

Wednesday's Paper

Wednesday the Daily Nebraskan will feature its first special election edition.

This issue will include six pages on the Nov. 8 state election with interviews of all the leading candidates and stories explaining the other election races and issues. Wherever possible the stories try to emphasize issues important to the University and the student.

Students live in a world of their own at the University and in many ways this is preferable since it gives them a chance to learn leadership and to concentrate on idealistic and educational ways of living.

But at the same time — the student cannot know enough about the issues in the outside world especially in his own state.

The Nebraskan encourages every student to read the special edition Wednesday as completely as possible in order to have a better than average understanding of what the issues and personalities are in the Nov. 8 election.

If a student is 21, the paper hopes that the special edition might make his election votes more meaningful. If a student is not 21 yet, it is hoped that the edition will encourage him to start understanding state politics and issues now so that he will be a better informed voter in the future.

The Nebraskan besides trying to report the facts and issues in Nov. 8's election will also take an editorial stand on some of the races and issues which the paper feels itself qualified to comment upon.

It is understood that these editorial endorsements do not represent the consensus or feelings of the University, but those of the Daily Nebraskan.

Halloween . . .

Now That We're Old

By Mick Lowe

To most students Halloween conjures memories of sheets, goblins and the run-of-the-mill vandalism like soaping windows, tripping little old men with wires etc.

For students living at home, on the other side of the door Halloween is anything but a fond memory.

The first thing he discovers on Halloween night is that anything more demanding than listening to President Johnson read a speech is well nigh impossible. The doorbell keeps him busier than the Titanic's swimming instructor.

The second revelation is that the timid days of "Trick and Treat" are passe.

Perhaps the closest modern counterpart to Halloween is the Normandy invasion. Thousands of under-nourished urchins land on the front porch, back porch or any aperture large enough for a dirty hand to grab a candy bar.

They are, of course, motorized. Their parents drive them trick-or-treating, apparently in the hope of supplementing the family refrigerator — or opening a candy store. They roar up in Cadillacs and begin practicing legalized extortion.

The modern trick-or-treat dialogue may run something like this:

- "Trick or treat."
- "Hey, aren't you the creep that gave us those lousy two-cent candy bars last year?"
- "You expected pheasant under glass, maybe?"
- "Listen pops, I put that candy bar under glass and still couldn't read the wrapper."
- "Very funny."
- "You think eggs on your house would be funny?"
- "Aaah look I'll give you two candy bars this time. OK?"
- "Uh-huh. And for my little brother, one for my sister, three for my big brother . . ."
- "Three for your big brother?"
- "He plays football."
- "Very big deal."
- "He's in the car."
- "Have six."

And with that the junior league Mafia swoops down on the next unsuspecting victim.

We discovered long ago that a jack-o-lantern on the front porch stands about as much chance of surviving the night as Martin Luther King at a Klan rally.

The jack-o-lantern is usually knocked off the porch, smattered to smithereens, and the candle used to light cigarettes, piles of leaves and sometimes even the next-door-neighbor. (He is a school teacher and his popularity seems to rate somewhere below George Lincoln Rockwell.)

So the guerrilla warfare is waged throughout the night. Bridges, cars, horses and dogs are painted, maybe even blown up if the kid has a big enough chemistry set.

Students in the dorm seated eleven stories above a placid-looking Lincoln should not be deceived. The zenith of Halloween ambition, when two 4-year-old kids with machine knock on every door of Abel Hall cannot be far off.

The opening line will probably be "Trick or Fire," and they'll no doubt take Dennis Rihnafsky hostage to carry their loot.

Campus Opinion . . .

Things Got Worse

Dear Editor:

As another starving student still waiting for his scholarship check, I want to congratulate Laura Partsch for her letter in Thursday's edition. She pinpointed the problem very nicely.

It seems the people in charge of these things have a routine they follow and they're damned if they're going to let the needs of the students upset that routine.

Miss Partsch is a freshman, apparently experiencing her first frustration at delay after delay after delay. My advice to her is: Cheer up things could be worse. And everyone knows the rest: "So I cheered up, and sure enough, things got worse."

