

# DAILY NEBRASKAN

## Editorials

## Commentary

### End of the week that never was

The week that never was whirled by in a kaleidoscope of bits and pieces; shifting, turning, the edges blurred, the center visible to no one.

Autumn came to Nebraska this week, whatever feeble claims the calendar may hold. The nation settled itself, satisfied that the summer had passed; one more dreaded season had disappeared; the day when mere anarchy shall rule the world had been postponed.

The week passed, a dream and nightmare fantasy not unlike what had gone before.

Bits and pieces from the week that never was:

**THE SENATE** did its best to kill the concept of separation of powers by rejecting Abe Fortas after the crudest display of irrationality, prejudice and irrelevance put on by that august body since the days of Joe McCarthy.

The House Committee on Un-American Activities began another witch-hunt in its attempt to prove that McCarthyism is alive and well in Washington with the blessings of the Omaha World-Herald and the Chicago Tribune.

General Curtis E. "Bomb-'em-back-to-the-stone-age" LeMay signed on as George Wallace's running mate in the campaign to end America. May his bombs rest in peace.

Bruce Hamilton said it all at City Hall Thursday. "This is beautiful, just beautiful," he told the 500-odd marchers gathered to protest housing discrimination in Lincoln.

Of all the events in this torn and tortured week, the march may have been the only thing of beauty that happened.

**THE LIST** of nightmares goes on, eclipsing the dreams. The events since that far-ago January when a young President urged "Let us begin..." have made this decade look more like the ending than the beginning. Things fall apart, the center cannot hold.

But the winter is near, the breathing time. We will survive to see another summer, Charles Lloyd is coming this afternoon, and there are only 23 more shopping days before Guy Fawkes day. There is cause for joy.

Jack Todd

### Larry Eckholt . . . Film-goer needs to 'free mind'

One of the more enjoyable elements of any art form is its ability to have similar themes expressed by dissimilar styles.

For example, Lord Byron and Elizabeth Sargent both write of the emotional involvement of men and women in love and they both agree. But Byron, in "Don Juan" writes:

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence.  
In "The Longest Night" Miss Sargent writes:  
Man: Yes, you are the earth!  
But I do not want to be contained!  
Woman: I was there for you at sunrise  
I waited for you all afternoon, but at evening  
The sea entered my heart.  
entered my heart.

**IN THE** same way, two films can express the same theme but in opposite style. "Interlude" and "Petulia" are excellent examples. They take the classic love triangle, dissect its relationships, resolve them in the same manner, but are as different as Lord Byron and Elizabeth Sargent.

Yet differences in film style are not accurately comparable to poetry. Byron wrote in Victorian England, Miss Sargent in contemporary America. In the span of a century writing styles have drastically changed and so have ideas.

The two films, however, were made during the same period of time, and were (in fact) released within a month of each other. But why the great differences in style?

"Interlude" is an impressionistic painting, drawing on the emotions of its characters and its viewers. Although underscored by its sensuous photography, the movie's impressions go much deeper. Interludes of happiness and sadness, of physical pleasure and psychological pain, of all things that define love, linger on the screen. They create a genuine concern for the affairs of people.

But "Petulia" is pop-art. Time is irrelevant. Present, Future and Past, Zip, it's in the mind. Zap, it could be real. A gentle touch on her hand brings the image of a body leg on the screen. Green tubes, red lights, paper flowers. A television set that's actually tuned-in on the Vietnam war.

One could go on indefinitely citing the many similarities and differences in the two movies. Yet this seems irrelevant. What is relevant is comparing the cinema to other art forms, like painting and poetry.

**UNLIKE THE** latter two art forms, the cinema has not had centuries during which style becomes a method of classification. One cannot point to the '40s as a period of cinematic Realism, to the '50s as a period of Abstract Expressionism.

