



BOOKS FOR BUCKS

How to turn your love for reading into a profitable business venture

with Gary Spearow of the Texas A&M Bookstore

Wednesday, February 7, 1996
8:30 p.m.
110 Koldus

Persons with disabilities please call 845-1515 to inform us of your special needs. We request notification three (3) working days prior to the event to enable us to assist you to the best of our abilities.

Talent Needed!!!

The MSC Variety Show committee is looking for diverse talents to perform in this year's annual MSC Variety Show taking place on Parent's Weekend.

Applications are available in the MSC Variety Show cube in the Student Programs Office.

They will be due on Thursday, Feb. 22 by 5:00 p.m., no later!

We encourage everyone interested to attend our pre-audition meeting tonight, Feb. 5th, at 7:00 p.m. in 401 Rudder.

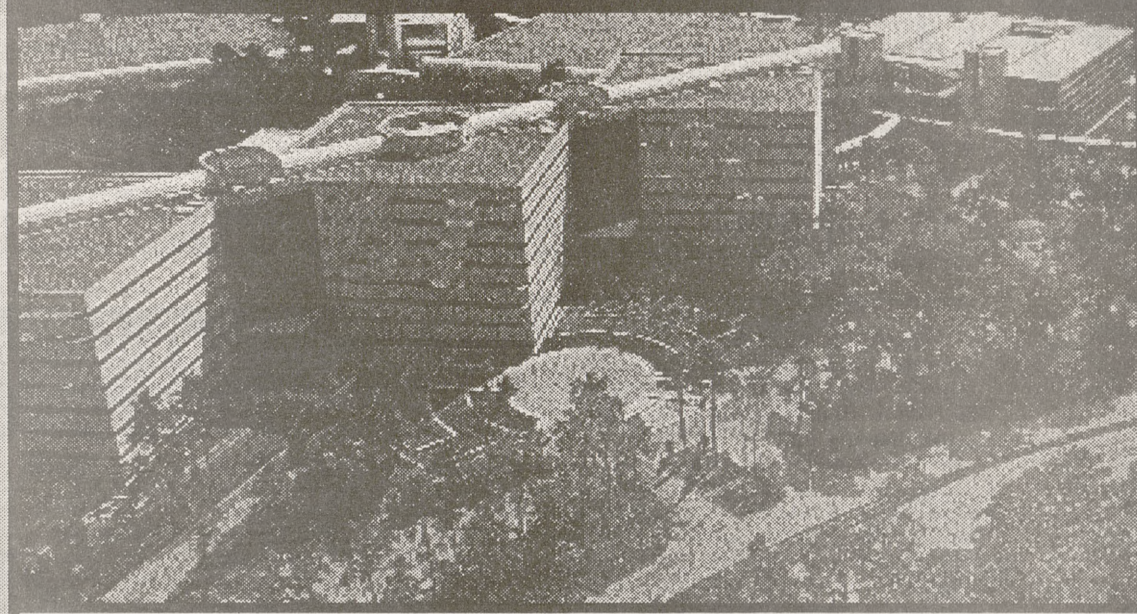
Audition dates are as follows:

Tuesday, Feb. 27	6:30-10:30 p.m.	201 MSC
Monday, March 4	6:30-10:30 p.m.	201 MSC
Tuesday, March 5	6:30-10:30 p.m.	201 MSC

Come join in on the tradition of Parent's Weekend!!!

For more information, please call 845-1515.

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THERE'S ONE FOREST THAT'S DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS ON EARTH. It's a beautiful place, delivering a staggering array of valuable products to the world. And it's got a lot of people buzzing—economists, financial analysts, engineers and consumers alike. What's so special about this forest near Houston? It's home to Compaq.

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We will be on the Texas A&M campus on February 26-27. If you are majoring in CS/CE/EE, and would like immediate consideration, FAX your resume, indicating Dept. TAMU, today!
(713) 514-2009

You may also feel free to send your resume: Compaq Computer Corporation, University Relations Coordinator, Dept. TAMU, MC 080111, P.O. Box 692000, Houston, TX 77269-2000 or email: careerpaq@compaq.com. An equal opportunity employer m/f/d/v.



