

Rebellion on campus — flames still burning

It has become a vogue among newspapers in the past year or two to run stories about "the end of student rebellion," for which purpose a group of students is rounded up to attest to the fact that campuses are quiet, people under 30 have regained their senses and the revolution is over.

The mood of this campus certainly has changed in four years.

Alcohol on campus and visitation rights have, for the time being, become dead issues. Vietnam elicits cries of "I told you so," rather than anti-war chants. And this year's freshmen have trouble remembering the student strike of 1970, because—let's face it—ninth grade was a long time ago.

But, in spite of all this, it is hardly time to start creating an epitaph for the tombstone of student rebellion. A good undertaker never starts a funeral until he has the body in hand. And the student body is going to be out of hand for a long time.

Student rebellion is not dead. It has been redefined, it has been internalized. At the most, it is dormant.

All this talk about "the end of student rebellion" does two things: it relaxes the so-called Establishment, and it makes students feel guilty—what's wrong with us? Why don't we march on the State Capitol? Why aren't we burning buildings?

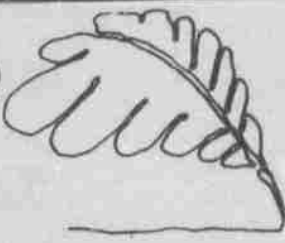
The answer is that it has become unnecessary. The times have changed. Street violence made street violence obsolete. The threat of a large group of students united against something may now be sufficient to force at least token representation.

The students of the '60s put their heads on the chopping block for us. It is up to the students of the '70s to see that historians don't successfully swing the ax. And despite all the worry about apathy, today's students will rise to the occasion.

There are those who would like to think the fires of student rebellion have been put out. There are those who know the flames are still burning within.

Wes Albers

to the editor



Dear editor:

I can only describe David Ware's *Omelet* (*Daily Nebraskan*, April 28) as repugnant.

As first a lover of baroque and classical music, and second, a lover of electronic renditions of same, I was shocked and appalled to hear Walter Carlos' rendition of Bach, Vivaldi and company, called "guttured of dignity or primal drive" (through implication though it be). This slanderous attack is both unfair and inaccurate. Carlos' first recording, *Switched-on Bach*, was a note-for-note transcription of some of J.S. Bach's most popular works voiced for synthesizer. While not being an authority on Bach or the baroque period, I think I am justified to say Carlos has provided us with the best renditions of the various pieces available. This comes both from Carlos' brilliant selection of "voices" for the various instruments and from the scintillating clarity provided by the synthesized music. Whereas in a conventional performance of, say, Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, the various musical lines may be indistinct or confused, in the synthesized version each part comes out clearly as Bach would have wanted it.

And who can say that Bach wouldn't have used the synthesizer had it been available in his time, scoring each instrument to the part in which its sound qualities would be used to best advantage. What if J.S. Bach had been able to tailor each instrument exactly to its part? This is exactly what Carlos has done in his albums *Switched On Bach*, *The Well-Tempered Synthesizer* and *Switched on Bach II*. He has not changed any parts. He has not enhanced the music or added rhythm sections or what not. He has merely transcribed Bach's own music for the synthesizer. Maybe David Ware didn't like Carlos' choice of voices. If not, I challenge him to do better. Otherwise, I invite him to state exactly his reasons for not liking the music.

If Ware brings up the second movement of the Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 on *Switched on Bach* and says, "this is not what Bach wrote at

all," I will agree with him. Bach only wrote a small portion of that second movement, intending the continuo player to improvise a cadenza to exhibit his musical talent and maybe give the other players a rest. Carlos has done this brilliantly, showing that he is, indeed a virtuoso at the keyboard and demonstrating the versatility and scope of the synthesizer as a legitimate musical instrument.

As an afterthought, Carlos has not taken as much liberty with Bach's music as Tomita has with, say, Debussy's "Golliwog's Cakewalk." How David Ware can appreciate and like one, but not the other is beyond me. I like both.

Randall E. Gilmore

Libraries' fates

Dear editor:

From your coverage of the undergraduate library issue my impression is that there is no great student support for the continuation of this library. If this is indeed true, there would seem to be no real basis for its existence and in the interest of economy it should be merged with the main collection.

My concern is that your editorial implies that such a fate should also befall other branch libraries for the sake of efficiency. However, most of the other branch libraries are fundamentally different from the Undergraduate Library in that their collections are rather specialized. The science branch libraries, architecture, dentistry and law libraries all house special collections which are mainly used by patrons located physically close to these libraries. They are vigorously supported and maintained by the involvement of their patrons, and coalition of these collections with the main library would not be more economical or efficient even if it were tolerated.

Future plans for the library include an on-line computer system that will make rapid location of any volume in the system very simple. Such a system decreases the urgency of centralization since the status of a book can be quickly checked before having it in hand. Hopefully it will end any futile student or faculty interlibrary odysseys, but those branch libraries which remain will do so for the reason they come into existence: because they serve their particular patrons more efficiently.

Jeanette Masek



Let a cigaret take the drag out of UNL life

The time has come for all good students to sit down and have a smoke. Put aside your books, stop worrying about the looming menace of final's week and take it easy.

The end is near and there's no sense in breaking one's back now over tests which, in many cases, mean nothing except that you're very adept at quick memorization.

In another week, this mess will all be over, and then you'll have plenty to look forward to.

You can sell that biology textbook you paid \$15 for at the beginning of the semester back to the local, friendly bookstore baron and receive 50 cents for it.

After that, you can check out of one of the best patrolled residence halls in the country, which are found on this campus, and head for the relative insecurity of home, wherever home might be.

During the summer, just as you've done for the last three summers, you can discuss with friends how you're going to Europe in the fall.

Next fall, back in Lincoln, just as you've done for the last three falls, you can discuss with friends how you're going to Europe in the summer.

And in the end, after four glorious years at this place, chances are you can leave, diploma in hand,

without once having your mind assaulted by anything that might cause some thinking on your part.

You come here with some vague notion about getting an education, and you leave here with a vaguer notion of what that education was all about.

Once in the "real world," you get the chance to take all the knowledge behind that degree and apply

joe dreesen
smiling grimly

it to working in a restaurant or digging ditches in McCook, Neb. And so it goes.

As you can see, there is a lot to look forward to, which is all the more reason to sit down and have that smoke.

It seems that the only way to seriously approach this university is to not seriously approach it. Take it

as it comes and don't get too excited.

After all, in a state where money flows freely for Saturday afternoon, Memorial Stadium football, but not for your education, what good does it do to be serious?

In a state that cannot come up with \$25,000 to bring back the highly-respected St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, but can manage to find \$550,000 a year to maintain an athletic field house, how's one to separate sense from nonsense?

And at a university that theoretically is supposed to serve its students, but instead treats them like kindergarten tots while giving them a sterile education, what's the point in getting involved?

If you can come up with positive answers to these and other questions concerning our university, you're lucky. You undoubtedly know why you're here and where you're going, which is fine.

However, if you're like the rest of us simple dolts who find these questions perplexing, about all you can do is serve your time, smile or possibly laugh, and then make a fast exit.

With that in mind, I would like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—and anything else which might seem appropriate.