

Horoscopes for the Puzzled and Confused

Pisces * Feb 19 - Mar 20 * You will become famous when it is discovered that your hair length has a direct relation to the Prime Rate. Sadly, Allen Greenspan will order the FBI to shave your head to protect the stock market.

Taurus * Apr 20 - May 20 * A computer error placed you on this year's ballot for Governor. Now you have to raise \$2.5 million to defend yourself or the other candidates are going to make you look like some kind of circus-freak.

Sagittarius * Nov 22 - Dec 21 * You are going to win one of the new electric cars. Your joy of ownership will be cut short when take it through the car wash and get electrocuted.

Aries * Mar 21 - Apr 19 * The DMV is going to buy your bank. You'll be forced to renew your checking account every four years, you'll have to make an appointment to use the auto-tellers, and your car insurance will go up every time you fall below the minimum daily balance.

Leo * Jul 23 - Aug 22 * You will qualify for the Indianapolis 500, but the other drivers will run you off the track after you leave your left-turn signal on for 100 laps.

Aquarius * Jan 20 - Feb 18 * Your dream vacation will be ruined when you wake up.

Scorpio * Oct 23 - Nov 21 * You are finally going to break into politics. Sadly, you will be named as a possible running mate for Dan Quayle and the shame will force you to change your name and move to Antarctica.

Virgo * Aug 23 - Sep 22 * Your foray into fish-farming will fail after you spend a week trying to plow the lake.

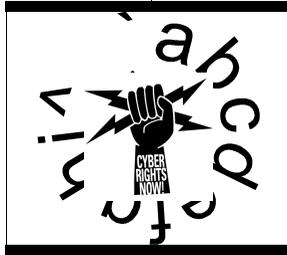
Gemini * May 21 - Jun 20 * The eighth decimal place of pi is 5. Remember this, you are going to be asked it very soon and your whole

future depends on you getting it right the first time.

Capricorn * Dec 22 - Jan 19 * Your bunny slippers hate you. They're arranging for you to have "a little accident" next time you go out to get the newspaper.

Libra * Sep 23 - Oct 22 * Go ahead, write that play you've always wanted to. It's not going to ever get performed, but you'll feel a whole lot better.

Cancer * Jun 21 - Jul 22 * I see "goose bars" and bears in your near future. But that's nothing compared to the trouble Captain Jorn and his "Raiders from the Mosquito Planet" are going to give you.



The Storm Front



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Verily, Jon and Blake got Hitched!

A Renaissance wedding? Sure, they used to do it all the time; back in the Renaissance. But this is Clinton's America: The New Camelot (almost). Soon we'll all be attending Virtual Weddings on the Information Superhighway. Can't you just see it now? "Jon, if you take Blake to be your lawfully wedded wife, click on [I do]. By the power vested in me by God and Intel, makers of Pentium 'the computer inside,' I now pronounce you man and wife. You may <*kiss*> the bride. +<:) " Ok, so you'd save money on the reception since they haven't discovered a way to download wine and cheese yet. But the wedding party would probably have to spring for everyone's connect charges. This would give rise to an entirely different set of arguments over the guest list: "Ok, you can invite your Great Aunt Ethel, but only if she goes to your old college roommate Chuck's house and shares a computer with him."

What does this have to do with the Hanna wedding on May 28th, 1994? Nothing, except that "only by looking forward may we look back." So let's look back for a minute.

Blake Irwin and Jonathan Hanna were married in a beautiful outdoor ceremony in Foothills Community Park. Beneath two great oak trees, they exchanged vows while birds sang in the

branches above. And boy did those birds sing! It became a little difficult at times to hear what was going on. The wedding party and almost all the guests were wearing period costumes. This must have confused the heck out of the rest of the park patrons.

Afterwards, everyone headed inside for the reception. Well, almost everyone. The wedding party stayed outside to have their pictures taken. Despite the persistent rumor inside the hall, they were not having paintings done. But, eventually, everyone ate, drank, and was merry. The Best-Man, Sharon O'Toole, presented an excellent Shakesperian sonnet as her toast. The cake was cut, and the bouquet was thrown (and caught by a girl in an astoundingly tall hat). I don't think the garter ever got tossed, but that's Ok because

most guys really don't want a woman to throw part of her clothing at him just after she's been "taken off the market."

