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## Salsa, housepaint, pet food existential home-ec and the wolf-queen: are they art?

This summer, besides being a summer of surf, will be a summer of endless searching.

This past weekend launched my lobes into an endless spiral of mental backflips, a frustrating lust for the definitive, quintessential answer to what?

It all started as I hitchiked home for the weekend, and my driving host graciously offered trivia as a basis for conversation. Who really cares what province the city of Toronto is in? Let's ask some valid questions here. For example, why do I find dozens of hubcaps in my room after a hard night of drinking Corona?

## **Craig Anton**

My question of questions this week has been compiled into a poem entitled, "What is What?"

What is What?
My shirt is black,
That is that.
With that,
Like that,
In mind.
What is it? That is
That. What is it man?
It all is.
So, what it is, is
What that is.
Is, is, is, is, is.

what is.
What is What?
Mu dad can beat up u

What is, what is, what is,

My dad can beat up your dad.
Sure my weekends are different

Sure my weekends are different and sordid, unlike most people. Do your weekends compare with druid life of the sixteenth century? My weekends take me to the core, to the edge, to the extreme scene, where button-down just does not cut it. Here is where the questions exist, in their raw and dormant states, it is here where the dog waits for the wolf-queen.

My question today is a question of heat. Preparing for the extreme heat in Nebraska reminds me of how I once prepared for an Abstract-existentialist Home-Ec final. I started slowly sewing all of my bed sheets together, the clean as well as the dirty ones.

Chugging a jar of salsa, I rubbed my outer-most body with pale blue latex house-paint, then I cranked some Captain and Tenille and lovewrestled my sheets. I was art.

Between the paint and the salsa which curiously made its way onto the sheets, I decided to stay in for awhile. I received few calls that week, so I watched my bathtub drain. What puzzled me most was the abundance of an undistinguishable pet food spread throughout the floor of my two story apartment. Damn it was hot.

I hate pets. I hate dogs. I hate cats. I hate fish, hamsters, rabbits, and whatever. I have enough problems cleaning up after myself, let alone animals with no conception of the rewards of higher education.

I needed a B or better to stay in school that term, and I racked my parents' brains for an excuse not to steal an air conditioner. Finally the night before the big final it came to me, so I went to sleep.

Well I got the B but just by the hair of my chinny-chin-chow mein. Y'see I had created this twenty-seven foot hammock filled with broken kitchen appliances. I actually got the B on some last-minute quick thinking, convincing the instructor as well as my neighbors from Thailand that the hammock could eventually be used as a pinata.

After that term the stock market page of my home newspaper looked the same, I still had no idea what any of it meant. But you know what they say, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity."



## Musical legends to play in Omaha

By Scott Harrah Senior Reporter

Three musical legends will visit the Midwest this week bringing subversive sounds and cutting social commentary. At the top of the list is California's infamous Black Flag.

Black Flag, Los Angeles' first hard-core band, gained an international following with some of the most crass music ever made. Vocalist Henry Rollins led the band to fame with shocking stage antics and tunes like "Thirsty and Miserable" and "Rise Above," — acerbic anthems that protested everything from suburban folly to politics.

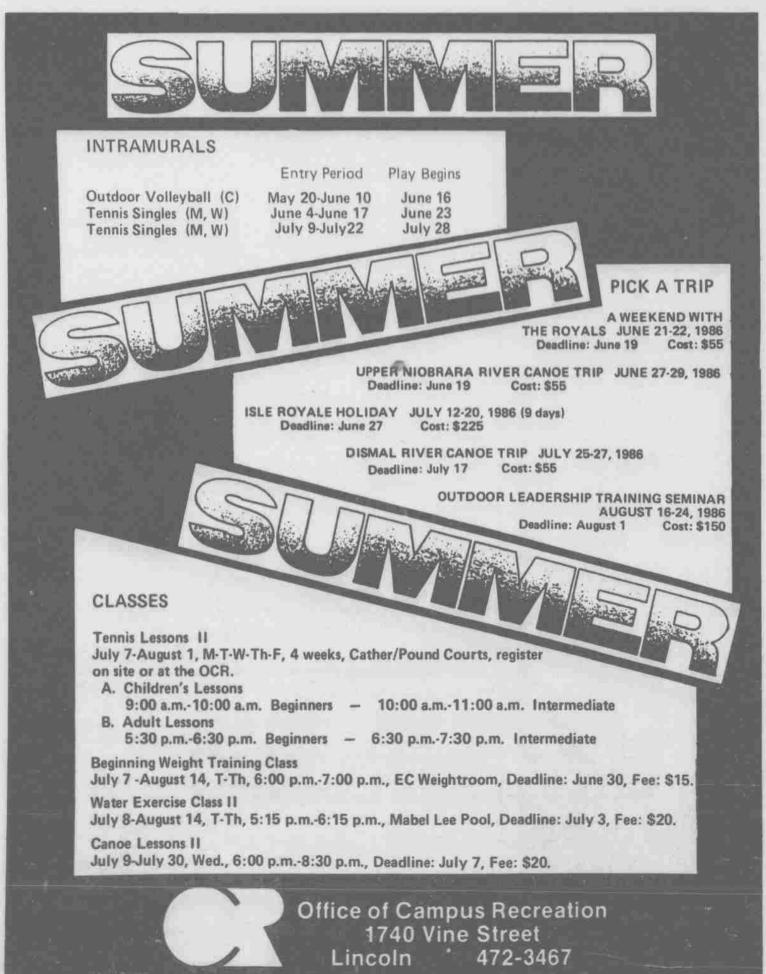
Raw; unrestrained irreverence flows throughout the band's message, making Black Flag a band solely for those who like their music nice and rough. Unlike many L.A. musicians, the Flag doesn't gloss over their coarse aurawith overproduced synthesizer programs or day-glo fashions. Rollins and his cohorts represent the proverbial "punk" band with their shrill, driving guitar riffs and trashy, torn stage attire. On stage, they are a squirming mass of screams, sleaze and subversion. If you plan to attend this show, bring bandages along just in case things get out of hand. Chances are, they will.

Black Flag will play tonight at the Omaha Music Hall at 8 p.m. General admission is \$8.50. Tickets are available at Dirt Cheap, Pickles and Brandeis in Lincoln and Drastic Plastic in Omaha.

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