

Tutorials
Commentary

A few things done, but mostly a gray year for Old NU

Reflections on a gray year

The academic year 1968-69 now slips into the great gray fog of University history, to take its place with sock hops and pep rallies.

Miraculously, the nine months did accomplish a few things: it proved that students, when motivated, can effect change in this rigid institution (thanks to Wayne Williams and the black students); it proved that educational progress can be made (the Centennial College); it proved that 20-year-olds can drink without self-destructing.

But, all in all it was a colorless year — veiled in various shades of gray.

While revolts and reforms were sweeping other campuses, the University of Nebraska plodded along. But this, however, may have its rewards. Rumors are that if President Nixon does speak at the graduation ceremony, he will deliver a policy statement on campus disorders.

At what other school could he feel safe to do so?

ROTC—men on the march

A national poll just released, if you believe in national polls, shows that a huge majority of the students favor ROTC on campus. (Which goes to show that you can fool most of the people most of the time — or that they are fools all of the time.)

Therefore, those who despise the anti-intellectual and militaristic implications of ROTC had best do some fast figuring if they intend to get it off campus.

It appears impossible to change the minds of the "true Americans," who know that America has the God-given duty of protecting the world from evil men and thoughts. They cannot understand, apparently, that kicking ROTC out would not necessarily mean the demise of the civilian armed forces. They cannot understand that college men would still emerge as officers, whether trained on campus or off.

Incidentally, if what the United States has is a civilian army, a professional army must be a real horror. The only aspect of the United States' military-industrial complex that is actually civilian is the owners of weapons-making industries, whose interest seems to be in keeping wars alive.

Perhaps, then, students in American colleges should concentrate on providing a social conscience for the honchos in the military-industrial complex.

And rather than attempting to kick ROTC off campus, they should roll up their sleeves and get involved in changing the programs. This way, ROTC can eventually produce officers, who are aware of the world around them, and who will question the straight-line propaganda that seems, too often, to typify the military.

Students should be working on curriculum committees to verify and make truthful the beginning ROTC courses which are now used only to present a one-sided view.

Students should be working towards accreditation of ROTC instructors and control over them by the Regents and other administrators. And they should be publishing evaluations of ROTC courses and instructors, as they should be doing for all courses and instructors.

If ROTC remains in colleges — and the majority of Americans feel this is correct — then students should turn their efforts to making it an honest, truth-searching sequence of courses, devoid of the brain-washing that now constitutes training.

This is a difficult task. But, it is one which should be faced and completed. Then, if a real civilian army can be achieved, the schools will be producing people with brains, not rulebooks.

and academic credit

Academic credit for most ROTC courses is wrong. Marching and drill courses, and courses without substance, should be stripped of credit. And classes which provide honest inquiry and are taught by competent teachers should have credit.

But the question of academic credit goes beyond ROTC.

As has been urged before, courses which are not at least primarily academic should be considered professional and trade courses on a different plane than academic courses. That is, students should be allowed a certain number of hours (say 25-30) in professional or skill courses. These would count toward graduation only; there would be no grades assessed, for the student would get credit as he masters the skills involved.

This sort of approach would be valid on many ROTC courses. But, it would also be correct for some natural science courses, all physical education courses, some journalism courses, some engineering courses, and so on. The decision on what courses are primarily academic would have to be decided by an evaluating team of faculty and students.

The student next year

University students next year should be a more integral part of the decision-making process. The Council on Student Life must be implemented, with a student majority, and all student social, housing and governmental concerns must be placed under it.

Students should be consulted on curriculum, and on other general areas. For this reason, a student liaison with the Board of Regents is needed. (And not a representative to the Friday afternoon formal meetings; but to the non-public meetings where the work is done.)

Black students should be involved equally with whites. But they should have greater control over the areas in the recent Afro-American Society's list of concerns.

The future of ASUN looks brighter than it has for several years, in light of the executives and senators elected. Finally, student government may come to mean something significant to all students.

And so, students . . .