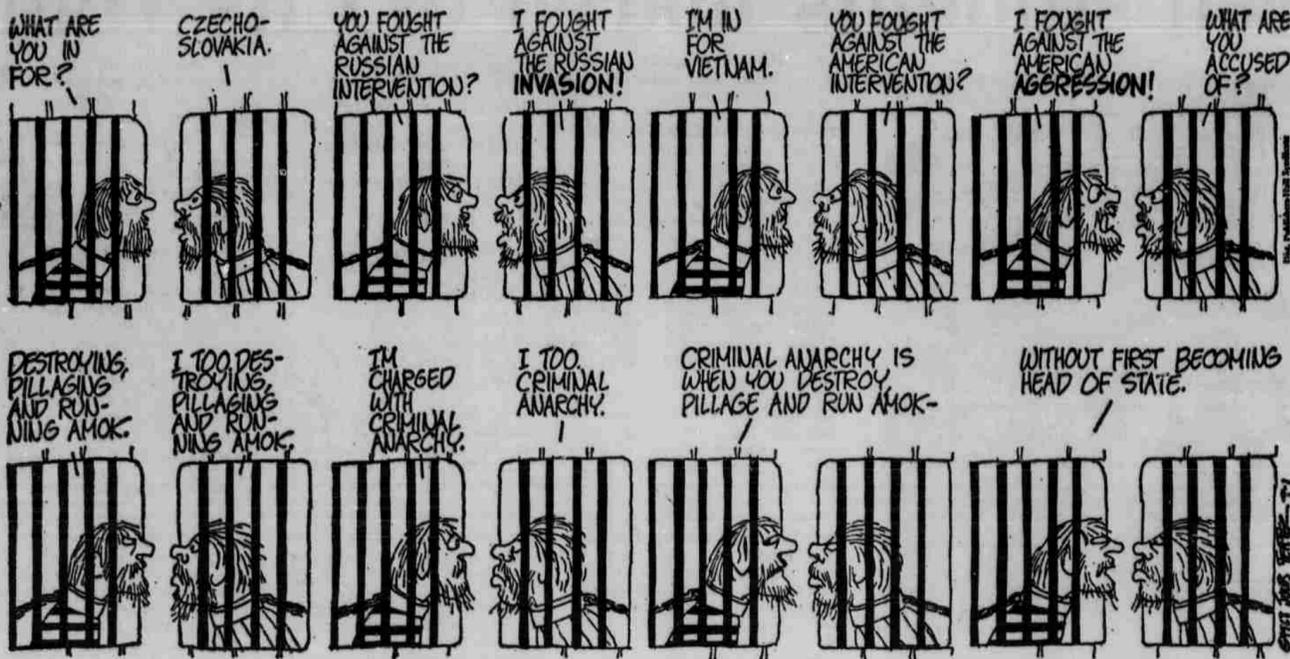
And the '60s can't be classified as Pop-Art. But, in its short evolution, the cinema has enabled itself to adapt to itself the many styles of other art forms. Experiment is the byword today.

Directors are developing new languages which enable a film to speak. All of the isms of the arts are finding a way into the theatres, demanding more of audiences everywhere.

It is easy to dismiss a film as boring or obtuse. But a film has as much worth being boring or obtuse, even though it is unpopular — to the critics or the general audience.

The new trend in motion pictures is to view films as an experience in aesthetics, and not for techniques, or plot, or acting alone.

Today the film-goer has to listen to the Beatles, among others. He has to "free his mind" for cinematic appreciation. After that, liberation movies may become more stimulating—and more fun—for him.



### The community of scholars . . .

## Is challenge gone at NU?

by Curt Donaldson

A university must minister to the needs of agriculture, industry, the state, and somehow the people, besides graduates and undergraduates.

Do undergraduates, particularly freshmen and sophomores, get a fair share of attention? Many people are saying no, not enough for them to learn as much as they are willing to.

**JOSEPH KAUFFMAN**, Dean of Student Affairs at the University of Wisconsin, together with a group of teachers and students from many schools have written a book called "The Student in Higher Education."

In the first chapter they attempt to summarize the experience of undergraduates: "Incoming students expect the college years to be exciting and challenging, both intellectually and socially; they are eager for this new adventure in their lives.

Students quickly learn that college is rather like high school, that most of what one does is still "Mickey Mouse," and that boredom and dullness are just as prevalent in college. Most teachers are uninteresting and many are uninterested.

"Course requirements frequently seem to be make-work, and programs of study appear to have little connection with career goals, personal concerns, or intellectual curiosity.

"To be sure, it has not provided what he hoped it would as a freshman, but at least it has furnished him with the degree that is a prerequisite for employment or for further education, has offered social diversions to vary the routine, perhaps has found him a spouse, and has enabled him to prolong his youth and his entry into the System — a bit longer than would otherwise have been possible."

**ARE KAUFFMAN'S** words relevant to us at the University of Nebraska? Are freshmen enthusiastic, ready to be challenged; are they being turned off? Our particular system is the sum of individual classes, individual teachers.

The impact or non-impact of each adds up. Each teacher must ask himself: "How many of my students have I made to feel as I do about what I have learned, what I teach?"

Comment on the News: The World Herald has adequately and repeatedly pointed up the responsibilities of students to keep their books open and their mouths shut. This column has just attempted a few words on the responsibility of teachers. Some other group bears some responsibility, however, when Nebraska students pay one of the highest tuitions for a state university in the country, while the faculty works for one of the lowest pay scales.



by Dick Gregory

I have often insisted that America is faced with a pollution crisis. And I do not mean air or water pollution. The most pressing problem in America today is moral pollution. A hypo-critical double-standard permeates this morally polluted nation.

National hypocrisy reached its most pronounced proportions a couple of weeks ago in the economic center of America, the Wall Street area of New York City. For days word had been circulating through the lunch hour crowd that at precisely 1:28 p.m., a shapely girl in a tight sweater would ascend the steps of the BMT subway station near the New York Stock Exchange and walk to work at the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company on Broadway.

**EVERY DAY** the crowd of onlookers grew larger. They gathered to gawk at 5-feet 4-inch, 21-year-old Francine Gottfried, an I.B.M. machine operator. Miss Gottfried's measurements of 43-25-37 became much more important to the Wall Street business community than the Dow Jones average. And her

Dear Editor,  
Your editorials have brought all of the nuts out of the woodwork to harass you, but keep jabbing. It's about time that the Rag stopped backsliding and started telling it the way it is.

