

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 effectively.

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 season.

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 it.

"I WILL BE responsible," I proudly proclaimed. "I will open the floodgates for four-letterwordlovers 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 fulfillment.

I WOULD write, "what movies nowadays need is . . ."

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 substance.

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.

IN THE PAST I FAVORED DIALOGUE WITH THE ESTABLISHMENT, BELIEVING THAT IN TIME IT WOULD LEAD, THROUGH A PROCESS OF CONCESSIONS, TO A GRADUAL ACCEPTANCE OF RADICAL CHANGE. THESE VIEWS NOTWITHSTANDING 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 MIS-UNDERSTANDINGS WHICH BECAME THE



SUBJECT FOR NEW DIALOGUES DURING WHICH PREVIOUS POSITIONS WERE RESTATED AND PREVIOUS CONCESSIONS REAFFIRMED AND ONCE MORE NOT CARRIED OUT. SINCE DIALOGUES ARE MEANT TO SERVE AS A SAFETY VALVE AGAINST VIOLENCE, I WONDERED WHY THE MORE WE TALKED THE MORE I FELT BRUTALIZED, EVENTUALLY HAVING NO CHOICE BUT TO TURN INARTICULATE BECAUSE I WAS UNWILLING TO ADMIT THAT THE ONLY WORD I COULD THINK OF SAYING WAS: "KILL."



"FINALLY I WAS FORCED TO STOP TALKING IN ORDER NOT TO START KILLING. THE ESTABLISHMENT BLAMES THE COLLAPSE OF OUR DIALOGUES ON A BREAKDOWN IN COMMUNICATION."



FOR THEIR SAKE I HOPE THEY DO NOT SUCCEED IN REESTABLISHING CONTACT."



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.

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 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, 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.

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 that 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

Our man Hoppe . . .

I love you—this is a recording

by Arthur Hoppe
Herewith is another unwritten chapter from that unpublished text, "A History 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 eye of mankind, it was clear that the human race was on the brink.

It was the telephone company that preserved civilization.

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 service.

"WE ALREADY give our subscribers the time and the weather," said the Board Chairman irritably. "What

else do people need these days?"

"Sympathy?" suggested a vice 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.

"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 are not to show it. How very proud of you I am. Poor dear."

After one month, studies showed each subscriber was making an average of 3.4 calls to the number daily. The company immediately announced plans for new 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 everything on earth to me — my sun, my moon, my stars . . ."

THIS WAS quickly followed

by "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, there's absolutely nothing to worry about as long as we have each other").

Special messages were added for those with special needs, such as "M-O-T-H-E-R," ("Oh, it's so good to hear your voice, son. Are you getting enough to eat? ARE you wearing your galoshes? Are you . . .").

Surprisingly, one of the most popular was "A-U-T-H-O-R-I-T-Y." ("When you hear the signal, you will have 60 seconds to state your dilemma." 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 fellow man — Sympathy, love, friendship, confidence, security and authority. And yet, oddly enough, deep down people were still uneasy.

Further studies were made. And at last the telephone company came up with the solution: "U-L-T-I-M-A-T-E-N-E-E-D."

"You are a singular human being among all living creatures, different from all other men. You are that God-created miracle: you are, above all else, an individual." "This is a recording."

Chronicle Features

CAMPUS OPINION

An open letter to the university . . .

"You must change your life." — Rilke

Since beginning my student "experience" at the University of Nebraska, I have continually been amazed at the profound apathy encountered everywhere on campus and the profound idiots who perpetuate it. The majority of those connected with this university are apathetic.

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 students here are hung up in it. Having said as much, I acknowledge a self-indictment; I am hung up in many things myself. And I find it unusual to be writing a letter of protest. But here I rap. I rap with the hope that maybe

some faint flicker of intelligence on the horizon can point us all out of our private caves.

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 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?

Satisfaction. No change. Apathy. Stability. Satisfaction. Walk around campus. Open your eyes. You're as blind to your environment as Oedipus was to his. Anxieties, ideals, hopes; frustrations, love, hate; red, green, black, white.

A FRAT BOY indoctrinating a pledge on the pretense of brotherhood. Satisfaction. A table full of jocks hasseling a cat with some hair. ("You, you, you 'n' I, ver, ver, versities . . . Rah.") Satisfaction. A sorority chick shutting down an independent. Satisfaction. An independent laughing at the Greeks. Satisfaction.

Chancellor Hardin sitting around in his office practicing his putting. Satisfaction. A campcop giving a student a

five dollar ticket. They're all satisfied. With what? Univeritas Nebraskensis? Lincoln? The world? I doubt it. But apathetic? Yes.

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

GOOD MAYOR SAM putting down The Great Demonstration with his middle class, white collar, racist rhetoric ("What we got here is a failure to communicate").

Daily Nebraskan

Second-class postage paid at Lincoln, Neb.
TELEPHONE Editor 473-2581, News 472-2286, Business 472-2596.
Address correspondence to Daily Nebraskan, Room 51, Student Union, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska 68508.
Subscription rates are \$4 per semester or \$8 for the academic year published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year except during vacations and exact periods by the students of the University of Nebraska under the jurisdiction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraskan are responsible for what they cause to be printed.
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