

Despite pessimism, somehow we'll muddle through

By Arthur Hoppe

The slender young man in overalls stood in the center of the sidewalk, head back, shouting. I didn't listen to what he had to say.

Ten years ago, I would have listened. Fifteen years ago he would have drawn a crowd. But now the passersby expertly skirted around him, not noticing, not caring.

innocent bystander

After all, there are many more crazies on the streets these days. I don't know why.

I was on my way to lunch in a fancy restaurant with some well-off friends from New York. The woman talked of how she rode her horse in Central Park every day. "But I always carry a can of Mace," she said, "and I

only ride at 7 in the morning. The police told me that was the safest time. A lot of people have been pulled from their horses. It's getting worse, but ..."

She stopped. I could feel her fear and frustration. It's easy to feel another's fears these days. There are so many more brutal muggings. I'm not sure why.

The man was an economist. He talked of how the British pound would continue to decrease in value and, consequently, of how the British, no matter how hard they worked, would grow poorer and poorer. He talked of how a world-wide depression would inevitably follow the next oil embargo. He talked of nuclear war.

I asked what could be done. He said he didn't know. There seem to be more problems these days to which no one has a solution. I don't know why.

Back at the office, I talked to a young man about politics. He said his generation was interested in politics. "It's like a game," he said. But he probably wouldn't bother to vote. "What good would it do?" he asked.

In the mail was a letter from my old friend, Helen Jones. "I used to be apathetic about Ford and Carter," she wrote. "But now I'm definitely against both of them."

I thought how well she summed up the attitude of so

many of my generation toward this campaign. People seem far more cynical about everything these days. I'm not sure why.

On the way home, the radio was talking of another senseless shooting. There are so many more senseless shootings these days.

I tried to imagine what a man who shoots down an unarmed stranger on the street must feel. Rage? Hatred? Or is it the ultimate in nihilism -- the ultimate in who-gives-a-damn-about-anybody-or-anything?

At any moment a bullet could splinter my windshield and ... But why? I don't know why.

At home we talked of other things. We talked of where a little girl I love might go to college some day and where we might move some day. And tomorrow I will go to the nursery as planned to pick out the bulbs for next spring's flowers.

And I suddenly realized that while I often talk of the world coming apart at the seams, I don't really believe it. I really believe that somehow we will muddle through again. I really believe that.

I don't know why.

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letters

Story, cartoon inexcusable

I would like to comment on the cartoon done by Scott Stewart on Oct. 13, concerning Dirt Cheap Record Store, (even though this was not directly implied). Having been associated with Dirt Cheap for almost six years, I was disappointed to see the interpretation taken by Stewart of the direction he thinks the store is taking. The move was made for the benefit of everyone, including the employees who don't go home covered with dirt and dust anymore.

There are more records in stock, they are easier to find and, contrary to what Stewart thinks, the prices have not gone up, they are still dirt cheap.

Kathy Deatherage

Prices still dirt cheap

Having been an employe at Dirt Cheap Enterprises for the last six years, I must say that both your newspaper's article and so-called cartoon (Oct. 13 *Daily Nebraskan*) concerning Dirt Cheap's success and move to a new location are gross misrepresentations. Granted, we may have changed our decor, but our low prices, personal attention, and quick service must certainly outweigh the disadvantages of shorter waiting lines, sterile fluorescent lights and clean wooden floors.

Our policy has remained the same from day one, that is, the best selection of records at the lowest prices anywhere with concerned, individual service. Our prices have remained the same as before our expansion. It's a pity that a few journalists, copy editors, and one cartoonist (who has actually done work for and received payment from the dreaded Dirt Cheap) can't contain their petty jealousies and give a little credit where credit is due.

Where does this alleged journalist get off quoting unidentified critics of our move, making remarks about the possibility of "narcs" working in our headshop? How can your cartoonist substantiate such terms as "Dirt Expensive" and "Do not Feed the Husksters"? We can understand personal preference and taste influencing opinions of our new decor, but the lack of professionalism in your journalistic coverage and the complete absence of subtlety and humor in Scott Stewart's cartoon is inexcusable.

Sincerely,

Jack G. Hart

Reaction is typical

Scott Stewart's superficial reaction to the moving of Dirt Cheap Records is, I'm afraid, quite typical. Most employes and many new and exciting customers quickly realized the advantages of moving to a new building that was clean, had more space to shop in, and can now support a larger inventory. Many people saw the move as losing a hominess and gaining little or

nothing. The positive aspects far outweigh the negative, and the growth, because of the services and prices we provide, is difficult (and improper) to curtail. Dirt Cheap's prices are the same low prices, the same people work there, some of the atmosphere is gone—but at what cost? That is the question, and a superficial answer will not do.

Preston Koch
Employee, Dirt Cheap

Neanderthals insulted

I think that Vine Deloria, Jr. is mistaken in comparing our senators to Neanderthals (Oct. 14 *Daily Nebraskan*). Of all our early ancestors, the Neanderthals have the worst image. This is because their remains were the first to be discovered and the Victorian world was unwilling to consider the Neanderthals as our forefathers. As a result, the remains were described as belonging to demented humans who suffered from various maladies such as water on the brain.

While this may be an accurate description of Messrs. Curtis and Hruska, it certainly is not true of the Neanderthals. Recent evidence has shown that the Neanderthals were more advanced than was previously thought and possessed intellectual capabilities which probably exceeded those of our honorable senators. The Neanderthals belonged to the species "sapiens" of the genus *Homo*, a designation I am unwilling to grant to Curtis and Hruska having looked at their voting records.

All in all Vine Deloria Jr. does our forebears a great disservice by making such an unfortunate comparison.

Kris Madan

Credit where credit's due

Thank you for reviewing *Stop the World I Want to Get Off* (Oct. 11 *Daily Nebraskan*). As a point of clarification, the environment was designed by Sandy Moeller (the seating arrangement, wood paneling, etc.), but the actual setting (Arrangement of levels, curtains, etc.) was designed by Zack Zanolli. We will keep the same basic arrangement for each of the studio productions, but the actual settings will be designed by different people within that arrangement.

It may seem confusing at first glance but I wanted to make sure that Zack got his share of the credit for his time and creative efforts.

Rex McGraw

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