Use The Laws

Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey perhaps should hire a lawyer to inform him about proper judicial procedure.

Hershey perhaps should hire a lawyer to to strip deferments from college students who interfere with military recruiters on campus and put them at the top of the induction list. He does this on the grounds that student deferments are "given only when they serve the national interest."

If we remember correctly, we recall Hershey saying several years ago when it became necessary to draft college students that this phrase meant that if college students were satisfactorily continuing their college education they were aiding the national interest. But now Hershey has expanded this clause far beyond its original and intended meaning.

Despite this, it certainly seems highly questionable whether the draft should be used as a punishment for those students who have blocked military recruiters from coming onto campus.

We could not more heartily agree that it is wrong to deny a person access to the campus to recruit or speak—though one may be opposed to his views.

But we feel that the draft is not, and should not be, punishment for disobeying the laws. We feel the punishment provided under the laws—and it is nearly certain there were laws broken—should be the penalty for this conduct.

Out Of The Many . . .

From the myriads of boards, organizations and courts, and their even greater number of committees and subcommittees, some very bold, yet progressive, ideas have been born this semester.

The AWS Constitutional Committee has been one such committee. Its recommendations proposing fundamental structural changes in AWS could very well create some order in what has been developing into utter chaos.

One of the best proposals is that women would elect representatives to a Congress from their own living units. Previously members were elected from classes and a few more members from the sororities, dormitories and Lincoln students—what might be termed an at-large election.

Under the present structure it was very rare if a voter actually knew the views of the person for whom she was voting.

And even more important there was, in reality, no way for a delegate to know the feelings of her constituency on an issue. With delegates elected directly from living units they should be able to test their constituencies on issues and, thus, be more representative of University women.

Another important proposal is that a member of the Court of Appeals would work with each of the regional courts.

It had earlier appeared that regional courts would be set up and would have little guidance at all from the primary judiciary body of AWS. But under the new proposal there should be greater uniformity in the decisions of the approximately six regional courts.

The Daily Nebraskan commends the Constitutional Committee for bringing forth reforms which will make AWS a more workable and representative body.

Scrip Is Up

Scrip magazine has suffered its ups and downs from year to year, especially financial downs which may be due in part to the quality of the magazine.

But if the quality of this year's edition is any indication, Scrip should be a financial success—IF students realize the outstanding writing potential shown in this edition.

Many of the authors in the 1967 Scrip may be the writers that our children may someday read in their English courses.

Not only is the content superior, but the magazine is also typographically beautiful. The excellent use of photographs add much to the beauty of the magazine.

It is not often that student authors get a chance to get their own works published. The financial success of this year's magazine will mean a continuation of this opportunity for student authors.

But needless to say this is not the reason to buy Scrip.

The 1967 Scrip is very capable of standing on its own merits.

Sight'n . . . Sound

By Cater Chamblee

"The Sand Pebbles," now playing at the Nebraska Theater, is the very model of a modern morality play.

The setting is China during the late 1920's when the Kuomintang under Chang (that tiger Dwight D. promised to release in the campaign back in '52 was busily knocking over the warlords in an attempt to unify China and free it from the territorial enroachments of the white-faced foreign clerks (that's us). It was, of course, the beginning of the Chinese revolution, which moved to a later stage under Mao (see, agrarian reform) and which continues even now (see, Red Guards, et.al.).

The conflict, as in all good morality plays, is for the soul of Everyman, and the two conflicting parties are the good guys and the bad guys, just like in real life. The forces of light are represented by a benignly blond missionary and a strikingly inept teacher, both sympathetic to the revolution. The forces of darkness are represented by the insane captain of a dingy gunboat, working the backwaters of a Chinese river. Everyman is an old China hand played by Steve McQueen, who doesn't care much for the slope heads of the navy, though he does like to diddle around with engines.

McQueen is the sailor, named Holman (whole man, get it?), is the most completely realized character in a production marked by pitifully weak performances from almost everyone. Richard Crenna's navy captain isn't half bad, but toward the end of the very long movie, his method of showing inner turmoil by tensing up his cheek bones mightily and keeping his eyes open wide, much as if his shorts were overly shrunken, begins to pall. Richard Atenbourough, normally a fine actor, is strangely weak as the enlisted man's Pinkerton, who marries Butterfly this time. Candace Bergman is so bad she must be seen to be believed.
Candace Bergman is so bad she must be seen to be believed.

McQueen once stated that he had to be careful in choosing his roles because he was a limited actor, who could only play a certain kind of character. In this he shows great intelligence, and in Holman he has the kind of character he can play—for Holman is one of those drifters, qua Hemmingway, qua Raymond Chandler, that McQueen periorms over and over again. A man good with machines, with animals, with action, but incapable of expressing either an idea or an emotion. McQueen's characters do the right thing because they intuit the right thing. They are moral men from whom morality is an abstraction is meaningless because all abstractions are meaningless. Only this beer, this engine, this incident exists.

