

## Wrong Approach

The Daily Nebraskan feels that the use of student "spies" to uncover drug abuses is a highly inadvisable proposal. State Patrol Chief James E. Kruger positively stated Thursday that undercover agents, possibly students, will be used if needed to help find drug abuses in the state's colleges and high schools.

There are several strong reasons that lead the Nebraskan to object to the use of students as undercover agents.

The very suggestion that students be paid by the state to report the activities of their fellow students immediately makes one think of a totalitarian state secret police force.

"Good lord! Could it be my roomie is one of the spies!"

The hiring of student undercover agents would also contribute to an aura of distrust among students, that could get way out of hand.

The campus joke going around Thursday was "Well, how much is the patrol paying you?"

Finally there is the objection that having student undercover agents would be like having a member of your family paid to spy for the government. Student groups in dormitories and Greek houses and, even in apartments, take the place of a family in many ways.

"Would you want your sister to be a

government undercover agent?"

The Daily Nebraskan feels that drug abuse could indeed become a serious problem, as Kruger pointed out. It is important to stop any small abuses now, before they mushroom. But having one student paid by the government to spy upon others is not the best method. It reeks too much of a state financed witch hunt.

The Nebraskan further feels that Kruger and State Sen. Terry Carpenter, who started the undercover agent ball rolling, have made themselves and the entire situation look ridiculous by their public statements on this matter.

One cannot seriously believe that the patrol actually expects to employ undercover agents for a drug investigation on the campus after having publicly announced it. It would seem more logical that the agents have been working all year and there was suddenly a leak to the press.

If agents haven't been working, and Kruger's statement was intended as a psychological weapon it has already accomplished part of that purpose. The campus is shook up about the very statement.

The Nebraskan feels the state would be making a serious mistake by hiring students as undercover agents on the campus.

## Credibility Gap

Mark Lane, and James Garrison and their theories about the assassination of President John F. Kennedy should be taken with a grain of salt.

Lane made several comments before a University audience Thursday that lead the Daily Nebraskan to view him, at best, as an amateur sleuth with an outsized sense of the dramatic and, at worst, as a crackpot.

Lane was a convincing speaker, but one should stop to look at the things he said a little more closely.

For example, Lane said, "The first serious investigation since the shots were fired is taking place now in New Orleans."

He chose to ignore, thereby, not only

the Warren Report, but the independent investigations of several national magazines and the excellent and detailed investigation by CBS News which was presented in a four-part series last summer.

One is left questioning also the character of the investigation, itself.

Lane is obviously making money on a very tragic happening. If he is attempting through his books and speeches to convince people that his solution to the murder is correct, it didn't show up in his talk here.

The Nebraskan feels that if Lane and Garrison had any respect at all for President Kennedy they would go about their investigation—if they must have one—in a quiet, restrained manner.

## A Plea To Straw Poets

By SUSIE DIFFENDERFER

I want to talk to you about today. Now, Lincoln, Nebr. I am irate, irritated, and aggravated, as well as being appalled by a certain attitude that sleeps silently inside Nebraska coeds. Read on my friends for I am not talking about apathy. Perhaps you will sympathize when you hear how I, just a few days ago, in idealistic naivete made a total fool of myself.

Scene: Creative writing classes, University of Nebraska, Lincoln. Enter enthusiastically, Me: (playing the role of Editor of *Scrip Literary Magazine*.)

Me: Good morning, good morning, I'm here to talk to you about something you're all very interested in—PUBLISHING YOUR OWN WORK!

(Fat drops smoothly over the edges of desks and the same fat faces are expressionless, weighted down by heavy cheeks.)

Me (with added projection): Now, I have two questions for you. First, how many of you have published already?

No hands.

Me (more loudly): How many would like to be published?

No hands... just fat faces.

Me: Well, what-in-hell are you taking this course for?

No reaction... nothing.

Now this is not apathy, it is a dangerous lack of self-confidence, and an absurd lack of motivation to get beyond the narrow bounds of one's self and friends.

