

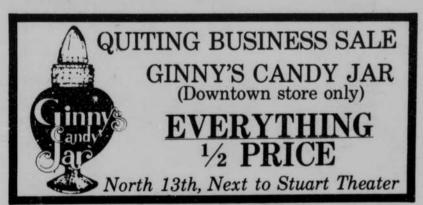
"Somebody should spread the word about the James Harman Band, 'those Dangerous Gentle-mens.' The quartet plays a barn-storming brand of blues that has to be seen to be believed.

-Billboard From Los Angeles, CA

JAMES HARMAN Wed.-Sat., Oct. 7-10

BRING THIS AD AND GET ½ OFF TONIGHT'S COVER

THE ZOO BAR 136 No. 14th





University of Nebraska Ski Club

Plan Your Ski Trip NOW at Jackson Hole or Steamboat

The University of Nebraska Ski Club is sponsoring ski trips to Jackson Hole or Steamboat. They're having a meeting tonight, Wednesday, October 7, at 7:30 pm. So attend the meeting to plan your ski trip and get ready for a ski blitz.

Check the daily events calendar for room location

Hair discrimination returns; It's 1967 at the barber's

them - but there's enough free alcohol of the hard, expensive variety that I stay. The music isn't bad so I don't mind being completely ignored. And there is a nice terraced condo back yard, two levels and a balcony, a fireplace, private stuff to get into, magazines about hairstyles that actually seem to have political slants. There are the conservative magazines that still advocate the uniform haircut. 'Used to be you could go into any 'barber' in the nation and say, 'gimme a haircut' an' he'd know what you meant," that sort of thing.

Then there were the Rolling Stone/ Spin kind of hair magazines: tinting, mousse, moving escalators up hair-spray-hard blocks of hair, hair terrariums with little bonsai trees growing out of them...

In between were those crafty moderates, trying to live in both worlds. In Lincoln, moderation was survival. One of them told me that in rare moment of communication.

Thanks to the friends I came with, though, communication became more

frequent.
"So what do you think of my hair?" One of my friends asks.

"Oh, not bad, a little trim, a little layering..." More drunken shop-talk as they massage my friend's scalp.

'And mine, what about mine?" Another of my more gregarious friends goes in for a lock-groping of his own.

'Nice hair," the hairdresser purrs and runs her tongue through the small gap between her two front teeth, gap between her two front teeth, forth, her fingers playing Rachmanin-completely around her dentifrice, off on an invisible mid-air piano. down her throat, into her sinus cavity, out one ear, down the hall, into her bedroom, around one of the latches on her dresser drawers and into the little silver disc that contains her birth

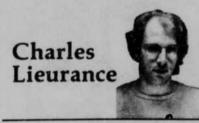
Great Decorations!

I go to a party. It's pseudo-yuppies where all the images and photographs hairdressers, actually, and lots of I've ever seen of car accidents, grain this. augur accidents and burn victims flash

through my head.
"Who?" The hairdresser totters.
That farmer's left arm and leg were

ripped clean off...
"Charles here..." Nice manly slap
on the shoulder for identification's sake. Thanks, friend.

It swerved out of control on the ice, taking out several vards of guardrail and plummeting into the valley many miles below...



"Ooh, lemme see..." The soft hand starts at the back of my neck and her fingers begin crawling into my hair.

Grease fire, bubbling blister, three years of continuous plastic surgery...

A look of repulsion. Did I take the squidcricket out of my hair this morning? Her tongue flashes back up the hallway, banging on the stucco walls, takes out a light fixture and sucks back into her ear.

'You can't do anything with this, it's just everywhere. Ruined, lost, uncontainable, unmanageable, the hair of Satan, the hair of the damned..." Her hand is having a spasm in the air, whipping back and

When using the Black and Decker table saw always use the built-in, very handy handguard because otherwise you'll cut a jagged canal between the middle and the ring finger...

control pills. "Really sexy."

Moments like this should be lead to the proud and haughty. I served for the proud and haughty. I need are cought lands me in the lap of never really thought about my hair and said, I never looked at others' hair and said, There is that moment of silence "My hair is better than yours." So to

U.P.C. ARTS COMMITTEE

presents an **EXHIBITION & SALE**

It's not the only instance, of course. When I was little my father turned my sister's photographs to the wall because she went off and joined the hippies "to look like an Indian," as Dad put it. Hair was a big deal back then. "Get a haircut!" was a really significant thing to say to someone. It put you on one side or the other in political arguments. It gave away your economic class within a few thousand dollars and it often made known what geographical area of this great land you were from. Now hair has more to do with consumerism. Hair sells albums. A mohawk will put you on one side of the record store and a good short fraternity cut will put you on the other. It distributes the consumer dol-

To my amazement, hair-bashing has returned. I'm not sure if politics has much to do with it. I walk down the street and some guy turns to his wife and says, "Is that a girl or a boy,

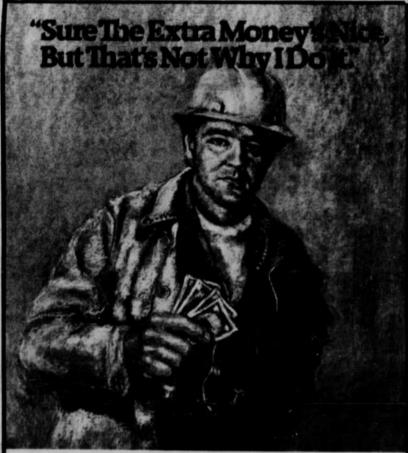
Have they really hidden-out be-hind their Yosemite salt shakers and quilt toaster covers since 1973, waiting until it was safe to come out and say stupid things again?

Fraternity boys yell out their windows: "Get a haircut!" These are young people. Are they from Mars? Who sent them? Is the Vietnam War over yet? Let's get our boys home.

So why don't I get it cut off? Why don't I go to some reasonable old coot with palsey who believes saying "I want a haircut" is enough, and have him wittle out some roughly human hair formation from this thick mess of

The hippies had two reasons, and although I don't want to be saddled with their mass neuroses, I share those reasons with them: In the course of a day I rarely think about my hair until all the barber shops are closed and, as Bob Weir of The Grateful Dead said so aptly in 1969, "I don't have the bucks."

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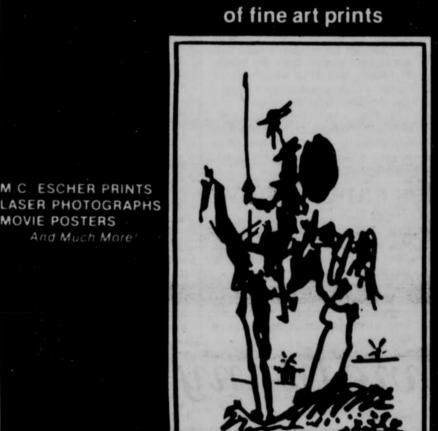
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Brueghel Picasso

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Rockwell Rousseau Seurat Van Gogh Wyeth

Renoir

Monday thru Friday, October 5-9 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Main Lounge **NEBRASKA UNION**

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