



25
October
1989

Volume I
Number 5

*MSU's alternative
and truly
independent
voice*

WHAT'S UP:



JUST SAY YES TO THESE FELLAHS

*Just Say No rejects
E.L. bar scene..* p. 3

- *The Provoc* gets off... p. 7
- Sniff around *Dog Boy*... p. 8
- Classifieds... p. 8
- Out & about... p. 9
- Reviews... p. 10

East Lansing gets Hannibalized

by JOE SCHMIDT
uR-I Music Correspondent

It's a little after 7:30 p.m on Oct. 29 and the MSU Auditorium is rumbling with applause as local quartet the **Hannibals**. exit stage left to make room for an onslaught of "classic" rock acts that includes the **Byrds**, **Rare Earth** and headliners **Leon Russell** and **Edgar Winter**.

The hundreds of bell-bottomed, classic rock-heads who sit making this noise shake their heads in disbelief at the seemingly impossible. It can't be true, but it is! Four guys, none of them within even ten years of middle age have just rocked the house.

Backstage the bewilderment continues. Late-late-sorta-great Leon Russell turns to his equally ill-groomed co-star, Edgar Winter, who stands nearby in a drunken swoon plucking the notes to "Frankenstein" and says, "Shit, man, I can't believe it! These young turds can play. Alright!"

Edgar perks up, "Yeah, I think I caught these cats opening for **Herman's Hermits**, or was it **Hendrix**? Yeah man, they're not half bad."

Is this the starry-eyed dream of one of the Hannibals? No.

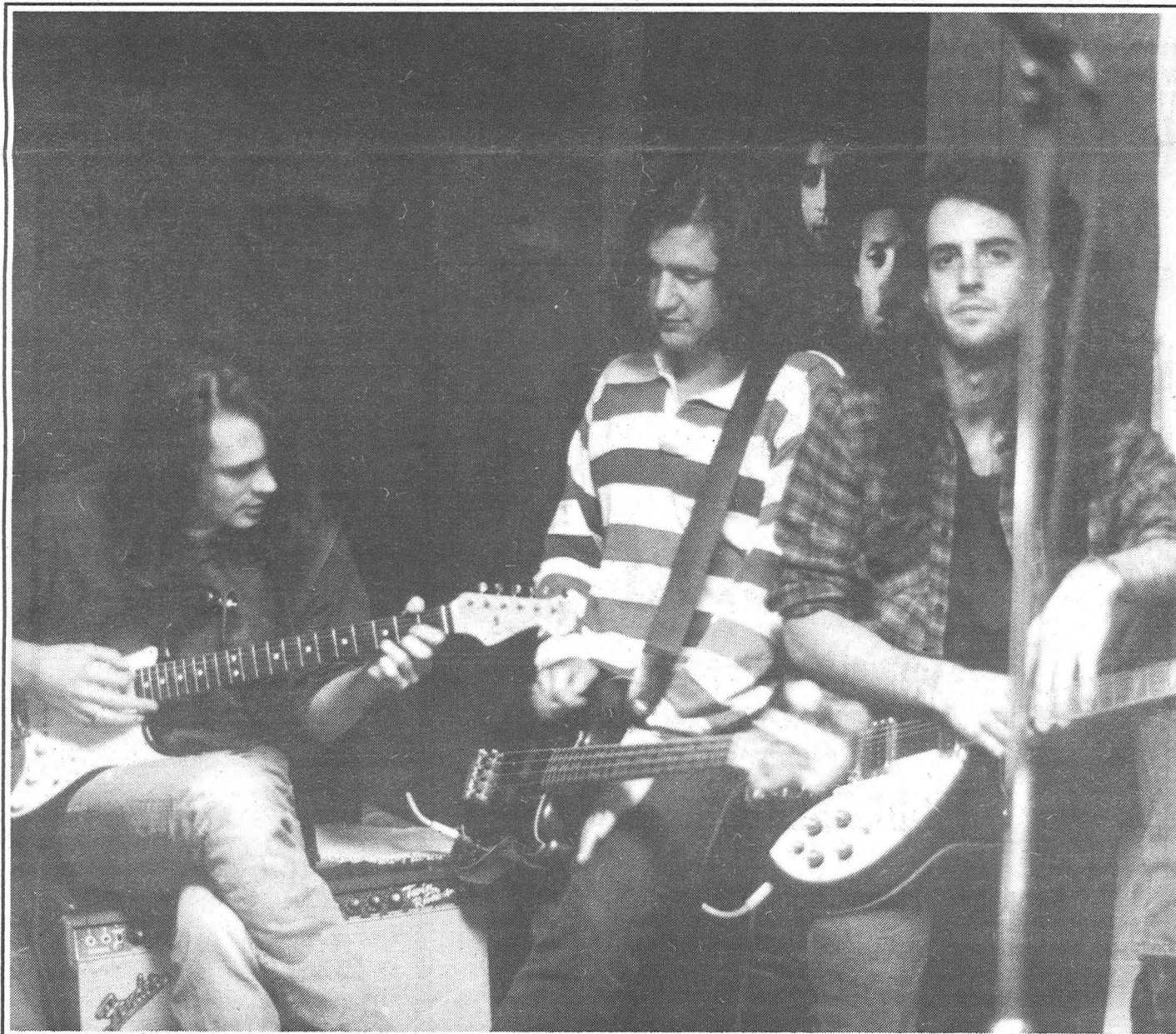
Is it a premonition or a prediction? Well, no not exactly, (it's not even that good of a lead in). But if you're like me and you've seen the Hannibals in the last few months or so you probably will agree that they're just good enough for it to go down something like that.

Because the Hannibals are in fact going to open for the over-the-hill-gangs mentioned above. Just see the ridiculously-styled 60's handbills plastered all over town for details.

Not only that, they are going to appear at **Rick's** on Friday.

And that's not all.

Today or tomorrow, the group plans to release their brand new tape of brand spankin' new material. Yes,



The Hannibals

Hannibals fans and faithful, this is your week. Christmas in October.

So how did this all come to pass? How, for instance, did the Hannibals wrangle their way into such a big and unlikely gig and just how do they feel about the chance to rub elbows with Edgar and Leon?

Chris Johnston, lead crooner and rhythm guitarist explains, "Well, it was kind of strange actually. This guy comes over to me and Matt, our

drummer at Rick's and says he's promoting this show and that he wants us to play it. I guess he'd heard us and liked us. For the first week after that, it didn't look like it was really going to happen, we were all pretty skeptical. But it is."

Dave Christie, the Hannibals' eccentric and flamboyant bassist, adds, "I'm still skeptical about playing it. Who knows if we'll get to meet any of the other bands. If we do happen to

uR-I photo/**BARBRA CHEIMAN**
meet Edgar and Leon we'll probably get along with 'em. Our hair is almost as long as theirs."

It seems that just a few days ago the Hannibals enjoyed their first anniversary. Knowing these guys to have a great deal of affection for each other, I inquired how they might have celebrated the occasion.

"Me, Chris, our other guitarist, and
See HANNIBALIZED, p.2

Matt all went to different cities," says Johnston. "I think Dave stayed home and watched T.V."

Warms your heart, doesn't it?

All kidding aside, though it's obvious these guys are close friends and the strength of this relationship shows up in the music, which by the way has gotten consistently better and better.

With their first, self-titled tape, the Hannibals captured their attempt to come together as a group and create their own sound. Originally not intended for general release, it sold surprisingly well (it sold out.). It also generated some radio play on WDBM with the cut "Wandering Eye."

The new tape, called "Hammer of Rain," seems a natural progression from the first effort. One can immediately tell the music is more complex and that the Hannibals are consciously pushing themselves into new territory.

"This one is more refined and focused than the first, which was more eclectic," suggests Chris. "It shows where we are now. The songs flow better together. More continuity."

Will there be a song on this one to match the popularity of "Wandering Eye?"

"I think the first song on the tape, 'little heads' will," Chris said. "Right now my favorite song is 'A Wish for Distance.' It's really got a good feel to it."

Yes, kids, like the famous general they take their moniker from, the Hannibals move fast and furious. A new tape, a gig at Rick's and an opening slot at the Auditorium all within the space of a few days. But all this upward mobility hasn't spoiled

these fellas. They're serious about their music but are still in it for the fun of it.