Not apathy because people at the University simply do not wish to promote themselves, nor their work. Poets curl shyly in their humble corners and whisper (only to friends, of course), "Maybe some-

day, after I'm dead they'll discover my great masterpieces and the world will be sorry they did not know me alive."

Well, you Emily Dickinsons I wish you luck in your coffins; but I ask you to check the biographies of great writers again. Humility is one Christian fine thing. Sappy, provincial, ignorance is another.

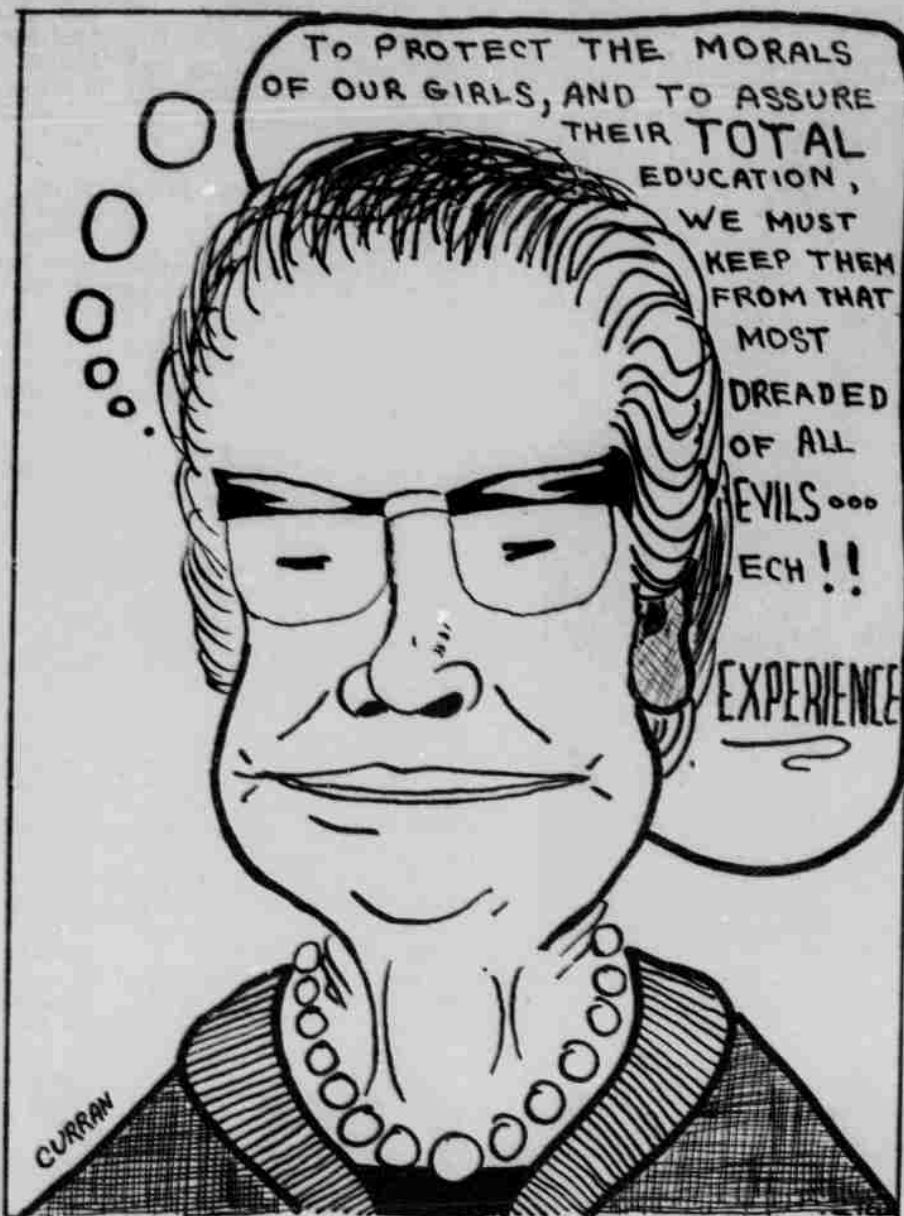
### THE STRAW MEN

You may accuse me of false generalization, but there have been other instances. There was the time *Scrip* arranged a poetry reading on the steps of Sheldon Art Gallery... Friday for the scene, and the readers had shivered into corners of the campus. Or look at the audience the Union sensations pull: full house for Indian dancers and Bel Kaufman (in that order). Now compare this to the measly dozen a poet like Cooperman (now you are asking, "who's he?") draws.

I am reminded of the college woman who wrote a fantastic Broadway satire, *Macbird*. And I am conceited enough to think that any political science major with a little wit at this University in Lincoln, Nebr. could have written such a play. But the fact remains: they haven't, and probably won't.

So, I plead to you whimpering writers and poets of Nebraska, come out from under your desks, come out of your overstuffed apartments, and let us hear you!

*Scrip Magazine* needs your support now, here, in Lincoln, Nebraska. And we need it before Thanksgiving Vacation. Type up your stuff over the weekend and put it in the *Scrip* box, English Department, second floor Andrews Hall.



## CAMPUS OPINION

Dear Editor?

I wish to clarify my position regarding the presence of business recruiters on campus.

The resolution I introduced in the Senate was NOT designed to forbid Dow Chemical Co. the use of campus facilities. Rather, my intent was to condemn Dow for its practice of selling napalm to the U.S. military.

My concern, as regards the general issue of campus recruitment, is that some segment of the University community might get the job of making ethical distinctions among potential recruiters simply by default, as there is no official policy on the matter.

I advocate that we have an open campus, there is no need to protect students from companies like Dow Chemical. Indeed, it seems that elsewhere the re-

