

EDITORIAL OPINION

Huge World Circus Opens in New York

The Khrushchev, Castro and Gomulka circus opens on New York's East Side this week, headlining foreign leaders from communist and free countries around the world.

"Fidel and His Bearded Puppets" arrived Sunday minus their sidearms, but full of anti-United States propaganda which they will distribute free of charge. The first secretary of Poland, Vladyslaw Gomulka and Antonin Novotny, president of Czechoslovakia, rounded out the early arrivals for the 16th General Assembly meeting of the United Nations, a conclave of world leaders which Khrushchev has attempted to convert into an international disarmament conference.

Other heads of state will include the secretary-general of Romania, Hungary's strong man Janos Kadar, the first secretary of Bulgaria, the Soviet Union's foreign minister Andrei Gromyko, Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, Gamel Abdel Nasser of the United Arab Republic, President Sukarno of Indonesia and Raphael Trujillo, generalissimo of the Dominican Republic.

Speaking to the assembly Thursday, a day before Premier Khrushchev, will be President Eisenhower.

From the outset there will be conflict. Included on the work docket are the Congo situation, the bomb murder in Jordan, Red Chinese brutality in Tibet and India, shooting down of U.S. planes by the Soviet Union, Cuba's carrying on against the United States, delays in disarmament and trouble with Trujillo, to mention a few.

Some 82 nations are now represented and a dozen new African countries plus Cyprus are to be admitted. Each country from the smallest to the largest has equal representation and can speak as long as the other.

Trying to predict the outcome of such a spectacular is like forecasting Nebraska weather. Storms will appear instead of expected calm and vice versa.

Because of the unpredictability of such a gathering, we can only sit back and wait and hope.

Relentless Huskers Rack Up Another Big One

Nothing is more fun than deflating a Texan's ego, and it was deflated four times on the gridiron Saturday, as three Big Eight teams and Louisiana State knocked off the major schools in the Lone Star state.

Of course the big game that had Texas fans wishing they had moved to Alaska was old underdog Nebraska's 14-13 upset of the mighty team which the experts had picked for the top five this year.

Although the win didn't carry the significance of last year's victory over Oklahoma, the Longhorns were considerably a better team than the Sooners. Which means Nebraska is a much improved squad over a year ago when Texas romped to a 20-0 win in Lincoln.

It was the familiar name of Fischer but in a different position, that of quarterback, that grabbed most of the headlines. But the new, unfamiliar names were the surprises. Thornton, Clay, Powers, Toogood were among the new crop that made the difference. They provided the unexpected for Coach Darrell Royal's boys.

Fans who were apprehensive about the advance billing that was being given the Cornhuskers as a much improved ball club, turned out by the hundreds to welcome the tired and happy fighters back to Lincoln.

Now comes the job of living up to Saturday's performance. Although weaker teams are next on the schedule, Minnesota, Iowa State and Kansas State, they could prove to be tougher than ever because of Nebraska's reputation of being an easy mark for such schools. It was Kansas State that left a bitter taste in the mouths of the Huskers in the final game last year. Minnesota will be out to avenge last year's humiliating defeat at Minneapolis and Iowa State is always tough.

The next three weeks will tell the story of whether this is a team that will never let up just as they never let up at Austin. Fan support like that shown at the airport Sunday will show the team that we are behind them all the way to Miami. Smell those oranges.

Matchless Cigarette Threatens Chivalry

Matches are on the way out. The latest innovation of the tobacco industry is a matchless cigarette for smokers who either forget matches or have a habit of losing lighters.

This latest smoking innovation, which follows on the heels of the all-tobacco filter, will be marketed in December, according to an article in Time magazine.

Here's how it works. The cigarette has a tasteless, odorless "flame tip," which ignites when scratched against the side of a pack.

Little do the manufacturers realize what this will do to social set. Can they imagine a damsel who carries her cigarettes in a case asking for a light from her beau, his answer being "Here, use my pack."

