

the daily friday

mission statement: to mock what we do not understand

What exactly goes on during those blurry hours?

At this point you are feeling pretty damn groovy. ... You have just thrown back the last of a continuous series of strong drinks. Nothin's gonna stop you now.

OK. Maybe just the bathroom mirror. Who's responsible for the fucking lighting anyway? And Oh God, it's just too damn late (or early) to do anything about it. You're sobering, but not quick enough. So out you go, right out that bathroom door and you throw your own bad self out onto the side street.

Wow! You wish could buy that psychedelic vintage skirt — for more money than a brand-new skirt at Nordstrom. What would Veblen, a favorite German economic theorist, say now? He'd probably remind you that the store is closed ... and oh yeah, you're broke.

The initial shock is over and you are alone. Yes, capital A-L-O-N-E, and what could sound better than a sizzling plate of greasy food or your bed? That's right — a ride home.

Then, you turn to the left. Low and behold, here he comes. Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to introduce you to your (k)night in shining armor — The Cabby. So you've caught it baby! Yellow Cabby Fever. And you hoot and holler. I repeat: You hoot and holler — and even whistle this time. ... Yeah, whatever — you didn't really want to ride in that cab ... or that one.

Finally, and I'm talkin' finally, you spot him and he is all yours. You convince yourself that it is no longer Saturday night, it is time to head on home — however, you still wish you had someone to talk to ...

A yellow submarine slowly swims down the street, but you don't mind. Speed is no longer a concern. That last Tom Collins has denied you all discretion regarding the pace in which the sub approaches. So, you shoot off the curb like a bat out of hell — like Gonzo from "The Muppets Take Manhattan." The cabby pulls up, looks at you from the window which is rolled either half up or half down depending on your results from that Optimist's Club quiz you took the other day.

You stick to the black leather seat. The cab is smoky and a bullet-proof shield separates you from the driver. Just kidding — this is a Santa Barbara cabby. Maybe it's your own fault that you overlooked becoming a cabby as a possible career goal. But it's not too late, just tell your parents that you no longer want to culture yourself with European art, but you desire a more immediate form of unpredictability — something even more unpredictable than receiving your diploma. Mom and Dad, I've got Yellow Cabby Fever!

Now that the stage is set and you are going places in this yellow submarine, you begin to wonder who else has ridden with this yellow fellow today? This



You Are Going Home With Adrienne Bell

cabby's got his own story. But please remember, every cabby has his own story, just like every cowboy sings his own sad song. (Of course by now you have sobered up enough to take all of this into consideration.) It would be just too damn ridiculous to try and summarize "A day in the life of a Cabby." Basically, it would be impossible. This one drives the 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. shift.

You feel like 10 pounds of poop in a five-pound bag. So, you assume the cabby does too. You say (a little too loudly because you stood too close to the speakers all night), "Hey! Could anything be more horrible than having to stay up all night and drive everyone around?"

The response is fairly surprising, "Oh, no man, the cab business is a lot of fun — especially in Santa Barbara. ... Driving cabs here eliminates the fear factor that a lot of big-city drivers have to deal with."

You start thinking that you haven't really seen anyone too scary, except for the university's Associated Students president (but we won't get into that).

Now you say, "What kinds of people do you drive around?" He laughs, "Oh, I've

driven all forms around — all living forms that is." You laugh; he continues: "Well, there are several factors in Santa Barbara which really make it unique and enhance the cab business. First off, it's a tourist town. There are a large amount of foreign-exchange students. I get to see people from all over the world. The city has both the California university and the Westmont crowd ... and it is definitely a party town."

Only a couple of minutes have passed. At this point you are in the vicinity of Goleta. So far, the entire time your eyeball has been fixated on the cab money meter. You squeal, "How much is this going to cost me?"

The response: "Oh, that's the other thing, about five years ago a cabby would have to put up with getting bitched and hollered at because of a \$25 cab ride. People would say that it shouldn't cost them that much to get from the heart of Santa Barbara to Isla Vista. You know, this was very aggravating. If people would start complaining, I'd just say, 'Hey man, you don't want me — get another cab.'"