verse has been the case. Thank you.

Al Spangler  
Senator, Grad College

### Joan

Dear Editor:

I went out of curiosity, rather than real interest, to hear Joan Baez discuss her non-violent philosophy. She stated that the American people should treat tyranny as a "big bad boy," but with kindness and understanding.

I feel it is extremely fortunate that this country, along with a few dozen others in Europe did not have this "sweetness and light" attitude in the early 1940s.

Judy Fisher

## Are You Kidding Me?

The announcement at Student Senate that State Sen. Terry Carpenter wants to talk to students interested in the campus drug problem led ASUN Sen. Susie Phelps to remark, "I thought Carpenter didn't give a damn."

ASUN Vice President Gene Pokorney was quick with a rebuttal, "Would you care to expound upon that?" he asked. Whereupon the Senators broke up.

A University history professor commented this week that when he first arrived in Nebraska last year he got off the train and "set my watch back 20 years."

Mark Lane, author of "Rush to Judge-

ment," said Thursday of J. Edgar Hoover's "Masters of Deceit." "I haven't read it, but I presume it is his autobiography."

Signs of the tenor of the campus times:

In Architectural Hall:  
"I'd like to have the name of the governor of this state."

—Dick Gregory

On a dormitory room door:  
"Due to lack of interest, tomorrow will be postponed."

Thanksgiving vacation begins next Wednesday.

## Grand Sprix

by George Kaufman

"The presidents of four (California) state colleges have withdrawn recognition from Sigma Chi fraternity because they believe its policies permit racial and religious discrimination in selection of members."—United Press International, Nov. 15, 1967.

This dispatch Wednesday got little play in the Lincoln newspapers, but has more than back-page significance to students of the University of Nebraska.

The phrase "because they believe its policies permit" is lightly-worded, because in actuality the organization has recently proven that its policies do indeed permit, even dictate, racial and religious discrimination in selection of its members.

The Sigma Chi chapter at Stanford University had the audacity to pledge a Negro and was immediately slapped down by the national officers.

The presidents of San Diego State, San Fernando State, Fresno State and San Jose State colleges then imposed the ban upon the local chapters of the famous Greek social fraternity.

