

Editorials

Commentary

Vavak and Zucker

As political speeches begin to generate something less than fever-pitch excitement over the ASUN election, educational concepts and improvements are becoming the apparent issues.

Some of these concepts are good, though not original. Some are bad.

Presidential candidate Ray Vavak, for instance, has called for student representation on the Board of Regents, student control over out-of-classroom life, pass-fail grading and a faculty-student teaching committee.

IN ADDITION to the fact that these suggestions do not distinguish him from the other two candidates, there are some serious drawbacks to his campaign:

(1) he does not present sufficient plans to implement his ideas;

(2) The belief that defense tax money can be channeled into education is rather naive, especially in light of the current trends of the military-industrial complex;

(3) He calls for ASUN interventions in the Greek system, an attractive mirage that is impractical.

TO DEVELOP this third criticism:

Vavak calls for deferred rush, initiatives to lessen discrimination, and the liberalization of pledge training. Although the second two are clearly

desirable (and perhaps the first one, also), ASUN is not the vehicle by which to effect change. Progress must come from within the system, with the prodding of IFC and Panhel.

And, too, Vavak fails to suggest ways of ending prejudice outside of the Greek system. It is just as strong in the dorms as in the houses.

BOB ZUCKER, the second presidential candidate, has been placed on the spot of explaining his failure to produce the Faculty Evaluation Book this year. He does explain how the book should be, ideally. But he has yet to explain how he failed to put out a book at all.

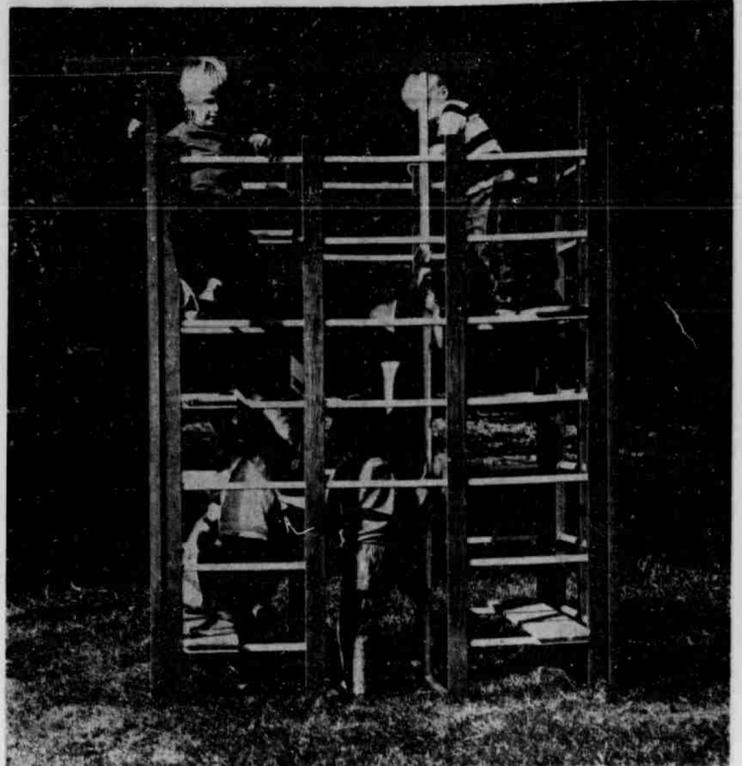
An perhaps someone should explain what happened to the funds appropriated for the Book — about \$500.

He should also be explaining why the students were not allowed to vote on permanent NSA affiliation this spring, since he is the University's NSA representative.

While some aspects of both Zucker's and Vavak's platforms are valid, there are — as explained — reasons for reservations on both men.

As for the other presidential candidate, Bill Chaloupka, his program is being defined today and will be in the Nebraskan Friday. Hopefully, he will be able to offer methods for accomplishing his goals. Methods which apparently are lacking in the other two candidates.

Ed Icenogle



Plan ahead . . . Ivy Day cometh

Fred Starrett

Yet another side of ROTC

The irony of the nation-wide ROTC dilemma is that the freedom-crusading people to whom ROTC has fallen into disfavor, wish to deny, for no explicit gain of their own, a freedom to others.

There is a case against allowing academic credit for ROTC, and I do not deny this, just as I do not deny similar cases against academic credit for: journalism, football, art, music, P.E., and, in effect, everything else not directly descended from the Renaissance. By such Fine Arts as music and art I mean that the participation and not the appreciation should lose credit.

IN FACT, I think a strong case at this University, could be made for dropping six hours credit for everyone who took freshman English I&2 prior to the 1968-1969 term. The incongruity of these arguments keeps creeping back like an irksome lover. This "liberalizing" element wishes to improve by weeding and restricting — an entirely honorable goal, proposed with the purist intent: to make the curriculum more suited, intellectually, to higher education.

There seems to be, however, a more serious backlash involved, and it is at this point that the rational and the emotional collide. This backlash is a frustrated strike at the Viet-Nam conflict and the military-industrial complex. Since the students and certain interested faculty have picked ROTC from among the wide range of suitable candidates, I don't feel that this assumption is rash or uninformed.

