

Political maneuvers

Choice '68 began quietly last fall as an invitation from Time Inc. asking the University to participate in a college presidential primary this spring.

Since then it needlessly has developed into a controversial issue, which has been completely blown out of proportion due to the political maneuverings of Senate executives and the ASUN Electoral Commission.

A few weeks ago the Senate executives refused to participate in Choice '68. No one knows why they refused as they never submitted any valid reasons for their objections.

Then the free-thinking Student Senate by a slim majority also vetoed Choice '68, and again the reasons for the vote were ludicrous.

The main argument for rejecting the primary seemed to be that Choice '68 would detract from the Nebraska presidential primary. If anything the student interest enthusiasm aroused for Choice '68 would stir student action in the May 14 primary.

After the Senate veto several interested students decided that Nebraska's absence in Choice '68 would not only be embarrassing for the entire state, but that the student interest shown in the project was great enough to warrant University participation.

The students formed a coordinating committee and selected April 10 to hold Choice '68 so the primary would correspond with ASUN elections and insure a large turnout.

The students however, received a succinct letter from the Electoral commission refusing to allow the primary to be held April 10. Not one reason was listed for the refusal.

The coordinating committee is rejecting the commission's decision and will conduct Choice '68 on April 10 as scheduled.

The Committee also denies that the Student Senate even has jurisdiction over Choice '68.

First the primary will not be held under the auspices of ASUN.

Secondly there is a clause in the ASUN constitution which states that Senate may "schedule all student elections of general interest, not excluding those for contests sponsored by subordinate organizations." The electoral commission supposedly is using this clause as proof of ASUN jurisdiction.

Choice '68 however, is not sponsored by a student organization but by a group of interested students.

Also Choice '68 is not an election. It is simply an opinion poll to measure several million college students political viewpoints and preferences for presidential candidates. The results will produce no real winner.

It is disgusting that a few powerful Senate members have placed impediments before Choice '68 for what could only be personal and political reasons.

Cheryl Tritt

A needed addition

Editor's note: The following article is contributed by Dorothy Walker, a University student who is advocating the establishment of a course on Negro history at Nebraska.

What is Black Power? Who are the Black Revolutionaries, and what are they fighting for? How did the Negro race come to be locked in hopeless ghettos of poverty in most of the major cities of this country? You don't know? Why not? Lack of care, lack of awareness, or is it lack of knowledge? Why knowledge? Don't you go to the University of Nebraska and isn't the goal of this institution, as we are often reminded, "a total education?"

The University of Nebraska has no course in Negro history? Why not? Is it because they do not feel it is important, or relevant? Viewing the situation on this campus and in Omaha when we received a "friendly" visit from Governor Wallace two weeks ago, I would say it is shockingly relevant and urgently essential.

Or is it because there are not enough funds to hire an instructor and develop a curriculum? Yet I see much money being poured into remodeling the Student Union, and building a thirteen floor faculty office building. Did you come to the University to sit in a building, or did you come to learn something?

Or is it because there is not enough interest? Not enough interest when a hundred people pack a coffee house, designed for forty, to hear Reverend Malcolm Boyd protest the racial situation today? Not enough interest when students give Congressman John Conyers a standing ovation for voicing his true opinions on the black poverty problems in Detroit?

