

Prime time gamble

Wavering could ruin Clinton's candidacy

Arkansas Gov. Bill Clinton went broke on national television last night in an interview broadcast on CBS' "60 Minutes."

With his wife at his side, the presidential candidate admitted to having trouble with his marriage in the past.

Whether the gamble paid off remains to be seen. But Clinton had to try something.

Last week, he had secured himself atop the polls in New Hampshire, which will have the nation's first primary Feb. 18. Then, as old allegations of marriage infidelity resurfaced in a supermarket tabloid, the number of New Hampshire Democrats pledging support of Clinton plummeted a whopping 12 points, from 39 to 27 percent, placing him in a tie for the lead with Sen. Paul Tsongas.

Clearly, Clinton's campaign has suffered a major blow, regardless of the validity of the allegations. Political analysts agreed, saying that last night's appearance should determine whether Clinton will reclaim the lead or be forced to withdraw from the race.

With such high stakes, Clinton wisely chose a large audience on which to test his mettle. The post-Super-Bowl broadcast was expected to draw unprecedented numbers of viewers, exposure that any candidate would be proud to accept, for better or worse.

Clinton counted, perhaps naively, on reaching a forgiving audience. He denied the widely publicized allegation of a 12-year affair, but he did not deny that he "caused pain" in his marriage. He refused to say if that pain was caused by infidelity, instead blaming the media for "playing gotcha" by publicizing the allegations.

Blaming the media may work to still the rumors. But Clinton did not, as he kept insisting he was doing, "level with" prospective voters.

Gary Hart fell hard when his infidelity was exposed. To this day, Americans have not forgotten Donna Rice.

While Clinton acknowledged that Sunday's appearance was indeed a gamble, he also must remember who he's gambling with. Americans set unnaturally high ideals for politicians, particularly presidential candidates.

-J.L.P.

Blacks' unification too late

Recent allegations of racism in the Daily Nebraskan involving the "Baldwin Issue" may cause the DN staff to change its ways concerning the treatment of minorities, but we doubt it. We doubt it because when everything is said and done, it will be business as usual at ol' Nebraska U. A letter appeared last week in support of Baldwin ("DN ignored Baldwin's humanity," DN, Jan. 24) and it was justified; but the truth of the matter is that it was a sad week for Black men on this campus. Stories about MLK and his dream were all over the news while another man may have his dreams shattered by an illness he may not have known about. The letter preached of brotherhood, humanity, respect and unity but Blacks as a people do not practice these ideals until it is too late.

The problem we have with this whole ideal is that Black people are in a resting and torpid state. Only when a man is beaten by numerous police, or run down by a mob of whites, or humiliated in a degrading photo do we — as Black people — come to the

aid of one another. It is a DAMN shame that we talk of a dream that has yet to happen. How can we overcome when we continue to dream... a man has to be asleep, inactive, dull, numb and dead to dream. For a dream is nothing more than passing thoughts in a sleeping person's mind.

How can African-Americans talk of bonding as one human family when we refuse to wake up and/or stop dreaming long enough to begin loving ourselves and unify as a people? Everyone else is awake and eating breakfast on the bounteous opportunities of the world while we continually hit the snooze button.

Stephen M. Davis
senior
journalism

Joseph L. Ryan
senior
sociology

Baxter G. Gamble, Jr.
graduate student

Press freedom justifies photo

In light of the many opinions offered involving the case of Scott Baldwin, I would like to bring up two points that I find extremely important. One, the Daily Nebraskan exercised freedom of the press. This happens to be included in the First Amendment of our Constitution. Two, this incident was indeed unfortunate. However, I believe the photo would have been printed regardless of the color of the accused individual. The DN is not responsible for the actions of Mr. Baldwin. Are some of us forgetting that someone completely innocent is suffering as a result of Mr. Baldwin's alleged actions?

Furthermore, I resent being stereotyped as a member of a "racist institution" (except for football Saturdays). I do not consider myself a racist and I

insist on being treated as an individual, a human being with my own thoughts and feelings, just as I feel everyone else should be treated. The fact remains that we are each individuals separated by the color of our skin, religious background, economic status and so on. We control our own actions.

I strongly support the publication of the photograph by the DN. The individual is accused of doing something wrong. His color had nothing to do with his actions and it was the result of his actions that were printed, not that of his color.

Stephanie G. Johnson
junior
criminal justice



ALAN PHELPS

Few escape football mania

I don't know what the score of the Super Bowl was. I'm not even sure who won. Neither do I know how the Bud Bowl turned out. And I don't really care.

I know that the Washington Redskins battled the Buffalo "Bills" for the Super Bowl trophy/crown/whatever. I know that it happened yesterday. That's the extent of my Super Bowl knowledge.

I was more interested in whether Bill Clinton scored than Jim Kelly.

