

EDITORIAL OPINION

Staff Views

Flowerpot

By Gretchen Shellberg

This column, in spite of its title, will not be a horticultural suggestion box. My thumb is blue, not green — my pen leaks — and my only attempt at growing things failed when I slipped my ivy plant an extra snort of water over final week and it turned yellow. Exam atmosphere is bad for anything that walks or crawls it seems. One of my grades last semester was very valuable to me however. It was from an instructor who thought he'd use a little psychology and give me a lower grade than I expected not because of what I'd accomplished in class but because of the work I didn't do that he thought I was capable of doing. His object was to make me mad enough to become a whiz-bang in the next course I took from him. After considering this a bit, it seems to me that this is the same psychology President Kennedy used in his State of the Union message last week. His negative outlook on the future of America's defense and economy had one object — making Americans mad enough to do something about the present situation. The problem is not an

individual one, however. Not even ten, or fifty, or even a thousand men can solve the gold outflow or start the auto industry rolling again. They may be mad because the great phenomenon of American Democracy is in danger; they may be frightened; they may not believe it. But what can they do? Spend more money, Mr. Kennedy would say. But to spend more, one must make more. And it would seem to me that frightening the American people will not make them spend more. In fact, if I had it, I'd probably hoard my money instead of trying to boost the nations economy with it. A "maliciously given grade" (to quote the prof.) may be understood by one student and he may be willing to work harder, but is a maliciously given State of the Union, heard by the whole world, the right way to get a nation to start toiling the mark? It's like showing your dirty laundry or something. Too bad the American people can't just "drop the course," but unfortunately the nation is out of add and drop slips and about all each one of us can do is "punt."

Satyr

Here beginneth the first chapter of formalized study guides designed to benefit the young student embarking on the paths of scholasticism at the University of Nebraska. This report has been carefully compiled from the memoirs and notebooks of such noteworthies as: I. R. Ashleswitch, dean's list, Nebr. bar; Geo. Hamilton Metcalf, Prof. Emeritus; Richard P. Stucknicka, dean's list; Jose Emilio, B.M.; and other notables. Possibly the first hint to pass on concerns the horrendous task of registration. All of these worthies suggest the refusal of employing the Great White Father, IBM, in this undertaking. Feeling as they do, that scholasticism is an individual prerogative, those of pristine pedantry may not subject their registration of future intellectual endeavors to the mechanical monsters in the marble halls of palatial splendor. It has been this diligent researcher's observation that every "real" student willingly pays the three dollars to pacify the whirring, clicking gods in order to enjoy the scholastic freedom of bartering with the bespectacled spectacles who pass out the slotted, dotted cards. The joy of trading three History 10's for one English 236 card is rivaled only by admission on presentation to the class of one's choice. Here is inserted a parable whereby you seekers may discern the ultimate joy of scholastic freedom. Now it came to pass that a student of law enrolled himself at a large University. He was of youthful appearance and of the fine family, Palladin. (surname Charles) Now in those days payment of fees was in the temple of Mars amid shields and shin-plates and basketball nets. It so happened that, at the final table of collectors and checkers, there sat a matron of fortitude but of slow wit. She conscientiously and with great care stamped the cards with the mystic seal, "PAID", folded them neatly and placed them in the hand of Charles. Upon accepting the cards, Palladin, proceeded to chuck them deftly and disdainfully in the nearest receptacle. The matron fell into a state of seizure exclaiming, "You dare not do that. You must have the cards. Stay your foolish whim, gentle sir." "To Hell with em." said the man of law. "You must have the cards to enter class." cried the matron. "Forget it," said the scholar. "I'll take my chances. Seeking higher authority, the checker trotted heavily in search of Miss Rinty. "Come quickly—catastrophe

