

Editorial—

Dante Presentation Backed

Today and Tuesday the University presents a conference honoring Dante, the 14th Century Italian writer — scholar — philosopher.

Speakers from nine first-rate American universities will present the many phases of Dante's personality, his contributions and knowledge.

The plans and preparations for the conference were made by several University professors, in particular, Dr. William Bowsky, and Dr. Roberto Esquenazi-Mayo.

Students and faculty members should take advantage of the opportunity to attend the lectures. Wisely the program includes something for everyone — from Dante's discussion of empires to his philosophy of love.

The Daily Nebraskan salutes those who have organized the conference, and those participating, and urges student and faculty support of this scholarly presentation.

MARILYN HOEGEMEYER

'Macbeth' Termed Victory

Editor's note: Tom Crawley, the author of this review, is a student graduate assistant in English. He received his B.A. at Providence College, Providence Rhode Island, and his M.A. here at the university. He is now working for his Ph.D.

Crawley has played lead roles in "Hamlet" and "Peer Gynt" here and played in the Dartmouth repertory theater this past summer, with roles in "Richard II," "Doctor's Dilemma," and "Giants' Dance." He will also review "Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe" the other repertory theatre play, for the Daily Nebraskan.

A warrior-king caught in his own destructive impulses appeared on Howell stage Saturday night, and, in a setting of smoke and darkness and murderous implements, hacked his way to power, isolation, and death. The tragedy of Macbeth as played by Jerry Mayer is the story of a man who never really decides to become a villain—we never hear him swear to kill the king—but once in the grip of the forces embodied in the witches, embedded in himself, and encouraged by his wife, he obeys them, like a soldier, without question. He is not the "liberate monster Richard III" is, for Macbeth is often horrified by the tide of blood that rises on his bank and shoal of time, but the logic of evil forbids him to sacrifice the power which he has committed such abominations to achieve.

And Mayer plays these values very well: with understanding, with energy, and with obvious technical skill. He performs his Macbeth with a nervous intensity and a sense of the character's confused but determined march into the sea that finally drowns him. Too often, though, Mayer's understanding and skill are more evident than Macbeth's suffocating soul, and he constructs his role almost entirely on an elocutionary plane rather than on a "human" plane. He is just too aware of the Shakespearean-ness of his part. Then, too, his jolting use of pauses, and his affection for tense, uncomfortable body positions (which often leads him into awkward or artificial poses) call attention from the character to the actor. Still, it is a strong performance.

Janet Jensen's Lady Macbeth is very convincing after she goes mad, but in her "sanity" she has the detached quality of a little girl or an old lady, someone school-teacherish conducting affairs of blood with a senile air. Her speech, though, seems that of a foreign princess; her goading of Macbeth becomes enjoyably sultry when she talks of his being a man; and her madness displays an admirable control of gesture and inflection.

Malcolm, played by Bob Hall, comes off as a man of secret moods and hidden motives. The deviousness of which he is capable appears very excitingly in the best scene of this production—Malcolm's testing of Macduff's mettle by claiming to be worse than Macbeth.

Hall is better at "posing" than Mayer is, and his gestures tend toward the more relaxed and more expressive. When he takes

command, he fills the stage very well.

Certainly the most wholesome and charming man of this Scottish crew is John Guinty's Banquo. Except for some strained footwork, his manner, his readings, his expressions, his body positions are unaffected, comfortable, and expressive/easy.

Dean Tschetter's Macduff is best when reaching for high emotional registers, as in his response to the slaughter of his family or in his decision to destroy Macbeth.

There are no nearly flawless performances: Gary Anderson's Bloody Captain, played with quiet power; and Vybiral's porter, performed as restrained farce with gusto and wit. Larry Schieder plays the tiny role of the Scottish doctor with an intelligent control that is delightful amid all the sound and fury. Steve Bradford's Duncan is too youthful and reedy in voice and movement for a father-image king, but has an easy and pleasant manner.

The witches are more formidable in repose than in chanting or moving—but Carol Klingman, Barbara Holms, and Norma Wilcox make them very imposing personages. The murderers, played by Keith Willis and Everett Lawton, need to be more substantial and aggressive. The two boys, Joe Kesler and Dan Weymouth, are convincingly young and winning when their lines permit. Steve McIntosh's Lennox could be defined more firmly. David Peterson's Donaldbain could be a little less dubious; Seyton (Kerry Hooskstra) should bounce a little less, and Old Sward (John Holms) should look much less like Genghis Khan.