Hungry

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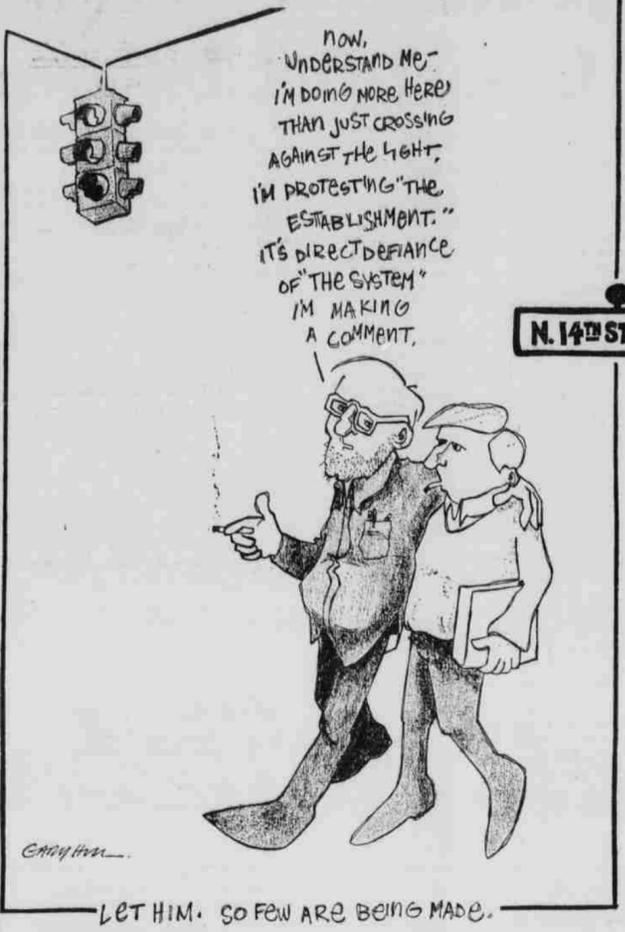
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That's What It Says

By Michael Lerer

Anyone on the Left who was fortunate enough to be outside of Berkeley this summer knows that Viet Nam is not the country's hottest political issue.

In fact, it is startling to note how many people oppose the war, how frozen the battle lines are, and how very few of those who oppose the war are moved to any sort of action.

For the attention of the country is almost hypnotically fixed on two words that at least at first glance are only peripherally relevant to the war: Black Power. The reactions range from puzzlement (amongst oldtime white liberals who were supporters of the civil rights movement) to hostility (amongst just about everybody else except certain sections of the Negro ghetto).

And above all else there is fear — fear that America may soon erupt into a society of open dissension and violence. Most liberals point to what happened in Chicago as a demonstration of the fierce and uncontrollable passions that might be liberated by a drive for Black Power.

The swastika, Nazis and youth marching with placards calling for white power were all to reminiscent of the 30's — a period most liberals thought was buried forever. "Can't you see," argue these white liberals, "that the call for Black Power not only weakens the civil rights movement but also weakens the very fabric of American society as it destroys the liberals' consensus and polarizes everyone between Left and Right. And don't you see also

that in simple power terms there are incredibly many more people who will shift to the Right than to the Left if forced to choose (including even some people we like to call liberals)."

Some of this may be true, though it still leaves open the evaluative question: perhaps a society that does not smooth over its political differences but encourages open conflict might have advantages over a society in which a vague liberal consensus served to keep everyone in his (often not terribly acceptable) place.

But such arguments are really irrelevant to the situation: regardless of how we evaluate conflict in a society the fact of the matter is that our society can no longer succeed in suppressing it. The Negro movement is not the civil rights movement and Black Power can never be assimilated into "Freedom Now."

Black Power is a slogan that symbolizes the Negroes' determination to fight not just for ideas of equality and non-discrimination but also for concrete self-interest. As such, it is part of the same tradition that inspired almost every other minority group (though admittedly many of these others faced less organized opposition) to fight its way into the inner circle of American political and economic power. These other ethnic groups recognized that American society is organized politically (and to some extent economically) along religio-ethnic lines.

The Negro is finally prepared to reject forcibly the societal myth that the majority of Americans are "a mass of disinterested individuals acting only for the welfare of the entire community." And if the resistance he encounters is significantly greater than the resistance that, say, the Jews or the Irish had to face, one ought not to be surprised if the tactics that he will use will be more coercive.

