

Gregory: the end of nonviolence

by Dick Gregory

Though it is no easier to get white folks to agree on a particular political issue than it is to produce like consensus in the black community, white America is generally united in deploring the violence of the black ghetto. Black militants are seen to be the enemies of wholesome race relations in this country rebuked by the mass media. But white America fails to understand that its own rejection of the philosophy of non-violence has produced Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown.

Many people in this country forget, or perhaps never knew, that it was Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael and other members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC)

who taught nonviolence in the early days of the civil rights movement. If white America could have really seen what those kids went through then, it could better understand and appreciate what they are saying now.

EVERY WHITE American should have been with Stokely and Rap in Greenwood, Mississippi, when they tried to integrate the schools. All during the summer months, while most Americans were enjoying their vacations, SNCC members were canvassing the black community. They had to convince poor sharecroppers that their kids were needed to test the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation.

SNCC did a good job that summer. They got twelve families to

permit their children to be used in the integration effort. At least they thought they had twelve when they went to bed the night before opening day of school. The next morning only eight reported — four had copped out. Just try to imagine what it feels like to go to a five-year-old kid's house to pick him up for the first day of school. He is all smiles and excitedly happy. And you place his little black hand in yours and wonder why someone hasn't had the courage to tell him that he might be going to die.

When you come to the school building, you see the cops barricading it and the sheriff says, "Where are you going, nigger?" And you answer, "I'm going to school." The little kid looks up innocently and says, "Mornin', mister." And the sheriff snaps,

"Well, you can't bring that car in here." So you park the car and get out cautiously. You tightly grip that little black hand again and the inside of your hand is soaking wet with sweat. Not the kid's sweat, but your own.

As you approach the school building, you see a sight that makes you know that somebody is going to die. You see the mob and the police. When you hit the school steps, you know you weren't wrong. You are not only attacked by the mob, but by the sheriff and the police. The next thing you know you are flat on your back in the gutter with that sheriff's foot on your chest and a double-barreled shotgun in your throat. You hear a voice snarl, "MOVE, NIGGER, AND I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS

OUT." You're terrified but you think how ironic it is that the only time white folks will admit you have brains is when they are talking about what they are going to do to them.

Then the most horrible thing happens that has ever happened to you in your life. You suddenly realize that the little black hand is not there. And you turn around to look for that little five-year-old kid. You spot him just in time to see a brick hit him right in the mouth. That just doesn't read right for some reason. You have to actually see a brick hit a five-year-old kid in the mouth, regardless of what color the kid is. Only then can you realize the depths of blind and insane hate.

Now you have to take that bruised

and bleeding little kid, whose early-morning smile has been pulverized and perhaps erased forever, back home to his parents who trusted you. You have to try to explain what happened. You have to hope you will have their support when you have the stomach to try again. And your own words choke you and anything you are able to say sounds so unconvincing.

YOU MAY never be able to justify Stokely and Rap, but when you know what they have been through, you may be able to understand them. If all white Americans went through the same treatment those SNCC kids went through, half of them would have committed suicide and the other half would be burning this country to the ground.



Dick Gregory

A Revolution That Wasn't

I tell the cops I'm wounded, I can't run. So they told Bobby "Run!" and pushed him. Bobby was stumbling from the shove, upright, stumbling down this walk. And they just shot him down.

—Eldridge Cleaver in Evergreen

Reality, a popular lapel button tells us, is a crutch. Whoever coined that particular bit of pop wisdom may have had a point, but it seems there are a few people around who could still use a crutch.

Take Nebraska Students for Peace and Freedom. Put together from the tatters of SDS and the old Movement, this group promised us revolution. What we are getting is a good dose of the ridiculous.

THIS GROUP of dissident anarchy-mongers fished around for an issue Monday night. That fact alone should bring snickers to the face of every self-respecting radical.

Here we are, not three weeks into the semester that started in Chicago, and the Peace and Freedom group is fishing for an issue. What happened to Vietnam? Racism? The Malone Center?

But never fear. Good yeomen all, the boys came up with an issue. Why write a constitution in order to be recognized as a campus organization? Why not just demand that the group be given a Union room to meet in?

With visions of Paris dancing in their heads, our willy-nilly radicals decided to do just that. Make an issue of getting a room in the Union. Now let's see . . . the laborers should support us, the blacks will probably take over eight or nine buildings, the 101st Airborne will make parachute landings . . .

Meanwhile, back in reality there is Eldridge Cleaver. Why not rap with Eldridge a while, boys. Talk to him about rats in houses and about brutality and about all those funny-looking people who don't have enough to eat.

