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Wendy Schmidt, circulation desk supervisor, San Diego State U.

*U. Magazine*

**Big hair, hot air**

In "Poking Holes in the Ozone Scare" (September 1994), you refer to aerosol cans as they are a common source of chlorofluorocarbons. It might be worth noting that it has been illegal to use CFCs in aerosol cans manufactured in the United States since 1979.

Ian M. McGrath, sophomore, Dartmouth College

I would like to know why in her article, "Poking Holes in the Ozone Scare" (September 1994), Julie L. Nash feels it necessary to call Rush Limbaugh an "empty-headed demagogue." The fact is — and Ms. Nash's own conclusion supports it — Limbaugh's views are right: the ozone hole issue was blown way out of proportion, and a single volcanic eruption can release more harmful chemicals than all the CFCs mankind can produce.

Alex Carreño, senior, U. of Nevada, Las Vegas

Guilty, in my book

"Booked," September 1994, regarding theft of library material from Florida State U., is a perfect example of one-sided journalism that perpetuates the "I am a victim" mentality and underscores the belief of many college students that stealing library books is not really theft. I'm tired of listening to these tales of woe from students who don't seem to realize that stealing library books is a crime that affects everyone who values knowledge. It's fairly obvious to us when a person has made an honest mistake.

**This Month's Question**

**Do you plan to get married?**

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**Boxers or briefs?**

We're talkin' boxers all the way — ain't no better feelin'. Drake Sorensen, junior, San Diego State U.

Boxers are in. Briefs won't cut it when I was in ninth grade. Gabriel Rivera, junior, U. of California, Berkeley

Briefs are more user-friendly. Barbara "Bobbie" Brown, sophomore, Iowa State U.

We go for briefs! They're good enough for my dad, they're good enough for all the guys. Susan "Sexy" Paine, freshman, Indiana U. of Pennsylvania

When you see a guy in boxers, especially when they have shorts on and on the top of the boxers are showing — ohh! That's really awesome! Kim Hanlin, junior, Marshall U.

Briefs don't take up as much room in the washing machine. Zack Hern, freshman, U. of Mississippi

Briefs provide so much more support. Ben de Vulpillieres, freshman, Cornell U.

Briefs just don't hold everything in place. Charles Nicotra, sophomore, U. of Texas, Arlington

I think the world would be a better place if we all had the freedom to move around. Christopher Navarrette, sophomore, Texas Tech U.

When you put your clothes on, the buff is enough. Chris Guerrero, freshman, U. of Texas, San Antonio

Underwear, what's that? Freeballin' the way to go. James Reidy, sophomore, George Washington U.
(M)CAT got your test?

Forget about the new fall television series ER and Chicago Hope. The real medical drama is unfolding at the U. of California, Davis, where 57 future doctors are still recovering from the loss of their MCAT Scantron sheets.

Med school-bound students were informed in late May that the machine-scoreable section of the eight-hour exams they took in April—a prerequisite for entrance into medical school—had been lost.

"An in-depth investigation concluded that the answer sheets were lost at the ACT facility," says Davis testing site supervisor Tammy Hoyer. "It was their test, their error."

Officials responded by giving students three choices. Seventeen students chose to have the circled answers in their exam booklets—the booklets were not lost in the shuffle—count as overall test answers; threeento from the top-ranked college football teams in the nation.

Ingrassia's column, "Anthony Digests," started as a harshest review of local restaurants that was scheduled to appear weekly in the UF student newspaper, The Independent Florida Alligator. But the column was suspended due to possible violations of NCAA bylaws regarding endorsements by players. Ingrassia says the column started getting attention only after it was suspended. "I told Today even mentioned the suspension."

"Once it got there," Ingrassia says, "the controversy just fueled it."

The NCAA ruled in October that Ingrassia could continue to write as long as he receives no funds from the paper or the restaurants he reviews.

What exactly does he write? In the first column, he details his credentials: "Because I order most of the menu at each sitting, my coverage of a restaurant will reflect a lot."

And he tells of the family dinners he enjoyed as a youngster in Watchung, N.J.: "I thought there were only three kids in my family until one day my 2-year-old sister popped up behind a tray of lasagna."

UF teammate, center David Swain, watched Ingrassia tackle 13 bowls of pasta at a local all-you-can-eat spaghetti buffet. "I ate five bowls, and I thought I was going to throw up," Swain says. "People in the kitchen started coming out and looking at us. The waitress couldn't believe it. She started bringing him two bowls at a time."

Ingrassia also claims the unofficial Taco Bell national record for eating one of everything on the menu.

"[The column] started out as just a restaurant review. Now it seems like it's turning into a coming column," Ingrassia says. "I think you can't take things too seriously all the time. If you can keep a good balance between being loose and getting serious when you have to, that's a good quality of life."

Ingrassia says he keeps that attitude on the field, too.

"I'd say it goes back and forth," he says. "In the huddle, especially during a TV timeout, I think the line has a lot of fun.... But once you get to the line of scrimmage, for those few seconds of the play, we become focused. I don't think I'm the only one of the entire team's suspension."

