and man 18 years older has never been treated with such perfection on the screen. One only has to look as far as "Lolita" to find a comparison. The important difference about "Cybelle" is the adroit handling of relationships by director Serge Bourguignon.

In this film the subliminal world of a partial amnesiac is so real that it truly becomes a reality and the real world can only be blamed for the harm it has caused between Cybelle and her "lover." One excellent technique used by Bourguignon came at the very end of the film. Her friend killed by the police, Cybelle's lament could have played for audience sympathy. Instead the director used a Bertold Brecht technique of shocking the audience out of its state of sympathy. With a resounding choral arrangement of a "Miserere Nobis" chant, the viewer cannot cry but he can think. And that is what should be done in more movies today.

The first film of the season, "The Magician" by Ingmar Bergman, is not the Swedish director's finest but it runs high on his list of achievements. Bergman has a unique quality of capturing the mood of anything he is filming. He is a master director and gets an ultimate performance from his actors. "The Magician" contains many superb performances and, although its message is muddled, (like many Bergman films) it was engrossing.

It is very likely that Bergman was again presenting a religious message. The magician can be interpreted as a Christ symbol. With his staged "resurrection" and his phoney "miracles" it is obvious, then, that Bergman is shattering the Christian image.

There are eleven films remaining on this year's Film Society program. If they are half the excellence that the first three were, this year's society has to rank as the very best of all.

## Scrip One Of Best Ever

By W. G. Gaffney  
Associate Professor of English

Unlike Walt Whitman, who announced that he would, repeatedly, weep with ever-returning spring, we rejoice, with ever-returning fall, that the new school year brings the new year's issue—let us hope, the first of a successful series of issues—of Scrip. Not that the magazine is always at the peak of perfection; literary magazines, especially student magazines suffer their ups and downs. Our basic rejoicing is at the fact that we have a student literary magazine at all, after a lapse of some 30 years between our first and our second outlet for student writing.

With this issue, Scrip begins another year, and honorably. We have been reading the magazine regularly for all those years, and we say, unequivocally, that this issue is one of the best issues ever published. (Readers who know, either directly or by hearsay, the present captious and querulous reviewer will recognize at once that either (A) he has undergone an overnight reversal of personality, or (B) the contents of this present issue have impressed him. As (A) is unlikely, the reader must accept the other horn of the dilemma.)

This year's editor of Scrip is Susan Diefenderfer, who last spring won the coveted poetry award of the Academy of American Poets. Modesty customarily forbids an editor to include his own works; but, like Andrew Carnegie (cf. Finley Peter Dunne, "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War"), she refused to be bulldozed, and includes one sample of her own work, and a good one.

The current issue contains, in the special and deliberate hope of encourag-

ing other contributors, the work of several past winners of literary prizes Bill Coyle's short story, "Lint Money," which won the Mari Sandoz fiction award last spring, is one of the best student-written stories I have seen in some years. Its subject, that of a pubescent boy suddenly coming face to face with the facts of life, is of course old, indeed perennial; but that very recurrence makes it always new. Ted Kooser, winner of the 1964 Vreeland Award, is represented by four poems. "Here In Nebraska . . ." catches perhaps more of the latent spirit of Nebraska than any other recent poem about Nebraska as such, except perhaps San Jaffe's book-length poem about Daniel Freeman, the first homesteader.

Tom Seymour, who won the 1967 Vreeland Award, is represented by three poems, one of which seems to this reviewer (who has seen much of Mr. Seymour's work elsewhere) to be one of his very best. "Cater Chamberle, a graduate student, who won the 1967 Vreeland Award with a group of poems, presents free verse, sonnets, and a short story, "The Way It Was," which catches some of the off-beat nostalgia that characterizes the opening of James Joyce's "Ulysses" (this quality was apparent even in the recently shown film). The fact that one's "Rare Old, Fair Old, College Days" were not all that rare and fair in cold fact beside the point; the nostalgia is real enough, and will be recognized at once by the perceptive reader.

It is not possible to list all the contributors, but they will be found in the Table of Contents. Incidentally the typography this year makes for increased readability. Editor and the staff deserve congratulations on all counts.

## Our Man Hoppe

### Private Drab And The Yellow Peril

### Arthur Hoppe

"Welcome to your weekly indoctrination lecture, men," said Captain Buck Ace, as the soldiers of B Company leaned back in their chairs preparatory to dozing off. "Now I assume we all know what we're fighting for."

"Oh, yes, sir," Private Oliver Drab, 378-18-4454, said brightly. "We're fighting the Yellow Peril."

"Damn it, Drab," said the Captain, "that was last week. The President himself says any talk about a Yellow Peril is absurd."

"Oh," said the Private with disappointment. "When I was a kid I read about Dr. Fu Man Chu and . . ."

