

## ROTC vs. SDS

*Take a day and walk around;  
Watch the Nazis run your town.*

The Mothers of Invention

SDS, after spending the last two years with one foot in the grave and the other in its mouth, is about to take on ROTC in mortal combat. This should be enough to raise a few eyebrows and perhaps even shake the local military organization to its roots. Chances are, however, that the SDS demonstration scheduled for Tuesday night's basketball game will do little more than cause a few snickers and quite a few boos.

SDS vs. ROTC is quintessentially a David and Goliath battle. This time David doesn't even have a slingshot. Even in its presently revitalized state, SDS can claim only 36 members or semi-members. ROTC meanwhile has the backing of the administration, the Regents, the unicameral, the majority of the students and the people of Nebraska. Even those few Nebraskans liberal enough to dislike the idea of ROTC will probably not go along with any SDS attempt to upset the applecart, if for no other reason than the SDS label.

**THE REVIVAL OF SDS**, if indeed it is a revival, is badly needed. SDS can claim much of the credit for waking this campus from a long sleep during their efforts in 1965-66 to revolutionize the campus. Whether or not students agree with SDS, its mere existence on campus will make many students more aware of their own thinking.

Recognition of SDS's worth, however, in no way implies recognition of its power. Both the University and the state are extremely suspicious of the organization, and recent prejudiced articles on SDS appearing in Reader's Digest and on CBS television haven't helped the situation any.

**ROTC, ON THE OTHER HAND**, is viewed as a fine organization which takes all-American boys and turns them into all-American soldiers: to most people the ROTC program is probably one of the few good things that can be said for this University.

Despite the unequal nature of the struggle, we are in sympathy with SDS. Though there are many practical reasons for the existence of ROTC on campus, it does not jive academically or conceptually with the ideals or aims of a University. To anyone concerned with the increasing militarism in this nation, the presence of ROTC organizations in the university is alarming.

A recent confrontation with some ROTC members through a speaking engagement convinced this writer that ROTC and the academic community are indeed strange bedfellows. In a brief question-and-answer session the ROTC members displayed overt racism: "Negroes want everything right now, but they won't work for it," and militaristic attitudes painfully similar to fascism, despite the questioners' insistence on their "open-mindedness."

ROTC should be challenged: but there is little hope that the challenge will bring results.

Jack Todd

### Our man Hoppe . . .

## The good, bad and the awful

by Arthur Hoppe

Howdy there, folks. How y'all? Time for another final chapter of The Real Great Society. With the rootin'-tootin' Jay Family. And starring ol' Elbie Jay, a generous feller who's always willin' to share the good and the bad—if you don't mind taking the latter.

As we join up with ol' Elbie today, he's a-showin' the new tenant—a feller name of Dick—around the place.

Elbie: And this here's my bedroom. It'll make a fine little old shrine for you and the kids. And this here's my office. I reckon you won't want to touch a thing. And this here's a portrait of my favorite subject.

Dick: I agree with what you said about it. That's the ugliest thing I ever saw.

Elbie: (scowling): That was another one, dang it. This one captures the real me.

Dick: (quickly changing the subject): Well, it must be very painful for you—to think of having to move out of this wonderful place.

Elbie: Painful? Why, next January 20 is going to be the happiest day of my life. I can't tell you how glad I'll be to forget the awesome burdens and the terrible responsibilities of this man-killing job.

Dick (sympathetically): They must be awful.

Elbie: Awful? You've no idea. Oh, how fine it'll be to put behind me all these agonizing decisions, these mind-shattering worries, these insoluble problems. I tell you, it's too big a job for one man.

Dick (nobly): You're right, my friend. But you can count on me. I stand willing to sacrifice my own peace of mind and share these horrible burdens with you.

Elbie (suspiciously): Share?

Dick: Yes, for the good of the country, we should work together in these days of transition and show our national unity by not attempting to lame duck the mutual problems we face.

Elbie: (frowning): Did you say, "lame duck"?

Dick: And therefore, fully realizing the consequences, I am prepared to sit by your side in the difficult days ahead and tell you how to run this place.

Elbie: (wryly): That's right generous of you. I always did believe in sharing things.

