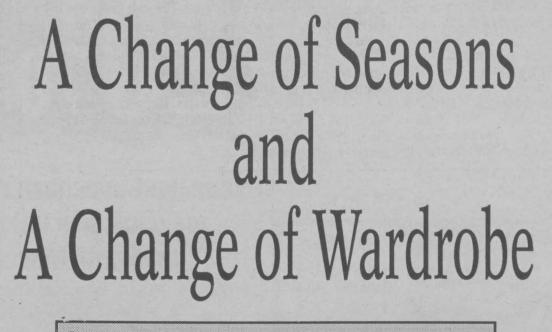






GERRY MELENDEZ/Daily Nexus



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Wednesday, March 3, 1993 3A

FASHION/ECO TIP

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MATT RAGLAND/Daily Nexu

Deconstructing Jashion Magazines

What Is a 'Decidedly Feminine Silhouette' Anyway?

By Bunyan Valentine

arl Lagerfeld is a disgusting man. He tells stories about who designed the 18th century Parisian mansion he recently moved into, he wears 19th century English cameo tie pins, and he leers like Truman Capote.

But the fashion world loves him. To the writers at Image, the San Francisco Examiner's weekly magazine, he is "the aristocratic German designer." To Rosamond Bernier, who interviewed the chic fashion sheik in his new Paris home (one of seven), he "could be intimidating." But — surprise! — he's not; he's just a "truly capti-vating human being," whose new Chloé (!) line of drapery-like clothes bespeak a "floating, ten-der, romantic idiom."

Lagerfeld, with his polarized sunglasses and his

leading the fashion phalanx toward more relaxed styles. And Slick Willy, as we and Ms. Canter know, was a hippie.

was a hipple. "Sure Bill Clinton wears blue suits," she writes alongside a photo spread in the Washington Post Magazine. "But they're not quite standard-issue politician And that pales politician. And that makes sense: In addition to being hipper, the more relaxed silhouette is, well, hippier, as are a lot of boomers."

Yes, that does make sense: *Esquire* just asked its readers if they should, well, "dress like a hippie again.'

"The '80s power suit, a kind of tailored armor, hammered to perfection, has given way to a looser, lighter, easier garment. Unconstructed and deconstructed are the watchwords of the industry," *Esquire* reports. Tossing aside the egre-

gious — not to mention pretentious — use of the word *deconstructed* for a moment, what we've got here is a pattern. Apparently, all the fashion writers have noticed that styles are definitely becoming more relaxed. Yes, they've definitely seen it: a trend. And as tradeindustry hacks, they've elevated it to revolution.

erything you try on seems to have been made for either a nubile teen-ager or a blue-haired matron."

Oh - the horror! "You" of course are neither a nublie teen-ager nor a bluehaired matron, are "you?" No, "you" are just some woman who doesn't happen to be able to airbrush herself every morning, aren't "you?" Well, take heart, be-

cause T.J. sez there's stuff for all shapes and sizes this year. So "you" won't have to undergo that terrible rite of spring once again. And do "you" know who to thank? Thank the relaxed deconstructionists of the fashion industry.



gold-monogrammed house slippers, is lionized by these fashion writers and other floating, tender, romantic idiots. They talk about him with almost as much sycophantic gusto as his clothing.

Alongside a series of photos of a Chloébedecked "ballerina," Image says he "seems to replicate the daring of Vaslav Nijinsky's *Rite of Spring.* Combining the freedom of the '70s with the fluidity of the '30s, Lagerfeld's ballerina dances her way into our hearts in gossamer light wools and delicate chiffons cut in super-sexy jackets, tunics and dresses." These flowing robes create, they say, "a de-cidedly feminine silhouette which manages to be timeless but remain very modern."

If it's silhouettes or rites of spring you're after (not to mention hippies), these are the people to go to. After all, according to Kym lite in places you never (!) Canter, Bill Clinton is thought possible and ev-

But there's more. Not only is there a new trend toward relaxed clothes, but rites of spring are popping up everywhere. Not only are they apparently evident in Lagerfeld's new Chloé (!) line, but in swimwear as well.

