

American-Foreign Students

The recent comments by Phyllis Donaldson concerning People-To-People (PTP) and the role of the foreign student at the University are disturbing, but to a great extent true.

For some reason, foreign students at the University never have appeared to be really involved in the school's life and for the most part there has never been a great deal of communication between these students and the rest of the campus.

Different Ideas

There is no question but that most American students here do not take advantage of the different ideas, outlooks on life and backgrounds that the University's foreign students could present either privately or in groups.

Unfortunately this lack of interchange between the American students and the foreign students often makes it look like both groups ignore each other and leads to an un hospitable attitude between them.

It is hard to say exactly what causes this situation at Nebraska. Undoubtedly a large part of the fault rests with the American students and some sort of

apathy toward foreign cultures at the University. On the other hand, some of the fault must also rest with the foreign students who often seem to desire staying in their own groups and find it hard to take the initiative in establishing some sort of workable relationship.

Conscientious Attempt

Nevertheless, the problem does exist and hopefully this new awareness of the situation will lead to a conscientious attempt to find solutions and to take advantage of the opportunities which a close relationship between the two groups could provide.

People-To-People, as suggested by Miss Donaldson, does need to re-evaluate its programs and to strive for a more successful role at the University. Furthermore the different groups closed to only foreign students must consider this problem as well.

Hopefully the special PTP meeting Wednesday will be the impetus for a complete new consideration of the American-foreign student relationship on the University campus.

Deferred Rush

Rush is the very livelihood of the Greek System. Without rush, the fraternities and sororities could not continue.

Thus any suggestion which would change the rush procedure greatly is rightfully welcomed with hesitation, fear and questions.

Other Changes

Such a change would be deferred rush which would mean that a freshmen could not pledge at the beginning of the school year along with other changes.

As a result, on first impulse most Greeks probably welcome any suggestion of such a change with anger or disagreement. But yet a person must have more to base his opinion on than just fear of change or rumor.

A complete study of the possibilities of deferred rush should provide the basis for this opinion. If persons in high University places feel that the change might be beneficial, then an investigation of the

possibilities by all parties is definitely the way to consider the suggestion.

With a thorough study of deferred rush, the Greek System (primarily the Interfraternity Council and Panhellenic) should have facts to substantiate whatever opinion the group chooses to follow. In this manner, if the Greeks decide to oppose any change in the present rush system they will have valid arguments to strengthen their opposition. On the other hand, they will have a chance to consider the merits of such a change before completely closing their minds to a new suggestion.

However, the committee who studies the proposed plan must be fairly represented by all parties. Also every group—not only the students—must participate in the study with an open mind.

The Interfraternity Council made a wise choice in agreeing to the study of deferred rush before taking a definite stand on the issue.

Reasons For Anti-Communism

The New Left has told us that in order to understand the "immoral" nature of the war in Vietnam, "you have to get off that anti-Communist kick." And yet, in 1967, I feel that there are still good reasons to be a sensible anti-Communist (can't think of a single reason to be an anti-Communist of the Robert Welch variety). Today, as was the case twenty years ago, Communism is still the greatest single barrier between man and his basic freedoms.

The Berlin Wall is still standing. East Germans trying to escape to the West are still shot as they leap over the wall. Is this the freedom that the New Left extols?

No Religious Freedom

The Eastern European satellite governments are just finishing up an effective job of eliminating freedom of religion from their countries. The Soviet Union has been working to kill God for so long that there's little left for them to destroy and all we hear about now are occasional persecutions of the Jews.

Over in China, that admirable humanitarian Mao Tse-tung continues not only to deny his people all the basic freedoms, but also to place strict adherence to the divine revelations of Mao ahead of less important issues such as food for the people of China. Where is the nobleness of which the New Left speaks?

Bad To Worse

Fidel Castro got the Cubans to overthrow the dictatorship of Batista. But no sooner was Castro in control than did he set up his own Marxist dictatorship, the result of which has put the people of Cuba in an even worse plight than that which they encountered previously.

Nowhere in the world do Soviet-inspired Communism and liberty coexist. It is a fact that Communism and dictatorship walk hand in hand in today's world.

And yet there are signs that indicate that the Communists are softening. In the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe it

is becoming difficult to distinguish Communism from socialism. The example of Rumania gives hope that someday there may actually be freedom in these lands.