Dr. Ernest A. Becker, dean of student affairs for the state college system, told UPI the four officials withdrew recognition because local chapters did not have autonomy in picking members. This is true not only in California, but even in backwater states like Nebraska.

Under the ban, Sigma Chi chapters at the schools cannot use college facilities or carry on activities on campus. At last word, the action was threatening to mushroom, with a similar ban being considered on Sigma Chi chapters at UCLA, Berkeley and Santa Barbara.

Now the question arises: should a thing which happens in California prompt action in Lincoln, Nebr?

I don't mean a similar ban by the administration on the Nebraska chapter of the Sigma Chi party group. I mean a self-motivated (if this is possible) action on the part of Sigma Chi. Sort of to prove it can do more than paint EX on the bottoms of university coeds.

It would be surprising, but improbable if this were to happen. Perhaps it is a dream that the Greeks may ever reform from within.

This poses an even bigger question: Will the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi ever be black?

## Right of Left

By A. C. E.

While innocently walking through the Schramm Hall lobby Wednesday afternoon I spied an interesting sight. There in the midst of an estimated one-hundred and fifty students sat Joan Baez and Ira. My poor, befuddled mind could not comprehend the scene. I knew that administration was interested in keeping the dorms happy prisoners but sponsoring Joan In The Lobby???

Being the super-sleuth that I am I decided to investigate. Much to my surprise it was not a rendition of folk-singers revisited although I did notice that one coed had a copy of the "Joan Baez Songbook." It was instead a philosophical debate. This did even more to my mind—administration couldn't actually have had a hand in stimulating thought among the students!

Confronted with such an interesting situation I could not resist the temptation and so I stayed to listen.

My first impression was "Joan, ever have the feeling that people might be using your name?" for Ira spoke at length with comments from Miss Baez thrown in at random to prove that she really did agree with what was being said.

However, that was my first impression and as the discussion proceeded my attitude changed for Miss Baez began to express her beliefs personally and quite well at that.

After making statements referring to the growing totalitarianism of America and the abominable U.S. policy in Vietnam, audience reaction was varied. On the whole, however, the consensus seemed to be "Commie, Commie, Commie..."

As I said earlier, administration couldn't have been sponsoring anything to stimulate student thought and as it turned out, they certainly weren't not.

In reference to the growing totalitarianism of America many students reacted quite adversely. This interested me for I could not help but recall a letter printed in the Daily Nebraskan concerning a Soviet Russian flag hanging in a Harper Hall window.

The person writing the letter considered this a threat to the American Way of Life. After all, a Communist flag—how horrible... and besides who needs freedom of speech. I mean, it's okay if you express your opinion as long as it agrees with the consensus. Of course, this is just an isolated instance at Nebraska but unfortunately there have been too, too many of these isolated instances throughout the country.

The Red flag incident, "Baez is a Communist," etc., etc., lead me to believe that the flagwavers are becoming a little overzealous in their drive to protect the American Way of Life.

When concern for humanity becomes equated with the great red terror of communism whenever the U.S. is involved on the shady side I think it's time to check our premises.

Somewhat it just seems a little too easy to label everything "Communist" that you don't agree with, and so as I sauntered out of Schramm Hall I could not help but recall an old Kierkegaard favorite of mine:

What fools men are! They want the freedoms they do not have, and they do not use the freedoms they do have. They want freedom of speech and have freedom of thought.

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## 'In The Heat Of The Night' Meaningful Attempt

By LARRY ECKHOLT

There are hardships for the amateur movie critic who writes in Lincoln, Nebraska. Not the least of them is the time it takes for most movies to get to Lincoln. By the time a critically-acclaimed movie, such as "In The Heat of the Night," is shown in Lincoln, the amateur critic has devoured many other reviews on the movie, searching for style techniques and the general pattern of critique.

