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OCTOBER 1994

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U. The National College Magazine

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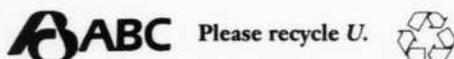
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OCTOBER
1994



What do you say about a woman with a pierced tongue?



Talking about the passion with R.E.M.



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CAMPUS SHOTS



If you thought your professors talked in circles, you must've missed Laura LaChina chalking these Paul Simon lyrics on the ground at the U. of North Carolina.

Photograph by: Katie Cannon, Daily Tar Heel, U. of North Carolina

U MAIL

own lives and [who don't have to] conform to gender roles. In other words, freedom. Not such a bizarre concept after all, is it?

*Rachel K. Busse,
sophomore, U. of California, Berkeley*

Fresh alternative

I just finished reading your August 1994 issue. Being a freshman here at Moorhead, I am exposed to a barrage of publications claiming to be the alternative newspaper for me. Your paper is the first that I have found to be "alternative."

*Jerad Hoff,
freshman, Moorhead State U.*

All the president's men

I am writing in regard to the "Tepeepee" article (September 1994). Although the article itself was well-written and fairly accurate, there was a mistaken piece of information in the article. The interim president for U. of Oklahoma is not Scott Martin. Dr. J.R. Morris is the interim president. Scott Martin is the '94-'95 OUSA President.

*Wendy McGuckin,
graduate student, U. of
Oklahoma*

Editor's note: U. regrets the error.

U. goofs

In the September issue, the wrong picture ran with the Exit to Eden preview; the photo credit on page 23 should have read Adam Hyman; Craig Sheffer's name was spelled incorrectly on page 23; and it was the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals involved in the "Dewey Defeats Truman" story on page 10.

Think before you print

I am blown away by the amazing intellectual content of your magazine: shades, sex and smoking. Thanks for bringing the important stuff to me in such a friendly format, and timely news updates too. Do you have any more on that flood in Iowa? You folks are pathetic. Let me know when you get a clue.

*Henry Throop,
graduate student, U. of Colorado*

Bridging the content divide

The discussion about feminism ("Making Gender Realizations," August 1994) is useful in breaking down stereotypes and showing that there are all types of feminists. What feminists all have in common is a belief that women are capable people who have autonomy over their



Jason Birmingham, Sagebrush, U. of Nevada, Reno

This Month's Question

Do you expect to graduate in four years?

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EXT. 62

The word made flesh

It's hard for me to face it. In fact, part of me wants to run screaming from the reality of the situation, but admit it I must.

Body modification — piercing, tattooing, branding, scarring — has become mainstream. (See "Body Rock", page 11).

It's just another part of a predictable predicament. The cultural fringe makes a fashion choice that is considered weird, odd or downright tasteless. Your folks ask, "You aren't planning on piercing your tongue/getting tattooed/shaving 'I Love Lucy' on the back of your head are you?!" And from that moment, you can predict that in three years you will be surrounded by a mall full of people who look "alternative." Just like you.

The realization hit home a few weeks back when I was visiting what is lovingly referred to here at U. as the "ladies dorm" (where U. assistant editors Beth, Bonnie, and Aimee reside). Glenn (U.'s other assistant editor, who lives next door to the dorm and stops in whenever he pleases) and I were enjoying the evening relaxing, drinking martinis and listening to the soothing strains of the Beastie Boys with pipes clenched between our teeth.

The gentle moment was shattered when Bonnie and Beth returned from the beach, their bare midribs highlighted by silver rings looped through each navel. I, of course, dealt with the discovery in a logical fashion.

"ARRGHHHHH! What the hell have you done?!" I calmly inquired.

We listened as Bonnie and Beth excitedly recounted their tale of the Venice Beach piercings, then flooded them with questions: "Did it hurt?" "How much did it cost?" "How big was the needle?" "Where did you get it done?" And, of course, we both admitted, "I've been thinking about doing that."

I tried hard not to sulk visibly. You see, it was the first time in a long time that I'd felt behind in taking the next "alternative" fashion step, and, quite frankly, I felt like a geek.

In my small, conservative hometown, I was the first guy to get his ear pierced once, much less three times. I got my first tattoo in 1989, back when most college students thought of tats as something sported only by bikers and drug-addled rock stars. I had been thinking about getting my nipple pierced, but, in a single moment, Bonnie and Beth shut me down. High on endorphins from the piercing, they made me feel lame for balking at getting pierced for fear that "It might hurt!"

As if that were not enough to convince me that the age of body modification had kicked into high gear, my father called recently to inform me that he'd gone under the needle, as well. Gotten a tattoo, that is.

This is the same man who told me that if I got my ears pierced, he'd remove the earrings, and my ears to boot. The man who, when I got my first tat, said, "You'll never amount to anything now. No employer will hire you." (Dad has his ear pierced now, too.)

In the name of Maury Povich, what's a rebel to do? Look for strange new instruments to implant in my skin? Wear three-piece business suits as a counterstatement to the counterstatement? Drape live animals over my shoulder? The possibilities are dwindling fast, and the emperor is looking for new leisure wear.

The only good thing to come out of all of this was hearing my father whine about his latest visit with my grandmother. She told him: "You'll never get anywhere with that tattoo."

I listened to him complain, thinking about how comic karma can be, then I grabbed the *Yellow Pages* and flipped to "Clothing: men's business."

Rantz A. Hoseley, Assistant Editor

Student Opinion Poll

Do you believe in God?

He lives with the tooth fairy at the North Pole. *David Lathic, junior, U. of Arizona* • You feel it and you know it's there, but you can't see it. Everything that's in existence doesn't have to be seen to know it exists. *Elisha Smith, junior, U. of Maryland* • I choose not to belong to any one religion. I have always doubted the Bible and my religion teachers. *Vanessa Santorelli, junior, Penn State U.* • I'm a religion major, and even after all the B.S. I've heard in religion courses, I believe in God. *Josh Timmerman, freshman, Grandview College* • I do not understand how someone cannot believe in God. Everything is too perfect to have just happened. *William McIntire, senior, U. of Michigan*



Do you believe in ghosts?

I believe that when a person dies, their spirit has a choice to either move on or stay where it is. Many stay where they are because of sudden death or because they weren't ready to leave their family. *Lauren Pope, freshman, Sam Houston State U.* • I do believe that there are some sort of ghosts — maybe not the ones we hear about on the news or in the tabloids, but there are spirits around us. *Kimberly Roberts, sophomore, U. of Michigan*



U VIEWS

Tell us what you think. Letters to the Editor, **U. Magazine**, 1800 Century Park East, Suite 820, Los Angeles, CA 90067; fax to (310) 551-1659; e-mail to umag@well.sf.ca.us or Umagazine@aol.com. All senders: include name, year, school and phone number. **Internet** users should include permission to reprint submissions. Letters should be less than 200 words. **U.** reserves the right to edit submissions for length and clarity.

Spook Central

Every campus has its ghost stories, but it seems the campus of U. of Illinois, Champaign, and nearby areas are particularly phantasmagoric. Students there are said to huddle nervously together, trembling with fear and white with terror. And that's just during finals week.

Chief among the local legends is the story of the Blue Man, the notorious glowing-blue spectre who roams the Clements Cemetery in Champaign County.

Natalia Belting, a former U.I. history professor who lives next door to the cemetery, says the story of the Blue Man has been circulating for decades. Legend has it that in 1841, a man was found hanged from a tree in the vicinity of the cemetery — either a suicide or a lynching, depending on who you talk to.

"He only comes out on a full moon," Belting says. Although she claims she's never seen the ghost herself, she has seen carloads of thrill-seeking college students venture into the cemetery to brave the horror that is the Blue Man.

"Eventually, the sheriff patrols started watching the area and have now been able to keep the kids from running around the cemetery at night," she says. Sure, maybe the cops scared the kids away — or maybe it was something else! Something sinister! Something terrifying! Oh, never mind.

Folklorist and former U.I. English professor Larry Danielson says that of the many allegedly haunted places on campus, the most notorious is the English building. In the old days, Danielson says, the building served as a women's dormitory where, it is rumored, an angst-ridden female student killed herself.

Flickering lights and slamming doors are not uncommon on the third floor, Danielson says, particularly in the former rhetoric room — now the office of a graduate teaching assistant. According to legend, the persistent poltergeist wanders the building, stalking strict professors. Now there's a friendly ghost.

Champaign mayor Dannel McCollum says the historic West Side Park neighborhood contains at least two haunted mansions. One was the site of a foiled robbery attempt near the turn of the century. As the story goes, a guest caught the robbers in the act and shot one of them dead on the stairs. McCollum says he heard tales of the spectral thief wandering the mansion when he (McCollum, not the dead crook) was growing up in the 1930s.

The nearby Wilbur mansion, now home to the Champaign County Historical Museum, was originally built for Ella, the daughter of the Wilbur family. To this day, tour guides say the



nonthreatening presence of Ella can be felt. Sure, Ella's nonthreatening now, but wait till she *sprouts fangs and goes after your jugular with a blood-curling wail! Then you'll be singing a different tune.*

But hey — we here at *U. Magazine* are nothing if not practical, so we've dug up (heh, heh) an authority on the subject of how to handle a ghost if you meet one. If you come in contact with an apparition, it is important to stay calm, says Champaign tarot card reader Deborah Stewart.

"If you see a ghost," Stewart says, "all you have to do is share your love with the ghost; that's what they want. You don't have to be afraid."

OK, Deborah. You first.

■ Michael Dizon and Niki Ziegler, *The Daily Illini*, U. of Illinois

U NEWS

WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN SQUIRRELTOWN

U. of Southern Florida — Maybe the squirrel was having a bad fur day, or was stressed out from the steep cashew prices when it entangled itself in USF's main power substation. Whatever the reason, the kamikaze rodent

caused a power outage that swept through campus, downing computers, stopping elevators and halting classes.

"A squirrel committed suicide," says associate director of the power plant, Frank Catanzarite. Funeral plans for the squirrel have not yet been scheduled.

IS THAT A SCHOLARSHIP IN YOUR POCKET... ?

Marshall U., W. Virginia — The early bird may get the worm, but in Matt Glover's case, being late paid off.

Just weeks before classes started at the U. of Virginia, Glover was informed that his admission had been revoked. Too late to apply anywhere else, Glover filed a lawsuit against the U. of Virginia.

However, in a strange public relations twist, nearby Marshall U.'s president, J. Wade Gilley, learned of Glover's predicament and offered him a full tuition scholarship worth \$1,500 to Marshall U.

Glover, learning of his admission to Marshall U., dropped the suit against the U. of Virginia. "I don't want a place that doesn't want me," Glover says. "I'd rather be in a place that wanted me."

And \$1,500 is a pretty good indication of desire.

CREDIT WHERE ACCREDITATION IS DUE

Oxnard College, Calif. — A name may be just a name, but a title can move mountains. Or at least stop the presses.

Oxnard College President Elise D. Schneider halted the printing of the college's new catalogue when it was discovered that Chancellor Thomas G. Lakin was identified only as a Ph.D. and not a doctor.

Although Schneider assured the public that the alteration didn't cost taxpayers any money, some students were doubtful. With an average of 5,000 copies of the catalogue printed, it seems unlikely that a 1,000-copy printing error wouldn't affect costs.

More importantly, will anyone even notice? "Students don't look at that first page to see whose title was left off," says an employee at the Oxnard College bookstore. "They look at the class requirements."

Wanted: Gay Faculty

"We want you," Northeastern U. is telling gays and lesbians. A new policy of actively recruiting gay and lesbian employees is stirring up some members of the Northeastern community who insist that such measures are unnecessary.

English professor Arthur Weitzman, one of the most vocal opponents, says he does not believe gays and lesbians need an affirmative action plan and that the university has no history of overt discrimination.

"In many cases, they are very talented people, and they don't need affirmative action to find entry into universities," he says.

