

Traditional pastimes lose their thrill

By C. Scott Thompson

I must be either prematurely cynical or hypercritical by nature. For me the summer's pastimes generally seemed less than satisfactory. Yet my peers showed every sign of enjoying any number of activities that fell short in my estimation. Let me enumerate.

Anyone who's watched Italian dressing separate knows that the oil rises to the top. So naturally, when you toss into a pool 5,000

I won't mention the bar name, but it's out of the way and its initials are D.D. Nobody knew who was playing so we shot for potluck. Mistake No. 2.

The ambience was at best locally colorful and the clientele . . . well, I saw one woman who was wearing a stretch-out halter top and

she had this big brown and green tattoo of a marijuana leaf on her left breast. We neared the music room and naively paid a cover charge to get in. Mistake No. 3.

Elvis Presley eat your heart out, this guy had it all: Don Ho wig, white polyester jump suit, rhinestone tassels and an apparently

dislocated torso. "I Did It My Way" took on whole new connotations. Think about it. And the sad part was the roomful of people who paid to see this guy. Oy vay.

I think next summer I'll just make a three month date with a little brown bag and a Thoreau anthology.

Christ UNITY Church
N-E-W

Service-Sunday Morning, 10 a.m.
Study Class-Thurs. evening, 7 p.m.

6500 HOLDREGE just north of Pamida Discount Center
Frank & Louise Munkel, ministers

For information call: 467-1777

Humor

sweaty bodies that have been greased up and lubed down with Pina Colada Tropical Tanning Butter, the net result makes Santa Barbara disasters look like child's play.

Speaking of child's play, I'm starting a movement that advocates age segregation at public pools. No more surprise attacks by soaked tennis balls, hurled Frisbees or blitzkrieg water dousings.

For the less aquatically inclined, there is always the cinema. And this summer, by all indications, has been setting box office records left and right. Why escapes me.

Next week I'm having an "E.T." voodoo party. To get in, you have to chant "E.T. go home now, E.T. go home now," and then toss a piece of "E.T." paraphernalia into a bonfire.

"E.T." mania is difficult for me to understand. How can an entire nation go ga-ga over an animated character that resembles a prune or legs? Very soon, I suspect, Steven Spielberg will be declared a national hero. Congress will erect a giant shrine in his honor in the shape of an elongated cigar and begin printing stamps and coins in his likeness. A thousand years from now, historians will interpret him as a contemporary Moses, leading the masses to tithe and worship in dark halls.

This summer's music hasn't been terrific either. If I hear "Eye of the Tiger" one more time, I'll scream. Bad, but not uninteresting, is the Waitresses "I Know What Boys Like," a song about the ultimate tease.

Perhaps the most nauseating and amusing musical innovation is Moon Zappa's "Valley Girls." Yes, now an entire generation of women will be reduced to the stock reply of "Gag me with a spoon." As the fad reaches unbearably epidemic proportions, "Gross me out totally" will quickly become passe. Entire hordes of little pseudo-preppies with bouncy pitaills and oxford collars and arrogantly defy gravity will parate around with a cocky expression going "And like I can't believe those grody toenails." Arg! "Valley Girls." For sure, for sure.

For those who don't swim, go to movies or listen to music, this summer also offered Lincoln's common-denominator pastime - BARS. Now that Lincoln is no longer a bastion of Sunday abstention, I thought it appropriate one unfortunate Sunday to sample the night life. Mistake No. 1.

Back to College SPECIALS

~~\$1.09~~ **99¢**

Pick the spiral notebook of your choice—college or narrow-ruled for only 99 cents each.

Hi-Liters

~~59¢~~ **39¢** ~~79¢~~ **59¢**

~~2/69¢~~ ~~2/99¢~~

Save on Faber-Castell Highlighting Markers. Buy 2 and save more.

~~\$13.95~~ **\$8.98**

Offer good while supply lasts.

~~\$2.07~~ **\$1.69**

Super Saver

Regal value ~~\$2.07~~

Expresso PLASTIC POINT PENS

69¢ 69¢

Extra Fine Pt Black 0.3mm Blue

Plus Major Accent

with Read Thru Color

Get 2 Espresso pens and a Major Accent marker . . . a \$2.07 value



We're more than a bookstore



Open Monday-Friday, 8-5:30, Saturday, 9-5:30

NEBRASKA BOOKSTORE

12th & R Streets in Lincoln Center 476-0111