They cannot think, however, and they cannot communicate with other people because of their incredible inarticulateness. In this picture, McQueen alone with his engine can beautifully show the importance of that machine to his character. He makes completely believable the peculiar American lust for mechanical expertise. But where he must show somehow his love for Candace Bergman's teacher, he must needs fall back on his stock response for an emotion—his eyes go blank, his mouth gapes, and his shoulders half-way shrug. This irritating gesture is the only one he has for emotion. By himself or with others like himself as an observer, he is a superb actor. But he cannot talk or express emotion at all.

The movie, of course, is only incidentally about the late 20's in China. Specifically, it is about the middle 60's in Vietnam, for the directors and writers try to show how American imperialism in conflict with the rising tide of nationalistic revolution can only lead to disaster.

The relations between the off-duty sailors and the Chinese show clearly enough why anti-Americanism is a fact of every country in which we have large numbers of troops, but it is overdone almost to the point of burlesque. The auctioning off of Madame Butterfly is pathetically embarrassing. The navy captain preaches the virtues of dying for one's country, but this virtue leads only to the slaughter of a group of Chinese high school students during a futile attempt to rescue a missionary, who doesn't wish to be rescued in the first place.

And more. It leads to the death of the missionary, of the captain and of McQueen's Everyman of no politics caught between the two opposing forces he tried his best to ignore. His last words are a warning to other such innocents: "I was home. What happened? What the hell went wrong?" But the conflict leading up to that culmination is too broadly drawn too obviously inept, to make the good intentions dramatically effective.

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor:

In reference to Joan Baez's appearance on Nov. 15: It is too bad that this event is sponsored by the Union Special Events Committee because a proper demonstration or an all-out boycott would be very appropriate.

Even though Miss Baez's political views will not be presented that evening, I can think of nothing more satisfying than to give her a taste of his own medicine. After all (All of you Hawks), shouldn't she be entitled to the same kind of "Negative Support" that she led in Oakland two weeks ago?

J. R. Wertz

Disgrace

Dear Editor:

This country has seen a lot of political and moral extremes. And, as a believer in democracy, I think these extreme positions and views are something of good use. If, of no other use, they at least serve to remind people of the dangerous conditions which extremes may, and have often, produced.

I believe that the people holding these extreme positions and ideals are not wrong in doing so: nobody likes war and very few of us would want to see the United States overrun by Communists. The trouble starts when such groups of people are infiltrated and subverted by the Communist underground in this country.

But, to my point. My tree has been shaken.

There has been, since classes began, a Communist flag hanging in a window on the tenth floor of Harper Hall. When I first saw this absurdity, I passed it off as a prankish student and assumed the flag would shortly by discarded in favor of a different sign (we dormies love our signs).

But the flag has remained, and now its lovable possessor has added "50th" signifying the 50th anniversary of the USSR. This is not cricket, fellow students.

Would one walk down the street in Red Square carrying a flag of the United States? No, not unless suicide was the intention.

The flag should be removed from the window immediately, and if the student does not remove it, the student assistant on the floor should remove it. If the student assistant will not remove it, then the residence director should remove it.

And if they will not remove it, then I wish to invite each and every one of my fellow students to come and see this stain which is such an ugly mark on our complex and, for that matter, on the University, itself.

Scott Smith

(**Editor's Note**: Lancaster County Attorney Paul Douglas reports there is a Nebraska state law which prohibits citizens from displaying the national flags of any but the U.S. and "friendly foreign countries." Douglas said violation of the law can bring a fine of up to $1,000 and a jail sentence of not more than five years.)

Camelot

Dear Editor:

There was all too great a noise for the hush;

it seemed that something had grown;
that it had become something all too noticeable,
but only to those who could hear.

And well it was that they could,
for, not hesitating, they found the source,
destroyed an accomplished unrest,
and drew a straight line from now to good.

At last week's Senate meeting, discussion centered around the failure of Vietnam Week and the subsequent referendum.

Camelot, for one, thinks that there definitely was a basic point brought out and that that point bears study. The point made was that something in our University education is lacking.

Just what is lacking, that we are not motivated? Is it complete decision upon indecision that many of our leaders advocate? Could it be that given sufficient examples of the phoniness of our college communal existence we resort to the sad but true, "old man" image, discarding, in our dejection and depression, all that has to do with change?

Camelot, for one, thinks that there been feeling awfully old lately. Yet, he knows that there can be change and that there is and can be good in what we do. He personally challenges the senators whose committee will be blamed for the failure to define or at least hint at the cause for the failure.

Is it the student? Is it you, Mr. Average U of N? Camelot does not think so. He thinks, in fact, that it does reflect a lacking in your society. It's true that you are not completely without blame, but then, few can remain unstained in a society whose most evident quality at times is stain.

Take this challenge, senators, for things uncovered in this search can't help but reflect on the University campus in particular and on society in general. Camelot will in turn gladly accept challenges from you.