And so, students, get ye home this summer. Eat lots of Nebraska beef. Eat lots of Nebraska corn.

Then, come back and (for a change) do something that counts.

Make this cow college into a place to learn. There have been enough gray years here.

Ed Icenogle

What the world needs . . .

At the end an evaluation

At the end of every semester there is time for evaluation. Indeed, this is one very unique attribute of college life—forced, measured evaluation.

For a staff member of the Daily Nebraskan it is also a time for stock-taking. What has the paper said this semester, how has it filled its role as THE campus publication?

In reviewing the editorial page, there was, perhaps, a too eager readiness to criticize, to question motives, to deny relevance. While capturing large issues of the day, many small accomplishments were missed. Not enough was said of:

—a Union board willing to sponsor Cabaret, Martin Luther King Week and Beyond the Law.

—a faculty innovative enough to charge the University with projects as significant as the Centennial College.

—an administration willing, basically, to ignore the mindless rumblings of Terry-people and work toward a better university.

—a student body able to develop a unique sense of the ridiculous that allows them to read Eldridge Cleaver and the Omaha World Herald and maintain some faith in the world.

And if there was an overriding statement of the year's columnists, cartoonists and contributors it was an old one. Tempered with wit or sarcasm, barbed or subtle, it repeated a repeatable truism.

When all that's left is the shouting, when the chips are down, when you're up against the wall, when Armageddon comes, it is those who had the ability to hear above the pounding of their own hearts who survive.

To paraphrase all the inches of type, and Dusty Springfield, what the world needs now is not more federal funds, or committees, or meaningful dialogue, or confrontation. What the world needs now are not more words from more speakers, but more thought from more listeners.

June Wagener

A little sentiment

In a world where intellectualism is cold, where cool means no emotion, where maturity means repression of feeling, it is difficult to write warm, emotional, feeling words:

The Daily Nebraskan is not just an activity. It could not survive if personal glory or passing power were its only rewards. Because of the time demanded, because of the rigorous efforts to approximate professionalism, because of the responsibility of being the only campus publication, the Nebraskan exacts a toll from those who staff it. Because of this commitment demanded of all, staff members develop a unique pride and respect in fellow staffers.

Because of this pride, because of this toll, there is in the Daily Nebraskan a real sense of community, a "bigger than all of us" feeling. This feeling comes not from the individual people that change every semester, but from the type of people who are willing to care so deeply every semester.

The Nebraskan is its staff. And though its strength is greater than any one set of people, each staff brings to it a certain flavor, a real life.

When a student looks at the Nebraskan he may see print, pictures and thoughts, but it truly wears the imprint of all who care, all who staff it.

To list deserving names would be meaningless. They know who they are, and more important the Nebraskan bears their imprint, honors their ability to give.

No more sentiment to disturb an unemotional day. Just an old thought from someone who must have been a journalist.

" . . . and my staff, they comfort me."

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Publications Board member urges re-evaluation

Dear Editor:

It has become extremely evident that a number of very serious mistakes were made by Publications Board during its May 1 meeting. These mistakes were not made maliciously nor intentionally. But the fact that they were made in the first place justifies discussing them now.

Clearly, the Board put far too much faith in the technique of interviewing to select top staff members. All the obvious shortcomings of judging journalistic competence on the basis of a momentary confrontation were not recognized.

In addition, the level of questions directed to the applicants was disappointing. Many were trivial, irrelevant and betrayed an incredible lack of knowledge about the world of journalism. This glaring deficiency indicates that all the members of the Board, not just the three students, should

be selected on the basis of their expertise, rather than on their lack of it.

THIRDLY, IT APPEARS that more influence should have been assigned to the recommendations of the outgoing editor and news editor. While these recommendations were not as clear as could be desired, they were sufficiently expressed to warrant more consideration than they actually received.

Conversely, a disproportionate significance was granted to the advice of certain faculty members. One man, whose role is constitutionally limited to advice concerning financial questions, participated in questioning and discussion. Another, whose position in the School of Journalism should have prompted him to avoid making any remarks which could sway the other members, made them anyway.