"The truth is that we have not raised

our meter [prices] at all. They've been the same for the past 10-11 years. However, the alcohol [related fines] have gone up in price. You see, this helps our business. Since the laws have gone up, the volume of our business and the attitude have been positively enhanced. People are no longer complaining — they are more grateful of the job we do. The public's attitude seems to be saying, 'I'd rather give you \$25 than pay \$2,500 in court fees and tickets.'"

Wow! Now you are feeling pretty lucky to have gotten a cabby to drive you home. \$25 has never been spent more wisely. You lean forward and in a more reserved tone of voice ask, "So have you always been a cab driver?"

"I've been driving cabs for five years now. And let me just tell you before that I was a private plumber for 25 years in the Santa Barbara area. Now, I'll say this, and I'm speaking for all cab drivers — I'm lucky in this, I've lived in Santa Barbara since 1956 and I know the shortest and quickest ways around. I've lived in many areas in this town and because of this I know the city like the back of my hand. In this sense, I can be very good at what I do."

So, you know your own personal potential for being an obnoxious drunk. You ask, "What do you think of picking up the students on weekend nights in Isla Vista? And he says, "Well, I'd say these days the students have been a lot of fun. But I will say that I have been sent out on a Friday or Saturday night for a call on Del Playa when a street party is going on. I try getting down the street and the students have been very rude. Sometimes they throw bottles at the vehicle. So, in some circumstances, I've even said that after 9 p.m. I will refuse the call. It has nothing to do with the caller, it's just that I am owner and operator of this vehicle."

"In fact, one good thing to know is that Yellow Cab is the only cab company in town which has strict and mandatory procedures regarding drug and alcohol use for its drivers."

It's about near the end of the voyage home. You ask if driving a cab has changed his life. "Not really," he says. "I was a bartender who served the drunks, then I became one, and now I haul them around. It's not the cab business that has changed my life, I've just changed. It makes for a good understanding because I know where the people I drive are at — I mean, we do a lot as cab drivers; I never know where the night is going to take me."

"One night I picked up some call girls in Hope Ranch and drove them down to Los Angeles. We also help the handicapped, deliver medication to the hospital, and provide transportation for airline attendants. You never know what is going to happen before going to work for the night."

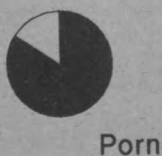
Which Boob Is Bigger?

Don Knotts'



Information About Our A.S. President

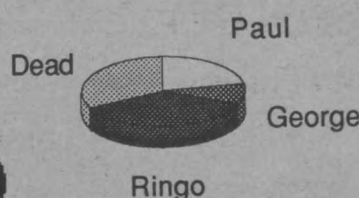
Most Of My Time On The Internet Is Spent Looking For...



Porn

A Random Sampling!

My Favorite Beatle Is...



Pinkie Middle Ring Pointer

Which Is Your Most Erotic Finger?

To The Point



Long-Ass, Thought-Provoking Sentences

This one non-smoker guy, a friend of a friend who goes to a community college in Canada, started wearing a nicotine patch because he heard it gives you crazy dreams; well, he got addicted to the patch and had to start smoking cigarettes to get off the patch, but he died before he could quit, so they buried him with his patch on.

If someone suggests that you make duct tape out of real ducks, please refuse, no one would use an adhesive so fowl.

The results of the polls in "A Random Sampling" are based upon hours of introspection by me.

An error of +/- 2% is presumed. By the way, the Institute of Crustal Studies made an inquiry about your underwear.

I.V. Can Just Bite Me!

by The I.V. Rambler

Yeah, I've lived in I.V. I've lived in I.V. for quite a while now.

It hasn't been hard really. I.V. is a state of mind, a way of life, a growth experience. I.V. is Zen, a cross-section of American life, a series of checks and balances. I.V. is, in short, a big fucking cliché.

I've used the word "random." I've been a random. I've laughed at randomness. I've said random things in class, after smoking cheap bongloads with my roommate's random work friends.

I've sat on chain-link fences on DP at 1 a.m. sippin' on lukewarm Natty Light, grooving to now-defunct I.V. supergroups like Soil and Evil Farmer.

There was a time when I might consider these times as the times of my life.