NU president John Curry says the new policy doesn't mean the university will hire gays just for the sake of hiring gays. The university will actively recruit "quality" gay and lesbian job candidates through such avenues as gay rights organizations, he says.

The issue is not just a matter of the rights of prospective faculty members, Curry says, but of student rights.

Student reaction to the proposal has been mixed.

"As a gay student, I think it's wonderful, because gay and lesbian students don't have enough role models at the university," senior Kevin Watts says.

Chris Schoeneberger, a Student Government Association vice president, calls the role model argument "an excuse

to recruit professors who are not of the quality we could get."

But this is not the official opinion of the association, says Dan Bernal, SGA president, who supports the policy.

Peter Furth, a civil engineering associate professor, thinks homosexuality should be tolerated, but not necessarily promoted. He voiced this opinion in a letter to the editor of the university-subsidized newspaper and ignited a war of words.

Faculty members who refuse to "promote the gay rights agenda will never be promoted to positions of administrative responsibility," he wrote.

Jack Levin, a sociology professor, wrote to say that active recruitment is necessary: "Gays are bashed more than any other group on campuses across America.... [They] are an oppressed and stereotyped minority group."

Curry stresses that the new policy doesn't mean hiring individuals just because of their sexual preference. "It isn't enough to be tolerant," he says. "We should be willing to celebrate diversity."

■ Pamela Walsh, *The Northeastern News*, Northeastern U.



Illustration by: Rantz A. Hoseley

The UCLA Blackout

It wasn't the first time sex was a hush-hush topic in school. But this time, a student newspaper made university administrators talk about sex. Sexual harassment, to be exact.

After an 18-month struggle, UCLA's *The Daily Bruin* obtained documents detailing four sexual harassment cases involving university employees that the administration settled for close to a total of \$1 million.

The battle began in November 1992 when *The Bruin* reporters requested the files from UCLA Campus Council — UC lawyers — and were denied access by UCLA administration. The material sought by the student publication described various forms of sexual misconduct, ranging from inappropriate language to rape.

UCLA administrators and regents decided to maintain the privacy of the people involved in the cases by black-lining all identifying information from the documents.

After several failed attempts to acquire the documents, *The Bruin* sued for the information under the California Public Records Act.

Under California law, public agencies like the UCLA administration are required to open all documents to the public. University administrators argued that the documents fell under one of several exemptions to the law. *The Bruin* disagreed, and the state court concurred after 20 minutes of debate.

"The university should not be able to decide when it will and will not comply with California law," says *The Bruin's* former editor in chief Josh Romonek.

University representatives say they don't agree with *The Bruin's* perseverance in seeking access to the documents.

"I would have preferred it if *The Bruin* [had not made] an issue out of this," says Joseph Mandel, UCLA vice chancellor of legal affairs.

Students, however, applauded their newspaper.

"I can't believe the university would keep so much secret," says UCLA senior Hans Ku. "It's reassuring to see *The Bruin* expose such a deeply hidden issue. I'm glad someone keeps an eye on the university."

Two days after *The Bruin* ran the first in a series of articles detailing each case, university officials implemented a policy on sexual harassment. The university maintains that the timing of the articles and the adoption of the sexual harassment policy was purely coincidental.

■ Julie Ann Silva, *The Daily Bruin*, U. of California, Los Angeles

Be Aware

The suit-and-tie, 9-to-5 lifestyle didn't last.

After two years as a CPA for Coopers & Lybrand in Boston, Gregg Latterman, now 26, traded in his wingtips and briefcase for a pair of blue jeans and two CDs. Ever since, his life has been anything but routine.

15 MINUTES

Latterman quit the number-crunching business in 1992 and motored to Vail, Colo., where he produced *Aware*, a CD featuring a compilation of regional college bands from around the nation. "All my favorite stuff that I was listening to was hard to find," Latterman says. "I decided I'd find the best regional bands, put them on one disc and market it nationally." Latterman takes orders for the discs on his 800-number (800-AWARE-65).

While in Vail, he worked as a ski coach for one of the best racing team programs in the world, Ski Club Vail. Off the slopes, Latterman began gathering music for a second disc, *Aware II*.

Latterman says there are advantages to being a music producer — many of his favorite college music bands have

ultimately become his friends. Last spring, he lived with JACKOPIERCE, a guitar duo from Dallas. "They were on my first disc. I've met most of the bands on my discs, and some are close friends and others are business relationships."

Other bands featured on the *Aware* discs: The Winebottles, from Boulder, Colo.; Jupiter Coyote, from Macon, Ga.; and Freddy Jones Band, from Chicago.

The CDs aren't all Latterman has in the works. A four-page newsletter telling about the latest happenings in music, an *Aware* concert tour with JACKOPIERCE and a syndicated radio show will soon earn the Latterman stamp. Even though he's heading many successful projects, Latterman began graduate school at Northwestern U. for a master's of management. He explains, "I'm not going to school to get a job, but for me."

Latterman's trademark business sense is coupled with persistence and the skills needed to meet and work with people all over the United States. "What makes this whole thing go is the networking. It's a network of friends talking — it's almost like a chain letter — and that's why it's worked."

■ Jenna Jackson, *The Houstonian*, Sam Houston State U.



Photograph by: Kandace Thomas, *The Florida Flambeau*, Florida State U.



Gregg Latterman builds a network of awareness.

Freedom of Suppress?

"Heads up, it's the Nazis!" But before the Nazis could say "cheese," they were embroiled in a scuffle with the U. of Minnesota Progressive Student Organization. And the student newspaper, *The Minnesota Daily* (which had a photographer on the scene), was embroiled in a freedom of the press debate.

In October 1993, more than 120

people joined the Progressive Student Organization for an anti-racism rally to counter a Nazi rally scheduled for the same day on the Minneapolis campus.

Alleged neo-Nazi Daniel Simmer, a recent U. of Minnesota graduate, was injured in the fight and sent to the emergency room.

After anti-racist activist Kieran Frazier Knutson was charged with two felony counts of allegedly striking Simmer with a Mag-Lite flashlight, newly appointed *Daily* editor in chief Pam Louwagie was subpoenaed to turn over the photos of the rally to the county attorney. Also subpoenaed as a witness was former *Daily* reporter Jesse Rosen.

The judge ruled in June in favor of the *Daily's* decision not to surrender

the photographs but said that Rosen must testify because he gave a police statement the night of the rally.

The judge cited the First Amendment and the Minnesota shield law in support of the *Daily's* move to quash the subpoena for the photo's release.

"The ruling is a great win, not only for the *Daily*, but for the rights of other news organizations," Louwagie says. "It's a matter of principle. News reporters and photographers must be able to gather information without worrying that the government might take it and use it to prosecute or defend a case later."

Not so fast — the freedom bell has become an alarm again. The prosecuting attorney asked the judge to reconsider, and in August the judge called for an in-camera review, which means he would get to see the photographs and decide if they would help the case.

The *Daily* appealed. Knutson's trial and the whole appeals mess have been postponed until November.

And if this keeps up, outgoing *Daily* editors will make a tradition of passing on the subpoena along with the torch.

■ Daune Stinson, *The Minnesota Daily*, U. of Minnesota



Illustration by: Marty Bach, *The Daily Northwestern*, Northwestern U.

PULSE

What's cheaper than alcohol, better tasting than Robitussin and legal? It's nitrous oxide — a.k.a. laughing gas — and, on campuses across the nation, students are turning to it for an alternative way to top their buzz.

instantly induces a feeling of giddiness and exhilaration. Whippets and inhalants have been dubbed the "stepchild in the war on drugs" by the National Institute on Drug Abuse, and their use and abuse is increasing among the 17-to-25-year-old crowd. Because of the nature of the drug — categorized as neither a dangerous drug nor a food product regulated by the Food and Drug Administration — abuse often goes unchecked by authorities.

officials, concerned about the rise in whippet use by young adults, are emphasizing the dangers whippets pose.

Nitrous oxide can shut down breathing or cause irregular heartbeats, says Dr. Jacqueline Dzierzak, a national spokesperson for the American Dental Association. "N₂O takes the place of oxygen in the bloodstream, which makes you high," Dzierzak explains. "But if you get too much of it, you pass out. Then your lungs and breathing shut down, and you can die."

Photograph by: Lisa Marie, The Lantern, Ohio State U.



Would you like some pie to go with that?

Just Say N₂O

Whether it's in large containers of the gas alone (which are used by dentists and sold in medical supply houses) or in whipped cream spray cans (known as whippets), nitrous oxide (N₂O) is readily available to those who prefer their joy in artificial forms. Users inflate balloons from the large canisters and then inhale the gas from the balloons, or they simply hold a can of whipped cream upright, press the nozzle and breathe deeply.

Escapists who aren't old enough to buy a sixer of Milwaukee's worst can stroll into the local supermarket, purchase a few cans of whipped cream and guarantee they will end the night with spots in front of their eyes and a nasty headache in the morning.

When inhaled, the colorless gas

"The product is abused because it's not intended for anything other than food service," says Emil Corwin, a representative for the FDA. "It's the same as kids sniffing glue. It's not meant for that, but what can we do? They're going to do it anyway."

In fact, the only time whippets or N₂O use becomes a law enforcement issue is when it's involved in a crime. "Unless someone robs a bank, steals a car, etc. [while under the influence of N₂O], it really doesn't involve us," says Gary Davis, a spokesperson for the Drug Enforcement Agency. "We have no laws at this time making nitrous oxide illegal."

That may change, however. Health

According to the National Institute on Drug Abuse, limb spasms, central nervous system damage, blood oxygen depletion and liver and kidney damage are among the irreversible effects associated with inhalants, including N₂O.

Nonetheless, college students continue to "crack the whip." Vince, an Ohio State U. student who refused to reveal his last name, describes whippets as "hippie crack."

"The buzz is real quick, and a lot of deadheads like it, but other crowds do it, too," he says. "It's big in the Greek crowd."

Abuse of N₂O has been linked to at least one death. In 1993, a man died in a

Columbus, Ohio, suburb after inhaling an unknown amount of N₂O.

This incident, along with increased sales in the Ohio State U. area, led state legislators this year to outlaw sales of N₂O canisters for anything other than food or dental purposes in the state of Ohio. This law may set a precedent, allowing other states and cities to pass laws and restrictions in an effort to whip young people into shape.

■ John Lasker, *Columbus Alive!*, Ohio State U., and Amy Dorsett, *The Houstonian*, Sam Houston State U., contributed to this story.

POP

Love Jones is the best band you've never heard of.

With their matching polyester suits and smooth vocal harmonies, the band at first glance could be lumped with the new

show since Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

Onstage at a recent L.A. industry show, Love Jones live proved a harrowing gauntlet of incessantly hilarious one-liners and truly fearless crowd provocation. Within three songs, Love Jones front man and *gent provocateur* Ben Daugherty managed to insult not only the opening act, the headliner and the audience, but also both of the show's sponsors and the

— have some definite ideas about what constitutes good rock and what doesn't.

"I'll tell you what's wrong with rock and roll," Palmer says. "We're not 14 anymore, and it's not 1977 when Robin Zander was young and Kiss still wore makeup and Aerosmith was still strung out. That's the sad thing. And what's worse, when it was 1977, I wasn't even 14. There is no perfect world for rock and roll."

Daugherty agrees. "The problem with rock is that bands should just accept it," he says. "You're doing the same tired old bullshit that's been going on forever. You should just embrace it and rise to the top. Become a demigod, do the blow, f—k the chicks and guys and kill yourself."

The last honest rock band in America.

■ Glenn McDonald, *Assistant Editor*

Jonesing for Love

breed of cocktail rockers like Combustible Edison (or even the larger category of novelty bands like They Might Be Giants). But Love Jones, like Steve Austin, are better, smarter, faster. They're what happens when teen angst becomes mellow gold — when punks don't die before they get old.

