

Women still live in 'man's world,' go to university 'designed for men'

(Editor's note: These two columns, written by members of the Women's Education task force under the Conference on the University and Society, reflect the opinions of the writers, and not necessarily those of the Summer Nebraskan. The Summer Nebraskan welcomes other viewpoints from readers.)

By Toni Hilliard and Barbara Taras
Women's Education Task Force

We've caught the University with its pants down and we aren't turned on. Women have been screwed for years by the institutions of higher learning and the situation has finally reached a climax.

The University is probably no worse than the rest of society when it comes to perpetuating the myth of female inferiority. The University's policy of academic and social segregation by sex is comparable to the outside community's sexism. But if sexism is to be abolished and if both women and men are to be liberated from the sexual roles that cramp human potential, it must begin with education. Thus, sexual discrimination in the University, as opposed to other societal institutions, is a far more serious crime.

How does the University discriminate against women, and men, for that matter? The answer is the sometime subtle, sometimes blatant, but ever-present enforcement of segregation of the sexes at many levels in the areas of social and academic life.

It has been obvious for some time that segregation by race benefits neither the minority or majority group, and is antithetical to any but an ethnocentric education. For this reason the Council on Student Life recently passed a resolution enforcing integration of all campus organizations. Yet the Council failed to address itself to the sexual minority group — women at the University.

One form of sexual segregation in the area of social life on campus, is the existence of separate dormitories, and of course, the fraternity-sorority system. Not only did the Council fail to address this problem of integration in living units, but it has not even passed a policy of open visitation in the dormitories.

The student comes from the natural environment of the family where the two sexes live in daily contact, to the natural house of the segregated living unit. Because of the lack of normal, healthy contact with the opposite sex, the student begins to accept the sexual roles and myths propagated by such fantasy-oriented magazines as Playboy.

Other examples of social segregation on campus are separate men's and women's honoraries, athletic teams, beauty contests and the military and para-military organizations on campus.

In the area of academic life, it would be more fitting to term the activity of the University "indoctrination," rather than "education." Racial minority groups have recently become disillusioned with the white European view of history, and by the same token, women are no longer willing to accept the pervasive male viewpoint in academia.

When it comes as a shock to the English major that there are women authors that never appeared on class reading lists; when the history major must find out on her own about the Women's Suffrage Movement; and when

the contributions of women in all fields are generally ignored, we can no longer talk about "education".

History, until now, has been His Story. It's hard to believe that half the population contributed nothing to the shaping of past events. Women must see that the story of women—Her Story, if you will — is told along with the history of Black, Chicano, Asian-American and native American peoples.

Can an authentic academic atmosphere allow only one view, one side, one interpretation? Women should have formal courses which allow them to study alternative life styles, examine their role in society and see their part in history. Surely both women and men would benefit from an objective view of sexual myths and roles.

To this end, the Women's Education task force of the Summer Conference is trying to establish a women studies program at the university to dispel the myths, initiate sexual intergration and expand human opportunities.

Our main focus at the moment is to set up an introductory course in the area that would allow both women and men to study the role of women from the view several disciplines. The format of the course has not been finally determined, but it will probably consist of guest lecturers and small group discussions. We hope the course will be offered by the fall of 1971.

In addition we will initiate a Free University course this fall in preparation for the regular University course. We also encourage individual departments and colleges to examine their course offerings and course contents in order to place more emphasis on the contributions of women in the field.

This program of Women studies will provide an enlightened view of the sexes and reveal that physiology is not fate. Perhaps then we will no longer find women funnelled and trapped in the five academic areas they are presently enrolled in, as stated in a recent Summer Nebraskan article: English major, Arts and Sciences; Elementary and Special Education, Teachers College; Dental Hygiene; Nursing; and, of course, Home Economics. Special efforts should be made to invite women to share their talents in all areas of the University.

