

Take forty days and forty nights, all of them equal, divide by two, and what do you get? Minor flooding, as measured by bottomfish? No! It's

E Q U I N O X

XX

a semi-amphibious night of wall-eyed word games and strange orange roughly brought to you by the Exxon Valdes and ABC Baricudists (salmon of whom still face Eskymo José for veggie blubber and cryptic cod-solving)

Shadurday, April 1 (and has there ever been an April first when some crazy frenchie hasn't run up and slapped a fish on your back?)

Pete Weelson promises relief—"damn emigrees!"—but in politics, as in all things, you pick your own poisson)

Claremont House, 4500 Gilbert Street (at Pleasant Valley, one block from Broadfish and 51st, directly opposite the seafood counter at Squidway)

Nametags at 7pm, Games 7:30-mahi mahi

Bring: something mightier than the swordfish (pencils preferred), fellow word-harpoonists, beverages (remember WC Field's objection to water), and brain food (not necessarily twenty thousand year old roe)

Wear: please go to no extra tuna over your equinox outfit—just skate over in whatever you wore to the Games of the Olympiad XX or Superbowl XX (or to see Wanda the Fish, Part XX, or to read page xx of the introduction to Generation XX or Chapter XX of Dos Equis Nights)

Scoring: of course, by definition