"Few spring rites are more traumatic for women than the search for a new swimsuit," writes T.J. Howard for the Chicago Tribune Magazine, echoing Cathy from the funny pages. "For under that stark dressing room light your skin tone suddenly takes on the pallor of a corpse, you discover cellu-

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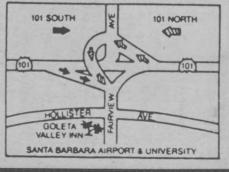




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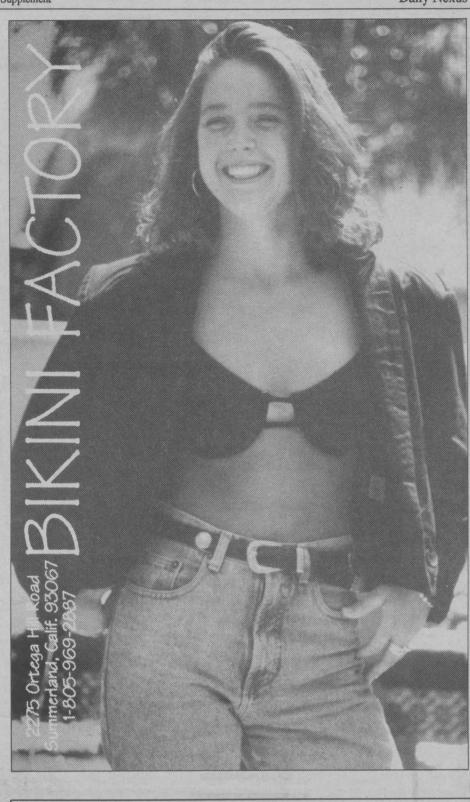
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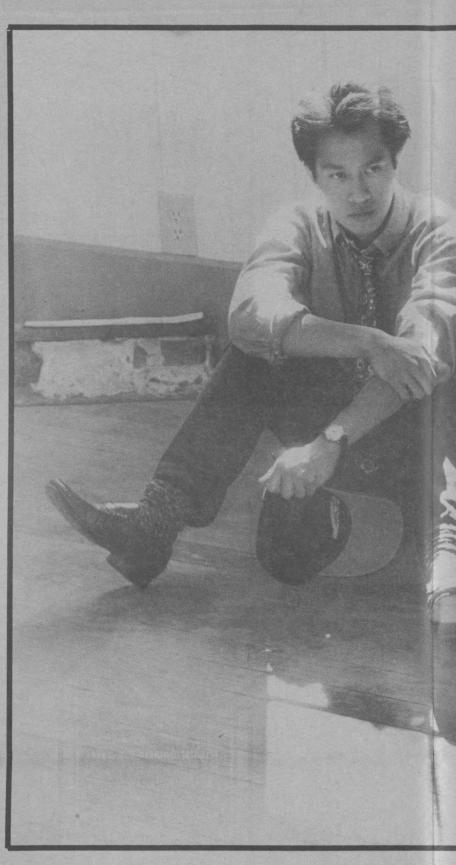
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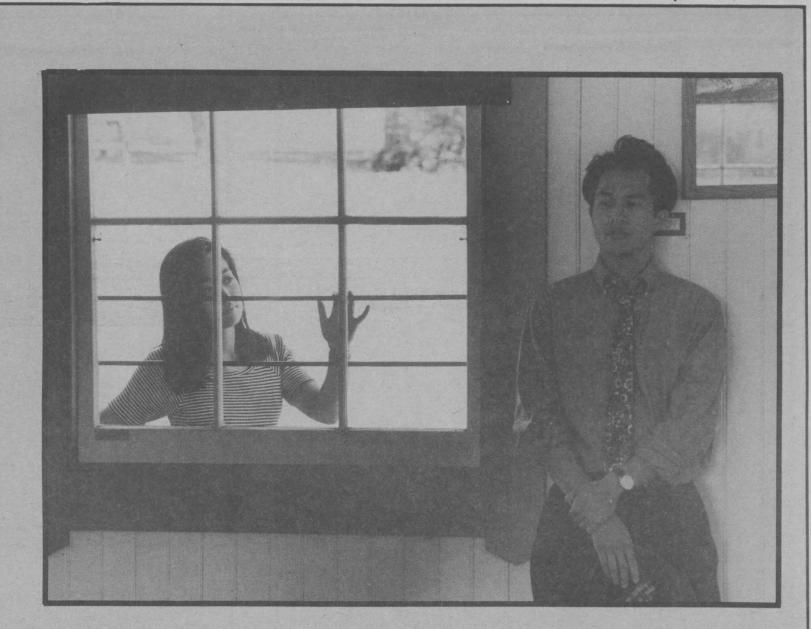




