

U MAIL

Here's to the losers

In the October 1994 issue there was an article featuring Love Jones. They were asked if they'd like to dis some bands. When reading an article, I'd like to read about the band, not their opinion of other bands. I happen to like the bands they dis [Candlebox, Collective Soul, Smashing Pumpkins]. Men in polyester suits don't do anything for me. Thank God

for long hair.

Kristen Little, freshman, Utah State U.

Youth against fascism

I am writing in response to your review of the Megadeth album *Youthanasia* (Nov./Dec. 1994). You people have no idea what good music is. Get your priorities straight. You need a new reviewer *bad*. I can be contacted at [phone number included]. You do, in fact, have permission to reprint this if you please, but I would rather not want it printed in a magazine that gives bad reviews to a good album.

Jeff Steinport, 10th grader, Grand Rapids City High School, Mich.

(M)CAT scratch fever

As the premedical adviser for Texas A&M U. and the wife of a premed student about to take his MCAT, your article "(M)CAT got your test?" (Nov./Dec. 1994) was extremely interesting and terrifying. Man, I know my husband and all of my students would be extremely pissed if this happened to them.

Monica Lynn Simpson Franke, premedical adviser, Texas A&M U.

Oh, God

"The Last Temptation of an Editor" (Nov./Dec. 1994) by Ryan Gurnes takes *U. Magazine* to a new low. His attempt at half-hearted humor by blaspheming the greatest book ever written

The Bible — was in very poor taste.

Michael R. Martin, senior, Mississippi State U.

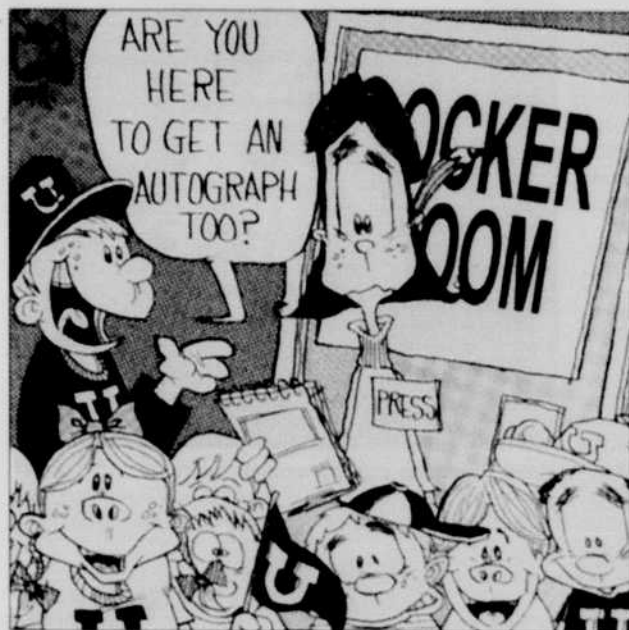
Whip it

I am writing to express my concern about the article "Just Say N₂O" that appeared in the October issue. The information was presented in such a way that it appeared to be more of a plug for nitrous oxide than a warning. Billing a potentially fatal substance as "cheaper than alcohol, better tasting than Robitussin, ... legal ... and an alternative way to top their buzz" is irresponsible.

Marc B. Gunderson, alcohol & drug abuse prevention specialist, U. of Utah

U. Goofs

Last month's charming and attractive cover photo ("Class Clowns") was shot by Mr. Fred Northup of New York U. Sorry, Fred. The check's in the mail. Really.



Stacy Curtis, College Heights Herald, Western Kentucky U.

This Month's Question

Grad school or a job?

[800] 6U-VIEWS
688-4397
EXT. 63

U VIEWS

Student Opinion Poll

Do you plan to get married?