In so far as Black Power represents a real effort of the Negro at communal self-assertion and self-help, it is the most encouraging development to take place in the Negro community and should be supported and applauded. But regardless of our attitude towards it, Black Power is not the sort of idea that's going to go away if only some white liberals could convince SNCC or CORE to get some new leaders.

Black Power represents an irreversible trend in the Negro community, and one that we who are in the civil rights movement must understand. (Lerner is on the staff of the Daily Californian.)

'Look Back In Anger': Needs Some Polishing

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following review of "Look Back in Anger" which opened Friday night as part of the University Theatre's repertory system was written by Kenneth C. Pellow. Pellow is an instructor in English at the University and a graduate student.

Casting a heavy-set person as Jimmy Porter in John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" is probably not as theatrically unsound as casting me (at 150 pounds) as Jack Falstaff would be, but it is comparable. However, Joseph Baldwin, director of the University Theatre production of Osborne's "angry young man" play, has done just that; furthermore, thanks to an excellent actor named Dean Tschetter, it comes off well.

"Look Back in Anger" opened last Friday night at Howell Theatre. In the repertory system being employed again this year by University Theatre, it will alternate week-ends with "As You Like It." The two present an engaging contrast, for there is little that is fanciful, and even less that is light-hearted about Osborne's play. It is a harsh, bitter, black-humoured story of a young man who was born "out of his time," into an age where there are no "good, brave causes" for which to die.

"He would be a revolutionary, but what's to revolt against in a world in which nobody cares anything about anything? As Jimmy himself observes, all the dying for good causes has been done, the last of it having been in the 1930's and '40's. Today — in Jimmy's scheme of things, at least — there is no "enthusiasm", no involvement, no concern over anything worth being concerned over; there is only injustice: "the wrong people going hungry, the wrong people being loved, the wrong people dying."

As a result of his frustration, this angry man — the first of his genre on the English stage — strikes out viciously at those nearest him. As he has been hurt, so he wishes to inflict hurt; although hurting is no joy, at least it will prove the existence of something human — in himself as well as in those around him. He can only hurt verbally, however; at ranting, raving, and raging, Jimmy is unbeatable — it's doing anything about his condition that presents him with a real barrier.

It is just here that this role and Mr. Tschetter's capabilities would seem to be not made for each other. Jimmy is conceived of by Osborne as being a "tall, thin young man," who, despite his ravings must be suspected by an audience as being ultimately ineffectual. Tschetter, on the other hand, can hardly avoid giving the impression of being a powerful, forceful man; both his physical appearance and his voice contribute to this.

There is another questionable directorial decision: When doing an England-situated play with midwestern American students, a director must decide between having his actors speak "normally" — hoping the audience will accept them as British anyway — and having them adopt British accents — and hoping the audience will not be bothered by some obvious feigning. Baldwin chose the latter, though the "suspension of disbelief" is probably more easily extended to the former.

The result was a source of trouble to two of his actors: Phyllis Knipping (as Alison Porter), and Ric Marsh (as Cliff Lewis). Mr. Marsh gave a good performance, demonstrating an especially fine sense of comic timing; nevertheless, he seemed at times to be "reciting lines" as a result of having to concentrate on a difficult accent.

Miss Knipping had an especially diffi-

cult time in the First Act, owing to the nature of her lines (plus, of course, her having to make an effort to handle the accent). Mrs. Porter's lines in the opening scene are such as: "What's that. I wasn't listening," and "All right, dear." Her task, throughout the scene, is to convey a sense of detachment, without appearing to be uncomprehending. It is a difficult bit to bring off, and Miss Knipping's body movement and facial expressions were excellent.

However, her lines were delivered not as though she were not really listening to what she was saying, but as though she was savoring each word. Undoubtedly, this resulted from the fact that she was concentrating on each word. A similar concentration appeared to bother her most of the evening until her very last — and most emotional, by far — scene, when, probably without realizing it, she dropped most traces of the accent and gave out with some of the show's finest acting.

To this point, my comments have perhaps sounded entirely critical. If so, they do not justly represent my attitude toward this production, for I enjoyed it very much. Probably the outstanding saving grace which it possesses is Dean Tschetter's ability to handle lines. However physically unfitted to the role he may be, he makes his overall performance generally convincing by excellent timing and the kind of capacity for language which one believes Jimmy Porter should have.

