



...And Then There Were Twelve...

By Wayne Stoeber
A Current Member of
The Innocents Society

(Each May a select number of male University of Nebraska students receives letters from the Innocents society, the campus honorary which chooses its members "for their scholarship, service, and participation in University activities," according to the NU Campus handbook. Mr. Stoeber received his letter in May, 1968.)

Now, upon receiving my application to the Introversion Society, overcome by joy, I immediately, uncontrollably and irrevocably commenced to laugh, cry, throw up and make other contradictory reactions that any other member of various campus ethnic groups would have done in my situation. I then asked my room-mate what it was. She didn't know. So I walked down to the library (knowing full-well anything worth laughing, crying and belching forth about must be in Love.) Anyway, I did want to see if anything now had been written on the can doors. Well, I got there, sat down and found one bound copy of last year's Cornhusker yearbook, and, after thumbing through one hundred pages about Selleck's pro-in-residence, I finally reached a section on the Introversions, only to find that year's fairy princesses instead. I was corrected by a member of some breeding stock seated next to me, and some 23 others, (reacting in harmony to his words) each wearing an identical beanie labeled "1968 SDS or Sigma Delta Sigma, the campus Number One Greeks" on their heads. They have large heads. He explained to me that the Introversions looked like fairy princesses because they always wore the fabled chatrieuse robes and hoods which symbolized the yellow jaundice epidemic put down some fifty years ago when 17 regents

left the state, which explains why there are always just 13 Introversions. I thanked him and started to read the sentence on their accomplishments of the year: It seems they made quite a haul on the frosh hop and also on the sale of beanies, (it then occurred to me why the other 23 were wearing identical beanies labeled "1968 S.D.S. or Sigma Delta Sigma, the Campus Number One Greeks". So, I filled out the application, ran home, and closed the book (in reverse order) fully assured that I could sell beanies just as good as anyone. And I signed up for a crash course at Arthur Murray's for some dance lessons, to be ready for the frosh hop, just in case I was elected to the Introversions.

(Ivy Day is the University of Nebraska's most traditional tradition — the day when Sheldon Art Gallery's west lawn is the site of many age-old festivities: The singing fest, the planting of the ivy, the crowning of the May Queen. It is also the day on which new Innocents are tackled. Mr. Stoeber, an NU music major, is not an on-campus resident. He portrayed Tony in the Kosmet Klub spring production of "West Side Story" and is a member of a campus folk singing group. He was tackled in May, 1968.)

Now came the period know as the bugging, when all of the candidates try avoiding to be avoided by the Introversions, which wasn't hard for me because I spent most of my time taking dance lessons and wasn't home. Anyway, the Introversions seldom go off Greek Row, but I had been a big hit in this year's Cosmo Club with my dancing donkey disguised as Terri Carpenter. I thought I had a pretty good thing going.

That day of reflection, selection, rejection and election finally happened and everyone was out in style for it. The grandstands were filled with

every kind of student imaginable. There were Greeks, and there were . . . and yeh, even some . . . un huh. The counterpart of the Introversions were there also, those being the Mortar Drawers. Governor Taxem and Chancellor Hardly also participated in the festivities. The most memorable event, of course, was the group singing. Once again the Betas edged the Mormon Tabernacle Choir with their rendition of "She Got Her Key on Monday: We'll Have a Shotgun Wedding Someday Soon, Helen." Somebody next to me said: "Now it's time for the Mortar Drawers tapping!" I said, "Make mine a Bud," but it wasn't that kind, so I passed. Then all at once I'm being herded out into the middle of this field with all of the rest of breeding stock and people are pushing and yelling . . . and yelling . . . and sweating . . . (and being cool) . . . and these Introversions are running around, knocking guys over. . . and then cheers go up. Why, it's sadistic, that's what it is. And they keep knocking down people (it's kind of like open registration) now, all at once, I'm tackled and land right on my billfold. Well, I can't tell you how relieved I was knowing my dance lessons hadn't been a waste.

I was seated with the rest of the new members — handshaked and picture-taken. I was told to come to a party which ended up with the old Introversions running around the banquet table shouting profanities. We had our first meeting the next week where I learned, that to make a long distance telephone call, all you have to do is dial 112 and then the proper digits which isn't very likely when reminded of the facts . . . but then again . . . that style of plaid conflicts with the trousers . . .

The story you have just read is underestimated.