Everyone had a really great time and we wish the new Hannas the best of luck.

Take a look at some more pictures from the happy event. You'll find them on page 3.



Blake thanks the "little people" while Jon tries to figure out who has the longer hair.

A View of Life from Columbus, Ohio

by: Mark Winchester

Getting a Ph.D. is an extended hazing ritual to a very selective fraternity. Now I look back on the last ten years or so of my life and I wonder why I've been pursuing this degree. The answer is rather simple: I've always wanted to be challenged in this way. I thought that this was something I could do, something that I wanted to do, and something that fell into place for me in 1987 as I wrapped up my B.A. in Theatre at CSUS.

The reason I moved to Ohio in 1987 was to be with my lover Stephen (ex-as of 1989) who was accepted to The Ohio State University Graduate School. The easiest way for me to support myself was to apply to Graduate School at OSU and pursue a Ph.D. Of course, I had to put my own spin on my program, and I've been studying cartoon history and popular theatre history from the turn of the century. To make the whole thing even stranger, I've been writing about adaptations of comic strips as musical comedies from 1896 to 1927 (including shows like Buster Brown, Mutt and Jeff, and Bringing-Up Father).

Presently I've had four academic articles published, completed a thesis, and written a number of articles for some weekly papers in Columbus. I pretty

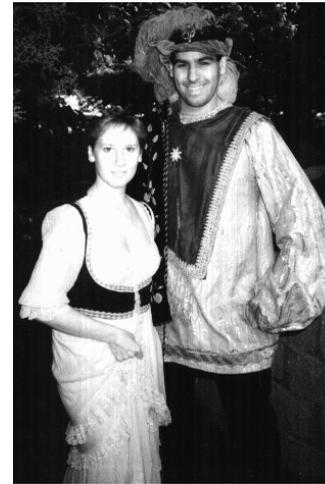
much stopped trying to be an actor after I left Sacramento, instead focusing on history and writing here.

And I've been recognized for my cartoon work with the Swann fellowship (1993-1994) from the Swann Foundation for Caricature and Cartoon, and for my teaching, a Pew fellowship from the Pew Charitable Trust.

In my spare time...I actually volunteer in my spare time. In the past couple of years I've spent quite a few hours at the Columbus AIDS Task Force, as a legal intern, a buddy, and a training facilitator.

Getting a Ph.D. has been a wonderful process of redefinition of self. It has also been a difficult process. If I knew then what I know now, I probably wouldn't begin the process again from scratch. But being here now, having accomplished a few things in the past decade, and facing a mountain of debt that will haunt me through my 30s, I have to say that I couldn't imagine doing anything which would have given me more satisfaction than this.

Anyone getting a Ph.D. has to be a bit of a nut with a chip on their shoulder. And this is the fraternity that I've been trying to join.



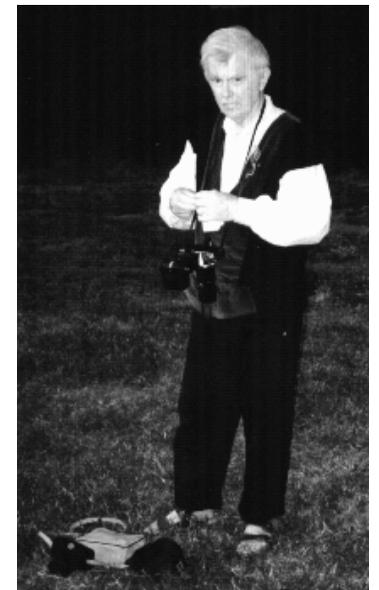
Your "royal" publisher and a little something he met at a recent Festival in Davis.



Elissa walks the fine line between "fashion" and "asphyxiation."



Mrs. Hanna and Racheal Elizabeth Mandel discuss the Whitewater Affair.



Mr Hanna explains that they used to bring Nikon cameras back along the Spice Route.