Students at Middlebury College in Vermont are still talking about the Delta Kappa Epsilon 1994 homecoming party. They're saying it was the greatest party of the year. But DKE will never party again at Middlebury. Ever.

The fraternity fell victim to a Vermont Superior Court decision banning all singe-sex social organizations from campus. In 1989, Middlebury mandated that no social group can discriminate in any way, gender included. DKE — an all-male fraternity — had been battling the school since the policy was introduced.

Because the DKE members refused to enter the conditional "social house" system — created to replace traditional fraternity and sorority systems — they have been living under risk of expulsion for what college officials say is "fraternal activity."

"Til say it goes back and forth," he says. "In the huddle, especially during a TV timeout, I think the line has a lot of fun.... But once you get to the line of scrimmage, for those few seconds of the play, we become focused. I don't think I'm the only one of the entire team's suspension."

Because Middlebury is isolated from larger cities, social houses are currently the main outlet for weekend entertainment for many of Middlebury's 2,000 students. But now DKE, once reputed to be the "most social" of these houses, isn't social at all.

At the former party house, the second floor has been converted into faculty offices, and it's dark inside every Saturday night when students pass by it on their way to the shiny, happy social houses.

The last of the mess from that final bash has been cleaned up, and at Middlebury College, DKE is dead. The party's over.

■ Ryan D'Agostino, The Campus, Middlebury College
Idea Man

When you care enough to send the very best, consider sending a BekBe Card. With messages like “Stop calling me,” “I’m horny, come visit” and “Not interested,” you’ll be able to tell that certain someone exactly how you feel. That’s what Indiana U. of Pennsylvania junior Fred Marshall hopes, anyway.

“I was seeing this girl, and I wanted to win her back. I thought about getting her a card, but I couldn’t find anything appropriate,” he says. After scouring card stores, Marshall made his own card for $3.50 at a machine. The sentiment didn’t save the relationship, but it did start a company, the greeting cards.

These cards say what other cards are apt to — their the had boys of the relationship, but it did start a company, the greeting cards. With messages like “Stop calling me,” “I’m psycho for naming my company after her,” he says. BekBe Cards are currently sold at a local bookstore and at SACO, a Greek merchandising shop. Ruth Moss, co-owner of SACO, says, “I see Fred as a person with viable entrepreneurial dreams, not fluky ideas.”

Marshall plans to expand his business by marketing the BekBe characters on T-shirts and other merchandise. And with the help of a sales representative, he hopes to get shelf space in up to 1,000 college bookstores after graduation in May 1995.

Don’t expect Marshall to be sending out his résumé come May. “After I graduate, this will be my income,” he says.

“My cards and coupon book are much better [financially] than working somewhere else.”

Fred Marshall

College Camporee

Our first abode: The home away from home. It’s a dream come true, but what do you do when your landlord — oops — forgets to put the door on its hinges?

Thirty student renters at Kansas State U. were forced to find unique places to temporarily store their belongings — and themselves — when they found out that their new apartment complex had not been completed over the summer. The renters didn’t even have a chance to be late with the rent or have a wild party hosted before they were out of an apartment.

Deb Taylor, property manager at Chase Manhattan Apartments, says that during the summer, several letters explaining the situation were mailed to future residents. Chase Manhattan Apartments offered the residents some options: they could cancel their lease and get their deposit back, stay in a hotel until Sept. 1 while paying a portion of the rent or stay with friends or relatives until the complex was completed. What a choice.

Tired of the runaround, sophomore Linette Heintz and her roommates decided to break their lease. It took almost a week for them to find another apartment. “There wasn’t anything left,” Heintz says. “Chase Manhattan didn’t even offer to pay for storage while tenants waited to move in.”

Kelly Neufeld, a junior at KSU, moved into his new pad at Chase Manhattan Sept. 1, while construction continued from 6 a.m. to midnight. “There are little splashes of paint on my car, too,” he says.

Freshman Rene Brooks kept some belongings in her car while she waited for her apartment to be finished. “I had stuff stored in about 1,000 different places. I constantly felt like someone was going to break into my car.”

And the saga continues. Now there are problems in at least two of the seven new buildings. Taylor attributes this to “new building syndrome.” She says, “The mad gods of unluckiness are on us or on the kids in that complex.”

Taylor found that nails had gone through some unlucky water pipes. The water proceeded to flood the unlucky basement in one of the unlucky buildings, to the dismay of some unlucky kids. “They’ve had to shut the water off for about 1,000 times,” Brooks says. Workers have come to her apartment to fix the microwave because the screws that held it up were falling out.

Neufeld says that workmen had to come in and drill peepholes in the door after he moved in. “We don’t have screens either,” he adds.

Some advice to prospective renters from Neufeld: “Before I would do this again, I would make [the landlords] promise that they were going to provide free housing until the apartments were finished.” Or at least provide a raft.