As Dave says, "You can expect the same madcap zaniness from us."

...talkin' T

From T, p. 12

Bunches. Over and Out!"

"Christ, I didn't know Shirley MacLaine had a price on her bubbly head!"

Mr. T shoved his M-16 under my nose.

"Look, fool, if hippies are comin' back, then so's Black Power!"

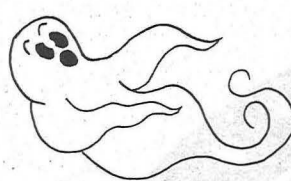
He powered over tables and chairs, scattering terrified customers like ninepins as he went, and ventured outside where a coal black helicopter awaited him. Mr. T turned around and hurled a shiny object through the broken windows as the chopper ascended.

I picked up a quartz crystal marked: "To Shirley...From Mr. T With Love."

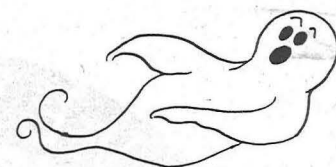
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Page Three

The Second Front Page

Just because EL bars Say No to these guys doesn't mean you should, too

by FRED BELDIN
UR-I Music Correspondent

Just Say No...what a bunch of horny, drunk dangerous ex-kids wearing black and cutting their hair short and being all scary like ...

They don't scare me, and they don't want to scare you away, so what's your hangup? JSN has been doing loud performance art for nearly two years now, what have you been doing? They have a reputation as darksiders, and no bar in East Lansing has the guts to touch them. So why do they draw hundreds of people to the house shows they gig at? Because, according to JSN guitarist **Steve Miller**, "something might happen!"

"No matter how lame people are, they always like danger," guitarist **Tom Potter** explained. "It's like a car accident. You may get to see someone's brain hanging out."

Five childhood friends who met in

prison and finally achieved a lifelong dream of being in a band together? Believe what you want, but it is true that the band consists of Miller and Potter on guitars, **Ken Knott** on vocals, bassist **Mike Achtenburg** and drummer **Randy "Get off my land" Huiskens**.

Their mouths are too filthy for B'Zar, and they're too loud for Rick's.

"House shows are definitely more dangerous," said Knott. "I guess that's why we do more of them around here."

Indeed, JSN have ample opportunity to see the world. The band has numerous out-of-town gigs under their belts (and God knows what else) plus an agency in Cincinnati is booking and East Coast "thing" for early December. But JSN get their best reaction at home, and are looking forward to their Oct. 31 performance at Faruk (with **Chew Toy** from Chicago). Check for fliers They



Just Say No drifts through on the currents of the local music scene

promise to play scary music.

JSN took a bold step this year and released a 12-inch EP on their own Go Ahead label, the dandy "Girls Say Yes To Boys Who Say No" and it continues to sell well and get local airplay.

"I was drunk (during recording) and haven't listened to it since," Potter said, defending his product.

Knott listened to in once.

"I liked it when I heard it," he said.

Huiskens added, "I'm not really interested in that type of music."

But straight man Miller holds up his band's quality, and derisively attacks the East Lansing music scene.

"I think the bars here think it's not worth the hassle," he said. "They

See Yes, p. 2

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Op:

Hyper-reaction and hypocrisy

It seems to be the same old, tired story — another weekend and another editorial about proper conduct on the mean streets of East Lansing.

This time, however, it is the rollers who got carried away.

We refer to the appearance of stormtroopers on Spartan Street, clearing off the boulevard in full riot gear and with batons of considerable length and density.

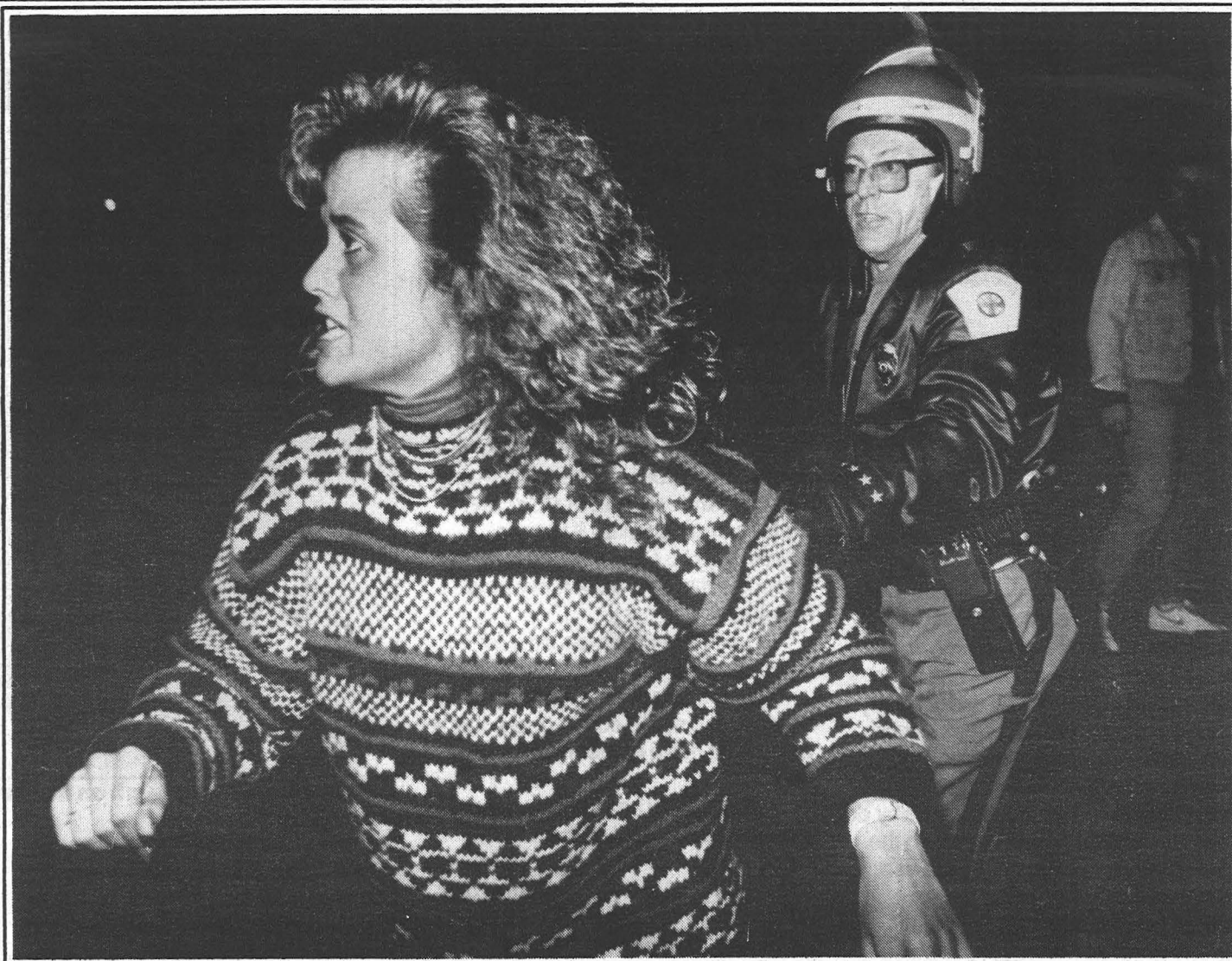
Almost denser than the head of the person in charge; you know, the person who ordered a show of force to clear a relatively peaceful — if packed — party.

This hostile presence created an atmosphere of invading mercenaries clearing conquered ground rather than an air of peace officers keeping just that — the peace.

Good common sense, the kind we *know* **ELPD Chief Thomas Hendricks** and **City Manager Tom Dority** possess, would have sent officers in regular uniform in to disperse the crowd. Instead we have to ask who made the decision to send in shock troops and then be thankful no stories about rioting were created by the unnecessary show of force.

Also interesting — but not surprising — we must note that once again hypocrisy reigns at *The State News*.

The editorial board of the paper — **John Secor**, editor-in-chief; **Bob Helbig**, opinion editor, and **Staff Representative Peg West** — declared that the hosts of two house parties should be charged with felonies after the local and imported muscle deemed them “blind pigs” and conducted raids.