I have been watching the recent debates over team nomenclature, however. Teams such as the Redskins have come under fire recently because of their apparently "politically incorrect" names. I can see why Native Americans object to having a group of people prancing around the country calling themselves "Redskins," although I have a bigger problem with the "Bills."

What, exactly, is a "Bill"? I suppose whoever named the "Bills" was referring to "Buffalo Bill" Cody, slaughterer of the Wild West.

"Get it? Get it?" the aforementioned namer probably said, running around the Naming Office, bothering everyone.

However, to my knowledge, Cody never spent much time in Buffalo, N.Y. He had a ranch in North Platte, where today everything is somehow related to him, and hundreds of people make their living selling Buffalo Bill ashtrays, big ol' belt buckles and those annoying pop-can-insulator deals.

I don't think Buffalo Bill ever even heard of football, and I seriously doubt he played the sport. He was too busy hanging out with Russian princes bringing the buffalo to the brink of extinction.

"I think I'll murder a few thousand more buffalo today," he used to say. "What the hell is football?"

I could, perhaps, understand a team called the North Platte "Bills," but I guess that wouldn't make a whole lot of sense, either. Besides, North Platte probably doesn't have enough people to support an NFL team, although it does support the mother-of-pearl-inlay shirt-snap industry.

For some strange reason, I found myself watching Ron Kurtenbach, the public access television god, on Saturday. The spectacled cable orator was asked some question or another about football, which led him to launch a long diatribe about how football was a reflection of American history.

Football, he said, was about domination and territory, colonization and oppression. It was war, and one side won by overpowering the other.



When I was in the first and second grades, we couldn't play football at my school because some kid once broke a leg, prompting the administrators to lock up all of the footballs.

And I just thought it was a bunch of guys playing a game.

The Cable King had something of a point, however. Because football is popular only in this country (and Canada, if you count that as a separate country), it must say something about the American people. Why do we like to see men in shiny suits duke it out? Why do 40 or 50 million Americans glue their eyes to one game every year, although they may live hundreds of miles away from wherever the two teams hail?

A lot of these people don't watch any other football all season. What drives this inhuman orgy of glorification? I think it has a lot to do with sportscaster Greg "Bryant's Brother" Gumbel, but that's just one man's opinion.

Some people such as myself are not affected. I'm not sure why I never really got into football. When I was in the first and second grades, we couldn't play football at my school because some kid once broke a leg, prompting the administrators to lock up all of the footballs.

My friends and I still played, but we used an invisible ball, which led to all sorts of arguments. Maybe if we hadn't allowed passing, we would've finished more games without degenerating to fights.

So my "football sense," that grand instinct all American men are born with, was warped from an early age. The game I knew as football that we played every recess consisted of a bunch of boys chasing air and battling about non-existent interceptions.

At least those grade-school imaginations had some basis in reality, unlike one of the Super Bowl's newest institutions, the so-called Bud Bowl.

The Bud Bowl mystifies me. It seems as though it has become almost as big as the Super Bowl itself, which is totally insane.

I have friends who actually MADE BETS on the Bud Bowl. There are odds on the thing. That's right, the computer-animated beer bottles that go through a fake game once a year determine the fortunes of people I know.

It used to be simply a Bud-Bud Light rivalry, but somehow Bud Dry has gotten into the act. The Bud Bowl is so great, I guess, it takes three teams to play it — even if none of them have feet or hands.

One of the fake teams always seems to have some clever way to win the "game." I wonder how mere bottles would do in a real gridiron shoot-out. I would bet even my grade-school friends and I could do a respectable job against them. I've fought beer bottles in my time.

The biggest drawback of my self-imposed Super Bowl blackout is the lack of conversation I will have today. I don't know how many out there are in the same predicament as myself: The guys are all talking about the Super Bowl, and I have nothing to say. Well, here are a few tips on what to do when they find out you were at the nerd meeting and didn't see the big game:

First, stop, drop and roll. Then, stop, look and listen. Then look both ways again! And don't run! Or take candy from strangers, unless it's really good candy, like a Special Dark.

Next, when the panic is over, think calmly to yourself, "What would Dan Quayle do?" Then, go play golf.

Go get a good massage. Bake some bread. Remember that this, too, shall pass.

During the weekend of the Super Bowl, the hoopla was so pervasive that it was hard for anyone to escape. Today, enormous amounts of hot air around the country will be dedicated to this one event.

Thankfully, Super Bowl mania DOES die down. The crowds who didn't care about football last week will go back to not caring again. The TV airwaves won't be monopolized with meaningless predictions.

Best of all, people will go back to drinking their beer instead of watching it play organized sports.

Phelps is a sophomore news-editorial major, the Daily Nebraskan opinion page editor and a columnist.