Not content with the self-conscious kitsch of a "lounge act," the band wrings very real emotion from the soaring melodies on their truly cool debut CD, *Here's To The Losers*. Equally dissatisfied with schmaltzy swank, they put on the most hilarious and confrontational live

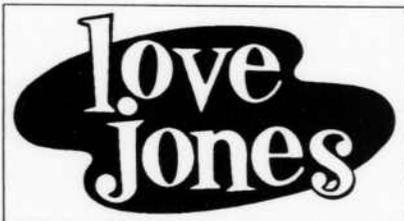
owner of the venue.

"The idea is to go out and give 100 percent, even if you feel like shit," says Daugherty. "Try to relate to the audience.

Don't put yourself up on a pedestal — just get up there and have a good time."

"And get as many free drinks as possible," adds vocalist Jonathon Palmer.

It may be the band's shared experience in punk rock circles that fuels their assaultive live show. Or it may be the gin and tonics. Either way, Love Jones — rounded out by drummer Stuart Johnson, bassist Barry Thomas and guitarist Chris Hawpe



Hey, good lookin', be back to pick you up in an hour.

TRIPPIN'

Who says haunted houses have to offer the usual ghosts, witches and black cats? The Winchester Mystery House in San Jose, Calif., spooks

Although some say Mrs. Winchester—who designed the house herself—was a poor architect, most believe a medium advised her that building on to her home 24 hours a day was the only way to ward off vengeful spirits.

When Mrs. Winchester purchased and began construction on the farmhouse, it had eight rooms. When she died nearly 40

years later, installed 13 coat hooks in one closet, built 13 bathrooms and constructed a 13-window room.

"Was she crazy?" is the question visitors most frequently ask. Rodriguez says Mrs. Winchester became severely depressed and increasingly eccentric after her infant daughter and husband died.

Mrs. Winchester inherited more than

2,000 shares of stock, several million dollars in cash and \$1,000 a day in royalties from Winchester firearms. UCSC senior Ian McFadden suggests Mrs. Winchester's money caused her decline. "It supports my theory that too much wealth makes people insane," he says.

Rodriguez, who became a tour guide after visiting the house, says the tour provides a lesson on Victorian homes, as well as the thrill of a bizarre building. "Some people come here expecting an elaborate mansion," she says, "but it's really just a regular house with unusual things."

■ Jennifer Webster-Burnham, *City on a Hill Press*, U. of California, Santa Cruz

Magical Mystery House

visitors with staircases that go nowhere, seance rooms with trick closets and doors that open to 8-foot drops.

Students from the U. of California Santa Cruz, San Jose State U. and Santa Clara U. venture to the late Mrs. Sarah Winchester's Victorian mansion for a look at its frightening architectural faux pas. "I liked the staircase that leads to nowhere," says San Francisco State U. student David Jenkins.

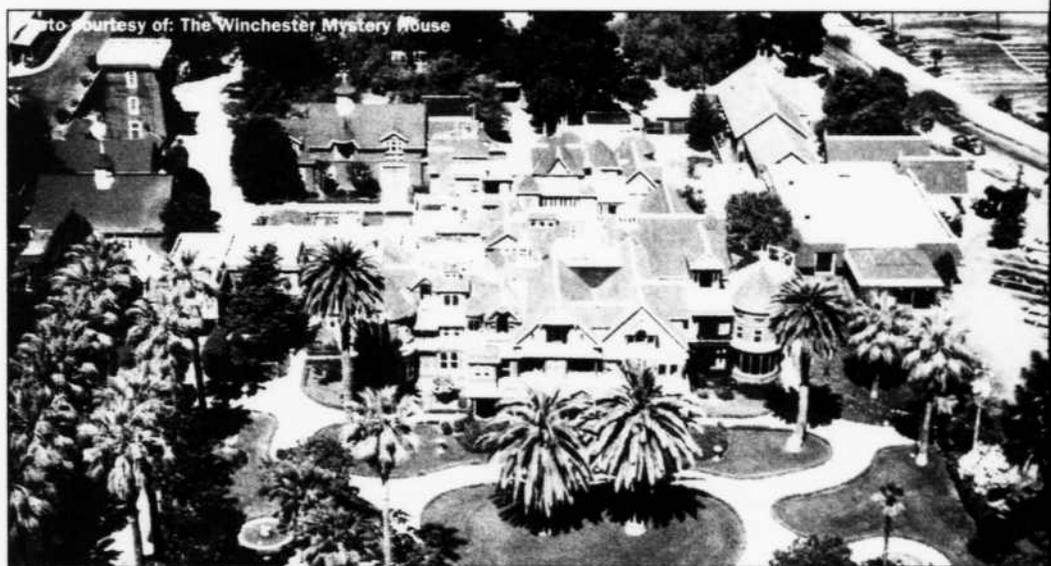
Mrs. Winchester, who died more than 70 years ago, constructed the bizarre building in a desperate attempt to confuse the spirits of those killed by the famous Winchester rifle.

Developed by her husband, Oliver, in 1866, the superior repeating rifle gained notoriety as a fatal weapon. The rifle's effectiveness brought Winchester financial success, and when he died, he left his wife a fortune — and endless nightmares.

years later in 1922, she left a 160-room Victorian mansion that boasts more than 10,000 windows, 47 fireplaces and 40 staircases.

Mystery House tour guide Veronica Rodriguez says college students pack the guided tours during spring break, summer vacation and, of course, Halloween. On Oct. 28, 29 and 31, the Winchester Mystery House staff leads Halloween trick-or-treat tours by flashlight until midnight.

Friday the 13th is another occasion for flashlight tours. The number 13 fascinated Mrs. Winchester, who worked the motif into her home: She designed a stained glass window with a 13-point spider-



Can you find 10,000 windows and 47 chimneys?

IN PLAY

Revealing their names would be like telling a 5-year-old who's really inside a Santa costume. Their names don't matter anyway, because they're mascots — campus heroes. They get tackled, torn and tortured and have to endure athletic mosh pits. And they don't even get paid. Why do they do it? We polled some of our favorite mascots to see what life as a synthetic feathered — or furry — friend is really like.

U.: Temperature inside the costume?

Pounds sweated out per game?

Spider: 100° to 110°. 5 to 10 pounds.

Fighting Camel: 90° to 100°. It's a personal sauna. 3 to 5 pounds.

Rowdy the Roadrunner: 110°. Remember, I'm in San Antonio. 5 to 6 pounds.

Louie the Lobo: 110° to 120°. 5 to 7 pounds.

U.: Your weirdest experience?

Spider: A couple years ago, I was attacked by Virginia Military Institute cadets — their whole freshman class tried to steal my head. The coach was yelling at me to get into the stands, and I looked up and saw about 200 people running at me. This man in the stands said, "Here, hide here." I thought he was protecting me, so I hid. Then he stands up and yells to the crowd, "Here he is!" The massacre ensued. That class is graduating now, and they all have spiders on their class rings.

Fighting Camel: After a game, the opposing team's starting player came up behind me and drilled a forearm into the back of my helmet.

Rowdy the Roadrunner: This little girl

fell in love with me — she was the cutest thing in the world — but she fell in love with a 6-foot-tall orange and blue bird.

Louie the Lobo: At a grade school's fitness day, I was dogpiled by hundreds of kids. I felt violated, for sure.

U.: Your arch enemy?

Spider: The James Madison U. Duke.

Fighting Camel: The North Carolina State U. Wolf. He has an intimidating outfit, but he's not intimidating at all.

Rowdy the Roadrunner: Currently we have a peace treaty with the San Antonio Spurs' Coyote.

Louie the Lobo: New Mexico State U.'s Pistol Pete.

U.: It's midnight. You're alone on the 50-yard line with the arch enemy. What do you do?

Spider: I'd have a wrestling match — then we'd get up and shake hands and walk back to our respective sides.

Fighting Camel: I'd stomp on the wolf — I guess that's what a camel does. Either that or spit.

Rowdy the Roadrunner:

I'd put him upside-down in the basketball net with his feet sticking up on the backboard.

Louie the Lobo: I'd dogpile him. I'd hogtie him. No, I'd kick his ass.

U.: Your favorite part of the job?

Spider: Doing the most random things you could ever think of. During a timeout in a basketball game, the band played "Unchained Melody." I started dancing with some girl from the audience. In costume, it felt natural — I'd never do it in real life.

Fighting Camel: Making people laugh.

Rowdy the Roadrunner: Scaring people. Coming up behind them when they don't know I'm there and putting my beak over their shoulder.

Louie the Lobo: The attention of thousands of people.

U.: Do you shed? Molt?

Spider: No.

Fighting Camel: I was shedding a little bit — then my hump fell off. It was Velcro.

Rowdy the Roadrunner: My costume doesn't, but I think I do after being in there a few hours.

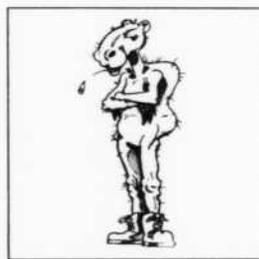
Louie the Lobo: A little. I stink.

■ Ed Poe, *The Oklahoma Daily*, U. of Oklahoma, contributed to this article

Who Was that Mascot Man?



U. of Richmond Spider



Campbell U. Fighting Camel (yes, Camel)



U. of Texas, San Antonio: Rowdy the Roadrunner



U. of New Mexico: Louie the Lobo

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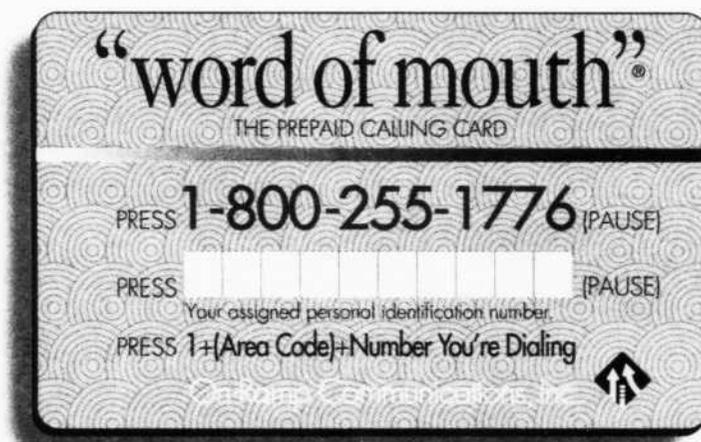
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BODY ROCK

By Perry Brothers, *The Kentucky Kernel*, U. of Kentucky

Brand it, pierce it, scar it, ink it.

Throw out the clay. Ditch the canvas. There's a new medium in the art world: flesh.

Any place, any time and in almost any city in America, body artists are prepared to satisfy your every craving for body adornment. They will stab you with needles, burn you with irons and cut you with knives. They will do this on purpose, and they will get paid for it. God bless America.

[What the hell is this, Perry? Some kind of sick joke? No one's ever going to believe this.]

Body Modifications, a shop near the U. of San Francisco campus, offers its patrons two of the more extreme (and we mean *extreme*) forms of body art: scarification and branding. San Jose State U. student Melisa Kaye works in the shop as a "scarification technician."

"Certain people are attracted to certain ways of modifying the body, but they consider needles and burning too horrible, so they choose scarification," Kaye says. Scarification, she claims, is often less painful than piercing or branding.

Most clients come to Kaye with a design. Kaye cleans the skin, applies a surface sketch of the design, then cuts the

design into the skin with a scalpel. If the person's skin doesn't scar easily, she rubs ink or ash into the incisions to increase the visibility of the resulting scar.

[This is done on purpose? This godless culture.]