Lola Shrimplin, Kansas State Collegian, Kansas State U.
Bright Lights, Little City

TRIPPIN’

The gods have dropped a Lite Brite in the middle of the northern panhandle of West Virginia. In a bizarre perversion of Thomas Edison's invention, light bulbs come together to form pictures in the spirit of the coming holiday season.

When area college students feel the need to be partially blinded by a cavalcade of lights, they make a trip to Oglebay Park resort, north of Wheeling, W.Va., for the Oglebay Winter Festival of Lights.

The festival, now in its ninth year, is open nightly from Nov. 1 to Jan. 8 and the last three weekends in January. It attracts roughly 1 million tourists every year. Each vehicle that passes through the lights display is requested to make a donation (of money, not light bulbs), since the show is funded by contributions.

This display, reminiscent of Clark Griswold's decorations in National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation, was named last year as one of the top 22 international tour bus destinations by the American Bus Association. It includes such displays as

- Dinosaur Dell,
- "The Determined Fisherman" and "Willard the Snowman." (Not to be confused with rocker man Del Shannon, fisherman Babe Winkelman or weatherman Willard Scott.)
- Visitors can thrill to the splendor of a horse of lights jumping a fence of lights, gsp with delight as a light bulb circus train filled with light bulb circus animals comes into view and weep with happiness at Cinderella's carriage, frozen in lights on the way to the grand ball.
- There are lights for the patriotic (a large American flag and Liberty Bell), lights for Christians (a nativity scene), lights for the Jewish celebration Hanukkah (a menorah and dreidel) and lights for people who really like candy canes.
- Brian McCord, a Bethany College senior, says that some of the lights are special to him. "My favorite set of lights is the one of the golfer teeing off. It reminds me of my dad," he says.
- Bethany sophomore Christy Coocy says she can't decide on a favorite display. "It's not the point of just seeing one [set of lights]. It is about riding through and seeing them all."

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In early 1985, the winter darkness of Oglebay was officially brightened with a giant lights festival. That year, the show covered 125 acres and included 125,000 bulbs.

Since then, the show has more than doubled in size to 300 acres and 500,000 points of light. Take that, George Bush.

"Tripping the light fantastic is never done so literally as when visitors go to Oglebay on a Saturday night in the winter. The lights festival stands as a testament to patience, wiring and an odd sense of taste.

"The lights are good for Bethany students because they don't have anything else to do," Coocy says. "They get you in the Christmas mood, especially if you're far away from home."

Keen-Cut Country

D on't hate him because he's country. Robert Earl Keen is fun for the whole dysfunctional family.

Setting up shop amid the cheese of the mainstream country music world, Keen is more than just a spokesman for the trailer park and gun-rack crowd. "I've become the hero of dysfunctional attitudes and behavior," Keen says.

Despite little airplay on country radio, Keen has managed to rise to cult-figure status among country music — and even some noncountry — fans. Through five albums and numerous live performances, he has carved a loyal fanbase, particularly in the Southwest.

Ed Skoog, a graduate student at the U. of Montana, has been a fan of Keen's for several years. "Robert Earl's appeal is in his unwillingness to adapt to whatever the current fad is," Skoog says. "He would do just fine as a Garth Brooks or Travis Tritt, but that's not his style."

Lyrical, Keen often uses humor to illustrate his stories.

"Merry Christmas from the Family," from Keen's latest release, Gringo Honeymoon, is a tale straight from the Keen family album:

- Fran and Rita drove from Harlingen/ I can't remember how I'm kin to them/But when they tried to plug their motor home in/They blew out our Christmas lights.
- Keen first picked up a guitar while attending Texas A&M U., where he traded licks with classmate and longtime friend, Lyle Lovett. After graduating with a degree in English, Keen took to playing the folk and western club circuit. Now he tours with a full band, playing about 200 shows a year.
- "It's a rowdier crowd lately," Keen says. "They don't listen as close as when it was just me and my guitar, but it's still a lot of fun."
- Proving he's more than just a redneck court jester, Keen includes songs about guilt, strife and emptiness on his albums. Not your typical country scenario of wife/dog/horse leaving you, Keen's lyrics are often taken from his own life. "I don't have to go any farther than my front door for material," Keen says.

Known for his narrative style of songwriting, Keen breaks the country music standard of worshiping the western tradition, a tradition that Keen says fails to give good advice about life's questions.

"Dreadful Selfish Crime," also from Gringo Honeymoon, is a song about watching your life go by as you live in the fast lane.

Stayin' up till dawn strummin' old guitar/Sleepin' all day long just like the big rock stars/Barely livin' off the money from tips... I am guilty of a dreadful selfish crime/have robbed myself of all my precious time.

Keen says he's not worried about being accepted by the mainstream.

"I'm not looking for universal appeal. I just want an audience for my songs."

Andrew Tomb, The Collegian, Kansas State U.

What a country (singer): Robert Earl Keen.
unlearn.

a film by John Singleton

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S

tones, rock stars, suicidal yuppies, serial killers and vampires. These
are the denizens of Bret Easton Ellis's world. That is, at least, the world
contained within his novels.