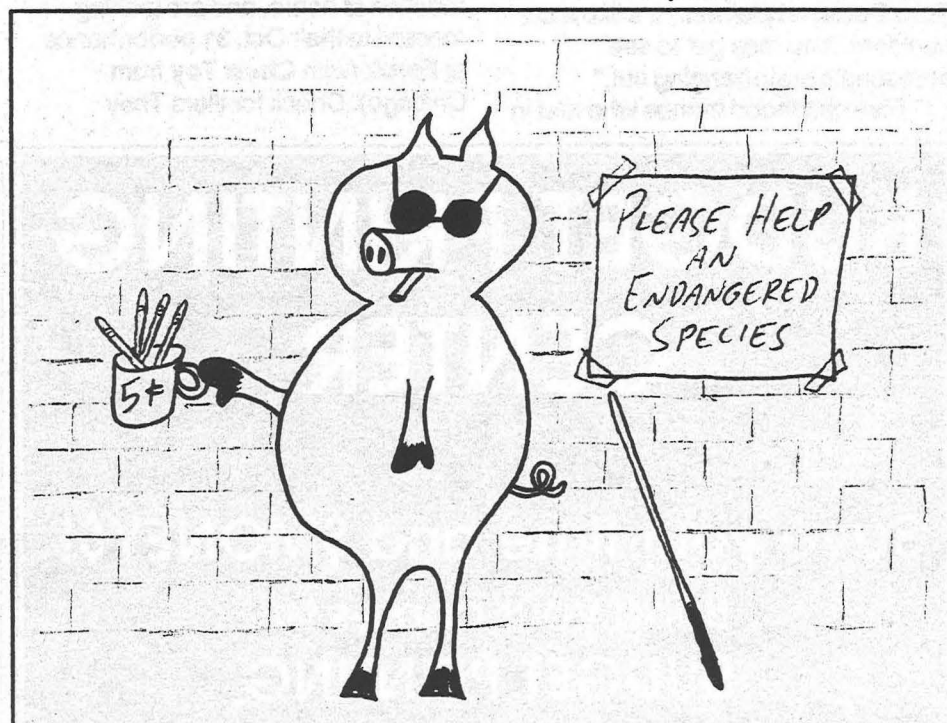
uR-I photo/LEWIS GEYER II

While we were disgusted with the horrible show of violence in Cedar Village Oct. 14, we are almost equally disgusted with police over-reaction this weekend.

The magnitude of the police's response — reportedly as many as 12-14 police cruisers on Gunson Street — might have been justified on Oct. 14. The Gunson and Spartan Street parties were no different than hundreds of similar gatherings that happen here every year, yet usually merit only one or two cars and a verbal warning.

The police are barking up the wrong tree. The near-riot in Cedar Village has been blown out of proportion by the media and the police. Let's recognize it for what it was — a spontaneous, however moronic — event that likely will not repeat itself.

Speaking of moronic, the hypocrisy of *The State News'*



uR-I artwork/JACK WHEATLEY

editorial board comes to mind.

Two of the board's members, Mr. Secor and Mr. Helbig, have been associated in the past with an informal organization called **Thunderfuck Productions** — whose sole pur-

pose was to host large keg parties.

These parties were often advertised throughout East Lansing and campus, with one See adjoining page...

the University Reporter-Intelligencer

142 Gunson St., East Lansing, MI. 48823

517-351-4899

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Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

The Reporter-Intelligencer is published weekly and distributed without charge to the MSU community and environs. So there.

...From previous page
flyer boasting of "Plenty Ganja."
Such stupid behavior — "dim MSU students...serving alcohol without a license," and "advertising the beer-busts" — is exactly what Thunderfuck Productions did.
We have to ask what these two gentlemen were thinking when they condemned their fellow students for crimes they themselves committed.
Perhaps they will turn themselves in, making a citizen's felony arrest for heinous crimes that slipped through the system's cracks?
We hope so. Damn hooligans!

Ouch! Criticism...

When the *uR-I* first surfaced, I was ecstatic. There is an obvious market on campus for an alternative newspaper, and I welcomed the chance to read another student publication. When I saw the names of the people behind the newspaper, I was even more pleased. Having worked in *The State News* classified office for over two years, I was familiar with names like Elrick, Stearns, Baldas, (Hunter S. Thompson?), etc. These are people who are somewhat familiar with a professional journalistic format, and are capable of producing a quality product.
Imagine my disappointment when I perused the pages and discovered what is essentially a very second-rate, amateur effort.
Wake up you fools! Don't you realize the potential that your paper has? You have an opportunity to do some real hardcore journalism, and you're filling your pages with cheap shots and inside jokes, which may be entertaining to the old clique at *The State News* but means nothing to the other 40,000 students here at MSU. Do yourself and the rest of us a big favor— wipe off the smug sarcastic grins and get to work. Start producing a publication of value.

You're damn capable and you know it. All you have to do is reserve your smart-alecky bullshit for your Gunson Street parties, and start viewing this paper more professionally, and you'll have something you can be extremely proud of.
A few suggestions:
1) Go to the journalism department and recruit someone as an advisor. I know it seems stodgy and horribly safe, but it can only help. Naturally, all decisions should ultimately be made by your editorial staff, but professional input is a valuable asset.
2) Expand the reviews section to include MSU performing arts, local films (mainstream and otherwise), books, etc. This is already proving to be one of your best areas. People like Dave Weier really know their stuff, and there are more out there like him. However, some of them are associated with *The State News*, WDBM, and other groups that the *uR-I* is irresponsibly alienating with childish little barbs and cheap shots. Wake up, grow up, and start using your resources.
3) Do you edit? Typos galore! Read, re-read, and re-read.
4) Space your advertising out evenly throughout the paper. Sure, everyone wants to be on the first page, but the resulting clutter makes everyone's ads ineffective.
5) Editorials can be the most powerful aspect of any publication. Mr. Elrick, if you're going to write an article about DiBiaggio's Endless Travels, dig up some facts and produce something of value. Good journalism is hard work. It is not paying a smart-alecky visit to Cowles House like the class clown, and then filling half a page with mindless garbage. Don't publish pieces that haven't been worked on for more than twenty minutes; they're easy to spot. It's a sure way to embarrass yourself and insult your readers.
6) Obscenities are useful tools in our language, and words like "fuck" and "shit" can sometimes add the proper emphasis or paint a picture. But there is no place for terms like "mucus-breath" and "piss up a rope" in a credible newspaper. You may be entertaining yourselves, but exhibiting a grade-school vocabulary and/or sense of humor is hardly going to attract readers or potential advertisers. Grow up and start using language responsibly.

7) The front page photo of the mother at the abortion rally was great. There are plenty of budding photo-journalists around. Recruit some of them and start printing more photos of things other than your own faces.
I hope that you're going to take this letter as constructive criticism. I hope you're not going to merely laugh a smug, post-pubescent laugh and skewer me in the next issue.
I have a lot of respect for you and your efforts in creating the *uR-I*. But it would be an enormous shame if you failed to reach your potential success. Please stop being asinine and become professional and responsible. You are capable of much better than this.

