

Senate in bloom

Spring arrived on the Senate floor Wednesday as after a long barren winter the Senators finally bloomed.

The matter which pushed the many dormant wall flowers to the surface was of all things a proposal that two national senior honoraries begin chapters at the University.

The proposal suggested an extremely chaotic method by which the two existing senior honoraries would compete with Blue Key and Cardinal Key for members.

The reasoning behind the proposal seemed to be that additional honoraries would make anyone who had ever been an assistant chairman of any organization eligible for the revered membership in one of the honoraries.

Although the entire proposal is not feasible, it did contain a significant purpose, which of course, was not directly stated. If memberships in the senior honoraries were easily attained, the honoraries might lose their effectiveness and dissolve themselves.

While the dissolution of the Innocents and Mortar Boards would be a great boon to the University's educational system, the addition of two more honoraries will only add insult to injury.

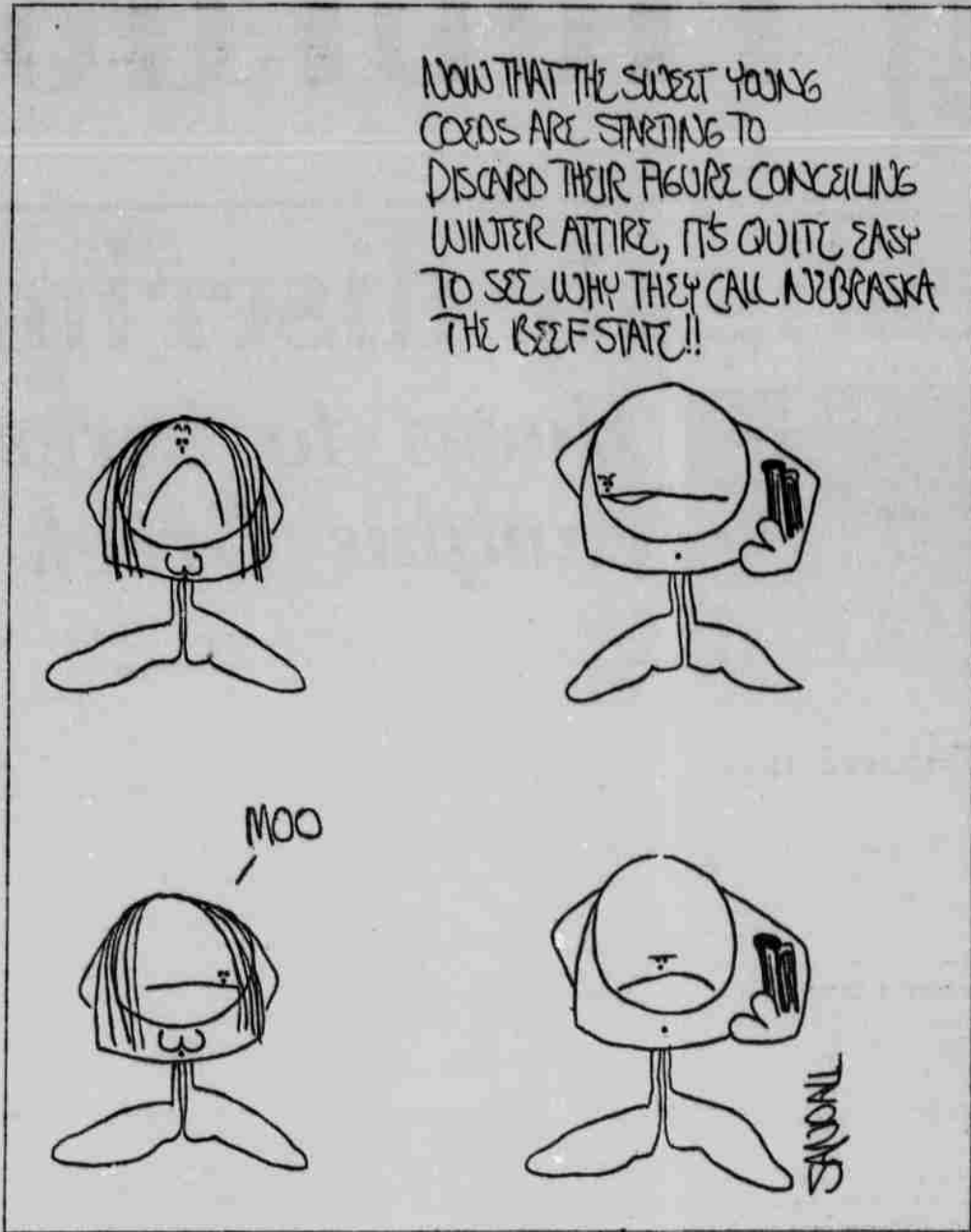
The Senate tabled the motion for a week but where it belongs is under the table.

