

Reflections in a jaded eye

The week is dealt out like a hand
That children pick up card by card.
One keeps getting the same hand.
One keeps getting the same card.

Silly old writer, some thousands of words later, begging a machine for the phrase to end all phrases: failure without mitigating circumstances. An old writer in a soggy month, being read to by a parrot. Without machine, old writer is Sisyphus without a boulder; Vulcan without a forge; Hemingway without no. 2 pencils.

Aware, post partum, that there can be no security and that peace is a figment of the imagination. Knowing that without formation there can be no transformation, and without a typewriter there can be little of either. Notice to Man: there will be no change until some time after the Second Coming.

FOR EVERYTHING is fixed, forever and forever: things do not change, Mr. Baldwin. Each day is a stewed tomato; each day there is death and the Pope will not change until we have all starved.

The river of words, like a mechanistic Styx, is metal-clogged and halting. Neon is the only medium to produce an alteration of the reader's phenomena; an impersonal metaphor to the death-wish. Silly old writer, you can never go home again.

Old writer, you have aroused anger in many, admiration in a few, but what of pity, catharsis and fear? (Oh, there is fear all right, fear of the bomb and Biafra, Dienbienphu and Waterloo.) Why can you not forgive God for not existing?

OLD IDOLS make way for new. Wrap the words in waxpaper and place in the refrigerator for use at a later date. Warm over a slow fire and chew delicately, for tomorrow is the holocaust, and that means Nebraska too.

We need God and all we have is Mayor Daley. Is there no prince in all Quivering Quivira who will reveal himself as the true savior?

Earth is the Mother of Sorrows, the Mater Dolorosa; to weigh is the Way. Concept versus concept, brother against brother.

THE SCALES how to the avoidupois litany. Think it over, brother. Are things falling apart? Will the center hold? Is nothing sacred?

You're all invited to the New Year's Eve Massacre. B.Y.O.B.B. To create is to self-destruct. Life is a faithful imitation of art.

Yet, walking in the Valley of the Shadow of the World Herald, the old writer fears no evil, for the machine is with me. The sod and my staff, they comfort me.

Peace.

Jack Todd

George Kaufman . . .

Rest in peace

It's been a long year, End-Of-Year-Column Buffs.

It's had its ups and downs, but I would like to concentrate on the positive side and hand out the George Kaufman Thank-You-Anyway Awards:

TO GEORGE WALLACE — for almost overthrowing the Establishment where 50,000 hippies had failed.

TO BRUCE HAMILTON — for trying.

TO EUGENE McCARTHY — for trying and being.

TO DICK NIXON — for allowing Clifford Hardin to appear on national television so that many Nebraska students could see what he looks like for the first time.

TO BOBBY KENNEDY—Rest in peace.

TO HAL BROWN — we award a free set of treatments for his paranoia and a free security agent to check under his bed every night for a happy-yippy.

TO LYNDON JOHNSON — meanwhile, back at the ranch . . .

TO TERRY CARPENTER — for confirming our opinion of Nebraska legislators.

TO CLIFFORD HARDIN — a real Cornhusker.

TO BOB DEVANEY — keep smiling.

TO MARTIN LUTHER KING — Rest in peace.

TO JIM GARRISON — we award a free Perry Mason trial kit.

TO JACK TODD — who had to put up with fire from the left and right, not to mention letters from professors who thought their gift to the world was to write cute, sarcastic letters.

TO THE POPE — for perpetuating the survival of medieval mentality.

TO CATHOLICS EVERYWHERE — for perpetuating the Pope.

TO GUY FAWKES —let it all hang out.

TO THE BOARD OF REGENTS — for being consistent.

TO RICHARD DALEY — a free tongue painting.

TO HUBERT HUMPHREY — we give a free whistle painted with a replica of the 1968 election, so he can blow it again whenever he wants to.

TO FATHER — send money.



"Maybe YOU'D like to stand out here and ring this bell . . ."

Editorials

Commentary

Our man Hoppe . . .

Will the Pope ban Holy Water?

by Arthur Hoppe

The experts are now talking about putting birth control pills in the world's water supply. And we of The League for Total Birth Control say, "Huzzah!"

The league, as you know, is a militant, do good group dedicated to solving all the world's problems in a single generation.

AND WHILE LOADING the water with birth control chemicals won't achieve the League's idealistic goal of wiping out the human race, it would certainly be a constructive start.

What it would wipe out is poverty. It would accomplish this age-old dream of mankind in the only sensible way — by wiping out poor people.