The names have been changed to protect the Innocent.

Hearts and Hands

By John W. Reiser
(Ed.'s Note: Reiser, a recent NU graduate, is a past Young Republicans president on campus and is still active in GOP politics)

Can Nelson Rockefeller be nominated next week in Miami? I hear the question a couple dozen times a day and I don't know how to answer, for the answer is not in my hands. At least, not directly.

He is so obvious a choice the "gut reaction" is still to say "Yes, I think so." But the delegate projections are staggeringly for Nixon and the optimism catches in my throat.

Can the delegates really ignore the fact that Rockefeller is the strongest possible Republican candidate, probably the only one who can win this fall?

Can they really turn their back on the fact that Rockefeller is the only Republican candidate with a record as a vote-getter in major cities?

Do they really not care that he has outlined the most thorough plan of any candidate for bringing an end to the seemingly eternal hell of the Viet Nam war?

Is it really of so little consequence that this man, now endorsed by Martin Luther King, Sr. and by James Farmer and by Bill Cosby, is the only Republican who can hope to attract the votes of members of racial minorities?

Well, those questions will be answered next week in Miami. It would seem that "no" would be an awfully hard answer, but the memory of San Francisco in 1964 is very real.

Meanwhile, Governor Rockefeller's backers are unwilling to say the time has passed for the people to influence the nominating process. A unique effort is underway to set the voice of the American public ringing in delegate's ears.

Time now is very, very short, but those who are interested in seeing Governor Rockefeller nominated can still do something about it.

They can send a postcard, or a letter, or, best of all, a telegram to "People for Rockefeller," Box 1643, Washington, D.C. It need contain nothing more than an expression of support for Rockefeller and, if you wish, your name and address.

These wires, these cards, these letters will be taken to Miami and given to the delegates. They will mean that the 1968 convention will not be a coronation.

With this evidence of the public's will in their hands, it will become even more difficult for the convention to choose the present front-runner.

In the hour of their decision, let delegates to this convention be confronted with the public's cry for new leadership, for a unifying force, for a Republican party committed to peace, to progressive solutions to our domestic ills, and to the idea that men can yet learn to live together as brothers.

Can Nelson Rockefeller be nominated next week in Miami?

Perhaps the best answer is to ask: Will you take the time to send a postcard, or a letter or a telegram? Perhaps just perhaps — the answer is in your hands.

At the Cinema

When I walked out of the Nebraska Theatre after seeing "For Love of Ivy," I was depressed. After being bombarded by beautiful clothes, beautiful homes, and beautiful people I thought: "What in the world am I doing in Lincoln, Nebraska?" Then I sauntered over to Casey's, had a beer, and thought: "How in the world can a black man identify with Sidney Poitier?"

"For Love of Ivy" is a very perplexing movie. The trouble is, it shouldn't be. When we talk of human rights we mean that, among other things, Sidney Poitier has a perfect right to make a simple, frothy comedy if he wants to. Just because he is about the only black actor around doesn't mean he has to play serious, profound roles or race.

However, with the country still immersed in serious racial tension, with the communications media trying their damndest to tell it like it is, it becomes frustrating to watch Sidney playing the studly black cat in white America. I, and probably ten million blacks, want to see Sidney (or at least someone else) in black America.

Ivy is a colored maid (in the venacular of the movie) for a wealthy New York family of swingers. Abbey Lincoln plays Ivy and does it so appealingly. Miss Lincoln is beautiful, sexy, charming, the perfect match for handsome "Black Jack" Parks, a trucking tycoon who runs a nocturnal moving-van casino for rich whites. "We never take money from coloreds," he tells Ivy.)

When Ivy wants to leave the Austin household the swinger youngsters line her up with Jack. As most cinematic romances develop, they do fall in love, even though it is against both of their natures.

The situation is not unlike the Doris Day-Rock Hudson epics of yesteryear. Except that Sidney has taken Doris' place. After many virginal

Skirting the Issues, For Love of Sidney

roles, Sidney has finally made a love scene, and we find that he is a man, not superman.

The movie is played for comedy, inserting up-to-the-minute dialogue on Black Power, the draft and the generation gap. Some comes across, some doesn't. Most of it is amusing, such as when Jack and Ivy frolic at a local hippie discotheque. Beau Bridges (son-of-Lloyd) plays the Austin's hippie-in-residence, and is funny.