Worse yet would be the problem if the beau didn't smoke matchless cigarettes. Still another problem involves the man who uses a plastic case and would have to pull the pack out of the case each time he wanted a light.

Progress is often painful, but automation will be a long time replacing chivalry.

Daily Nebraskan

SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OLD Member Associated Collegiate Press, International Press Representative: National Advertising Service, Incorporated Published at: Room 20, Student Union, Lincoln, Nebraska, 14th & R Telephone HE 2-7631, ext. 4225, 4226, 4227

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, by students of the University of Nebraska under authorization of the Committee on Student Affairs as an expression of student opinion. Publication under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Student Publications shall be free from editorial censorship on the part of the Subcommittee or on the part of any person outside the University. The members of the Daily Nebraskan staff are personally responsible for what they say, or do, or cause to be printed, February 8, 1955.

Subscription rates are \$3 per semester or \$5 for the academic year. Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912.

EDITORIAL STAFF Editor: Herb Prohman Managing Editor: Dave Callahan News Editor: Karen Long Sports Editor: Hal Brown Ag News Editor: Gerald Lamberson Copy Editors: Pat Dean, Ann Moyer, Gretchen Shillberg, Nancy Wright Norm Beatty, Dave Wohlfarth Senior Staff Writers: Nancy Brown, Jim Forrest, Nancy Whitford, Chip Wood Staff News Editor: Dave Wohlfarth

BUSINESS STAFF Business Manager: Nina Kaiman Assistant Business Manager: Don Ferguson, Chip Kishin, John Schroeder Circulation Manager: Bob Kaff

Author Gives Report: Students Take Over

Reprinted by special permission from the July 2 issue of The Nation Magazine.

By Kenneth Rexroth

When the newspapers have got nothing else to talk about, they cut loose on the young. The young are always hews. If they are up to something, that's news. If they aren't, that's news, too. Things we did as kids and thought nothing of, the standard capers of all young animals, now made headlines, state up police departments and read the frail hearts of social workers. Partly this is due to the mythologies of modern civilization. Chesterton once pointed out that baby worship is to be expected of a society where the only immortality anybody believes in is childhood. Partly it is due to the personal reactions of reporters, a class of men by and large prevented, occupationally, from ever growing up. Partly it is hope: "We have failed, they may do better." Partly it is guilt. "We have failed them. Are they planning vengeance?"

In talking about the Revolt of Youth we should never forget that we are dealing with a new concept. For thousands of years nobody cared what youth were doing. They weren't news. They weren't minding.

They aren't minding now. That isn't news. They haven't been minding since the days of John Held, Jr., College Humor and F. Scott Fitzgerald. In those days, they were cutting loose. In the thirties, they were joining up, giving one last try to the noble prescriptions of their elders. During the McCarthy Epoch and the Korean War, they were turning their backs and walking away. Today they are striking back. That is news. Nobody else is striking back. Hardly a person over thirty in our mass societies believes it is possible to strike back, or would know how to go about it if he did. During the past couple of years, without caring about the consequences, making up their techniques as they went along, organizing spontaneously in the midst of action, young people all over the world have intervened in history.

As the University of California student said at the recent Un-American Activities Committee riot in San Francisco, "Chessman was the last straw. I'm fed up." It's about time somebody got fed up, because, to mix the metaphor, all the chickens are coming home to roost. It has become only too apparent that we can no longer afford the old catch-as-catch-can morality with which civilization has muddled through to 1960. Sloth, rascality, predatory dishonesty, evasion, bluster, no longer work. The machinery has become too delicate, too complicated, too world-encompassing. Maybe it was once true, a hundred and fifty years ago, that the sum total of the immoral actions of selfish men produced a social good. It is no longer true. Maybe once, societally speaking, if wolf ate wolf enough, you produced a race of intelligent dogs. Not now. Pretty soon we are just going to have a world populated by dead wolves.