Farley's schtick hindered by plot

MOVIE REVIEW
Black Sheep
Starring Chris Farley, David Spade and Tim Matheson
Directed by Lorne Michaels
Rated PG-13
Playing at Hollywood 16
** (out of five)

By Wes Swift
THE BATTALION

There's an old acting proverb that says, "It's all in the delivery." Chris Farley is a prime example of this.

The stumbling, rumbling ex-Saturday Night Live star can stay still about as much as a jumping bean. His schtick is physical humor, à la getting trapped in situations where he is dragged, stomped or squashed. Then he overreacts, causing much more pain, leading to more schtick.

For the most part, Farley's antics, paired with his lovable loser persona, do have their charm. They have certainly found a place on SNL, where Farley carved a niche as one of

the most ballyhooed actors on the series.

It's funny, then, that SNL producer Lorne Michaels, who produced Farley's new film *Black Sheep*, should deviate so far from what made Farley popular from the start.

Farley stars as Mike Donnelly, the brother of a prominent gubernatorial candidate (Tim Matheson). Donnelly's clumsiness has a way of blemishing his brother's campaign, so in turn, the campaign head honchos assign Steven Dobbs (SNL veteran David Spade) to keep Donnelly out of trouble.

At the same time, the incumbent governor (Christine Ebersol) is scheming to make Donnelly lose the election for his brother.

Here's the catch with *Black Sheep*: there's too much plot. Yep, mark it down as a first — a bad mark for having too much plot.

The film would have been better, i.e. funnier, if the focus had been on Farley's physical bumbles, not on some skeleton

story that took up the lion's share of the film.

When Farley is at his best, his manic craziness is hilarious. Those moments are few and far between, however, and what's left is just blah.



Chris Farley and David Spade star in *Black Sheep*.

Movies teach new kind of cool

I'm not cool.

I used to think I was cool, but I have been taught otherwise in the past couple of weeks by a couple of guys named Tarantino and Rodriguez.

In a pair of hour-and-a-half long lessons, Quentin and Robert have shown me that I will continue on this trend of non-coolness until I acquire some, if not all, of the following: 1) A really icy way of staring people down 2) Many shades of black clothing 3) Enough firepower on my person to annihilate every living thing in the Brazos Valley.

My first lesson was given during the vampire shoot'em up flick *From Dusk Till Dawn*, which I saw a couple of Fridays ago. The following Friday, I partook in a showing of *Desperado*.

Here's what I learned from the two films: if someone talks bad about you, you shoot him. If someone looks at you funny, you shoot him. If someone sees you eyeing his unbelievably beautiful girlfriend, you shoot him and sleep with her later. Such were the morals preached by leading men George Clooney, Quentin Tarantino and Antonio Banderas.

I carefully took notes as Clooney spat out one-liners while drilling holes in Mexican bloodsuckers. I ripped off Post-It notes and stuck them on my jacket as Banderas magically made two pistols appear from his sleeves before shooting up a podunk saloon. I dropped my pen and shouted at the screen, "Ay de mi!" when the gorgeous Salma Hayek danced for Tarantino.

Upon returning home, I processed the information and decided to copy the successful ways of these stars of the silver screen. Hell, I was prepared to pawn my senior ring and my Volkswagen in exchange for several black suits, a guitar case and a few serious hand cannons.

I decided to make the debut into my new life the following Monday. I figured I'd wake up early, run out to the military depot store for some new toys and be on campus in time for my 9:10 class.

That night, I slept fitfully and dreamed of my life to come. It went a little bit like this ...

I awoke early, slipped on my off-black jacket, a white T-shirt and tossed back my long hair into a crude ponytail. The exotic dancer I brought home the night before was gone, but her lipstick message on the bathroom mirror left nothing to the imagination.

I loaded up my backpack with the fake bottom full of ammo and smaller weapons and stepped outside to hitch a ride to school.

Halfway down the block, a Traditions bus stopped for me. The driver opened the door and called out to me, "Howdy! Need some help?"

I stepped on the bus, slid the .44 Magnum out of my ear and shot the driver in the face. "Thanks," I replied, "but I think I'll just help myself."

I surveyed the rest of the passengers on the bus. Most were either puking their guts out,

scrambling out the windows, or giving me a horse-laugh for murdering the driver.