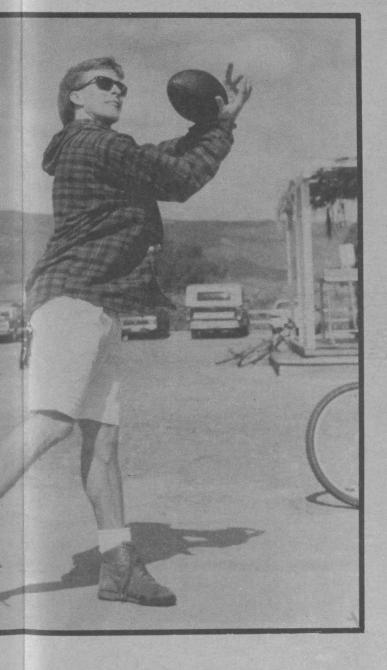




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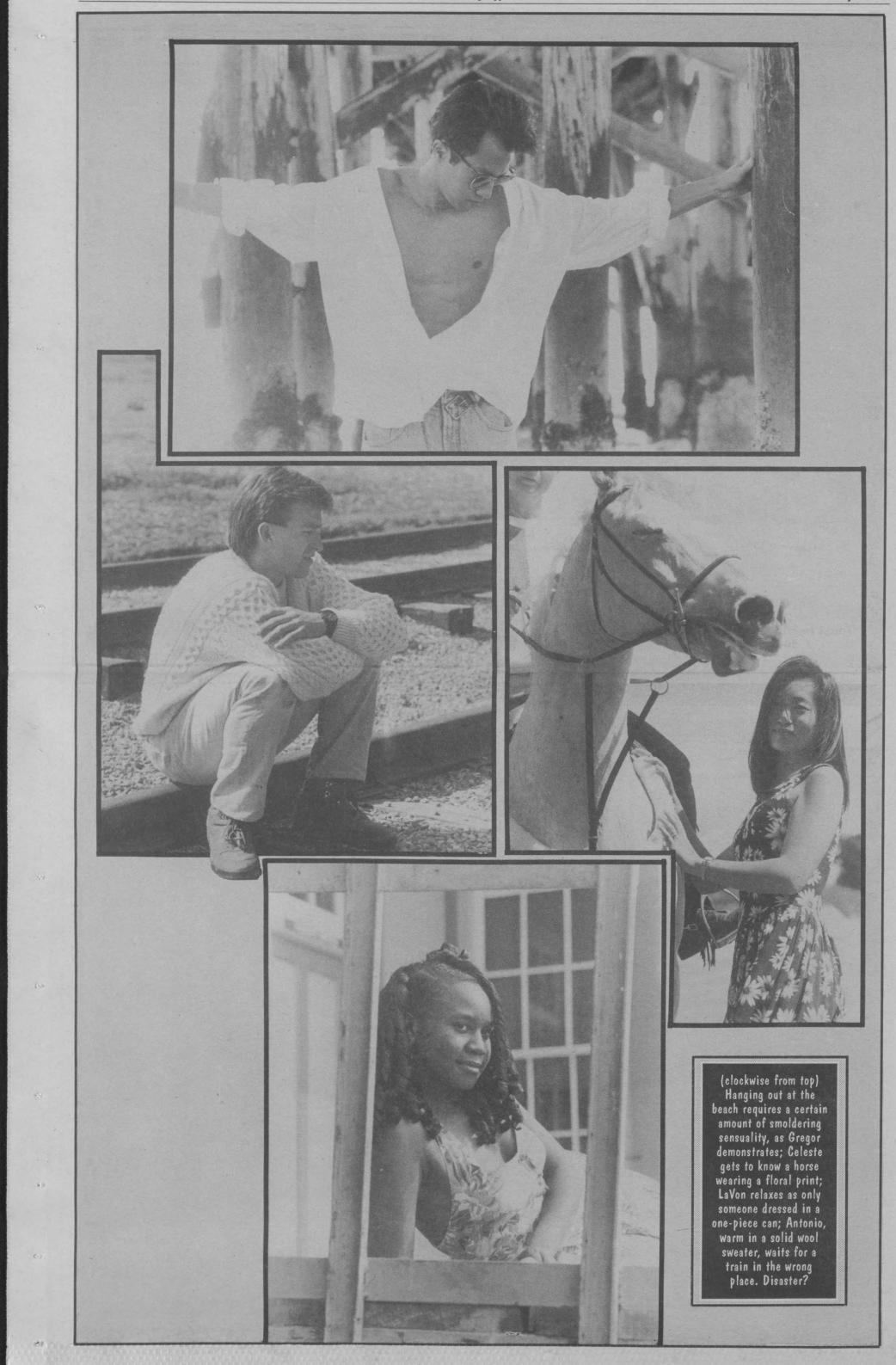