Other steps must be taken by the University to assure that women receive a true education. This institution must provide models for women students hiring and giving equal pay to women professors, counselors and administrators. Child day care centers must be set up for all employees and students at the University.

The Women Studies program will be a step in the right direction, but the University must work harder to eliminate sexism in all areas of the institution. We women will leave no stone unturned to assure that the University of Nebraska meets its obligations to educate both men and Women.

By Patti Kaminsky

Before the term "Women's Liberation" becomes too polluted with unfair connotations perhaps it would be good to define some of the more concrete areas of concern in relationship to society as a whole.

The situations of women in our society differs fundamentally from that of other social groups. This is because they do not live in an isolated group, but, to put it quite simply, comprise one-half the human race. Women's role is a specific and irreplaceable one and because of that she has not been exploited in quite the same way as other oppressed groups. Socially, economically, and politically her position is at the same time a central and a marginal one. It is precisely this combination of indispensable and yet somehow inferior that has created the confused and perplexing situation regarding the problems of women.

A woman's role is considered "natural" and yet it is actually the prevailing societal norms who have determined her functions. Thus while the role of bearing and giving life is in itself overwhelmingly beautiful it should not determine the entire life style of the woman. Because of this alienating situation, large numbers of women feel a sense of uneasiness and confusion. They are torn on one hand to choose a profession — to directly participate in the life of society — and on the other hand to fulfill their duties as mothers and wives. The fact of utmost concern is that society does not really allow women to do both, as it rightfully should. It is not a meaningful choice by any democratic standards when 51 per cent of the American population may choose only which half of humanity they wish to participate in.

Women simply do not have the fundamental right to control their lives in all its aspects.

To grasp this concept is still to understand the surface of a much deeper problem. At first the total incorporation of female labor into the production process would seem possible in our present

economic system. Yet a series of basic contradictions would not be overcome. Our system thrives on the domesticity of women. American business is the main mover and prime beneficiary of the immense apparatus generating the drive to keep women home. Women are the major buyers of commodities for the home and its members. They are carefully studied and ruthlessly exploited through commercial advertising and sales promotion agencies. Fashion changes are but one obvious example of the unethical manipulation of women merely for commercial profit.

However, women have been taught that their problems were simple ones; individual maladjustments. The problem is not personal but social. Secondary status in society will not be ended by individual solutions. A social problem requires a social solution. But what are the alternatives, then? Are they for better paying jobs, the opportunity for advancement, and for more serious education? Perhaps, but that is only part of the answer. The life styles for the majority of women are able to be determined by outside forces because we have a diseased social system in some aspects — the rights, welfare, and opportunities of human being are warped into material standards of profit and loss.

Thus the struggle women will wage is going to throw an even greater light onto the contradiction and hypocrisy existing in our society. There can be no doubt that the necessary structural reform will require a social upheaval, a new way of thinking that will free men as well as women. For men cannot be considered free when society's seeds of arrogance are sown subtly into the fabric of male consciousness — even that of so-called liberal male reformers. Thus a fundamental re-examination would deal not only with the narrow question of sex and family structure, but more broadly with questions relating to the differences of power in human beings; there will be victims and women will be among them so long as society allows natural differences to lead to inequalities of power. We must measure potentialities for human freedom not only against what men and women might be allowed under present structures but also against what they might be freed to be in different situations. Women's destiny cannot be fundamentally transformed until this truth is understood and acted upon.