All these factors could not have possibly produced anything but a bad decision. And, judging

by the reactions of the campus, they certainly did. Our response must be two-fold:

1) Pub Board should meet immediately to reconsider its staff choices and analyze the implications of them.

2) The appropriate university governing body, be it ASUN, Pub Board or the Student Affairs committee, must so restructure the Board or its procedure to insure that a similar fiasco does not occur.

As a member of the Board and as one who accorded in the decisions of May 1, I do not seek to disclaim any responsibility for the results. Having realized that we were wrong, the only rational course of action is, to utilize an unfortunate term, engage in an "agonizing reappraisal." To refuse to admit our mistakes would be to sanction them.

Very truly yours,
Ken Wald
Member, Pub Board

By Denis Calandra . . .

'Royal Hunt of the Sun'

Choreography and staging must head the list of credits for the University production of Peter Shaffer's *Royal Hunt of the Sun*. To take thirty relatively inexperienced actors and shape them into the near perfect working units I saw on Howell stage last Thursday and Friday is just short of miraculous.

The violent scenes were powerful and exciting, but did not degenerate into stage chaos while the ritual scenes were performed with a contrasting lyrical grace evocative of an Inca grandeur. In Act I, an army of Spaniards undertakes "a stumbling, torturous climb" over the Andes mountains — no mean feat on a bare stage with only one accessible acting area — and they sustain the

Denis Calandra, English instructor and a participant in University productions, has written theatre reviews for the Daily Nebraskan this year.

illusion beautifully. From the moment that Atahualpa (the Inca Sun King, played by Bill Szymanski) cries out "Let them see my mountains," freezing the soldiers in their tracks, to the awesome conclusion of the mime when the high priest Villac Umu and his attendants appear in a blast of white light all clad in white garments, all but a few slow witted adolescents in the audience were spellbound.

MY ONLY QUIBBLE with this aspect of the production is that when a mime begins stage center (as it does in the Indian toiling scene in Act I) simultaneously with some fairly important dialogue by other characters on the periphery of the mime group, it runs the risk of becoming distracting to a viewer unfamiliar with the play who has to be able to keep up with the speakers. This is especially true when, as happened Thursday night, one or two of the dancers is a half step off his beat. One's attention wanders to the "odd" Indian, and the mime no longer complements the speech but competes with it.

All this praise of group effects is not meant to play down the individual performances. The bane of all large-cast university productions — the klutzy actor in a minor role — is for the most part absent from this show. Don Sobolik's Valverde, the predatory Dominican chaplain who makes a career of killing savages for their own good (shades of destroying towns to save them) is always a presence on stage, whether he is just fiddling about Dominican fashion with his sleeves and letting the light reflect from his cue-ball head, or shrinking away from Pizarro's blasphemous kiss in Act II with a horror worthy of the late great Bela Lugosi backing off from a Transylvanian peasant crucifix.

Paul Baker as the more reasonable Franciscan friar shows a depth of character needed to balance the thinly realized character of Valverde and to counter some of Pizarro's arguments with existence. I only wish Baker had gone easier on the hysteria during the first part of his "Peru is the sepulchre of the soul" speech; the words should be no more unreasonable than Pizarro's and a more serene monk with Baker's ability could have conveyed that. Another sort of excess, this one called for in the script, is the boyish exuberance

ad nauseum of Young Martin, well handled by Bill Jameson.

Also noticeable among the minor roles is the stature Dana Mills adds to the rather sketchy character, Hernando De Soto. His moment of quiet resolve in the second act when talking to Young Martin especially stands out.

THE TWO LEAD characters in the play naturally carry most the responsibility in making *Royal Hunt* an effective drama. What is needed are two men with different kinds of personal power. Atahualpa must have the strength that comes from simple belief in one's own greatness — a blind faith and a sense of divine mission (something even the Spanish priests are too worldly wise to think entirely true). Pizarro's power comes from the personal suffering he endures in trying to achieve some grain of faith, in anything whatever.