Towards the end of his life, H. G. Wells remarked that "something very queer was creeping over human affairs." He saw a kind of foolish dishonesty, a perverse lust for physical and moral violence, and a total lack of respect for the integrity of the personality invading every walk of life, all the relationships of men, individual and global. He seemed to be not only troubled, but puzzled. In his own "In the days of the Comet," the earth passes through the tail of a comet and a beneficent gas fills the atmosphere and makes all men good overnight. You feel that he suspected something very similar might have come upon us unawares out of outer space, but that in actuality, the gas had turned out to be subtly and pervasively malignant. It is easy to see what he was getting at. Nobody sees it better today than the young student, his head filled with "the heritage of the ages," taught in school all the noblest aspirations of mankind, and brought face to face with the chaos of the world beyond the college gates. He's got to enter it, college will be over in a few months

or years. He is entering it already fed up. Think of the great disasters of our time. They have all been the result of a steadily growing immorality. You could start indefinitely back — with Bismarck's telegram or the Opium War — but think of what those men alive have experienced: the First World War itself; a vast "counter-revolutionary" offensive; the Versailles Treaty; Fascism and Nazism with their institutionalization of every sordid and crooked paranoia; the Moscow Trials; the betrayal of Spain; Munich; the Second World War, with its noble utterances and its crooked deals; the horrible tale of fifteen years of peace and cold war; the Rosenbergs; the Hungarian Revolution; and, in the last few months, the rascality that has burst around our heads like exploding shrapnel — U-2 phony Summits, an orgy of irresponsibility and lies. This is the world outside the college gates. Millions of people are asked to enter it cheerfully each June, equipped with draft cards, social security cards, ballots, job-application blanks countersigned by David Sarnoff, J. Edgar Hoover, Allen W. Dulles, the family physician and the pastor of the neighborhood church. Is it surprising that a lot of them should turn away at the door of this banquet hall, turn in their tickets and say, "Sorry, I'm already fed up?"

Marx believed that our civilization was born in the arms of its own executioner, twins who were enemies in the womb. Certainly ours is the only great culture which, throughout its life, has been accompanied by a creative minority which rejected all its values and claims. Almost all others have had a huge majority who shared in few, if any of the benefits of civilization. Slaves and proletarians are nothing new, the words themselves are derived from another civilization. But a society which advances by means of an elite in permanent revolt and alienation is something new. In the last fifty years, this elite itself has slowly gone under; it, too, has been overwhelmed by the society it both led and subverted. L'Homme Revolte has come to the end of his tether. One by one he has compromised and been compromised by all his thousand programs. Nobody believes him any more, so he has become a commercial stereotype, along with the cowboy and the Indian, the private detective, the war hero, and the bison and all other extinct animals. As the agent at M. C.A. said to me three years back, "Revolt is the hottest commodity along The Street." The programs are used up and their promulgators are embarrassed. Youth is fed up with them, too. And why not? Hitler fulfilled the entire emergency program of the Communist Manifesto, and in addition made May Day a legal holiday.

For the Dolzheviks, the good society would come automatically if the right power were applied to the right program. But power and program are not the question: what matters is the immediate realization of humane content, here, there, everywhere, in every fact and relationship of society. Today the brutal fact is that society cannot endure without this realization of humane content. The only way to realize it is directly, personally, in the immediate context. Anything else is not just too expensive; it is wrecking the machinery. Modern society is too complex and too delicate to afford social and political Darwinism any more. This means personal moral action. I suppose, if you wish to call it that, it means a spiritual revolution. Prophets and seers have been preaching