Stephen Cole's direction, evident in timing, blocking, and a feeling of urgency that never fails even when the actors do, is expert. Charles Howard's set, with its aspiring stone arches and torturous stairways, effectively suggests the central issue of the play. The magnificent props and Robert Devereaux's rough-lined ruder-patterned, muffled-colored costumes also communicate much of the play's spirit. The production elements tend to outstrip the acting side of this Macbeth, and much polishing needs to be done, but the vigorous players have achieved a solid victory—they have a show.

The 13th Of Neuer

Pity the poor professor. At least, pity those who have classes starting before 10 a.m. The next time you need a desperate measure to keep awake in your eight or nine-thirty, when your eyeballs are scratch with sleep, take a look around at your (?) fellow students, as the professor has to all class long.

Start with those seated at the back of the room, the instinctive habitat of the classroom napper. If the chairs are right against the wall, there will be at least two or three people propped up in their seats in such a manner and with such an expression that they look as if they'd been shot by a firing squad and suspended animation had caught them halfway down.

To determine the statistics of classroom attention, you would first have to exclude Monday and Friday. Monday, because all those there look as if they were chloroformed; young ladies who on other days have chic hairdos and half-inch eyelashes are completely unrecognizable on Monday without their faces on. Friday, because you then have an overrepresentation of those bright, creative, thinking individuals who are revoltingly wide awake at 7:30 a.m.; the others are resting up to go Friday Afternoon Clubbing. So, on a typical Wednesday, one might ascertain 68.7 per cent of the student have their heads propped up on one or the other arm, dependent mainly on whether they are right or left-handed; 30.9 per cent are outright asleep; and the remaining .4 per cent are those previously mentioned traitors to the human race who have a smile upon arising and greet you with a musical "good morning!" while you're trying to open your eyes wide enough to see to get the toothpaste on the brush.

It is fascinating, however, to watch someone falling asleep in class. The subject sits there with his arms folded, his eyes glazing into a cross-eyed stare, his eyelids creeping slowly, slowly down, his jaw dropping to the point where, with the head overbalanced, the neck jerks and the subject starts up, still glassy-eyed but trying to assemble a look of diligent attention.

Even when the people are awake, it can't be very conspiring to look out over a class. People look so stupid, you wonder what they're doing in college. One is gnawing on a ball-point pen; another is chewing gum with a rhythmic chomp; a boy is trying to perfect his smoke-ring blowing; a girl is nervously twisting a lock of hair. There are only a few things that will really rouse the group, other than a new dirty joke. First is when the instructor says, "Next Friday we're going to have an hour exam." The instantaneous reactions is that kind of hurt, animal moan as if to say "How could any human being possibly be so cruel." It doesn't matter whether the exam was scheduled in the syllabus from the first day of class or whether it's the first word of it on the Wednesday before the test; the difference is in intensity. In the first case, it is a kind of hope-springs-eternal moan (maybe we can bluff him into putting it off a week); in the second, it's a righteous-indignant moan (you can't do that to us students — can you?), but in any case it may be observed as a manifestation of the Old College Try.

There is one time every day, of course, when the classroom shows life — just as the bell rings. Someone ought to get up a little chart on the professors indicating their length. There are 15-after professors for whom you can start putting your coat on and your books away at a quarter after; bell professors, which you can shut off like turning a switch simply by rising when the bell rings; "just a minute" professors, who are always still giving the assignment at 20 after, and then there are those nerve-wracking fiends who look up in surprise when the next class starts to barge in at 29 after, but are almost impossible to walk out on even when you're on third-floor Burnett and your next class is in Nebraska Hall. I have always had a deep suspicion that these people are just trying to get back at all those discourteous students who snored during class.

m. m.



"ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN US, FIDEL?"

CAMPUS OPINION

Problems Missed

Dear Editor, I am appreciative of your interest and concern over the parking problem on campus. However I disagree with many of the facts you presented.