But recently, for about a year and a half now, I've begun to do something new in Isla Vista.

I began to realize that, when sober, the meat in the burritos really isn't all that spectacular, and that Roxy hardly constitutes any sort of fashion statement. I learned much to my dis-

"I've said random things in class, after smoking cheap bongloads."

may that Black Flies are not original, no matter what color, and no — and I repeat no — anorexic is not beautiful, Isla Vista.

I began to notice environmentally conscious hipsters toss their cigarette butts into the ocean at Surfrider parties. I began talking to people who would expound *ad nauseam* about the natural beauty and immeasurable benefits of living in the Santa Barbara area, who have never, *ever* left I.V., save a few blurred trips to the bars or an occasional romp on State Street for shopping.

I've seen people in Rage Against the Machine T-shirts burning couches and chairs in the middle of the street and trashing their belongings because they don't know where to keep them. Way to go, jerk-offs. These enlightened individuals, the same I have seen in the midst of smoky dorm-room philosophizing, at-

testing to the powerful message of Rage's music, stand up (in their hallways) for the underprivileged — while two blocks away, families are going hungry.

It took me a couple of years to figure this out too, I.V., but being too lazy to clean up last night's beer cans and simply throwing them all over your lawn for the less fortunate to pick up and recycle them the next morning is not doing them a favor — it's degrading.

But, in spite of all of this, I found myself walking about our little spittoon by the sea the other day, pondering the mysteries of why, every year, so many students anxiously return.

First, I attempted the optimistic reading of this strange phenomenon.

"Maybe it's the natural beauty," I said aloud, turning the corner onto Del Playa. "The calm ocean breeze, the majesty of Mother Ocean gently beating against the shore. It may remind students of their gentle ties to the earth."

Ah, sure. It sounds nice, but take a look around.

SOS cups everywhere. Oh, broken bottles — I've never seen such a flawless example of the endangered King Cobra species. The conglomeration of cigarette butts, Burger King wrappers, brown paper bags, a dog leash and a Classics 40 syllabus — on one street corner — quickly changed my mind.

Maybe it's the clean, well-maintained, reasonably priced domiciles, with ample parking and a host of other amenities for the on-the-go student of the '90s. I mean look at that dope duplex on Sabado — only \$350 to share a room. It's a deal if I can score six more roommates.

The sense of community?

Maybe. Oh, look at that hard-looking fella on the beach cruiser — maybe he wants to be friends. Maybe we can talk shit on DP tonight and get in a fight.

Disheartened, I headed toward Harder Stadium, seeking solace in what may be the last place in I.V. not overrun with Sublime blaring from every door, Bob Marley plastered on every wall.

On my way I was drawn by promises of free food and fun fraternity livin' — rush.

I was informed by the congenial brothers of various houses that indeed hazing is a myth and that philanthropy is a virtue. A few even in-

vited me bowling — and maybe watching pornos if accepted into the house.

I politely declined, thinking, "I like my friends, thanks — I don't need to buy new ones," and returned to my seaside slum of an apartment complex to the drunken howls of my neighbors, and had a vision, a gross oversimplification of I.V. livin' — but a conclusion nonetheless.

I.V. is a veritable Nirvana for those who

"Way to go, jerk-offs."

went crazy the night their parents left them in the dorms. Those who ran up and down the halls of Francisco Torres, breathing anew, at last free from the parentals.

A chance to finally have fun and have no one tell them that they are too drunk, too loud or too stupid. A chance to live life the way that it should be, with no apologies and no regrets. I.V. is nothing, and that's why so many people love it. It is a place to disappear and totally disregard the fact that you can't sponge off the folks — no matter how much you enjoy being away from them — forever.

Now, I realize that everyone in Isla Vista doesn't fit into this mold, and I'm willing to bet that you, humble reader, are one of the exceptions.

You are probably at this very moment raising your arms to the most high in a state of delirium quietly mouthing the words, "Most high, why can't this rambling fool see the Isla Vista that I see, each and every day? Who is this self-righteous, misguided hack who seems to have nothing better to do than point fingers?"