The Senators passed an important piece of legislation Wednesday proposing a complete overhaul in the University's ineffective faculty advisor program, have continued to see their advisors but rather practice the indelicate art of forging advisor's signatures.

It seems absurd to continue a system which is ineffective for the majority of students and especially for those who really need good advisors.

If faculty advisors for upperclassmen were free to counsel freshmen and sophomores and if they were also aided by student advisors, the results of the improved system would be a lower drop out rate, higher grade point averages and, for many, a shorter length of time required to obtain a degree.

Cheryl Tritt



Joseph Alsop Nightmare of the future

Washington—An older man, nostalgically hankering for a simpler America, glumly packing for yet another journey to Vietnam, would prefer to say a cheerful farewell. Yet in honesty it must instead be said that all our immediate, fast-converging crises—of the dollar, of the war and of our national leadership—are downright trivial compared to what now lies ahead.

It has taken some time for this reporter to get through the whole of the vast, not very well-organized report of the President's riot commission. The report has been received, so far as one can judge, with depressed indifference.

Yet, the President, the Congress and the country should instead be responding with the desperate, unanimous activity of the people of a city remorselessly besieged—the women twisting their hair into bowstrings, the old gaffers grimly taking their places next to the young warriors, even the little children hurrying to carry food and water to those who man the threatened walls.

For this report's cold print, bolstered at every stage by columns of unanswerable statistics, is nothing more or less than an official portrait of the American-dream-turning-into-nightmare. We are not besieged but we are sore beset, and by such a problem

as this nation has not known since the guns at Sumter opened the Civil War.

Furthermore, for all its strong, even emotional language, the riot commission's report timidly understates the true horror of that problem. The heart of the horror is the series of statistical tables on Negro immigration to the center cities, or white emigration to the affluent, rancidly complacent suburbs, and on the consequent future pattern of the great cities of America.

The nation's capital today, as this reporter has often pointed out, is no more than a huge black ghetto thinly concealed behind a pompous

'Barber of Seville' presented

The Turnau Opera Players will present "The Barber of Seville" in English Thursday night under the sponsorship of the University Speaker-Artist Series.

The audience is swept into the high spirits of Rossini's three-act romantic comedy with vivacious music, lyric arias, brilliant show pieces, and wirling ensembles.

The Turnau Players represent a pilot attempt to take opera into smaller communities and at the same time give younger singers and production personnel valuable experience.

"Barber" is a work well suited to the intimate style of the Turnau Opera since the intricacies and ingenuities of the plot are enhanced and clarified when the opera is played on a smaller rather than the "grand opera" scale.

Tickets for Rossini's romantic comedy may be obtained free of charge at the main desk in the Union.

Al Spangler Leave Vietnam

Writing about the war in Vietnam nearly two years ago, General Matthew B. Ridgeway said, "It is my firm belief that there is nothing in the present situation or in our code that requires us to bomb a small Asian nation back into the stone ages."

But that is just what we were doing then, and we are still doing it now. Jean-Paul Sartre said it in a slightly different way: The United States is committing genocide in Vietnam.

Another military man, Lt. General James Gavin, testifying before the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, said that "bombing attacks intended to achieve psychological impact through the killing of noncombatants is unquestionably wrong."

Likewise the attack of targets near areas highly populated by civilians, where civilians are likely to be casualties, is also militarily as well as morally wrong . . . "But we continue to bomb and kill

Strange Days

civilians. What is more (and this requires some imagination), we've discovered that sometimes we have to destroy a village in order to save it.

There have been some changes in our war policy. We changed the name of "search and kill" missions to "search and destroy," and the military makes fewer pronouncements about an impending victory.

But the steady extermination of our Vietnamese brothers continues and the GI's come home in boxes in ever-increasing numbers. And more and more of us at home are saying, "Let's get this over with."

Howard Zinn (Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal) has made a very reasonable suggestion: "Speedy withdrawal need not be shameful; this is not a Dunkirk situation where decimated troops, harassed on the ground and air, scramble into boats and flee. The United States controls the air, the ports, the sea; it can make the most graceful, the most majestic withdrawal in history."

If, as politicians are fond of saying, politics is the art of the possible, then it is our job to insist that politicians expand their narrow view of what is possible.

For surely it is possible for the United States to withdraw from Vietnam; if we do not withdraw, it is possible that genocide will occur much closer to home.

Campus Opinion

Dear Editor: We, Vietnamese in North America, speaking as individuals and independently of any political or religious organization, together voice our anguished concern over the war in our country.

