

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials

On eloquence in the Midwest

The Omaha World Herald yesterday waxed eloquent as only the World Herald can.

"Considering what the New Left has done to this country," they said, "we are pleased to say that it darned well serves them right."

The World Herald was attacking those dirty "leftists", the New Party, for nominating Bruce Hamilton as their candidate for Congress from Nebraska's first district. The illustrious newspaper concluded that this would assure Robert Denney's election to congress over Clair Callan, an event which supposedly would serve the New Left right.

IF THE CHOICE is indeed between Clair Callan and Robert Denney, the New Party could care less who wins. The organization sought to nominate a candidate opposed to the Vietnam War. When Callan indicated that he did not support U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam, the New Party had no choice if it wanted to provide voters with an alternative, but to nominate its own candidate.

Thus our first district has become one of those rarest of items in the meaningless election of 1968 — a place where the voters have a choice.

If these subtle nuances of politics 1968 escape Peter Kewitt's pens at the World Herald, we are pleased to say that it darned well serves them right.

Come on, boys

Not that we're picking on the World Herald, but a cutline on their Sunday sports page is the ultimate in juvenile journalism and the surest sign of a newspaper unaware of its times, oblivious to the civilization around it and smugly secure of its position in a city without substantial newspaper competition.

The picture shows Dick Davis sprinting through the line during the Wyoming game. Underneath some honkie journalist wrote, "There goes that Davis boy . . . leaving friends and foes behind."

To call a black athlete who has been recognized as one of the 13 outstanding men on this campus a "boy" is unforgivable. The insult was probably not intentional, but the result is horrendous.

The only people who really got left behind on that play were our friends and foes at the World Herald.

Jack Todd

Larry Grossman . . .

Behan's 'Hostage'

I was in a pub somewhere in London on a Sunday morning drinking ale with an Irish truck driver who had just come in from Mass. I spoke of my admiration for Irish literature, noting the names of Joyce, O'Casey, and Brendan Behan.

The mention of the last name brought a smile to the man's face and he told me that Behan had lived in the neighborhood and had patronized the pub we were in. He pointed to the stool next to me and said that was Brendan's stool. The barmaid, a short lady with a heavyweight champion's arms, leaned over the counter and said that every stool in the place was Brendan's.

THIS WEEKEND the University Theatre presented Behan's play, *The Hostage*. The performance, with its bawdy humor, songs, and action, was like spending a boozy evening in the company of the playwright.

The stage was set rather sparsely, recreating the interior of a shoddy Dublin brothel inhabited by whores, pimps, and assorted madmen. The actors, all of whom did excellent portrayals, spoke their lines in near flawless Irish and English accents.

The play revolves around the holding of an English soldier hostage in retribution for a condemned Irish terrorist sentenced to hang by the English authorities in Belfast. The script is full of references to the history of the Irish Revolution presented in speeches, and song, with frequent asides for the capers of the people living in the brothel.

Counterpointing the words and actions of the players were scenes of the Irish revolution and images of the memories, thoughts, and fantasies of the players projected onto two flanking screens. At one point the players stopped their performance and shouted for the author. The beery visage of Behan, shirt collar splayed out to his shoulders, curly hair drooping over his forehead, and a glass of stout in his hand, appeared in response to the shouts.

The evening saw frequent songs and dances on stage and a bagpiper marching through the aisles. The barrier of artistic distance was broken repeatedly by the players asking the musicians in the orchestra pit to hit a certain key, or by asking the audience to join in on a chorus or "When Irish Eyes are Smiling."

The audience viewed the performance with relaxed attention and thoroughly enjoyed the evening, evidenced by their frequent applause and raucous laughter. The actors too enjoyed presenting the play, which is just the way Behan would have wanted it.

Commentary

Inside report . . .

Humphrey fans set up facade

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Columbia, S.C. — Although stopping short of anything so blatant as a formal announcement of support, the Democratic Presidential strategy here is to give quiet aid and comfort to the third party ticket headed by segregationist George Wallace and hence keep South Carolina's eight electoral votes out of the grasp of Richard M. Nixon.

Two weeks after the turbulent Democratic convention, which left loyalist party leaders here climbing the wall, Hubert Humphrey's national organization has yet to make contact either with the Democratic establishment or the burgeoning black vote.

