

An editor's responsibility

Student Senate last semester approved several recommendations concerning the structure and responsibilities of the Publications Board, the official overseer of such campus publications as the Daily Nebraskan and the Cornhusker.

Most of the recommendations simply reiterate and clarify the Board's present procedures.

One recommendation, however, should be questioned by the Faculty Senate when this group votes upon the recommendations.

This recommendation suggests that the editor of the Daily Nebraskan and other staff members participate in an open meeting of the Board each month to discuss the newspaper and receive students' reactions.

This is a ridiculous suggestion which demonstrates a lack of understanding of a newspaper's operation, and no editor should have to consent to this type of confrontation.

The Daily Nebraskan is not subjected to any type of censorship by the Publications Board. Therefore, after his appointment the editor is responsible to no one except himself and his sense of values and journalistic ideals.

He should not have to defend his editorial stands or business operations to anyone. When an editor is appointed by the Publications Board he automatically receives the freedom to operate his staff and the entire operation in accordance with his own convictions.

If any member of the University disagrees with the editorial policies he may write a letter to the paper for publication or speak to the editor personally. If he feels the editor is incompetent or irresponsible he may even begin proceedings to have the Publications Board remove him.

The University, however, does not have the right to coerce a student editor or members of his staff to appear before students and faculty in a monthly fun fest to explain why he opposed a certain Senate action or to explain the rationale of the news coverage.

That the Daily Nebraskan is a monopoly does not lend any strength to the argument that such an open meeting is needed. A mass confrontation with his reading audience is simply not part of an editor's job.

The Faculty Senate should not approve this particular recommendation, which is an insult to any newspaper's professionalism, whether it is a small town weekly, a metropolitan daily or the Daily Nebraskan.

Cheryl Tritt

Al Spangler . . .

August outlook

The Democratic National Convention in late August will likely be the site of some of the largest demonstrations in this country's recent history. And of an overwhelming suppression of the black-liberation and antiwar movements.



Strange Days

It is certain that there will be demonstrations—they are already being planned. The question is: will they prove to be catastrophic? Remember the Haymarket "riots" of 1886 . . .

The protests of 1968 flow out of a background of non-violent demonstrations that have recently been criticized on the grounds that they are ineffective and too costly.

The recent march on the Pentagon produced little more than battered skulls for the protesters, and occasioned an article in Ramparts entitled, "How the Pentagon Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love the Peace Marchers." Although the efforts of the civil rights workers in the early sixties were not without success, there was a tremendous cost in human lives. There were 13 blacks killed during the Mississippi Summer Project of 1964, the four young girls killed in the church bombing in Birmingham, Jimmy Lee Jackson and the many killed in the urban rebellions of recent summers.

Even the Reverend Martin Luther King says that his planned non-violent march on Washington this Spring will be a last ditch effort. In fact, he persuaded his colleagues to go along with the idea by arguing that in spite of the danger that the march itself would precipitate violence, violence would come in any event.

Perhaps as many as 500,000 will participate in Democratic convention demonstrations. They will come at the hottest part of the long hot summer of '68. Senator McCarthy's campaign is crumbling, and shows no prospect of improvement. Wallace may have garnered enough votes in the primaries to twist a few Democratic arms in a way unfavorable to black Chicagoans. There is little hope that the situation in Vietnam will improve. The Chicago police and National Guard are tooling up for the confrontation. What is there to say?

One might want to say that radicals ought not to demonstrate this summer, that they will produce a "backlash" that will destroy them and many of the freedoms we cherish. But is it left-wing militancy that ought to be blamed for the possibility of right-wing militancy?

Look at the history, the recent history, of these latter-day leftists. Then take a look at the middle-of-the-roads, the Gene McCarthy, Robert Kennedy types. What are they trying to save in the face of this possible destruction? Could it be the Democratic party?



Joseph Alsop

Prospects for negotiations

Washington—The chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. Earle G. Wheeler, has returned from Saigon to recommend a substantial addition to Gen. William C. Westmoreland's troop strength. As Gen. De Gaulle would say, it is "in the nature of things" that he would do so.

If President Johnson accedes to Westmoreland's request for more troops, he will have no choice except to order a relatively complete call-up of the reserves. The ready reserves would then provide something like 40,000 men, who would be almost immediately available. Much of the remainder, who are in varying stages of readiness, would also have to be called up, to provide backup.

The first thing to note about this matter is that events have struck down the arguments Secretary Robert S. McNamara has always used against a general call-up of the reserves. These have been based on the fact that men in the reserves are only required to serve for a year, unless there is general mobilization or a declaration of war.

Hence, McNamara has always, until now, opposed a call up on the ground that the reserves, once called immediately would become a wasting asset in a war of uncertain duration. The argument was perfectly bald, too, as long as the Hanoi war-planners concluded some time ago that "protracted war" was not a practical proposition for them. Hence, Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap began to go for broke with the Tet period attacks on the cities. The aim was, and is, to drag the United States to the negotiating table on Hanoi's terms.