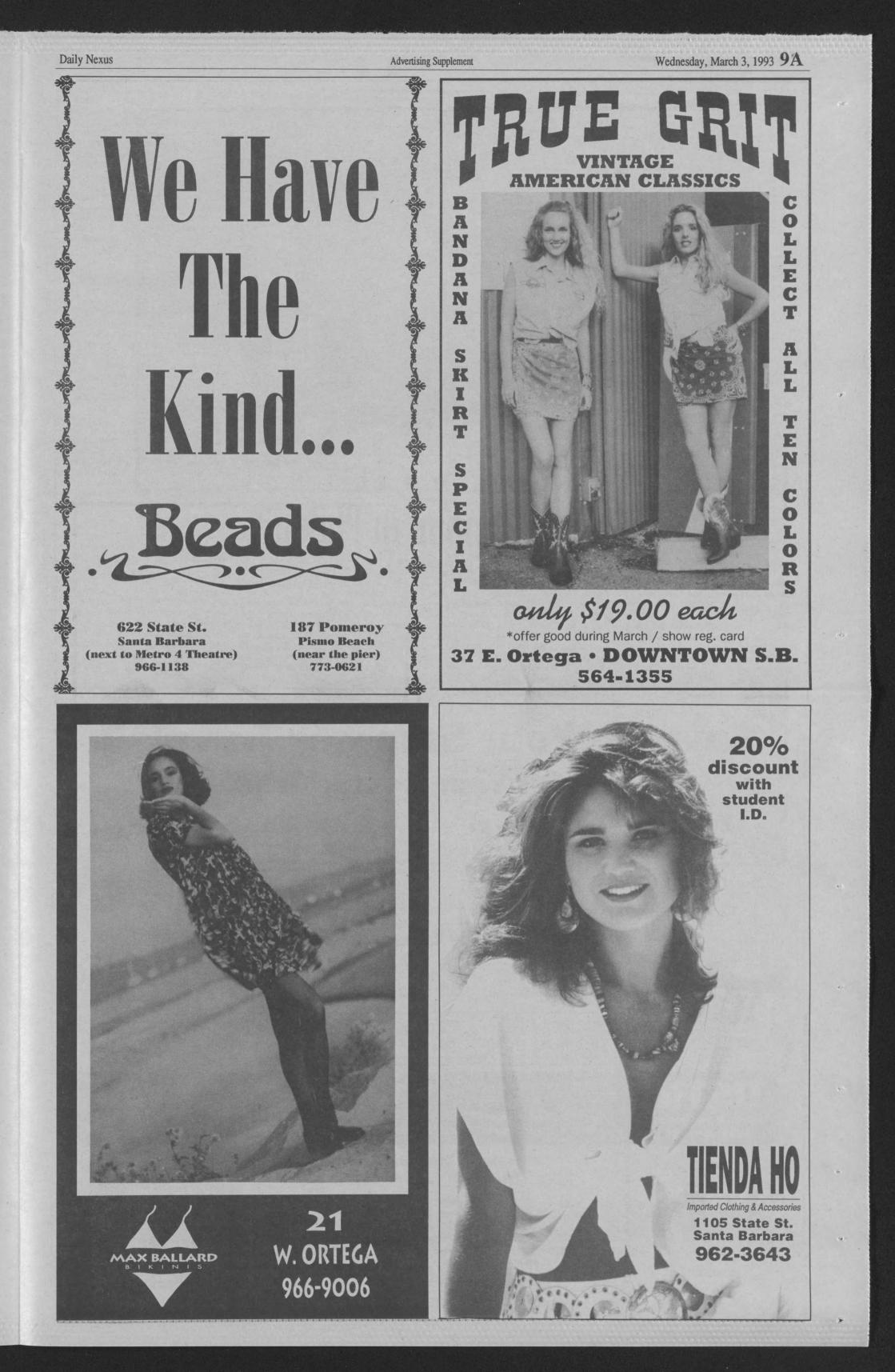
Gregor, with a double-dip of denim and a nice print tie, and Celeste, wearing her trademark stripes, play hide-and-seek (top right); Life is a merry-go-round for Celeste when she's in a body-length striped dress (right); Antonio can make the catch with the help of a hooded pullover and solid shorts, not to mention bulging calves, which are not for sale (bottom).





