

The case of the Great Verbal Coup

by George Kaufman

The hippy-yippy-communist-liberal-middle-of-the-road pseudo-radical-conservative editor of the local campus hippy-yippy-communist-liberal-middle-of-the-road-pseudo-radical-conservative newspaper called a conference of his staff.

Jack Plodd, mild-mannered editor opened with the words, "I suppose you all wonder why I've called you here today."

We all replied in the affirmative, nodding in unison as we had been instructed on the first day and muttering "Yes, oh gracious master."

"Well, I'm stuck for an editorial for tomorrow's paper. I want some ideas."

Again, we nodded in unison and muttered, "Yes, oh gracious master."

"Now," he said, turning his steel-blue cold,

calculating, nerveless eyes upon each of us individually, "who can we offend next?"

One reporter nervously rose after raising her hand to gain permission and suggested that he come out against R.O.T.C. on campus in one of his typically fiery editorials which were typified by flaming metaphors served after a short course of soup.

"Lowly wench!" Jack shouted, taking the saber out of his mouth long enough to utter a string of sordid obscenities as two burly guards dragged the reporter off kicking and screaming, toward the dungeon.

"That editorial," muttered Jack, "would only offend people who were for R.O.T.C. This is to be my last editorial before I burn myself in front

of Love Library tomorrow to prove to all my critics I'm a sincere radical. This has got to be the biggie, the climax (as it were), the one that offends everyone on campus."

We all thought in silence for a moment as Jack inhaled from his combination Indian water pipe — Old Gold Long filter cigarette.

"I've got it!" shouted one of the freshmen as we all winced and edged away from his chair. "Attack the Greeks for being too independent and the Independents for being too Greek."

The poor beggar barely got the last words out before his throat was slit by the six-foot-nine Hindu body guard who followed Jack everywhere faithfully.

As he gurgled his last, I slowly raised my

hand and — when recognized by the Great One — said slowly, "Why don't we come out for continuing the Daily Nebraskan another semester?"

I waited for the quick death, but nothing happened. I slowly opened my eyes and saw (gasp) Jack sitting, eyes half-closed in that inimitable way he has, contemplating.

At long last he spoke. "That . . . is . . . it". He took another drag, then turned to me and said: "You die."

"But why?" I said, jumping up in surprise. "Didn't you like the idea?"

"Yes," he replied, his beautiful yellow eyes glimmering in the light of the camp-fire, "but you know too much." (amen)

Quality of mercy is not strained . . .

Pity the poor administrator.

He hath trials and tribulations we mere mortals can little note nor long remember. He is the man between (the middle-man, if you will), beset by solons on the right, students on the left, heaven above and Hell below.

As if the ordinary, run-of-the-mill conflagrations weren't sufficient, this past week has been a particularly trying one for the courageous Knights in shining Brooks Brothers who would try to stir this evil brew. First the students (knaves, every one of them), began to batter down the gates.

Although the knights thought it much ado about nothing, the students continued plotting their assault like the merry wives of Windsor, writing a new and very different winter's tale.

Then the state Attorney General, acting like Guy Fawkes at work in the bowels of Parliament, nearly blew the whole thing to smithereens. It was enough to make the knights long for the splendors of grass and the glory of flowers. Even reigning as King of Quivira can be little solace in these trying days.

Since next week is but a brief one here, and since it is the week of Thanksgiving, we are declaring it "Be Kind to Administrators Week." We realized the need for this late last night, when one of our inquiring reporters, spying on the castle of a knight, saw him pacing the floor, muttering: "Sleep, sleep. The students doth murder sleep, sleep that knits the ravelled sleeve of care . . ."

So remember, the quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth, after all, like the gentle rains from heaven. Speak softly and carry a big heart next week. And remember, blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth . . .

A sticky question of student funds

The Nebraska Attorney General's office has issued a ruling on dormitory funds regarding Kearney State University that the Lincoln Journal has indicated may apply to the University. The funds involved, something over one and one-half million dollars, are fees collected above the amount needed to finance the actual operation of the dorms. The University is collecting about \$250 per dormitory space each year for these funds.

Presumably, the funds are being used to pay off the indeture bonds on the dorms, though precisely what all the money will be used for is not clear as yet. The Attorney General simply implied in the Kearney ruling that there was no legislative authority for levying dorm charges so high that the schools amass a surplus of funds.

The Attorney General has made no comment or ruling as yet on the University, or in any way suggested that the Kearney decision was intended to apply here. For that reason, we are adopting a wait-and-see attitude on the matter.

Because this is the sort of issue that many students could become angry about, we hope that the administration and the Board of Regents will make a public statement immediately explaining the rationale for collecting the funds and precisely what each dollar in that vast kitty is marked for.

In principle, the policy of collecting the funds has a somewhat shaky foundation, since a more liberal housing policy would have reduced the need for so much rapid dormitory construction. Since it has been done, however, the administration will have to act quickly to avoid a gigantic financial mess if the Attorney General ever applies the Kearney ruling to this University.

Jack Todd

In Memoriam

John Fitzgerald Kennedy
1917-1963

Editorials

Commentary



New package....same old pap.

Our man Hoppe . . .

A good college education—that's a riot

by Arthur Hoppe

Once upon a time in the country called Wonderland there was turmoil on the college campuses.

White students shouted, "Student freedom!" Black students shouted, "Black freedom!" Professors shouted, "Academic freedom!" And everybody threw rocks, smashed furniture and otherwise established meaningful interpersonal relationships — mostly with the cops.

THE PUBLIC grew furious. "Freedom, bah!" said the public. "These smart kids just don't appreciate the value of a good college education."