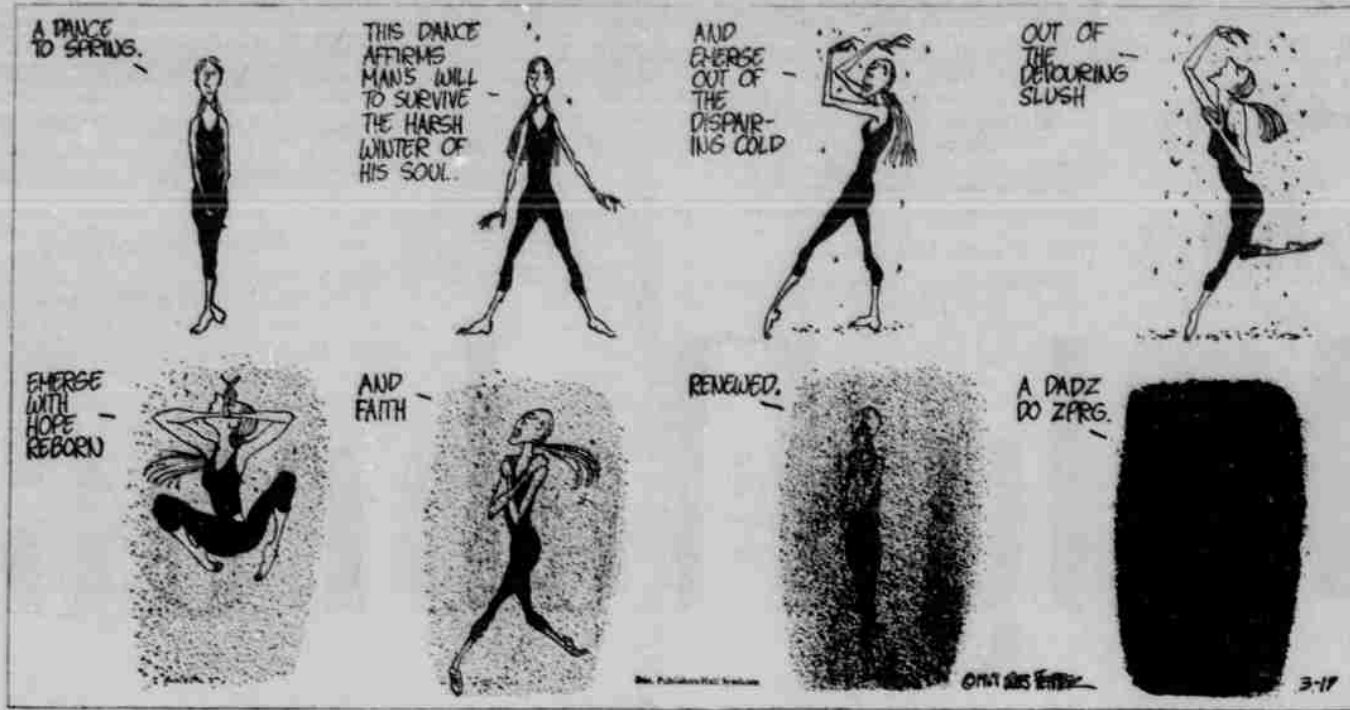
Is Reverend Boyd speaking the truth when he says "society is not going to teach anything but the 'white history' it has always taught."

Can we ignore Congressman Conyers when he says that the universities of this country must turn out clear thinking individuals who can solve these problems, and to do this we must establish a "debrainwashing system to wipe out the stereotype myths of the Black Man."

I say we can no longer hide from the truth; we can ignore this problem no longer. We must demand from the University that such a course be developed and in the immediate future. If we do not begin to understand and to seek solutions to the overwhelming problems of "The Black Minority" we have ignored, then it will be too late.

It is already too late for the generation which controls the means to an immediate solution, but not for us. Now is the time to become aware, to get out of our glass bubbles and gain the needed knowledge to cope with making the Negro a member of society.

The first step is an academic course on campus in Negro history. And the time is now.



William F. Buckley, Jr. . . .

The price of domestic peace

The Kerner Report on the riots last summer is likely to engage the attention of a generation of politicians and moralists as the central document of the period, accounting for our revolutionary summers and laying the blame for them squarely on the culprit — our old friend, honkey.

Floyd McKissick, the director of CORE, was made a happy man, perhaps for the first time in his tortured life. "We're on our way to reaching the moment of truth," he said exultantly. "It's the first time whites have said, 'We're racists.'" And then, the typical American response: buy your way out. Two-million new jobs, six-million new housing units, vast educational programs, welfare, anti-poverty, you name it.