I'm nobody. I'm an observer. I'm a rambler. I'm some bleached blond guy with a Pennywise T-shirt, I'm a girl in line at Blenders in the Grass checking out the hunks at Sam's, I'm the guy making donuts at 3 a.m. in the UCEN, I'm a surfer sitting in the ocean off Sands waiting for a set that will never, ever come in — no matter how nice my board is.

Point being: It doesn't matter who I am — it's who you are that matters.



ARTIST'S RENDERING

Classic Police Episode #24: "Thanks"

An 81-year-old homeless man living on a bus on Estero Road had his wheelchair stolen while he slept the night of Oct. 6. The victim left his wheelchair unlocked out of the bus around midnight and found it gone when he awoke the next morning.

Because the area is frequented by Francisco Torres residents, officers contacted the residence hall front desk. "They told me saw [F.T. resident Kristen Olsen] joyride the wheelchair in Francisco Torres," police reports state.

Officers then proceeded to Olsen's room and contacted her and her roommate L. Doffo. Officers were let inside and saw

Today's Affirmation: Treating myself like a precious object will make me strong.

OK here's the situation: You keep getting nude photos of Carl Weathers in the mail. You need a forum to address the "issues" that arise as a result of this.

If the Nexus won't print it, well, The Daily Friday might. WE ARE NOW accepting all submissions.

Call 893-2691 to verify the validity of this claim. Ask for Fried Bryce or Jason.

Tomorrow's Affirmation: There are endless ways of doing and seeing things. I am safe.

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TIMES SHOWN IN () BRACKETS

PASEO NUEVO

8 W. DE LA GUERRA PL. - S.B.

★ GROSSE POINTE BLANK (R)
Fri-Sun - 1:30 (4:20) 7:10 9:55
Mon-Thurs - 2:30 (5:20) 8:00

★ INVENTING THE ABBOTTS (R)
Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:30) 7:20 9:55
Mon-Thurs - 2:20 (5:00) 7:45

★ THE DEVIL'S OWN (R)
Fri-Sun - 1:15 (4:10) 7:00 9:45
Mon-Thurs - 2:40 (5:30) 8:15

★ LIAR LIAR (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - 12:30 2:50 (5:10) 7:30 9:50
Mon-Thurs - 2:50 (5:10) 7:30

FAIRVIEW TWIN

251 N. FAIRVIEW - GOLETA

★ GROSSE POINTE BLANK (R)
Fri - (4:30) 7:10 9:50
Sat-Sun - 1:45 (4:30) 7:10 9:50
Mon-Thurs - (5:30) 8:15 only

★ THE SAINT (PG-13)
Fri - (4:15) 7:00 9:40
Sat-Sun - 1:30 (4:15) 7:00 9:40
Mon-Thurs - (5:20) 8:00 only

★ ARLINGTON THEATRE & TICKET AGENCY
1317 STATE - INFO: 963-4408
TICKET AGENCY HOURS:
MON - SAT 9:00 AM - 6:00 PM
SUN - 9 AM - 4 PM

★ THE ENGLISH PATIENT (R)
Fri-Sun - Plays At Fiesta 5
Mon-Thurs - (2:45) 7:30 only

FEATURES & SHOWTIMES
BELOW BEGIN

FRI., APRIL 11

NO PASSES & COUPONS
ACCEPTED ON ★ NO PASS
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS

METRO 4

618 STATE STREET - S.B.

★ ANACONDA (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - 12:30 2:40 (5:00) 7:30 9:50
Mon-Thurs - 2:45 (5:20) 7:40

★ THE SAINT (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - 1:10 (4:10) 7:10 9:55
Mon-Thurs - 2:25 (5:10) 7:50

★ THAT OLD FEELING (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:40) 7:20 9:55
Mon-Thurs - 2:15 (4:50) 7:30

★ SLING BLADE (R)
Fri-Sun - 1:00 (4:00) 7:00
Mon-Thurs - (5:00) 8:00 only

★ THE DAYTRIPPERS (NR)
Fri-Sun - 10:00 only
Mon-Thurs - 2:35 only

RIVIERA

2044 ALAMEDA PADRE SERRA - S.B.

★ KOLYA (PG-13)
Fri - (5:20) 8:00 only
Sat/Sun/Wed - (2:45) (5:20) 8:00
Mon/Tues/Thurs - (5:20) 8:00 only