of catastrophes has struck. A student has cast away the mystic cards. Unflinching and dauntless, Miss Rinty marched forth to confront the wayward fellow and inform him of his folly. 'Young man, pick up those cards and clutch them to your bosom.' "Nay," quoth he, "for I am a Student of law. Miss Rinty on hearing this, quavered, wavered and then withdrew and retreated. Moral: If you want to stop screwing around with all those damned cards, enroll in law school. Thus the importance of scholastic freedom must not be underrated by the prospective scholar. But even more important is scholastic duty. Possibly the greatest duty of the scholar is the matter of appearances. The tools of research constantly referred to are: briefcase, unkempt hair, worn tweed coat, odd pipe and large volumes of Decline and Fall of Dorian Gray. (Decline and Fall of anything may be used in cases of emergency impressions.) Next in order of importance is an air of disdain. (Sucking bar of alum kept in waistcoat pocket suffices nicely for assuming scholar who fails to sneer meaningfully.) Class attendance and participation have been noted as "musts" and schedules should be adhered to diligently. First and third Wednesday of every month are class attendance days. These days, in conjunction with second and fourth Fridays are only suggestions. Of course, each new member of the Intelligentsia should establish his own times. Notes taken in class round out the tasks of the pedant. It must be remembered that notes are not for the benefit of the scholar since one never refers to these obtuse jottings. (Outline series to be followed rather than text or lecture.) The notes are to make snobbish onlookers on either side of the scholar feel ill at ease with his own ignorance. Constant employment of Greek and Latin phrases along with unknown classic texts provides this area of classwork with the necessary mysticism and crypticism. Time and space and "Sweetwater" limit this writer from pursuing further the matter of study guides. Gentle reader, be not alarmed at this turn of the screw. The SATYR will avail himself to you with juicy tidbits from time to time. In the meantime, ease the frustrations of college life. Say "DAMN" at least three times a day vehemently. To this word add the secret of sublime happiness and intense pleasure, "YANKEES".



"WHO'S LIVIN'?"

Inside View

By Phil Boroff

"THE SWEETWATER AFFAIR," an original opera presented by the University of Nebraska Departments of Speech and Music in Howell Memorial Theater on Feb. 8, 9, 10 and 11.

(Since I am not a student of music, my comments on that part of the production are completely those of a music appreciator, a layman, rather than a musician, and should be so regarded.)

Webster defines 'opera' as 'a play... sung to orchestral accompaniment' and 'concert' as 'a performance of vocal or (and) instrumental music.' "The Sweetwater Affair," world premiered Wednesday evening, is certainly an 'opera,' but the current production seems a 'concert.' Rather than 'singing a play,' the cast 'performs music.'

Robert Beadell's music is contemporary western. The instrumental music is powerful, particularly in bridges between scenes and acts and also in the overwhelmingly dramatic climax. Vocal characterizations emphasize not only Bruce H. Nicoll's prolific libretto.

Musical direction by Professor Leon Lishner is commendable, but his direction of the action, or play movement, is generally poorly conceived and executed. Movement is telescoped, stereotyped and occasionally over done. Examples: Of telescoping, the thugging of Averill at the hanging; of stereotypes, angry men pounding the table to show anger; and, of over doing, the repetition of table pounding in

both scenes of Act One, also Norton's unvaried Gary Cooper-like stance. The most effective bit of direction is the hanging, silhouetted behind a cyclorama.

Nicoll's two act script is disjointed. What happens between the four scenes as revealed in on stage conversation seems sufficient material to extend and build the script. It's a case of the characters becoming the playwright. Immediately hindered by a weak first scene, the storyline does not build to the climax. The ending is very abrupt.

The tragic plot takes place in Sweetwater Valley, Territory of Wyoming, in the year 1889. William Bothwell, bastard son of an English nobleman turned Wyoming cattle baron, has stolen land for cattle grazing from hog ranchers. Jim Averill leads a group of fellow hog ranchers in stealing and selling some of Bothwell's cattle as payment for the stolen land. Bothwell and his ranch hands get revenge—having previously killed a hog rancher named Jensen for cutting fences, they proceed to hang Averill and his accomplice and lover, Ella "Cattle Kate" Watson, after a mock trial.

This very generalized plot sketch reveals certain questions unanswered for the audience. Does one unlawful act erase a previous unlawful act? After the final revengeful act — the climactic hanging — what happens next?

The lead roles of "Cattle Kate," Bothwell and Elaine, Bothwell's spinster sister, are dual cast. The role of Averill is triple cast. I saw one cast open-

ing night, and another the previous night at the final dress rehearsal, but still have not seen the third Averill — Wayne Robertson.

