

The face of status quo

A University has many faces and as one generation succeeds in molding one face its successors appear only to restructure the craftsmanship.

Status Quo is the most commanding face among the 18,000 personalities on the University campus. He mingles well, does not change his ideas and is consequently accepted by most students, favored by most professors and idolized by most administrative officials.

Three years ago a graduate student by the name of Carl Davidson began to peel away the mask of Status Quo to reveal a different face — that of the Quiet Revolution.

This Quiet Revolution, however, began as a very noisy revolution when a group of idealistic students began to question the basic structures of the University. They stormed the podiums of Hyde Park with new ideas about student power and educational reforms. In the audience some simply listened, some yelled "Red," but others foresaw that some of these ideas in a tempered form could be applied to the University.

Thus was created the face of the Quiet Revolution, which has silently crept into these century-old, minus one year, walls. By nature of the populace, however, the Quiet Revolution does not operate like his counterpart at Berkeley, Antioch or the University of Wisconsin.

It is important to recognize, that revolution, Nebraska style, is bringing a new face to the campus, even though the face lifting operation is painfully slow.

A handful of liberal students and professors are introducing new concepts in education which, as unlikely as it seems, could transform the University's antiquated educational system into one of the most progressive schools in the country.

The University's disciplinary procedures and court systems, two of the more elaborate anachronisms of the campus, are being investigated, although this does not insure they will be reformed.

The forgotten Student Bill of Rights, stamped with approval by students last spring, supposedly will emerge this semester from the select six-man team of surgeons, this time to stand for judgment before not only students, but professors and the Board of Regents. Whether this document emerges as a wide-eyed progressive, or appears as a retarded creature alien to its original intent, remains to be seen.

The Quiet Revolution even has filtered down into the realm of the queen of in loco parentis herself — AWS. Junior and senior women now own the qualified privilege of the key. Hopefully sophomore and second semester freshmen women will be next.

The University, however, frequently has diverted the course of the Quiet Revolution. Praising dormitory living as a vital part of total education and confessing the University overestimated enrollments in their building plans, the Board of Regents last summer reversed an ad hoc committee's decision to liberalize outdated housing regulations.

While the issue now lies dormant, it is far from being solved. The housing question is certain to appear again this semester as will questions concerning student rights, University disciplinary procedures and court systems, and educational reforms. These are not new, earth shattering problems; they have faced the University for years.

But it is apparent they are not going to disappear until the Quiet Revolution has solved them according to its own guidelines.

It promises to be an interesting 15 weeks.
Cheryl Tritt

Judge and jury?

Nineteen prominent University professors have formulated a policy for drug control, the text of which appears in today's Campus Opinion. These men are not necessarily "pro-drug," just as the Board of Regents and the State legislators are not "pro-drug." They have taken, however an intelligent, rational approach to drug control, unlike the Regents and the legislature.

The statement contains several arguments which demonstrate that the Regents policies on drugs and the legislature's 1967 Drug Act are grossly disproportionate as to penalties they inflict.

First the fact that drug usage, especially in the case of marijuana, is even a criminal offense is a highly debatable question in the courts as well as on university campuses.

The United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit last month indicated in a marijuana case that sufficient scientific knowledge does not exist to warrant a decision that the eighth amendment prohibits punishing a marijuana user as severely as a narcotics user.

This court also stated that the case demonstrated the necessity for further legislative study of an open question.