the necessity for spiritual revolution for at least three thousand years and mankind has yet to come up with a bona fide one. But it is that kind of action and that kind of change that young people are demanding today. Myself, past fifty, I cannot speak for the young. I am inclined to think they will fail. But that isn't the point. You might as well be a hero if society is going to destroy you anyway. There comes a time when courage and honesty become cheaper than anything else. And, who knows, you might win. The nuclear explosion that you could not prevent doesn't care whether you were brave or not. Virtue, they say, in itself is intrinsically enjoyable. You can lose nothing, then, by striking back. Furthermore, just because the machine is so vast, so complex, it is far more sensitive than ever before. Individual action does tell. Give a tiny poke at one of the insignificant gears down in its bowels and slowly it begins to shudder all over and suddenly belches out hot rivets. It is a question of qualitative change. Thousands of men built the Pyramids. One punched card fed into mechanical brain decides the gravest questions. A few punched cards operate whole factories. Modern society has passed the stage when it was a blind, mechanical monster. It is on the verge of becoming an infinitely responsive instrument.

So the first blows struck back were tiny, insignificant things. Not long after the last war, Bayard Rustin got on a bus in Chicago and headed south. When they crossed the Mason-Dixon Line, he stayed where he was. THE COPS TOOK HIM OFF. He "went limp." They beat him into unconsciousness. They took him to jail and finally to a hospital. When he got out, he got on another bus and continued south. So it went, for months — sometimes jail, sometimes the hospital, sometimes they just kicked him into the ditch. Eventually he got to New Orleans. Eventually Jim Crow was abolished on interstate carriers. Individual non-violent direct action had invaded the South and won. The Southern Negro had been shown the only technique that had any possibility of winning.

Things simmered for a while and then, spontaneously, out of nowhere, the Montgomery bus boycott materialized. Every moment of the birth and growth of this historic action has been elaborately documented. Hour by hour we can study "the masses" acting by themselves. It is my modest, well considered opinion that Martin Luther King, Jr., is the most remarkable man the South has produced since Thomas Jefferson — since, in other words, it became "the South." Now the most remarkable thing about Martin Luther King is that he is not remarkable at all. He is just an ordinary minister of a middle-class Negro church (or what Negroes call "middle class," which is pretty poor by white

standards.) There are thousands of men like him all over Negro America. When the voice called, he was ready. He was ready because he was himself part of that voice. Professional, white-baiting Negroes who thrill millionaires in night clubs in the North would call him a square. He is the best possible demonstration of the tremendous untapped potential of humanity that the white South has thrown away all these years. He helped to focus that potential and exert it. It won.

No outside organizers formed the Montgomery Improvement Association. They came around later, but they could never quite catch up with it. It is pretty hard to "catch up with," to institutionalize, a movement which is simply the form that a whole community has assumed in action. Although the force of such action is shaped by group loyalty, in the final analysis it must always be individual and direct. You can't delegate either boycott or non-violence. A committee can't act for you, you have to act yourself.

The Montgomery bus boycott not only won where Negro Zealotism, as well as Uncle Tomism, had always failed, but it demonstrated something that had always sounded like sheer sentimentality. It is better, braver, far more effective and far more pleasurable, to act with love than with hate. When you have won, you have gained an unimpeachable victory. The material ends pass or are passed beyond. "Desegregated" buses seem natural in many Southern cities today. The guiltless moral victory remains, always as powerful as the day it was gained. Furthermore, each moral victory converts or neutralizes another block of the opponents' forces.

Before the Montgomery episode was over, Bayard Rustin and Martin Luther King had joined forces. Today they are world statesmen in a "shadow cabinet" that is slowly forming behind the wielders of power, and the advisers and auxiliary leaders in the councils of Negro Africa. At home in America, the Montgomery achievement which has flowed the moral awakening, first, of Negro, and following them, of white youth.

Everything seemed to be going along nicely. According to the papers and most of their professors, 99 44/100 per cent of the nation's youth were cautiously preparing for the day when they would offer their young split-level brains to G. M., I. B. M., Oak Ridge or the Voice of America. Madison Avenue had discovered its own pet minority of revolt and tamed it into an obedient mascot. According to Time, Life, M. G. M. and the editors and publishers of a new, pseudo avant-garde, all the dear little rebels wanted to do was grow beards, dig jazz, take heroin and wreck other people's Cadillacs. While the exuberant children sat with the baby sitter and thrilled to Wyatt Earp, their par-

ents swooned in the aisles at "The Connection" or sat up past bedtime reading switch-blade novelists. The psychological mechanisms were the same in both cases — sure-fire, time-tested and showproof.