U.S. Refusal

If the Communist-controlled countries continue in the direction in which some of them appear headed and do eventually attain democracy, historians will look back and see clearly the writing on the wall. Communism will have softened because the United States refused to allow Communist aggression to be profitable.

After facing repeated setbacks in foreign aggression—Greece, Korea, Lebanon, the Cuban missile crisis, the Dominican Republic, and yes, South Vietnam—the Communists find that the crying needs of their own people can no longer be put off by empty promises of global supremacy.

Communism becomes socialism when the Communists are forced to face the injustices within their own countries in order to avert massive revolutions of the type which even the militaristic Communist regimes could not handle.

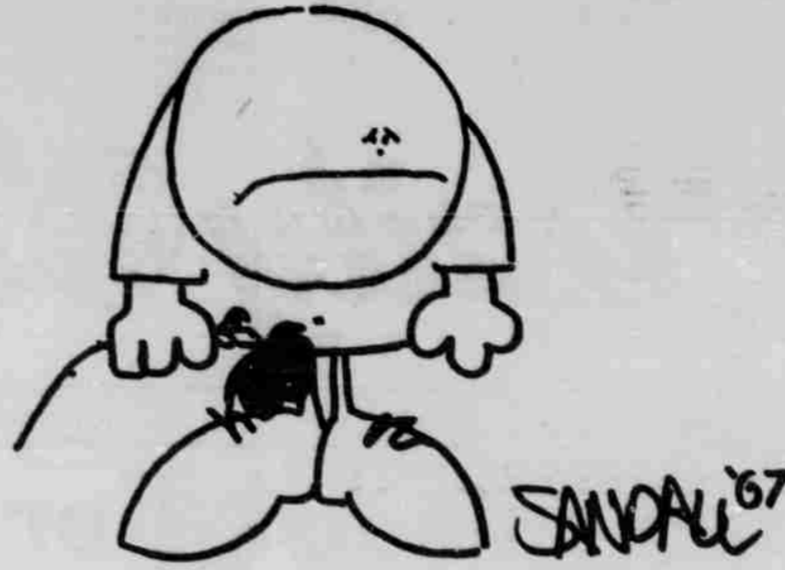
Appropriate Moves

American foreign policy should have as its primary aim the cultivation of mutual understanding and respect between the Soviet Union and the United States. The new Consular Treaty with Russia is a commendable move towards understanding, and the proposed East-West Trade Bill appears to be another appropriate step.

But it must be remembered that these achievements have only been made possible by the firm commitment of four American Presidents, including President Kennedy, to the proposition that Communism must be contained. This is the proposition for which Americans are fighting in South Vietnam.

—by Fritz Schaefer
The Collegiate Press Service

YA KNOW... AFTER THREE YEARS OF DATING DOWN HERE, THE CIRCUS HAS LOST ALL ITS QUAINTESS.



Our Man Hoppe

Leaders Through Therapy

Arthur Hoppe

I see where another psychologist has stood up to say that what this country needs is a good White House psychologist. Just in case a President goes out of his mind and no one happens to notice.

This seems an interesting idea. "Good morning, Mr. President, and how are all our little aggressions and hostilities today? No, sir, I wasn't attacking your foreign policy..."

But an even more interesting idea comes from my friend, Mrs. Helen Jones, the Typical American Housewife. Mrs. Jones, who has dutifully been reading the news at breakfast for years, feels that what is needed in Washington today is not a lone psychologist. What is needed, she says, is group therapy.

In the event you are unfamiliar with the techniques of group therapy, I have at hand a transcript of a typical, ordinary session. Only the names have been deleted to protect the unfortunate.

★ ★ ★
CASE ONE: Well, now, I'll start off, because that's only fitting. But, truth to tell, I don't have any problems to fret about. I'm a generous, kindly, humble fellow and I guess that's why folks love me. All my life folks have loved me. My Ma loved me and my Daddy... Well, I know my Ma loved me. And after her there was... Well, what's so all-fired important about being loved anyway? Folks respect me. What are you smiling about?

★ ★ ★
CASE TWO: Smiling? Me, I'm always smiling. When I was a scrawny little kid and they'd beat me up, I'd just smile. And now,

everywhere I go, they throw eggs at me and call me a toady and a fink. But I just smile because... I guess it's because I'm happy. If I weren't happy why would I smile? I'm a happy man, happy in my role in life...

