

Letters

Guest opinion on apartheid makes factual, ethical mistakes

This letter is in regard to the guest opinion (Daily Nebraskan, Dec. 13) on apartheid from students representing the UNL College Republicans.

The first fascinating remark in the article is "A self-professed Marxist, Mandela stated that...he would kill again..."

Do the writers imply that to be a Marxist one must be a murderer? Or did they juxtapose the two ideas — in the best tradition of propaganda — to elicit guilt by association? The first mistake is one of fact; the second, one of ethics. The term "self-professed" inspires all the awe of the confessional.

After this is a curious aphorism: "selective indignation rarely allows for the interference of factual realism."

I wholeheartedly agree. "Factual

realism" is indeed a meddlesome thing, and should learn its proper place. Later we find an attack on "wanton advocates of violence." This I must protest. Wanton though they may be, let's keep their sexual proclivities out of it. Anyway, I think the writers would have inspired more indignation with a different phrase. After all, "wanton" and "violent" remind us of half of our prime-time heroes.

The fact that "liberal politics and liberal thinking...make a bad situation...worse," is supported rapidly by some keen historical insights.

I will add my own voice to the chorus by mentioning that liberal thinking in the West, from the Renaissance to the Revolution, has brought us to our present, unhappy condition, in which, each

of us being comparatively free, we think more of political and economic benefits than universal principles of justice.

By the way, this concern for the United States' political and economic advantage, voiced in the third paragraph of the opinion, is curious in contrast with the condemnation of "self-serving" extremists at the end of the article.

But it is more curious still that the writers should pick this epithet for those few of us who were present at the rally. What is it we were after? Money? Popularity? Prestige? Or perhaps just a clean conscience?

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Latin/English/philosophy

Sanity threatened by lost Sauvignon Blanc

WELSCH from Page 4

We stopped in front of the apartment and got out.

As I stood, I turned and glanced in the car.

What I didn't see terrified me. A giant hand slapped me to the ground, then picked me up and twisted me until my soul bled. My consciousness was struck by a rending thunderbolt.

The wine was not in the car.

The roof of the car, covered with icy snow, bore a rectangular skid mark where the crate had rested. I dashed around the front of the Pontiac, grabbed Geoff by the collar and dragged him to the driver-side door. I threw him in and started the car. Using all 400 cubic inches of muscle under the hood, I pulled a 180 degree turn on the ice and careened down the street like William "Refrigerator" Perry on ice skates.

Geoff turned an unnatural shade of white and clung to the dashboard, all the time begging for more caution.

"You're in this trip to the finish, cur!" I screamed, knowing that my sanity rested in those six \$7 bottles of

Napa Valley Sauvignon Blanc. I knew that if they were gone, I would be in debt, and the animals that had been gnawing at the skin of my inner being all day would break through with their sharp fangs.

I got onto 17th Street and sped toward campus, sliding in and out of lanes fearlessly. A woman in a Ford Fairlane turned off without using her turn signal. "Die, worm!" I exclaimed.

"These drivers here, Geoff, cannot be trusted and should be summarily shot, or at least their toenails should be pulled out with red-hot tweezers," I said through gritted teeth. Sweat beaded on my upper lip and forehead despite the cold that froze the mucus in my nose.

We almost lost control in the turn onto R street.

I slowed down at 19th and made the fateful turn. Fifteen minutes had transpired since the discovery. Fifteen minutes in the grip of a fear no man should have to experience, yet most do — the hydra-headed terror of one's own ineptitude.

The headlights illuminated the car-

lined street. There, right in the middle of the street so that no car could have possibly passed around it, was the case of wine.

I drove up to it and hopped out of the car. A shaft of moonlight broke from the clouds, and fell on the wine. I picked the box up and shook it gently. Nothing leaked out of the bottom. No glass tinkled. It had survived the fall. It had escaped the marauding eyes of passers-by.

I hugged Geoff and shouted for joy. "It's a miracle — a miracle on 19th Street!" We loaded up the wine and started the long drive to B-town.

Both of us were filled with the glow of being alive and being happy about it. We had passed through a hamburger-grinder and had come out better for it.

As we drove down the frozen highway, I looked up at the sky through the windshield and winked. I didn't tell Geoff, but there were reindeer tracks and skid marks by that crate of wine on 19th Street.

Welsch is a journalism and English major and a copy desk chief.

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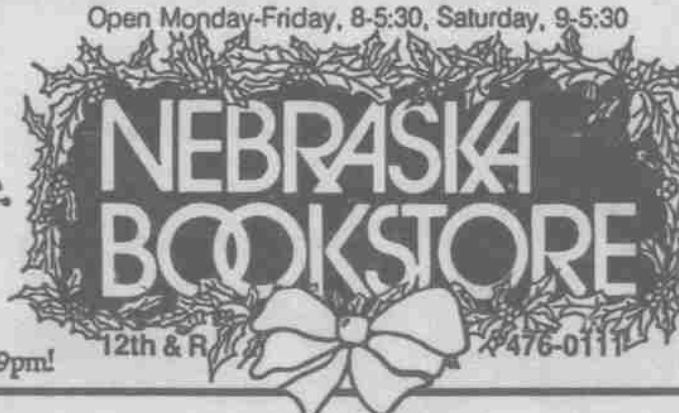
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