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By Anselmo Watkins

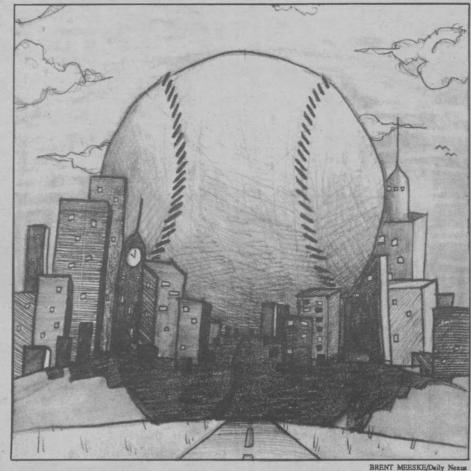
he noun "spring," at least in college circles, most often finds itself associated with the fellow noun "break," forming, of course, the infamous noun-phrase "Spring Break," which so many students love to exploit every year. But for some souls, the idea of traveling

to a beach in Florida or Mexico with thousands of other hot, nubile young bodies in swimsuits isn't the first thing that pops to mind when they hear the noun "spring." That just doesn't seem nearly as appealing as driving to the center of Arizona to watch a bunch of overpaid, out of shape athletes train for an upcoming nine-month baseball season. Spring Training.

It was with great confidence and eager anticipation that I made my first trip to Arizona to see my beloved Cubs prepare for their upcoming war. I went in prepared with my auto club map and travel guide, a list of hotels, a credit card aching to be abused, and a schedule of games. I was ready

Or so I thought. Little did I know that nearly every other Cubs fan in the country had traveled to the Phoenix area, and had brought with them all the Milwaukee Brewers, San Francisco Giants and Oakland A's fans, as well as a smattering of California Angels, Cleveland Indians and San Diego Padres fans. The entire city, county and rural district was a giant, flashing "No Vacancy" sign. I shouldn't have been surprised,

though. Starting in mid-February and lasting until the end of March, Phoenix becomes a baseball Mecca, drawing hun-dreds of thousands of disgustingly rabid fans eager to see the bright young rookies and the veteran stars. Millions of baseball cards, balls and pens are thrust into the faces of players for treasured autographs. You can go to a bar and find yourself standing next to Will Clark, or perhaps get into a conversation with the always genial Cubs announcer Harry Caray. He might even buy you a Bud.



IN G **Road Trippin' in Pho**

the Rockies and the Cubs. The Angels train in Tucson, and the Padres train in Yuma, which is about as far south as you can go in the U.S. The Indians used to train in Tucson, but left the desert paradise to be a hurricane target in Florida.

As I drove through town, my visions of staying in a cheap hotel disappeared into This year, five teams will make their the dark sky, and I relegated myself to preseason home in the greater Phoenix sleeping in the back of my truck. Sure it area — the Giants, the A's, the Brewers, was cheaper, but a little less accommo-

dating than I had hoped. The facilities, a nearby McDonald's, were exceptionally clean, however.

And when I awoke the next morning, the feeling was all baseball. Sitting in the bleachers at HoHoKam Park in Mesa watching the Cubs and Padres work out before the game was exciting. There was a buzz in the air, as fans prepared to watch this perfectly meaningless game. Keith Moreland, who had just been traded from soooooo close to Disney World.

the Cubs to the Padres for grizzled reliever Rich Gossage warmed up on the sideline. I told him that I wished he hadn't been traded. He said so did he, but was certain that Gossage "would do well." He was wrong, but it didn't matter. There was no pressure, and he didn't mind talking to a fan who had said, "Hello."

I stayed for four days, living out of my truck, spending my days watching baseball and my nights cruising the bars with thousands of baseball fans, extolling the virtues of has-beens like Richie Hebner and never-will-bes like Doug Strange. Heaven for the baseball fan.

Still, the trip isn't for everybody. First of all, you have to like, or at least have a passing interest in, baseball. Otherwise, you should just go to Mazatlan and forget about it.

Second, you shouldn't expect to see thousands of members of the opposite sex in sexy bathing suits. Instead, you should expect to see a few members of the opposite sex in sexy bathing suits, but several thousand more older folks wearing a hell of a lot of baseball paraphernalia and running about bitching that they couldn't get tickets to see the A's-Cubs game at Ho-HoKam today.

You should also expect to see a lot of old people in RVs. They call them "snow-birds" there. When winter comes, they descend from the north in their Winnebagos with those dumb "Good Sam" stickers and live in parks. They spend a lot of time talking about themselves and telling young people how good they have it, and how these are the best years of their lives. It's like a living cliché.

If you live in California, driving is probably the best way to get to Phoenix. Flying is fine, but then you have to rent a car, which can be nearly as difficult as finding a hotel room.

By the way, teams also train in Florida, so if you really want to, you can go all that way to see teams like the Expos and the Dodgers play preseason ball. But driving would take up most of your vacation time and flying costs a lot. Then, when you get there, you have the problem of finding a hotel room. And anyway, who wants to watch Dodger baseball when you are



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