In the '80s, Ellis made a career of
writing the petty beliefs and gaudy desires of
to be a beautiful people. His first book, Less
Zero, was published in 1985 when he
just 21 and still attending Bennington
College in Vermont. It depicted the world of
Los Angeles's young elite — spoiled by wealth
and jaded by drug and sex. His second novel,
Rules of Attraction, published in 1987,
took that same crowd and placed them in an
affluent 1980s milieu.

However, it was his depiction of a yuppy
ton at the murder of a serial killer in 1991's
American Psycho that caught Ellis, a satire of the morals of
New York City's movers and shakers, its
rapturous descriptions of murder and
unabashedly raised eyebrows and voices in

The controversy over
American Psycho,
which is now being made into a feature film,
may have caused the preview of the book,
entitled the hotel lobby elevator. Ellis
calls it "The Rules of Attraction —
the milieu they all share —
characters. Everyone's too laid back. The
characters. Everyone's too laid back. The
think hurts them in the end.

I'm finding that out. I've never
to work with on the side, a project to relax
and write in their spare time. I really have-

But on the other hand, I
enough to
write
blasting. Now I can't do that. It's hard
write with both the stereo and the TV
blasting. Now I can't do that. It's hard
write with both the stereo and the TV

Ellis: I didn't care for it. I found it to
be a very loud and grating movie. It was
very unrealistic and also very
unfrightening. And there were no real
er star. What Quentin Tarantino
[who wrote the original script] was trying to
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to be a Bonnie and Clyde road movie] got
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do [Tarantino has said it was supposed
to be a Bonnie and Clyde road movie] got
lost in all the changes.

U.: You attended college at
Bennington with Donna Tartt (best-
selling author of The Secret History,
published in 1993). Did you have
anything to do with her getting a
book deal?

Ellis: Not a lot. I mean, someone with
her talent isn't going to need a lot of help.
That book would have been published
anyway. The stuff I read today, 90 percent
of it is crap. Publishers are starving for
golden young talent to sign.

U.: Your first four books satirized the 1980s. When you start satirizing the 1990s,
what's your first target?

Ellis: That's actually what I'm
working on now. It's about models and
the fashion world and how our society is
obsessed with glamour.

U.: Music references have always
been common in your work. Do you
listen to anything when you write?

Ellis: Not anymore. I used to need
the two stereo and the TV
blasting. Now I can't do that. It's hard
enough to write without having any type
of distraction. But on the other hand, I
like all that stuff... really, I
like all types of music.

U.: Style-wise, can you see yourself doing the
same type of writing in 20 years?

Ellis: It depends. I like
to write from the mouths of
diary —

U.: Are you comfortable being
labeled the voice of a generation?

Ellis: It really doesn't mean anything.
I'm not writing for other people as much
as I am for myself. If I stood on the
street on a soapbox and claimed to be
the voice of a generation, who would
listen? What I write about is a small
snippet of society.

Besides, a phrase like that is really
only used to sell books. It's like
how publishers take a young author's first
book and put it in the same sentence with
Catcher in the Rye.

U.: You're 30 years old and
coming out with your fourth novel.
Do you feel fortunate?

Ellis: Incredibly fortunate. It's very
to be able to make a living off your
writing. Other writers I know are either
independently wealthy or have other jobs
and write in their spare time. I really have
nothing to complain about.

By Joshua Mann, The Catalyst, Miami-Dade College South
The Business Of Comedy
Is No Laughing Matter

very six or seven years, it seems, a new branch of genuinely innovative comedy arises: Monty Python, Saturday Night Live, George Bush. Kids In The Hall. We're so damn happy when someone funny comes along — remember junior high Eddie Murphy's ice cream man routine?

During the dry spells, though, we're left to fend for ourselves among tired stand-up comedians ("What's the deal with airline food?"). lazy sketch comedy ("It's Pat! Is a he? Is it a she? Whoo-hoo!") and increasingly irrelevant satire (National Lampoon Magazine — "Humor for Privileged White Men"). These things make us unhappy.

It's a good thing we 20somethings are such renowned self-starters, or we would be forever at the mercy of the fickle comic winds. Whether in stand-up, sketch comedy, improv, satire or television sitcoms, the newest and bestest comedy these days is coming from the young 'uns. These productions may not be as slick as SNL or as big as Roseanne, but they've got a powerful ace-in-the-hole: They're funny.

Thinking Feller's Onion

One crew of adolescent malcontents is in the process of mounting a full frontal assault on comedy convention: Onion Inc. What began as a self-described "floundering, text-heavy rag" [satirical weekly newspaper to you] is now a syndicated creative think tank with ambitions in radio, television and film. They're sort of like the Illuminati, only with bathroom humor.

Founded in 1988 at the U. of Wisconsin, The Onion is the mothership publication around which the group's various interests revolve. Distributed on half a dozen campuses, The Onion draws its writers and contributors from a pool of full-time students, semi-students and ex-students in the Madison/Milwaukee area. Typical headlines include "Sad Platypus Learns To Like Himself" and "You Were Adopted." [See slacker priests expose below.]