Dick: I knew you'd feel that way. Now I'll just sit here at your desk and you can stand at the side and . . .

Elbie: Well, now, hold on. I'm all for sharing. But things could get a mite confusing unless we divvy up the burdens fifty-fifty, fair and square.

Dick: What did you have in mind?

Elbie: Well, for starters, you might just sign this here statement saying how much you admire my newest strategy in Vee-yet-nam, approve my latest \$62 million missile plan and applaud my 27-year program to stop riots in the ghettos.

Dick (angrily): You call that sharing?

Elbie: (innocently): What could be fairer than me making all the agonizing decisions?

Dick: And what do I get?

Elbie: (smiling): You get the terrible responsibilities.

Well, tune in again, folks. And meantime, remember what Elbie's ol' granddaddy used to say:

"It's quick to give to your fellow man—but before he can give it to you."

Chronicle Features



"... Watch that first step!"

## Editorials

## Commentary

### Euripides Electra . . .

## Atreus' legend reduced to melodrama

by Howard B. Norland

The Euripidean version of Electra is remarkably good theater. Concentrating more on situation and stage effects than upon depth of character or cosmic import, Euripides reduces the heroic legend of the house of Atreus dramatized by Aeschylus & Sophocles to domestic melodrama. This is not to disparage Euripides, but to identify his dramatic values.

This puts a greater burden on the director in staging the play and at the same time gives him greater opportunity for creativity in production technique. In other words, Euripides is more a director's than an actor's playwright. Harvey Miller, making his directing debut at the Howell Theatre, boldly meets the challenge.

With a magnificent "realistic" set and authentic looking Mycenean costumes supplied by designer Royal Eckert, the stage spectacle is impressive, though it could have been made more effective with a bit less surface detail and a bit more variation in the lighting to key the individual scenes.

EURIPIDEAN characters are more objectifications of possessive passions than full-bodied persons. The result is raw dramatic power un-

cumbered by realistic detail. Rarely does Electra, played by Cheryl Hansen, capture this quality; but when she does, as in the laying of the trap for Clytemnestra, she evokes the Medea-like vengeful intensity that bewilders all its terrors.

Bill Szymanski captures the nature of the fearful and irresolute Orestes much more consistently, but his remarkable stage presence too often casts Electra in his shadow in opposition to the relationship conceived by Euripides.

Linda Varvel's performance as Clytemnestra best demonstrates the dramatic power of the Euripidean character; her appearance is so impressive and her self-possession so complete that she completely upstages Electra throughout their emotional confrontation at the expense of the dramatic values.

A STRONGER Electra would make the scene breathtaking. The minor roles are for the most part ably acted, though one could wish for a hard master, but even in a partial realization Electra is a moving dramatic experience.

manner on the part of Bernie Clark as the peasant husband in order to emphasize the imposed humiliation of the royal Electra.

Harvey Miller and his cast have created many impressive moments in their production of Electra, though at times the built-in theatricality has not been exploited. Most disturbing is the attempted transformation of this melodramatic tragedy into comedy.

By eliminating the deus ex machina arrival of Castor and Pollux from the heavens, the director has ignored a supreme theatrical moment, which is a most appropriate conclusion to Euripidean dramatic technique; but more as a result of this omission, the action of the play is not put in its proper perspective, either theatrically or philosophically.

The boldness with which Mr. Miller meets Euripides' challenge at the beginning dissipates into lack of nerve in the supreme test at the conclusion. Euripides is a hard master, but even in a partial realization Electra is a moving dramatic experience.

Calvin Rife . . .

'I'd like to get to know you'

"These are the times that try men's souls."

This quotation is particularly true for the sincere white liberal and rather moderate blackman of today. They are both under constant pressure from many different directions — the kind of pressure that many seem unable to bear.

The sincere liberal oftentimes really wants to act, but in spite of himself has considerable trouble trying to act meaningfully in the best and most effective way. In a sense he becomes kind of hung up.

HE MAY FIGURE that since he knows the situation isn't as it ought to be, he should be making an effort to try to change existing conditions. Probably the first step he ought to take is to talk with (as opposed to acting) some black people to get their opinions of what needs to be done.

