

## 2B Friday, March 7, 1997







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 6 - Consult with your teammates

this moming and figure out your game plan. Use a tactic that has worked before. Later in the day, you'll get lots of helpful suggestions. Instead of getting cranky and irritable, write them down. These could come in very handy later.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) - Today is an 8 - If you're thinking about going shopping, don't do it. Instead, stash away as much of your pay-check as possible. Some people watch what happens and lots of people wonder what happened. You're one of the people who makes things happen. Do that again.
Gemini (May 21-June 21) - Today is a 6 - Your best time to finalize a

Gemini (May 21-June 21) - Today is a 6 - Your best time to finalize a business deal is first thing this morning. That's also best for calling a person who lives far away. You could be ordering supplies or talking to a friend, but make the call early. If you wait, you may not get what you want. Cancer (June 22-July 22) - Today is an 8 - Conditions this weekend are perfect for travel, romance and fascinating conversations about the meaning of life. Redeem one of your "Time Off For Good Behavior" coupons this afternoon. You'll want to get on the road before the sun goes down. Leo (July 23-Ang. 22) - Today is a 6 - Service is the key to your success. Treat other people as if they were the royalty and you were the servant.

This is not easy for a Leo to do, but the rewards could be great. Besides, it's good for you. It teaches you humility. ★ Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) - Today is an 8 - Your best tactic today is to ★ work through a partner. This might be your mate, a good friend or even somebody you hire. Your partner is going to save you money in the long ★ run, even if he or she costs you money now. Let this person get you what ★ you want. Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) - Today is a 5 - You may not even have time to go out to lunch. Oh well, that's a good way to go on a mini-diet. There's a 🜟 \* go out to lunch. On well, that s'a good way to go on a mappear to enjoy it, lot to do, and most of it seems to fall to you. If you can appear to enjoy it, \* you'll make a better impression on the person who signs your checks. \* Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) - Today is a 9 - What are you, on your honeymoon or something? You're so crazy mad in love you find it hard to think about anything else. Luckily, it's a Friday. This is going to be a marvelous × weekend for a rendezvous, too. Your sweetheart is in the same frame of \* mind. × Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) - Today is an 8 - Information will sink in better if you put it through your own personal mental scanner before noon. × After then, you'll want to go home and stay there. Are you the one who's  $\star$  throwing the party? The team may drop over uninvited, so be prepared.  $\star$ Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) - Today is an 8 - You always learn best ★ × through experience and it's a marvelous day to practice. This condition is in effect all weekend, so stock up on provisions. If you lock yourself away  $\star$ with your mandolin, you could emerge a virtuoso on Monday morning. \* × Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) - Today is a 6 - There's so much you want to buy, but there's a limit to your resources, even if you did just win the  $\star$ × lottery. Put as much as you can into your savings account before you even \* get to the stores. You do have your retirement to think about, remember? Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) - Today is a 9 - If you've just guessed that it × doesn't get much better than this, you're right! Speaking of guessing, \* your intuition is right on target. Follow your whims wherever they lead + × you. Tonight, get into a safe harbor and stay there.

Daily Nexus

# Himalayan Hijinks

Rip-off Fiction for Your Reading Pleasure

### By Bryce Baer

## 3:30 a.m., somewhere in the Himalayas.

The air is stagnant with stale cigarette smoke and thick with inconsistencies. The abundance of cheap whiskey, cheap Corinthian leather and cheap boorish banter reeks, literally reeks, of a bar. Yet, as any selfrespecting archaeologist will tell you, things are rarely what they seem.

Pay attention: To the left, I spy supermodel Frédérique sporting a bluegreen sweater-vest and a simply smashing pair of low-cut jeans, nursing a whiskey sour. But who is that Chinese Socialist she is smiling at? Hmmm ... I didn't know that Communists were allowed to be that flirty — he better watch where he points that machine gun....

Ooh la la, would you look at that. That's Nadja Auermann in the corner, wearing the latest Armani sarong — but what's with that silver sequined bag? Talk about tacky. And why is she brandishing that red flag? A woman with a bottle of vodka is one thing — but a woman with a bottle of vodka and a horrible sense of accessorizing, chanting abrasive anti-American sophism, is another. Besides, what's up with that hairdo punko?

(Gasp!) It's former House of Style host, Pepsi pitch-woman, former teen-dream pinup queen and once-lusted-after (super)model Cindy Crawford doing the Hustle. I wonder what would bring a girl like that to a place like this — but damn!!! Girlfriend got the moves down cold, stone cold. You almost would think that she downed a quart of gin and popped some 'ludes. Almost.

You go, Ms. Thang! Nothing screams originality like the mindless regurgitation of obnoxious nostalgia. By the way, nice Jenny McCarthy shades, cheeser.

