

Student power and the IDA

"Dormitories in the news" is rapidly becoming a monotonous headline for students uninvolved with these issues.

Analyzing the current dormitory situation as to its effect upon student power at the University is a distressing diversion.

For example, the Inter-dormitory Council elections are the big event scheduled for this week.

There are of course several understandable reasons for the lack of a competitive campaign, such as financial problems and student assistant ineligibility.

Several dormitory leaders have suggested, however, that potential leaders are more concerned with their individual residence halls than with the cooperative efforts of IDA.

Student power speaks for the individual student but its mouthpiece must be located in a powerful representative body.

These leaders have directed their abilities toward the improvement of their respective residence halls and have found their own methods of solving problems, as the area of housing regulations.

As a result IDA with its minority of leaders and lack of continuity compromise has often been reduced to the role of compromiser and appeaser, and consequently has failed to initiate any strong educational or social programs.

And so the voice of IDA which should be a major source of student power, still strains to be heard and individual dormitories continue arguing among themselves about the most effective way to promote change.

Hopefully the IDA elections will produce executives who are not afraid of the word student power and who will have the leadership abilities to lead the dormitories to decisive and progressive actions.

Cheryl Tritt

Rodney Powell . . .

Micro-bopper disease grows

My problem is that there are some things I just don't understand. This implies, of course, that I do understand some things (I'm not that dumb).



I am a Walrus

This is not to imply, of course, that there is anything wrong with orgies. In fact, they're good clean fun. But let's not shilly-shally around - closed doors mean orgies - that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know (some obscure Armenian poet wrote those lines in a fit of pique).

After that frightful burst of levity, I must return to more serious matters. From the large number of things I don't understand (Marshall McLuhan, nuclear physics, the vice that has no name), I am most troubled by the phenomenon called by Esquire in a definitive piece "The Micro-bopper Revolution."

Now I suppose I understand that children aged 9-13 do exist, and in fact could be called micro-boppers. But my mind refuses to take the imaginative leap (poor thing, it ruptured its ego taking the last one, and is now content to babble about as the id will allow) and believe that those punks actually do what the article says they're doing.

Take the creep who writes about his childhood from the awesome vantage point of age 15. What was he doing during his micro-bopper years? Was he worrying about how many home runs Mickey Mantle would hit, if "Yancey Derringer" would go off the air, if he could still get by on a children's ticket when he turned 13?

In a word, no. This fathead (notice the uniformly hostile tone I'm adopting toward all these dorks) talks about going through a William Golding phase, a George Orwell phase, and probably even a Henry Miller stage (for his literary merit, no doubt).

But sex, there's the real mind-boggler (you knew I'd get around to it sooner or later, didn't you?). These morons aren't even worried about it! They're serious by age 12 and experienced too! What's happening when innocent lambs are initiated to the mysterious vices of the world so early? Where are the old virtues, the old circumlocutions (watch out for those - they're dangerous), the old frustrations? A 12 year old kid who's a film maker, wants to see Fellini movies, not because they're sexy, but because they're supposed to be good!

And that's not all, not by a long shot. No siree, there was a picture in that very same Esquire of a 13 year old girl posing for a lingerie ad. Thirteen years old! Lingerie Ad! I'm appalled. She was even trying to look seductive. When she's just supposed to be getting rid of her baby fat.

I could continue to catalogue the horrors, but the mind grows weak, the light grows dim, the years pass by, and this revolution has made me weary.

My solution is this - let's start exterminating these foreign creatures, these loathsome micro-boppers. People (if that's the word) who make us feel so inferior shouldn't be allowed to live, right?

Get a gun readily available from your friendly mail order firm, and start killing today! Kill a Micro-bopper and we won't be back 'til it's over over-there!

From "Baby and Child Care" by Doctor Benjamin Spock: "DO YOU WORRY WHEN YOUR TWO YEAR OLD PULLS ANOTHER'S HAIR, OR PLAYS WITH A TOY PISTOL?"



"IF YOUR CHILD IS HURTING ANOTHER OR LOOKS AS IF HE WERE PLANNING MURDER, PULL HIM AWAY... AND GET HIM INTERESTED IN SOMETHING ELSE."



"IT'S BETTER NOT TO HEAP SHAME ON HIM - THAT ONLY MAKES HIM FEEL ABANDONED AND MORE AGGRESSIVE."



"IF A CHILD GOES ON BEING UNUSUALLY AGGRESSIVE... AND DOESN'T SEEM TO BE LEARNING ANYTHING ABOUT COOPERATIVE PLAY..."



