Thursday, October 11, 1984

**Daily Nebraskan** 

## Lifeless leaves inspire fall foolishness

By Chris Burbach Daily Nebraskan Senior Editor

Fall is now upon us. In this time of year, we poets turn our minds to aging, dying and football. We hope that the rustle of our words will be in tune with the quietude of leaves wafting lifelessly from tree limbs and helmets crunching into pads. Here is a collection of some of my col-

leagues' works in praise of the season.

"A Leaf Limerick" Anonymous There once was a leaf from Nantucket Who fell into a beer bucket He said not to fret My throat's not quite wet I'll get back to you when I've drunk it.

**Alliterative Death By Auntie Em Dickerson** Fall flies fast furious Winter wind wails wild Bitter breeze breaks bones Cold coffin captures carcass Pass! Pass!

huddle by cc eummings i see the sweat the glare the wear i see the hate for those other 11 men can we kill 100 men we can kill 400 men. go michigan

you run you score you throw pass tackle dive block roll and then by #\$°@¢ you die

listen men this we'll do run straight at 'em no run around 'em no throw it over 'em no kick it through 'emokay kick it through 'em

and then what

then by #\$\*@¢ we die

An Ode to Fall By Robnee Danger field

I tell ya, fall don't get no respect. Summer, sure, everybody loves summer. Girls come out with nothin' on, they run around and giggle.

Oh yeah everybody thinks summer's great. I remember going to the beach once during summer -

I fell down and they called the EPA.

Heh heh heh. They got there just in time to save

Me from the Russian harpoons. Fall. Now there's a season.

It's got football, and football's got cheerleaders.

I love cheerleaders.

Tell ya what, though, if I was playing that game i wouldn't be

Tackling the other guys - I'd go for the dames in the hot

## Pants

pants?

Minnesota needs 'em. Heh heh heh.

Course, the cheerleaders at my high school were so

Ugly they put leashes on 'em and led 'em around at halftime.

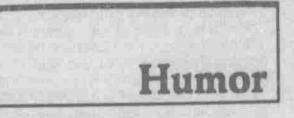
The fighting Rhinos.

Heh heh heh.

The worst thing about fall is the leaves. My dad use to paint me with glue and roll

me around in

The backyard so he wouldn't have to rake.



Then he'd throw me in the burn barrel and spray me with a

Hose when the leaves were all burnt off. I tell ya, we were a great football family. When I was growin' up, catch was a spectator sport.

Why does Dallas have the girls in the hot I'd watch my dad and brother play catch until I got

> Tired and cold and had to go in. Then I'd watch 'em drink cocoa. No respect.





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## Mozart's grand opera to open at Sheldon

Sheldon Film Theater's Film of a revolution - a joyless, Opera series continued this compulsive rake who must month with Joseph Losey's seduce every woman in his adaptation of Mozart's "Don path. Photographed in the Pal-Giovanni." starring Ruggero ladian villas and theatres Raimondi and Edda Moser. around Vicenza and Venice, "Don Giovanni" is showing on the film upholds this new Friday and Saturday, October interpretation with a subtle 12 and 13. Screenings are a 7 shift from commedia dell'arte p.m. each day with a 3 p.m. to morality play: in visual terms, matinee on Saturday. The film's from Watteau to Goya. For his length is 185 minutes and it is project, Losey brought together in Italian dialogue with Eng- some of the greatest in opera: lish subtitles. Admission is \$3.00 Ruggero Raimondi, in fine voice, (\$2.00 for senior citizens, adds a chilling suggestion of children, and members of the the Marquis de Sade to his Friends of the Sheldon Film playacting; Jose Van Dam sings Theater).

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opera has ever been as bold or and Teresa Berganza sing and as beautiful as Joseph Losey's perform magnificently as the version of Mozart's masterwork. Don's conquests. Long acclaim-Scrupulously following the Da ed as the supreme achievement Ponte libretto, Losey makes of Western culture, "Don Gio-Don Giovanni one of those mor- vanni" has at last been sucbid, almost demonic figures cessfully transposed to the film that inevitably arise on the eve medium.

delightful Leporello; and No film adaptation of grand Edda Moser, Kiri Te Kanawa