"We've had six or seven years of solid funny stuff," says publisher Pete Haise. "We have a core of people writing and editing in Madison. We're inundated with ideas all the time."

Haise says this saturation level has kept The Onion fresh, so to speak, while other satirical publications have wilted. (Incidentally, The Onion does not, as a rule, consume vegetable metaphors in its articles.)

"The Lampoon is very weak now," he says. "What was once a thriving bed of creativity is not even close to what it used to be. The incredible energy that comedy requires is just not there."

Onion Inc.'s latest attack is the TV sketch offensive The Comedy Castaways. Drawing equally from absurdist maestros Monty Python and more contemporary sketch formatting, the Castaways rely on inspired premises and consistently funny dialogue. It may be the best-written sketch show around.

"I think what sets us apart is we've intentionally formed a tightly knit group of funny performers," says Scott Dickers, Castaways executive producer. "A lot of these other shows are created by 50-year-olds, written by 40-year-olds and performed by 35-year-olds."

Dickers says the group is currently in post-production on the first two episodes and is pitching the pilot to NBC, Fox and HBO. Dickers denies rumors that Onion Inc. secretly wants to rule the world.

White Men Can't Tell Jokes

Another tired convention that's quickly crumbling these days is the traditional male dominance of comedy. Betsy Boyd, a senior at Brown U., has been working with her sketch comedy troupe Hard To Kill for two years. Last summer, she interned at NBC's Late Night with Conan O'Brien.
Stand Up In The Place Where You Live

In the '80s, it seemed you couldn't swing a rubber chicken without hitting a comedy club. But stand-up is experiencing a major downswing, with only a handful of innovators pacing an army of mediocre talent telling dick jokes.

Identical twins Jason and Randy Sklar recently relocated from St. Louis to New York City to pursue their stand-up careers as the Comedy Twins. (Insert "Wonder Twin powers activate" joke here.)

"Stand-up is really taking some knocks," Jason says. "Clubs are closing all over. I think it's weeding out those guys —"

"— who suck," his brother finishes. Twins can be so cute that way.

As opposed to sketch comedy or improv, stand-up is a particularly solo undertaking. Unless, of course, you share the stage with your twin brother.

"The difference between improv and stand-up is the difference between taking an essay test and writing a term paper," Randy says. "With improv, the audience understands that you're being put on the spot. With stand-up, the material and delivery are all expected to be there. You have to totally dazzle." Ironically, the Sklars forbid academic metaphors in their show.

Actually, the Sklars' routine lands them somewhere on the edge of conventional stand-up. While working the two-person gimmick gives them an almost Yaudevillian quality comedy is essential to a society's well-being — whatever happened to the natural, generational importance. So take that. Jerks.

Reality Bites The Onion

Some say The Onion is just an immature, irresponsible and sophomoric rag with nothing going for it other than adolescent impudence. We think people who say that are jerks. As you can see, The Onion tackles issues of national — nay, generational — importance. So take that. Jerks.

A recent expose by The Onion into the world of slacker priests:

They're the new breed of God's disciples; armed with college degrees, laconic wits and unironed frocks. More and more each day, slacker priests are gaining a foothold in the church and assassinating the faith.

Somewhere around Father David Murdoch, a slacker priest at St. Joseph's Church in Danville, Pa., is a good example of this new phenomenon. Murdoch, 29, is the child of divorced parents and still lives with his mother.

"I would get married, but why bother?" Murdoch says. "I just can't be too careful.

Regarding her Second City experience, Bucci says the creative process of a truly improvisational ensemble is the best way to write and perform comedy. That and a head full of vodka. Just kidding.

"Like with Saturday Night Live — they have good ideas, but they don't heighten them; they don't take them to that next level," says Murdoch. "On TV, you have the actors with performance skills — and then you have the writers. You can have an idea that works good on paper but may not play as well.

"At Second City, the actors are the writers and creators through improvisation."

Jeff and Randy Sklar believe that children are our future.

"It was totally a boy's club," Boyd says. "All the writers are white men in their 30s. John Belushi once said that to write comedy you have to have male genitalia. But that's wrong, as will become obvious very soon."

It's already pretty obvious. With the success of performers such as Roseanne, Ellen DeGeneres and Margaret Cho, all of whom have their own network television shows, the woman's prerogative is in demand.

Robin Bucci, a recent graduate of Michigan State U., has been hammering away at improvisational comedy since 1989. She was one of three women accepted into Second City's inaugural Detroit Second City troupe in 1991.

"When I first started, it seemed as if there were a lot less women [in comedy]," Bucci says. "But now there are a lot more women trying to break in."

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"At Second City, the actors are the writers and creators through improvisation."

Tom Servo For Pope

One of the better success stories in the low-rent comedy business is the stellar ascent of Mystery Science Theater 3000. Currently in its sixth season on Comedy Central, the show explores what happens when a human and three robots are forced to watch the worst movies ever made. Producer Jim Mallon and head writer/host Mike Nelson talk about launching their satellite of love.

U.: How did you take the show from an independent UHF station to Comedy Central?