Then, when he does have a chance to review the movie, he is not sure if what he is writing has not already been predetermined by previous readings, or if what he says is actually what he feels. But "In The Heat of the Night" is one of those movies that leaves one searching for new ways of expressing oneself, instead of just giving feelings whether predetermined or not.

There have been many attempts to film a meaningful movie on the racial hatred of the South. Two of them have been released in 1967, the year of the riots; one of them ("Hurricane Sundown") futiley directed by Otto Preminger) did not make it, partially because the movie tried to be a modern day "Gone with the Wind" and when there already is one GWTW there is no reason for another.

"In The Heat of the Night" brings together two of the finest American actors on the screen: Rod Steiger and Sidney Poitier. For those who have been waiting for Poitier's talents to be fully used—this is the movie. Someday soon Poitier will be giving performances not determined by color. But this portrayal of the Northern Negro policeman who accidentally stumbles onto a homicide case in dumpy Sparta, Mississippi and is used by a townful of bigots is nothing less than beautiful.

### Powerful

But the most powerful performance is given by Steig-

er. His police chief Bill Gillespie is certainly the finest performance of this year. He chews gum with what could almost be termed psychic disorder as if persecuting the gum for his own faults; he pricks Virgil Tibbs (Poitier) with a multitude of prejudiced needles while subtly showing respect for a "Northern nigger" for his capabilities as a law officer. This is truly one of the most complex relationships brought to the screen. And when Gillespie says good-bye to Virgil Tibbs at the train station, Steiger, with a clomp on his gum and a warm smile, brings hope into the cause of ending racial strife in the real South.

Two people must be given the most credit for this excellent movie: director Norman Jewison and scriptwriter Stirling Silliphant. Jewison has tackled one other movie with a touchy plot—"The Russians are Coming, The Russians are Coming." In that movie he showed how a competent director can satirically treat a situation involving American patriotism and international relationships with comedy and succeed.

Jewison now treats an equally difficult subject with such precision that never does the racial question get out of hand. He never actually condemns the Southern bigot for his beliefs. He enables the complex nature of personal relationships do the work for him. There is enough verbal assault on the Negro to let any Mr. Charley in the audience chuckle with self-delight. But, in the same respect, the whites in the audience can marvel with Gillespie at the superiority of this Negro Tibbs.

Writer Silliphant (who is now doing a picture in Selma, Alabama) has produced a symphony in black and white (the movie is colored, ahem, in color). Each race is given a chance to voice its prejudices. Tibbs is caught in the middle. He must cope with the near-fatal tauntings of the whites who want him dead because he is too much like a white plus extricate information from a Negro wom-

an by capitalizing on the same kind of prejudices. There are numerous scenes which show the southern Negro compared to Tibbs (who is not typical, that's certain) and southern whites compared to each other. These may not be fair comparisons, but they certainly are powerful.

### Brilliant

The force of the art of the film is epitomized by Haskell Wexler's brilliant photography. Some of the closeups are near abstracts and there are many visual symbols, some needed, others not. The movie was shot in a small midwestern town, for obvious reasons, which certainly will not win any Lady Bird beautification awards if it reveals its true identity publicly. It is the archetype of cities that rear George and Lurleen Wallaces, Lester Maddoxes, etc.

When I saw the movie one post-viewing experience added to the impact of the film on me. Two pre-school boys, both of whom probably came to the movie in lieu of a babysitter, were sitting together just far enough away from their parents to feel apart from them. One was a Negro, one was white. The boys were having a good time before the movie started and sat through the entire movie together. When it was time to leave the boys started to cry because they had to part and each parent had to explain to his child that they couldn't spend any more time together that night. But the crying persisted. The last thing I heard was the white boy's mother telling her boy that he shouldn't cry, that he will see his friend again.

"In The Heat of the Night" is not sentimental like the aforementioned anecdote. It is powerful, it is important, it is a masterpiece—but it is not sentimental. Yet it gives to the people of this embittered nation a reason to hope. And I'd gladly be sentimental over that.