—Rich Sweetman
Advertising and English major

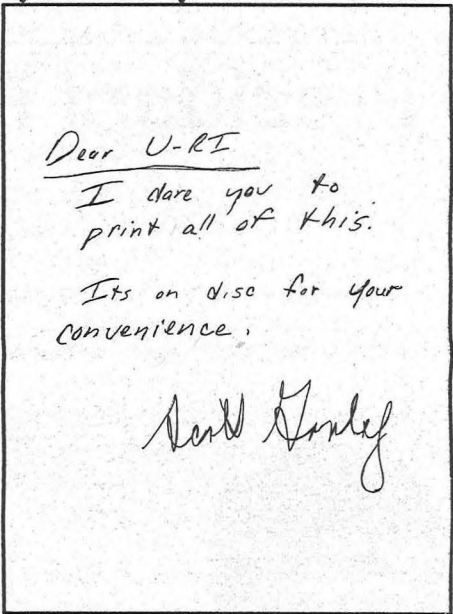
Goolsby gets off!

uR-I: JOA Gone Bad?
What publication has: Pro-abortion editorials, an inordinate amount of space devoted to special causes such as homosexuality and minorities, anti-tuition hike editorials, excessively lengthy and boring Lash Larowe rantings forever in the same unfunny style that was old 10 years ago, and a general left-wing outlook? *The State News*, right!! No, no, no, stupid! It's a completely totally different alternate other paper called the *uR-I*!
Let's see, that's *u-R-I* for the *University-Replica Identical*, right? Or *Unchanged-Remains Indistinguishable*? Is it the *Unread-Redundant Irrelevant*? *Us-Requires Individuality*? *Unheard-of Reproduction Infringement*? the *Unorigional-Repetitive Impersonator*? *Us-Reporters Imitate*? *U-Reprint It*? Of course not, it's the *University-Reporter Intelligencer*. Well, how about some intelligent reporting then.
How about just one or the other. How about some really alternative stories that we can't find in that other paper, like about the systematic denial of free speech for (generally) conservative papers and conservatives on campuses across the country. Instead of an entire front page devoted to worthless *USA Today*-like crap ("MSU, U-M, Whos No. 1?"), (where was the pie chart?)

how about a story on the striking down of U-M's blatant and knowingly unconstitutional denial of free speech in the name of "anti-discriminatory" regulations.
10 out of 10 readers say: "The *uR-I* doesn't even have enough pages to line my ant farm — let alone my lizard's cage. Keep your ants happy, let them read more interesting material like the local phone book."
Frankly, I admire you for having the balls to start this thing, but Jesus, don't kid/flatter yourselves — this is no alternative, it's more of the same views in a less formal format. (One of those JOA deals?) Right now you're just the Wednesday supplement to *The State News*.

— Scott Goolsby

P.S. In closing I would like to say something I've wanted to say for a long time: Larowe, you're an asshole. Why don't you take yourself and your tired old Galbraithian depression-era fart-like ideas and quit hanging around here like the worthless old fart that you are, now that you're through teaching those "too tough for minorities" bullshit politicized "economics" courses of yours. Thank you.



HEY KIDS!

It's a neat-o reader response card!
So are we headed in the right track?
Please let us know, send this card to our offices at 142 Gunson St. with any criticisms, comments or suggestions or other things you believe will enhance our ability to serve the MSU community. Remember, this is your paper, too.

City of the disappointments



**M.L.
Elrick**

Some things you can count on, but East Lansing apparently isn't one of them.

After a weekend of wilding in the confines of lovely Cedar Village (oh, by the way, who read the column to youse guys making the death threats anyway?), the media showed up in force, waiting for those caught looking lustfully at fences or bicycles or mopeds to be frisked or maced by the im-

ported muscle.

So much ink was spilled on this town in the last week that most of us had to pull out the galoshes.

Yes, we were The Town That Could Explode Right Before Your Very Eyes.

Drama. Action. Great footage!

So, when this weekend rolled around and we media vultures tucked our bibs into our collars (all the while drool beading up and cascading down the fronts of our polyester shirts) we waited for the masses to be revolting.

But even though the WDIV Detroit satellite dish was poised at the Jiffy Lube, we news hawks ended up going home disappointed to the max, dude and dudettes.

What happened to the loonies?

Where were the blood-

soaked streets and burning symbols of man's lineage back to the ape?

How 'bout a little consistency folks?

Instead, East Lansing Police Capt. Richard Murray said Cedar Village residents were taking hot pizza and apple cider out to police who had sealed the neighborhood off from non-Cedar Village autos.

Instead, the Cap'n said Cedar Village residents opened their laundry rooms to warm police manning barricades.

Instead, City Manager Tom Dority said Sunday that he didn't hear of one arrest in Cedar Village.

So much for The City We Could Run On One (With a Big Picture).

So many people had counted on East Lansing to be consistent and come through with the big display of stupidity we have invited them to expect,

but we disappointed them.

The big story was no longer MSU Students Run Wild After Homecoming Disappointment, but East Lansing Watches and Waits — for Nothing.

Who could have guessed?

I mean, we gave them the lousy weather that Cedar Fest has thrived on; we lost the crucial game that could have kept us in the hunt for the Big Ten title and Rose Bowl; and we sprawled all over town with nothing to do but wait in line with the plastic faces at Dooley's.

The media had an appetite for destruction and East Lansing was looking juicier as the day went on.

Yum!

But there was nothing.

No violence, no damage, no story, no consistency.

Damn.

A nice cracked skull would have made our weekend.

President Ronnie's posse rides again

1-800-(123) 456-7891.

"Ronnie? Ronnie, are you listening to me?" Nancy bellowed as she folded her copy of the Sunday New York Times Want Ads section and sipped her prune juice.

It's October in Southern California, and America's favorite first family is discussing what to do with the rest of their lives, now that they have no one else's to ruin anymore.

"What? Uh, yes, Mommy, of course I was listening to you," replied Mr. Reagan, eating his Crunch Berries and glancing through his favorite Sunday morning reading — Tiger Beat. "But did you see this latest article on Scott Baio? Well, that young man is a real inspiration. If only Ron Jr. could have turned out that way."

"Ronnie, shut up and listen to me! There's an advertisement in here that I think you might be qualified for. I think it's about time for you to dive back into the mainstream again. You know, hit the speaking engagement tour, do some commercials, maybe do a guest spot on Married With Children."

"Gee, I don't know, Nance. I mean, I was the president. That's the

most powerful job in the world. Not everyone gets to be the president, after all. Wouldn't all of that tarnish the image of the office I once held?

"Besides, I kind of like what I'm doing now."

Nancy rolled her eyes, turned off the Geraldo show and shot a menacing look over to her pookie.

"What you're doing now? What, are you kidding me? I don't call horseback riding three times a day, daily telephone calls to Sportsphone and an occasional tennis match with Bobby Riggs exactly history making. Nope. You should do something constructive with yourself, Ron. Get back out there and stir things up."

"Sure, hon, my life has slowed down a bit. But don't you think a former president should be able to slow down after his term in office — especially since I served two consecutive terms and was the oldest president elected."

"And I just don't know, sweetums. It might cause a real uproar around the country, a former president acting in commercials. And what about all of those hard-working factory employees in Gary and Flint? Won't they be angry

at me hawking foreign wares?"

"I thought you believed in the free enterprise system, Ron. You know, survival of the fittest, every man for himself (and his wife)."

"And Ronnie, it's not like nobody else does it. Look at Tip O'Neil, for instance. That old coot sold himself to Quality Inn, and he spends more time in Boston sports bars than Ted Danson. The list goes on. Honeybunch, I just want what's best for you."

Ronald paused for a minute, ripped out the Kurt Cameron poster inside the magazine and thought about what Nancy was proposing.

And thought.

And thought.

Two Weeks Later..:

"So don't forget. Sony walkmen are the chosen audio equipment for the real cowboy of the 1990's. Just ask us, Ronald Reagan and the Buyalot Posse."

"Okay, that's a wrap. Thanks, Mr. President. Hey by the way, Mr. President. What was it made you decide to come out of retirement?"

"Well, ya know Chucky. The devil made me do it."



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Sorry Sparty, but your \$7,000 price tag failed to buy you acceptance — only Geek o' the Week dishonors.

We loved seeing you at Homecoming almost as much as we enjoyed seeing those nlmrods ring that stupid bell all afternoon. The alumni were so proud!

We are, however, pleased to know that if you were to sell yourself at your retail price — assuming no depreciation — you could attend MSU for one year.

Then again, you could peddle your ugly ass elsewhere, using the \$ for a bus ticket.

Bon voyage.

**Lash
Larrowe**

Where's Ollie when we need him?

Everybody's sayin' these days your typical college kid don't know nothin'. Like when the Civil War was fought, or whether we was on the side of the Germans or the Russians in WW II.

That sure ain't my experience. Seems like every time I go into a bar for a quiet drink some smartalek who's majorin' in history or international relations comes over, insists on carryin' on a conversation to straighten me out on somethin'.

Like the other day. I'm sittin' over in a corner, mindin' my own business, this young squirt plunks hisself down beside me.