CINEMA TWIN

6050 HOLLISTER AVE - GOLETA

★ THE DEVIL'S OWN (R)
Fri - (4:30) 7:00 9:30
Sat-Sun - 2:00 (4:30) 7:00 9:30
Mon-Thurs - (5:30) 8:15 only

★ LIAR LIAR (PG-13)
Fri - (4:45) 7:10 9:20
Sat-Sun - 2:20 (4:45) 7:10 9:20
Mon-Thurs - (5:45) 8:00 only

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AFTERNOON SHOW(S) BEFORE TWILIGHT

FIESTA 5

916 STATE STREET - S.B.

★ DOUBLE TEAM (R)
Fri-Sun - 2:15 (5:00) 7:20 9:50
Mon-Thurs - 2:40 (5:15) 7:40

★ SCREAM (R)
Fri-Sun - 9:45 only
Mon-Thurs - 2:30 (5:30) only

★ DONNIE BRASCO (R)
8:15 only

★ THE ENGLISH PATIENT (R)
Fri-Sun - 1:10 (4:40) only
Mon-Thurs - Plays At Arlington

★ SELENA (PG)
Fri-Sun - 1:00 (4:00) 7:00 9:55
Mon-Thurs - 2:10 (5:10) 8:00

★ RETURN OF THE JEDI (PG)
Fri-Sun - 1:30 (4:50) 8:00
Mon-Thurs - 2:00 (5:00) 8:00

★ THE SIXTH MAN (PG-13)
Fri-Sun - 1:45 (4:30) 7:10
Mon-Thurs - 2:20 (5:20) 7:50

PLAZA DE ORO

349 HITCHCOCK WAY - S.B.

★ ANACONDA (PG-13)
Fri - (5:40) 8:15 only
Sat-Sun - 2:20 (4:45) 7:10 9:30
Mon-Thurs - (5:40) 8:15 only

★ SMILLA'S SENSE OF SNOW (R)
Fri - (5:20) 8:00 only
Sat-Sun - 1:40 (4:20) 7:00 9:40
Mon-Thurs - (5:20) 8:00 only

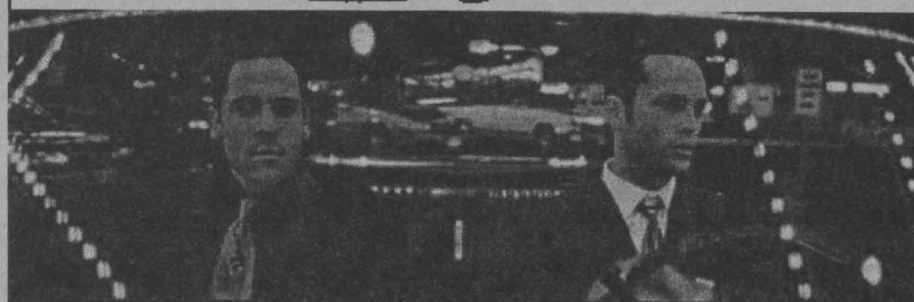
SWAP MEET

SUNDAY - 7:00 - 3:00

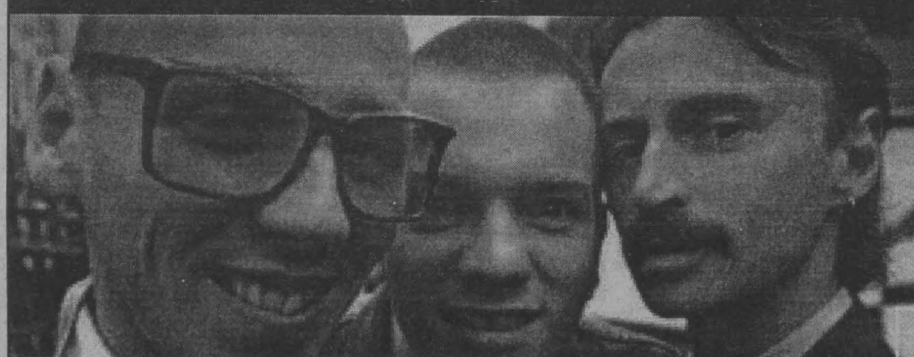
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Santa Barbara Film Society Presents

Swingers



& Trainspotting



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Swingers begins at 7pm, Trainspotting at 9pm. See both for one ticket price.

