



Taking note

I cut my husband's hair. Lately, it has become quite an ordeal. He has thick, wavy hair, almost a full head of it. He is very protective about one spot. Each time that my scissors get close to it he says emphatically, 'Don't touch it.'

The other day I noticed how attractive his hair looked and said cheerily, "That certainly is a nice cut I gave you." He said, "So you admit some of the other ones weren't so great, huh?" That comment has been one of his milder ones.

I used to cut my brother's hair. He has bone straight hair lots of it. It grows stubbornly in one direction - down. One time I told him that I was ready to try out my new layering techniques. He said, "Just don't make me look like a Nazi."

After that session, he went back to his old barber.

I still think that I have perfectly acceptable haircutting skills, especially for an amateur. But it's understandable that we all suffer some degree of terror when our hair is in the hands of someone else.

Myself included.

I go to Sam every six weeks to have my hair cut for \$18 a shot at one of the most upscale salons in town. Sam is not only a licens-

> Fear and loathing at the hairdresser

Angela Allen Morgan

ed stylist, but he's also very chic. He speaks with an accent, dresses in designer clothes and wears his hair swept up in a New Wave version of Wally Cleaver's Jelly-Roll. Last year he spent \$5000 on clothes. Stylists, he explains, must stay at the state-of-the-art in fashion. "It's part of the business," he says. "I try to get a tax write-off this vear."

Sam is also at the cutting edge of hair fashion. He believes that people express themselves, to a great extent, through their appearance. "Your hair," he tells me often, "It's so important."

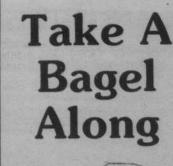
My hair, you see, is really not a big deal. For several years it's hovered between a pixie and a bob. I like simple styles that I don't have to fuss with.

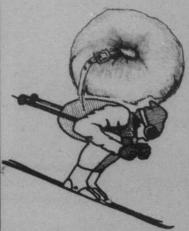
Sam, on the other hand, likes to express himself, to make the most of his avant-garde hair designs. One time he cut my hair so that no piece was longer than an inch. Then he rubbed it with some exotic lotion and swept it up so that it was standing on end. Oh no, Annie Lennox I'm not, I worried. As he furiously brushed my hair back, over the whirr of the blow dryer, he said, "This is hot. Like Vogue magazine." I was perspiring heavily, wondering if any of my friends might see me before I got home to get it back to

I swore I would never go back to Sam after that.

That was two years ago. But every six weeks my will breaks, and I make another appointment with Sam. The last time I called him I turned to my husband and said with resignation, "Sam just likes to express himself." My husband said, "You don't pay Sam to express himself. Why don't you just go to someone who doesn't make

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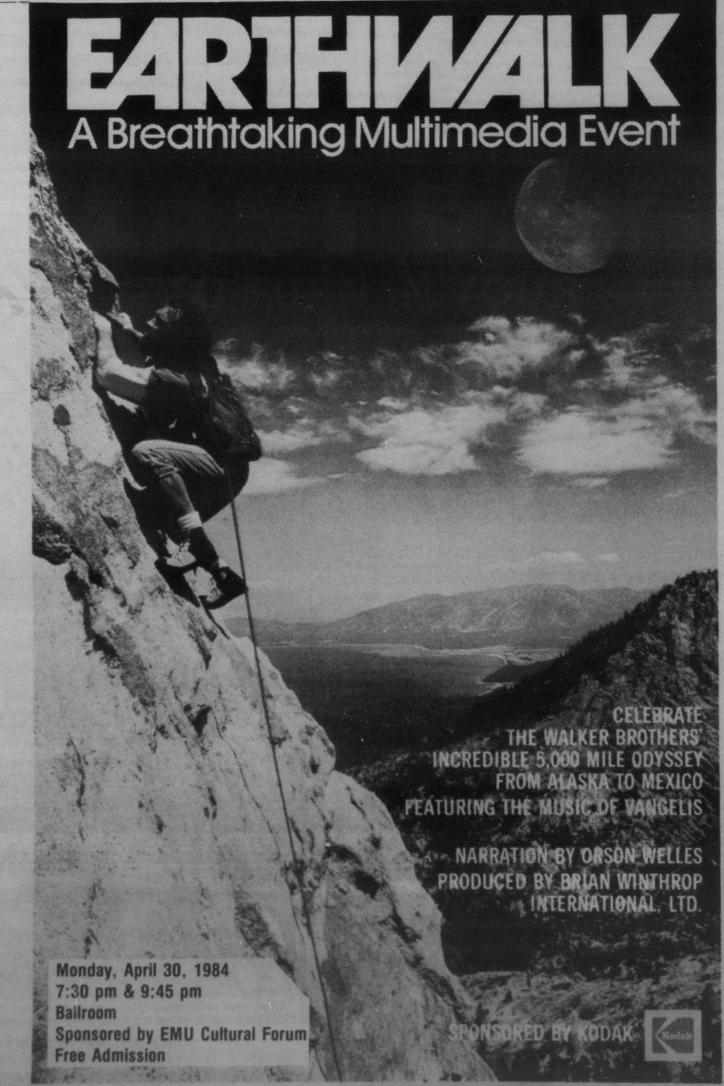
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