At the moment, in the name of the highest sounding principles, the parties to the conflict in our country are fast reducing our villages and cities to ashes and rubble, and, in the process, tearing apart the whole fabric of our society.

This is not a struggle for freedom and democracy; it has become a war of genocide.

By now, it is clear that there are limits to what American power can do in Vietnam; on the other hand, there are no limits to what American power can do to Vietnam. The words of the American Commander, that "to save Bentre it became necessary to destroy it," plainly reflects the moral, political and military bankruptcy of American policy in Vietnam.

To end the war before it is too late, we call upon the American government to heed Secretary-General U Thant's appeal and stop all bombing of North Vietnam. We call upon the United States government, the government of South Vietnam, the government of North Vietnam, and the National Liberation Front to promptly reach a peaceful settlement. A lasting peace for Vietnam should be based upon the total withdrawal of foreign troops that will allow us, Vietnamese, to shape our future free from all foreign interference.

We urgently appeal to the world community, through the United Nations, to condemn, in view of their devastating effects on our people, the use of chemical warfare, napalm, and anti-personnel bombs. Finally, to prevent the ultimate crime against mankind we ask the General Assembly to forbid the use of nuclear weapons by any party in this conflict.

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Nguyen thi Loan Anh (Cornell)
Nguyen Thu Huong (Macalester College)
Nguyen Thuy Hoa (University of Montreal)
Quan Tu Ann (Montreal)

Dear Editor: In answer to Mr. Shiver's letter about his definition of black power; I believe the definition of black power is a very relative thing, depending on the person you ask. From reports I've heard, a black militant's definition would be Whitey's blood running down a street corner gutter, a white militant's: blacky's blood; a moderate liberal on either side of the color barrier: all the way from "Let us reason together" to "Come to the sit-in tomorrow."

I challenge Mr. Shiver's aim Peaceful Change. Can results so slow in coming ever calm the resentment, the bitterness, the hatred, after so many years of feeling like second class citizen?

The acrid smell of a burning home can do a lot to cleanse the pent up anger in a man's soul, but what if it is his own home? And how do you suffle the cry of a dead man's wife? By telling her she can enter any restaurant she wants to?

Let us pray—gentlemen and gentlewomen. We have done so little else.

Phyllis Herman

Dear Editor: About Alan Reed's fuss over the simulated communist takeover of Wahoo High School by John F. Kennedy College students—

Mr. Reed appears to feel that J.F.K.'s accreditation should be revoked because of the incident. Why else would he protest to the North Central Association?

He maintains that the coup experiment was invalid. Even assuming this to be true—a rather difficult thing to judge second-hand—is an invalid experiment sufficient cause for revoking accreditation?

Isn't Mr. Reed threatening academic freedom at John F. Kennedy College by his action? It is a sad situation when one scholar would deny others their right to experiment.

Susan Kaye O'Brien

Cater Chamblee . . . Burton quartet paces new jazz

Now the new voices are here and the songs they sing are strong ones. No better case for this thesis exists than the Gary Burton Quartet (Burton, vibes; Larry Coryell, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Ray Haynes, drums on the first album; Bobby Moses, drums on the second), the group that plays the finest jazz of our time. I know of no other group in the history of the art whose early productions are as high in quality as Burton's first two, *Duster*, Victor LSP 3835, and *Lofty Fake Anazrom*, Victor LSP 3901, unless it be those of the Modern Jazz Quartet of 'good god, but its been a long time ago.

Both albums are strong (Duster has more roots, *Lofty*, more complexity) and both are worth picking upon.

Gary Burton, whose appearance has changed from that of an earnestly serious graduate student to that of a singularly spaced out pop idol, remains the most technically proficient vibraphonist in the history of the instrument. He's rather soft in his approach but no one comes near him for richness of chord structure, for brilliance of attack. His playing is a compound of lush chords, delicate lines, and abstract purity of form that approaches the space age coldness of Hohn Caye.

He lacks feeling for blues, a serious detriment in a jazz musician, but what he does is worth doing and what he does he does better than anyone else.

Clark Terry said of Larry Coryell that he was the finest blues guitarist in 25 years and that would be since Charles Christian and that would make him the second greatest jazz guitarist of all time.

Coryell has the technique, the range, the rhythmic complexity, the knowledge, of chord progressions, the touch of the best guitarist with the attention to sound as sound, the electronic experimentation, the down home roots of the best acid-rock guitarist.

One never knows the direction his flight, will take, but they will be high and soaring. At one point he will overpower the listener with sheer sheets of sound, then he will suddenly be dropping lyrically beautiful separate notes into the rhythmic intensity of the booting drummer.

