

On tyranny

By making no major blunders, the administration made it through this fall without having to change anything. Now that the short-lived Peace and Freedom Party has disintegrated and Chicago has been forgotten, they are stacking blunder upon blunder with the what-the-Hell bravado of Marie Antoinette saying "Let them eat cake."

Their actions during the past week have made it clear every student, in their eyes, is a "nigger" in the classic sense and that decisions of our Student Senate are to be given no more respect than a slave's appeal for food.

TAKE G. ROBERT ROSS for example. (That's not a bad idea.) Dean Ross, when the administration sensed students were about to demand some of their rights, "informed" deans of the respective colleges that they could call senators on the carpet individually to "discuss" proposed Government Bill 24. When questioned Friday about the use of these high-pressure tactics to keep 'em in their place, Ross said, "If I disagree with what the senators are doing, I will use any means to change their minds."

The rationale: "That's the way the ball-game is played," says the Man.

The result of all this maneuvering and pressure is that Government Bill 24, outlining the powers of Student Senate and passed by acclamation, will be relegated to an ad hoc committee to discuss the old SAF document. Thus Joe Soshnik has maneuvered a very good bill into the graveyard, and done it without so much as a scratch to his good name. After years of dealing with this reactionary administration, students have learned what "committee" means.

THAT IS WHY Senate urged a committee be appointed simply to implement their bill. That is why the administration wants a committee to talk about old documents and water-under-the-bridge. The sad thing is they just may get away with it.

The students appointed to the committee will make every effort to keep the bill alive, but they are fighting almost overwhelming odds. The administration has made it clear that there is no form of subtle tyranny they won't use to keep students from getting their rights.

There is one good thing about the administration's double-dealing, however. Students, both those on the committee and those not connected with the bill, have been given a blank check to match the administration's injustice for injustice, cheat for cheat. We've been cooped once. Let's not allow Joe Soshnik to think he can get away with this any time he wants. Enough is enough.

Jack Todd

John Fryar . . .

Holidays bring hippy returns

According to insiders, the entire nation is facing more campus crises with the advent of Thanksgiving vacation. Millions of teeny-radicals "can't go home again."

These novice leftists are faced with the awesome revelation of their parents, for the first time, that they have joined the movement.

"MAN, I JUST can't do it. What will they do when they see my buttons, my peace beads, the day-glo flowers on the GTO they bought me last summer? They will want to know what the albums are that I have been charging on their accounts downtown. How does one go about explaining the Fugs to the Glen Miller generation?"

"And the moustache — how do you get rid of something in ten technical whacks that took three months to be recognizable?"

Thousands of the beautiful people are girding their loins for the ultimate financial manifestation of the generation gap — the "cut-off."

ONE BIRD MOANED as she began picking the lint from her tresses for the long trip back. "Even if I get rid of all the obvious apparatus, what if I let words slip over the cranberries? Words like "Rap" or "Tea" or "Frank Zappa"?"

Many have decided to just wait the days out during Thanksgiving in a communal wake for their cause before the ultimate face-off during the Christmas holidays. Some are writing that they are staying on campus to study and they'll call collect soon. Some are writing that they are getting married.

Canadian immigration officials are expecting a high defection rate from the northern states on November 25-27.

HOWEVER, A FEW campuses are organizing emergency relief stations and starting community clothing drives in order to outfit returning students with three button suits and wing-tip shoes. Young Democrat and Republican chapters are conducting three-hour indoctrination sessions on "How to kick the hippy habit? The transition to the straight life."

Many displaced leftists are not reassured, though. They seem to agree with the Nebraska sophomore who is wailing, "My folks didn't even like 'The Graduate.' Where do I go now?"

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor, The movie *Barbarella* was probably the most revealing film to be shown in Lincoln this year. What it reveals is Jane Fonda. She is laid bare to the public. Her lack of acting ability is impressive.

THE FIRST few minutes are titillating as Jane Fonda does a space-age strip tease. During this scene we see the heavenly body around which the rest of the movie revolves. The film, then, becomes boring. Her sex capades are about as humorous and satirical as the ice capades.

If you are looking for something that has a lot of skin, wit, and humor, and that is also entertaining buy a Playboy.

Glen Friendt



"Do you gentlemen believe in the (excuse the expression) domino theory?"

Editorials

Commentary

Our man Hoppe . . .

True love never runs smooth

by Arthur Hoppe
Presenting . . .
Aristotle and Jaki
(A Greek Tragedy)
Scene: A palace in a distant land, far from the sun-drenched Peloponnesian shores. The Chorus stands stage right. Aristotle and Jaki meet stage center.

CHORUS:
O, did mighty Aristotle, hero of the Greeks,
Defy the gods and dark-browed Callas,
To spirit home to his native Greece,
Fair Jaki, high priestess of her far-off land—
Just as proud Paris years before
Did carry fair Helen off to Troy,
Thus unleashing awesome Mars, who saw
Ten thousand Greek and Trojans fall
Before the gates of Troy in armor-rattling war.
So, too, did Jaki's people
Rend their garments and tear their hair
And moan their fate on hearing of the news,
As the two lovers cleft the wine-dark sea
Aboard his ill-omened ship, Christina.
But, heart sore for her native land,
Fair Jaki has returned and now displays

For mighty Aristotle her humble palace.
Watch! For the hubris of these lovers—
Like proud Paris and fair Helen—
Shall once again unleash the gods of war.
ARISTOTLE: Hark! I hear the clash of arms nearby in the night.
JAKI: It's only your servants fighting with my servants as usual. And I do wish you could learn to speak better English. Half of what you say is Greek to me.
ARISTOTLE: Sorry. But they wouldn't fight so much if you'd tell your maids to stop going around red-eyed and humming "Camelot." And then with only four servant bedrooms in this place . . .
JAKI: There you go, throwing it up to me again that I married you for your money? Those wishy-washy bodyguards you hired can't block like the Secret Service. I got trapped in the lobby again today. And to think people are whispering that I married an old man for his money.
ARISTOTLE: (Indignantly):

Old? Who's old? Why, 63 isn't old.
JAKI: You're 68 and you know it. Even Teddy isn't speaking to me. He says if he gets introduced as "Aristotle's brother-in-law" one more time . . .
ARISTOTLE (placatingly): Come, come, my pet. Let us make up and I will buy you any treasure you wish.
JAKI: Good. I'll take a new yacht. To think I have to cruise on that scruffy old Christina where Callas . . .
ARISTOTLE: Now don't bring her into it. There was nothing between us.
JAKI: Look me in the eye and say that. Here, stand on a footstool. And another thing, why can't we live in my country?
ARISTOTLE (angrily): Your country? You don't even own it. No, we'll go back to my country. And furthermore . . .
CHORUS: And thus does every marriage,
From before the times of Troy,
Lead inevitably to war.
For the rich are brothers to the poor;
They do but fight over more costly things.
Chronicle Features

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MILDRED LEFT ME THIS MORNING, GOD.



SHE TOOK THE KIDS, SHE LEFT A NOTE, SHE SAYS IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US, GOD.



I'VE TRIED TO BE A GOOD HUSBAND AND STAY PASSIVE, GOD.



I'VE TRIED TO BE A GOOD FATHER AND OBEY MY CHILDREN, GOD.



I'VE TRIED TO BE A GOOD PROVIDER AND LIE, GOD.



AND SUDDENLY, MILDRED TELLS ME I'VE FAILED AND TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE ARE AS IF THEY NEVER HAPPENED.



AND I HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN, GOD.



THANKS, GOD.



Illustration: Bill Switzer

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