The main problem is not that there is not enough room for cars in the lots, but that the lots are so far from the main part of campus. The area S lots for Lincoln and off-campus students always have some empty stalls. In a continuous check by the university police, during the time period between 9:30 and 11:30 on MWF there have consistently been approximately 100 empty stalls. The lots are the fullest during this period. The problem may be not knowing where the areas are or not finding parking places in the closer areas. An additional area 2 lot has been made to alle-

viate the crowded conditions in the former area 2 lot. A lot has been made in the south Selleck lot for 40 motorcycles. This lot has seldom been used so there must not be a motorcycle parking problem.

The paragraph concerning the five dollar fine was not made clear. A five dollar fine is imposed only on a car that has no permit at all and is parked on university property, not to a car just parked in the wrong area. The first "no permit ticket" can either be paid or the money can go for a permit.

The discussion in your editorial about the increased diligence of the campus and city police left me with the impression that you thought this practice was bad because it necessitated more students walking to the Geo building

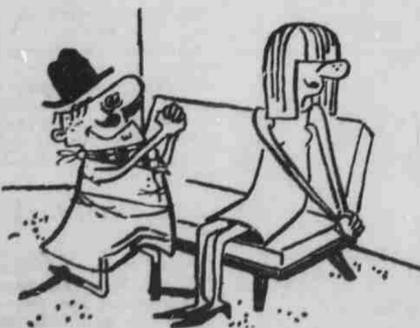
and paying fines. I feel that you believe that there should be a degree of leniency in ticket giving. In other words, ticket some and let a few get by. I do not agree with this interpretation of the law.

Your suggested solution to the parking problem is not for me to argue. But I wouldn't suggest that it be voted on by the student body unless you exclude the freshmen and sophomores.

I definitely agree that there are many problems concerning parking on campus, but I do not feel you brought the real problems out in your editorial.

Dave Snyder
Parking Committee,
Chairman

PIZZA HUT CARTOON



"Promise her anything"
"But give her a Pizza Hut pizza"

THE PIZZA HUT
4601 "O" 489-4601

"Got a Minute?"

CALL 432-3412
for an appointment

THE Clipper BARBERSHOP

119 No. 12th St.

"no wait in line"
"no waste of time"

CALL NOW!

Daily Nebraskan

TELEPHONE: 477-8711. Extensions 2588, 2589 and 2590. Member Associated Collegiate Press, National Advertising Service, Incorporated. Published at Room 51, Nebraska Union, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Entered as second class matter at the post office in Lincoln, Nebraska, under the act of August 4, 1912.

The Daily Nebraskan is published Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday during the school year, except during vacations and exam periods, and by students of the University of Nebraska under the jurisdiction of the Faculty Subcommittee on Student Publications. Publications shall be free from censorship by the Subcommittee or any person outside the University. Members of the Nebraskan are responsible for what they cause to be printed.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, MARILYN HOEGEMEYER; managing editor, CAROLE BENO; news editor, JOANNE STEHMAN; sports editor, JIM SWARTZ; night news editor, BOB WETHERILL; senior staff writers, WAYNE KRUSCHER; junior staff writers, JULIE MORRIS, STEVE JORDAN, JAN TITIN, BRUCE GILES, DIANE LINDQUIST, TONY MYERS; End Campus reporter, JANE PALMER; sports assistant, JAMES PEARSE; copy editors, POLLY RHYNOIDS, SPENCER DAVIS, JACK TODD.

BUSINESS STAFF

Business manager, MIKE JEFFERY; business assistants, CONNIE RASMUSSEN, BRUCE WRIGHT, MIKE KIRKMAN, SHIRLEY WENTINK; circulation manager, LYN RATHJEN; subscription managers, Jim Banks, John J. Amussen. BUSINESS OFFICE HOURS: 8:30 a.m. Monday through Friday. Subscription rates are \$4 per semester or \$6 for the academic year.

The Waters of "Little Big Horn"
Still Run Red . . .
With Indian Blood . . . And
White Men's Infamy!



Was Custer's Last Stand A Test of Valor or A Rout Of Shame!



JOSEPH COTTEN • DARREN MCGAVIN • PHILIP CAREY
STARTS TOMORROW VARSITY

OCT. 30th
AT 8:30 P.M.
IN PERSON

PETER PAUL AND MARY



ALL SEATS RESERVED!
Purchase Tickets a Miller's Gateway & Dornbush Store Gold's of Nebr., or Pershing Auditorium Boxoffice. Prices \$2, \$2.75 & \$3.50.
PERSHING AUDITORIUM