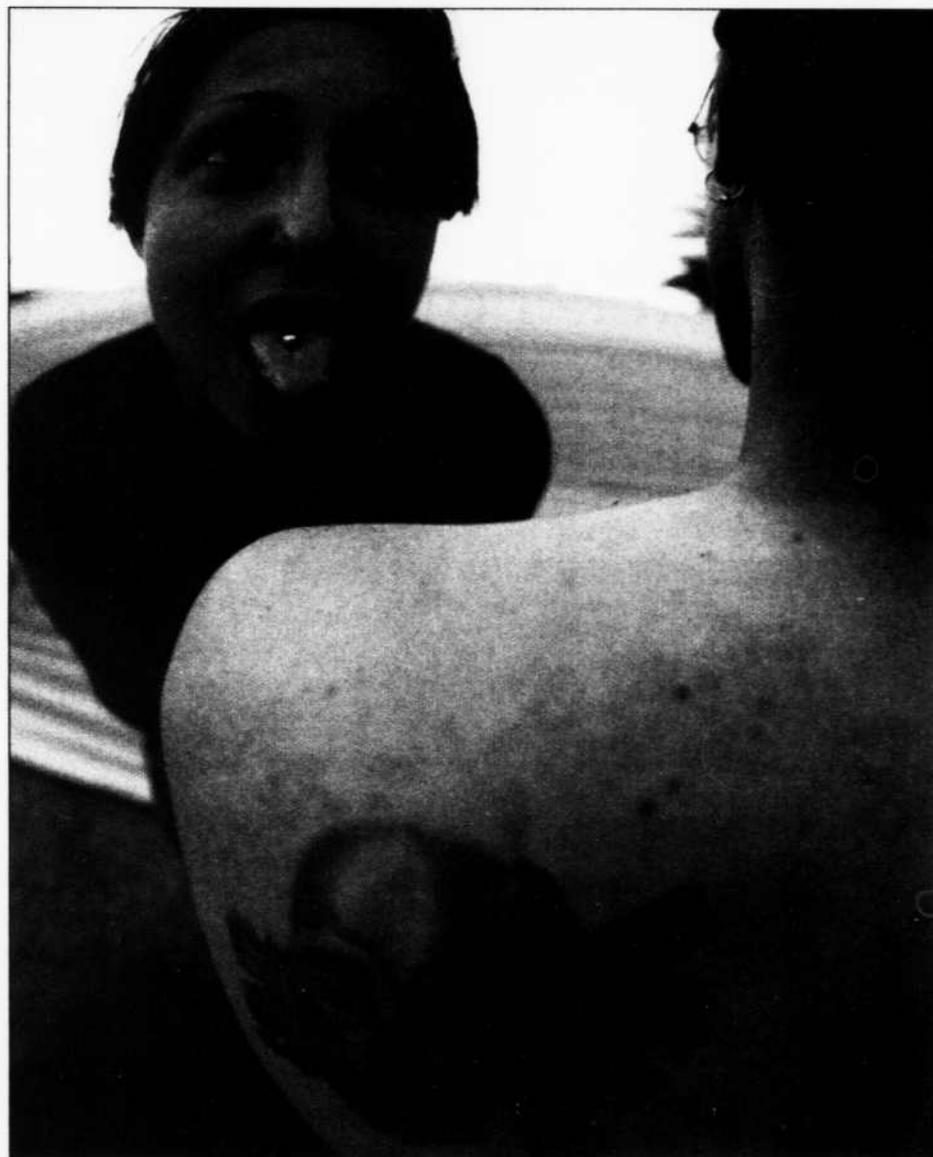
The procedure for branding is similar, but instead of a scalpel, branders like Vaughn (just Vaughn), who also works at Body Modifications, use tiny irons to make burning strikes rather than incisions. Each searing strike lasts about four seconds and causes a third-degree burn. A series of these strikes creates the desired design.

Vaughn says branding isn't very popular because most people are uncomfortable with the idea of burning their skin. But several college fraternities and sororities practice branding.

On the U. of Kentucky campus, several members of Phi Beta Sigma, a traditionally black fraternity, have received brands as a way of displaying allegiance to their fraternity. Michael Jones, a Phi Beta Sigma member, placed his left bicep under the iron in 1992.

"Branding is not a new concept," he says. "A lot of people who don't understand what it's about relate it to slavery, but it goes back even further than that. African tribes used branding and other forms of scarification in their ancient rites-of-passage ceremonies."

Kaye and Vaughn agree there's a



symbolic meaning behind body art. "As our society gets more and more technologically advanced, any form of body manipulation puts a person back in control of their own body," Kaye says, "whether you're a tribe member in New Guinea or a college student in California."

People who can't stomach cutting or burning their flesh turn to more common forms of body art. Tom Blackman, owner of Choice Peach Tattoos in Chapel Hill, N.C., says the mainstream world is opening up to making "powerful personal statements" through other forms of body modification, such as body piercing.

Nearly any part of the body can be—and by brave souls is—pierced.

Brian DiCrocco, a psychology student at Ohio State U., had his tongue pierced by "pierceologist" Patrick McCarthy. "I'd always wanted my septum pierced," DiCrocco says. "But I figured I'd start out with the tongue and then eventually get my septum done."

McCarthy says many of his clients request additional piercing after they discover the surprisingly low level of pain involved—even with genital piercings. Most of his clients enjoy a sense of empowerment from the act, he says.

[Empowerment from jabbing a needle in your crotch?]

Of course there's always that old standby—the tattoo. Available most anywhere—from the harbor docks to the Cracker Jack box—tattoos are the

original form of body modification. Except for circumcision, of course.

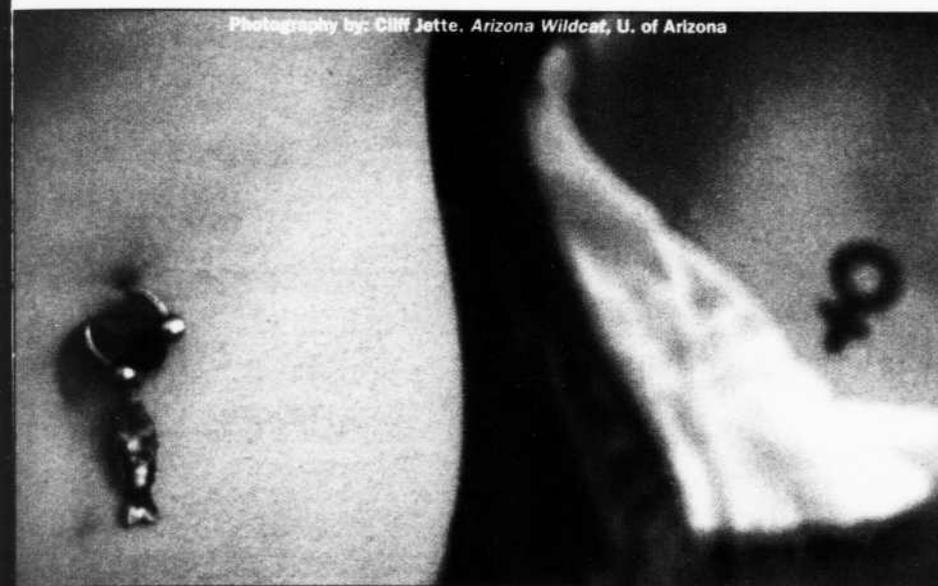
Believed to be of Sumerian origin, the practice of tattooing involves the pricking and staining of the skin with indelible ink. Although tattoos can often be removed with lasers or bleaching techniques, they're more or less a permanent commitment.

As such, many people choose to get tattoos in inconspicuous places—on the ankle or below the belt line—ensuring that only a select few will have the privilege of viewing. Others choose to tattoo their foreheads, but these people are often drunk and/or Charles Manson.

Thinking about piercing your belly button or frying your shoulder with a fraternity symbol? A word of advice: Don't try this at home. These procedures leave open wounds, which could lead to potential dangers—infection, unintentionally torn skin, even possible exposure to HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. Most studios set their sterilization standards at hospital levels, but be safe and inquire about the instrument cleaning procedures prior to going under the knife, needle or iron.

Go on now. Express yourself, if you've got the ... uh ... skin.

[Look, Perry, these people are sick. There's no way we can publish this. Our readers don't want to hear about cutting and piercing. They want to know about hip young bands like Kenny G. and those Rolling Stoners. Thanks, but no thanks.]

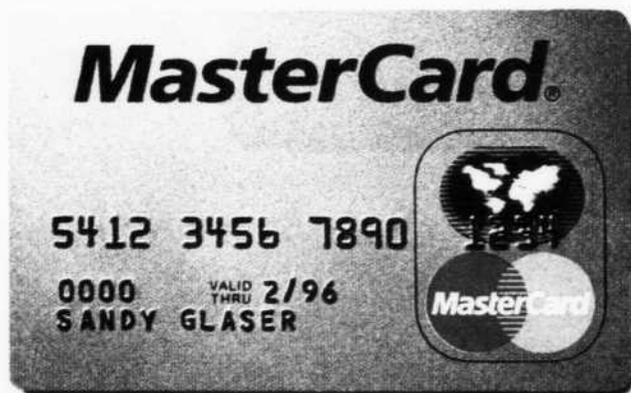


Photography by: Cliff Jette, *Arizona Wildcat*, U. of Arizona

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Latex and Tri-Delts and Butt-head, oh my!

HALLOWEIRD

This year, you may be pounding the pavement — again.

No, not job searching, not apartment hunting — just looking for a Halloween costume.

If you've ever muttered the words "trick or treat" while trying to pass yourself off as, say, one of those Tri-Delts from the *Saturday Night Live* skits, you know the public scorn associated with a lame costume.

So even if your "like-oh-my-god" shriek is perfected, it's still a good idea to do some strategic planning before October 31 so you can avoid the terror associated with last-minute costume design.

For example, at Drexel U. in Philadelphia, Halloween costume plans are well under way in the graphic design department. The student artists put together an annual event known as the mask media — an art show that exhibits their work — that visitors attend in costume.

Senior graphic design student Kristy Floyd thinks a retro motif will be on this year's agenda. Floyd's planning an '80s Halloween party and she's hoping everyone will dig out their yucky neons and boogie to the likes of Duran Duran and Madonna.

There's an idea. Be Madonna! All you need is a pair of fishnet stockings, a dog collar, cone boobs and a date who looks like Dave Letterman.

While we're talking dates, you've gotta know that there are men crazy enough to use the costume thing as an aphrodisiac.

"As an undergrad, I wanted beer as a Halloween treat. Now I want the tricks, too," says Villanova U. grad student Jeff Murray.

And how exactly is this stud muffin planning to fulfill his quest for "tricks"?

"I'm dressing as Beavis or Butt-head, and I'm studying a book of pick-up lines," Murray explains a bit too eagerly. "Should I call you for breakfast, or should I just nudge you?"

While guys like Murray are trying to get women with their costumes, others are sporting the girlie attire themselves.

"A lot of guys dress as women on Halloween," says Boise State U. junior Patrick Acosta. "It's an opportunity to be someone you're not." Hey, Acosta, is there something we should know?

Acosta also says he dressed as Pee-wee Herman one year. To this day, his nickname is Pee-wee. Lucky him.

Sue Dolhi, a transfer student at Biola U. in La Mirada, Calif., predicts media and political figures will make a splash this year. "Clinton costumes will be big, but I want to be a goldfish because I saw a really cool goldfish costume in a movie recently," says Dolhi.

Evidently the L.A. smog has been seeping into Dolhi's brain cells. And why



Photography by: Roxanne Haynes, Daily Lobo, U. of New Mexico

would anyone want to be Hillary or Bill anyway? You might get stoned by some psycho mistaking you for President Hillary. Maybe a Socks the Cat get-up would be safer.

Speaking of cats, the Penn State U. Nittany Lions will be whooping it up in everything from Brady Bunch ensembles to Flintstones outfits, according to Arlene Tepic, owner of New To You, a costume and second-hand store in College Park, Pa.

Tepic helps assemble costumes like Disney characters, belly dancers and even giant condoms. "I look at the person to get an idea of their personality and then I figure out what they would look good in," she says. "Almost everyone in the young crowd can handle a freakish, monster-like outfit." (Hey, Arlene, not all college students are freaks — only the ones who request giant condom costumes.)