Scene from "Twelfth Night"

'Twelfth Night' Review Empty house, 'forced quality' of actors, 'kills' comedy

By Denis M. Calandra
Dept. of English

There is no more sure-fire way to kill a comedy than to play it to empty houses — and so we have the first thing wrong with *Twelfth Night*. Whenever something amusing happened on stage Wednesday night a spare giggle or chuckle caught on in the first row, ricocheted off someone in the 7th or 8th row and rattled itself around Howell cavern for a while, and by the time anyone's timing on stage was attuned to this sort of thing half the comic bits were limping pitifully. This of course can be remedied in two ways — fill all the houses or cut back the number of performances. Barring a small scale miracle or a direct act of St. Jude the "fill the houses" idea won't work in Lincoln, Nebraska; there are simply not enough interested people to support nearly 50 days of continuous shows. If a play really catches on, extra performances can always be mustered up. On the other hand no one can convince some stranger who happens to witness a middle of the week shambles on his first visit to the summer theatre that things would be different if the house were full; he is probably lost forever. My advice, for whatever it is worth, would be to concentrate on fewer performances, using the time in the middle of the week to make adjustments in the existing productions. Maybe next year.

But so far I'm just passing the buck to a factor outside the control of the director and actors of *Twelfth Night*. "Timing," "pace," "tempo" — all these descriptive words are clichés of comedy criticism, but like all clichés there is a degree of truth in them. Wednesday night's performance was undignified, slow, with the actors merely going through the motions and relying for the most part on stock devices and postures for effect. Whenever someone reasonably natural like Betty Gnuse (whose Maria bears an amusing resemblance to a Carol Channing clown) appeared, the "forced" quality of the other actors became painfully apparent. I'm sure some of the more obvious flaws in pacing can and will be remedied. Scene changes take too long; the actors are sluggish in getting scenes started; two intermissions are unnecessary; these things are obvious.

Less obvious, and perhaps more difficult to remedy, is the problem with the central figures in the play. Malvolio, the "cross-gartered gull" whose puritanical pomposity makes him the antithesis of the low comedians Belch and Aguecheek, must be more than just a caricature if *Twelfth Night* is to succeed. When Malvolio writes in prison and later when he vows revenge on

the pack of his persecutors the audience ought to feel some uneasiness about this "light-hearted" comedy: the buffoonery should be tempered with a strain of seriousness.

Shakespeare's play, I think, is about different kinds of excesses (sentimental love, haughty "virtue," self-indulgence); some of these excesses (his own and others) lead to the torture of Malvolio. The trouble with Robert Neuf's Malvolio is that the buffoonery is not particularly funny and any seriousness is precluded by his one dimensional interpretation of the role. But all the blame is never the actor's — poor Neuf has to wear some downright silly costumes (a suburban hausfrau's nightdress in one scene and some rather sorry socks and garters in another) and go through some tired "comic" maneuvers (like lying his garters together, then hiding them from the audience with his cloak so that when he exits we are "surprised" that he has to hop off stage).

Donna Haley's Viola is marred by the same inhibiting artificiality that troubles most of the cast. I know she can be a good actress because occasionally something like truthful theatre sneaks through in her performance (witness her first audience with Olivia), but too often she relies on frigid facial expressions (especially a kind of tight lipped inverted smile that is not in the least charming as Viola should be) and "poses." Feste the clown, played by Gary Hill, is always interesting to watch but somehow I get the feeling he is doing a play up there on stage that he hasn't let the rest of the cast in on. Hill obviously understands the power of the clown in *Twelfth Night* — he plays Feste as the only one who is really "aware" of what is going on — but there is some confusion in style (possibly intentional, but nevertheless annoying) between his and the rest of the cast's performances. Whose fault is this? Should Hill get in step with the rest of the cast or vice-versa? I only wish it were possible to infuse some of Hill's easy manner into his co-actors. In fact, if anything is done to revise the production it will have to be in the direction of loosening up the cast. Presently most of them don't seem to be enjoying themselves very much.

I don't plan to give up on *Twelfth Night* because I think most of what is wrong with it can be patched up, even if it means artificially speeding up the pace and expanding the "rude farcical" aspects of the script. And I am quite sure I didn't see the show under the most ideal circumstances, Wednesday night not exactly being a sellout performance. I encourage everybody to see *Twelfth Night* in a few days when some of the flaws have been ironed out. I'll report on it again later.