★ ★ ★
CASE THREE: Second fiddle. Never the favorite. Do this, do that, run get the football. Big, tall, hand-patting me on the head and some older brothers always patting me on the head and saying, "We must do better." No wonder I keep trying to prove myself to Ethel over and over again. Over and over again...

★ ★ ★
CASE ONE: Why wouldn't folks love me? After all I've done for folks, there's no earthly reason they wouldn't love me. Of course they love me, the ungrateful polecats.

★ ★ ★
CAST FOUR: I have programmed my systematized personality traits through our third-generation digital computer, along with the weekly body count and projected megadeaths, and the finalized results show me to be an optimally

warm, balanced integrated, tegrated, tegrated, tegrated...

★ ★ ★
CASE TWO: I am happy. I know I'm happy. See? I'm smiling. So I'm happy. Go ahead, hit me with an egg and make me happy. Hit me with a brick and make me real happy. Oh, happy.

★ ★ ★
CASE ONE: Of course folks love me. The way I've given my whole life to doing things for folks, everyone's got to love me. You hear? Everyone's got to love me. And don't you forget it!

★ ★ ★
So you can see how invaluable a typical, ordinary session of group therapy with typical, ordinary participants can be in achieving typical, ordinary mental health.

★ ★ ★
But I don't know whether it would work in Washington. It's not that group therapy requires you to stand up and talk a bout yourself while nobody listens. It's that you've got to tell the truth.

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Odd's Modkins!!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This review of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night", produced by the Nebraska Masquers and the Nebraska Union April 25 and 26, was submitted by Jay M. Sayer, instructor in the Department of English. Mr. Sayer is former drama critic of "The Valley News and Green Sheet" in Los Angeles.)

★ ★ ★ ★

A decade ago The Old Vic Company toured the United States and included within its repertoire a production of "Troilus and Cressida" costumed in Western garb. It was a tribute to their American brothers, world-renowned landlords of the "wide-open spaces". Last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, April 25 and 26, the Nebraska Masquers and the Nebraska Union returned the compliment by presenting performances of "Twelfth Night" costumed in Mod attire. The British fashions complemented the prelude of American rock-and-roll, played in a cool jazz vein by the Nate Branch Combo.

Happening

The audience, as the hippies would say, was "sumpin else." Once the lengthy overture turned them on, you couldn't turn them off. They cheered, laughed, screamed, whistled, howled, and slapped their knees. They were enjoying the undressed actors, the prat falls, the lechery, and the keystone-cop chases almost as much as they would have enjoyed Herb Alpert or The Monkees. It was a real happening! Unfortunately, there was only one thing missing: Wee Willie Shakespeare.

Hardly anyone seemed to mind. However, the playwright was conspicuously absent from two significant areas: the dialogue and the tone. American actors have always had trouble speaking "Shakespearean words," and the problem is only compounded when they are amateurs. With the exception of Susan Vosik's "Viola", the cast remained unintelligible during most of the performance, with large portions of important speeches being entirely lost. It is only fair to explain, however, that the cast was composed of newcomers. The seating limitations of the house equalled the thespic limitations of the cast, and seeing became as difficult as hearing. Small wonder that the tense audience reacted disproportionately to the hokum. Fortunately, director Robert Hall has a wealth of hokum at his command and a bit of magic up his sleeve.

Wit And Repartee

The simple plot of "Twelfth Night" (not the best of Shakespeare's comedies) revolves around a complex series of mistaken identities and unrequited love suits, a damsel masquerading as a eunuch, a look-alike brother and sister, and an abundance of lay-away libido. The play serves mainly as a vehicle for the brilliant Shakespearean wit and repartee. If the fuel for this vehicle is the dialogue, one must sadly conclude that the actors missed the bus.

Concerning the tone, the problem prevailed just as seriously, although less obviously. Mr. Hall, apparently aware of the limitations inherent in his newcomers, wisely went for as much distraction as possible in his production. He successfully evoked a natural and relaxed audience attitude, which bore closer resemblance to the attitude of the Tudor viewers than our sometimes exaggerated reverence of the bard. Mr. Hall did not make the mistake of treating each word as though it were fourteen karat. However, "the play's the thing", and should not be superseded by the incidental business, as it was. A little "Monkee business" goes a long way.

