

The New Leaders

Right now it's late Wednesday afternoon and no one knows for sure who will win.

The rumors say that the election might be close—but then who knows.

Serious Candidates

The Daily Nebraskan stated Monday that it thought Ron Pfeifer and Dick Schulze were the only two serious candidates for president.

The Nebraskan endorsed Pfeifer as the best candidate in its opinion, but anyone who read the editorial would realize that we complimented both Pfeifer and Schulze on being outstanding students with a great deal of potential.

Whoever is elected—the Nebraskan urges students to support the new president and ASUN. ASUN has come a long way since the old Student Council three years ago and there is no question, but that it is the most important, "supreme" as Kent Neumeister said, organization on campus.

Regardless of who is elected, the Nebraskan strongly feels that the new president and other ASUN leaders will continue to make student government more meaningful and representative of the students.

Interest and excitement in this campaign have reached a high pitch. The voting turnout should break all records. The usual student apathy about elections seems to have greatly decreased.

Unfortunately a large amount of this interest on all sides has been caused by rumors, personality attacks and all time mud-slinging. Hopefully after the election is over this same amount of intense interest can be channeled so as to make next year's ASUN the best possible.

The Daily Nebraskan congratulates whoever the winners in this year's ASUN elections might be.

A Silly Situation

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following editorial was printed in the Daily Nebraskan Monday, March 20. The Nebraskan feels that today after the election this editorial is still relevant.)

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This campus may soon be famous for something other than the "Big Red" football team. It's notoriety may in fact any day make national news.

Pentagon Halls

Certainly the halls of the Pentagon or the offices in the White House could never have approached the activity or confusion which has recently engulfed student politics on this campus.

No doubt the national political parties will soon be flying observers to this campus in order to study the conflicts, the mud-slinging and the issues now bombarding the University.

The ASUN elections several weeks ago looked to the Daily Nebraskan like they might be relatively quiet and well-mannered. Important issues would be discussed, but for the most part it promised to be a quiet campaign.

Recent Split

However, with the recent split in the Party for Student Action and the diver-

gence of opinion between the experienced student government leaders—we feel that anything could happen.

The Nebraskan feels that the split in this party is extremely unfortunate since it promised to provide the campus with much responsible and progressive leadership. We feel that everybody in the original party plus the campus itself was badly hurt when the party divided.

The student political atmosphere has now changed from a constructive movement toward bettering student government to a confused, emotional conflict between all the candidates.

Very Unfortunate

The Nebraskan is not sure who is responsible for this situation—nor do we expect that most people will ever understand exactly what has happened or what will happen during the ASUN election—but we feel all of this confusion is very unfortunate.

Some how we strongly feel that misunderstandings and ignorance have forced all parties in this year's ASUN elections to take ridiculous stands and do things that they otherwise would not do.

The Nebraskan really feels that this campus should be notorious for creating one of the most unreasonable, silly situations that ever existed.

Not As A Stranger

Detached observation of the games people play is sometimes much more interesting (what a meaningful epithet!) than active participation in them. Such an interest gains additional overtones when the participants are natives on one side and foreigners on the other.

Game Starts

When a foreigner is introduced to the host society, he is duly given the extraordinary response he anxiously expects. Thus the game starts and goes on. The extraordinary response and the anxious expectations are of great variety and stem from complex motivations: a claim to open-mindedness, a high-brow intellectual facade, mutual suspense, and the list can be carried on to undesirable frankness and length.

Both of the parties involved admit that there exists a problem of relationship and communications between natives and foreigners. Each party leans on their side of the dividing line and thinks of a way out of what they call an unnatural situation. As long as they lean on that dividing line, their thinking will not lead anywhere.

This article, written from a position of detached observation, claims that the disturbing situation is quite natural, and that the dividing line is dangerous because it exists only in the minds of the participating parties. This is not an attempt to destroy the line, but to demonstrate that it does not exist at all.

Inhuman Term

The only justified usage of "foreigner" is that much limits it to the administrative sphere, that is, to the purpose of regulating the relationship of the non-native to the host State. This usage is necessary and profitable for both. But if transferred to the area of relationship between non-natives and natives as individuals, the term would become inhuman.

When the host State uses the designation "foreign," its primary concern is with the non-native as a physical entity, a product of some "other country." This concern is useful as a basis for the regulatory relationship of the non-native to

the host State; but it cannot possibly be a basis for the relationship between individuals.

It is practical and useful for a host State to classify an Indian and a French in the same category. But applying the same rule of classification to individual relationships would result in ignoring both the individual personality of the non-native and whatever characteristics he might have in common with his compatriots.

