

South of the border vibrations

by Dick Gregory

Mexico City is increasingly becoming the symbol of the emerging new spirit which is gaining momentum throughout the world. Student revolts have far surpassed anything seen on a campus in this country and indicate the courageous and determined spirit of Latin American youth. Recently, victorious American black athletes shocked a sizeable segment of public opinion in the United States by raising their hands in the clenched fist salute while accepting their gold medals at the Olympic Games. As a result they were expelled from the Games.

Personally, I never have been able to understand why the clenched fist salute produces white outrage. Black folks learned the clenched fist salute

from white folks. We have been using baking soda just as much as white folks and we saw the clenched fist on the box.

AMERICANS WERE proud to win the gold medals but outraged to see the clenched fist. Yet the Olympic Games themselves are supposed to aid the development of a spirit of cooperation and unity in the world population.

It is entirely consistent with that spirit for black American athletes to offer a salute which will be immediately recognized by black people in all other participating countries. To criticize or penalize black American athletes for recognizing a common bond of unity is inconsistent with America's supposed desire for world cooperation.

The black athletes were expelled because the rules of the Olympic Games state that they are not supposed to be political. The clenched fist salute was interpreted as injecting a note of political propagandizing into the cooperative spirit of the Games.

TO BE CONSISTENT with that sentiment, both America and Russia should be expelled from competition. Both countries make political hay of Olympic Game competition by keeping close score and publicizing their comparative accomplishments in the national mass media.

But America has always been consistent in displaying inconsistencies. Many Americans currently support the candidacy of George Wallace

for President because he has promised to give them "law & order." Such Wallace supporters do not seem to realize (or are unwilling to admit) that they are championing the cause of the same man who stood in the school house door to block law & order.

Many Americans severely criticize the welfare system in this country. "Relief" has become a dirty word in America. An atmosphere has been created where people are ashamed to be on relief. If relief embarrasses or shames America; let it be called foreign aid.

AMERICA IS never embarrassed to send money all over Europe for health projects and the like, and it is nothing but relief. Those who criticize welfare do not seem to mind farm subsidies. America's inconsistency sanctions paying farmers not to plant but resents providing financial assistance after she plants.

America's most pronounced inconsistency is illustrated by her inability to solve basic problems at home while presuming to be able to solve everyone else's problems abroad.

The inconsistency is magnified by the ludicrous spectacle of American troops in Vietnam attempting to force democracy upon people at gunpoint. If America's performance of democracy at home were consistent with what we say about the democratic way of life; it would never be necessary to take up arms to enforce it. People all over the world would be demanding democracy for themselves.

AMERICA'S MOST crucial battle has yet to be waged at home. I would rather see domestic strife between Americans than to see Americans engaging in foreign turmoil. During the Democratic Convention in Chicago thousands of troops were brought into the city to keep the peace. It is unfortunate that there were not 100 more Chicagos occurring simultaneously throughout the country. Perhaps then it would have been necessary to bring the American troops back from Vietnam to keep the domestic peace.

If there had been a really morally committed people's army of German youth in the 1930's, creating domestic disorder as American and Latin American students are doing today, millions of Jews and other people the world over would have been spared senseless slaughter. And until America gets her own house in order, she cannot justify the presumption of dictating solutions to foreign problems.

We will begin to bring order to every American household when the capitalist system is brought into proper perspective in this country. I do not advocate destroying the capitalist system, but I do insist that it be put in its proper place behind the United States Constitution. Today the Constitution has become the servant of capitalism rather than the capitalist system serving the best interests of all Americans within the framework of the Constitution.

THE RECENT inability to produce meaningful gun control legislation was a fine example. The vast majority of the American people favored a strong gun control. But the firearms industry, a powerful voice in the capitalistic system said "No" to firm gun control measures. The bill was defeated, disregarding the will of the people.

When life in America is truly defined and conducted by the Constitution of the United States a major step will have been taken to control the use of all guns, at home and abroad.

S. Rand Long . . . Of all the noplaces

Another rustling autumnal morn, semi-somnambulatory body housing a vagrant mind, a bewhiskered bewildered scholar debating with himself up front.

Glimmerings of Greek abstractions by dusty pages out of monumental historical minds, posing: what is Soul?

ELOCUTIONARY query recalls upon my ariel elven princess a year hence. Exploring ancient amphitylar halls on an exegetic mission. she chanced upon a bit of forgotten lore, led us into the country.

The two of us: she in her swinging saffron cloak, me in feral burgundy, the loamy land too pastoral for singing. A balmy afternoon, ramblings and reappings.