Imagination Shines

When Orson Welles directed "King Lear" as New York's City Center, one critic said that his genius exceeded his talent. Mr. Hall would do well to be cautious about his own genius or talent, which is obviously prolific. The ubiquitous temptation to go beyond the limits of good theatrical taste in order to appeal to the peanut gallery looms before all young directors. Like other shell games, it is always a risky business. Having once established the delightful Mod innovation, the director should have then striven for a safe balance between substance and froth. The clear originality of Mr. Hall's imagination does shine through the proceedings, and supplies most of the brightness of the production, including the pop-art set.

Sharing the effulgence with the director is Susan Vosik, who brings Viola to mad, Mod life with a deft touch. If Miss Vosik is a newcomer now, she will not remain one long. Her clear diction and excellent comic sense, added to her fluid facial expressions and agile body movements, total up to a triple threat. Her subtle mimicry of Charlie Chaplin proved an ingenious idea, and her tasteful restraint in applying it increased the effectiveness. She might pay attention to her "takes", which got increasingly bigger.

Uncontrolled Gusto

The entire cast exhibited great gusto and vitality, if somewhat uncontrolled. Robert Griffin and Cris Stasheff epitomized "ye dirtie olde manne" as Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch. John Pynchon Holms and Ed Nellis revived the zinc tradition of the silent film cop for one of the evening's highlights. Robert Fisher as Malvolio got so guttural in his neo-Teutonic portrayal, that the "Twelfth Night" turned into the Third Reich, and subtitles became necessary. Mr. Fisher had some very funny, malevolent moments in spite of his Wagnerian approach. Tom Holland's "method" pirate and J. Kirk Brown's kooky, dynamic-duo-role balanced nicely with Jeffrey Atcheson's brief, but effective, appearance as a seaman. Mr. Atcheson successfully blends the Mod with the Shakespearean, and looks good in the bargain.

Dale McClellan has impressive talent, both musically and dramatically, but neither showed to advantage in this production. His performance as Feste, the clown, was inconsistent and self-conscious. The Shakespearean clown or fool supplies a significant portion of the cynical and biting wit, and usually embodies the pivotal role of truth-speaker. Mr. McClellan appeared in neither Mod nor Elizabethan, and more than once suggested the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, by the repeated waves of his saunty cigar to cue in the Nate Branch Combo. From a distance Emily Baca is a dead-ringer for Sophia Loren. The question is: does the theater need another Sophia Loren? Sexy Susan Hansher exhibited an extensive wardrobe by Quentin, undulating hips, and a most peculiar voice. Unfortunately, I think she missed her calling. Bill Szymanski and Don Marcus Armstrong, the two faddishly foppish swains, proved genuinely Mod from their Beatle boots to their Prince Valiant coiffures. All of which goes to prove that Shakespeare is still for the long-hairs.

Stallions Only . . .

They're Off And Running

NAME	STABLE	ODDS	TRAINER	TIP	TRACK POSITION
Jack Armstrong	Artists' Retreat	1-1	None	People Who Love People	Unknown
Zeus Jr.	Patio Dwellers	1-1	None	Jeweller	Hawish (?)
Fiddler	Pizza Hut	3-1	None	Like Wood	Gee
Ziegfield	Lowlands	5-1	None	Holloway's Friend	Unknown
Avis	The Big Cloakroom	3-1	Minstrels	A Dreamer	Deceiving
Mr. Milkown	Pirate's Cove	5-1	Musketeers	Coasting Along	Changeable
Peroxide	Pirate's Cove	5-1	Musketeers	Freshman	Geeish (?)
Oxidized	Arizona Territory	10-1	Gravediggers	One Needed	Unknown
C'est moi	Drifters	?	Many Also Rans	1979?	Haw
Boy Wonder	Lions' Den	5-1	None	Cashier	Haw
Dylan	Lowlands	5-1	None	Tower Dweller	Haw
Hertz	The Big Cloakroom	5-1	Minstrels	Exception-al	Ha! Ha!
Bread Man	Artists' Retreat	1-1	None	Nobby's Man	Haw
Neil	Oyster Bed	20-1	Panda	Rough Grade	Gee
Oats	Drifters	5-1	Many Also Rans	Cheerios	Unknown
Clam	Drifters	9-1	Many Also Rans	Tethered	Unknown
Prank	Pine Forest	25-1	Lincolmites	Master Pilot	Unknown
Lightning	Goat House	5-1	None	Wild Blue Yonder	Unknown