THE FACADE of a Humphrey "organization" will be set up soon, headed by Thomas Chadwick, longtime aide of the late Sen. Olin Johnston. A few well-heeled party figures — excluding Democrats in elective politics — will put their names on a Humphrey-for-President state committee. It will issue handouts, print literature, and do little else.

The reason for this tells much about the bankrupt condition of the national Democratic party in this and other states in the Deep South. Vice President Humphrey lost badly here in the bloody battle of Chicago. Even before the convention, a private poll showed Humphrey had only 11 percent of the white vote.

Consequently, the Humphrey mathematics is bleak indeed. Even if the Negroes, with almost 200,000 registered voters, turn out 140,000 for Humphrey, a highly optimistic estimate, 11 percent of an estimated 450,000 white votes would still leave him with less than one-third of the total — a sure loser.

And this realistic assessment ignores the depths and passion of the Wallace love affair sweeping the South.

Ten days ago Sen. Ernest F. Hollings, who is running for reelection without ever saying anything good about Humphrey, instructed his top campaign aide to scout out the Wallace "organization" and appraise its political value. The answer: there is no Wallace organization in the conventional sense. Wallace is riding not an organization but a spontaneous outpouring of support that now takes in elements from every level of society — lower-income workers worried about Negro job competition to country club bluebloods.

Four years ago, to cite one of many examples, the Teamsters' Union stuck with Lyndon Johnson against Barry Goldwater. Today the Teamsters are with Wallace.

TO ABET this Wallace tide, and prevent the Nixon vote from helping GOP Congressional candidates, Democratic leaders are quietly pointing out that reconstructing the party from the expected shambles of November 5 will be easier against what they hope is the temporary phenomenon of Wallaceism than against the tough, pragmatic Republican politicians who have already built a substantial base in this state. Thus, when Wallace was invited at the last moment to appear at the Darlington race track and address 70,000 people, old-line loyalist Democrats had a hand in the invitation. Nixon aides were furious.

Sen. Strom Thurmond, Nixon's leader here who held the Southern flank against Ronald Reagan at Miami Beach, is staking his whole prestige on winning South Carolina for Nixon. In sharp contrast to Democratic passivity, Thurmond's astute political agent, State Chairman Harry Dent, has blocked out the most extensive GOP Presidential operation ever staged here.

Dent met with Nixon aides in Manhattan on Tuesday to put finishing touches on what may become a \$100,000-plus campaign. A blue-ribbon Nixon committee, to be headed by retired Gen. Mark Clark, is in the works. James F. Byrnes, the most glamorous name in the state, will come aboard later.

But Thurmond is now feeling a certain muted hostility from his own traditional hard-core supporters whose natural haven in this election is Wallace, not Nixon. His own reputation, as much as Wallace's, is squarely on the line.

"I hate to say it about Strom," a Wallace businessman in Orangeburg told us more in sorrow than anger, "but I'm bound to say he's let us down." Thus the Presidential race here is a classic contest between the South's two notorious former Democrats — Wallace and Thurmond — with Humphrey and Nixon playing secondary roles. And even if the result does not affect the national election, it will have massive implications for the Republican party's future in South Carolina — and for Wallace and Thurmond.

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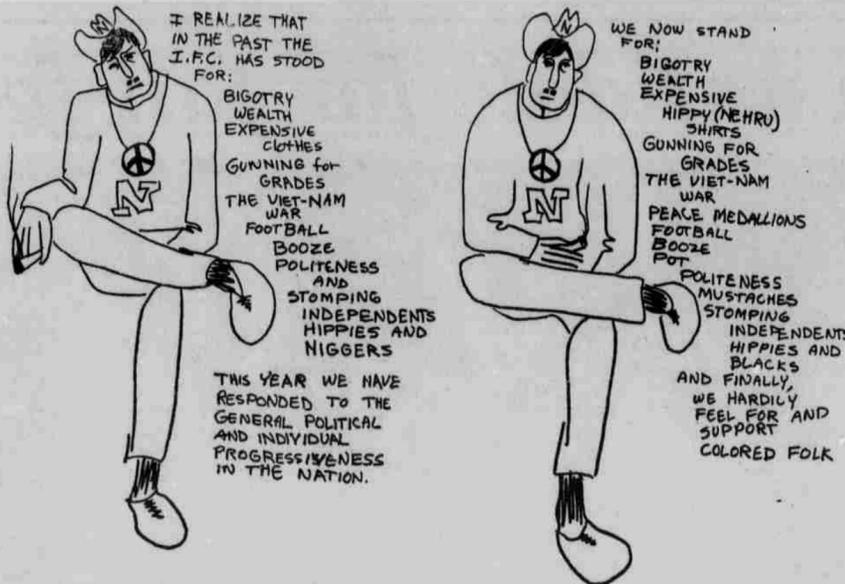
men and ideas