The clock boisterously strikes four o'clock, but no one in this Godforsaken place seems to take note of the impending dawn. All attention has been directed to the dance floor, where a makeshift runway is being constructed in homage of those in fashion meccas such as Milan, Paris, New York and the Sunset Strip.

Conversation ceases as a thunderous voice cuts through the barspeak with an authoritative, maniacal call to action: "Work faster, you swine!!!"

The command is wellheeded, for within minutes, the platform is erected and a conglomeration of flashing lights, dryice fog effects and playedout dance hits fill the smoky hall.

"Ladies and gentlemen ... TAKE YOUR SEATS!!!" the voice commands from the maxedout speakers whose woof-





Today's Birthday (March 7). You are amazing this year. You may suppass even your wildest fantasies. Make plans and finish old projects in March. Buy tools in April. Upgrade your skills in May. Fall in love in July and get married in November. If you're already married, recommit and go on another honeymoon. You'll easily power through a career confrontation in December. An unusual development brings you luck in February.

**Daily Nexus** 

Continued from p.2B ers, sounding like flat bicy-

cle tires, line the hall. The voice then takes shape, as a pale, thin, and baldheaded man with a \$1,000 suit and \$15 monocle emerges from the dark-ness of the backstage area.

"For years, we have bided our time," he proclaims to uproarious applause. "But now is the

time to strike!" With this, the (super)models drop their cultured highbrow demeanor and spontaneously erupt into a seedy mob of bloodthirsty Communists, tyrannically bellowing, "We're Red, they're dead, a sickle in their head!"

"Now, my teeming minions, allow me to present to you the 1997 spring line of lightweight linen suits, colorful sun dresses and sporty tennis skirts!"

A veritable Who's Who of American and European fashion moguls begins to strut the runway.

Superfluous fact: "California Dreaming" played on the radio. The radio

was very, very loud. First, Kate Moss struts her very, very small stuff. Lime green miniskirt,

lime green shoes. Dope. Next up — Twiggy don-

ning an equally arousing ensemble, wowing the crowd with her slinky stride and vacant eyes.

Then a hush once again falls upon the captive, li-

"Now, allow me to in-troduce the flagship of our spring line, our springboard into the hearts, dreams and very souls of our capitalist nemeses' innermost desires," he shouts with a magnificent grin.

"This outfit will facilitate our dreams of Communist world domination will indoctrinate the

subconscious of every

Western man, woman and

child with a sense of long-

ing and desire for an unob-

tainable standard of grace and beauty! An outfit that

will depress the proles into

a manic fit of depression

and hopelessness, leading to the inevitable class war!

"Ladies and gentlemen — Kathy Ireland!!!!" A six-foot-tall beauty awkwardly begins to stag-ger onto the platform. The

crowd is a-bustle with ac-

tivity as rumors circulate

that the beloved SI model is sporting — chin stubble?

"Snakes? I hate

snakes."

### Advertising Supplement

"Come to think of it," one of the commie pinko bastards comments, "I figured when we organized this plot for world domi-nation by way of funding all the ludicrous fashion designers and their lackey models, we'd at least get someone more feminine than this."

the ground, revealing a rather large ... bullwhip beneath his revealing tan tennis skirt.

"Why, that's not Kathy," one man shouted.

"That's Indiana Jones!!!"

Crawford flanks Indy

on the left, brandishing a

razor-sharp sequined purse. Indy ducks and

lands a square blow to her

jaw. She falls to the ground. The performance

is as convincing as her role

leveling at least three more

ruthless mannequins before being subdued by a horde of soul-sucking,

money-hungry exhibitionists.

Our hero succeeds in

in Fair Game.

Chaos ensues.

The model then falls to

The bald man rapidly approaches. So, Dr. Jones, you have

stumbled across our little, uh, 'operation.' But no matter, you will soon be among the sprite little fair-ies and happy bunnies of Never-Never Land."

"What?" "Dead, Indy! Dead!" "Never!"

"Whilst we may be commies, we are not unreasonable people."

"You'll get no such pleasure from me!!!!"

"Indy, I haven't made you an offer yet."

"Oh." "Choose, but choose wisely. There are two tanning booths set up in the back room," he said with a dangerous gleam in his warm, glowing eyes. "One is set for normal humans, and will give you a deep, luxurious tan. The other is set on (super)model setting and will eat your flesh with gamma rays, in-tended only for the most rubbery, surgery-tainted flesh — and will certainly kill you."

"You fiend!!!" "HA HA HA!"

"I choose booth number two."

"You have chosen wisely, you American swine, you capitalist pig, you played-out swashbuckling adventurer, you stale slice of Americana," he said with a smirk. "Smithers, release the hounds."



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