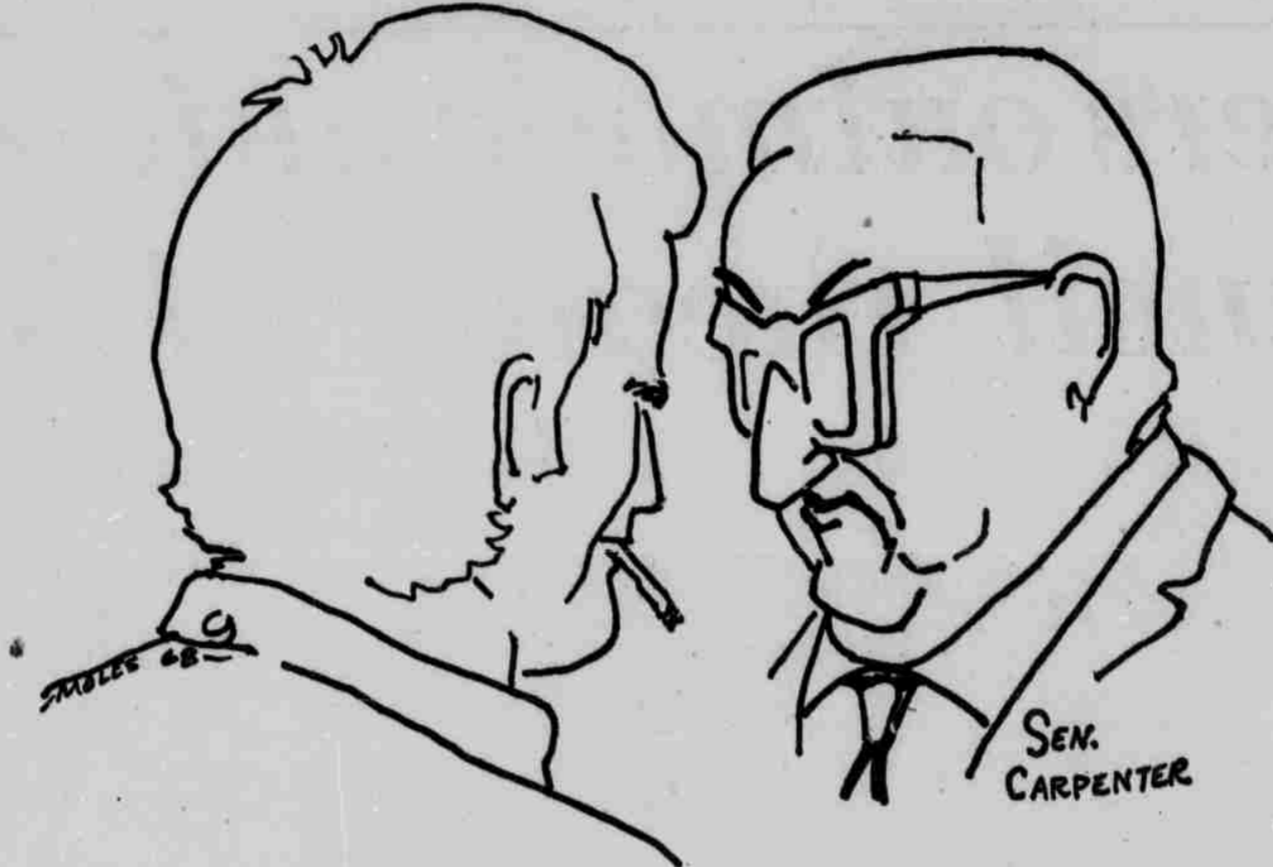
The court's statement obviously does not negate existing statutes concerning penalties for marijuana usage.

But the fact that a court of appeals could not find sufficient evidence to either support or deny equal punishment for both marijuana and other drug usage raises serious questions as to the underlying validity of these laws, particularly because of the unequal penalties involved.

This position is supported by the numerous other cases now pending in other courts.

Since drugs laws are being seriously questioned the severity of the Regents drugs policy which demands automatic suspension of drug offenders and even administrative involvement in these cases should also be questioned. Last fall a student who was found to be a drug offender by University officials agreed to withdraw quietly from school, perhaps under pressure from the administration. His case was turned over to the district attorney who consequently did not press charges for lack of evidence.

From this case it is evident that the University's role as a judge and jury in drug matters needs reform.



What we have here is a failure to Communicate.

William F. Buckley

The Pueblo: Will she sink or swim?

Some thoughts, practical and theoretical, concerning the Pueblo:

1. It has become fashionable to observe that the credibility gap is such as to entitle John Doe to disbelieve the American Government, and believe the government of North Korea.

Thus for instance Mr. Murray Kempton of New York confesses, not alas unsaidly, that he will accept the enemy's version, inasmuch as "North Korea hasn't lied to me lately."

One day after this assertion, the North Koreans released the taped confession of the commander of the Pueblo. "The crime committed by me and my men is entirely indelible," says the commander—see North Korea—adding that he hopes "that

we will be forgiven leniently."

The Commander went on to explain that "a lot of dollars would be offered to all crew members of my ship and particularly I myself would be honored."

Since no such English was ever spoken by any American, even at Annapolis, we may submit the "confession" as a North Korean lie and hope, perhaps, that the American left will acknowledge the possibility of a credibility gap where Communists are concerned.

2. Is it likely that the Pueblo was inside the 12-mile limit, and therefore technically in violation of North Korea's security?

No, because the equipment on our spy ship is designed

for medium-range and long distance work, not for getting close enough to the shoreline so that the boat can spot the enemy from the crow's nest. Under the circumstances, it is inherently implausible that the 12-mile limit was violated.

3. If the United States is confident of its case, why doesn't it demand that an international inspection committee immediately inspect the Pueblo's navigational log, assuming it has not been destroyed?