Because this is to some degree, then, an emotional backlash, I feel those deeply concerned have failed to weigh the advantages of the ROTC-University bond they wish to divorce.

SINCE ALMOST everyone between eighteen

and twenty-six opposes the draft, in favor of a mercenary army, and since most of those people seen on TV protesting ROTC are between these ages, a curious paradox occurs.

This paradox is that, being unable to end the draft and the conflict, they would still venture to seal off one readily accessible avenue of escape. The more important reason in favor of ROTC, though, is the admitted liberalizing effect it has on the officers' corp.

These two points are aimed, admittedly at merely retaining ROTC, and not credit for the courses. The reason for this is simply my fear that, as the East and West go on this issue so goes Nebraska.

At Harvard, after ending credit for ROTC this year, the students have expressed the opinion that ROTC should not be taught on campus at all. This, I feel, may be one of the first real excuses we have given our elders to call us rash and unobjective.

OUR HEADS are so deeply buried in today that we cannot see the possible repercussions of our desires in the future. I feel that it is the duty of my generation of idealists to look beyond the relish of an end to the draft, to the possible future danger of a volunteer army and strengthening of the military-industrial complex.

So, if the issue is intellectual and the desire being expressed is to return to a more pure community of scholars, then the demand for credit removal should include all the evils of industrial craft I mentioned above. If this is an isolated, frustrated jab at the military-industrial complex then be clear there, too, and include research grants which may result in military technological advances, and any other related area.

Warren Storms

Campus Opinion

The real true color—blood red

Dear Editor,

When a Viet Nam veteran comes home he faces the same problems as men returning from all wars, and that is mainly readjustment. But even though he must learn to readjust, the man has changed and he will never be the same. He has seen and done a thousand things you have not dreamed of, and no amount of readjustment can make him forget.

However, when he comes home he will be looking for a place in life with a desire to live peacefully with everyone, and the color of one's skin doesn't seem to matter anymore. The comradeship developed on the battlefield between blacks and whites carries back to the States. For when veterans get together, they get along fine because they know blacks and whites can live together, and peacefully!

I think perhaps it might open their eyes. There is only one color on a battlefield, and that is blood red! For that is the law of combat, and God — how she makes it clear! Yes I said clear — clear in that when you get down to the nitty gritty there is no compromise — because when blood flows its red man, red!

Veterans coming home don't worry about living together because they know they can. Instead they find the people at home are the ones who haven't changed. They are still the same narrow minded people as when he left.

When the veteran comes home he is happy at first, happy because he doesn't have to shave with cold water anymore, happy because that four letter word he said at the breakfast table went undetected, happy because the world really didn't come to an end when he discovered that his girl back home could no longer accept him for what he is, happy because down at the local pub they still serve cold beer, happy because he has a dry place to sleep, but most of all, he's happy to just be alive.

THEN ALONG comes some narrow minded civilian who has never been out of the state of Nebraska and tries to brainwash him into believing that blacks and whites can't live together without growing a beard, letting your hair grow, carrying a sign or brick and going to the local protestor's demonstration.

Well I think it's a lot of crud! Why in the hell don't people do something constructive for a change like sending a few Christmas cards to our boys in Viet Nam this year or work towards

a low cost housing project for University veterans going to school on the G.I. Bill. However, building brick walls, blocking entrances, and sitting in, is really accomplishing a lot to some people I guess, but it seems to me there ought to be a better way!

Dear Editor:

After viewing the results of the recent Student Union Photography Contest we are completely disgusted. Never have we seen such a poor selection of winners from such a good range of entries.

It was apparent that the judging discriminated heavily in the favor of purely art photography. Nowhere in the announcement of the contest was it made apparent that it would be an art photo contest.

The Student Union Board executed the contest very poorly. First there was a poor selection and an inadequate number of judges. Secondly, with the large number of art type photographs submitted, a separate category should have been created.

If the contest was to have been judged on a purely objective basis, a better and more disinterested range of judges should have been provided.

Two men could hardly do an adequate job of judging such a wide range of photographs that were submitted. A panel of judges with a broader range of experience surely should be considered in the future.

It is obvious that art photography can not possibly be judged on the same plane as other types. It is only one aspect of a very broad field, just as pure art is only one part of the whole field of art.

When it was apparent that a great deal of art photography was submitted, a special category should have been created. As it turned out, the Student Union Photography contest turned out to be more of an exclusive art department competition than representing the whole university.

If the photo-contest is to be judged on the basis of what is deemed art photography, then it should be called "The Student Union Art Photography Contest" and not the misnomer that was applied to it.

John Nollendorfs
Bill Ganzel
Dan Ladely
Jim Dean

Peering at movies

by Rodney Powell

This next to last column of the year (sob) will necessarily be somewhat disconnected, for there are several things which need saying and have not yet been said, as well as several things which need repeating. For instance:

1. Norman Mailer's "Beyond the Law" proved to be everything Mailer fans had been hoping for. I was impressed by the suggestiveness of much of the dialogue, and Mailer's playful (in the best sense) ability to work with ideas (particularly the bit about the young prisoner who only had two concepts in his mind.) The whole film seemed artfully messy; the wipes, dissolves and closeups all contribute to a cumulative effect of disorder.