Mallon: We did 22 shows at KTMA [TV23, Minneapolis]. Then we thought it might have [a wider] appeal, so we brought it to an agent in New York City. HBO picked it up, and we ended up on the Comedy Channel, which became Comedy Central.

U.: What's the bottom-line worst, most aesthetically offensive movie ever made?

Nelson: I would have to say, pound for pound, it couldn't possibly get any worse than Eegah. It's about a caveman who lives in the desert. This teenager hits him with her car, and he comes out and meets the modern world. It's obvious the father is having an affair with [his] son's girlfriend. Weird. Pedophilic.

U.: Does Best Brains (MST3K's production company) have any other productions in the works?

Mallon: Yeah, we're working on two new shows. Also, Universal wants to make a movie of MST. They've optioned it for right now, but the film industry is weird. Until you see a check, you don't know what's happening.

U.: Any advice for young writers and performers?

Nelson: Do your own thing — try to get your own show going. Don't put yourself at someone else's mercy.

Mallon: If you want to be a writer, write. You don't just magically get to be a writer. Identify what you have to say. Take advantage of the four-year liberal arts free ride you're on — even if it's cable access or a camcorder. Enjoy college while it lasts — the harsh and foreboding real world awaits.

Nelson: Unless you happen to work on a puppet show.

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1994
James

**Wab Wab**

**Mercury Records**

Mercury's James record label, wants you to know something: "Please, please, please... know that James has not gone off their rocker and dramatically changed their musical style. This is simply an experiment... a one-off for the fans."

Okay, got it? Good. Now forget it, because all it means is that James' newest release **Wab Wab** is so fresh that not even the band's label knows what to do with it. Originally intended as a dual album to be released with 1993's **Laid**, **Wab Wab** features a raw authenticity that many bands would kill for. This album is exhilarating, marginal, uncompro-mised because all it means is that James' newest record is so fresh that not even a fan of the band can rock it off. Originaly intended as a dual album, the label, wants you to know something: "Please, please, please... know that James has not gone off their rocker and dramatically changed their musical style. This is simply an experiment... a one-off for the fans."

**Cranes**

Loced

Dedicated/Arista

Cranes' Alison Shaw has a smooth, gorgeous voice, but in the band's latest album, *Loced*, it's impossible to understand what she's singing about. And that's a good thing — her indecipherable lyrics shift your focus from meaning to pure sound.

Ghostly, she croons like a lost spirit on a dark road, a Gothic pixie's song mistaken for wind through the trees. It's a mix of the Sundays' fragility and the Beastie Boys' spirit and the Yardbirds' style. Liz Fraser's rich texture of Shaw's voice, a melancholy acoustic guitar and ominous bass lines create the relentless rhythm and almost supernatural urgency of songs like "Shining Road" and "Reverie."

Majestic sweeps of synth add romance to this British band's latest album. The three last tracks are bonus remixes by Flood (U2, Depeche Mode) and Michael Brauer (Belly).

**John Youngs, Daily Campus, U. of Connecticut**

**Megadeth**

Yothubanasia

Capitol Records

Listen up all you closet head-bangers. It's time for another Megadeth album. Got your poodle haircuts and spandex? All right, let's begin.

On *Yothubanasia*, Megadeth's latest release, we see the band trotting out its old aggressive guitars, tortured vocals, driving beats — you get the idea. The only problem is that this time around, the music sounds a bit, well, housebroken.

Unfortunately, Yothubanasia never achieves the heights of the band's last album; instead it falls into all the worst speed metal clichés. It always seems like Dave Mustaine is this close to being relevant — then he reveals himself once again as a heavy metal warlock.

If Megadeth's not careful, they could easily end up becoming the Sha Na Na of speed metal. Hmmm... Both meet Dave Mustaine — now there's an idea for a concept album.

**Paul Sargentini, The Maneater, U. of Missouri, Columbia**

**Brent Busboom, Sagebrush, U. of Nevada, Reno**

### Pocket Band

**Johnny Socko**

Mix Parliament, Madness and the Clash, and you get Johnny Socko. Backed by a trumpet, saxophone and trombone, Socko race through funk, ska and hard-core punk riffs in wire-tight fashion.

Like most ska-influenced bands, Socko have been bombarded with Fishbone comparisons. "I guess it's more flattering than comparing us to a flock of Seagulls," says lead vocalist Trout.

Sax-man Josh-Boy jokes, "We're more like the Banana Splits."

No kidding. Dressed in garb ranging from a Taco Bell uniform to an Eight is Enough football jersey, Socko unleash high-voltage silliness on their audience. At an Indianapolis club, Trout recites a few lines from Pulp Fiction and verbally hazes a local band for having personalized guitar picks — and sticks a pick up his nose. While the audience laughs, the band goes into a speeded-up version of the theme from Sanford and Son. You get so high from playing, you forget it's got to end." Josh-Boy says. The owner of the club tells them twice to close it out.

Labeling their live performance a circus act isn't far off the mark. Trumpet player Damien once antagonized lions under the big top, and guitarist Hombre Rana swung from a trapeze.