In both casts, the performers show extensive musical direction and ability, but little or no awareness of stage technique. One strong exception is Paula Roehrkasse Knepper, who portrays Elaine Bothwell. In Wednesday evening's performance, Mrs. Knepper dominated, suggestive that the real tragedy may be the secondary story of a woman hating life in the West rather than the primary story of Averill's and "Cattle Kate's" search for justice. In the same role, Sue Worley is adequately persuasive in the other cast.

Both Jocelyn Sack and Judy Lawrence are too ladylike to be "Cattle Kate." This character is an ex-prostitute, and should be somewhat masculine and hard rather than feminine and proper.

John Moran's interpretation of Averill has life and enthusiasm, while Cal Carlson's Averill is more relaxed and complacent. As Bothwell, Lou Lawson seems to be straining, fighting against an orchestra conducted by Emanuel Wishnow that often tends

(Continued on page 4)

Texas Editor Resigns Because of Censorship

Austin, Texas (UPS) — The editor of the Texas Ranger, campus humor magazine of the University of Texas, resigned last week in a flurry of vehemence against censorship of the magazine. Ranger calls itself the 'students' magazine of the University of Texas' but it no longer is that, I prefer to spend my spare time drinking beer, instead."

Later in the letter, written in typical Ranger style, Ashby wrote, "Until the Texas Ranger is returned to the students for which it was intended, no editor worthy of the name will tolerate the conditions which now prevail toward the magazine." In an interview with the Daily Texan, Ashby said the censoring of the story concerning Dr. Wilson was an act by TSP of "protecting the sacred cow." This was not vulgar or obscene. A member of the TSP commented he thought Ashby was sincere when he said he was "fed up," but "the supervision of the Ranger is the same as it was a week ago, a month ago, and 10 years ago."

Lynn Ashby, the resigning editor, called the censorship of the Ranger "totally beyond the bounds of what it was intended for." An article concerning Dr. Logan Wilson, recently resigned chancellor of the University, was censored by a three-man Ranger Editorial Advisory Committee. The censorship decision was upheld by the Board of Texas Student Publications, Inc., the publishers of the magazine. Ashby had called a special meeting of the TSP Board to appeal the decision of the censors. The Board voted three to two to reject the appeal on the grounds that it was unjustified and without merit. In a letter addressed to the Board, Ashby said, "Since the

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6:00 p.m. Fellowship Hour
7:00 Evening Worship
8:00 After-Church Fellowship
Groups Meeting at 14th and K Streets
28th and S Streets
DISCIPLES STUDENT FELLOWSHIP
Keith Stephenson, Campus Minister
10:45 a.m. Worship (Cooperatively with U.C.C.F. at 333 No. 14th)
5:30 p.m. Supper, Worship & Forum (Cooperatively with U.C.C.F. at 333 No. 14th)
LUTHERAN STUDENT CHAPEL
(National Lutheran Council)
535 North 16th
Alvin M. Peterson, Pastor
9:30 a.m. Bible Study
10:15 a.m. Coffee Hour
10:45 a.m. Worship
5:30 p.m. Lutheran Student Association
SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS CHURCH
(Catholic Student Center)
1122 E. Street
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R. F. Sheehy, J. B. Myers, associates
Sunday Masses at 8:00, 9:30, 11:00, 12:30
Confessions on Saturday, 4:30-5:30 p.m. and 7:30-8:30 p.m.
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322 North 14th Street
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10:15 Communion Served at UCCF Student House
10:45 a.m. Corporate Worship
5:30 a.m. Forum Fellowship
UNIVERSITY EPISCOPAL CHAPEL
Services at Cathedral while present building being rebuilt
Gilbert M. Armstrong, Chaplain
9:00 a.m. Holy Communion
5:30 p.m. Evening Prayer
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer
UNIVERSITY LUTHERAN CHAPEL (Missouri Synod)
A. J. Vardine, Pastor
15th and Q Streets
9:30 a.m. Bible Study
10:45 a.m. Worship
5:30 p.m. Gamma Delta Supper
WESLEY FOUNDATION (Methodist)
William R. Gould & J. Benton White, Pastors
8:00 a.m. Holy Communion (Wesley House, 1417 R Street)
9:30 a.m. Morning Worship (at LSC, 535 North 16th St.)
Dr. Amos A. Thumbara will be the guest speaker.
10:30 a.m. Coffee Hour and Discussion (Wesley House)
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