Several of the play's best lines were conspicuous by their absence on Friday night. These included Alison's comparison of Jimmy to a Shelley who is looking for her to be Mary and her father to be Godwin and Jimmy's speculation of the book he may someday write: "And it won't be recollected in tranquility either, picking daffodils with Auntie Wordsworth. It'll be recollected in fire, and blood. My blood."

This latter is the only hope we have that Jimmy may ever do anything about his lot, and the picture of him at this time as a Shelley — without a Mary, without a political theorist for a father-in-law, without a French Revolution, without labor malpractices to be legislated against, etc. — is an excellent one. If these lines were accidentally omitted, it is unfortunate. If they were deliberately cut, it is unforgivable.

The role of Cliff in the play seems not to have been utilized to the fullest. Mr. Marsh's reactions to some of Jimmy's digs were sometimes a bit too vociferous. Thus Cliff's function of acting partly on behalf of the audience was carried out, but his more important function — that of serving as a "buffer" between Jimmy and Alison — was minimized.

One of the productions most pleasant surprises was the fine job done by a newcomer to University Theatre, Joey Close as Helena Charles. An adorable portrayal of the very formal, dignified, but baffled Colonel Redford was made by Steve Gaines. Though brief, this role is important for what it offers by way of explanation of the personality of the colonel's daughter, Alison. Mr. Gaines and Miss Close had less trouble with the British accent than did some of the others, partly because of the stilted stiffness of the characters they portrayed.

The production was generally smooth and was helped by a very functional set. Much credit would seem to be due to scenic painter Larry Kuck. Those problems which the production did have, with lines, blocking, etc., are almost certain to have been eliminated by the next time the play is done, on the weekend of November 11th and 12th.

Bill Minier's

INNOCENCE?

. . . (In-No-Sense)

Elections are only one week away, and how many of the 'best men' are going to be elected? The senatorial race in Nebraska this year is a farce. For the past month, the only comments I have heard about our two candidates have been negative. Many people are no longer joking when they say "vote no for senator."

I think it is time that the students at this University looked up from Student Senate, Bills of Rights and the football team for just a moment to think about an issue which will affect them for the next six years. If we are dissatisfied with the candidates which both parties are supporting, it is time we showed this dissatisfaction.

I don't think that either Carl Curtis or Frank Morrison is the 'best man' for the job of senator. In fact, as far as I'm concerned, I don't think either one is a very 'good' candidate. One need only listen to what they say about each other to perceive that neither is the right man for our Senator.

If half of what they say about each other is true, I

wonder how they ever got elected in the first place. Also, if they spent as much time on the duties of their offices as they do lambasting each other, they would have accomplished more in the last two months than they have in the last two years.

Nevertheless, I agree with John Schreckinger that Tom Rehorn is also the man to choose. Although I agree with most of Mr. Rehorn's stands, he has given such a small view that I feel unsure as to where he would stand on many issues such as foreign aid, federal aid to education, etc. In addition, I think he lacks the practical experience in politics which one needs in order to be an effective congressman.

I do not, however, agree with Schreckinger that Morrison is the man for the job. Schreckinger says 'Curtis has had 28 years in Congress with few constructive proposals.' Well, who wants another six years with Morrison? Rarely has Morrison taken what I would consider a constructive stand on anything. He never took a definite stand on the various tax proposals although he

knew our tax system needed to be revised. Lately, he has not said anything for or against the University budget.

For these reasons, I think that Phillip Sorenson would be our best choice for Senator. He is youthful, vigorous, forward-looking but with the common sense and judgment to make sensible decisions. He is in favor of an increase in the University Budget to meet the educational needs of the state. He also recognizes the need for a new and broader tax base to support education in the state.

A vote for Sorenson for senator could do three things. A majority over Morrison would establish Sorenson as the head of the Democratic Party in Nebraska. We need more youthful leadership in Nebraska. A minority vote (even if he won) for Curtis might make him step back and review his record and perhaps think more of what the people of the state want. Lastly, but most important, you might just elect a tremendously qualified man as senator for Nebraska.