YES

67%

NO

33%

Yes. I plan to get married, but my boyfriend doesn't know it yet. Jessica Gluckman, freshman, UCLA • No. Boys are dumb, and men are evil. Jodi Keski-

maki, junior, Central Michigan U. • Marriage for the gay community right now is pretty tough. James Ostrick, freshman, Boston U. • Hell, no. The more I learn about women, the more I appreciate my Cadillac. (Two days later) You'd better not print that; my girlfriend will get mad. Jason Gehring, sophomore, Ohio State U. • I'm a liberated woman, and I don't need a man. Mako Caliente, sophomore, U. of California, Santa Barbara • I am married. Christian Anderson, senior, U. of Utah • I believe that monogamy is detrimental to women and advantageous to men. Michelle Rydberg, junior, Michigan State U. • I have my last final on May 12th, and I'm getting married on the 13th. Lisa Brown, senior, Virginia Commonwealth U. • Yeah, I plan on getting married some day, but more like when I'm 50. I'm only 22, which means my wife won't be born for five more years. Tony Bubb, senior, Purdue U. • I don't believe in marriage because I don't believe in divorce. John Cline, U. of Illinois, Chicago • Besides having a career, marriage is my second goal in life. Jada Hudson, U. of Illinois, Chicago • There are too many guys to choose from, and polygamy is illegal. Jessica Ride, U. of California, Riverside

Making a New Year's resolution? What is it?

YES

99%

NO

1%

To put off all my procrastination for next spring until after graduation. Wes Ray, graduate student, U. of Wisconsin • To stop making long-distance phone calls to my boyfriend, because I'm growing poor. Sara Dehne, junior, James Madison U. • To find a boyfriend who's not an alcoholic. Amber Prinki, freshman, Indiana U. of Pennsylvania • My resolution is to be a little nicer to my family, even though I don't know if it's gonna happen. Shanda-Monique Barnes, freshman, Virginia Tech • To stop sleeping with Peter. Anonymous female • To become undisputed master of the world. John, Drexel U. • To learn how to cook better. Malika Montgomery, Winona State U.

Spandex and Sweethearts

In one of those ironic turns of events that happen only in vintage *What's Happenin'?* episodes, the duty of the sports issue editorial landed in my lap like a concrete Frisbee. See, I'm not exactly an athlete. I don't even run. Unless I'm being chased. By a pit bull. Foaming at the mouth, carrying a live hand grenade and barking Barry Manilow songs. And even then, I'd have to stub out my cigarette, check my lipstick and limber up for a good five to 10 days before I would break into a slow jog.

I've come to grips with the fact that these feet weren't made for walking. Especially since I moved to a place where it's considered run-of-the-mill to practice only one sport. (Sprint 15 miles? Dive naked from a cliff? Swim to Hawaii? Child's play.) But, to blend into the I-love-me-myself-and-I culture of Los Angeles, I bit the bullet and signed up at a gym. Not just any gym, mind you; a trendy gym. A mirrored temple of self-love where sweat is prohibited. Where women are walking Tupperware parties and men make a loud, slightly metallic sound when you bump into them.

In short, a hard-body museum.

Now this, I thought, is what I'm looking for — a mindless escape after a day at work — a place that makes me feel like a special guest star on *90210*. I liked the *de facto* look-but-don't-speak rule; the only accepted mode of conversation is, in fact, the occasional grunt. It's non-communicative and self-indulgent, and that's what I love about it. But that all changed when the maitre d' — er, rather — manager, announced that the gym would host a party for Valentine's Day.

But that would require speech, I said. If I wanted to socialize — let alone in a romantic way — the last thing I'd do is pour myself into a body stocking and begin to pant on a Stair Master. Blank stare. I told him that combining spandex and sweethearts is like merging church and state. He didn't get it.

See, in my pumped-up, puffed-out world of sports, the only place for the "L" word is on the tennis courts.

So, in yet another one of those ironic twists of fate, I'll be turning in my membership card and moving on to other hobbies. And maybe jogging won't be so bad after all. I hear that my neighbor's dog does a mean rendition of *Copacabana*.

■ Beth Mayall, Assistant Editor

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.