All crowding around aside, Socko's love for funk-ska runs rampant on their debut album, BOVAQUARIUM. Their funk flavor appears strongest on "Dick Wagner's Rinse" and "Johnny Socko." Socko have been bombarded with Fishbone comparisons. "I guess it's more flattering than comparing us to a flock of Seagulls," says lead vocalist Trout.

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The Santa Clause

Hollywood Pictures

Tim Allen trades in his tool belt for a Santa suit after accidentally — and literally — scaring the pants off the jolly old man on his rooftop. Scott Calvin (Allen) sits on the suit of the mysteriously vanished Santa and takes a sleighing joy ride to the North Pole. He finds out that a few specifications are attached to being the carrier of the coolest costume since Mrs. Oub火炬’s duds. Upon further inspection the setup, Calvin finds something other than the “dry clean only” tag — the Santa suit, which states that whoever wears the jacket has got to deliver the goods, or Kenny Will be next in line.

Drop Zone

Paramount Pictures

Impossible. How could a movie have a sequel after only a month? Oh, never mind. This isn’t Terminal Velocity II. It’s just another high-action skydiving movie. In this movie, the bad guys try to kidnap another bad guy from a Boeing 747 while it’s in flight. Seems people will do just about anything to get their hands on those little packages of salted peanuts. Director John Badham (Saturday Night Fever) keeps up his tradition of thrillers — let’s hope this one doesn’t involve polyester, too.

Nell

Twentieth Century Fox

Jodie Foster stars as a backwoods oddball who created her own language after being raised by her verbally impaired mother. Liam Neeson (Schindler’s List) plays a doctor who tries to decide if the fragile woman should be brought into society. That’s easy. Just ask Taran if he ever adapted to civilization. He took one taste of fat-free frozen yogurt and headed back to the jungle.

Prêt-A-Porter

Miramax Films

Director Robert Altman brought together a large and varied cast to work on his new movie, set in Paris, about the intriguing and comical world of fashion. The cast includes Sophia Loren, Lyle Lovett, Julia Roberts, Kim Basinger and Tracy Ullman. Let’s hope the movie will last at least two hours — about half an hour longer than Julia dated Lyle before they got married.

The Perez Family

Samuel Goldwyn

Two Cuban refugees slip past the Coast Guard’s nets for director Mira Nair’s new movie about romance and destiny. Juan (Alfred Molina) has just been released from a Cuban jail and has not seen his wife (Anjelica Huston) in over 20 years. Who could blame him? Did you see Addams Family Values? On the way to America, Juan meets Dottie (Martha Toilette), a dreamer who thinks America is all rock and roll and John Wayne. Try minivans and food dehydrator in metal, sweetie. Alienated from his family, Juan finds a close relationship with Dottie.

Trapped in Paradise

Twentieth Century Fox

Trapped in senseless Christmas movie plot land, audiences can look forward to seeing Nicolas Cage, Jon Lovitz and Dana Carvey in a movie about kindness knocking out crime. Three brothers from New York visit the small town of Paradise at Christmas time with the hopes of robbing the residents blind. But hey, it’s the time of year for overpriced gift wrap, gift sets of stinky hand soaps in red cellophane and, of course, the punching power of piety. Who knows? The good people of Paradise may just knock these bad boys on their butts.

Mixed Nuts

TriStar Pictures

Steve Martin stars in another one of this season’s attempts to put a twist on the whole good-will-toward-men thing. Mixed Nuts is about a group of people working at a suicide hotline on Christmas Eve. That must be one of the busiest phone lines of the night — who wouldn’t put the suicide hotline number on speed dial when they know they’ll be trapped in a room with relatives for hours?

Higher Learning

Columbia Pictures

John Singleton (Boyz N the Hood) directs as a group of college students face issues concerning identity, diversity, sexism and racism. Most of us confront all these things just selecting an item from a vending machine on campus. Ice Cube and Laurence Fishburne star in this school-book drama of college life.

On the Set

Jury Duty

There may be an image change in store for America’s favorite weasel. Pauly Shore, best known for his dim-witted antics on MTV and in the flick In the Army Now, will play a hapless loner who charms Tia Carrere, upholds justice and saves the day in Jury Duty.

Is Shore really trying to carve out a persona as a romantic hero? Not likely. His character, Tommy, is merely the latest variation on a successful theme. Jury Duty should contain enough of the familiar, goofy, Shore-type antics to please his fans and broaden his appeal. “My other movies were ‘Pauly the son-in-law’ or ‘Pauly in the Army,’” Shore says. “This is more of a comedy-romance. We’re not billing it as ‘Pauly on jury duty.’”

Co-star Carrere is content to leave the joking to Pauly. Best known for her turns as the slimy babe in Wayne’s World and the seductive villainess in True Lies, Carrere plays a law student serving on the jury with Tommy. “I wouldn’t even presume to be funny,” she says. “I think that’s the hardest thing in the world.” Carrere doesn’t have to worry. With Shore at the helm, Jury Duty may not have trouble courting viewers — just be glad you’re not on the witness stand.