"What do you think about the way Bush handled the coup in Panama, Lash?" he leers. "I know you're a fan of his."

"He could of acted more forcefully, sure," I says loyally. "If it'd been me, I'd have passed the word to our boys down there to grab Noriega when the rebels had him, take him out into the jungle and feed him to the alligators, OK?"

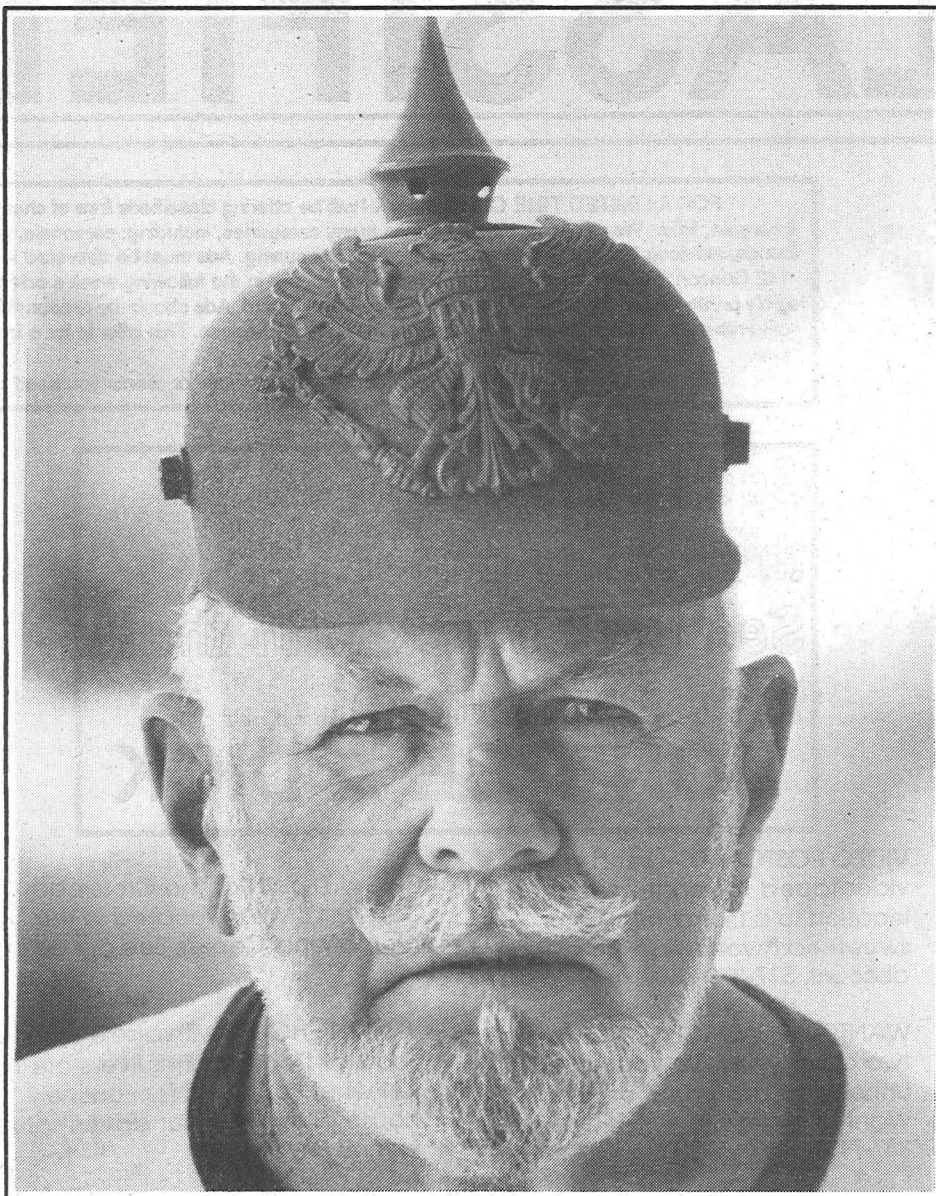
"But don't forget, sonny," I adds. "The president's new at the game. Give him a little more experience, he'll be handling problems like this Noriega thing just as effectively as other presidents've handled upstarts who got too big for their britches."

"Aren't you aware there's a Presidential order on the books that makes it a crime for a U.S. citizen to assassinate the head of a foreign nation, Lash?" he howls.

"Sounds like an order a wimp like Jimmy Carter prob'ly issued," I jeers. "He was always bleating about human rights."

"Actually, it was Jerry Ford," he tells me. "You wouldn't call him a wimp, would you? I heard he played football at U-M without a helmet. Carter strengthened it, and Reagan extended it."

"Isn't it about time you jingoists



realized that our policy of overthrowing governments we don't like has been a colossal failure," he asks. "We've put people in power who're worse than the ones we've thrown out, and we've got enemies all over the world as a result. Especially in Latin America."

"Hold it right there, junior!" I barks. "You make unpatriotic charges like that, you better have facts to back 'em up!"

"Let's start with Iran," he says calmly. "In the early 1950s, the Iranian people elected a prime minister named Mossadegh, OK? One of his campaign promises was he'd get the Soviets out of Northern Iran, which he did when he got into office."

"But then," he goes on, "Mossadegh nationalized Iran's oil, which meant companies like Exxon and Mobil stood to lose big profits. So the CIA decided he was Communist and engineered a coup that overthrew him

and put the Shah back on the throne."

"You'll hafta admit, Waldo," I says unctuously, "the Shah was a good friend of the U.S., right? One of the staunchest anti-Communists in the free world, too."

"Yeah, and a brutal tyrant while he was at it," he says grimly. "So the Iranian people threw him out, and we got the Ayatollah in his place! Can you believe the CIA used to point to overthrowing Mossadegh as one of their biggest successes, Lash?"

"OK, that's one example," I says testily. "Got any more?"

"I've got a ton of 'em," he answers. "The year after Iran, the CIA did the same thing in Guatemala."

"Guatemala ain't no oil-producing country," I says sharply. "You aren't gonna blame the oil cartel for whatever it is you claim the CIA done in Guatemala, are you?"

"Oh, it wasn't oil in Guatemala,"

he says. "It was the banana plantations the Chiquita banana folks own down there. In 1950, the president of Guatemala set out to buy up their landholdings, OK? He was going to pay for them with 25-year, interest-bearing bonds and distribute the land to the peasants."

"That's the policy we're pushing in El Salvador," I says. "Peasants who own land don't buy Communism."

"Right," he says. "But United Fruit — they're the people who own Chiquita bananas — had undervalued their properties to keep their taxes down. So when they were told they were going to get paid what they's always said their land was worth, they branded the president of Guatemala a commie, Lash!"

"The CIA got the message, moved in and overthrew him, put in a series of generals whose human rights records were so bad Carter cut off aid to Guatemala. Reagan restored it, of course."

"In the real world, sonny," I says, "there's times you gotta play hardball if you're gonna keep the Ruskies in their place."

"That's how Nixon justified overthrowing the government of President Allende of Chile, wasn't it?" he sneers. "Nixon didn't like Allende's socialist policies, so he called him a Communist, blocked international loans Chile desperately needed, and told the CIA: 'Make their economy scream.'"

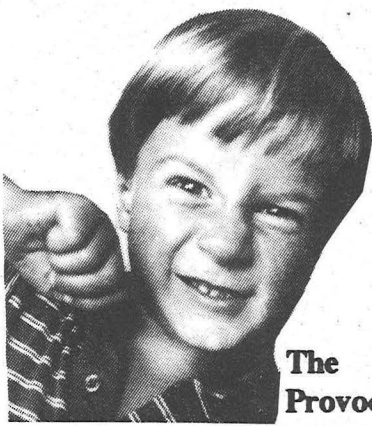
"The CIA got that message, too, didn't they? They sabotaged Chile's economy and staged a coup in which Allende was murdered. The country's been ruled ever since by a ruthless general, Lash!"

"There's a lot more examples I could tell you if I had time," he says. "Like the CIA's bungled attempts to assassinate Castro after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, mining Nicaragua's harbors, their part in the murder of Patric Lumumba in the Congo, the overthrow of President Jagan in Guyana, propping up repressive regimes all over Central America."