This seems like a good idea to our sincere liberal who is rather pleased with himself for at least coming up with a starting point. He decides to talk to liberal friends, who he knows will be as enthused as he is about leaving the sidelines to gain valuable human knowledge from people in a rather untenable situation.

He senses that the personal contact and exchange of ideas would help his own understanding, outlook, and course of action. He could become more sensitive to the deeper aspects involved in a situation as complex as race. Maybe they could plan a course of action together, and then gradually the word would even disappear.

SO OUR SINCERE liberal presents his intentions to his friends and invites them to join him in his efforts, not doubting that any of them would go along and maybe even propose more ideas. Thus of course he's quite surprised when many of his friends receive his idea coolly.

Hardly any of his buddies that seemed concerned earlier, but didn't know what they could do, were willing to initiate any kind of personal contact. When he inquires as to why nobody really wants to get involved he gets a variety of answers ranging from "I'm too busy," "The time just isn't right," "They've got it better than they've ever had it" to "They get offended easily." Having sensed his popularity declining, he lets the subject fade out.

However, our sincere liberal sets out alone and on his own looking for some kind of personal contact with a black person. He knows that he can't just walk up to a black person and say, "I want to get to know you." So he decides that the thing to do is to just treat a black person as you would a white person. He hopes that his eagerness doesn't show too much and that he'll get a chance to really get to know and become friends with a black person as a person.

HE'S A LITTLE uneasy because he knows that most black people, because of the way conditions are and have been for some time, may not be willing to talk to him or make an effort to accept him as an individual. After all, perhaps he would react the same way. He knows that maybe he will be pigeonholed without a fair chance.

He realizes he may be thought of as just another white do-gooder trying to ease his conscience. He remembers the strange feeling that overtakes him every time he watches and listens to some radical inform him of his hopelessness and inability to ever rise above his natural state of sickness and hate.

Yet, being fully aware of this, he makes up his mind to develop some meaningful relationships and work with people of every kind to improve conditions. But will he find any black people willing to give him a fair chance — the kind of chance for which they have been fighting for hundreds of years? Not from the radical that says, "You're devils, you're evil, you'll never be anything else and I hate you for it."

BUT MAYBE HE will find some black people (let us call them moderates) who will recognize an honest effort and try to accept him as a sincere human being also trying in his own way to bring about change in himself and then to others.

However, the black moderate, like the white liberal, has problems. He too is often caught in the middle and forced to plug on almost alone. He sometimes is looked on as an "Uncle Tom" by his more militant peers for his methods and his association with the white race.

On the other hand many whites are going to unfairly pigeon-hole and label him. But he must keep going and keep trying to do his part in his way despite obstacles.

I AM NOT necessarily opposing radicals. I'm sure that we wouldn't have come as far as we have without them; they are certainly a necessary part of our society. By the same token, there are liberals and moderates on both sides. Without them we can't make it.

We've must have level-headed and concerned people of all races to make dreams of improvements a reality. Martin Luther King in his book *Why We Can't Wait* said, "The surging power of the Negro Revolt and the genuineness of good will that has come from many white Americans indicate that the time is ripe for broader thinking and action."

## Open your eyes Nebraskans

Here in Nebraska, where we find ourselves in love with leaving well enough alone, in a city of little windows, little eyes, art is as feared as cancer of the lung.

Ted Kooser  
Script Magazine

Now is the time for Nebraskans to throw open their windows, and open their eyes just a little wider. Here in Nebraska we always wait for things to reach us from the East or West Coast before we even begin to act. Why can't we act now and prevent the race problems that are now wracking the country? Why can't we do something now?

It's time for Nebraskans black and white to cast off their prejudices, to unite, and work together. Only if we work together — if we "Give a Damn" can we prevent the inevitable happening.

GO TO THE "Talk-Ins" in the dormitories tonight. Learn what's going on. Come to the Human Rights Committee meetings. Help Governor Tie-mann pass the State Open Housing Law which will be submitted to the State Legislature this spring.

The committee needs your help — Black and White — we need your ideas.

The time has come for us to stand up for all peoples rights. Are you going to help? or just remain "Here in Nebraska, where we find ourselves in love with leaving well enough alone..."

Tom Leunquist

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