Yes, the war is utter madness; yes, America is a racist satrapy.

And, yes, you knew you'd catch hell for telling like it is, but that's OK.

I keep thinking of the Democratic Convention. There was the quiet and timorous Jew, Sen. Abraham Ribicoff, telling the delegates that Daley's thugs were clubbing the young on the street, and saying, "If George McGovern were president, there would be no need for a national guard."

And then there was Daley on the floor, the blustering, red-Irish-Catholic-bull, screaming obscenities at the Jew.

And when Ribicoff ended his address, Daley's band struck up the tune "McNamara's Band." A curious affair.

At any rate, it seems to me that you also have the integrity (Should I call it the stupidity?) to tell people the truth. Ribicoff told the truth and the thugs blustered. Todd tells it like it is, the thugs bluster. How sad it is, Friend John

Dear Jack Todd:  
I wonder if you know what Federal Penitentiary means: it means not being able to approach closer than three feet to the nearest thing to "normalcy" you will find inside the walls — the guard (if you do you will at least get your face hit); it means marching to a crummy dining hall and eating crummy food prepared by stinking cooks who don't give a damn if you get your three ounces of entree or not; it means living on

## The Wall Street love-in

daily appearance posed an increasing threat to domestic tranquility.

On September 20 more than 5,000 brokers, bankers and beige-jacketed Stock Exchange clerks mobbed the four corners of Broad and Wall streets in advance of Miss Gottfried's appearance. She was a few minutes late.

At 1:34 p.m. when she emerged from the Broad Street Subway station, crowds were so thick that hundreds of passers-by were shoved against buildings. Traffic was stopped. People stood on cars to get a better view of her intoxicating measurements and some of the cars were damaged.

Brokers peered out of the windows of the Stock Exchange. The steps of the Sub-treasury were mobbed. The windows of the majestic Morgan Guaranty Trust Company building were filled with expectant faces. Spectators roamed rooftops and clung to light poles.

Plain clothes police were waiting to protect Miss Gottfried from the unlawful assembly. They escorted her

safely to work as the eager mob followed.

The incident received thorough newspaper and television coverage. As a result, crowds the next day tripled. More than 15,000 people jammed the same area, covering 10 blocks standing elbow-to-elbow. More blocking of traffic. More damage to parked cars. But no Miss Gottfried. Her civil rights were so obviously threatened that it was no longer safe for her to go to work.

**NO ARRESTS** were made. Police did not wade into the crowd with nightsticks nor did they make an effort to disperse the assembly. The campaign cry for law and order was publicly mocked and exposed as the hypocrisy it is.

The Wall Street crowd outnumbered the peace demonstrators in Chicago or the student protesters at Columbia University. It was an assembly which displayed open contempt for traffic regulations and damaged personal property.

The national obsession with law and order seems first and

foremost to be concerned with who are the law breakers and for what purpose are they assembled. It is evidently acceptable to gather in the fun-loving spirit of publicly embarrassing a young lady. But national hypocrisy will not tolerate public embarrassment of America by those who gather to protest injustice in Vietnam and human disregard at home.

When a nation shows more tolerance and respect for crowds gathered to look upon a woman with lust then for citizens assembled to insist that the demands of love and justice become incorporated into national policy, that nation is insane.

Earlier this year a crowd of black and Puerto Rican youth gathered outside City Hall in New York City to demand more summer jobs. Some parked cars were damaged, including one owned by a member of the City Council. Police used clubs to disperse that crowd. Mayor Lindsay called the demonstrations disgraceful. To my knowledge he made no comment about the Wall Street incident.

## CAMPUS OPINION

a high tier inside a sweaty, urine-smelling gallery with a roommate who knifed his platoon sergeant; it means watching him play with his knife made from a file and you look at his clouded eyes and wonder when you will get some sleep because you're afraid to close your eyes; it means you won't be able to say you love your brother because your "brother" is liable to love you back — physically (not emotionally) and violently if not cooperatively.

**DOES THAT** sound like the hard road?  
If you encourage John Dietz to defy the SSS and he ends up in Leavenworth, are you aware of the repercussions? Yes, repercussions, things like: loss of all civil rights while behind the bars, including the right to vote.

He won't be able to use his education either because: 1) the government (civil service) won't hire him; 2) neither will any corporation or business

who has in the past or expects to get in the future a defense contract; 3) he won't be able to purchase a gun (you can bet on that), and 4) will be constantly on the defense as the local law officers will surely be watching him.

So if you want to encourage him and he feels he is a martyr then go right ahead and take the "hard road."

**A Reader**  
The former Marine Sgt. who wrote on October 2, 1968 that "Anyone who avoids the draft to obtain temporary safety deserves neither liberty or safety" might care to read the saying which he is distorting.

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN** said, "Those who give up essential liberty to purchase temporary safety deserve neither liberty or safety."

Does the Sgt. look on the draft (a violation of the right to one's life) as an essential liberty and on draft dodging as a safe position to be in?

Ex-Marine, Tom Caldwell

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