The decision to go for broke necessarily implies abandonment of the "protracted war" option, for quite practical and obvious reasons. With only about 135,000 men in the Viet Cong-North Vietnamese main and local forces in South Vietnam, the enemy has expended in the short space of one month no less than 40,000 men, either killed or captured, plus an unknown number of disablingly wounded.

The fighting now going on

is not taking the form of big, dramatic engagements. Yet it is much more intense than in the past, and the enemy's current loss rate is close to 500 men a day. That means that every six days the enemy is losing the equivalent of one month of Viet Cong recruitment in South Vietnam.

As the captured documents continue to pour in, moreover, it becomes clearer and clearer that the Tet period attacks on the cities were a major disaster for Gen. Giap, if measured in terms of his planned goals. Self-critical documents are now being obtained, and these show beyond doubt, that both a general uprising of the urban populace and the collapse of the South Vietnamese army were confidently expected.

It may be that the costly failure to attain these goals explains the long delay at Khe Sanh, which was (and perhaps still is) to be the scene of the second stage of the plan to force negotiations on

terms desired by Hanoi. Both sides are a bit groggy. But the Hanoi war-planners have committed themselves to going for broke and have experienced a grave setback in the first round.

In these circumstances, the time limit on the reserves' service is of relatively little importance. If all goes well (pray God) in the next couple of months, everything will then depend on Westmoreland's ability to launch a decisive counteroffensive thereafter. And since the "protracted war" option has been so dramatically cast away by Hanoi, a counteroffensive can now be genuinely decisive.

In short, the betting has become very good, indeed, on negotiations within six months' time, wither on Hanoi's terms or on our own. Mr. Johnson will be reckless, foolish and derelict in his duty (and he will also be acting against his own practical, long-range interests) if he fails to call up the reserves in order to insure negotiations on our terms.

Cater Chamblee

Patterns in American jazz

Recently, Dr. Narveson of the English Department commented upon the lamentable cultural milieu of the University and the wretched job being done about it. I have no quarrel with his statement of the case nor do I wish to understate the necessary defense of his position against the attacks of those wistful souls who hold that the sound of a cold northern wind blowing through dead grass is as noble as that of the Brandenburg concerti. Dirt freaks of this sort are a fortunate lot inasmuch as their senses are titillated each time they have a chance to gaze at a few acres of flat lands. Here in Nebraska they spend quite a lot of time gazing and good for them. For the rest of us, Dr. Narveson's position is a valid one.

I do question, however, the inclusion of jazz on his prerogative list of that-which-is-done - while - that - which-should - be - done - is - not-done.

I believe that such an inclusion can be reached only by arguing that the traditional cultural forms are the only ones available for the transmissions of excellence, of art-and this argument seems untenable for many reasons.

Certainly it is difficult to see how this form can be dismissed out of hand after such men as Bernstein, Copland, Milhaud, and Stravinsky have hailed jazz as the

most significant new musical expression of the twentieth century and when its influence upon their music has been a noticeable one.

This is not to say, of course, that their positions mean no argument is possible. Only that their music can not be dismissed cavalierly.

Theolionus Monk is a jazz pianist and composer who for twenty-five years has been working out certain problems involving the relationship between time and harmony. That is, his music explores how it is that certain jazz rhythms affect the way harmonic patterns are expressed and how certain chord progressions shape those same rhythms.

Often his music lives in the tension between those rhythms, those harmonies. Which is a dry way of talking about a music as rich, and alive as Monk's. But why is such an exploration not

worth an understanding? And why is such an understanding unworthy of our attention?

Charles Lloyd plays tenor saxophone and is a prolific composer as well. His music is strongly influenced by eastern modal forms and rhythms (go listen to Ravi Shankar awhile), and in his playing he pushes jazz improvisation in the atonal, "free" direction first pointed to by the late John Coltrane. In "Memphis Ones Again," he follows a free solo improvisation with a hard driving blues in which he incorporates virtually every style of tenor of the past forty years, including, God help us, that fruity horror from the Guy Lombardo.

That is to say in this piece he deals with the problems of the subject of music by deciding that it is music and consciously and satirically uses the musical expression

of the past to construct the music of today. Much as Jorge Borges or John Barth use fast styles of literature to construct a literature of the present. And if *Sot-weed Factor* is worth reading, why is not Charles Lloyd worth listening to?

That most jazz is a waste of time, I would argue. As are most symphonies, concerti, string quartets. And most novels, plays, and poems. Most art, indeed, is dull, is poorly done. Which does not mean that one should not listen to classical music. Or read books. Or listen to jazz.