Overlooking for now, maybe all too foolishly, the need for basic changes in our society, let us concentrate upon the educational problems at hand. Theoretically the problems of the world need to be, first, absorbed into the classroom situation rather than throwing fact-and-principle-filled graduates against cold, complex reality; and secondly, they need to be approached on a stimulus, quest, explanation, response basis rather than the gestapo dictation system that now predominates.

Ideally such renovation revolutions should erupt in every college, every course—or—rather every department head, every instructor. Granted there are a few flowers blooming, but the weeds off Money, Regents, Administration, Seniority, Seniality and Stupidity use Time, like water, to keep them but buds.

A practical solution? A required "issues" course on an effort-graded, pass-fail basis. Issues of today: ghettoes; deficit spending and government programs; '68 politics-leadership.

We have the instructors eagerly ready to transfer to such an educational environment, and we have students that in such an environment, just might find themselves and an answer to the question of student motivation (negative apathy).

Camelot Wonders

Behind The Front Page

By JULIE MORRIS

All the election news Wednesday was good news.

Carl Stokes' victory and Mrs. Louise Day Hicks' defeat are cause for cheers in this land of racism.

Stokes, elected mayor of Cleveland by a bare 2,497 votes, becomes the first Negro mayor of a major U.S. city. Mrs. Hicks, a plump, grandmotherly Bostonian lost her bid for mayor as a symbol of white racial backlash.

In a country so dominated by racist thinking—how long has it been since you looked at a Negro without immediately thinking "Negro" and vice versa—the victory of a Negro in a major political election is a real live patch of blue.

Mrs. Hicks' defeat is another patch of blue because it indicated that the white backlash created by last summer's riots may not be as strong as it looks.

A patch that isn't so blue is Gary, Ind. where Richard Hatcher, a Negro, won the mayor's race by only a slim margin and plans to bring charges of election fraud were already underway early Wednesday.

The Gary campaign was racist America in miniature. Townspeople, the candidates and observers all said the contest was based on one issue—race.

There are still dozens and dozens of situations in America that are likewise based on your color—where you live, what kind of a job you can get if you're an average Joe, who you can date.

The tension in Gary on election day was so high police and National Guardsmen were on standby alert. What White Gary feared was that the Negro community would riot if Hatcher lost. Similarly White America lives in fear of a Negro riot or a revolt.

And, finally, in Gary what is being done to solve the problems of racial conflict is what is being done in America—the minimum.

Our Man Hoppe

By Arthur Hoppe

Newsweek magazine reported that Donald Duck will appear in an educational cartoon to be shown around the world this Christmastime in order to instruct the underprivileged in birth control.

The selection of Mr. Duck for this important role is certainly a wise choice—wiser, for example, than Peter Rabbit. But I fear complications may be envisioned.

★ ★ ★ ★

Scene: The thatched hut of Mr. and Mrs. Taiwan Onn near the little village of Whar Dat in West Vhtnng—where we have been fighting in a lightning campaign to spread the blessings of American democracy for the past 42 years.

It is late on a moonlit night and Mr. Onn is just coming in the door with a bottle of pills, a bagful of Art Nouveau objects and a bemused expression.

Mrs. Onn (with a frosty smile): Did you have a nice time, dear, at the Teahouse of the Passionate Lotus?

Mr. Onn (with dignity): I have been to the movies.

Mrs. Onn (mollified): Oh, was it Rock Hudson? He would be so handsome, if he didn't have such a big nose.

Mr. Onn: No, it was a duck. An American duck, I believe, in a blue sailor suit. He said there were too many of us Vhtnnngians.

Mrs. Onn (frightened): Still? That means they will increase the bombings?

Mr. Onn (frowning): I don't know. This duck was most difficult to understand. He quacked. And he jumped up and down a great deal. But I think he said if we all take these pills, there will be fewer of us.

Mrs. Onn (shuddering): At least the guerrillas have the courtesy to come around and shoot you personally. I hope you will bury that bottle quite deep so that no poor child or dog will find it. (nodding toward the bag) But what are those?

Mr. Onn: I was told that you must use them for the sake of generations yet unborn.

Mrs. Onn (relieved to deal with something familiar): Ah, fertility symbols. I shall place them on the family altar and burn a joss stick.

Mr. Onn (scratching his head): I do not think that is the American way. But that fool duck quacked so, that I . . .

Mrs. Onn (nervously): Hush. You must not offend this great American duck god. He is obviously their terrible god of life and death—bestowing blessings on us with one hand and dropping bombs on us with the other.

Mr. Onn (nodding): That is the American way. But what can we do?

Mrs. Onn: Perhaps some day they will give up their worship of this duck in a sailor suit and come to feel the peace and love that emanates from our beloved three-headed snake goddess, Kris Mah Phut.

Mr. Onn (shaking his head as he sets forth to bury the bottle of pills): I admire your faith, dear. But these Americans! Frankly, I doubt anyone will ever make good pagans out of them.

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