Penn State U. is in for quite a Halloween weekend. With the holiday

falling during homecoming and the home football game against Ohio State U., it's sure to be quite a spook-fest.

"There will be a double dose of freaks lining up to get into parties," predicts Penn State U. sophomore Dave Escola.

Freaks will be roaming around the U. of Vermont, too.

Freshman Kevin Keating plans to conjure spirits with his Ouija board and maybe

even drink the blood of small rodents. What will he wear? Black, of course.

"People's biggest fear is of being alone in the dark," Keating explains. "I want to become their fear."

Wonder how he'd feel if some of Drexel's retro-'80s neon-wearers showed up on his doorstep?

Susan Martin, a residence life staff member at the U. of Delaware, has watched her student staff come up with some pretty weird — er, unique — ensembles.

"One year, a member of my staff had a white outfit on, and she carried a water gun," Martin says. "She was cloudy with a chance of showers."

Gee, maybe you could just dress in yellow and orange and be a ray of sunshine!

Or if you really want to do the nature thing, you could follow the suggestion of Beaver College senior Andy Graham. Last year, with a masquerade ball less than 24 hours away, Graham and a buddy transformed themselves into Amazon headhunters. "We covered ourselves in body paints, used a cloth as a sarong and stuck plants in our straw hats," he says.

While Graham was exploring the wild, Loyola U. senior Rachel Poy was getting in touch with her spirituality. "I dressed as a biker nun, and I really fit in," she says. Poy, who thought *her* costume was strange, attended an AIDS charity ball where her holy Harley ensemble was considered tame.

Other Loyola students opted for the Waco, Texas, look in their burnt clothes. Pass the marshmallows.

Well, if none of these ideas light you on fire — not even the Waco thing — you'll just have to take an "F" in Halloween Costumes 101. On second thought, maybe Arlene has an extra giant condom for you.



This costume was weeks in the planning. By the way which is Beavis?

By Amy Angelilli, Delaware County Community College

College, Inc.

Soda giants pop the big question: Wanna do business?

At some schools, whether you like it or not, Coke is it.

As costs rise and government funding fizzles at financially strapped colleges and universities, corporate giants PepsiCo, Inc. and The Coca-Cola Company are promising to quench the thirst of parched academia with big-money exclusive contracts — something that could potentially extend the role of big business into the classroom.

Some people fear that in addition to campus vending machines offering only one brand of soda or university computer labs sporting only one kind of machine, the day will come when students will be offered only one kind of education.

If corporations can quench a university's thirst, clothe its students and provide them with Astroturf, they just might attempt to flex their muscles when it comes to creating or changing the curriculum.

Even so, schools are becoming addicted to exclusive agreements. Sure, the unilateral contracts limit student choice, but many financially struggling schools are willing to sign contracts to stay in business.

In return, corporations receive the undivided attention of the 20something set. Midnight trips to the vending machine for a Pepsi could leave you dry if you go to a Coke-only college.

"This is a key time, when students are developing brand loyalties," says The Coca-Cola Company program manager Mary Butin. "We are on 85 percent of all college and university campuses. Someday we hope to have a presence on 100 percent of them."

"We don't go targeting schools," adds Butin. "If it makes sense, we make an offer. We're not pushing [Coke] down anybody's throat."

Maybe not, but it is hard for schools not to swallow the appeal of an exclusive contract's perks — computers, lab equipment, lectures and athletic gear.

Take Oregon State U., for instance. The university was in desperate need of a cash infusion because voters had repeatedly balked at property tax increases to help fund higher education.

In the past five years, Oregon State U. raised tuition 78 percent — from \$1,707 in 1989 to \$3,048 in 1994 — and enrollment plummeted from 17,000 to 14,000. Oregon State U. sought help to

close the fiscal gap by entering into a 12-year, \$2.3 million exclusive agreement with The Coca-Cola Company.

Where does the money go?

"We've already received \$1.5 million, which requires us to stay with Coke exclusively," says Oregon State U. contract administrator Bob Halverson. "Some of the revenue was used to buy a new scoreboard, which will increase [advertising] revenue tenfold. We are spending \$500,000 to renovate dining services and student housing. Very little of the money from the Coke contract will go toward academics."

Liz Foster, a senior at Oregon State U., is tired of the mandatory fizz dispensed by companies and administrators. "Even if private companies pour millions of dollars into the university, it never reaches the academic arena," Foster says. "Athletics get the majority of the money."

Foster, the editor in chief of the university's newspaper, *The Oregon Daily Emerald*, wishes some of that money had been spent to save the journalism program — a casualty in the 1992 fight for funding.

"Academic programs are much too expensive for this kind of long-term financing," Halverson contends. "We spent the money where the old monies used to come from. We did it responsibly, and tried to do it reasonably with student input."

Indiana U. also turned to a unilateral agreement for financial reasons and allowed Coke to tap the market of some 100,000 students on eight campuses.

"We're going to begin exploring other kinds of revenue of this sort," says Terry Clapacs, vice president of administration at IU. "There is only so much you can do with tuition, and we need to find ways to balance our budget. [This will] increase our revenues by \$15 million over the next 10 years."

Junior Kimberly See, an education major at IU, is hoping profits from the private sector will mean better programs and fewer tuition hikes. "Some people are complaining that they like Pepsi, but it doesn't matter to me. Pop is pop," See says.

Penn State U. is risking alienating Coke drinkers in an effort to improve its financial situation. In 1992, Penn State

entered into a 10-year exclusive contract with PepsiCo that is expected to generate \$14 million in revenue.

Where's the money headed? Two scoreboards and a \$6 million athletic center top the list. Administrators say some of the money will also be used for university scholarships.

Penn State administrators are hailing PepsiCo as a financial savior, but some students aren't buying into the arrangement. Cheryl Trent, a junior studying integrative arts, says she's sick of hearing about everything Pepsi's done for the university. "You would think we should rename it Pepsi University or something," Trent says.

"Freedom of choice is not a real issue. Aside from the financial aspect, this is a chance for Pepsi to get closer to students."

CHRIS ROMOSER
Spokesperson,
PepsiCo, Inc.

Pros and cons of going exclusive
Proponents of going exclusive say that it doesn't mean giving up choice. If students want to take the Nestea Plunge, Dew It or sip Snapple, they'll just have to go off-campus to local stores.

"Most students lead very mobile lives," says PepsiCo, Inc. spokesperson Chris Romoser. "Their environment expands beyond campus boundaries. Freedom of choice is not a real issue. Aside from the financial aspect, this is a chance for Pepsi to get closer to students."

However, projected fat profit margins from exclusive contracts could go flat if students remain loyal to their favorite drinks. Loyalty to variety and not one brand is what has kept some universities from signing carbonated contracts.

"We feel we may lose 20 percent of [our soda sales] if we go exclusive," says Chuck Knox, the U. of Illinois senior

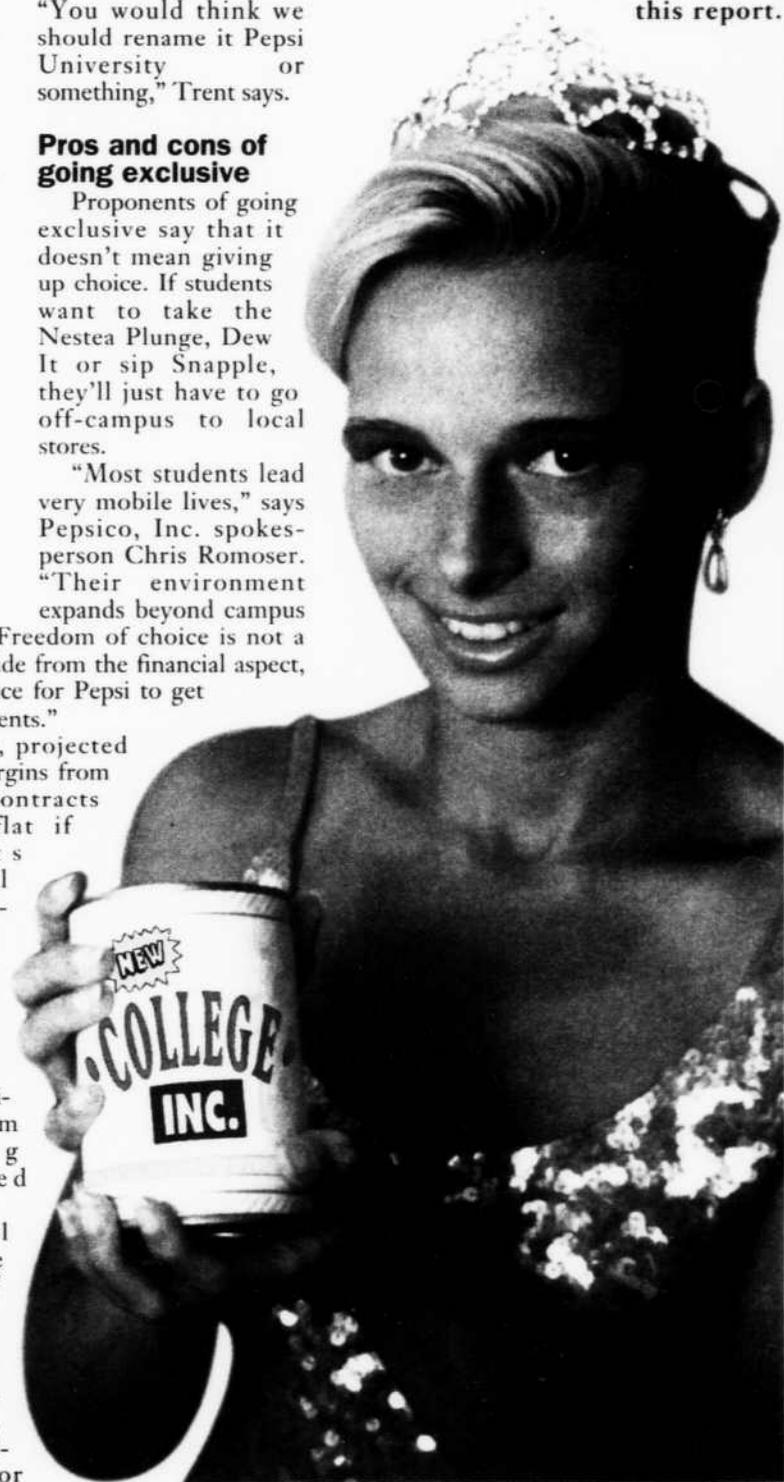
buyer in charge of purchasing university food equipment. "The wider the variety of products, the wider the appeal. Our priorities are quality, students and cost — in that order."

Corporations defend exclusive contracts as capitalism working for the community. Special deals from the soda giants include sponsorship of lecture series and research grants and internships for students.

With companies offering such beefy benefits, sacrificing one product for another may seem like a small price to pay to keep universities afloat.

But as universities and colleges snatch up exclusive contracts, students may have to get used to the idea of graduating from the Soda School of Public Relations or getting a degree in soda management. Ironically, the choice of a new generation may very well be no choice at all.

■ *The Daily Collegian*, Penn State U., contributed to this report.