Pre-sale is available in front of the UCEN. Buy your ticket now before it sells out.



Blotter Illustrated
Thanks for the Ride," by Vince Lucido

an living out of
 wheelchair sto-
 Oct. 6. The
 cked outside
 d found it
 morning.
 ed by Fran-
 contacted the
 y told me they
 en] joyriding
 rres," police

wheelchair in the center of the room.

"Doffo told me she and Olsen were walk-
 ing back to their room when they saw the
 wheelchair in a field by Estero. They thought
 it was abandoned so they took it. They have
 been riding around Francisco Torres ever
 since," reports state.

The wheelchair was then returned to the
 victim. Officers have yet to decide whether to
 press charges in the case.

— Originally ran October 17, 1994

Olsen's room
 mmate Luis
 and saw the

— Names have been changed arbitrarily

his master's voice

by
 The Sattler Underground

SIDE
 a

1995

Jason's Theme

*Not redeemable for cash

You will have to do some work to read this, but not hard-polyester-uniform-with-a-nametag work. Just some conscious attempt to put the following story in the proper context. If you are good, either nap time or P.E. is next — your choice.

This story didn't happen yesterday, but way before all this current stuff started. All the new stuff, the stuff going on now — it hasn't happened yet, and some of the stuff that seems older now was newer back then. And a lot of the stuff that is huge now was pretty underground back then, like when only a few million people were into *Seinfeld*, only a few million people were into *The X Files* or the Smashing Pumpkins. I didn't have my own Web site back then, but I had constructed shoe box dioramas of my most important life events, i.e. my bris or circumcision, my parents' divorce and the *Challenger* disaster.

It was a hot August night and my band sat preparing for our first gig. The sun seemed to approach the horizon on its daily world tour as both of us warmed up our voices. I was chanting, "Om," then I meditated using the mantra Holland Notes, the name of our band. Originally we were called John Oates and John Oates, because we couldn't decide who would get to be Daryl Hall. Then I accidentally swallowed some Plax and had a vision.

I saw myself on the left side of the scale of justice, the blindfolded lady of justice was tickling me with a feather duster. She said, "Lust is blind, love is nearsighted." The subtitle of the scene said, "Holland Notes." It was written in New York font, my least-favored font.

My bandmate interrupted the oneness with:

"I'm not going to sing."

I immediately saw the headlines: **The Holland Notes Break Up! No Holland Notes Without Someone Who Can Actually Sing!** "C'mon," I said. "C'mon," I said again. "Don't play with something you should cherish."

He didn't relent. In less than four hours we would make our debut at the end of a cracked driveway on the 6700 block of Del Playa. If he wasn't going to sing we needed to start practicing some of the songs I could sell, like my cover version of Salt 'n' Pepa's "Shoop." Or my medley of songs from *A Chorus Line*.

Time passed and it became darker and clear, the sky looked like very nice chocolate chip ice cream — the sky the cream, the stars the chips. We set the stage.

I wished we had a drum set so we could write "Holland Notes" on the big drum. I wished we had drummer.

I took the microphone in my hand and the P.A. turned on. A slice of feedback sounded hard and long. It stopped and I pulled the mic to my mouth and said, "Ahh, yahh," which sounded like a hideous scream as the feedback ate through my "yahh."

My band mate pushed me away from the P.A. and started the guitar part he wrote for "Shoop." "Chillin' chillin', mindin' my business, a brother walks up lookin' kind of wicked, wicked, had to kick it. I'm not shy so I asked for the digits. A ho, no that don't make me ..."

Then I blanked. I couldn't remember the next line. This doesn't happen to Salt, I thought, and this would never happen to Pepa. I started to sing the chorus, "Shoop, Shoop, make me want to Shoop." My band mate caught on by the third or fourth Shoop.

I couldn't think of any the lyrics but the Shoop part, so I did that for a full minute, which in Shoop-time feels as about as long as it takes the average male to run a mile, about seven minutes.