Now there is a very good case for trying very hard to improve the lot of the Negro in America. But it has nothing to do with summer rioting. A few years ago, our moralists used to tell us that the way to curb Communism abroad was to increase welfare at home, a most tortuously non-sequitur, it being supremely immaterial to the

Communists how much welfare we enjoy in America.

Rioting in the ghetto is merely the slum variant of what Drs. Martin Luther King, Benjamin Spock, and William Sloane Coffin are busily engaged in doing, to the applause of a significant sector of the intellectual community. The riot in Detroit was merely a proletarian version of well-fed well-housed white students preventing McNamara from speaking at Harvard, or a police car from leaving the premises of the University of California.

One would have thought that the old stomach-argument about how to prevent riots would have died for intellectual undernourishment after the riots in New Haven and Detroit, model cities from the positivist point of view which guided the thinking of the Kerner Commission. What caused the riots isn't segregation or poverty or frustration. What caused them is a psychological disorder which is tearing at the ethos of society as a result of boredom, self-

hatred, and the arrogant contention that all our shortcomings are the results of other people's aggressions upon us.

The Kerner Commission is committing the same mistake that the Freedom Nowers committed beginning a decade or so ago. All those civil rights bills, all those Supreme Court rulings, all the heaving about for forced integration: very good arguments can be made to defend that activity.

But once again, they are not justified as bringing Freedom Now, and the high expectations cultivated by the dreamy rhetoric of Martin Luther King standing at the Lincoln Memorial in 1963 bred only frustration and resentment, not composure and faith.

We need St. Paul, counseling patience and forbearance, and reminding us that true justice is reserved for another world; not the agnostic utopianism of those who tell us how Congress can vote in paradise.

The Commission, so far as one is able to judge, has added nothing at all to one's knowledge of the imperfec-

tions of our society that is unavailable to, say, the reader of Claude Brown's "Man-Child in the Promised Land." But by its emphasis on the material elements of the problem, it falls totally to account for a malaise which is mistakenly thought of as a Negro problem.

Last week, Negro sociologist Harry Edwards said: "I'm for splitting up in twos and threes, killing the mayor, getting the utilities and poisoning the water." And last week Robert Bly, the poet, on receiving the National Book Award, said: ". . . It turns out (America) can put down a revolution as well as the Russians in Budapest, we can destroy a town as well as the Germans at Lidice, all with our famous unconcern. . . In an age of gross and savage crimes by legal governments, the institutions will have to learn responsibility, learn to take their part in preserving the nation, and take their risk by committing acts of disobedience."

The problem is bi-racial, and nothing said by the Kerner Commission is relevant to its solution.

Perspective on Prose

New writing forum limited

Editor's note: The following review of the New American Review is contributed by Tom Holland, instructor in the department of English.

New American Review is a literary magazine in the form of a paperback book; an interesting innovation, probably intended to capitalize upon the ease of marketing paperbacks. Its nearest predecessor, as far as format is concerned, was probably the old New World Writing series; but there are two major differences.

First of all, New World Writing was not a magazine, but an anthology of new writers. And it was specifically intended as a forum for new and experimental writers, which New American Review is not.

The introductory statement by the editor, Theodore Solotaroff, states its reasonably conservative position: ". . . we are more interested in publishing writers who are

arriving rather than those who are departing or standing still; but we are also committed to good writing and do not plan to whore after the young and the wild or to publish material merely because its like has never before been seen on land or sea.

We believe the cultural tradition needs to be restated, not abandoned." And so the magazine restricts itself to the more conventional "academic" writers, ignoring the school of Ginsberg and Burroughs entirely.

This editorial restriction would not be so disturbing if the material selected for publication were better; if they can't be representative, they could at least be good. But, in the literary sections of the magazine, they are not, or not consistently so.

Poetry is the magazine's weakest point; it is generally downright bad, the only ex-

ception being a series of four poems by Gunter Grass who is neither new nor American. One of these, "The Jellied Pigs Head", is the most grisly thing I have ever read.