Rich Experience

The encounter of people who belong to different cultures is a potentially rich experience. The potential richness is due solely to the possibility of unfolding unfamiliar cultural elements involved in the making of a human personality. This unfolding is stipulated: it cannot take place if we insist on following the sacred rules of the social game. Conventional rules require the non-native to expect on extraordinary response and the native to be extraordinarily civil.

A good social game is, to be sure, enjoyable; but the only place it can be played on is the dividing line. The real significance and delight of a genuine relationship between a native and a foreigner lies in realizing the nature of the fanciful dividing line and the conventions which lead to its establishment.

Both parties should be aware of their difference; but the difference is just a springboard for fulfilling the promise, not a rigid line which stifles the potential. It is a pity to see people go astray on both sides of a dividing line of artificial categorization which exists only in their fancy.

This is just one side of the coin; on the other is written "native." Examining this word and its significance would be more complicated than examining any apprehension: I do not intend to double the length of this editorial. All I want to do is to ask you, in all seriousness, "What is it that makes a person a native of this or that country?"

Issam Safady
Collegiate Press Service



Our Man Hoppe

An Evening To Remember



Arthur Hoppe

All through Russia you see them going up in the big cities—rows and rows and rows of new apartment buildings, each bleak, unadorned, impersonal with that dreary sameness of public housing projects the world over.

Housing Shortage

Soviet officials talk proudly of how quickly they are solving the nation's housing shortage. They speak of so many square meters per person, so many units per acre, as though they were building storage shelves for some uniform commodity.

And as you drive past them day after day, you can't help but be depressed thinking of the hive-like existence, the 1984 grime, of those human beings who live inside.

Then, after a week in Russia, I was invited inside one through a friend, to take part in a family celebration.

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This building, which looked like all the rest, was three years old. A broken door led up a dingy stairwell. The paint was peeling, the stairs creaked, the

construction was incredibly shoddy. By our standards, this new building was already a slum. As I climbed to the fourth floor in the gloom, I was sad and uneasy.

The door of the apartment opened. There was a narrow hall. On the right, a warped door led to a closet-sized bathroom. It contained a cracked toilet with an overhead tank and chain. No sink. Beyond was by an oval table and the tiny living room, filled a bed. How crowded, how cramped, how drab.

Yet how warmly I was welcomed. And, what somewhat surprised me most, how different each person present was.

There were the three elderly aunts sitting on the bed—one outgoing and loving, one quiet and smiling, one timid and deferential. There was the uncle of 70, broad-shouldered, poised and contently breaking into song. There were the two sisters in their thirties, one dark and exuberant, one eager and competent. There was the shy little boy of six and there was Vladimir, a husky young man of

30, hard and, I thought, vaguely hostile.

Grew Dark

We sat around the table for three hours, eating stuffed salmon and herring and salad and cake, the men drinking a little vodka, the women coffee. The talk flowed in Russian, Ukrainian, Yiddish, German and a few words of English. We laughed and we sang sad Ukrainian songs. The two sisters danced. The little boy recited. Outside it grew dark.

When it came time to go, I found I truly loved each person there—except maybe Vladimir. Yet it was he who insisted on walking me to a main street, finding a taxi, getting me back to my hotel and paying the cab fare.

So we went inside and drank more vodka and laughed and talked (though he knew no English and I no Russian.) And when we parted at midnight, we threw our arms around each other and swore eternal friendship.

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It was, then, an evening, to remember. What I will remember, I think, is that even in the grimmest, shoddiest public housing projects, live human beings, who still somehow laugh and dance and sing and marry and die.

Nothing, in a long time, has so deeply replenished my faith in the human spirit.

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Campus Opinion

Think Green!

Dear Editor:

Rights which allow everyone to run off in his own direction and do whatever he wants are Jeffersonian Eighteenth Century ideals which no longer exist (sigh). Turn and look to the Future: we must get ready for 1984. Tomorrow's world is going to be one of government controls to stop everyone from running off in his own direction and doing whatever he wants.

Think Green!

John Hughes

Too Much Of Light

Dear Editor:

To human eyes too much of light
Is blinding as the blackest night.
In total ignorance it's blind,
But more truth than it can absorb
Will overwhelm the mental orb.

So, lest our vision burn to ashes,
Fate shows us truth in bits and flashes,
White revelations that the brain
Can comprehend and yet stay sane.
And we, in folly, demand truth's noon
Who scarce can bear its crescent moon.