And the public adamantly refused to build any more colleges.

The impasse was resolved by the noted educator, Dr. F. David Skawrewe. "What is obviously needed," he said, "is a radical revision of our entire system of higher education. Let us begin by asking ourselves what is the purpose of going to college?"

After much study, Dr. Skawrewe issued a report showing that the purpose of going to college was to read an average of 123.7 books that no one would ever otherwise read.

"WHO," SAID DR. Skawrewe triumphantly, "in a lifetime of heavy reading would every curl up with Beowulf? Or with Introductory Aerodynamics? Or The Life Cycle of the Axolotl? Or The Collected Works of Wordsworth?"

"No, if it were not for acquiring a good college education, these works that no one wants to read would go unread!"

Once Dr. Skawrewe had put his finger on the essence of a good college education, the

necessary radical change in the system became all too apparent.

THE PUBLIC university approved his concept for a new college and at last Skawrewe University opened its gates.

It consisted of two ivy-clad halls — the West Cell Block for Men and the East Cell Block for Women. Each student was provided with an individual, sound-proofed cell containing a cot, a basin a chair and 123.7 books no one wanted to read.

"With no outside distract-

tions," explained Dr. Skawrewe proudly, "we feel the student will not only read these books willingly but speedily — thus acquiring a good college education in as little as 13.2 months."

AT FIRST ALL went well. Incoming freshmen moped around for a few days in their cells. But soon each picked a book from the stack and began to read it. Soon his eyes would glaze. Soon he would cast it aside and try another. Soon the campus was in a turmoil.

White students shouted, "Student freedom!" Black students shouted, "Black freedom!" The guards shouted, "Academic freedom!" And everybody smashed their cots, threw their chairs and otherwise established meaningful interpersonal relationships — mostly with the National Guard, which was called out to quell the riot.

"I can't understand it," said a defeated Dr. Skawrewe. "Though we've radically changed the whole system of higher education, the students behave exactly as they did before."

Moral: The public's right. These smart kids just don't appreciate the value of a good college education.

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Larry Eckholt . . .

'Rachel, Rachel' discovers life

"Rachel, Rachel," as its title implies, is the study of a woman with two selves.

One is the 35-year-old spinster, who, in her estimation, "has reached the middle of my life." The other, the seven-year-old, who is discovering life. The ironic part of Rachel's life is that, at 35, she is just discovering life.

The beauty of this film, marking the directing debut of Paul Newman, is the way it utilizes all of the cinematic devices to tell a complex story of an ordinary woman. Flashbacks, stop action, stills, panoramic sweeps, close-ups, slow motion, flash-forwards. The result is a montage portrait of Rachel Cameron.

Joanne Woodward, aided by her husband's direction, makes Rachel a plausible human being. Unable to leave her ailing but spiteful mother, Rachel discovers that she has been emotionally as well as physically cut off from the real world. Her world is a curious blend of the past, present and future.

OFTEN RACHEL just reflects on her childhood. However, sometimes she perceives reality through the eyes of a child. She seems to be a 35-year-old teacher learning from her pupils.

Finally Rachel decides to escape. The emotions which have been held back for a lifetime are released in a summer. She wants to breathe life: she wants to give life.

The supporting roles add to the film's effectiveness. Calla, played by Estelle Parsons, is a fellow spinster-schoolteacher whose concern motivates Rachel's initial emotional release. The scene, undoubtedly the most exciting in the movie, takes place at a revival meeting. Here Newman shows his ability to handle a delicate subject with candor and feeling without displaying bad taste. This technique is applied throughout the film.

The Newman's daughter, Melissa, is the child Rachel. Her innocent style lends credibility to the flashback scenes. She really looks like Joanne Woodward.

Other fine performances are given by Geraldine Fitzgerald, Rachel's bitch-of-a-mother, and James Olson, the cocky former schoolmate who introduces sex to Rachel's life.

BUT ACTING IS not the only vehicle which moves this film. The musical score is superb. The photography is quite satisfying. The editing, especially when Rachel's thoughts are "shown", is excellent.

The viewer leaves "Rachel, Rachel" in a state of anticipation: when will Paul Newman direct another film and how long is it going to take to make it?

Hopefully in the near future. ALSO: An excellent travalog, "Skies Over Holland," accompanies "Rachel, Rachel" at the Varsity. Relying on music, color and form, the film shows how painters are influenced by nature. Finally, they have learned to make interesting, colorful and aesthetically beautiful travelogues without narration.

From the bulletin board
What if they threw a war . . .
. . . and nobody came?

Five years later

Five years ago today John Fitzgerald Kennedy was murdered in Dallas. Now his name and some vague memories are everywhere. Even the police use his name on the radio to clarify the license number J . . . K. But all that does not change the fact that we left Dallas with a much different world, and for quite some time the Battle Hymn of the Republic has been the sound of protestors' marching feet.

The problem today is what to do with the legacy, how to perform the tasks we set for ourselves so long ago. In this context, it seems there is one thing to be learned from John Kennedy, one element of the legend that can do the most to keep it alive. That element is the belief that we can succeed.

The most recurring slogan of the past few years in our generation has been tune in, turn on, drop out. For what? In favor of a racist society? In favor of endless foreign wars?

Admittedly, there is not a great deal to be optimistic about now. Just to get a man to run this country we had to accept a cast-off from the dust-bin of history. But the students who march, who study, who speak and write represent hope.

The best way to honor John Kennedy and the men who have been and are trying to lead us into a better world is to try. Drop out if you will, but do a little remembering first.

Jack Todd