My own feeling is that jazz is an important art form, the only American art form, and one which is sadly neglected by the most of us. Indeed one wonders how many students have ever listened either to Monk or Lloyd? Or how many music majors here have ever even heard of Charlie Parker? And this last is as significant as would be the case of an English major who had never heard of James Joyce.

For those who would like to grant Monk and Lloyd a hearing, I should suggest for Monk, *Theolionus Monk Plays Duke Ellington, Riverside 12-261; Brilliant Corners, Riverside 12-228; or The Theolionus Monk Orchestra at Town Hall, Riverside 12-300. For Lloyd, Man From Two Worlds, Impulse 59; Dream Weaver, Atlantic 1459; or Charles Lloyd at Monterey, Atlantic 1473.*

Mick Lowe . . .

The SSS and Me

You don't know, You don't know, You don't know, you never will, and baby.

—Mose Allison

As a reporter for the Daily Nebraskan the past three semesters I had on several occasions some contact with the hierarchy of the State Selective Service.



Letters to Thomasina

Consequently I was provided a unique opportunity to observe the more internal workings of the SSS. Here for the benefit of graduating seniors and ex-graduate students are my observations. May you rest in peace.

Col. Francis Drath, former deputy director of the Nebraska Selective Service, provided me with my first look at what I call the "drafty mentality" in October of 1966.

I had at that time just turned 19 and Drath was one of my first story assignments. Inexperienced as I was, and still am, Drath was singularly unimpressive.

His office resembled a typical businessman's office — complete with wood paneling, a massive wooden desk, and a box of cigars.

Drath chewed constantly on a cigar, a practice that had evidently turned his teeth a brownish-yellow.

His complexion was ruddy, his speech slow and somewhat inarticulate. He was slightly overweight. The flesh many American men in their forties carry around their middles seems to reflect a mental state not unlike a steer contentedly chomping his cud in the Omaha stockyards. You don't know, and baby . . .

That he was not exactly a mental heavy weight was reflected at a sudden turn in the interview when he remarked that "the draft could help relieve overcrowding in American colleges."

The following mini-conversation went spinning quickly through my mind:

"Hello, Cliff? This is Frank Draft at the draft—uh, draft."

Listen Cliff, I hear you've got more boys over there in school than you can handle. Well, tell you what I'm aggon' do. We can put 300 in Ord, 200 in Riley, 400 in Leonard Wood and 150 in Arlington."

"It is a shame, isn't it, but that's war Y'know. Well, see ya at Rotary Wednesday."

Draft was suggesting, in effect, that the best way to partially empty the nation's colleges was to fill national cemeteries. A good story, but ill-considered.

Instead of quickly changing the subject, (he seemed quite ready to let the statement stand), I questioned him about it, and he then decided he'd "better not say that, exactly." I printed his reconsidered statement.

A year later I paid a visit to Col. Edwin Scott the director of the state SS Manpower division.

He, too, was ruddy complected with slow speech, and my visit happened to occur in the heat of the Steve Abbott controversy.

I was sure that Scott had been besieged by reporters and outraged ALCU members all day, (his superior was out of town), but he seemed relatively unconcerned.

He thought Abbott was stupid, he said, because he could have remained a teacher for another year, remained deferred, turned 26, and been under the wire.

But he had instead quit teaching, lost his deferment, and refused induction. I gathered that had Abbott pursued the former course it would have been a great relief to everyone, but he was instead stubbornly and inconveniently refusing to be ground into the machine.

Scott's desk-top was empty except for a dog-eared copy of the Selective Service Act of 1967, from which he read me frequent quotes. It was all by the book.

What might have happened to Scott without that book I hate to think. But I had the impression that his self-assurance would melt away instantly.

My next encounter with the draft took place several months later when I called the state Director Lt. Gen. Guy Heninger to ask him about a story quoting him in the Daily Nebraskan.

To my surprise he was put immediately on the phone. I asked him about the story which had appeared only a few days before. No, no he had never heard of it.

I read the quotes attributed to him and he replied "it couldn't have been me. I was out of town all week. Must have been my secretary." Uh-huh. I proceeded to ask him about a deferment to go into the Peace Corps.

He made the brilliant suggestion that I "get my military obligation out of the way, and then go into the Peace Corps."

The way they always say "get your obligation out of the way" kills me. They never make it sound like an evening with Vanessa Redgrave, no sir. It's something to get out of the way. Like going to the bathroom, or cutting off a toe.

I politely intimated that I was more interested in helping people than killing them. Maybe later though.

Heninger finally recommended that I "just go ahead and go, and don't tell your draft board."

That would put me right in prison, do not pass Go, do not collect . . .

It was a classic instance of the bureaucratic right hand not knowing what the left hand is doing. My draft board secretary had told me minutes before that I would not be deferred for the Peace Corps. Bewildered, I thanked him and hung up.

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