Rap about revolution a while, boys. Revolution with a capital R. Revolution that means change. Revolution that means dignity for those who don't have it. Have we become so affluent and lazy that even our radicals can't think of anything bigger than trying to get a room in the Union?

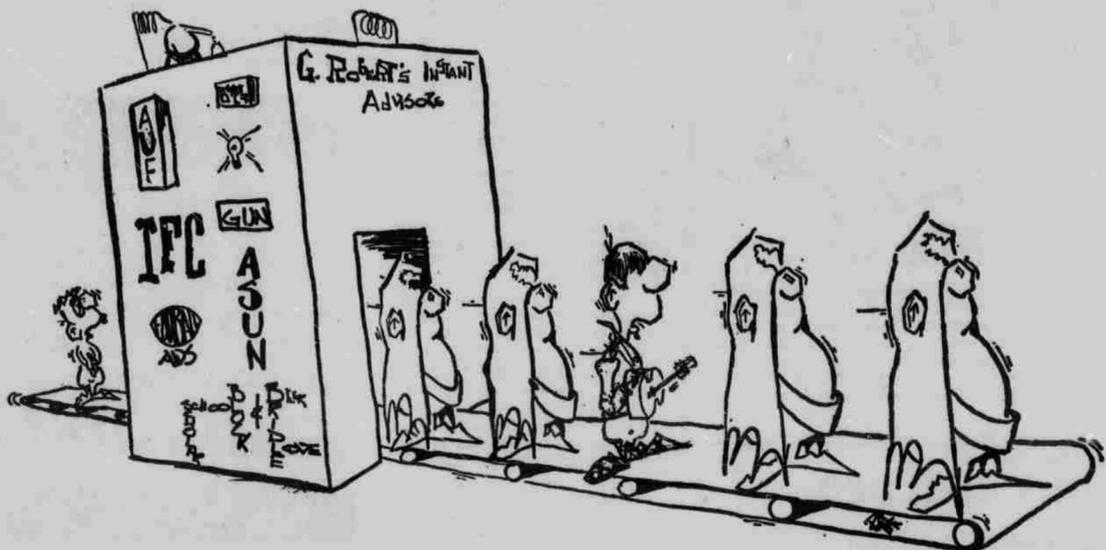
Unless our P and F members wake up, Eldridge Cleaver and the men who stand for something would do well to disown them. Since Chicago, the battlelines are clearly drawn. The changes that are needed are clear, the necessity for those who oppose the system to stand up and be counted is obvious.

These are powerful issues floating around. If the group would just take a little time to look them over. The way it is now, they're just saying that Nebraska can't do anything right.

Jack Todd

DAILY NEBRASKAN

Editorials Commentary



...And then there were twelve...

by Wayne Stoeber
A Current Member of
The Innocents Society

(Each May a select number of male University of Nebraska students receives letters from the Innocents society, the campus honorary which chooses its members for their "scholarship, service, and participation in University activities," according to the NU Campus handbook. Mr. Stoeber received his letter in May, 1968.)

Now, upon receiving my application to the Introversion Society, overcome by joy, I immediately, uncontrollably and irrevocably commenced to laugh, cry, throw up and make other contradictory reactions that any other member of various campus ethnic groups would have done in my situation. I then asked my room-mate what it was. She didn't know. So I walked down to the library (knowing full-well anything worth laughing, crying and belching forth about must be in Love.) Anyway, I did want to see if anything now had been written on the can doors. Well, I got there sat down and found one bound copy of last year's Cornhusker year-book, and, after thumbing through one hundred pages about Selleck's pro-in-residence, I finally reached a section on the Introversions, only to find that year's fairy princesses instead. I was corrected by a member of some breeding stock seated next to me, and some 23 others, (reacting in harmony to his words) each wearing an identical beanie labeled "1968 SDS or Sigma Delta Sigma, the campus Number One Greeks" on their heads. They have large heads. He explained to me that the Introversions looked like fairy princesses because they always wore the fabled chaireuse robes and hoods which symbolized the yellow jaundice epidemic put down some fifty years ago when 17 Regents left the state, which explains why there are always just 13 Introversions. I thanked him and started to read the sentence on their accomplishments of the year: It seems they made quite a haul on the frosh hop and also on the sale of beanies (it then occurred to me why the other 23 were wearing identical

beanies labeled "1968 S.D.S. or Sigma Delta Sigma, the Campus Number One Greeks.") So, I filled out the application, ran home, and closed the book (in reverse order) fully assured that I could sell beanies just as good as anyone. And I signed up for a crash course at Arthur Murray's for some dance lessons, to be ready for the frosh hop, just in case I was elected to the Introversions.