The search fulfilled, nature's bounty collected, a kilo or two of potential salvation, cornucopia proscribed for all but the energetic. Bring it with you when you come, little philosophical paregoric.

DAYS IN abeyance, incalescent expectation. Then the scene. A clandestine rented room, fluttering candle for atmosphere, minds tuned toward chance for definitive transport.

She produces the brown-papered package from beneath her cloak, lays it on the warped table top. A sussurant approving murmur, she pushes it across with an anticipatory shudder.

LITTLE SLEIGHT-of-hand, a length of honed steel flickers into being, a pass of the hands, practiced economy of motion, the blade disappears. Strings limp and lifeless, severed.

A ritual air dilates the room, the wrappings are reverently pushed back, the candle's flame wavers. Shadowed heads lean forward.

BUT NOTHING. No Soul thus exposed, only amorphous residue, a noisome scum.

Some sort of chemical deterioration, essence dissipated by the covetous cosmos, boiled away in anomalous atoms.

SOUL DEFYING definition, no panacean revelations, no epiphany surcease. Brung down.

Nothing to absorb in cloistered privacy, no chance to capture the mystic unknown, no hope of illuminating the vast void. Only the fading fleeting recollection of a faroff harvesting, another bootless quest.

THEN A presence in the darkening room. As if something had settled there upon soundless musty wings, a feeling untraceable to any physical evidence.

But we know. An inaudible derisive laughter, a rising aphony of scorn. A voiceless mockery defying ratiocination.

WE FLEE, heading down the stairs, out into the night. Space cast its protective cloak over us that night, time now shields us. However imperfectly.

The profounders on in idle returning eddies, conspiring leaves sweep past the window. Yeah man, tell me all about it.

Editorials Commentary

Eight years: a reminiscence

Eight years. Eight long years? No, the years have swiftly passed. I was a sophomore in high school then, but I was busy during that year's campaign. My parents worked hard for a Kennedy and their toil influenced my beliefs. At that time politics looked like something that might be enjoyable. It might be something I would like. So I too, worked.

EIGHT YEARS swiftly pass. My father now "likes the things Wallace is saying." My mother died of cancer. John Kennedy is dead. Robert Kennedy is dead. Martin Luther King is dead.

And in a week I get to vote for someone to be president of the United States, and none of the three candidates appeals to me at all.

SO NOW is a time for recollection. A time to face up to one's ideals; a time to ask oneself "why am I the way I am?"

Some think I am a lost cause. I still have McCarthy stickers on my car, in addition to a stick-on bouquet of red-white-and-blue daisies. I have way out views on such things as peace in Vietnam, the end of racism, and the end of poverty.

The demands I make of organized religion are not for heavenly security or for relieving of guilt. I don't mind paying high taxes if things are being accomplished. I see no reason why I need a lot of money to spend foolishly at a \$17 million Las Vegas casino or to foot a \$200 dinner bill at some posh night club.

BUT I LIKE this country. I like the right to write this column. I like its beauty. I like many of its people. This is October of 1968 - the year is ending. Thank God. I like to think back to that election eight years ago and I wish Richard Nixon

were elected president of the United States. His terms would be coming to a close; things couldn't be much worse than they are now.

John F. Kennedy, presumably, would not have been killed in Dallas; Robert F. Kennedy, presumably, would not have been shot in Los Angeles.

BUT THE New Frontier has evolved into the Second Frontier. Things have changed. People have changed. I have changed.

However, the other day a rather encouraging thing happened. Quite accidentally some catsup spilled on my cottage cheese. I didn't plan it that way, but I still ate my cottage cheese. And it didn't really taste that bad.

So I thought to myself that this was a good omen. Even if things happen in a manner that I haven't planned I still might like the consequences.

EVEN IF NIXON is elected because of events that have changed the mood of this country, at least some of the consequences might be favorable.

The "outs" will be "in" and the subject of criticism. When things don't get better (like the war, poverty, etc.) then it will prove that politics won't solve them. Candidates like Kennedy, McGovern and McCarthy won't have to topple the administration to seek a better country. And as unlikeable as Richard Nixon is to me, he can't really be a blunderbuss. Can he?

Four years swiftly pass. There probably will be another election. Things will have changed again. Maybe, by then, we will have made some progress - one way or another.

Larry Eckholt



- In the old days you knew who your friends were. They had long hair and beards and beads and jeans and boots. They smoked pot!

These days the straights are smoking pot. And growing their hair and piercing their ears and wearing boots and beads.