In the middle of an atonal passage he will deftly insert a B.B. King riff or a country and western thing that is amazingly right. He will be behind a bass solo and switch logically and inevitably to a broad whining drone as if he were playing a fretted theramin.

Steve Swallow demonstrates that the natural wood of an arco bass has a mellowness, a tonal warmth, a lyrical potential for beyond, say, the best vacuum tube fender were assembled. The lyric beauty, the casual grace of his solitary of course, the province of the musician, not

of its style and no other, that it is hard to believe the same group played them all.

Few other bassists are capable of the delivery he exhibits on his unwieldy axe, while always maintaining a light swinging drive (a heavier bassist, Minqus for one, would overpower this group. Lyricism and a very complex technical brilliance are their strong points, despite the deep blues roots of Coryell's approach to the guitar.)

The drummer, Roy Haynes on Duster, Bobby Moses on *Lofty Fake Anazrom*, are loose enough over all that they don't hold down the other musicians with their music, but have enough bottom to their attack to give their fellows a more individual stylist than Moses, pushing the soloist with a nervous persistence on up-tempo numbers, forcing him often to extend himself beyond his intentions with insistent trim shots. To my taste, he drives the group better than Bobby Moses but Moses does well enough, and his lighter hand is more in line with Burton's own approach to vibraphone, a percussive instrument, after all.

The tunes on the two albums are totally varied, each one so completely an example

of its style and no other, that it is hard to believe the same group played them all.

It is difficult to go from the mean acid-rock of "One, two, 1-2-3-4" to the delta roots of "Sing me softly of the Blues," from the clean baroque style of "Lines" to the dancing joy of "General Mojo's Well Lord Plan," from the quiet sadness of

"Mother the Dead Man" to the flashy sharpness of "Ballet" or the twittering icp cold computer brilliance of the double tapping on "General Mojo Cuts Up" and believe it was the same four all along.

The musicians vary their styles drastically from cut to cut to fit the share of each tract.

Yet each cut is recognizable by the Gary Burton Quartet. The very stylelessness becomes itself a style. The inevitability that the soloists will radically alter his approach to his song several times during its course, from chordal pattern to single note flurries, from cleanliness of line to broadness of texture, becomes a from as rigid as a single minded devotion to the back-beat

We know that Coryell will have more drive, more soul than Burton, that Burton's harmonics will be richer than Coryell's, that Swallow's Solo will impress us with its lyric grace.

But we do not know what form of blues Coryell will play when, nor which harmonics Burton will play where. And Steve Swallow's grace is the kind of excited achievement we shall always admire. The Gary Burton Quintet is worth the attention of anyone interested at all in American music — that is to say, jazz.

Reuben Ardila Bridging the gap

Literary and scientific groups in England are talking about J. Bronowski's new book: *The Face of Violence* in any cafe of the West End of London. They are, however, probably in two different cafes, because literary people don't like scientific people and vice versa, not even in London.

Bronowski is a mathematician who takes literature seriously. He is the man who bridges the gap, between the "two cultures," and is the writer who doesn't balk when people start talking about DNA, Hamiltonian equations or combinatorial topology. He is a scientist who knows the great importance of humanities, and who is able to see his work in perspective:

The subject of the book is violence. In the author's opinion it is man's symbolic gesture against the constraints of society. In all societies the individual suffers a split personality.

On one hand society nurses and sustains him, but he finds this pressure irksome and attempts to escape from its grasp. The destructive wish is depicted in the scapegoats who suffer for all the collectivity. Man wants to be a member of society and at the same time he wants to be an individual who is the real existential dilemma.

To a certain extent Bronowski defends the right of the individual to be different. He writes, "The gesture of disobedience is a catharsis which we must not deny to any man . . . The man has a right to protest against communities; if he had not done so, he would still be with the ant colonies."

He is against the exploitation of violence, of course. Probably his ideas should be studied together with Loren's "On Aggression" and Ardey's "African Genesis" in order to obtain a clear picture of this controversial topic.

A dramatic play constitutes half of the novel. The theme revolves around a former soldier who searches for a man who he thinks is a monster of cruelty. But when he finds him, he realizes that his imagination has been overworked.

The play won the Italia Prize in 1951 as the best radio play of the two preceding years. The essay on violence is a new addition. Both the essay and the play are connected, however, and complement each other.

Bronowski has written a very stimulating book, although one can not agree with everything and one can criticize the superficial treatment of some topics. But in any case the book is worth reading.

Daily Nebraskan
Vol. 51, No. 82
Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb.
TELEPHONE: Editor 475-2585, News 475-2586, Business 475-2586
Subscription 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 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 choose to print.
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