For it's a well-known fact

that common, ordinary drinking water is drunk only by common, ordinary people. The rich, beautiful people drink Chateaufeuf du Pape, Pimm's Cup No. Two and an occasional Grand Marnier.

So under this plan we would soon have a world filled with only rich, beautiful people.

OF COURSE, LIKE ALL vast projects, this one's going to create problems — particularly for well-bred young ladies anxious to preserve their reputations.

Here we are at a cocktail party. And there's this sweet young thing demurely sipping her dry martini. And up slithers this nefarious seducer.

"Here you are, my sweet," he says. "I brought you a drink."

"THANK YOU, SIR," she says. "What is it?"

"Oh," he says airily, "it's just a little old glass of water."

"Water!" she cries. "What kind of a girl do you think I am?"

"Come on, honey," he says. "One little old glass won't hurt you."

"AWAY WITH YOU SIR," she says. "Lips that touch water will never touch mine!"

But when she isn't looking, the foul villain takes a vial of water from his pocket and pours it in her drink. Fortunately, the noble hero spots this dastardly deed, punches the villain in the nose and protectively sees to it that the sweet young thing drinks nothing but pure dry martinis the rest of the evening.

So the next thing we know we've got a paternity suit on our hands.

OBVIOUSLY WHAT WE'LL need, then, is a public service campaign to convince even nice Catholic girls to drink more water. But there are a number of slogans we can borrow from temperance groups, such as: "For that carefree feeling the morning after, drink water the night before."

So that takes care of that problem. The only other problem we might face is that of a poor, common, ordinary peasant couple somewhere who, for God knows what reason, might want to have a child.

Let them drink Chateaufeuf du Pape.

Chronicle Features

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor:

I am a librarian and I am a liberal. The November 20 Nebraska editorial equating the Omaha World Herald's hands-off Biafra editorial with the Vietnam war bothers me from both standpoints.

I wondered how you (the Nebraska editor) verify your facts, form and update your opinions. What do you read? What does anyone here at Nebraska with opinions on the subjects you have been editorializing and reporting about read? Specifically, what have you read and are you reading on Vietnam?

I CHECKED the records here in the library for books on Vietnam. A disquieting number of the basic books on Vietnam have never left the library. Others have gone out once or twice, no more. Pike's Viet Cong, Knoebel's Viet Folly, Sack, Shaplen, Sheehan's Ten Vietnamese, Salisbury, Fall, Burchett, And-Or, Reichbauer, Kahn, Ho Chi Minh, Mary McCarthy On Revolution — is no one reading these basics?

On the not unreasonable theory that many university people prefer to depend on the public library more for this kind of public interest book, I checked there, too. The record was somewhat better, but not overwhelmingly so. I looked in vain on the checkout cards for some of the names

attached to the most vocal — or printed — opinion on the war at the university.

It seems to me that these facts can be interpreted as questioning the credibility of the witnesses. I don't think the interpretation too far out, considering specifically the November 20 editorial. Its tone is oh so familiar. I joined countless similar smears on the motives of the liberal (Like it or not) American government which took us into Vietnam and inferentially on the motives of those liberal and conservative supporting that action.

WHAT SMEARS? The attempts to force the administration and its supporters into the straw man mold of reaction, blind hysteria and murderous

racial hatred are the smears I am talking about.

"Anyone with a mind uncluttered with Joe McCarthy ideas" is a smear. Change "Joe McCarthy" to "Joe Stalin" and McCarthy himself would have been proud to utter it. The thinking which connects all opponents with the worst attributes of a minority fringe uninformed in the policy-making decisions of those opponents has nothing to learn about guilt by association from Joe McCarthy. "Killing gooks," "us against them, black versus white," "anti-communist hysteria," along with "nigger" and "honkie" are all smear cliches used in print today only by the New Left

and its allies or the far right.

Before the New Left, liberals cringe and abandon liberal ideas as if they were tainted. Commentary magazine last year published an instructive symposium with Richard Rovere and Dwight Macdonald representing the old left and a pair representing the New Left. Each time the New Left representatives led off with an illiberal, undemocratic, racist diatribe they would end it with an attack on the American involvement in Vietnam. The results were pathetic. Although Rovere and Macdonald obviously were unhappy and tried to counter the more extreme arguments, they felt the need to preface each remark with "Yes, yes, of course we agree with you on Vietnam, but . . ." This had the effect of muting any refutation they might make on anything else.

The cowardice exhibited by liberals in the face of the illiberal tactics of the New Left should come as no surprise. Not to anyone remembering the thirties when the Communists slandered and sold out the liberals on the theory of Nach Higler Uns. Not to anyone remembering the fifties and McCarthy. It is a shame.