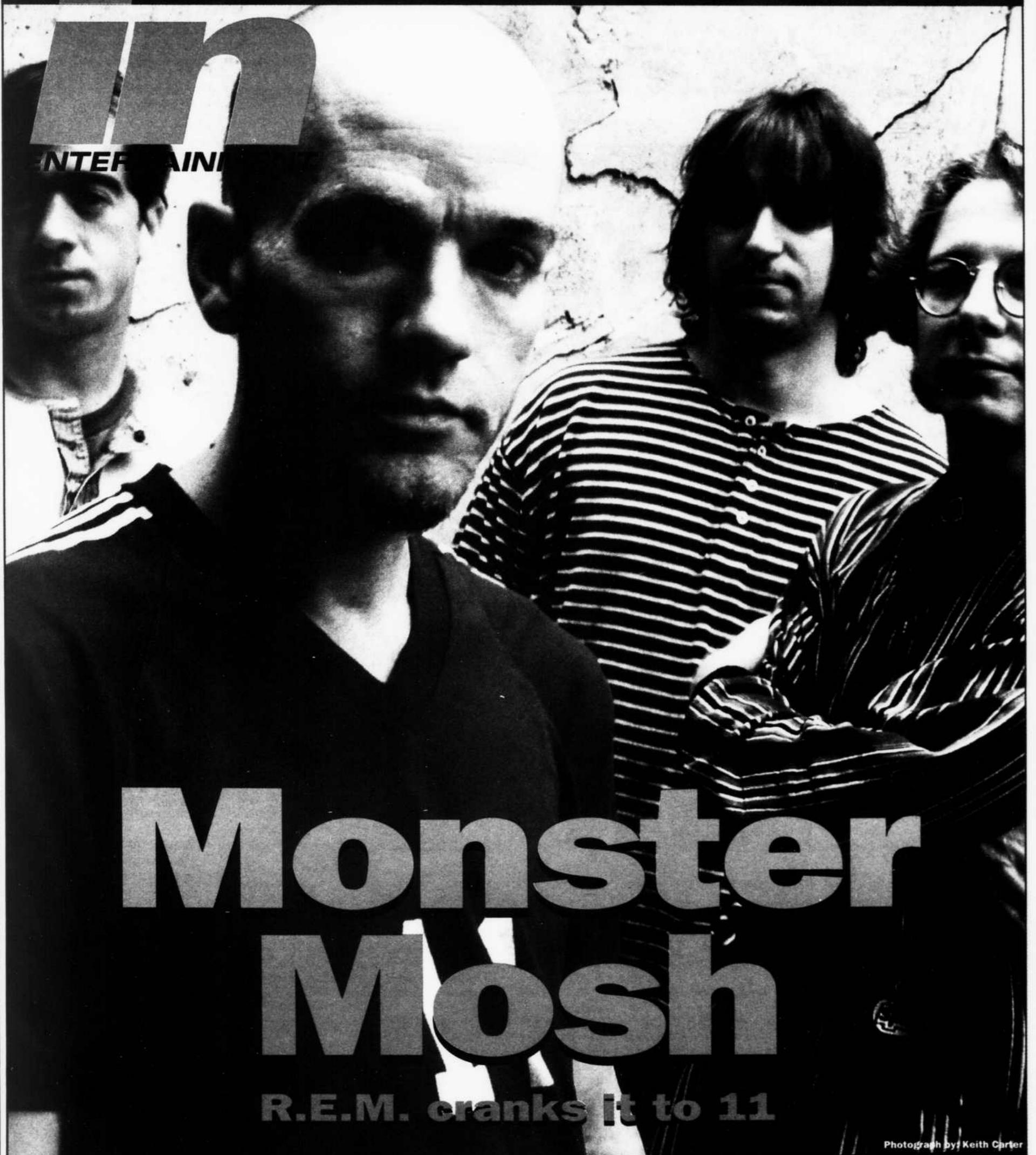
Photograph by: Anthony Muñoz, *The State News*, Michigan State U.

By Julie Blair, *The Anchor*, Hope College

THE COLLEGE MUSIC AND ENTERTAINMENT SOURCE

im

ENTERTAINMENT



Monster Mosh

R.E.M. cranks it to 11

Photograph by Keith Carter

WE'VE TRACED THE CALL. IT'S COMING FROM INSIDE THE ENTERTAINMENT SECTION. GET OUT!

Mike Mills is not having a good day. R.E.M.'s bassist is in Los Angeles for the filming of the group's latest video, "What's the Frequency, Kenneth?" It's the first single from *Monster*, the band's 11th album and one of this fall's most anticipated releases.

Unfortunately, Mills hates music videos. "I just think the whole idea behind them is disgusting," he says, taking a seat on his hotel room couch and reaching for his sunglasses to block out the late afternoon sun coming through the window. "They're just four-minute commercials to sell your record."

"I never wanted to be an actor," Mills continues. "I didn't get into this business to be on film. I don't like the power music videos assert over the success or failure of songs."

That's a surprising attitude coming from a member of R.E.M., considering the band has won just as many video awards as music awards.

"[Videos] can be nice as artistic pieces," Mills, 35, continues after a brief pause. "Some are really cool to watch. I just think music should sell on whether or not it sounds good — not because some guy can make you look good in a video." Fair enough.

It wasn't long ago that the Athens, Ga.-based quartet refused to even appear in their videos. In the mid-'80s, the group released a string of clips that more closely resembled home videos than music videos. Their hesitation was due as much to disinterest in the booming video industry as to their college rock ethic.

Lead singer/lyricist Michael Stipe says he never liked the idea of lip-syncing his own songs on camera. But giving in to it on the video for "Losing My Religion" paid off. The band went on to sell more than 3 million albums, making R.E.M. a household name.

Stipe's opinion of film and videos, though, has changed considerably in recent years. Now 34, he actively participates in the making of each new R.E.M. video and even has his own production company, C-00 (pronounced "C-hundred"), where he and partner Jim McKay produce documentaries and public service announcements.

Stipe recently inked a two-year film deal with New Line Cinema to develop and produce youth-oriented films.

Stipe quietly enters the room, apologizing for his tardiness.

Along with Mills, guitarist Peter Buck and drummer Bill Berry, he has just finished a photo shoot for the cover of British magazine *NME*.

Stipe's baseball cap reads "PUNK ROCK." His head is shaved bald, and his thick, black-rimmed glasses make him look like a cross between Morrissey and Mr. Peabody. But he isn't as shy and solemn as the press usually portrays him.

"We all know how to push each other's buttons," Stipe says of the band. "We've maintained doing what we do and have gained a lot of respect for each other,

though, in our ability to maintain doing what we do. Does that make sense?" Apparently, he uses the same word play in conversation as he does in his lyrics.

Why the title *Monster*?

"Peter came up with it," Mills explains. "It seemed like a very descriptive title because the making of this album sort of became a monster that threatened to consume us all. Many of the protagonists in the songs are sort of monstrous, as well as some of the noises heard on the record."

Monster is arguably the band's scariest-sounding record. The mandolins and accordions used on R.E.M.'s

ever done that before," he boasts of "Tongue," one of only two ballads on the album.

With the exception of the cynical "King of Comedy," the 12 new songs focus less on politics and more on sex. In "I Don't Sleep, I Dream," Stipe sings, "You come in to ease my headache/ Do you give good head?"

Does Stipe ever surprise himself as a lyricist?

"I've written some really good stuff," he admits, "and that's always kind of shocking. But every now and then I'll write a 'Losing My Religion' or an 'Everybody Hurts' — songs that touch on a common ground to human experience. When I hit on that, it's really cool."

"A lot of things happened during the making of this record that made songwriting very difficult," Stipe continues. "Outside factors, like birth and death. We were stretching and moving from where our heads were during *Automatic* to the type of sound on this record."

The differences between the two albums are striking. The quiet melodies and introspective words on *Automatic* convey an intimacy rarely found in pop music. *Monster*, however, is an emotional mine field. Stipe's confrontational lyrics on songs like "Circus Envy" and "I Took Your Name" are tension-filled and stirring. The album ends with "You," a haunting composition that recalls the barrenness of 1984's "Feeling Gravity's Pull."

"We all set out to make, like, a punk rock record," Stipe admits. "I wanted it to be a thrash, brash, in-your-face, gender-fuck kind of album — and, on the surface, maybe a little bit ugly."

"Trying these new things was like exploring uncharted territory," Mills adds. "The path was not always clear, so we were sort of feeling our way along."

Another path R.E.M. haven't ventured down lately is the tour circuit. The group hasn't played more than a handful of live shows since the *Green* tour ended in 1990. Will they tour for *Monster*?

"It looks like it," Stipe says hesitantly. "I love traveling, and I love performing, but when you combine the two for 10 months, it's really tiring. I've had five years to catch my breath, though." Plans for the tour are still being finalized, but it is currently set to begin in Australia in January and is expected to last most of next year. Mills says the bulk of R.E.M.'s live set will be material

from the group's last three albums.

With the new album a radical departure in style, is there anything the band hasn't yet explored?

"We'd still like to do the score for a full-length movie," Mills says. "We've had offers and some ideas, but the timing hasn't been right."

Stipe has lofty ambitions as well. "I guess I've never written a perfect song and put it on record," he says. "I've come pretty close. I'd love to go back and re-sing 'World Leader Pretend' [*Green*], because I could have worked a little harder at it the first time. I'm my own worst critic."

"We're all really just a bunch of f—k-ups," Stipe says with a grin. Yeah, well — everybody hurts.

It Came from Athens, Ga.



By Rob Hooper, California State U., Los Angeles

two previous efforts, *Automatic for the People* and *Out of Time*, have been tossed aside. Instead, many of the new songs sound like anthems for a world filled with dark, sexual tension. And Peter Buck's guitar work has never been more aggressive or exhilarating.

"We've never done a record that sounds like this," Mills says. "We wanted to make a really loud record this time, so we put a lot of pressure on ourselves to deliver. *Document* may be the closest we've come to this sound in that it was so guitar-heavy, but *Monster* is not a return to anything. We don't regret. We move on."

Stipe says this project has challenged him in many ways. "I sang an entire song in falsetto. I don't think I've

DRINK FROM ME AND LIVE FOREVER

TOM CRUISE

INTERVIEW
WITH THE
VAMPIRE

THE VAMPIRE CHRONICLES

BRAD PITT
STEPHEN REA
ANTONIO BANDERAS
AND
CHRISTIAN SLATER

GEFFEN PICTURES PRESENTS

A FILM BY NEIL JORDAN TOM CRUISE BRAD PITT STEPHEN REA ANTONIO BANDERAS CHRISTIAN SLATER

"INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE" KIRSTEN DUNST COSTUME DESIGNER STAN WINSTON EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MICK AUGUSTY DANTE FERRETTI

PRODUCED BY PHILIPPE ROUSSELOT WRITTEN BY ELLIOT GOLDENTHAL DIRECTED BY REDMOND MCGRA EDITOR ANN HART



EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS STEPHEN WOOLLEY & DAVID GEFFEN PRODUCED BY NEIL JORDAN



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NOVEMBER

Blues Traveler

Four
A&M



Before the age of samplers and high-gloss record production, God created live rock and roll and saw that it was good.

Blues Traveler is one of the few bands that still strives to produce studio recordings with all the live heat and sweat of a backyard jam session.

The group's fourth album, *Four*, is a testament to that struggle. Even the biggest skeptics will find themselves bobbing to tracks like "Run-around" or falling into the funk of "Stand." And once lead singer John Popper begins his trademarked harmonica sermon, it's all over. You're converted whether you like it or not.

■ M. Tye Comer, *The Review*, U. of Delaware

Big Head Todd & the Monsters

Stratagem
Giant Records



Big Head Todd & the Monsters have left behind the cozy pop and catchy melodies of their last CD, *Sister Sweetly*. Don't mourn the loss.

Stratagem is an evolution for Big Head Todd into textured instrumentation and good old rock and roll.

Todd Park Mohr's vocals and lyrics are now backed by a free-flowing, loosely structured sound, alternately dreamy and pumped full of emotion. Robb Squires' bass and Brian Nevin's drums have finally matched steps with Park Mohr's fluid guitar, binding *Stratagem* into a splendid whole.

■ Ian Corwin, *The Daily Iowan*, U. of Iowa

Black Crowes

America
American Records



A band that gets progressively less radio-friendly is one to be admired. The Black Crowes made it big by reintroducing southern rock — but with their

latest release, *America*, they're aiming to please themselves.

Sure, songs like "A-conspiracy" will catch on with their rootsy appeal. But on most of the new tracks, this band is flexing its musical muscles and developing an identity.