By checking the radar notations, Loran lines (if there are such in that area), depth readings, and even the celestial sights, it can be inferred with virtual certainty whether the Pueblo was guilty.

4. What do we have to fear from the detention of the boat, other than the blow to our pride? I do not diminish the importance of the latter merely by bringing up the possible importance of the former.

Do we have, aboard the Pueblo, vital security information the removal of which by the enemy would seriously affect the national interest? Is that information to be found in written form, in which case one assumes it has been removed (and hopes that it will be translated into Korean by the same gentleman who wrote Commander Bucher's message); or, that which is most valuable, or equally valuable, is the refined electronic machinery aboard the Pueblo?

Campus opinion . . .

Professors suggest drug policy change

Dear Editor: This letter is an attempt to formulate what its signers believe to be a sensible policy on drug use.

First, we note that many teachers who are made uneasy by the prospect of the employment of undercover agents on campus hesitate to take a stand against practices for fear of appearing to be "for drugs." But this no more follows than that a stand against the prohibition of liquor makes a person "Pro-alcohol," or, to take an example farther afield, that the stand of the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches in England in favor of homosexual law reform makes these bodies "pro-homosexual." In fact it is often necessary for society to tolerate abuses when their suppression creates worse abuse still.

No sane man or woman would deny that the hapless derelicts in the "skid rows" of our larger cities are proof of the dangers of the abuse of alcohol. Yet, though prohibition might conceivably diminish this problem, most citizens would hesitate to react the anti-liquor laws of the 1920's.

We hope to make ourselves understood then, if we point out that some of the signers of this statement are strongly critical of drug-taking in any form, and would even include in their concern such socially acceptable drugs as alcohol, caffeine, and tobacco, but that nevertheless, all its signers are against legal penalties for drug-taking and drug possession.

Some of us would argue further that not only does legislation against drugs create more problems than it solves

through its inevitable arbitrariness of enforcement, the excessive harshness of its penalties, and the tendency to make illicit trade in drugs a highly profitable business, but that the same objection holds to such laws as to all "moral" legislation.

In legislation against purely self regarding acts or acts involving mutual consent where no clear, demonstrable, positive harm is done to unwilling individuals the state oversteps its bounds and invades individual rights.

Right and Duty?

The state may have a right and even a duty to warn and admonish the individual against ruining his health or endangering his life through drug abuse, but it has no right to forbid him doing so. (We note that, though the potentially lethal effects of tobacco are, well established, society nevertheless seems unwilling, and rightly so, to make tobacco smoking a criminal offense.)

In short, one may argue against anti-drug laws on the classical grounds laid down by John Stuart Mill in "On Liberty." As Mill puts it, "the sole ends for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self protection. The only purpose for which power can be rightly exercised over any mem-

ber of a civilized community against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant.

He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or to forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise or even right.

There are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or persuading him, to entreat him, but not for compelling him, or for visiting him with any penalty if he do otherwise."

This appears to us to be the case even when the harmful effects of a drug are beyond question. When, however, as with marijuana, the harmfulness of the drug is an open question, the severe penalties on our statute books are indefensible.

It has been argued that the law should be stringently enforced until tests determine drug. But such a view seems to imply that society should punish people while it seeks to find out if what they have done should be called a crime. This seems to us, to put it shortly, an untenable position.

When the enforcement of such laws also involves the use of undercover agents further problems arise. The use of undercover agents is clear-

ly appropriate for crimes of violence, theft, or fraud where there is a complaining victim.

Crimes?

In the case of so-called student spies the use of undercover agents almost always involves unsavory tactics of enticement and entrapment.

That is, unsuspecting persons are invited to commit crimes by police agents. There is also a standing temptation to manufacture evidence.

Moreover, the presence of undercover agents on a campus is inevitable disruptive of trust and privacy, and tends to create an atmosphere of doubt and suspicion.

Only where the clearest and most serious danger to the common good existed would such methods be justified. The smoking of marijuana or the selling of marijuana to those who wish to buy it does not appear to us to fall within that category.

- Earl Barnwell, Zoology
- Richard Baroude, Law
- James Cole, Psychology
- Louis Crompton, English
- Robert Dewey, Philosophy
- Richard Felton, Economics
- Wendell Gauger, Botany
- Richard Glibbery, Chemical Engineering
- Preston Holder, Anthropology
- Leonard Kaplan, Law
- Duward Laging, Art
- Michael Meyer, History
- Robert Narveson, English
- Edgar Pearlstein, Physics
- Alan Pickering, UMHE
- Lawrence Poston, English
- Sing-nam Fen, Education
- George Wolf, English
- Richard Woodard, Law

Zorba the Mexican

Editor's Note: Larry Grossman, a senior in English, has spent his vacation periods since coming to the University exploring the United States, Canada, Mexico, and five countries in Western Europe. During the semester you will be able to read his impressions of the people and places of our continent and Europe, all being sketches taken from a traveler's notebook.

by Larry Grossman

On a hot afternoon in late August of 1966, my friend Charlie and I were waiting for a ride on the edge of Celaya, a town northwest of Mexico City. We were going to San Miguel de Allende some 40 kilometers to the north.

