

Fear words; destroy freedom

Kids swear earlier these days. The portable morality box that most of us keep in our living rooms has now ended up in some of our bedrooms, and even some of our beds. We sleep the Politically Correct sleep, speak the Politically Correct speak, and contentedly wallow in the PC vomit.

We dump sugar-coated lip service all over every issue and ailment, praying that if we smother it in enough cheap sincerity it will be swept back under the carpet. When did we become so pitifully sanitary that we can't express viewpoints or ideas without second-guessing our every word choice?

We destroy our language via alleged concepts of "decency," instill a fear to act, attempt to pacify freedom of speech, coerce ourselves into not addressing subjects we don't want us thinking about. It's an ugly world; taking away all of my ugly words is like stealing clay from a sculptor — lies from a politician.

We spend so much time squabbling over verbiage that we forget the issues. Watch your professor twitch and wince every time he/she has to say something as simple as "black ... er African American."

Isn't it better to know the shot? Here we sit in the alleged factory of learning and I can't even say what I want; my poetry is twisted into dull, hard diction because someone is afraid of the sensitive souls I might offend. It's not like I'm raping your cat while misinterpreting Nietzsche — they are only words for Christ's sake — you know, the basis of all freedom and rational thought.

By allowing them to make you stop, if only for an instant, and re-examine your discourse, you're pledging allegiance to the United States of the Christian Right.

Why is it that the basis of obscenity seems to be derived from natural activities? Are we still that afraid? A nation of John Travolti in plastic bubbles.

They tell me my words are



Aaron McKain

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obscene; this coming from the makers of such wonderful words as: capitalism, religion, imperialism, hypocrisy, and alternative. Adjective warfare.

I tell Bog Eyes that I'm repeatedly swearing to demystify the words, rob them of all their prestige and power. She thinks I just enjoy feeling like I'm thirteen.

If we could have said "f**k" out loud 40 years ago, maybe we wouldn't be fighting a demon named AIDS.

Had Uncle Sam jumped off his podium and spoken down to Earth in a language all of us plebeians could easily understand, perhaps we could have avoided humankind's second greatest tragedy.

If you fear language, you fear life, you will die, you will be weeded out.

Are you the one that society is

protecting by censoring my speech? Is it your sexuality that is so unbalanced that you risk certain nymphomania if I use that magical four letter word?

Why do we live in perpetual fear of synonyms? There is not one, count 'em, not one logical reason why I can say "sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex" but will risk backlash if I substitute alternate wording.

We allow our morality to be decided by a handful of bureaucrats who sit around weighing the advantages of sending us farther down the slippery slope vs. selling us more toothpaste. The FCC wouldn't let Lucy and Ricky sleep in the same bed, we were convinced that Little Ricky was Immaculately Conceived.

Kids swear earlier these days. Moms used to worry about you seeing ankles, not nipples. So what. Allow yourself to decide what is or isn't offensive. Don't hand over the reigns of self-expression to a handful of fascists posing as the moral majority.

For once, let's not be afraid to tell it like it is, or, as my grandma would explain it, "say shit when you have a mouthful."

PC categorizes and stigmatizes people; tells them that what they are is so horrid you shouldn't even be allowed to say it out loud. Have some self-respect. Remember the schoolyard rhyme: "Police brutality will break my bones, but names will never hurt me."

We stand by watching the rape-in-progress of America, immobilized because we can't decide how to address the "policeperson." Postman, postwoman; no matter how you slice it, it's still a glorified paper route.

All together class, "black, white, gay, Latino, Jew, crippled, stupid, short, fat, skinny, deaf, ugly."

Words only hurt if you let them. Be proud of what you are; don't hide behind the convenient stigmas society throws up for you.

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Players, team are not victims

What is the definition of "victim"?

It's a word that's been kicked around like the proverbial football over the past few days. Is Lawrence Phillips a victim? Damon Benning? Even Tom Osborne and the whole football team?

Let's try choice D: None of the above.

It all broke open Sunday night with the late-evening news of the charges against Phillips: third degree assault of a woman with whom he'd had some sort of relationship. Was she really his girlfriend or had they broken up? Where had it happened? Who was with her? And why, why, why would a Heisman hopeful commit such an awful act?

Monday morning we began to see answers, as Police Chief Tom Casady shed some light on the matter.

But the questions he didn't put to rest revolved around Phillips and Kate McEwen. Because, quite simply, Casady refused to name names in either the Benning or Phillips cases. As far as he was concerned, the most important part of either case was protecting the victim.

I admire Casady's actions. He seems to be the only one involved in this series of legal entanglements who understands who the real victims are.

It seems so apparent to me McEwen and Benning's former girlfriend are the real victims if anyone needs to be labeled as such. With all the attention this week, little has been focused on them. And what has been said has been derogatory. It's been people asking why Benning's girlfriend went to collect her belongings at two in the morning. Or even worse, why Phillips found McEwen with Scott Frost.

These are the questions Casady



Kristi Schwarting

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wouldn't answer. They don't deserve answers. I'm sure Benning's girlfriend had her reasons for going to his apartment when she did. Maybe she did go to pick a fight, as some reports would have us believe. But nothing — nothing — justifies the treatment she allegedly received at his hands.

As for McEwen — so she was with another man. Whether she and Phillips had separated or not, being with Frost was her right. In a society which still condemns women who cheat more than their male counterparts, she was marked before anyone knew the facts.

Kate McEwen left the state after the assault. I can only assume she did so because she needed support and time away from where it happened. Perhaps she was scared; I wouldn't blame her.

Or maybe she didn't want to face the pervasive attitude sweeping across campus: Phillips as victim.

I wish it were contained to the campus, if it had to exist anywhere. It's not. Following the news conference Monday morning, a local talk radio program featured the football team's off-field weekend incidents as the main topic. The bulk of the calls were, in one way or another, sympathetic of Phillips.

I could be supportive of Phillips too, but only in impossible circumstances. The man needs long-term professional help. He needs to be off the football team for good. He shouldn't be anything resembling a hero.

Interwoven with stories of his transgression are video clips and radio highlights of his football prowess. Poor Lawrence Phillips, people say, because he deserved the Heisman Trophy, major commercial endorsements, and a great contract with a professional team.

Poor Lawrence Phillips' Heisman chances are shot. He won't get as many endorsements, and may only get a few paltry million for his pro deal.

And the other person involved? Lucky, lucky Kate McEwen gets bruised and battered, frightened, and her life turned upside down.

Lawrence Phillips may still play football this season. If he stands trial on the charges, he could get as much as a year in prison or a thousand-dollar fine. He could even be found innocent. At the most, he gets a slap on the wrist.

A thousand dollars couldn't bring Kate McEwen's sense of security back. Neither can a year of time. Adequate reparations cannot be made.

So Phillips is off the field temporarily. And his replacement on the field this weekend? None other than Damon Benning.

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The N Stands For Knowledge

by James Zank