Sidney is Sidney, inasmuch as the part enables him to perform, with gentleness as a big-time crook who wants to live the good life. Poitier has tremendous appeal, and one sits through his movies mainly for love of Sidney.

It really isn't very fair knocking this movie. It was meant to be a comedy and it is a comedy. Director Daniel Mann (Come Back Little Sheba) has made no big blunders, the photography is colorful but mediocre, the screenplay (based on a story by Sidney) is often bright and crisp.

But it still doesn't speak to millions of Americans who don't experience the Great American Dream. It's fabulous clothes and homes, and its never-never land approach puts it in the future tense instead of now.

The sequences opening and

closing the movie vividly underscored what has been presented: The lushly photographed Manhattan skyline — a hazy profile of the nation's largest city. All one has to do is think of a Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant skirting that beautiful city, and the problems pop back into memory.

So staying away from it all really doesn't help much, does it?

—Larry Eckholt

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La Boheme: An Opera With A Modern Motif

A poet falls in love with a flower child. They are part of a turned-on, effervescent generation of youth whose lives are spent in absolute abandon of the customary restrictions imposed by conventional society.

A new play about the hippie generation?

No, it's "La Boheme," Puccini's immortal opera, written in the 1890's, and set in Paris of the 1830's.

According to John Zei, professor of voice at the University of Nebraska and dramatics director for the upcoming production of "La Boheme" on campus, this opera could be updated, set in modern times in a New York ghetto or a Los Angeles slum.

"It's just simply one of the greatest operas of all time," Zei said. "It could be set in any period."

The NU production, though, will follow the classical timeline. It will be performed in English, however.

"La Boheme" was composed by Giacomo Puccini in 1896. The libretto was written by Luigi Illica and Giuseppe Giacosa. The opera premiered at Il Teatro alla Reggia in Turin, Italy. It's first American performance was at Los Angeles in 1897.

There are actually two "La Bohemes", both based on "Scenes and Ways of the Bohemians," by Henri Murger, a French writer. The other opera was written by Leon Cavallo, but was not too popular because "Puccini in-

fused into the music all of the tragedy and comedy of Murger's book," Zei said. He added that Murger's book never was fully realized until Puccini wrote his opera based on it.

The theme of Murger's book was: La vita gaia e terribile.

The gay life but terrible.

"Puccini's weaving of gorgeous orchestral colors and soaring melodic lines are paramount in making his music part of the drama in this opera," Zei said. He said that each character, like in the historical Wagnerian "leitmotif" tradition, has his own musical motif, identifying who he is.

"This is a unique opera in that it does not have many comprimario roles (subsidiary leads). Each character, such as Mimi, Rudolph, Musetta, Marcello, Schaunard, and Colline, are all major roles," Zei said.

Basically the opera is divided into two sections. The first "establishes the champagne-like vitality of the characters and their absolute abandonment of the customary restrictions imposed in society."

This simple zest-for-life of Rudolph, a poet, is complicated by Mimi, a flower girl who abruptly and devastatingly enters his life

and they fall in love.

The plot is further complicated when Musetta, a coquette, enters the painter Marcel's life, and they too have an affair.

The second part deals with the dissolving of the affairs in a sorrowful third act when both sets of lovers decide that they cannot live together.

The final climax discloses that Mimi's health was never to be restored. In the end she dies in Rudolph's arms.

"La vita gaia e terribile," Puccini's background probably influenced his writing about the Bohemians.

His life was a mixture of music, art, good literature and a strong leaning toward drama. His life was also filled with tragedies, successes and

failures, and a zest-for-life.

His real life was infused with the same basic emotions as the Bohemians in his opera.

"What every opera buff is grateful for, however," Zei said, "is Puccini's ability to visualize this life and give it to us as an aesthetic experience through his musical genius."

The opera contains three famous arias: "Your Tiny Hand Is Frozen," "I Am Called Mimi," and "Musetta's Waltz." "Oh Lovely Maid in the Moonlight" is its most famous duet.

The NU summer production will be offered Aug. 17, 18, 19 at the air-conditioned Howell Theatre. Tickets are one dollar, plus tax.



Editor: Larry Eckholt
Business Manager: Max Brown
Subscription for publication may be brought to 219 Nebraska Hall or called to 472-2800. The SUMMER NEBRASKAN is published eight times during the summer months, five in the first and three in the second.

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