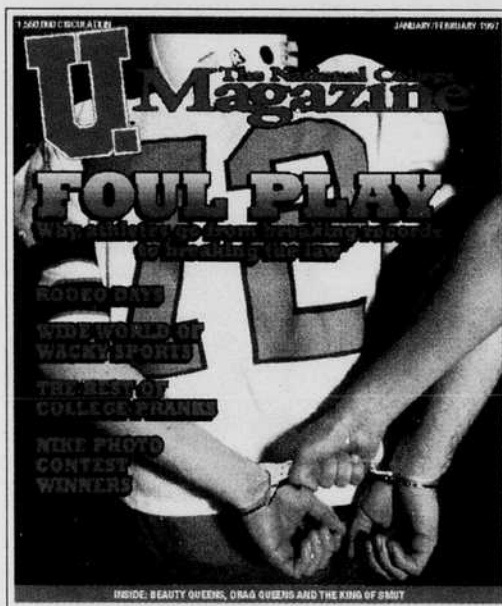


U. VIEWS



Show student-athletes the money?

What is this crap about college athletes getting paid ("Play Nice," Jan./Feb. 1997)? I believe Mr. Sports Agent Drew Rosenhaus said that. What the hell does he think a full scholarship is? Don't you think we "regular" students would love to have a free ride to school (and not have to have the grades or the SAT scores required of nonathletes)? Maybe Rosenhaus should consider that instead of working a minimum-wage fast-food job (or two) to put themselves through school, student-athletes are "working" for the university.

Bonnie Fertitta, senior, Virginia Tech

I agree with Drew Rosenhaus that college athletes should be paid for their contribution to the big business of college sports. I feel salaries should be negotiated on the basic principle of "what the market will bear," like it does in the pros. However, I would

place these funds in trusts for the athlete, pay tuition, books, room and board from the funds, pay a small allowance for incidentals and pay any balance to the athlete when, and only when, they graduate. This would certainly improve graduation rates among athletes, as well as relieve the schools of the cost of providing athletes free rides. If the individual decides to leave early or does not graduate, the money goes to the university scholastic fund. The toughest part of this plan would be convincing the athletic departments to give up their golden goose.

Nicholas B. Clark, grad student, Old Dominion U., Va.

I. M. not a crook

Gee, thanks for dressing "I.M. Crook" ("Play Nice," Jan./Feb. 1997) in the shirt used by my country's national teams, including the shield! That shield is a national symbol, and it represents my country. It represents the unity of my country, an idea for which many of my friends have fought. Having "Crook" wear it is like having him hold your flag. I'm sure it was not an intentional offense, but please be more careful with this kind of thing.

Mariluz Ochoa de Olza, grad student, U. of Miami

Buck U.

We are deeply disappointed that you decided to publish a celebratory piece on rodeo ("Back in the Saddle," Jan./Feb. 1997). In no way is rodeo a "sport." It's the brutalization of peaceful, domestic

animals for nothing but our fleeting entertainment value. Animals in rodeos are choked, roped, spurred, shocked, forced to the ground via a grotesque twisting of their necks, upended by their necks via taut ropes after reaching speeds of nearly 30 miles per hour and have straps cinched tightly around their sensitive inguinal regions to force bucking. From 1994 to 1996, nine animals were killed at California rodeos. The entire event is highly abusive, exploitative and deserving of outright condemnation.

Simon Oswitch, president, Animal Emancipation; Andrew Cuk, grad student, U. of California, Santa Barbara, and president of UCSB chapter of AE

Bookworm

I was looking at your magazine because it was stuffed inside our pathetic campus publication, and I was aggravated that you had music and movie review sections but no book review section. Although reading is now more than ever considered a lost art, your audience obviously knows how to read. Give your faithful readers some credit and offer them some additional suggestions to advance their minds and maybe even promote some inner growth.

Tree Solomon, junior, Muhlenberg College, Pa.

Check out the Book Page on our Web site at: <http://www.u.magazine.com/ulocks-ed>.

Prank's on U. of Wisconsin

Many thanks and our humblest apologies to the pranksters and prank-appreciators who wrote in to inform us that the Lady in the Lake prank ("Pranks a Lot," Jan./Feb. 1997) took place at the U. of Wisconsin, Madison, not James Madison U., Va. From the piles of letters we received, it's obvious that the Pail and Shovel pranksters are not just legends — they're heroes. One letter even informed us that one of the creative geniuses behind the original Lady was Jim Mallon, one of the creators of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*.

And the Lady in the Lake prank was just one of many legendary stunts the Party pulled. A resident of Madison writes: "During the Pail and Shovel Party, we were also treated to awakening to 1,000 plastic pink flamingos on Bascom Hill (in the middle of campus) and to the first Boom Box Parade. The Pail and Shovel Party allegedly started every meeting by throwing money all over the room, thereby getting graft and corruption out of the way so they could get down to the business of student government."