(Ivy Day is the University of Nebraska's most traditional tradition — the day when Sheldon Art Gallery's west lawn is the site of many age-old festivities: The singing fest, the planting of the May Queen. It is also the day on which new Innocents are tackled. Mr. Stoeber, an NU music major, is not an on-campus resident. He portrayed Tony in the Kosmet Klub spring production of

West Side Story" and is a member of a campus folk singing group. He was tackled in May, 1968.)

Now came the period known as the bugging, when all of the candidates try avoiding to be avoided by the Introversions, which wasn't hard for me because I spent most of my time taking dance lessons and wasn't home. Anyway, the Introversions seldom go off Greek Row, but I had been a big hit in this year's Cosmo Club with my dancing donkey disguised as Terri Carpenter. I thought I had a pretty good thing going.

That day of reflection, selection, rejection and election finally happened and everyone was out in style for it. The grandstands were filled with every kind of student imaginable. There were Greeks, and there were . . . and yeh, even some . . . un huh. The counterpart of the Introversions were there

also, those being the Mortar Drawers. Governor Taxem and Chancellor Hardy also participated in the festivities. The most memorable event, of course, was the group singing. Once again the Betas edged the Mormon Tabernacle Choir with their rendition of "She Got Her Key on Monday: We'll Have a Shotgun Wedding Someday Soon, Helen." Somebody next to me said: "Now it's time for the Mortar Drawers tapping!!" I said, "Make mine a Bud," but it wasn't that kind, so I passed. Then all at once I'm being herded out into the middle of this field with all of the rest of breeding stock and people are pushing and yelling . . . and yelling . . . and sweating . . . (and being cool) . . . and these Introversions are running around, knocking guys over.

And then cheers go up. Why, its sadistic, that's what it is. And they keep knocking

down people (it's kind of like open registration) now, all at once, I'm tackled and land right on my billfold. Well, I can't tell you how relieved I was knowing my dance lessons hadn't been a waste.

I was seated with the rest of the new members — handshaked and picturated. I was told to come to a party which ended up with the old Introversions running around the banquet table shouting profanities. We had our first meeting the next week where I learned, that to make a long distance telephone call, all you have to do is dial 112 and then the proper digits which isn't very likely when reminded of the facts . . . but then again . . . that style of plaid conflicts with the trousers . . .

The story you have just read is underestimated. The names have been changed to protect the Innocent.

Reprinted from Summer Nebraskan

Larry Grossman . . .

Three roads diverged in a yellow wood...

When a young man in the United States graduates or leaves school today he is faced with three alternatives. A. Enter the military service B. Fight the draft and face federal prosecution C. Go into a Canadian or other foreign exile.

The course of least resistance is to enter the military service. One runs the risk of being sent to Viet

Nam, but statistically you are more likely to spend your term of duty typing out lunch menus on an Army base in Ohio.

WHEN YOU complete your service, you will have satisfied the demands of your government and society. You are free to earn your fortune in the United States.

Some will argue that this course is immoral as the military service itself is im-

moral. Not so. The existence of the military is necessary and justifiable. One's talents and time are generally misused or wasted while in the service but as a citizen one has to meet the obligations set for him by the government.

If one is convinced that these obligations are immoral, he can choose to fight or flee. Those who stay and fight are the most courageous. The prospect of going to prison for five or more years for a belief would shake the resolve of all but the most sincere.

Going to prison may satisfy the demands of one's conscience but the act will have little effect on the society as a whole. You will be reviled by some, praised by others, and remain alone in your cell for five years.

Canada is the last choice. Leaving this nation under pressure from the draft means sentencing oneself to a permanent exile. It means leaving family, friends, and one's culture behind.

Canada is similar to the United States in standard of living, but the economic future for an American exile there is limited. Eighty per cent of Canadian industry is United States controlled. Executives travel frequently to the home offices in the United States. An exile could not obtain such a position.

FOR THOSE in the academic world, there are similar problems. The best research facilities in the world exist in the United States. Conferences of international importance are held each year on American campuses. The academic exile is cut off from the action.

Most people who flee the United States for foreign exiles do not consider the alternatives or the consequences of their act until it is too late.

The three choices open to a young man are all difficult. One must base his decision on his own values and decide in terms of what his action will mean for his future. In the end, each man must be able to live with himself.

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