THIS IS precisely the sort of film which need to be seen in Lincoln; contrary to Holly Spence's opinion in the Sunday Journal-Star, we need to see less of the inflated Hollywood products which are nominated for the Academy Awards, and more personal films.

2. This brings me to another sore point — the Sheldon series. There seems to be almost a consciousness of it on campus. People set aside alternate Wednesday evenings for the film society; but forget that Sheldon has been showing a good series on the other Wednesday evenings (as we as Sundays).

IN FACT, two of the best films shown in Lincoln this year ("Fire on the Plain" and "Forbidden Games") were at Sheldon, but the audiences were pitifully small.

3. As the end of the year approaches, I find that my didactic impulses are rising. Because of this intellectual need, I must spew forth exhortations to the benighted masses of readers. These are my suggestions to improve your critical faculties, to make you see movies properly, to make you true connoisseurs of the art of the cinema:

Read Pauline Kael's two collections of criticism, *I Lost it at the Movies* and *Kiss Kiss, Bang Bang*. They are both available in paperback with the latter just out in bookstores all over Lincoln. One could also do worse than spend an hour or so carefully studying her essay, "Trash, Art, and the Movies," in the February Harper's.

READ ANDREW Sarris' *The American Cinema* it cogently states the auteur theory (i.e., the movies should be looked at as basically the creations of the director, and that directors should be judged by the body of their work) and he splendid listings of over 6,000 films by director.

Finally, don't trust any critics. They're all just expressing their personal prejudices and asking to be admired for their brilliance. A group of despicable folk.

4. I see (once again in my faithful Sunday Journal-Star) that "The Graduate" is returning to Lincoln this weekend at the 84th and O Drive-In. Still fighting (and losing to) those damned didactic impulses, I must say once again what I have said before — it isn't the best film of last year.

It may be the one which one likes the most, which reinforces one's prejudices the most, which exploits one's wishful thinking the most, but best, no.

THE BEST ANALYSIS I have seen of the film and the audience reaction to it, as Jack Brackman's absolutely, indeed astonishingly brilliant essay in the July 27, 1968 *New Yorker*. I can not praise this piece too highly — if you care about that movie at all, you simply must read it. I am particularly struck by his explanation of Benjamin:

"The Graduate" hinges upon Benjamin's interestingness, and it is an interestingness not much portrayed as established by tautological convention: People who don't say much and who lope in frequent closeups are deep and interesting because why else would they be pictured that way?"

Doesn't this projection of one's own feelings into the passive Benjamin account for the film's popularity, particularly among inarticulate, struggling, but basically swell collegians?

From all evidence, Benjamin is as inept as most of us, but he wins in the end (although Nichols apparently did not intend the ending to be totally happy — remember the closing shot of the blank faces?) — and that makes us feel good. Enough—everything important is in Brackman's essay. Read it.

Slipped disc

... by J. L. Schmidt

Johnny Cash is Dylan without a metaphor; a dark brooding crooner who walks a tenuous line between salvation and despair.

—Richard Goldstein

And Johnny Cash sings on a new record with Bob Dylan! Dylan's Nashville Skyline features Johnny and Bob singing together in the song, "Girl From the North Country," an old Dylan song which has been featured on an album previously.

Upon first listening to Dylan's new album I was rather befuddled. Sessions two and three brought me around and I realized that Dylan was proving his versatility once again. He has written country before, and now he is singing it too. Country music, the most realistic, pure and simple music ... next to blues.

Other notable cuts on this album are, "Country Pie," "Lay Lady Lay" and "Nashville Skyline Rag." If you dig Dylan, or Cash or, if you really like country music, pick up on this album.

Music-wise this weekend, Lincolmites have to do without Hot Sweat and Bubblegum. Little Anthony and the Imperials will be in concert on East Campus Friday afternoon with their very old, very original soul sound. Then, Saturday night comes Spyster and the Crabs, one of the Midwest's old standby soul combos. It will be interesting to see just how many of the original group are still playing.

Spring Day features the Flippers, another famous Midwest show band who really broke it up with "Turn on Your Love Light" and other soul show style music. That same weekend also features a group which varies from solid hard to wishy sweaty rock, The Grass Roots.

The Roots have a Golden Record to their credit, "Live for Today." Their latest hit was "Lovin' Things." Their newest release, "The River is Wide" is one that has been widely done by the so-called hard groups of today.

The interesting thing about this group is that they videotaped 10 hour-long concerts of themselves and studied the films with a crew which included a representative from their equipment manufacturer and a writer from Laugh-in. They say this helped give them a flawless show. Check it out if you dig that kind of thing: sight with sound.

My hat goes off to Clyde Clifford and Radio station KAAV in Little Rock, Ark., for their program of hard rock-Bleecker Street. It is a welcome sound in the air waves that have become stale with the bang-bang of sweaty rock. Keep it up.

Next week, my last column ... and the Schmidt List, of everything musical that turns me off, completely.

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