You just can't trust those people.

CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor: As per usual, your editorial of Monday, October 21 shows lack of thought and an asinine viewpoint as far as olympic activities are concerned. The Olympic games are not a forum for political viewpoint. They never have been and I hope to God they never will be.

I know the **Daily Nebraskan** has made an effort to be the campus crying towel for Negro problems, but too much is too much. I'm sure you would give that same right of political expression in the Olympic games to a hypothetical Southern white athlete who upon ascending the platform to receive his gold medal immediately espoused the qualities of George Wallace for "puttin' them nigger's in their place!" Or perhaps you would enjoy listening to a Soviet gold medal winner become oratorical about the transgressions of Israel in a lengthy tirade?

BUT WHY stop only with

the Olympic games, Mr. Todd? Why not have one of the Negro athletes on the Nebraska football team stop by the public address system microphones in Memorial Stadium after a big play and give us some of his viewpoints while the game was still being played? I bet 65,000 fans would just love that. I don't deny that the blacks have a right to a viewpoint that is not in the majority, but I do believe they don't have the right to predicate it under the guise of sports. I would like to have you explain the rationale of your argument. True, after struggling and working many hard years these people deserve the right to compete in the games. But how you can equate this with a right to display their feelings and make their frustrations known to the world through a purely sporting event is beyond any logic that I am able to follow. All the athletes that are in Mexico City are there simply because they are top-notch athletes, not because they

'Greeks are everywhere and in the groove'

"The Greeks are everywhere. You can't kill the system - it's too good. We're in the groove. We're having the good times . . . Independents like you are so far off the track you don't realize it."

And Zeus has spoken. The mighty wrath of the Greek opinion has descended upon the narrow shoulders of the Friday (and in this case Wednesday) Afternoon Column.

FORTUNATELY those comments and the ones that follow are not representative of all Greeks. There are those with somewhat more native intelligence.

But to let those Old Guard voices speak for themselves; herein is a letter received in reply to two commentaries on the Greek system printed last week.

"DEAR MR. Icenogle: They are very worthwhile articles if one takes caution not to stand downwind when reading them. Both articles brought out the true closeness of your affiliation to the Greek system and your infallible knowledge of it."

There are two types of Greek haters - those who are insanely jealous of us because they realize they can never compete with us and those who wanted to become Greeks but never made the grade.

"PLEDGE TRAINING is oriented to instill within the individual basic qualities such as brotherhood, fortitude and responsibility. Programs are established to bring out the finer qualities . . . On the average most Greeks have little or no unfriendly feelings toward independents and vice versa. Some of my closest friends are and always will be independents

"WE KNEW what we were getting into when we pledged. The pledges in the fraternities that haze knew, and they know that any time they can get up and leave . . . Who told you pledge training was a bed of roses? In fact, it's damn hard. There's no way on God's earth you can mix work and responsibility and have it come out to be easy. We don't expect it to.

ARE YOU afraid of pushups? By God I'm not. We don't haze in our house but

even if we did the last thing that would force me out would be pushups. Any pledge who gets raptured from pushups is either an out-of-shape-squirrel or needs a new set of intestines!

"We don't go around trying to convince you to commit yourself to the imbecile farm so don't go around trying to convince us to depledge. If pledge training is such a horrible beast why do we keep getting new pledges from the dorms? . . . Look past that befuddled typewriter of yours once."

"THE GREEKS are everywhere. You can't kill the system - it's too good. We're in the groove. We're having the good times. So why don't you try writing about something you know for a change, instead of broadcasting your ignorance. Independents like you are so far off the track you don't realize it. So why don't you light a candle instead of cursing the darkness - you might stop stumbling over myths."

"By the way, did you ever consider signing up for open rush second semester? It would do you some good."

Sincerely yours, Stuart Miller Pledge President of Pi Kappa Alpha

WELL, I'D be glad to go through open rush. But my 115 Fiji brothers might object. And if there are truly any Greek-haters, it's because attitudes like these (encompassing snobbish conceit and blind stubbornness) make them such.

And if pushups can make a pledge a man, then perhaps we had better set a definition for the word "man." To me, it is more important to treat each man as an individual who considers the feelings of others rather than as a Marine recruit with pushed-up biceps.

ATTITUDES like those expressed above are reason enough for every Greek to review the system. And if the system cannot change then it is time for every Greek to wrestle with his conscience. Each must decide whether or not he will perpetuate an establishment which prescribes pushups and honors mental humiliation under the pretense of pledge training.

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