

MATT ZIMMERMAN

Scary extremists haunt holiday

Just when you thought it couldn't get any stranger, right-wing and left-wing extremists alike have begun to succeed in their campaigns to mandate thought and expression with, of all things, Halloween. It seems we have been fooled about the true clandestine nature of Halloween, folks. Contrary to the misguided opinions of the general public, this holiday is not really about swarms of pre-adolescents mobbing unprotected homes in mad attempts to satisfy frantic sugar habits. No, it isn't even about going on nightlong tours of haunted houses or taking part in house-egging contests.



Mind you, these were only suggestions, and none of the blacklisted outfits have been banned per se — but who in his or her right mind wants to risk the vengeance of the Iowa City PTA?

Depending on which ticked-off parental group you talk to, Halloween is either a) a bigot outlet where people have the opportunity to reinforce sexist, racist, homophobic and other generally insensitive attitudes in masses of unsuspecting children, or b) a thinly veiled excuse to hold a devil-worshipping session/seance/witching hour to prepare the youth of America for the coming of Dragorr, devourer of beasts, ruler of the underworld, and suspected father of she-devil/feminist Sen. Pat Schroeder.

Iowa City started off the mild media frenzy a week or so ago when its school district voted to frown on anyone dressing up in questionable or offensive costumes. The list of offensive outfits included gypsies, hobos, devils, witches and the elderly (or as we like to say back home, the chronologically challenged). Apparently, the pro-witch and pro-devil lobbies are pretty strong out there in Iowa, and lawmakers don't want to do anything that might upset their chances for reelection. Boy, who can blame them?

Suggestions for acceptable outfits included friendly monsters, animals, crayons, pencils, flowers and food. Yes, food. Mind you, these were only suggestions, and none of the blacklisted outfits have been banned per se — but who in his or her right mind wants to risk the vengeance of the Iowa City PTA? Scares me just think-

ing about it.

The real tragedy in all of this, however, is that I feel forced to give up trick-or-treating this year. Yes, sad but true. If people can get offended by gypsies, then the situation is hopeless. However, we here at the special Halloween think tank did come up with some great alternative costume suggestions for those of you still planning to go out and who still are stumped for ideas. We're pretty sure they will offend a few people, but what the hell — it's obvious that you can't avoid that any more, so there's really no point in trying. Here are a few ideas:

- Mr. Butts, the lovable character that really makes the Doonesbury world come alive. You could dress up as a giant cigarette, and instead of handing out candy to trick-or-treaters, you could hand out packs of Marlboros, introducing youngsters to a fantastic lifelong hobby! "Hey, kids! Ever wonder why there's so much peer pressure to smoke? It's because your friends don't want you to miss out! Getting hooked on cigarettes is fun — and surprisingly easy!"

- How about you and a group of friends going out as agents from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms? Who wasn't thrilled at the sight of those agents bravely cooking out that maniac David Koresh? Now you too can dress up as a member of this proud agency. The one twist to this activity is that before you go trick-or-treating, egging or causing other types of mischief, someone has to call ahead. You know — kind of let them know that you're coming.

- Bill Clinton. Sure, everyone will have a Clinton mask this Halloween, but how many of you will have the mask that really puts you one step closer to the White House? Make sure to get the special Clinton mask without the eye holes. That way, as you stumble from house to house, aimlessly wandering to and fro without any perceived direction, you can truly feel what it is like to be part of the current administration! Stumble from door to door, blindly putting your fate in the hands of others. Heck, you'll feel like you're actually making a Clinton foreign policy decision!

- How about Rush Limbaugh for those of you on the other side of the political spectrum? Again, not a very original premise, but a special thanks goes out to Fox's "In Living Color" for suggesting a great way to stick out in a crowd of your fellow ditto-heads. You see, once your bag gets so full of candy that you can't put any more in it, just take the white hood off your head. Works great as a backup candy bag!

Feel free to steal any of these ideas for your selected Halloween activity. But if the P.C. hordes come knocking on your door, I don't know you. Have a good time this Halloween, and be sure to ignore all the wonderfully helpful suggestions of our surrogate consciences. A little awareness and sensitivity is a good thing, but some of these people let all their good will go to their heads.

Zimmerman is a junior English major and Daily Nebraskan columnist.

ANNE STEYER

No trial can bring Harms back

When I walked into District courtroom No. 2 Monday morning — after handing my backpack to a deputy and passing through a metal detector — I thought I was prepared for what was to come.

I thought I had been hardened by hearing about the case in the newsroom for the last nine months. I was wrong.

Monday marked the beginning of the trial of Roger Bjorklund, who as most people know is standing trial for the kidnapping, sexual assault and killing of UNL student Candi Harms.

I had followed the case closely since Candi was first reported missing. Her boyfriend, Todd Sears, worked in the advertising department of the DN, and we had talked about Candi's disappearance, and subsequently, the loss of her life. So I knew him, if only slightly.

