

letters to the entertainment editor

Sirs:
Your father is the butcher. Your mother cuts the meat.
And you're the little wienie That runs out in the street.

Yours,
Paul Peterson

P.S. Tell Carl Betz Hi.

Dear Sir:
The truth will out. And this time it did. Too bad you didn't have the chutzpah to print it.

Sincerely,
Sol Einstein

Sir:
I didn't even have to go down to the Administration Building to see Willie McCarty's 3-D sculptures. I could tell right away who that one was. It was Meg Greene. I could recognize her bazongas anywhere.

Yours till Niagra Falls,
Meatloaf

Sirs:
One night I was sitting here thinking about how much better the world would be if everyone would just try to

relate to everyone else. I mean, can you dig how beautiful it would be if people just opened up and loved one another. So I thought I'd tell you some of my fantasies. My best one is I'm driving out into the country and my little roadster breaks down. So I'm standing there with my back to the pond. MY BACK TO THE POND! Then this giant frog comes out of the water and rapes me. Now let's hear one of yours.

Yours in Truth,
Ralph Bunche

Dear Sir:
We are holding Willie McCarty's busts. You know, those 3-D things he left out on the college lawn. Yeah, that's them. Well, if you want them back, call off the fuzz, and we'll give you back two of them. But we're keeping the one of Meg Greene. Yeah, we knew it was her all along. We could recognize her culminating casabas (if you get our meaning) anywhere.

Signed,
The Zambianese Libation
Army starring Captain
Admen.

Summer Penney's plot weak; (don't miss 'Women's Apparel')

Books by Beef Landgrin
Summer 1974, the Penney's Catalog. J.C. Penney Co., Inc.

We had planned to devote this space to a close look at the mammoth spring catalog, the colossal paperback masterpiece everyone is so fond of. But the truth is (and I announce the truth with mixed emotions), the 1,000-page behemoth is sold out, er, given out. Not even a reviewer's copy is to be found in Lincoln.

However, there are copies available of a lesser volume, the summer edition. It's not so cumbersome as the spring number, though comparably priced, and it may be a better book generally. It may be a better book, but it isn't.

The new Penney's will be panned by some critics for the looseness of the plot, which seems, sometimes, to border on confusion. But Summer 1974, it must be remembered, is a book about American capitalism and in that context, it isn't bad. Doesn't capitalism, after all, seem a little confused sometimes?

beef landgrin books

But to the book. Chapter 1, "Women's Apparel," obviously is calculated to draw the reader into the book. Frail, underfed, multiracial models pose, stiff-limbed and overpaid, in all manner of shorts, slacks, and pedal pushers.

The theme of Chapter 1 is "Make This a Standout Summer" and if these darlings can't make this summer precisely that, God help us. (The good parts, guys, are these: swimwear, pages 8-15; dainty underthings, pages 81-86. And also, because I know there are a few of you out there: shoes, pages 67-75.)

Chapter 2, "Outdoor Summer Stuff," is mercifully short, cunningly designed to develop tension for the latter half of the volume. The

main characters in this pastoral drama are swings, swimming pools and lawn mowers. The measured prose ("Fast electric key-start" and the delightful "Keep pools clean") fairly crackles with tension. I knew something big was in store.

And there it is, the best darned Index in modern cataloging, right in the middle of the book. So concise and well-designed, it occupies a mere 2/3 of page 100, it hardly needs the Order Blank next to it on page 101. That the Order Blank is there is a tribute to the editor's skill: anywhere else it wouldn't have nearly the power it has.

Chapter 3, "Housewares," is a complex tapestry of chairs and lamps, but it's certainly the weakest part of the book. Aside from the chairs being at least two years behind what people actually are sitting on, bicycles are unaccountably in the middle of the chapter. Bicycles, it seems to me, belong in "Outdoor Summer Stuff." They are housewares only in the larger homes.

The last fourth of the book is hard to define. It moves haltingly from "Little Girls' Clothes" to "Little Boys' Clothes," then wraps up with the disappointing "Men's Clothes."

I probably understand "Men's Clothes" better than I understand anything in Penney's new book, and I don't understand them very well at all. Where are the blue jeans, the cleverly captioned t-shirts, the cowboy boots? Tennis shoes are on the back page, a bad place because little brothers always rip the backpage to shreds and eat it. None of the guys wearing the clothes have beards or long hair, and none of them look at all like they'd be fun to drink beer with.

Summer, 1974 doesn't raise any hard philosophical questions and maybe couldn't handle them if it did. The plot needs some tightening up, but the prose is adequate and the color is good, something you don't find in many novels these days. Most of the models are pretty average, but there's a blond on page 65 who's something else. Summing up, Summer, 1974 isn't nearly as bad as it could be, but it's certainly not going to make the splash the spring edition did.



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Heads Together
Glass Menagerie

Summer Textbooks

Due to renovation of the main bookstore,
all summer textbooks will be carried
in the Freshman Bookstore.

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