Centennial Scholars work at their own pace

Continued from Page 1

Scholars in the Student Senate, relating that the first vice-president and more than one-fourth of the Senators came from Centennial.

"Two of the three political parties in the spring election were headed by Centennial Scholars," Beman remarked, "and all three had their headquarters here."

Expansion

Next year, when between 200 and 250 students are expected in the CEP, facilities will be expanded to include one floor of what was formerly Raymond Hall. The three students related that a faculty-student vote of participants had set 400 as the eventual maximum enrollment.

Presently, they said, the women students live on the second and third floor of Love and the men in Heppner. Facilities on the first floor include professors' offices and multipurpose rooms which are used for classes, study groups, or whatever other use the "family" finds for them. A drafting room, available for the convenience of architecture and engineering students, provides others a place to make the indispensable posters.

"We live by posters," Miss Cook observed.

Lounges are student-designed. The Pumpkin Room, decorated with student art, is the favorite spot for early-morning French conversation classes. The Commons is bare of furniture except for pillows and molded plastic chairs from which the legs have been removed. "We voted not to have furniture," the coed explained. "It would take up too much room."

The Tunnel, which connects the two dorms, has windows on one side which open onto an enclosed court. The other wall is a huge bulletin board, which Miss Cook described as the communications center for the College.

Although most Scholars live there, she said, some whose home is in Lincoln do not. "Computer rooms," with several

desks in each, are provided for their convenience.

In addition to the Centennial Course, the program requires that each scholar take either a mathematics or foreign language course in the College. Each devotes the remaining one-third of his school time to his major. The Scholars are also encouraged to participate in the university activities that interest them.

Grades Pass-Fail

The Centennial mathematics course is described in the bulletin as an independent tutorial program, covering requirements for Math 14, 114, 115, 116. The students described how they proceeded individually, working on units and taking tests when ready until they have passed all of the tests for the course. Lectures are available, they said, if the students wish, and fellows or advanced students serve as tutors.

Scholars may choose German, French or Spanish as a foreign language. Instruction emphasizes competence in conversation. Hobson described the presence of the language labs in the residence as a distinct advantage.

In the Centennial College, grades are for the most part on a pass-fail basis, a decision reached after experimentation with various systems.

This decision, and others concerning next year's philosophy and courses, were made by the students and faculty together. "Students could play as much part in the decision as they wanted," Miss Cook said.

"Centennial College isn't perfect," she reflected. "It doesn't solve all of the problems. But it wouldn't be real if it were perfect. If you want changes, you can institute them."

'Indians' review Play shows Buffalo Bill Cody as 'aging, doddering con-man,'

By Dennis Calandra
Department of English

Indians is an extremely entertaining play alive with all the paraphernalia of a circus or vaudeville show. But imagine if you can an entertaining (often very funny) play about the gradual dissolution of a man who struggles to see beyond a glorified image of himself only to realize his role in his country's policy of genocide. Buffalo Bill Cody in all his buckskinned, thigh-slapping, wide-eyed grinning glory parades himself and his Wild West Show before the powers back East and the crowned heads of Europe. He shows them "the reality of imperishable deeds, feats of fearless skill, fashioned by necessity, perfected in danger, and crowned by victory" (to quote one of the Wild West Shows advertisements). All this — and Bill Cody ends as a man, trembling, scared he's going to die with his make-up on as a parody of himself as he used to be. The last months of Arthur Kopit's play show Cody as an aging "actor," displaying a handful of Indian artifacts, reading from a list of atrocities committed against the Indians. He feebly tries to defend his and his nation's actions but cannot. But through all of this runs a grim kind of humor. "How was I to know the goddam buffalo reproduced so slowly," he laments to Wild Bill Hickock. And in the tragic last scene there is something of the doddering con-man about Cody, the man who has lost his touch, more confused than guilty.