So if you want to be on the cutting edge, buy *America* and then brag about how you liked the band when it wasn't so damn cool.

■ Eric Geyer, U. of Texas, Houston

Cramps

Flamejob
Medicine/Giant Records



If Uncle Fester were to cover Elvis with The Clash as his back-up band, you'd know what to expect from The Cramps' latest release, *Flamejob*. The weird and dastardly quartet combines souped-up '50s swing, twisted '60s surf and glittery '70s punk into 15 songs that mock today's rock music and replace political agendas with the humor of a cheap horror flick.

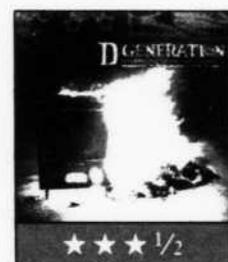
A masochistic collection of lovely ballads like "Sado County Auto Show," "Nest of the Cuckoo Bird" and "Ultra Twist," the LP is a lusty, busy dose of B-movie rock.

It's Elvis with black lipstick and Chuck Berry with KISS boots. With *Flamejob*, The Cramps are reaffirmed as the sultans of backwater punk swing.

■ Jeff Sklar, Michigan State U.

DGeneration

DGeneration
EMI Records



Punk rock never needed much more than three chords, three minutes of wailing and a little bit of unscripted chutzpah for garnish. New York's DGeneration has

all that and even throws in some eye-popping attire to boot.

Vocalist Jesse Malin and his dirty Big Apple bunch lay it on the line simple and straight — the time for wimp rock is over. Hair spray-cum-butt rocker appearances notwithstanding, DGeneration proves that the old order of business is ultimately more meaty and manly.

■ Jason Probst, *The Daily Evergreen*, Washington State U.

Our Picks

Listen, U.

(Or, How We Learned To Stop Worrying and Love Self-Indulgence):

Mazy Star, *So Tonight That I Might See* — Released in 1993, the LP is catching a deserved second wind. "Fade Into You" gets us all weepy.

The Boogie Monsters, *Riders of the Storm: The Underwater Album* — This debut LP proves that you don't need a gimmick to make a good hip-hop album — just good hip-hop.

Magnapop, *Hot Boxing* — Just how we like 'em, frumpy and frenetic. Solid power pop.

Harry Connick, Jr., *She* — Harry loses the Frank fetish for a big-band/Creole hybrid. By God, the man is sexy.

Love and Rockets, *Hot Trip to Heaven* — Reunited yet again, David J and Daniel Ash put together a kinder, gentler LP full of extended sonic-sweet nothings. Mellow gold.

Stereolab, *Mars Audiac Quintet* — Consistently challenging songs with a rocking Vox organ grinder. Whoomp!

Fretblanket, *Junkfuel* — We have about 7,000 copies of this disc lying around the office. Call us if you want one. Psych.

Manu Dibango, *Wakafrika* — Somehow more engaging and less intimidating than most "world music," *Wakafrika* has more hooks than a meat freezer.

Deee-Lite, *Dewdrops in the Garden* — They want to teach the world to dance, and Lady Kier still has a groove in her heart. By God, the woman is sexy.

AWARE: *The Compilation* — Buy this album! No, seriously — buy this album. No. Seriously. Buy this album.

Pocket Band

Box the Walls

"I love melody and I also love words," says Wendie Colter, singer/songwriter for Los Angeles' coffeehouse-band-gone-big, **Box The Walls**. Her commitment to crafting sweet pop melodies can be heard on the band's debut three-song EP, *like roses*.

To say that Box The Walls has a yen for perfect pop barely scratches the surface. Each song is a finely tuned melodic concoction. The dense wall of guitars on the title track provides a canvas for Colter's harmonic vocals. "Darkside," the closing ballad, has a sparse, folksy feel to it with lyrics that bring Tori Amos to mind: "If I could reach down into you/I'd pull up a handful... To see what you're made of."

The EP was released by a friend of the band, and despite *like roses'* limited distribution in local music stores, favorable response has been flowing from local press and college radio since the band's 1993 West Coast tour with the cranberries.

And although they would love to pursue music full-time, the big-money world of major labels isn't all that appealing to the five members of Box The Walls. "I love the idea of being on an indie label because the people that buy music on indie labels are music appreciators," Colter says. "[But] this is a public art form.... In order to feel a sense of accomplishment, we need the record to be heard by a lot of people." From the sound of *like roses*, that shouldn't take long.

For more information on Box The Walls, write: Long Arm Talent, 1657 Angelus Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90026.

Bryan McNamara, *Collegiate Times*, Virginia Tech



Listen Up!

U. Radio Chart

1. **Sebadoh, *Bakesale***, Sub Pop
2. **Jesus Lizard, *Down***, Touch and Go
3. **Guided By Voices, *Bee Thousand***, Scat/Matador
4. **Various Artists, *Natural Born Killers Soundtrack***, Nothing/Interscope
5. **Sugar, *File Under: Easy Listening***, Rykodisc
6. **Dinosaur, Jr., *Without A Sound***, Sire/Reprise
7. **Stereolab, *Mars Audiac Quintet***, Elektra
8. **Beastie Boys, *Ill Communication***, Capitol
9. **Various Artists, *Jabberjaw***, Mammoth
10. **Palace Brothers, *Days in the Wake***, Drag City

Chart solely based on college radio airplay. Contributing radio stations: KJHK, U. of Kansas; WFAL, Bowling Green U.; KUCB, U. of Colorado; WUVT, Virginia Tech; KRNU, U. of Nebraska, Lincoln; KTUH, U. of Hawaii; WRFL, U. of Kentucky; WXJM, James Madison U.; KTRU, Rice U.; WSBF, Clemson U.

★★★★=Chunky Monkey ★★★★★=Wavy Gravy ★★★=Cherry Garcia
★★=Rainforest Crunch ★=Compost Swirl

He said it was a lesson.
She said it was sexual harassment.

DAVID MAMET
OLEANNA

Whatever side you take, you're wrong.

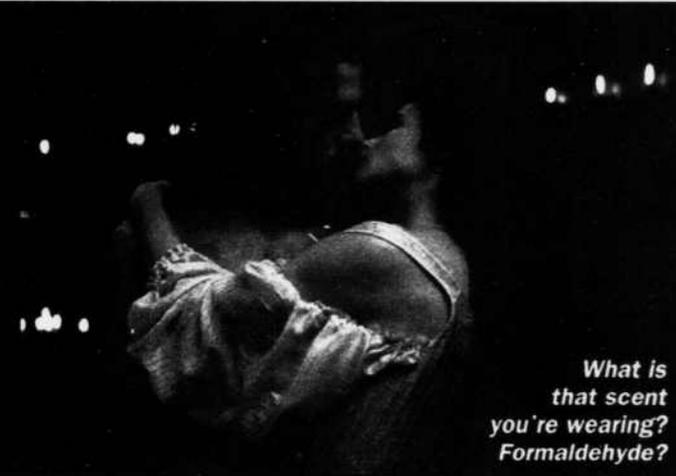


THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY in association with CHANNEL FOUR FILMS Presents A BAY KINESCOPE Production A Film by DAVID MAMET
OLEANNA WILLIAM H. MACY DEBRA EISENSTADT Costume Designer JANE GREENWOOD
Executive Producer DAVID WASCO and SANDY REYNOLDS WASCO Music by REBECCA PIDGEON Editor BARBARA TULLIVER
Director of Photography ANDRZEJ SEKULA Screenplay by DAVID MAMET Based on the play
Produced by PATRICIA WOLFF and SARAH GREEN Directed by DAVID MAMET

Samuel Goldwyn
THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY

OPENS NOVEMBER 4 AT SELECTED THEATRES

They're alive! Dead monsters, video games, authors and issues have been retooled and resurrected, and will be alive and kicking it up at a theater near you.



What is that scent you're wearing? Formaldehyde?

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein

Tristar Pictures

Sure, you can dig up body parts, put them together and wait for a bolt of lightning to bring the resulting monster back to life. But can the same be said for the Hollywood horror genre? *Frankenstein* is ripe for an update — and this reinterpretation of Shelley's novel connects her work with a cast that includes Kenneth Branagh (the doctor) and Robert De Niro (the creature).



Interview with the Vampire

Warner Bros.

Does Tom Cruise suck or doesn't he? Anne Rice, who wrote the book *Interview with the Vampire*, can't seem to decide. First she hated him, now she loves him as the vampire Lestat. Brad Pitt as the interviewee tells of his love-hate relationship with the vampire. Christian Slater plays the interviewer.

Stargate

MGM/UA



Those with a good memory for early '80s video games may get excited by the title of this one, but hold your smart bombs. In this film,

Colonel Jack O'Neill (Kurt Russell) and scientist Daniel Jackson (James Spader) travel to another planet to investigate a mysterious artifact and inadvertently discover a portal to another world. Its king, Ra, is played by a gender-decisive Jaye Davidson (*The Crying Game*).

Radioland Murders

Universal Pictures

Before television, Americans sat with their ears glued to their radios. In *Radioland Murders*, a new radio station is trying to get on the air, and secretary Penny Henderson (Mary Stuart

industrial-strength light and magic to recapture the thrill of radio on the silver screen.

Oleanna

Samuel Goldwyn



who's lying: the professor or the student. A limited set (the prof's office) and characters (the professor and the student) put Mamet's narrative talents to the test.

Clerks

Miramax Films

A shoestring budget and a guerrilla production schedule made *Clerks* a big hit at the Sundance Film Festival. The film, slapped with an NC-17 rating — currently under appeal — for language, stars Brian O'Halloran and Jeff Anderson as two clerks who work at (and pretty much conduct the rest of their lives out of) a New Jersey convenience store.

Sleep with Me

United Artists

Face it, love triangles are hip. In the

Masterson) is struggling to balance the demands of sponsors, writers and her husband. Producer George Lucas will have to perform some



latest, *Sleep with Me*, Joseph (Eric Stoltz) and Sarah (Meg Tilly) are set to wed when Joseph's best friend Frank (Craig Sheffer) decides he loves Sarah. Threatening to dissolve is their marriage and the union of their quirky friends, including Quentin Tarantino in a characteristically hyper cameo.

D.R.O.P. Squad

Gramercy Pictures



the interest of his career. When Jamison shuns his family, the Deprogramming and Restoration of Pride Squad — an organization devoted to enforcing allegiance to black pride no matter what the cost — steps in to set him straight and raises the question of which side commits the bigger wrong.

Double Dragon

Gramercy Pictures

Double Dragon mixes *The Crow*, *Blade Runner*, bad Marvel comic books and chop-socky films for a purée as watery as the blood that pours out of it. Set in the year 2007, *DD* follows Koga Shuko (a goateed Robert Patrick, the metal-melting bad guy from *T2*) as he searches for the medallion he thinks will enable him to control New Angeles (post-earthquake Los Angeles).

Floundering

Strand Releasing

This film has cult classic written all

What is it with these acronyms? In *D.R.O.P. Squad*, Bruford Jamison Jr. (Eriq LaSalle) is an ad rep willing to endorse racist campaigns in



newscasts of the L.A. riots while everyone from the I.R.S. to his drug-addicted brother asks for money. Expect the soundtrack — with songs by Sebadoh, Stan Ridgway and Codeine — to be an alternative music hit.

Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle

Fine Line Features



Parker. Period pieces generally fall flat, but this cast — including Jennifer Jason Leigh, Campbell Scott, Matthew Broderick, Peter Gallagher, Martha Plimpton and Stephen Baldwin — should keep the film from fizzling.

Hoop Dreams

Fine Line Features

The recent slew of basketball movies has been scorned by critics — not because the b-ball scenes aren't exciting, but because the plots have fouled out. This film is more of a documentary. Frederick Marx shot more than 250 hours of footage to capture the excitement of street ball as he chronicled the struggles of two inner-city kids who try to make it big in the N.B.A.