J. Paul Ronin

Letter To Logicus

Dear Editor:

An open letter to Logicus:

You propose (in the Daily Nebraskan, April 5) "a return to regular blood sacrifices" in order to "cure us" of squeamishness over American atrocities in Vietnam. You wonder deviously whether my solicitude over tens of thousands of deaths and disfigurements shows a missionary attitude on my part. In order to relieve your fears that I am a missionary or a pacifist, I confess to the wish that, should you succeed in instituting regular blood sacrifices in this country, the first persons whose blood should be spilled should be those, like yourself, who show no "squeamishness" at the sight of blood. Surely this isn't the attitude of a missionary.

In fact there is no need to begin blood sacrifices here, since we have long ago done so in Vietnam. And one result, indeed, has been the one you long for: less and less squeamishness on the part of Americans. More and more we become able to "stand the sight of blood," even on our own hands. Some, as you suggest, have gone so far as to question whether "anything is wrong," but not, of course, those, to whom my argument is directed, who think the war is wrong but also think it their duty to fight there. It is to such people, and not those unmoved by the sight of blood, that my column is directed. I leave you to deal with ethical skeptics.

Moral Appeal

"On Vietnam" is, to be honest, intended to carry a moral appeal, and I think it unlikely that a person can be convinced of the truth of a moral position unless his emotions are aroused. This is not, as I hope to show, to say that facts and reason cannot be used in the service of moral argument.

You object to my claim that "the end justifies the means" represents a shabby defense of LBJ's policies in Vietnam. Let me try to substantiate that claim. I direct my argument to those who can understand that the means by which the end is to be achieved—the destruction of a country and many of its people—is an evil means, and that such means can be justified only if their end is the avoidance of a still greater evil. Presumably this is the way one justifies one's country's part in a war; I want simply to ask whether my country's part in this war can be similarly justified.

What End

In order to ask this question we need to have some idea of the end which the US is striving to gain in Vietnam. Officially, we are fighting to preserve (1) the peace and (2) the freedom of the people of South Vietnam. (1) Even you, Logicus, should be able to appreciate the unreason in the claim that the main purpose of having half a million fighting men in a country is to bring peace. At best, peace is a secondary goal. (2) As for freedom, such talk is State Department hypocrisy, on a par with talk that our reason for being in Vietnam is to "keep our commitment" to Diem, whom we later helped overthrow.

For it's clear that LBJ wouldn't think of leaving Vietnam simply because the Vietnamese didn't want US troops there. That many Americans would stand behind their President on this point shows the extent to which this war has subverted traditional democratic ideals in this country.

Since it would clearly be embarrassing for LBJ to claim to defend a commitment to a people who doesn't want him to defend it, he hasn't risked taking a poll of the Vietnamese to decide this question. In fact, however, such a poll has been taken, and I end this letter to Logicus with an account of its results.
"What the South Vietnamese Really Want":
"New York (AP)—A survey of public opinion in South Vietnam from a population sampling the pollsters admit had to be sharply restricted, reported yesterday that 81% of those questioned want peace above all else. Only 4% listed victory over communism, 2% reunification of north and south, and 45% independence as aims preferable to a quick peace.

The poll was organized by the Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton and conducted by the Center for Vietnamese Studies in Saigon, for the Columbia Broadcasting System which televised them last night. CBS said it was the first independent opinion survey ever taken in South Vietnam. . . . Organizers of the survey said it was held only among persons living in secured areas controlled by the allies. . . . Interviewers, the organizers said, also took into account reluctance of those questioned to get themselves in trouble with the authorities."

—York, Pa. "Gazette & Daily," March 22, as quoted in "I. F. Stone's Weekly," April 3, 1967.

Stephen H. Voss

... Nutes

By Karen Jo Bennet

"Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the free . . ."

You may not recognize them, but these are the words that go to the groovy-graduate-June-tune to which seniors stroll down the aisle of academia to receive certificates of completion (or endurance).

'Senior Keys'

These are the real "senior keys" guaranteed, in most cases, to open some sort of door—vocational, educational, recreational. Some recipients have paid more than others in blood, sweat and tears; but then, perhaps, they are also repaid better.

The music department seniors, for example, really grind their noses their last year. If their aim is for a teaching certificate, most majors student teach both semesters.

Teaching or not, every music major is responsible to give a personal appearance—public performance test—proof of the practice—known as "Senior Recital". Each individual performance lasts only about 15-20 minutes, but in the presence of the entire music department—teachers and allies—it must seem longer to some of the stars.

Achievement

Under those crucial conditions, some do their best, a few not; but most present admirable, even inspirational, culminations from their four year collection of growth and achievement.

The seniors themselves select a special six from their fold to give yet another recital. This is an honored performance with accompaniment supplied by the entire University Orchestra. These performers, traditionally the best in their class, are known appropriately as "Senior Soloists"—and Sunday is their night.