It was approaching sunset and we relaxed after our walk from the center of the town where the last car had let us out. Traffic was light and so we sat still for a quarter of an hour. Our experience had been that hitching in Mexico was incredibly easy. Whenever a driver saw a kid from the U.S., he invariably stopped if he had room. Truck drivers had been particularly good about giving us lifts.

A big truck rolled up, its frame all bent out of shape. It moved sideways like a turtle and across the bumper was stenciled the name "El Indio". It stopped and Charlie and I grabbed our packs and jumped in. The driver was the biggest Mexican we had ever seen and also the drunkest. He gunned his truck and we were off to his town about 20 kilometers up the road.

He immediately began rattling to us in Spanish, sometimes mumbling his words, raising his voice at other times, and always speaking at a rapid pace. Charlie and I knew enough of the language by this time to realize that he was swearing, but he wasn't angry. In fact he kept laughing and pounding on the steering wheel. He told us that he had worked on a ranch in Arizona and mentioned some other details about his family which were lost in translation.

The guy kept on laughing and the sound of it was infectious. It rose out of his cavernous chest and filled the cab. I forgot how tired I was and began to laugh my head off with this giant of a man whose language I couldn't understand. Our driver seemed to be one of the rare persons who laugh all of their lives. I decided his name was Zorba.

In the meantime, the truck had covered a few kilometers and we found ourselves in the heart of rural Mexico. This road was one tourists never traveled. On both sides were green cornfields that stretched to the sierra. Smoke from cooking fires rose from huts with straw roofs. Women were scrubbing clothes on rocks near puddles of rain water while their naked brown children splashed about.

The road had narrowed and Zorba was driving slow. He would bring his truck behind the farmers on bicycles and burro carts and start honking like crazy. They all scrambled to get out of the way shaking their fists and cursing, but when they saw who it was who had honked, they smiled and waved. Zorba was well known.

When we reached the town, Zorba insisted we come to his cantina for a drink of tequila. We were in a hurry to get to San Miguel before dark but thought the delay might be interesting.

The cantina was near the central plaza of the little town. When we entered, three drinkers put down their glasses and ran up to Zorba. They started yelling and hitting him on the back and shaking his hand. One turned to me and said that Zorba was the strongest man in Queretaro.

Our friend bought us three tequilas each and lined the glasses up on the bar. He ordered a glass, a dish of lime slices, and a bottle of tequila for himself. He laughed all the while that he was downing shots. Charlie tossed his three glasses off but I suffered through only with the aid of a Pepsi. We talked with Zorba and his pals for an hour. They all looked up to him as a local hero and he laughed and told jokes to them. He was the happiest man I had ever seen.

It was dark when Charlie and I left the bar and both of us were drunk. Zorba pointed out the highway and one of his friends helped us carry our gear to the far side of the plaza. A truck came slowly through the town and stopped for us. We hopped in the back with some crates of chickens and took off for San Miguel. As the truck pulled out of the town, Zorba came up behind and honked his horn. "We heard his laugh drifting off into the Mexican night."

Rodney Powell

The three B's

I offer the Three B's — bewilderment, bemusement and bad mouthing.

President Johnson prompted by the success of his last visit, has had another quaint and folksy chat with newsmen in an attempt to project a better image to all us folks out in television-land.

Here is a transcript of the exchange, and the buildup to it, obtained from an unimpeachable source:

Reporter: Mr. President, is it true that they say about Dixie:

President J: Indeed it is — nothin' could be finer than to be in Carolina in the mornin' — reminds me of the one I love (clap, clap, clap, clap) deep in the heart of Texas. I think that you all now understand some of my feeling for the Southland.

Reporter: Indeed we do Mr. President. Is it true that all American patrols have been supplied with silver bullets in an attempt to kill, "once and for all," as you put it, the Viet Cong?

President: That is a vicious rumor spread by the cussers and doubters who don't understand that the ship of state is safe and secure in the hands of your present President.

As to the use of silver bullets on all patrols, I categorically deny it. Our men have been carefully instructed to use these bullets only on missions after dark — we can assure you that we will not escalate the use of such ammunition unless the enemy refuses to die by ordinary means.