But as a matter of fact, anyone with any sense traveling about the country lecturing on college campuses during the past five years, could tell that something very, very different was cooking. Time and again, hundreds of times, I have been asked by some well-dressed, unassuming, beardless student, "I agree with you completely, but what shall we, my generation, do?" To this question, I have never been able to give but one answer: "I am fifty. You are twenty. It is for you to tell me what to do. The only thing I can say is, don't do the things my generation did. They didn't work." A head of steam was building up, the waters were rising behind the dam; the dam itself, the block to action, was the patent exhaustion of the old forms. What was accumulating was not any kind of programmatic "radicalization," it was a moral demand.

Parentetically, I might say that a legend of the Red Thirties was growing up, too. Let me say (and I was there): As far as practically every campus except C. C. N. Y. and N. Y. U. was concerned, the Red Thirties are pure myth. At the height of the great upsurge in California labor, led in its own imagination by the Communist Party, neither the Young Communist League nor the Young Peoples Socialist League was able to keep a functioning student cadre in continuous operation on the University of California campus. At least every four years they had to start all over again. And the leadership, the real bosses, were middle-aged party functionaries sent in from "The Center." One of them, belittling with early senility, was to show up at the recent Un-American Activities Committee riot in San Francisco and scandalize the students.

The plain fact is that today students are incomparably better educated and more concerned than their elders. As the young do, they still tend to believe things written on paper. For the past five years, bull sessions have been discussing Kropotkin, Daniel De Leon, Trotsky, Gandhi, St. Simon, Plato — an incongruous mixture of the world's cat-bellers, looking for the answer. The gap between the generations has been closing up. Teaching them is a new group of young professors, too young to have been compromised by their actual role in the

splendid thirties, themselves realistic-minded products of the G. I. Bill; and neither exudes nor ex-fellow travelers, but serious scholars of the radical past. It is only just recently that they have come up, only just recently that the creative minority of students has stopped assuming that just because a man stood at a podium he was ipso facto a fraud. So the head of steam built up, the waters mounted behind the dike.

And then one day four children walked into a dime store in a small Southern city and pulled out the plug. Four children picked up the massive chain of the Social Lie and snapped it at its weakest link. Everything broke loose. Children had won at Little Rock, but they had not initiated the action, they had been caught in the middle in a conflict of equally dishonest political forces, and they had won

(Continued on Page 5)

a Swingline stapler no bigger than a pack of gum! 98¢ Including 1000 Staples

Swingline Cub stapler, \$1.29. Swingline INC. Long Island City, New York, N.Y.

TURNPIKE Friday, Sept. 23rd THE TOMMY DORSEY ORCHESTRA STARRING WARREN COVINGTON DECCA RECORDS

Handiest book on campus. YES, a book full of First Continental Checks IS the handiest book on campus. OPEN YOUR ACCOUNT TODAY! FIRST CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY

Runaway Raft! When their raft's mooring line parts, two "muskie" fishermen desperately fight the current to reach the shore of the river...

THE CURRENTS HELPING US SWING IN... IF THAT 25-POUND TEST LINE HOLDS WELL... YOU'RE SURE TO THINK FOR YOURSELF!

LATER VICEROY? THANKS! SAY... WHY DO YOU THINK VICEROY'S BEST? BECAUSE VICEROY'S GOT IT... AT BOTH ENDS! GOT THE FILTER... GOT THE BLEND!

THE RIGHT TASTE BECAUSE Viceroy's got it... at both ends. GOT THE FILTER... GOT THE BLEND!