"That explains why them rebels down there in Panama said 'We don't want our actions tainted by American help,' when they turned down our offer of military assistance during the coup, don't it?" I says thoughtfully.

"It looks like Bush done the right thing when he decided military interventions do more harm than good, don't it?"

E. L.: Home to most, but it never meant nuthin' to me



**The
Provocateur**

Bonjour, encore, suckers-of-raw-eggs! Despite your pleas and threats, the Provoc is back in the saddle (diaper?) for another week of telling it like it should be — in other words, the way I want it to be! If you're one of those suckers that believes in good taste, read no

further. If you're like everyone I know, buckle up, 'cause here we go...

Great game last Saturday, eh? **George** "He's not heavy, he's my brudder, brudder" **Perles** once again wore a different jacket and once again forsook the successful air game for the anemic running game.

At least this time he showed a sense of humor, having **Tico Duckett** fake that horrible dive in the middle of the pile that cost them the Miami game.

That little jaunt around the end was just what the Provoc ordered. Tico, you're alright.

Just get a real name, OK fellah?

Wasn't it nice to have the stormtroopers roaming the streets of East Lansing last weekend? What was the deal with all the club work on Spartan Street; are these guys

somehow sexually repressed or what!

Police should resist the desire to use phallic force next year.

Assuming there's anything left of East Lansing. I mean, hell, we could either be a pile of ash or a state trooper parking/commuter lot by 1990.

Speaking of pimples — as in pimples-on-the-ass — let's hope East Lansing's leadership decides not to prosecute all those scofflaws who threw parties last weekend in lieu of the Cedar Village quarantine.

Can you imagine all those little Provocateurs/entrepreneurs in jail!

There ain't enough spray paint for everyone.

Hey, let's hear it for the alumni who made their way to MSU for homecoming!

Sadly enough, we're going to look like those burned-out stiffs someday; all haggard and happy to return to the site of our toil and turmoil.

At least it got them off the couch

for a spell.

State Rep. **Nelson Saunders** (D-Det.) was caught last week driving drunk.

State Rep. **Dennis** "100 for the road" **Dutko** (D-Warren) recently resigned because he couldn't serve his constituents for the cell he rented from an anti-drunk driving judge.

State Sen. **Basil Brown** (D-Highland Park) resigned after he was nailed selling coke to a stool-pidgeon prostitute.

State Sen. **John Kelly** (D-Det.) was nailed a couple years ago for trying to outrun a state trooper — later claiming the sparsely-marked car looked like it was stalking him.

No wonder these guys don't know nuthin' about our tuition or other problems — they're too busy with their own!

Shit, let's find these guys something to do other than make little ones out of big ones.

CLASSIFIEDS

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY, the uR-I will be offering classifieds free of charge! What a total bargain, folks. We will accept classifieds in many categories, including: personals, wanteds, lost and founds, services (sought or offered), roommates or housing. Ads must be delivered to the uR-I offices at 142 Gunson, no later than 5 p.m. Wednesday to appear in the following week's edition. Ads should be legibly printed on lined-paper, preferably a 3-by-5 index card. Ads should be reasonable in length and the uR-I reserves the right to make any necessary editorial changes. This offer is for a limited time only, so act quickly.

The uR-I is your place to make contact with the services or clients you need to get a hold of.

PERSONALS

BETTY: Get well soon, dammit. Otherwise, you're getting coal in your stocking this December.

LEN TAI: It's great to have you back in East Lansing. So when do I get to visit you in Hawaii?!

SERVICES

SUNTANA SUN BED, excellent condition. \$2,000. Call Northwind Hair Styles at: 336-8100. Ask for Donna.

AARDVARK PETS & SUPPLY — your campus pet supply headquarters. Corner of MAC and Albert. 337-0841.

ESPRESSO ROYALE now accepting applications for energetic individuals willing to work hard with and for fun people! Evening and night positions. Serious applicants only.

BE AN MSU AMBASSADOR to your hometown high school over the winter break. Pick up applications in Rm. 276, Admin. Bldg. before Oct. 27 or call Student Admissions Committee at 353-7857.

VIDEO POSTCARD — send your videotaped message, event or location to a friend, relative or sweetheart worldwide. 15% student discount. 517-339-0509.

WANTED: PRACTICE SPACE for band, two days/week. Do you have an unneeded basement or garage? Want to make some \$\$?! Call Kurt at 337-7139.

BENNY'S PIZZA IS accepting applications for manager. Apply at their East Grand River store.

NEED YOUR PRINTS done fast and cheap? Go to Budget Printing. See our advertisement elsewhere in the uR-I.

CHOW DOWN at the Crossroads Cafeteria. We're located in the International Center. See our ad in the uR-I.

JAM THE HOUSE with a selection from Too Hot Records. This live store has just what you need for your next house party. See our advertisement in the uR-I.

SEE STUDENT ART displayed now at Faruk Art Gallery, in the Campus Town Mall. Also available are T-shirts, incense and a variety of literature. See our ad in the uR-I.

CURIOUS FOR MORE than those boring textbooks? Then come to

Curious Comics on Grand River Ave. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

IT'S THE EAST LANSING renaissance at Renaissance Hair, for all of your hairstyling needs. See our ad in the uR-I.

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A LITTLE OVERWHELMING is a new comedy-adventure shot on the MSU campus by MSU student Tad

Nyland. See the premier Oct. 27 at 9:15 in the Wilson Hall Auditorium.

GARY'S CAMPUS Hair Salon offers reduced prices for hair cuts. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

RECEIVE \$3 OFF your next visit to Clearwater Spa's hot tubs with our coupon elsewhere in the uR-I.

IF QUALITY HAIRSTYLING is what you want, Currie's Salon is the place to be. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

TOP DOG for chili fries, nachos, hot dogs and other late-night munchies. See our advertisement in the uR-I.

THE LANDSHARK presents Souvenir Oct. 27 and 28. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

STRIKE A BLOW for fun at the Union Bowling Alley, located in the basement of the MSU Union. See our ad in the uR-I.

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Out & About

Each week the uR-I features a section called "Out and About" (look at the top of the page if you doubt us, mush-face).

In this section you, the valued reader, will find a listing of local and other happenings ranging from bands playing in nightclubs to plays on and off campus to art exhibits.

We will also strive to include concert updates for venues in the East Lansing, Detroit and Ann Arbor areas.

But, as we are relatively unhip in some areas, please give us the skinny on any other hoppin' places, up-coming events, etc.... We want to include them in this fresh section, dig?

So if you know of a groovin' joint, spread the wealth and let us know, holmes. Contact our Gunson Street offices (on a 3x5 card or neatly written on lined paper) by Thursday of the week prior to publication.

House parties are fair game, too. We talked about ours here in the first issue and got 200 people! Last week's 208 Bailey/Laughing Hyenas bash packed em in, too. But, hey, don't tell us if you gots brew and how much it will cost, 'cause we'll print it and the uninvited John Law will show up.

Got it? Good. Let us have at it...

East Lansing

Classic Films

Oct. 26: Fellini and six other directors' *Love in the City*. 8 p.m. \$2.
Oct. 27: Marx Brothers in *Pigs in Capers*. 8 p.m. \$2.
Call 355-0241 for locations and info.

Connxtions Comedy Club

Nov. 7-11: Mac King (also appearing: Michael Orenstein & Ken Brown). Tues.-Thurs. 9 p.m. \$7; Fri. and Sat. 8-10 p.m. \$9.
Nov. 14-18: Ronnie Bullard (also appearing: Rickie Beechum & Eric Kirkland). Info: 482-1468.

The Landshark

Oct. 27-28: Souvenir

MSU Fairchild Theater — New Arena Theatre

Nov. 1-4: Loaded Down with Calm: The Saga of Taft (free)

MSU Auditorium

Oct. 29: Leon Russell, Edgar Winters, The Byrds, Rare Earth, The Hannibals. 7 p.m. \$14.
Nov. 27: B-52's

Sensations

Nov. 12: Michael Hedges. 8 p.m. Info: 372-0200.

Stardust

Oct. 25: Rock Aid in Lansing benefit show, featuring Bad Oskars, Ambush 9p.m.