I didn't want to do the *A Chorus Line* medley as we planned next. It's not that I wanted to punish the thin crowds who were doing the DP thing on a midsummer's night, or even the few who cast obscenities at me and the band. The dirty teenage transient who claimed to be a member of Phish and tried to grab my band mate's guitar didn't take away my faith either. It's just that giving into the Broadway motif as Sinatra and Elvis did late in their careers is not what the Holland Notes were about. I asked my band mate to freestyle.

He stepped into a soft rock riff and took it with him around his fret board; I started talking.

"I ran away from home once." The guitar answered like a interested friend. "It was after dark and I screamed something like, 'You don't love me!' at my Mom and ran out of my house." And the rhythm continued mocking the seriousness of the words. "I circled the block and came back and found my sister and my Mom sitting on the bumper of her car with a sign that said, 'We love Jason' and they were laughing and pretending to be scared I wasn't coming back.

"So I walked out of my cul-de-sac to a real street. I started running toward the mountains that form the northern border of the San Fernando Valley." The mocking of the guitar tone turned and seemed to be accusing me of lying, so I responded, "This is the truth. And you have to believe me because I'm the only one who can tell you.

"I passed my aunt and uncle's house and I was going to go in and tell them how I figured out that my Mom didn't

See The Master, p.4A

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ACE VENTURA

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I.V. Theater
8 & 10pm
\$4 at the door

SANTA MARIA'S ONLY ADULT CABARET



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YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE
BY LINDA C. BLACK

To get the advantage, check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

Aries (March 21-April 19) - Today is a 9 - Your experience helps you through a delicate situation this morning. Don't make the same mistake you made before. Your friends are a big help, too. They'll be glad to point out the areas where you're most likely to mess up. This afternoon is the most likely time for that.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) - Today is a 5 - If you just can't figure out how to stretch your money any further, try another tactic. Make more. This is not cheating. Other people do it all the time. Sometimes you almost convince yourself that whatever's in your paycheck is all there is in the universe. Not so.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) - Today is a 9 - You're always intelligent, but today you're awesome. It's like you're lit by an inner fire. That could be the support of your friends - or simply that you're madly in love. Perhaps it's both. You're amazingly popular right now. Enjoy.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) - Today is a 4 - A private meeting could lead to all sorts of interesting revelations. If you've got any questions, just ask. People will be in the mood to speak freely. Keep that in mind. If you're tempted to make a confession yourself, go to your spiritual advisor instead.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) - Today is a 9 - Things that seemed difficult the first part of the week will go easily now. There may even be money coming into your account. Your excellent attitude will help you coast over a rough spot in the middle of the day. Don't be bothered by criticism. Just put in the correction.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) - Today is a 6 - You're still pressed for time, energy and patience. This is a day when herbal tea is strongly recommended. No caffeine. You know how you get. You've probably got a buzz going just from all the excitement around you. Don't take any of it seriously.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) - Today is a 9 - Take advantage of this opportunity to get something you've been wanting for a long time. There's also something you need to give back. This could be an item you borrowed from a friend or a job you promised to have done by now. Don't forget your obligations. That gets in the way of having your wishes granted.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) - Today is a 5 - Watch what you say, especially if money's involved. You'll be too busy to spend much time talking, anyway. Not only do you have your regular work, but there's a rush order coming in. You may be starting to feel like you're being tested. Bingo!

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) - Today is an 8 - You don't particularly like to argue. You've been known to walk away from a fight rather than dive into the fray. You've got a lot of good ideas, though. It doesn't hurt to know how to express them clearly and concisely. Today, hone those skills.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) - Today is a 6 - Let people know what you want and need. Also, tell them what you have to offer. You might be able to work a trade and save all concerned a lot of money. This is also a good day to advertise your wares. The news will spread like wildfire.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) - Today is a 9 - This is an excellent day to launch new projects. If you do it in the morning, you'll run into a hassle during the middle of the day. Don't worry; you'll eventually prevail. If you wait until evening, you'll have smooth sailing throughout the endeavor.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) - Today is a 6 - There are lots of changes going on, but don't worry. Everything will turn out for the best. Knowing that, all you have to do is visualize what would be best for you, then let people know what you want. Ask your boss for a raise, too.