"IF HE'S SPENDING A GOOD PART OF EACH DAY TELLING ABOUT IMAGINARY ADVENTURES, NOT AS A GAME BUT AS IF HE BELIEVES IN THEM..."



"IT RAISES THE QUESTION WHETHER HIS REAL LIFE IS SATISFYING ENOUGH."



William F. Buckley . . .

Travel restrictions blasted

The great events in the Far East naturally dominate the news in Europe but there is, concerning them, a spirit of fatalism which is not freighted with anti-American odium.

France lost Indochina, and then Algeria. And for that matter, France lost France, twice in seventy years. One half of Germany is still subjected, twenty-three years after the death of Hitler. The sun has permanently set on the British Empire.

So there is an undercurrent of sympathy: but none at all concerning President Johnson's unfolding program for preventing Americans from coming to Europe.

There is, to begin with, the philosophical contradictions. For years and years we have been saying at every opportunity that the peoples of the

world should get to know each other better. We have had people-to-people, English-speaking union, cultural exchanges, Fulbright scholarships: travel has become part of the ethos.

Suddenly, the United States announces, at one and the same time, that a) Americans should stop traveling to Europe and b) that Europeans should increase their travel to America.

And what is a European to think about a country like the United States whose citizens permit their government to inflict such a humiliation upon them? It isn't as though Americans were Englishmen, who officially gave up pride when the Queen became nationalized after the Second World War.

freedoms. But Mr. Smoot-Hawley in the White House, who has gotten terribly accustomed to telling people what to do, is now prepared to repeal, by other means, what progress we have made in lowering tariff barriers.

Last week the British Broadcasting Company denied to an American tenor, Mr. Richard Cassilly, a role in Aida, on the grounds that, sniff, there were plenty of qualified British tenors.

The Europeans say its protectionism, and the hell with it. They are dead right, that is exactly what it is. Once again, the Johnson schizophrenia: lower tariffs and tax travel. The Europeans to be sure live in glass houses.

Granted our size, our strength, our traditions. It is we who should be taking the initiative in reducing tariff barriers, in fortifying our

Perspective on prose

Russian satire examined

Editor's Note: The following book review on The Master and Margarita is contributed by Tom Holland, an instructor in the University English department.

Soviet author Mikhail Bulgakov's novel The Master and Margarita was written in the 1930's, but banned until last year. The reasons for its suppression seem rather slight: the satire on Soviet bureaucracy, though extremely funny, is not particularly critical of the bureaucrats; the episodes dealing with sex (primarily nudity and adultery) seem rather bland to a generation brought up on Lady Chatterley's Lover and Fanny Hill.

Although he questions the official atheism of Stalinist Russia, Bulgakov does not go so far as to defend Christianity. But Russia is apparently still unenlightened in literary matters; the version of the book published there last year was badly expurgated, and omits most of the references to sex and a great deal of the satire.

Ironically, this "official" version of the novel was published in translation by the avant-garde Grove Press, while the more stodgy Harper and Rowe have published the complete manuscript version.

The plot of the novel is based on a standard satirical situation. Satan, disguised as a magician named Professor Woland, pays a visit to Moscow. His retinue includes a pair of practical jokers (one of whom is a pyromaniac black cat named Behemoth) who immediately run afoul of several aspects of the state bureaucracy. Their "misunderstandings" result in mysterious deaths, disappearances, and a sudden epidemic of insanity which sends people to the madhouse in droves.

The real hero of the story is the Master, who is first introduced about a third of the way through the book and never plays a major part in the action. He is a novelist who has

gone mad because of the suppression of his novel about the crucifixion of Christ. The main plot concerns the efforts of his mistress, Margarita, to rescue him from the asylum, which she finally accomplishes by selling her soul to the devil.

This plot, unfortunately, is probably the weakest part of the book and the fantastic details surrounding Margarita's conversion into a witch are overdone and unconvincing. Only the author's mordant sense of humor keeps the story from collapsing completely at this point.

But for all its humor and absurd detail, the book's primary concern is with the question of what is real. Woland's magic tricks are one expression of this theme; it is developed more seriously and more fully in the episodes dealing with the relationship of Pilate and Christ which

are interspersed throughout the book.

The first of these episodes is told by Woland to two skeptical writers; the second is the dream of one of these writers while he is in the madhouse; those remaining are chapters from the Master's novel. Although they are told by three different people, these episodes form a unified whole, in both plot and style.

Using this impression, Bulgakov closes the novel with a paradox: the Master's fate is decided by Christ, which seems to affirm the reality of the story; yet it is left up to the Master to determine the fate of Pilate, because as author of the story he has created Pilate.