Lael Loewenstein, The Daily Bruin, U. of California, Los Angeles

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“MOTHER’S LATEST CONVERT.”

Mother Boyle says snowboarding rips.
But this tough Rhino Skin™ outershell won’t.
It stands up to big hits. And zips over a weather-proof liner.
Next time you grab some air, grab your Convert™ first.

“-Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear

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Dear Author:
I've read your manuscript, currently titled Holy Bible. First off, I'd like to say that I enjoyed reading it. It's a decent story with a lot of potential. I do, however, think it needs a little more work. I have some suggestions that might improve it. I hope we can get together and discuss them in more detail. For now, though, here are a few general comments.

- First of all, I am having difficulty with your writing style. Narratives told in poetic prose are not very commercial these days. Keep in mind your target audience — adventure stories involving miracles and mystical beings usually appeal to the 15- to 25-year-old market.

- You need to develop your characters more — particularly God. I'm having trouble identifying with him in the story. Since you describe him as being all-powerful, readers won't feel much sympathy for him. I lose him in other areas of his personality as well. You say that he created Heaven and Earth, but what is his motivation? Is he lonely? Flesh him out more.

- Characters need to go through some kind of change in the story. God, however, stays the same from beginning to end. We'll get together later and discuss "character arcs."

- Your plot is unorganized. There are four parts to any story: exposition, complications, climax and denouement. Your story goes all over the place. One minute it's about Adam and Eve, next it's Moses, then on to Jesus — blah, blah, blah. You need to simplify what you want to tell your readers.

- Don't muck up your story with meaningless characters. In several parts of your manuscript you go on with pointless details about who "begat" who. Who cares? Get to the meat of the story as soon as possible.

- Chapter four of Genesis, major problems: you have characters appearing out of the blue. In 4-17, you mention Cain's wife — where did she come from? The book begins with Adam and Eve, then Cain and Abel. There wasn't any mention of another woman!

- Your sex scenes need some work. I believe eroticism and subtlety work well together. On the other hand, Adam "knew" Eve doesn't exactly get my motor running. Give more detail.

- Theme and plot sometimes contradict one another. You wrote that sexual intercourse is "original sin," but several of your holy characters indulge in sex.

- Problems with repetition. You might consider combining the books of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, since they are basically the same story.

- Think about renaming Judas. I see him more as an Ernest.

- Overall, I think it's a wonderful book. A little preachy in parts, but otherwise very powerful. It has a lot of commercial potential. With some rewrites I think it could even outsell Sein Language.

We'll keep in touch — Editor

Ryan Gams, The Pointer,
U. of Wisconsin, Stevens Point

HOLIDAY GIFT WISH LIST

U. asked 550 students at 22 schools what they want this holiday season. The results, in order of preference:

Academic Tools
1. Computer
2. Printer
3. Software

Communications
1. Answering machine/Cordless phone (tie)
2. Stationery and stamps
3. Beepers
4. Phone

Audio Equipment
1. CD Player
2. Speakers
3. Receiver
4. Digital compact cassette
5. Headphones

TV/Video Equipment
1. Color TV
2. Camcorder
3. VCR
4. Laser disc player
5. Video games

Entertainment Items
1. CDs
2. Concert tickets
3. Movie videos
4. Books
5. CD-ROM

Sports/Fitness Gear
1. Athletic shoes
2. Hiking boots
3. Camping gear
4. Weights
5. Workout clothes

Survival Gear
1. Cash
2. Microwave
3. Refrigerator
4. Towels
5. Pots and pans

Personal Care
1. Glasses
2. Perfume/cologne
3. Cosmetics/contact lenses (tie)
4. Hair dryer
5. Suntan lotion

Charities/Churches/Causes
(Tie) to which students would consider donating money, clothes, food or other goods in lieu of receiving a gift)
1. Children
2. AIDS
3. Homeless
4. Veterans
5. Disabled

In Your Dreams
1. Car that never breaks down
2. All expenses-paid trip to Hollywood
3. To make my own movie
4. Be on MTV's next Real World

5. Be on MTV's next Real World

Holiday Wishes
1. A job
2. World peace
3. A trip to Australia
4. To make my own Hollywood film
5. To get a cool tattoo

For Al Davis to move the Raiders back to Oakland

Win the lottery

For my iguana to breed

A date with Kathy Ireland

Win the lottery

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For Al Davis to move the Raiders back to Oakland

A date with Kathy Ireland

Win the lottery

For my iguana to breed

4.0 GPA
U. CAPTURE THE NIKE SPIRIT CONTEST

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.

U. 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: Shane Johnson, Stephen F. Austin State U.

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

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

PLUS, we're offering four $1,000 cash grand prizes for the best photo entries submitted in four categories: Campus Life; All Around Sports (from mud to varsity); Funniest Sights; and Road Trippe.

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.

Mail entries to U. MAGAZINE Photo Contest, 1800 Century Park East, Suite 820, Los Angeles, CA 90067-1511.

Entry by: Alison Torrillo, Cornell U.
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