Union Ballroom

Oct. 31: Timbuk 3 with the Way-outs

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Nov. 10-12, 17-18: Noises Off.
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Ann Arbor

The Apartment

Oct. 26: Lunar Octet
Oct. 27: George Bedard and the Kingpins
Oct. 28-29: The Whiptones

The Ark

Oct. 26: Roy Book Binder
Oct. 27: Laketown Busters
Oct. 28: James Keelaghan
Oct. 31: The Oyster Band

Bird of Paradise

Oct. 27-28: The Cat's Meow, featuring Gail Baker; Suzanne Lane
Oct. 29: David Swain and George Bedard, brunch; Andy Dahlke Quartet
Oct. 30: Big Band Night, with Bird of Paradise Orchestra
Oct. 31: Bill Heid

Blind Pig

Oct. 25: Idyll Roomers
Oct. 26: Iodine Raincoats
Oct. 27-28: Frank Allison and the Odd Sox
Oct. 30: Bad Oskar
Oct. 31: King David

Club Heidelberg

Oct. 25: Mol Triffid with Bleed

Oct. 26: Juice with My Planet
Oct. 27: The Opossums with Jugglers and Thieves
Oct. 28: Shock Therapy

Player's Lounge

Oct. 25-26: The Sun Messengers
Oct. 27: The Jim King Group, with Koke McKesson
Oct. 28: Either/Orchestra

PowerCenter

Oct. 25: Preservation Hall Jazz Band, \$16 (313) 763-TKTS
Oct. 29: Youssou N'Dour, \$16.50



Oct 27&28.....Souvenir

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Rick's American Cafe

Oct. 26: Trinidad Tripoli Steel Band, Soundstage with Dog Soldier
Oct. 27-28: Jeanne and the Dreams
Oct. 30: bop (harvey)
Oct. 31: The Difference

Detroit

St. Andrew's Hall

Oct. 27: Front Line Assembly
Oct. 31: Clutch Cargo's Annual Halloween Bash with Tanjent Image, Deathmen
Nov. 3: Alien Sex Fiend
Nov. 5: SoundGarden
Nov. 11: 7 Seconds
Nov. 16: The Pixies

Royal Oak Music Theater

Oct. 28: Testament
Nov. 3: The The

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Those interested in a mail subscription should send check or money order to the uR-I's offices at 142 Gunson, East Lansing, MI, 48823. Make the check payable to: uR-I Publications

REVIEWS

Sound(Rock)Garden blooms

SoundGarden, *Louder than Love*, (A&M, 1989)

Take equal parts **Led Zeppelin** and 70s **Sabbath** bombast, crossed with 80s influences like the **Descendents** and whaddaya get? A helluva group, that's what.

Though they've gone from underground gods to media darlings (**MTV-Postmodern**, **Headbangers Ball**, **Rolling Stone**, **SPIN**, **A&M's** developing artists series etc.) in just a little less than two years, **SoundGarden** live up to the hype.

While vocalist **Chris Cornell's** voice is more than a little reminiscent of **Robert Plant's**, and **Kim Thayil's** guitar leads sound almost familiar, their combination along with rhythmists **Hiro Yamamoto** (bass), and **Matt Cameron** (drums) prove to be more potent than anything in recent memory.

At first glance, the titles to their songs seem almost *too* corny ("Gun," "Get on the Snake," "Power Trip" et al.) to be taken seriously, but the first listen makes quick work of that and any other predispositions the audience might have. "Ugly Truth" (the first track) finds Cornell wailing: "(the) Truth don't look too good on you, the Truth don't look

too good on you..." with more intensity (read also: believability) than **King Dumb Cum** could ever hope for. "Big Dumb Sex," on the other hand, is destined to become an un-radioed party song (like **Black Flag's** "Wasted") with its repeated chorus of "I — know what to do — I'm gonna fuck fuck fuck fuck you — fuck you..."

It's hard to believe that all it takes is a few off-hand references to such a great band to bring them to the public's attention (good ol' boy **W. Axl Rose** helped publicize these guys and get them signed to A&M.). After last year's **Ultra-Mega O.K.** (on SST records) I figured them to be relegated to the ranks of indies for most of their career (like **Dag Nasty**, **Husker Du**, **Misfits** and millions of other bands) but thankfully, they won't have to suffer the agony of waiting and waiting to be discovered.

So get it, hear it, live it, experience it, blast it, love it, just don't ignore it — like you might any other independent release. Oh, yeah, maybe you oughta check out their work on SST, and 4AD records too — and dig that Seattle Psychadellia.

—JEFF FIKE

Like a good friend, Strummer's back

Joe Strummer: *Earthquake Weather*
Ralph Rating: *****

Remember moldy old Joe, that wacky guy who changed his hairstyle more than he changed the world? That domineering dictator who had the gall to fire **Mick Jones** and tour all 1984 without him, the responsible diplomat who ran off to Paris before a sold-out UK tour?

Well, he's returned with an album that's grimy as a cinder-block, just when we've given up on him and put our **Doc Marten** boots in mothballs.

With **Walker and Straight To Hell** (1987), Joe proved a previously unknown ability for mood music that didn't turn into Muzak. With **Permanent Record's** soundtrack (1988), Joe even realized he could rock again without setting the **Socialist Worker** to music.

With **Earthquake Weather**, Joe comes across as a good friend who's perennially late, but always a pleasure to see, staking out his territory with an offhand impressiveness that retains the **Clash's** musical grab bag approach. It even comes off with no major stretch marks.

Joe certainly takes on all comers. You want something mellow for that 3 a.m. study break? Try "Island Hopping" and see if the meandering acoustic guitars distract you from the nastiness of a line like "Chop down all the cherry trees on Mango Street."

You feel like bopping your pelvis without a care? Then the spidery reggae of "Dizzy's Goatee" and "Ride Your Donkey" should fill

up that menu.

Nostalgic for the "Casbah" days? "Siborsky Parts" is garage funk that could give **Casey Kasem** a boner if it had cleaner production.

And, ah yes, there are the familiar rockers which Joe's dealt from **Clash City** for so many years. "Gangsterville," "Slant Six," "Shouting Street," "Highway One Zero Street" and "Passport to Detroit" are muscular and lean, meat and potatoes rock which actually fills your gut.

Zander Schloss rises above the role of Guest Guitarist of Big Punk Icon, goosing along the proceedings with nary a two-handed hammer or five-neck guitar to be seen anywhere. He also lays back when necessary, such as on "Sleepwalk," a soft-spoken ballad which qualifies as my absolute favorite on **Earthquake**. This is a combination which should prove capable of fascinating things in years to come.

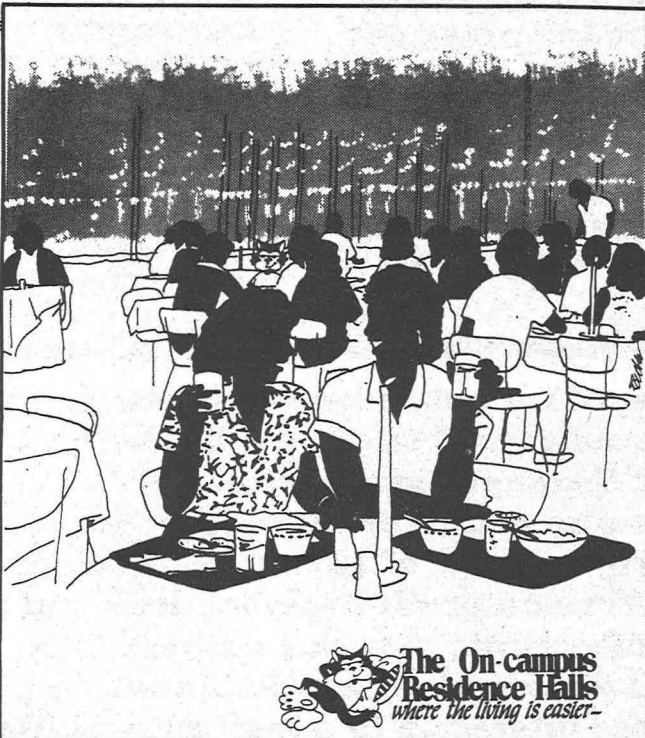
My main complaint lies in Joe's perverse insistence on burying his vocals beneath those howling guitar chords of Zander's. In a career of inconsistency, that tendency remains as Joe's sole consistent trait. Whether on the first **Clash** album, or this new solo release, Joe seems intent on training a whole new generation of **United Nations** translators.