"The President," said Captain Ace sternly, "says we are fighting for the freedom of these people, whatever the pigmentation of their skins" and "race has no place in our purpose."

"Gosh, now I see, sir," said Private Drab, his enthusiasm restored. "We're fighting for civil rights."

"Thank you, sir. But it's sure causing me problems. I mean I get one of those Charlies in my sights and I start worrying about depriving him of his civil right to stay alive, that being what I'm fighting for."

"I can relieve your mind on that score, Drab."

"I'd sure appreciate that, sir."

"Staying alive," said the Captain, eyeing the Private balefully, "is a civil right the Army doesn't recognize."



Captain Ace permitted himself a fatherly smile. "I guess you could put it that way, soldier," he said. "Does that meet with your approval?"

"You bet, sir," said Private Drab. "To tell the truth, I never was much of a civil rights fighter back home. But the Army sure changed me. I hardly think about anything else now but civil rights, particularly the basic one."

"You mean the right to vote?" asked the Captain, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"Oh, no, sir, I'm too young to vote. I mean the civil right to stay alive."

"What kind of a crazy civil right is that, Drab?"

"To me, it's awfully important, sir," said the Private apologetically. "The way I look at it, if somebody deprives me of that one, I'll never get old enough to enjoy the others."

"Oh, shut up, Drab," said the Captain with exasperation. "As far as I'm concerned, you can fight for any civil right you want to."

## CAMPUS OPINION

### Farce

Dear Editor:

The recent referendum on the Vietnam war was a farce as demonstrated by the poor turnout. The voters were offered only a limited choice of actions and no choice of principles behind these actions.

The principles involved are individual rights and self-interest. Force can be justified only in retaliation against the initiation of force. Our military assistance is at the request of the South Vietnamese whose individual rights are being violated by the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese initiation of force.

Ground support in South Vietnam is not in our self-interest. The limited success is not worth either the tragic human price or the tremendous economic price. Even worse, most of the dead and wounded were serving involuntarily and this tragedy was financed involuntarily.

The pacification program encouraging support of a government, preferably patterned after our unlimited majority rule, making involuntary servitude possible, is not in our self-interest. Economic assistance, involuntarily financed and ineffective due to widespread corruption and industrial stagnation, is not in our self-interest. For the South Vietnamese to achieve a lasting freedom, they must have the capacity and the will to repel aggression and establish capitalism themselves.

Since the only tactic in South Vietnam possibly in our self-interest is the selective bombing of guerrilla concentrations and their material spoils of victory we must concentrate on efforts on North Vietnam.

Invading North Vietnam is not worth the price. The only possible answer is selective bombing of military and industrial targets. Thus victorious guerrilla warfare would be at the price of losing not only the spoils of victory but the industrial capacity at home. The Chinese pose no threat to our air force. They would have little to gain and a lot to lose if we retaliated with selective bombing resulting in industrial losses and possibly a further incentive for revolt. The success of similar Israeli tactics against the Arab nations clearly demonstrated the effectiveness of this deterrent principle.

What choice of actions are we left with? First we must affirm our own individual rights, including the individual choice of actions, by abolishing all forms of involuntary servitude. Then we must individually decide if the human and economic price of selective bombing in our self-interest. If not we should get out.

David P. Demarest

### Feeble Fable

Dear Editor:

To get anywhere in life you must become a pusher. Let me relate an incident to support my assertion. Several days after turning 21 I decided to partake of some of the privileges accruing from my new found status. I went to register for the vote.

Arriving at the Election Commissioner's office, I noticed the closing time posted on the door was 4:30 p.m. But when I pulled on the door it wouldn't open. I gave it another tug as I glanced through the glass door at the office clock. It was 4:27 by the clock and I could see secretaries scurrying around.

I was heated by now. I rapped on the door soundly, indicating that there was still time and that I wanted in. The secretaries, in reply, began motioning back at me. Aha, trying to intimidate me I thought. But I was not to be denied my rights. I prepared to crash through the glass door (As for me, give me liberty or give me death).

Just before I started to hurl my steel-hard body against the door, I began to decipher the secretaries' signal code. I turned the door latch and pushed. The door swung open and I was in. I could vote.

It was then that I realized you can't be a puller. You have to be a pusher.

Glenn Friendt, Jr.

## Campus Opinion

Dear Editor:

Apparently the various goings-on of the past few weeks have aroused the "apathetic" multitude on campus.

Finally, they gave us our chance: A referendum ballot intended no doubt to reward their efforts with yet another protest of America's stand in Vietnam. Son-of-a-gun if we apathetic ones didn't come out and put them in their place!

Remember minority — you can only push so far and so fast before you are reminded that it takes at least a plurality to run this great nation.

Les Taylor

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