This paradox illustrates Bulgakov's main point: does reality lie in the dull, everyday world of the bureaucrats, or in the fantastic but exciting world of the creative imagination? It is left up to the reader to decide.

Graduate students' future doubtful

Washington (CPS) - Members of the House Education Subcommittee would like to know what President Johnson is going to do about drafting graduate students before acting on the Administrations' proposal to improve graduate schools.

The subcommittee's concern about the draft surfaced this week when Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II testified in behalf of the Johnson Administration's higher education program for Fiscal 1969. The program includes a \$10 million legislative package designed to strengthen graduate schools.

Howe did not mention the draft in his prepared testimony about the proposed graduate school legislation. But when questioned by members of the subcommittee, Howe admitted the current draft policies are causing a serious problem for graduate schools across the country.

Under the new draft law, undergraduate students are deferred from the draft, but graduate students are not. The present policy also calls for the oldest Selective Service

registrants to be drafted first.

Howe said as many as 150,000 students planning to attend graduate schools next September face the strong possibility of being drafted. Peter P. Muirhead, the Office of Education's associate commissioner for higher education, said the figure 150,000 "is probably too low."

Graduate schools are facing a critical problem because they don't know how many of the students they accept will be drafted, Howe said. "Graduate schools are in the process

of awarding fellowships, but they don't know whether the recipients will show up. Some institutions are awarding more fellowships than they have funds for in anticipation that some of the students will be drafted," Howe said.

He also said some graduate schools are accepting more students than they have room for in an effort to insure they will not have a critical shortage of students next fall.

Mrs. Green asked Howe what could be done to help solve the problem. "I am not

an expert on the draft," Howe said, "but I believe the solution to this particular problem is to find a way for a random selection procedure. I believe random selection is ultimately fair and simple." If a system of random selection were implemented, Howe said, "only one in every five or six" graduate students might be taken. Under the present law, President Johnson could implement a random selection system by administrative action.

Howe, however, testified that he has not played a large role in forming the government's draft policies. "I was involved in several conversations informally when the draft (policy) was being discussed," he said. Mrs. Green said perhaps "better balance" could be achieved if the Office of Education "had a greater voice in draft policies."

Howe said he proposes a plan to defer graduate students in certain disciplines, such as the arts and humanities. He said this plan is "not sensible . . . for the long-range health of education."

Larry Grossman . . .

Traffic jam—Italian style

The most exciting show in Rome is the flow of traffic. The narrow streets that wander through the seven hills of the Eternal City were designed for horse drawn vehicles, but today are jammed with thousands of tiny, toy size European cars.

Travel Notes



Traffic congestion is aggravated by the behavior of the Italian driver. The average Italian is a polite, courteous person. He opens doors for women, answers questions with grace and politeness, and behaves as a gentleman. But put him behind the wheel of a car and he becomes a charioteer in the Roman arena. His manners disappear.

He lashes his horsepower, screams around curves, ignores all traffic lights, and acts as if pedestrians did not exist. He directs a steady flow of invective, nose thumbing, and obscene hand gestures at other drivers. Inevitably there are many near misses and frequent bumper crunching collisions.

One warm summer evening I was walking through the central part of Rome near the Colosseum. Cars stuffed with sweating irritated parents and their squawling mobs of "bambini" jammed the narrow streets. As I walked along I heard the steady sound of angry honking behind me. I drew closer and I turned around to see if an ambulance or fire truck was trying to get through the evening traffic.

A bus was honking at a slow moving Fiat blocking the way. The two vehicles were so close that I first thought the bus was pushing the Fiat. The Fiat pulled over to the curb and the bus came to a halt in the middle of the street. The owner of the Fiat, a young man in a suit with his tie loose at the collar, jumped out of his car and ran over to the front of the bus. The bus driver came out into the street and the two began a face to face argument.

Since the beginning of time, Italians have argued. Their arguments though, rarely lead to violence. Everything is a show. The two men, in traditional fashion, stood so close that their noses almost touched. They shouted into one another's face. Their hands moved through the air making a thousand gestures (Italians love to talk with their hands).

I didn't understand the language but the scene needed no translation. The Fiat driver kept pointing from his hub cap which was slightly dented and scratched to the bus. The bus had probably scrapped the Fiat and then kept on going. The Fiat owner in turn drove his car in front of the bus and slowed it to a stop.