Today's Birthday (April 11) - You can learn how to do anything this year. All you have to do is study. Set your course in April. Pay fees in May. Start your classes in June. By September, you'll be earning more money - and you'll have the feeling you're heading in the right direction. Graduate to a new level of understanding in December. Complete one phase of your career then, too. Try something very different with friends in February.

The Master

Continued from p.3A

love me. But, I remembered how my Mom told me that they had their own problems with their own kids, so I shouldn't bother them. So, I just ran farther and farther up — the streets passed where the streets ended, and I could look down at the lights below.

"Nothing looked small, like it's supposed to when you are high above everything. Everything seemed huge, as did every noise I made. My foot moving dirt or a cough produced an echo. I wanted to scream, but I didn't because it would have just been me whining, and everyone

would have heard it.

"I saw a patch of snow, the only time I've ever seen snow near my house, and a weed was growing out the center of it. That weed was me, I thought."

From the street the wandering Phish member yelled, "Shut up, fag!"

The soft rock of the guitar turned into a dissonant thrash. I gripped the microphone red-knuckle-tight and yelled every cuss word I could think of. The words that came out my mouth nice soon came twice. The noise that flowed from the speaker was loud and hollow and dirty. The feedback that accompanied me made me sound better.

NEXUS COMICS

The Occasional Adventures of Stonerman

By Robertson

JEE-ZUS, THAT WAS CLOSE! WE WERE PINCHED! WHY'D THAT COP LET US GO?

DOORS

YEAH... I CAN'T STOP SHAKING!

BURBLE-GURGLE-GURGLE...

OKAY... WE GOT PULLED OVER, THE COP FOUND OUR OUNCE, BONGS, AND NITROUS. THEN HE BEGAN ARRESTING US, AND DARDINUS TALKED TO HIM, AND SUDDENLY HE LETS US GO! WHY?!

WHOA... HEY, GUYS - WE'VE GOT SOME GNARLY COBWEBS...

SAY, DARDINUS... WHAT, EXACTLY, DID YOU SAY TO THAT NICE OFFICER?

JUNIPER

BY GLEASON

TILLY WILL SURE BE SCARED WHEN SHE SEES THESE BEAR TRACKS

FEAR IS GOOD... IT GETS THE HEART PUMPING

F-F-FEAR IS GOOD... D-D-DEATH BY GIANT B-B-BEAR IS NOT AS (GULP)... HEALTHY

CLIVE and CABBAGE

by kibuishi

VIOLENCE! THE PURPOSE OF THIS STRIP IS TO WARN THOSE FAINT-HEARTED AND PREGNANT INDIVIDUALS WHO MAY FIND DEPICTIONS OF CARTOON VIOLENCE HARSH AND OFFENSIVE.

THE HARE

THE PRODUCE

OFTEN, OUR CREATOR WILL BE RESTRICTED TO A TIGHT DEADLINE. IN WHICH CASE, HE MAY RESORT TO THE VIOLENT DESTRUCTION OF INNOCENT THINGS FOR NO APPARENT REASON.

THOSE OF YOU THAT FEEL QUEASY AND LIGHTEADED SHOULD LEAVE THIS COMIC STRIP IMMEDIATELY AND HAVE YOUR HEADS EXAMINED.

DESPITE OUR VIOLENT NATURE, THE VEGETABLE AND I ARE FRIENDLY COMPANY. DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. JUST KICK BACK AND RELAX, PEOPLE. THIS IS GONNA BE FUN.

HABITUAL LIMBO

BY LUCIDO

AT THE LAB...

WHAT THE HELL?!

AH, TEE GUEST OF HONOR JUST IN TIME FOR YOUR OWN FUNERAL, COLE.

On* Fire* Day

By HARRY

THE MASCARA GIRL, HID HER EYES FROM THE WORLD LIKE A DELICATE HAND ENGLOVED... TILL LATE ONE NIGHT, AFTER A FIGHT, SHE CAME UPON TRUE LOVE...

AWWW DONT CRY LADY...

YOU HAVE PRETTY EYES Y'KNOW!

PORN KING