■ Jeff Niesel, *UCSD Guardian*, U. of California, San Diego

On the Set

Brady Bunch

When it was time to change, they decided to rearrange, rescript and reshoot to make *The Brady Bunch* television series of the '70s into a feature movie taking place in the '90s. This time around, the bunch will be serving up more than just pork chops and applesauce. The Bradys will have to confront '90s dilemmas in a '70s mindset.

Marcia II, Christine Taylor, says people should not expect a rerun. "We're in a time warp, so it puts an interesting twist that I think people will find funny." That is, if something doesn't suddenly come up.

Decked out in more colors and patterns than most color screens can handle, Jan II, Jennifer Elise Cox, says she'll miss the pink frosted lipstick and green checked hip-huggers when filming's completed. "The lime green turtleneck with a cream crocheted vest are my favorites." Groovy.

This nostalgic visit to Bradyland keeps on movin' with cameos from original cast members — all but Marcia, Jan and Mike — and *the Davy Jones*, and a \$3,000 Carol wig worn by Shelley Long. Look for *The Brady Bunch Movie* this spring in the highest quality polyester. Avoid getting grounded before then — and remember — don't play ball in the house.

■ Aimee Rinehart, *Assistant Editor*

Bashing Munchkins

Illustration by: Jason Birmingham, U. of Nevada, Reno



Soon it will be All Hallow's Eve, that dread night every October 31st when jolly old St. Nick brings presents to all the good little — wait a sec. That's not right...

Okay, here we go: Soon it will be All Hallow's Eve, that dread night every October 31st when wicked spirits are said to roam the earth. Lo those many years ago, when we were young (and having a lot more fun than we are now). Halloween was a delightful time. Many were the bittersweet hours spent carving jack-o'-lanterns, telling friends spooky ghost stories and performing elaborate pagan blood rituals. Ah, sweet youth.

Of course, Halloween isn't quite what it used to be. In a world of gang warfare, budget deficits and the probability of a "Dan Quayle in 1996" campaign, witches and goblins just aren't that scary. This year, my 13-year-old sister told me she plans to dress up as a vampire lawyer in the annual quest for treats — "It's the scariest thing I could think of."

The initial purpose of Halloween costumes was to deceive the evil spirits that roam the world. If you wore, say, a ghoul mask, all the real ghouls would leave you alone — figuring you were part of the union or whatever. It's high time to update this strategy. Try these tricks to scare away ghouls of the '90s:

- You need fear no political spectres — The Bill Clinton/Bob Dole reversible mask is guaranteed to anger and frighten the politically active of any affiliation. If you need a little more authority, upgrade to the Hillary Clinton/Rush Limbaugh version. Wear one on either side of your head and scare the hell out of moderates.

- Student finances being what they are, the looming demon of credit card debt may arise for more than a few students. You can't get rid of the 19.8 percent beast, but you can at least placate it by dressing up as your monthly minimum payment check. This one's easy — just wait until you see the student loan ghoul in a few years.

- If you're living in a university dorm, you more than likely have a roommate. To ward off any potential conflict, prepare a latex mask of your R.A. When the night comes, just deliver the traditional speeches on dorm alcohol policies, safe sex and cultural sensitivity. Smile a lot, then threaten to bust everyone for smoking weed.

- Seniors, beware the job search monster — it may make a brief appearance to play on your fears (of course, you'll see a lot more of it in the spring). Dress up as a giant résumé — and remember, spelling and punctuation count. Be sure to lie about your employment history.

- Not only is modern dating a series of bad dreams, it's double the trouble on the night of nightmares. To scare away the shades of potential heartbreak, there's a wide variety of options: dress up as a nun/monk of your choice, wear a fake wedding ring or claim to have burning sensations in all the wrong places.

- Last but hardly least are the ghoulish figures of our parents. Dress up in only your finest and lay on the manners if you happen to run into Mom and Dad. They may not be the most dangerous things you'll meet on Halloween, and you don't want to scare them away — they're probably the only ones who send you money.

■ James Frusetta, *State Press*, Arizona State U.

BlahBlahBlah

What happens when rock bands stop being polite and start getting real? Just ask Love Jones (see story, page 7) vocalist **Jonathan Palmer** and front man **Ben Daugherty**.

U.: *Wanna dis some bands?*

Daugherty: Yeah! I f—kin' wanna dis Candlebox and Collective Soul.

Palmer: I think Candlebox

sounds exactly like Poison. It's like Poison decided to make a career change and be an alternative band. I thinks it's Bret Michaels in some weird alternative disguise.

Daugherty: Collective Soul sounds like that watered down Boston kind of thing.

Palmer: And, of course, who perfected that watered down Boston kind of thing?

Daugherty and Palmer: Smashing Pumpkins.

Palmer: The Boston of the '90s.

Daugherty: All it is is bad cock rock. You get a big amp, grow your hair long, you pose, it's like, (singing), "I'm never gonna leave you, baby, baby, mama..."

Palmer: Did you see that guy, Billy Corgan, on *120 Minutes*? I couldn't believe they let him have a microphone and a camera. He's got no character at all. He actually asked Nick Cave what it's like fighting against the perception of being an esoteric British recording artist.

U.: *Nick must've loved that question.*

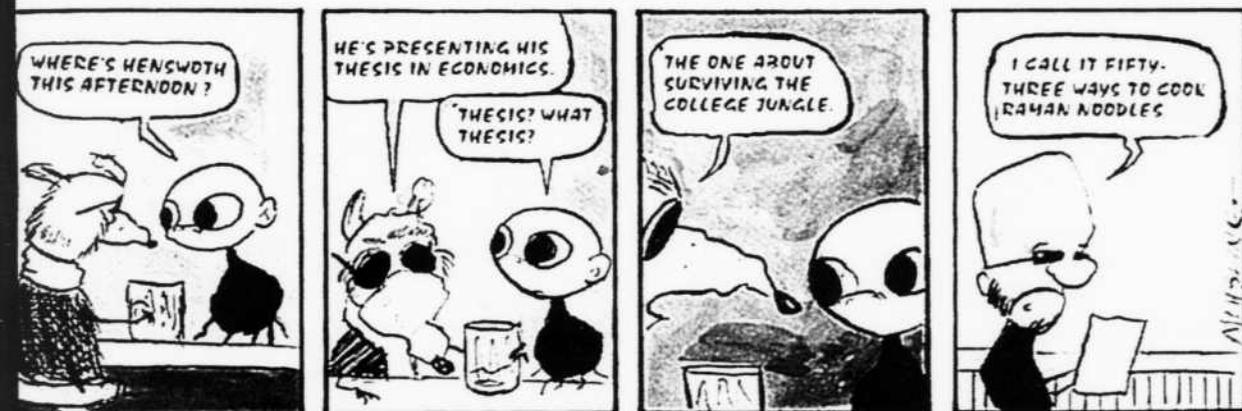
Palmer: Especially being Australian and being in a band with an American, a German and another Australian.

Daugherty: There's nothing even remotely alternative or interesting at all about these bands.



The Monkey Cafe

James Mehsling, *Daily Nebraskan*, U. of Nebraska



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Meet the Press

Selected in a national competition among the nation's top graduating college journalists, here are the 1994-95 *U. Magazine* assistant editors! Genetically engineered from conception, these five young graduates are committed to keeping their fingers on the pulsating jugular of college America.

(Clockwise from top left:)

BETH MAYALL, B.A. in Literature, West Chester U. — Beth provides the sort of clearheaded sensibility that's become the hallmark of us 20somethings.

BONNIE DATT, Master's candidate in Magazine Journalism, Syracuse; B.A. in Communications, Chatham College — Bonnie is U.'s grammatical assassin. Just you try to get a dangling participle past her. Just try.

AIMEE RINEHART, B.A. in Journalism and Political Science, Indiana U. — Aimee is the spunky gal America is falling in love with! You won't believe the zany predicaments she gets herself into!

GLENN MCDONALD, B.A. in English, Michigan State U. — Glenn is the solemn voice of reason in the newsroom, reserved and professional.

RANTZ A. HOSELEY, B.A. in Fine Arts, Washington State U. — Rantz likes to look mysteriously off-camera. He thinks he's in a U2 album cover photo.

As this unstoppable team can tell you, the assistant editor program is a great opportunity to gain real-world experience in all aspects of magazine publishing. If you would like to apply for a 1995-1996 assistant editor position, send a SASE to:

FRANCES HUFFMAN, Managing Editor,
U. Magazine, 1800 Century Park E., #820, Los Angeles, CA 90067

U. The National College Magazine has awarded twelve \$1,000 scholarships to outstanding undergraduate students in a variety of fields. Eleven of the 1994 *U. Scholarships* were offered in partnership with corporations that advertise in *U.* In addition, *U.* has awarded a \$1,000 Special Achievement Scholarship to a student who consistently has overcome personal hardship and obstacles to excel in academic and extracurricular activities.

CONTESTS & SPECIALS

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Win \$1,000 AND have your entry published with a national Nike ad!

Grab your camera and capture those outstanding Nike moments in sports and everyday life.

Maybe you and your Nikes will hike to the most awesome place on Earth, or climb the biggest mountain or steepest rock, catch big air (with or without wheels), ride the rapids, backpack into a canyon, run around (or into) a lake, bungee jump off a bridge, rappel (or leap) the tallest building on campus. Or maybe you own the World's Oldest Living pair of Nikes, or the most battered pair still alive, or can get the most pairs of Nikes in one photo with people attached. You decide and **JUST DO IT!**

Each month, the best entry will be published in *U.* Winners of the month will win \$50 cash.

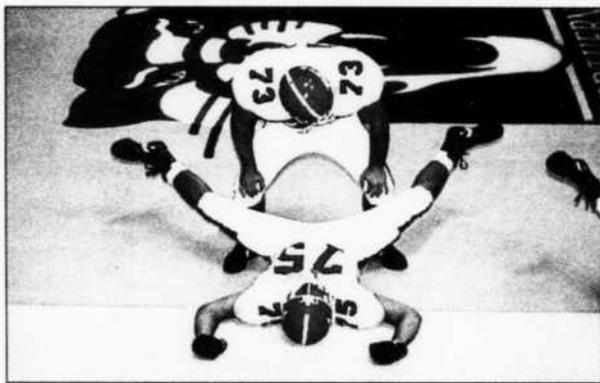
All Capture the Nike Spirit contest photos will be entered in the judging for the Grand Prize award. The Grand Prize winner will win \$1,000 cash AND the winning entry will be published with Nike's ad in the January/February issue of *U.* Runner-up prizes will be awarded too.

Send your entries on color print or slide film, labeled (gently) on the back with your name, school, address, phone number (school and permanent) and a brief description of the Nike spirit you've captured (who, when, where, doing what, etc.). Mail entries to *U. MAGAZINE, Capture The Nike Spirit Contest*, 1800 Century Park East, Suite 820, Los Angeles, CA 90067-1511. Deadline for entries is **December 1, 1994**. Entries cannot be returned. There is no limit on the number of entries you can submit.



Entry by: Tony Kaufman, Western Michigan U.

U. PHOTO CONTEST: Win \$1,000 Cash!



Entry by: Atsushi Yokoyama, U. of Northern Iowa

U. needs lots of color photos of the faces and facets of college life on and off campus... and we'll pay you \$25 for every one published in *U.*

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Photos can be of anyone or anything on or

off campus, from normal (whatever that is) to outrageous. For best results, keep the faces in focus and the background as light as possible.

At least one entry will be published in each issue of *U.* The Grand Prize winning entries will be featured in *U.*'s May 1995 issue in our third annual College Year in Review special section.

Send entries on color print or slide film labeled (gently) on the back with your name, school, address, phone number (school and permanent) and info on who, when, why, what and where the photo was taken. Include the names of the people in the picture if possible. Entries cannot be returned and become the property of *U. MAGAZINE*.

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