That slight familiarity was enough to make Candi real to me.

And that familiarity was enough to slice right through me when opening statements began.

And it was enough to make me cry when her dad took the stand.

Stan and Pat Harms impressed me with their first statements after Candi's disappearance. When he sat in that witness box and talked of his daughter, responding to each question with respect and great care, I was only more impressed with him.

And I hurt even more for him. When his voice broke after identifying Candi's picture, I couldn't hold tears back, but I wasn't alone. It seemed anyone with a heart could not help but be moved by his pain. Eyes reddened and observers sniffled.

The prosecution asked him about his daughter, her education, her career plans, her clothes and her disappearance. He answered carefully, holding himself with quiet dignity. It was obvious it was difficult for him, but he continued.

The judge called a recess after what seemed like forever. It was good timing — I knew I couldn't have watched any longer.



Todd was called and was asked to describe his last evening with Candi—a scene he has undoubtedly replayed over and over again in his mind. And in his heart.

I'm glad I didn't go back. From all accounts, it was a difficult afternoon.

Pat Harms testified and told of her fear for her daughter. Knowing now what happened to Candi, those fears were certainly justified.

Todd was called and was asked to describe his last evening with Candi — a scene he has undoubtedly replayed over and over again in his mind. And in his heart.

He struggled to speak through his emotion and tears. Two jurors were brought to tears — and understandably so.

At the time Candi disappeared, they were in the honeymoon stage of their relationship, as my friends always call it. They were at that point where everything about each other was new and exciting, where they wanted to be together all the time, talking and walking, sharing thoughts, dreams and kisses.

Their relationship had yet to be tested, to weather any of the "newlywed" storms. And it never will be.

Todd will never have the opportunity to fight with Candi about stupid little things. They won't get to bicker about what to do for dinner or whether or not he's romantic enough or she's too possessive.

They will never have the chance to do the making up, to hold hands in the wintertime, to share a Christmas celebration.

They won't have the chance to discover if they truly were "right" for each other.

Someone robbed them of those chances. According to the state prosecutors, two someones are responsi-

ble; one of them stands accused this week. Whether or not he is guilty remains to be seen.

But one sure-fire certainty of this case is that a young life filled with love and promise was snuffed out. All the hopes and dreams Candi Harms had died with her, snuffed out in a fit of freakish violence.

Certainly the rights of the accused are important, as his rights represent ours as well. His attorney told the jury to put the tragedy aside and concentrate on the facts — facts that will point to Bjorklund's guilt or innocence.

But there is one fact equally as important as Bjorklund's presumption of innocence: An innocent woman was killed.

That one tragic fact cannot be put aside. Candi's parents will have to hold memories of their daughter close to their hearts, since they will never hold her again.

They will have to let go of their hopes for her. Now she will never finish college. She will never choose a career, a husband, a home. She will never have children. She will never grow old.

Candi Harms is dead. Nothing this trial does will ever change that. No evidence will find it was all a mistake and she's just been busy somewhere else. No evidence will show it was the "humane" thing to do. No miracles will occur.

Unless, of course, by some miracle, justice is served.

Steyer is a senior English and history major, a Daily Nebraskan arts and entertainment senior reporter and a columnist.

PICKLES TOP 100 BEST-SELLERS*

Cassettes \$5⁹⁹/\$6⁹⁹ • CD's \$9⁹⁹/\$10⁹⁹

4 days only, sale must end Sunday, October 31, 1993.



This is our best sale ever! Check out the prices...

on the latest from Meatloaf, Blind Melon, Nirvana, Pearl Jam, and 96 others!

*based on Billboard Charts. All stores. Quantities limited. No rain checks.

patagonia
SYNCHILLA® CLASSICS

The Synchilla® Snap T-Neck has seen most of the known world. It could well be the ultimate multi-purpose utility garment. Now available in prints or solids.

THE MOOSE'S TOOTH
 4007 O STREET, LINCOLN, NE 68510
 Winter Hours:
 Mon.-Wed. 10-7; Thur. 10-8; Fri. 10-6
 489-4849

© Patagonia, Inc. 1990

Summer III

FOR JUNIOR NURSING STUDENTS

A NURSING EXPERIENCE AT MAYO FOUNDATION HOSPITALS - ROCHESTER, MN

Here is your opportunity to work at Mayo Medical Center for the summer.

Summer III is a paid, supervised hospital work experience at Saint Marys Hospital and Rochester Methodist Hospital, both part of Mayo Medical Center in Rochester, Minnesota.

You are eligible for Summer III after your junior year of a four year baccalaureate nursing program. It includes experience on medical and surgical nursing units or in operating rooms.

Application Deadline: December 1, 1993.
 For more information contact:

mayo Mayo Medical Center
 Nursing Recruitment
 P.O. Box 6057
 Rochester, Minnesota 55903
 1-800-247-8590

Mayo Foundation is an affirmative action and equal opportunity educator and employer. A smoke-free institution.