One lady caught my eye, and I stared her down. She looked right back into my eyes and sashayed her way to the front of the bus. "Need a driver?" she asked breathlessly. I nodded coolly; things were looking up.

As she drove us down Texas, I got a call that there was a bomb on the bus and if we went below 50 miles per ... no wait, that's another story.

The woman dropped me off by the Bus Stop Snack Bar. It wasn't open yet. I shot the nearest person out of frustration while my stomach growled. I went around the back of the Reed McDonald building. There, a PTTS officer was giving a ticket to a woman who was having a baby in her car. I let him be. Anything that evil can't be killed by conventional weapons.

I walked into The Battalion newsroom to find an irate freshman looking for me, wanting to bitch about a sports column. The freshman was screaming at the clerk on duty for being slow and told her to "shake a leg". I pulled the .357 I had stashed in my nose and shot him in the knee. I cracked his lower leg off and shook it front of his face as he collapsed.

The clerk stared at me and began to say something. I silenced her with a piercing gaze from my smoldering baby blues and kissed her passionately. "You're welcome," I whispered and walked away.

I awoke in a cold sweat and realized the killing thing just wasn't my cup of tea.

Could I shoot a man in the head just for cutting me off in traffic? Wasn't giving him "the other famous Aggie hand signal" just as satisfying for me?

I struggled out of bed and looked at myself in the mirror. I remembered the scene in *Dawn* where Tarantino gets a bullet through his hand. I thought back to a football game three weeks before when I had sprained my foot.

I still complained about the pain 21 days later; Tarantino had gone back to shooting his gun 15 seconds after his wound.

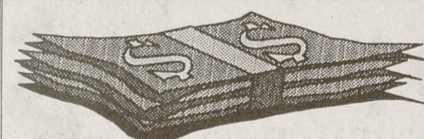
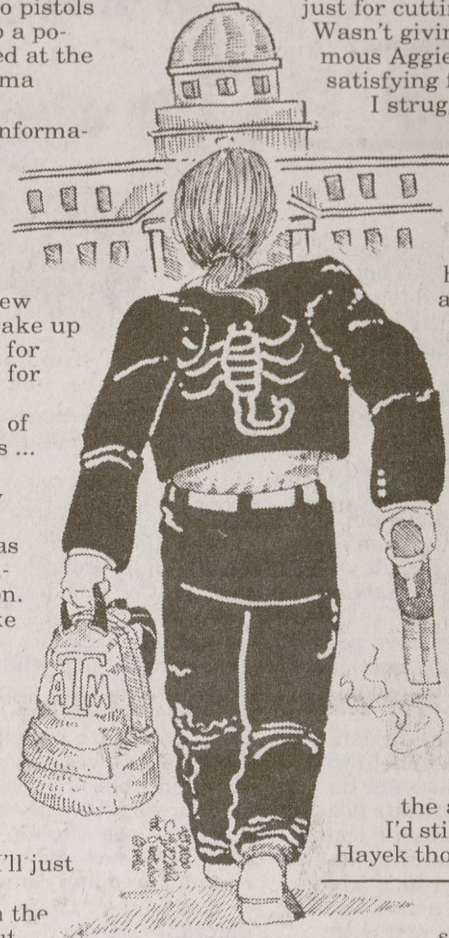
Then I flashed to the scene in *Desperado* when Banderas shoots banditos behind his head, behind his back and through his legs. I can't make a free throw. If I try to shoot someone behind my back, I'm going to shoot myself in the ass. It's useless.

I'd still like to date Salma Hayek though.

Nick Georgandis is a senior journalism major.



NICK GEORGANDIS
SPORTS EDITOR



The Buck Starts Here!

Financial Aid Awareness Week
February 5 - 11

Monday, February 5 -Resource Tables thru -10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
Friday, February 9 -MSC

Monday, February 6 -Teleconference on filling out Free Application for Federal Student Aid (FAFSA) -6:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. -MSC 292

* bring 1995 financial records

Friday, February 9 -Renewal Application Workshop -11:00 to 12:00 noon -Pavilion 229

* must have renewal app. and 1995 financial records

Department of Student Financial Aid
Texas A&M University



For more information call Student Financial Aid 845-3981