The only really good short story in the collection is by another established writer, John Barth. It is also the most experimental piece in the book, an autobiography for tape recorder. Also good, but not outstanding, are Joseph McElroy's "The Accident" and Alan Friedmann's black-humor autobiography of a teenage hermaphrodite, "Willy-Nilly". The rest are generally of campus literary magazine quality (and I've seen better in Scrip).

The bright spot of the magazine is its selection of essays. A number of them are by established essayists, and their subjects reflect the tastes of the college audience for which the magazine is intended. There is the obligatory film review by Stanley Kauff-

mann, covering Ingmar Bergman, Ulysses, Bonnie and Clyde, How I Won the War and other recent films.

There are two essays on Marshall McLuhan, one scholarly and the other a sort of forced attempt at wit (McLuhan becomes "McLuh-an"). Nat Hentoff's "Reflections on Black Power" is one of the best essays on the subject I have seen; and Mary Ellmann's essay on Tolkein and his campus cult is enjoyable reading she says of the Rings: "It is a book like climbing to the top of Mount Everest to keep an appointment with one's sixth-grade teacher."

If only the poetry and fiction in this collection were as good as the essays, it would be a respectable magazine. But as it is, it stands somewhat lower than the Atlantic Monthly, both as a magazine and as a sampling of new writing.

California third party action

(CPS) — After assuring itself a place on the California ballot, the Peace and Freedom Movement now faces the task of creating an organization at the grass roots to challenge Democrats and Republicans this November.

The party scored an impressive victory, registering over 105,000 Californians before the January deadline. The figure was well above the 65,000 needed for a place on the state ballot. It was remarkable, considering that last August the party was only an idea of a few Berkeley radicals and former labor organizers.

But for now, PFM is for all purposes without candidates and concrete positions. Right now it's just "that party against the war" without bases of power on the neighborhood and local levels. The party's greatest strength is in and around college campuses, particularly in the Bay Area.

Only recently has the party begun organizing on a nationwide scale. Leaders doubt that the party will be able to

be on the ballot in other states. However, a peace and freedom ticket, with Dick Gregory listed for President and Dr. Benjamin Spock for vice president, has made it on the ballot in Pennsylvania.

Spock may not be so popular among California peace groups. Spock, a member of the National Conference of New Politics, got a cool reception from many of the Bay Area's anti-war people.

Many of them say that the NCNP places too great an emphasis on personalities, when it should be concentrating on building a strong third force in American politics by organizing a movement.

The PFM's own search for candidates is hampered by the California statute which prohibits the party candidacy of anyone registered in a different party twelve months before officially filing for candidacy. Also, a party candidate must be registered with the party for at least 12 months.

Feeling the old law unfair penalizes new parties, the PFM challenged the law in

the State Supreme Court. But the appeal was turned down last week in a 7-2 decision.

The only well-known candidate who has filed at this time is former Free Speech Movement leader Mario Savio. Savio announced last week that he is seeking a State Senate seat on the Peace and Freedom Movement ticket.

And rumors are circulating here that Robert Scheer of Ramparts Magazine is interested in running for the Senate on the PFM ticket. In 1966, Scheer was narrowly defeated in his independent bid for Congress by Democratic Jeffery Cohelan, despite his colorful and intense campaign featuring rock bands and go-go dancers.

If Scheer does seek and get the PFM nomination, he'll likely face Democrats Jesse Unruh, State Assembly Speaker or Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty. Republican front-runners look like incumbent Thomas Kuchel, Senate Majority Whip and State Superintendent Max Vaverty.

Larry Grossman

Legacy of fear

The glowing prosperity one sees in Western Europe today masks a legacy of deep hatreds and fears from World War II. Time and again in conversations with Europeans, the subject of the War came up. The older people spoke of their personal experiences. The younger ones told the stories heard from their parents. The common theme running through all the conversations was a strong anti-German sentiment. Let me illustrate with three personal experiences.

The youth hostel on the edge of Florence is an old villa once owned by a prince. It is large and held over 200 people during my stay last summer. One evening after dinner, a folk singing fest started on the lawn. A crowd of over 100 gathered. They were young, mainly students, and represented all the countries of Western Europe.