I may indicate briefly what to me constitutes the essence of the crisis of our time. It concerns the relationship of the individual to society. The individual has become more conscious than ever of his dependence upon society. But he does not experience this dependence as a positive asset, as an organic tie, as a protective force, but rather as a threat to his natural rights, or even to his economic existence.

Moreover, his position in society is such that the egotistical drives of his make-up are constantly being accentuated, while his social drives, which are by nature weaker, progressively deteriorate. All human beings, whatever their position in society, are suffering from this process of deterioration.

Unknown prisoners of their own egotism, they feel insecure, lonely, and deprived of the naive, simple, and unsophisticated enjoyment of life. Man can find meaning in life, short and perilous as it is, only through devoting himself to society.

Albert Einstein



Our man Hoppe . . .

The black man's burden: racism

by Art Hoppe

It was a grim scene — the day the militant Black Leader, Stokely Rapp, came home early from a demonstration and caught his son, Tad, lounging on the corner with two White boys.

"March into the house. I want to talk with you," Rapp told his son sternly. Then, forcing a smile, he said to the other two, "I think maybe you boys better be running along home."

ONCE in the kitchen, Rapp wasted no time. "What did I tell you about playing with Honkies?" he demanded.

Tad made a circle on the floor with the toe of his shoe. "You used to let me play with them in the park," he said with a touch of defiance.

"That was when you were small," said Rapp. "I played with them when I was small, too. Why, I was practically

raised by a Honkie woman. But you're almost a man now. You're going to have to take a position of responsibility in the Black community. You want people going around saying you're a Honkie lover?"

"Well, no, I guess not," said Tad. "But I don't see what's so wrong with them. Some of my best friends are Honkies."

Rapp shook his head. "You'd betray all I've fought for all my life, just like that," he said sadly. "Do you know why we kicked them out of the Movement? Because you can't trust them. I never met a Honkie I'd trust an inch."

"IT'S SOMETHING in their blood. They're greedy for power. They're clannish. You

let one in, you've got to let them all in. And first thing you know, they'll take over. Anthropologists will tell you they're different.

"But some of them seem just like us."

"Sure, you'll meet a few who try to pass for Black. They learn our music, our way of talking. But I can spot them every time. They don't have any natural sense of rhythm."

"But if we don't learn to live with them, Dad . . ."

"Live with them? What's beautiful, Tad?"

"Black is beautiful."

"AND CONVERSELY, White is ugly. Just ask yourself, son, do you want a skinny-lipped, pointy-nosed Honkie to marry your sister?"

"I guess not, Dad. But I

can't help feeling sorry for them."

"And rightly, son. They're burdened with 400 years of guilt and neuroses. But we can't be expected to wipe that out overnight. Gradualism is the only answer. And meantime, son, our one duty is to defend Black womanhood, uphold the sacred concept of Black Power and preserve the purity of our race."

"I guess I understand, Dad. And I'm sorry. But what makes Honkies that way?"

"Guilt, son. They're guilty of the one crime that above all others destroys the human soul."

"What's that, Dad?"

"Racism," said Rapp, slapping his palm on the kitchen table. "Never forget, son, that every Honkie you meet is, at heart, a bigot."

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Obvious truths hinder Paris talks

WASHINGTON (CPS) — Four months have passed since the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRVN, North Vietnam) agreed to send in May 1968 a delegation headed by Minister Xuan Thuy to begin official talks in Paris with representatives of the United States. Yet no progress has been made, although Secretary Rusk often in the past (before May) stated that what he needed was an answer, a signal from Hanoi — and the war would be over.

But since then Washington has escalated its conditions, which in fact amount to the surrender of the DRVN and of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam (NLF), and the recognition of the legitimacy of the U.S. intervention in Vietnam. It is not difficult for anyone who has read only one page in the long history of Vietnam to predict that the answer to such demands can only be, No. The patience of the DRVN delegation, whose country is being pounded daily by B52's is indeed amazing. And so is the persistence of the U.S. delegation, whose cities are not touched by bombs, in their rhetoric. Chicago's peace is disturbed, not by the NLF mortars, not by the students, but by Mayor Daley's police troops and their MACE.

THE PURPOSE of any meeting or conference is to reason over differences, and to reason requires the admission of certain basic truths. If one side is deaf to those truths, no conference can succeed no matter how long it lasts. On August 28 the Paris talks had reached their 19th session; even at that late date, Minister Xuan Thuy had to call the attention of Averell Harriman to such obvious truths as these:

"I have many a time made an analysis of it (the origin of the war). As fully demonstrated by facts, the origin lies in the U.S. government's aggression and its sabotage of the 1954 Geneva Agreements on Vietnam. Especially the introduction by

the U.S. of more than half a million troops and more than 60,000 satellite troops into South Vietnam, and the unwarranted air and naval attacks on the DRVN, have exposed before the world and American public opinion the real nature of the U.S. aggression.

"You (Mr. Harriman) have besides tried to mislead public opinion by pretending that the United States has only 'limited objectives' in Vietnam. It must be clearly pointed out that the United States has no right to have any objectives — no matter how limited — in Vietnam, for the simple reason that Vietnam belongs to the Vietnamese and not to the United States — the cities as well as all the plains, mountains, rivers, forests and seacoasts in South Vietnam belong to the Vietnamese people and not to the United States.

"So-called 'limited objectives' of the U.S. in Vietnam simply aim at occupying the South in the hope of imposing on it a neo-colonialist domination. What an irony and a fraud in President Johnson's words about such 'civil efforts' as 'expanding education,' 'planting new rice fields,' and so on while U.S. aircraft have daily been razing to the ground so many schools, hospitals, and villages, and U.S. bombs and chemicals have been destroying crops and even forests in both zones.

"President Johnson has said that a 'genuine peace' in Vietnam should be in keeping with the 'vital interest' of the

United States and that a formula which would get the United States out of Vietnam would be 'disastrous to the interests of the United States.' This is a plain confession of the U.S. government design which dismisses all your allegation that you have 'no ambition in Vietnam.'"

Those who are frustrated at the lack of progress in the Paris talks can find a reason in the persistence of Mayor Daley in Chicago who insisted that his police, his troops, his

security agents were right and were doing a good job of keeping law and order; and that the peaceful demonstrators (among them some delegates to the Democratic National Convention) were outside agitators and Communists. Mr. Daley and Mr. Harriman, after all, represent the same interests, the same power structure. They are different in age (Mr. Harriman is older) but they are not so different in motivations and arrogance.

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor,

Concerning your editorial in Thursday's paper, I'd like to add a few things. I agree with Carl Davidson's statement. Some students are very well prepared to play "let's pretend government." But you make this sound like it is bad, when in truth it is good.

Even as far back as 1776, people were in effect saying "let's pretend that we can do better than the King, and set up a government which will be fair to all people and will be run by the people." Well, they tried hard and partially succeeded, and now people are saying "let's pretend that our government is run by the people and is fair to all people."

"I'm not saying that we should immediately overthrow the present system, or that we should leave the country. I still think

that this is about the best place in the world to live. Mainly because practically every other nation also plays let's pretend.

Take the so-called Communist nations, for example. Their leaders say "let's pretend that we are in the process of setting up a true communist society as portrayed by Karl Marx, and let's pretend that the peoples interest is of first and foremost importance in all our actions." And some of the people are saying "let's pretend that we like our present way of life."

No, man has been playing "let's pretend" for a long time and will probably continue to do so for some time to come. So it is very good that we learn how to play the game in school before we go out and play "let's pretend" for keeps.

In the Beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth . . .

And every living creature therein . . .

Then it came to pass that man said to his God, "Father, please, I'd rather do it myself. So the decree went out from all mankind that God was Dead . . .

In the End Man destroyed the heavens and the Earth . . . and Every living creature therein.

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