One is a believing man and the other is a thinking man. I imagine the more difficult for an actor to play would be the first. It is none too easy to play a noble savage, for whom the playwright has provided gems like smelling the Bible to try and discover that this "word" the priests keep talking about is like, without coming off as ludicrous.

Bill Szymanski comes off nobly. His movement on stage during the bull-whip dance and his tenderness during the pieta-like scene when he comforts the agonized Pizarro are especially memorable. My feeling though is that Bill should trust his own voice more than he does and quit substituting a shout for a considered emotional delivery.

Besides the obvious moral of the parable in *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, that the gifts of imperialism are greed, hunger and the cross (substitute Democracy or what you will) there exists the struggle of a man, Francisco Pizarro, to loosen the stranglehold of his own cynicism and attain some kind of grip on existence. In the course of the play, he finds something in himself, (to use the fashionable term: love,) which he hardly believes existed there. He luxuriates in it and rejuvenates himself through his attachment to Atahualpa until his head is finally turned and he places his own new faith on an impossibility: that Atahualpa "will swallow Death and spit it out of him".

WHEN THE SON of the sun fails to rise from the dead, Pizarro goes totally mad. Jim Baffico brings out the soul of Pizarro. His range is incredible, from carnival barking recruiter and cynically aloof lieutenant in the earlier scenes to the violent, then religiously crim, then insane "god-hunter" of the last act. Not since Scapin has Baffico been given the chance to cavort about the stage so much, and he doesn't seem to have lost the touch for gymnastics since then. Dallas Williams puts this, graceful mark you, quarter-ton actor to great use in a dueling scene worth the price of admission by itself.

In all, I recommend the production highly. Tickets can be bought at Howell Theatre business office for performances this Wednesday through Saturday.

Ex post facto

. . . by Jack Todd

Take heart, revolutionaries everywhere, the establishment is falling apart. Evidence has been filtering into our headquarters from all over the world indicating that those in power have become so scrambled that the end is near. It is not clear what "the end" will be, but suffice it to say that it is coming.

If you don't believe me, look at the evidence:

—Jack Frost, Action Line editor of the Lincoln Journal, put in a call to the Defense Department last week. He let the phone ring for twenty minutes. No answer.

—David Eisenhower and Julie Nixon, America's premiere young couple, have announced their summer vacation plans. They're going to spend a couple of weeks following the Detroit Tigers around the country. Oh, wow.

—To prove that he's not a total miscreant, David is going to have a job this summer. He's going to work for Nebraska Sen. Roman Hruska. When asked what he'd be doing, Dave hit the nail on the head: "Probably emptying wastebaskets."

—Rep. Glenn Cunningham, in a typically brilliant statement, defended the proposed ABM system: "I wouldn't want it on my conscience if we were to have a nuclear war and we couldn't knock down communist missiles." You tell 'em, Glenn.

—A school board president in Louisiana, assuring his constituents that those damned federal pinkos weren't going to slip any sex education in on them, revealed that the National Education Association was sponsoring "perversion parties" in California. Sorry, he didn't say where in California.

—Attorney General John Mitchell declared war on "minority tyrants" who are creating chaos on the universities. Apparently the majority tyrants are too much for the justice department to tackle.

—In the interest of accuracy, Chancellor Merk Hobson departed from his text in a recent speech. The text called Nebraska a "great" University, but Hobson substituted "good." We could suggest a few other adjectives, but . . .

So brothers, it's all there in black and white: the great grinding system which has been keeping us all in shackles, is beginning to fall apart.

I would like to say something brilliantly coherent now to pull the whole year together, but what can you say about a country whose President watches the Kentucky Derby while we're still burning babies in Vietnam?

City Council race

Tuesday is voting day for students and faculty who are Lincoln residents.

Because of his concern for people and his efforts in behalf of all Lincolinites, Harry "Pete" Peterson should get one of every elector's three votes.