Stanley Gutzman
Assistant Professor, Library

Inside report . . .

Nixon's ploy for McCarthy

By Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Washington — The best evidence of how badly President-elect Nixon wanted Senator Eugene McCarthy to become U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations is the fact that Nixon sent William P. Rogers to McCarthy's Senate office a week ago today (Dec. 9).

Nixon's assignment to Rogers, his Secretary of State designate, was pointed: use all your weapons of persuasion to talk McCarthy into taking the UN job.

THAT WAS NOT THE first or the last effort by Nixon. The first came shortly after the election, when Nixon secretly met McCarthy in the National Airport here to sound him out. McCarthy at that point said he was not in the slightest interested.

But when Rogers came to his office to argue the case for Nixon, McCarthy, who fully intends to be a major factor in the 1972 Presidential campaign, was not so adamant. He began to see the job in a wholly new perspective, and it is this perspective that made Nixon's McCarthy ploy almost succeed.

Instead of fear at the prospect of being accused of "selling out" to the Nixon administration, McCarthy saw himself in the posture of heir to Adlai Stevenson (who went to the UN at the start of the Kennedy administration). As an eloquent voice for peace with the world press as his audience, he began to view the UN as a natural platform to hold what is left of his national constituency and to build it anew.

IT WAS AT THIS meeting with Rogers that McCarthy laid down his one unalterable condition — that Minnesota Governor Harold LeVander, a Republican, appoint a Democrat to take McCarthy's vacated seat in the Senate.

That Democrat, McCarthy specified, by no means had to be Vice President Humphrey. In fact, McCarthy left little doubt that he preferred not Humphrey but some other Democrat, possibly Rep. John Blatnik — long an aspirant to the Senate.

Rogers replied that Nixon or his agents had already talked to LeVander, but that unfortunately LeVander did not "understand" Nixon's — and McCarthy's — problem (possibly because LeVander himself may run for the Senate in 1970 and would not want to build up a Democrat by putting him in the Senate now).

THAT DECIDED THE issue for McCarthy, despite still a third attempt — this one by Nixon himself in the now-celebrated telephone call to McCarthy at the Sans Souci restaurant here last Wednesday.

McCarthy's clear refusal to cede his Senate seat to a Republican is revealing evidence of his future political plans. He reasoned that, while he could persuade his followers to support his move to the United Nations, where he would take over a forum to push peace, he would be condemned both by his own McCarthyites and the entire Democratic party if the UN job meant reducing the Democratic majority in the Senate.

No one, probably not even the enigmatic McCarthy himself, knows exactly what his future political plans are, beyond his statement that he will not run for reelection to the Senate in 1970.

BUT THE FACT THAT Nixon offered him the UN post at all shows how convinced Nixon is that McCarthy still has an influential national constituency. The President-elect obviously hoped to use McCarthy to build a bridge between Nixon and anti-establishment anti-Vietnam Democrats, particularly the young, who followed McCarthy last spring and summer.

But as McCarthy was warned by one of his chief agents after the election, even a national constituency can fade away fast. Thus, when leaders of the New Democratic Coalition plotted strategy at a dinner meeting in Manhattan on Dec. 8, McCarthy's name was mentioned only once, in a brief reminiscence of the Chicago convention. Around the table that night were many of McCarthy's top campaign aides, including Curtis Gans, ex-Lt. Gov. Patrick J. Lucey of Wisconsin, McCarthy's convention strategist, and student leader Sam Brown.

It is little wonder, then, that the UN job looked so good to McCarthy.

(c) 1968 Publishers-Hall Syndicate

HEP program faces prejudice

Dear Editor:

Although many University students, outside of the Harper-Schramm-Smith (H.S.S.) complex, may not be aware of it, there is a worthwhile government program on this campus called H.E.P. which is helping send kids from poverty backgrounds back to school.

About fifty kids, mostly Spanish-American, are now living in the H.S.S. complex and attending the University High School. These are sweet, intelligent kids who are trying to get their high school diplomas, but they are facing a great obstacle: prejudice.

PREJUDICE, WHICH I'M ashamed to say, is widespread among University of Nebraska students. I've been told by kids in H.E.P. that they feel unwanted and that they believe some University kids look upon them as not even human.

University students, some of whom I know participated vigorously in the open housing march last fall, refer to the H.E.P. students as "spicks."

If you ask me, I think there are a lot of crepe-paper liberals on this campus! I'm disgusted.

A Smith Coed