But I'm sure they'll feel the same way I did about this album. This music does the talking.

And God, does it ever do it so well.

—Ralph Heltzsdorf

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From YES, p. 3

might as well have us play, because we'd draw people in, and drinking people, too."

Truer words have never been spoken. At least not by a member of Just Say No.

On the road with: Just Say No

(The following is an excerpt from the upcoming novel, *Go Cat Run* by Boland Hell, a basically fictionalized account of a week on the road with East Lansing rock and roll band Just Say No in the famous JSN tour van.)

"I can remember riding in the van once with Just Say No on their way to God knows where, Tom was going nuts throwing lamps out the window and Steve was all coked up and ready to kill somebody and Ken was driving with one hand and yelling at everybody to shut the fuck up and Mike was asleep and Randy was so drunk with this big ol' smile on his puss singing a little song to himself and I was sitting there thinking I got to go to the bathroom and I know they won't stop even if I ask and they probably wouldn't mind if I pissed right in the cab or they just wouldn't notice but I got off all right and just kept slammin' down as many beers as I could (on account of I had paid for them all and they were going fast) and wishing they had a joint for me so I could feel real paranoid that they were driving 90 MILES AN HOUR IN A FUCKED UP BREAD TRUCK TOWARDS CERTAIN DEATH OR LEGAL ENTANGLEMENTS!

Then I remembered about the Governor tied up in the back of the van and I had to laugh. What a bunch of crazy guys!"

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Entertainment

Timbuk 3 defies classification

by BILL FRISCHLING
uR-I Music Correspondent

Most of today's bands fall within a set standard of musical styles established by their listeners. For instance, a band like Iron Maiden would be called Heavy Metal, or Depeche Mode would fall under New Wave.

It's not that easy with Timbuk 3.

Timbuk 3, otherwise known as husband and wife team Pat and Barbara K. MacDonald, have had their music called everything from country to hillbilly to funky dance music to just plain old rock. The trouble with actually calling Timbuk 3's music one style is a result of their unique mix of instruments. On the opening track of *Edge of Allegiance*, "National Holiday", a country and western harmonica is mixed with a funky bass and a clever drum rhythm to create a very creative and very different Americana ambience.

"I don't ever classify [our music]," Barbara said in a phone interview. "It's just original music... We're just songwriters and musicians and rhythm is a real important element [in our music]... It's kind of all of those styles and none of those at the same time."

The background of the MacDonalds may have something to do with their unique music style. They met in 1978 in Madison, Wis. when Barbara, a native of San Antonio, Tex., was establishing a residence to go to school. Pat, originally from Green Bay, was playing a regional folk circuit. Barbara formed, then left, her own band to join up with The Essentials, a rocked-up R&B band that Pat had formed. The band dissolved in 1984, but Pat and Barbara stayed together.

After playing dates around Wisconsin, the two came up with the



Pop innovators Pat and Barbara K. MacDonald

concept of recording rhythm tracks from a drum machine to play back on a tape deck, eliminating the need for a percussionist. After a trial run of their music in New York, the two moved to Austin, Tex., and Timbuk 3 was born.

They played local clubs in Austin until their break came along. They played a set on MTV's *The Cutting Edge*, a new music show, which helped land them a contract with IRS records in 1985. Their hit single from their first album, "The Future's So Bright, I Gotta Wear Shades," earned them a 1986 Grammy nomination for Best New Artist.

One thing many critics have pointed out about Timbuk 3's music is their lyrics, which Pat writes. *Edge of Allegiance*, the third and most recent album of Timbuk 3, touches on some social issues of our time. "Dirty Dirty

Rice" talks about a man's pride being tested because he has to live on the streets. "National Holiday" discusses issues of modern America; "So let's all sing the national anthem/Free the Hostages, pay the ransom."

Barbara attributes their current success to their belief in their music.

"We've always felt really strong and positive about our music," she said. "It's kind of like a life-long endeavor. The results have never been our goal. The music has always been our goal. We're happy to just continue writing and recording and performing these songs that we come up with."

One thing that Timbuk 3 enjoys about their music is their live performances.

"It feels real comfortable to me," Barbara said. "I've been doing this 14

ears, and it feels real natural. I enjoy the songs that we sing and I feel they communicate well with the audience that comes to hear it. It's exciting."

Along with being innovative with their music, Timbuk 3 also developed a new way of recording their music. They created a way of recording separate tracks individually on DATs (Digital Audio Tapes) at their home studio, which could later be mixed in a conventional recording studio.

The reason?

"We wanted to work at home, instead of having to live in Los Angeles or New York and be away from our family," Barbara said. "The actual time spent in a large digital studio is greatly reduced."

One common misconception about a touring band is that it's all fun and no work. The reality of a tour is that free time is heavily burdened with interviews, scheduled appearances, and lots of practice, which can be both fun and tedious at the same time. However, Barbara had a different view of what she enjoyed the most in her musical career.

"It was opening for Bob Dylan," she said. "It was a lot of fun. There's been other things too, but I think that was the one thing I thought of as being really exciting."

As for advice to would-be music stars, Barbara offered these words: "You better believe in yourselves and you better practice and be the best that you can be. And hang in there, because if you do practice, if you do love the music and you do believe in yourself, just don't let anyone else stop you."

Timbuk 3 will be performing live in the MSU Union Ballroom on Oct. 31.

—BRIAN MARSHALL and JEAN-ETTE HURT contributed to this article

Mr. T pities them crystal wearin' fools



Ralph Heibutzki

His oversized ammo belt, black beret and designer camouflage gear gave him away. It might have been his T-shirt, too, poking underneath his fatigues: NINJA SHMINJA... YOU

CAN'T KARATE CHOP A BULLET.

Sweat waterfalls dribbled down my neck.

The Bunches staff poured cupful after free cupful for the heavyset black man, who growled, "Thanks, fool!"

"I pity the fool who digs them crystals! Who'd ever pick up some delicious fox... over a piece of quartz?"

"My God, what brings you to rundown East Lansing, Mr. T?"

"T.S. Turner to you, chump! B.S. School of Hard Knocks!"

I swallowed.

"Sorry Mr. Turner. Don't bother with the *State News*, anyway... Oh, you're reading that story... 'Recent Wave of Rock Shops Offer New Age Fulfillment.' No wonder!"

"I don't understand this New Age jive, sucker. Why call it funny if them fools only want a quick buck? Why can't they be direct, like T.S. Turner?"

"Look, let's say you're a podunk

college town merchant... and those pet rocks aren't selling."

Mr. T furrowed his eyebrows, but didn't interrupt.

"The astrology charts leftover from 'Hair' are rotting and nobody prefers eucalyptus tea to Coca-Cola. You rename it 'New Age' and charge higher for it!"

"Don't talk to me sideways, boy, or you got two knuckle sandwiches to go!"

Mr. T flexed his tire tread biceps, while the Bunches patrons dove under their tables.

"It's simple, my friend. All those former hippies have offspring who are weekend hippies. They admire Alex P. Keaton's Reaganomics on 'Family Ties,' but it's those tie-dyed downsuits... and Shirley Maclaine's pop philosophy that makes New Agelings. They're pigeons for the plucking!"

Wonder if Hannibal's hip to this Maclaine fool," Mr. T muttered.

"Your A-Team mission got canceled two years ago!"

"Our mission's never over!" Mr. T's meathook fists rattled his table, knocked me to the floor, and shattered all the windows.

"I'll pay the bill, fool," he snarled to the pale manager, "so sit down till your momma calls ya!" Where's this Maclaine chick hangin' out?!

"She's a guest lecturer at Wharton next year..."

Mr. T whipped out his pager marked "KICK ASS." He barked, "A-Team, come in A-Team! Hannibal... it's time for some Maclaine huntin'. We're hangin' them Deadhead fools by their zebra tails! Send the chopper to

See T, p. 2