The group seemed to be having a good time singing songs known to all young people whatever their language or nation. A warm feeling of friendship spread through the singers. An Italian led the songs, and French, Canadians, Germans, and Americans followed his lead.

The singing stopped and someone started to call out the names of the countries represented. Each time a nation was named, all those present from that country cheered. France, Italy, America, all were yelled for in their turn. But when someone called out the name Germany, there was a momentary silence followed by some booing. Keep in mind that those present were mainly students in their late teens or early twenties.

My second experience comes from a hitchhiking tour across Switzerland. I was riding with a Swiss school teacher, a man in his early thirties. We were on the highway going from Interlaken to Bern. A car passed us with the letter D affixed next to its license plate. The D stood for Deutschland (Germany) and was typical of the letter plates on many European cars to indicate its national origin.

My driver could speak only Swiss German, but when he saw the D on the car, he said in broken English, "Nazis, no good." This seemed to be a strong reaction to a car bearing anonymous people from Germany.

Finally when I was in Brussels I met a Flemish girl who worked as a secretary. She was 22 years old. We spent an afternoon talking together and at one point the conversation drifted to her recollections of the Second World War. She said that she was too young to remember the war. Her parents though had vivid recollections of the conquest of Belgium. Doubtless she had heard their personal stories many times.

She told me that the young people of her generation had an expression summing up their feelings about the War. . . . "We did not know Hitler." She felt no personal animosity toward the youth of Germany. They were born after the war and were innocent. But towards their parents, she felt a definite resentment and dislike.

The three experiences convinced me that there are great antagonistic feelings in Western Europe today towards the German nation and the German people. Despite the cooperation achieved by the Common Market and the vastly increased movement of Europeans within their continent from one country to another, there remains a legacy of mistrust of Germany.

Twenty-three years have passed since the end of World War II. That seems like a long time to someone who has lived only 21 years. But 23 years is too short a time to wipe out the wrongs and horrors of the past. People remember injustice and the memory is passed on to their children. Does time heal all wounds? I think not.

Rodney Powell

Spring song

It was a marvelous day, straight out of "Mary Poppins" or "The Sound of Music" or such like joyful pictures. A day full of cream-colored ponies and bright woolen mittens — you know what I mean — a nice day, in toto (You all know Toto — Toto's illegitimate son).

Anyway, that was the situation ("have you ever seen the grass so green or a bluer sky" — name that tune). Such are the days on which hope springs eternal in the human breast, we climb every mountain, fjord every stream, and so on (notice that interesting spelling of "ford"—I've seen "The Graduate" too).

Having thus set the scene (or thus having set the scene, take your pick) I must now inform all of you fine folks out there what I intend to do with it.

I realize that you all are probably pretty anxious to know; as a matter of fact, I feel quite sure that there are at least three people out there who are positively dying to know. I ought to help them, right? This discursive style tends to put people who are dying to know off (I split something there, I think it was "put off"), so I really must get to the heart of the matter.

Now, on to the heart of the matter, say I. Forward, onward, upward. Take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing them, end them. Sail on, o mighty ship of state (notice "sea of troubles" and "ship of state" — I just didn't put those together by accident, no siree, I had a plan).

For those of you who may be puzzled by that last paragraph it is called Hortatory Admonition. Those of you with smutty minds will think one thing, and the rest another.

Since this is usually the case, I won't mind at all. But seriously folks, when was the last time you saw such a nice Hortatory Admonition (with a heart of gold even)? I'm proud of my Hortatory Admonition, and don't you forget it.

So it comes down to this doesn't it? You want it straight from the horse's mouth (some pretty weird people out there in Nebraska). If that's the way you want it, that's the way you'll get it. I am very agreeable, I aim to please, I don't want to offend (I worry about my underarm alarm going off at the wrong time, and we all know what civilized people think of Bad Breath, even in dogs).

Yes, the Message is coming soon (good old Message, always was a little slow). It is, I avow, very profound. In fact, it may even save your life someday. It is the flesh almost made word. It is simply this — don't press.

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