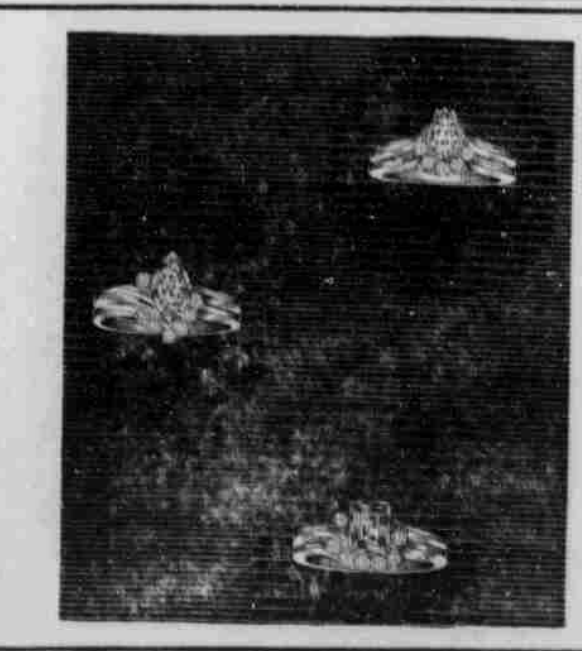
The direction, the acting, the provocative lighting are all first rate in

Mother's Love

You may thunder, you may blunder
You may break everything asunder
You are yet my son.
Knowest thou not?
The spring of love that lurketh in your
mother's heart?
Flowing smoothly, driving away all the
sith and rocks of insults?
Paving its way through and clear.
When hurt, she feels for you.
When tired, she tries to soothe you.
When worried, she tries to smoothen it
all for you.
Nay! My son, her love is sacred.
Unhindered and unceasing it flows
It never, never wavers
But though for a moment
Shocked by the terrorizing light'ning of
your fury
Which paralyzes her feeling for a moment
leaving her dumb and con-
founded!
Yet on and on, the feeling of love sim-
mers in her heart.
Making her forget the last terrible blast.
So remember, my son, pray you
Mother's love is an undying love!
Hanani

the Howell Theatre production of *Indians*. The cast captures the right quality of black comedy Kopit uses to express his quite serious theme. When Gary Hill as Spotted Tail freezes in a contorted death pose, just gunned down for sport by a Grand Duke who wanted to shoot a Commanche, a hush comes over the audience. The Indian stands up, dignified, and walks slowly toward the Duke. Perfectly dead-pan he says: "My name is Spotted Tail. My father was a Sioux; my mother, part Cherokee, part Crow. No matter how you look at it, I'm just not a com-manche." The audience laughs but something else registers at the same time as the Indian returns to the "dead." To his executioner, to white America perhaps, Spotted Tail is just a nameless object to be bartered with and relocated and exhibited in Wild West Shows. The hilarious White House Scene in *Indians* brings the point home in burlesque fashion as a German actor plays Chief Uncas and an Italian Tes Kanja' Villa the Indian maiden (shades of all those J. Carroll Nash style Injuns in the movies). At the end of the scene Wild Bill Hickock (comically portrayed by Steve Gaines) makes the white man's screwing of the Indians a literal fact.

Indians finally owes its success to Dana Mills' performance as Buffalo Bill. It's hard to believe he just took over the role two weeks ago. Mills captures all of Cody's postures and confusions, as a showman on parade and as a man tragically caught between loyalties. Jim Sandiford, also with only two weeks rehearsal, gives the necessary dignity and stature to Sitting Bull without falling into the usual "stock Indian" actor traps. In all, *Indians* is an exciting show and it seems especially pertinent in Nebraska. I urge everyone to see it.



Fancy-cut Bridal Sets

- Pear-shaped set \$405
- Marquise-cut set \$515
- Emerald-cut set \$610

Sartor Hamann

Serving Lincoln Since 1905

1129 "O" STREET

REGISTERED JEWELERS AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY