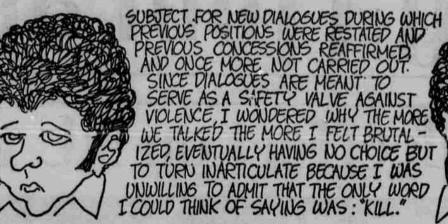
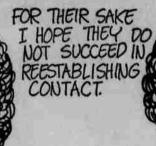
IN THE PAST I FAVORED DIALOSUE WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT, BELIEVING THAT IN TIME IT WOULD LEAD, THROUGH A PROCESS OF CONCESSIONS, TO A GRADUAL ACCEPTANCE OF RADICAL CHANGE. THESE VIEWS NOT-WITHSTANDING, MY EARLY DIALOGUES WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT PROVED WHOLLY DISAPPOINTING, THE OTHER SIDE ARGUING THAT THE AIRING OF DIFFERENCES WAS PROGRESS ENOUGH, MY SIDE HOLDING OUT FOR MEANINGFUL CHANGE. FURTHER DIALOGUES LED ONLY TO FURTHER MISSUNDERSTANDINGS WHICH BECAME THE



FINALLY I WAS FORCED TO STOP TALKING IN ORDER NOT TO START KILLING. THE ESTABLISHMENT BLAMES THE COL-LAPSE OF OUR DIA-LOGUES ON A BREAKDOWN IN COM-MUNICATION.





LIKE MAN YKNOW!



The Olympics: late returns

Some revealing quotes regarding the recent Olympic Games are still filtering in. They point up a problem so basic and so widely misunderstood as to merit comment.

as to merit comment.

After the Incident (the time Tommy Smith and John Carlos stood with black-gloved hands and bowed heads in Olympic stadium) Bob Paul, press officer of the U.S. Olympic Committee, told reporters: "The untypical exhibition of these athletes . . . violates the basic standards of sportsmanship which are highly regarded in the U.S."

A bad enough statement in itself. But the magazine which reported the press conference (Ramparts) also reported the attitude behind the statement. After the conference, discovering the Ramparts reporter in the crowd, Paul said, "You're on the piggers' side aren't you." on the niggers' side, aren't you.

BECAUSE THEIR SKILLS are badly needed if college teams are to maintain their winning records, black athletes have long since been accepted on the athletic field. There are indications,

however, that the acceptance is only talent-deep.
UCLA track coach Jim Bush, for example,

UCLA track coach Jim Bush, for example, provides his view: "As far as Carlos goes, I was hoping that he wouldn't even place. They want everything, they want the world. They don't want the Olympics, they want everything given them."

Most coaches, if not less prejudiced than Bush, are at least smarter. Realizing that restless blacks can be as damaging to success as Steve Owens, Bob Devaney has done everything in his power to assure that black athletes at Nebraska are treated more than fairly. treated more than fairly.

DESPITE HIS EFFORTS, indications of prejudice among some coaches, and to a greater extent among some athletes, continually float around the Field House.

Athletes openly friendly to black athletes when they are present, will invariably mutter something about "damn lazy boogs" if a black athlete is sidelined with an injury.

Below Bob Devaney's level, however, there is little than can be done to correct the situation. White athletes are given the best of all opportunities to check their prejudices by constant contact with blacks. The persistence of their hatreds is an indication of the fundamental nature of this sickness in American society.

So, it seems, is the reaction of the American people to Smith and Carlos. All those fine words about sportsmanship and great American virtues are intended only to mask the underlying attitudes, expressed in Paul's statement, "You're on the niggers' side, aren't you?"

Jack Todd

Editorials

Commentary

Our man Hoppe . . .

I love you—this is a recording

by Aurthur Hoppe

Herewith is another days?" unwritten chapter from that "Sympathy?" suggested a unpublished text, "A History vice president, half jokingly. of the World, 1950 to 1999." Its title: "Ma Bell Saves the Day."

By the early Seventies, the old morality had crumbled. The old certitudes had vanished. Wars, riots and revolutions flourished. Neighbor mistrusted neighbor.
People no longer touched each other. Conversations were icily polite.

AND FROM the look in the that the human race was on suffering! But how brave you the brink.

It was the telephone company that preserved civiliza- dear."

With people retreating inward on themselves, the number of telephone calls placed daily had dropped alarmingly. To stimulate business it was suggested that the company provide another recorded message as a public

weather," said the Board stars . . Chairman irritably. "What THIS WAS quickly followed

else do people need these

rice president, half jokingly.

The new service was an instant success. At first people were hesitant to dial "S-Y-M-P-A-T-H-Y." - "That's silly," they'd say, shaking their heads. Then when they were sure no one was listening, they'd pick up the phone in embarrassed secretiveness.

embarrassed secretiveness.

"POOR DEAR," the recording began in a gentle voice of sweet consolation.
"I'm so terribly sorry for you. Oh, the pain you must be suffering! But how brave you

R." ("Oh, it's so good to hear you get-company came up with the ting enough to eat? ARE you solution: "U-L-T-I-M-A-T-E-wearing your galoshes? Are N-E-E-D."

"You are a singular human being among all living creamost popular was "A-U-T-H-tures, different from all other O-R-I-T-Y." ("When you hear men, You are that God-crestly and the telephone your voice, son. Are you get-company came up with the ting enough to eat? ARE you wearing your galoshes? Are N-E-E-D."

"You are a singular human being among all living creamost popular was "A-U-T-H-tures, different from all other men. You are that God-crestly and the telephone your voice, son. Are you get-company came up with the ting enough to eat? ARE you wearing your policy and the are not to show it. How very proud of you I am. Poor

After one month, studies showed each subscriber was making an average of 3.4 calls to the number daily. The company immediately anplans for new nounced recorded services. Next came, "I-L-O-V-E-Y-O-U":

"Oh, dearest, how deeply I love you - With my whole soul, my whole being. You are "WE ALREADY give our everything on earth to me subscribers the time and the my sun, my moon, my

b y "F-R-I-E-N-D-S-H-I-P," ("Hi, there, old buddy . . ."), ' ' C - O - N - F -I-D-E-N-C-E"

("Gosh, you're just about the greatest . . ."), and "S-E-C-U-R-I-T-Y" ("There, now,

have each other").

Special messages were added for those with special needs, such as "M-O-T-H-E-R.4" ("Oh, it's so good to hear

the signal, you will have 60 ated miracle: you are, above seconds to state your dilem- all else, an individual. ma." After 60 seconds, a stern voice came on to

thunder: "You know what's right. Now, by God, do it!")

THUS HUMANITY came to have everything that man had always wanted from his there's absolutely nothing to fellow man — Sympathy, worry about as long as we love, friendship, confidence,

"This is a recording." Chronicle Features

Larry Eckholt . . .

The Word

Controversy upon controversy has developed on campus this semester, but still (to the dismay of University radicals, and even, perhaps, its reactionaries) the Daily Nebraskan has not yet been able to print The Word.

Afterall, The Word has gained in popularity, national and local, in recent months.

TRY AS they did, the censors were unable to slice from television coverage all of The Words from the demonstrators' lips at the Chicago convention. And in its report to the President, the sub-committee on violence which studied the incidents used The Word ("regarded as rank obscenity," the report says) no less than 80 times, according to reports which only describe, allude, or define The Word.

The Minnesota Daily showed a picture of The Word earlier this fall. The New York Times reported the Daily's usage of It, adroitly refraining from using The Word itself, but singling it out

The Word is spicing the vocabulary of many more Nebraska students. Liberated females shock their prudish peers with It. And It could be heard more often than usual during this year's football

HYDE PARK — during brief, yet uninhibited flutterings of revolution — heard The Word when a dozen or so students marched to the Union microphone and clearly, gleefully, enunciated it. The drab, carpeted walls of the lounge absorbed The Word and, it is said, the Union will never again be the same.

But the Nebraskan failed to report that flutter of excitement since no reporter was assigned to cover that session of Hyde Park. Another chance to print The Word was muffed.

So I, in the spirit of a true New Liberal, took it upon myself to use The Word for my readers, and for posterity. Although I would certainly jeopardize the diploma which could be mine in January, I decided that it was my duty to use

"I WILL BE responsible," I proudly prociaimed. "I will open the floodgates for fourlet-terwordlovers on this campus. A ripple created by liberated journalists like me will be followed by a tidal wave of radicalism at the University."

If I were a junior, I thought reassuredly, I would surely make Innocents.

The problem still remained how I would raise the subject, so to speak, in a subtle manner. I wanted it to be to the point, but not obvious. I wanted it to be candid, but in impeccable taste. In a flash, I decided to use The Word in a movie review of a film in which the subject is also raised but never carried out to fullfilment.

I WOULD write, "what movies nowadays need

But it was useless.

UCKF. KUFC. CFKU. UKCF.

No matter what I did, The Word would not be made flesh. It just wouldn't take its true

SOME THING, some force, was scrambling my typewriter keys when I attempted to use It. My efforts to discover the source of that strange, mysterious spell were futile.

Depressed, I decided that I really didn't give a damn what the hell was wrong, re-read "Candy," went to the nearest men's room and scribbled The Word where ever I could find room.

Now I feel better.

CAMPUS OPINION

university . . .

life."-Rilke Since beginning my student

"experience" at the University of Nebraska, I have continually been amazed at the profound apathy encampus and the profound idiots who perpetuate it. The majority of those connected with this university are

The farm boys, frat boys, straights, heads, and chicks, the profs and administration (especially the administration) are somewhat unaware of the reality of their purpose on this campus. Nearly anyone on this campus can be said to possess some degree of apathy, though obviously some people are more hung up in their own little world than are others.

LOOK AROUND YOU: the world is bigger than The Crib. The fact is that apathy does exist on this campus (as well as other places) and that most it. Having said as much, I acknowledge a self-indict. An independent laughing at ment; I am hung up in many the Greeks. Satisfaction. things myself. And I find it rap with the hope that maybe campeop giving a student a

An open letter to the some faint flicker of in- five dollar ticket. They're all telligence on the horizon can "You must change your point us all out of our private

Also, being guilty of ignorance, often the first step to knowledge. I hope to convey my thing to you in my own way. Undoubtedly I will offend some people. If I do, I countered everywhere on will not regret it. It is my goal to motivate people to question their hangups and whether they are worth it. More specifically, are you worth it? Why do you exist? To be apathetic?

> Apathy. Stability. Satisfaction. Walk around campus, municate"). Open your eyes. You're as blind to your environment as Oedipus was to his. Anxieties, ideals, hopes; frustrations, love, hate; red, green, black,

A FRAT BOY indoctrinating a pledge on the brotherhood. pretense of Satisfaction. A table full of jocks hasseling a cat with some hair. ("You, you, you 'n ver-, ver-, versities . . Rah.) Satisfaction. A students here are hung up in sorority chick shutting down an independent. Satisfaction.

Chancellor Hardin sitting unusual to be writing a letter around in his office practicing of protest. But here I rap. 1 his putting. Satisfaction. A satisfied. With what? U n iveritas Nebraskensis? Lincoln? The world? I doubt it. But apathetic? Yes.

Change is uncomfortable. Wet armpits are uncomfortable. Being un-comfortable is better than being wasted. Get up your minds and see if there is anything inside besides vague concepts of stability:

GOOD MAYOR SAM put- ("What?"). ting down The Great Rilke was right. You must, Demonstration with his mid- I must. We all must. That is dle class, white collar, racist the conjugation of the pro-Satisfaction. No change, rhetoric ("What we got here blem. is a failure to com-

Associated Students United for Nay-saying hot-potatoing their way through the agenda ("What we got here is a failure").

Clifford Maximus settling down in his job for a long winter's sleep ("What we got

Students punch-carding themselves and folding, mutilating, and generally bending their minds

Sincerely,

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THE AGNEW AND THE ECSTASY