A second man got out of the Fiat and attempted to separate his friend from the bus driver. After five minutes of tugging and yelling he succeeded in dragging his friend away. The bus driver got into his bus, pausing in the door to give a final shake of his fist in the direction of the Fiat.

I should pause here and state two things about this particular bus. The buses of Rome are all entered through the rear door where a fare collector sits. Some of the buses (like this one) are powered by electricity, with attachments to overhead power lines.

As the bus pulled into traffic, the fare collector leaned out the open back door and did two things at once. He kicked out at the Fiat driver and spat at him. Both actions took but a second. The Fiat owner ran after the accelerating bus and pulled the power connection wires on the back.

A shower of sparks rained on the street as the overhead wires cracked and came loose. The bus ground to a halt. Traffic piled up in both directions and a thousand horns set up a raucous protest.

The bus driver ran out to the street, angry to the point that veins swelled on his glistening forehead. I thought now the two men would surely come to blows. But again, there was only hand waving, shouting, and another nose to nose confrontation.

A crowd of 100 people now gathered from out of side streets and from cars caught in the jam. They joined in the confusion, split into two teams, about 50 on a side, and argued with each other. Most had not seen any of the events leading to the stalling of the bus, but all vocally expressed their opinions on the probable cause.

Several people came up to me and asked what had happened. I said nothing not understanding their Italian. This did not deter them from continuing to talk animatedly to me as Italians both ask and answer their own questions.

The fight was finally settled by some general of the Italian army who had been watching from a seat on the bus. He was wearing a grey summer uniform covered with medals and campaign ribbons. With great effort, he succeeded in separating the two men. There was some final name calling, swearing, and an exchange of addresses. The Fiat drove off and the bus driver climbed to the top of his bus to hook up the power lines. No policeman appeared during the half hour show. The traffic of Rome began to move again, first slowly and then at a more rapid pace.

I turned to an old man standing near me and said with a smile "Viva l'Italia!"

Campus opinion

Dear Editor:

Mr. Stark brought up an interesting concept in his editorial column of Monday. In it he suggested that since the inevitable masses of poor need reason to rise from their situation of social parasitism, the rich of the community should not be required to pay taxes which go to support job training for a select, poor few. It was obvious that you were on firm ground when you so cleverly pointed out that your stand was justified because the rich get nothing "directly" in return for certain tax payments.

If you will excuse my presumptiveness, I think we should apply this new guide for paying taxes more extensively. Some of the city taxes I pay go to maintain schools in north Lincoln. Since I live in south Lincoln I don't think I should pay taxes for something that gives me no direct benefit, right Mr. Stark? And on a state level there seems no reason I should support the highway program in the western part of the state: I've never been west of Pioneer Park. You'll back me up on that one, won't you, Mr. Stark?

It looks like I'm going to save a lot of money on taxes if I stay with Mr. Stark. I guess it just takes a fresh imaginative outlook to put things in perspective.

Liz Aitken, interested Nebraskan

Vol. 51, No. 41 Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb. Feb. 14, 1968 TELEPHONE: Editor 472-2585, News 472-2586, Business 472-2590. Subscriptions rates are \$1 per semester or \$2 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 jurisdiction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraska are responsible for what they contain by contract. Member Associated Collegiate Press, National Educational Advertising Service. EDITORIAL STAFF Editor Cheryl Tritt; Managing Editor Jack Todd; News Editor Ed Scamaglio; Night News Editor J. L. Schmidt; Editorial Page Assistant Jane Waggoner; Assistant Night News Editor Wilbur Gentry; Sports Editor George Kaufmann; Assistant Sports Editor Bonnie Johnson; News Assistant Lynn Pascoe; Staff Writers Jim Evinger, Herb Martin, Marc Gordon, Jan Parke, Joan McCallahan, Janet Maxwell, Andy Cavanaugh, Jim Peterson, Santos Pasarely, Phyllis Adkinson, Kent Cookson, Brent Skinner, Nancy Wood, John Dvornak, Edith Williams; Editor-in-Chief Lynn Gottschalk; Copy Editor: Betty Fennimore; Dave Filipi; Jan Leavy; Betty Stovell; Christie Schwartzkopf; Photographers Mike Hayden and Dan Ladley. BUSINESS STAFF Business Manager Glen Friedman; Production Manager Charlie Buehler; National Ad Manager Leola Machee; Bookkeeper and classified ad manager Gary Hollingsworth; Business Secretary Jan Eastman; Subscription Manager Jane Ross; Salesmen Dan Crank, Don Lecher, Kathy Zivich, Todd Slaughter, Dennis Michael, Joel Davis, Lynn Wasmuth.