In February 1996, the Lady in the Lake reappeared at Madison's Winter Carnival thanks to Hoofers, an outdoor recreation club. Five students involved in the prank were given civic recognition awards for their revival of Lady Liberty. — ed.

Correction

Illustrator Cameron Izuno ("Quickies," Jan./Feb. 1997) is a student at the U. of Southern California.

U. Polls

Ever been a volunteer?

Jenny McCarthy or Carmen Electra?

800/6U-VIEWS
(688-4397)

Ever been fired?

Yes: 65%

No: 35%

Are you a smoker?

Yes: 73%

No: 27%

No, but I'll probably get fired from this job because I'm always on the phone checking my horoscopes and calling 800 numbers. **Trindin Smith, senior, Eastern Michigan U.** • I got fired from McDonald's when I was in high school. I dropped this huge bag of green shamrock shake mix all over the floor. The manager told me to clean it up, and I just laughed and walked out. **Scott Herman, senior, U. of Connecticut** • I was fired from my job at Blockbuster my sophomore year in high school. A robber put a gun to my head and told me to give him all of the money in my register. I did and was subsequently fired because they said, "It is not corporate policy to give money to robbers." **Justin Nemmers, sophomore, Virginia Tech** • I got fired for going to a rock concert the night before and calling in sick the next day. **Mark Kowieski, sophomore, U. of Wisconsin, Madison** • Hell yes, I've been fired. The point of higher education, presumably, is to get yourself ready for a new, higher paying job. Of course, we all know that's horse shit and that's not going to happen with any liberal arts degree. **Anonymous, senior, U. of South Carolina**

It pisses me off that nonsmokers think they can take over the public buildings, movie theaters and airplanes. We've given them everything they want, and they still gripe when we light up outside. **Michelle Glass, junior, Troy State U., Ala.** • Smoking takes away my stress when I'm at school. **Caroline Rubenstein, freshman, Middle Tennessee State U.** • I smoke; therefore, I hack. **Brian David Baker, grad student, Florida State U.** • I've tried to smoke a few times, but you hack up a lung if you try to inhale the first time. That's where I get confused — why would people who hack up a lung do it again? **Greg Robin, senior, Arizona State U.** • If you went to my school and had the classes I have, believe me, you'd smoke, too. **Anonymous, junior, Indiana State U.** • I think the ban on smoking in restaurants should be lifted because smokers spend more time in a restaurant because they like to have after-dinner cigarette. **Brian Conley, senior, U. of Pittsburgh** • I think smoking is totally disgusting and heinous. Smoking should not be permitted in residence halls. **Greg Holcomb, junior, Marquette U.**

Isn't it ironic?

The irony that I am writing the editorial for U.'s annual music issue has not escaped my co-workers. Of all the editors on our capable and music-savvy staff of hipsters, I'm the one to introduce you, the faithful reader, to this issue of all things musical.

So let me preface this introduction with the following disclaimer: Aretha Franklin rocks my world, not Pearl Jam. My idea of a ripping concert is parking it on a stool and rhythmically nodding my head to the slow grooves of an ancient blues man. And when I'm feeling giddy, there's nothing like a little Sinatra to keep me in the mood.

Which is why I'm a bit baffled at the concept of God rock ("Reborn To Be Wild," page 14). I keep imagining these weird scenarios with naughty altar boys running around a church and playing air guitar on crucifixes. Imagine what a rocker could do at a pulpit. But the assistant editors assure me that this new wave of Christian music is not only legit — it isn't half bad.

And this whole electronic music thing ("Electronic Avenue," page 10) doesn't confuse me — it scares me. Those funky, keyboard-y, scratchy sounds remind me of *Beverly Hills Cop* and that "Axel F" song I couldn't get out of my head for months. But I guess I'm just thankful that whatever the "next big thing" is, it means an end to all that crap about grunge music, flannel and Seattle.

The one great thing about being musically challenged today is that no matter how obscure or non-existent my taste in music is, there's bound to be a group or solo act to satisfy my craving for sound. Fortunately for me, many of today's groups are rooted ("Digging The Roots," page 11) in the past, and I can usually find a familiar tune, or in some cases a familiar name ("Like Father, Like Son," page 11) on the radio when I'm scanning around for a good sing-a-long song.

Oh sure, I've been scoffed at for my admittedly narrow musical interests, but I'm not really interested in what the music snobs have to say about it. They can keep their didgeridoos, screaming guitar riffs and melodic bass lines. I may not always get it, but even I can R-E-S-P-E-C-T the beauty of a good tune.

By Colleen Rush, Associate Editor

ILLUSTRATION BY NICK STAKELUM, MISSISSIPPI STATE U.

