

Gobble up this entertainment-packed uR-I, you turkeys!



22  
November  
1990

Volume I  
Number 9

MSU's alternative  
and truly  
independent  
voice

## WHAT'S UP:

He's gotta have it!



uR-I sex adviser Dr.  
Andrew Barclay de-  
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## Death to the Pixies?

### Phooey! Critic says brief show worth the hassle

by Angie Carozzo  
uR-I Music Correspondent

We were going to see the **Pixies**, and it didn't matter what we had to go through to get there.

Not the half an hour it took just to get the five inches of snow off the windows of my car last Thursday.

Not the 45 minutes it took to get on the freeway.

Not the average speed of about 40 m.p.h. we crawled at on the trip to **St. Andrews Hall**.

Not the two-hour trip that took us four hours.

However, we finally arrived. But because we were early — not early enough — we had to wait outside for half an hour. When they let us in, we were just glad to get out of the cold.

When my brain thawed, I went to see who the opening band was. To my surprise, it was the **Zulus**. I had always thought that the greatest show in the world would be the Pixies

and the **Zulus**.

We walked around for a while to see who else was at **St. Andrews**, and to kill time before the show started. The **Zulus** went on around 10:45 p.m.. They played a great set, which included such awesome tunes as "I Can't Wait to Tell You the News," "Can't Stop Having Fun," and their best song of the set, "Gotta Have Faith."

The **Zulus** did their job well. The crowd was psyched. The time had come to jostle for position at the front of the stage. I pushed my way toward the front. It was too tight to go all the way up yet.

The crowd was getting restless and I was standing there waiting for an opportunity to get up there. I saw the opening and I went for it. Suddenly, I was part of the elite, being thrown back and forth at the will of the crowd.

The **Pixies** made their entrance and as the crowd recognized each member, they yelled their names.

The **Pixies** started playing, but with all the pushing, I couldn't tell you what their first song was.

I pulled out after having sacrificed one of the lenses from my glasses to the crowd. I moved to the other side of the stage, where the view was most excellent.

**Joe**, the lead guitarist, stood in an almost heroic stance and looked at the crowd through the whole show. It looked as if he were being cued by various members of the audience.

**Black Francis**, the lead singer, looked like he was sick of touring, and he just wanted to get the show over with.

**Kim**, the bass player, stood with her hair hanging over her face except for when she was singing. She looked like she was having a good time. Every once in a while, she would just start laughing, mostly at **Joe** or **Black Francis**.

The show was going really well. **Joe** was ripping out these great solos that are a distinction of the **Pixies**. When they played "Vamos," I just stood there with my mouth gaping open. **Joe's** fingers were lightning bolts streaking up and down the neck of his guitar.

**Kim** opened up "Gigantic" on bass. The crowd went nuts. This was one of the best songs they played, along with "Monkey Gone to Heaven."

By now, they had started having problems with feedback from the house P.A. **Black Francis** was getting more and more fed up. The tension was building and it hit its peak when they started "Debaser."

**Black Francis** walked up to the mike to sing, when all of a sudden he yelled out "Fuck this!" and threw his guitar down and stormed off the stage. **Kim** tried to get him to come back and finish the show, but to no avail.

See **PIXIES**, p. 2



Black "These Boots Were Made for Walkin'" Francis and Kim Murphy play last week at **St. Andy's**. uR-I photo/CHRISTOPHER LOCKETTE

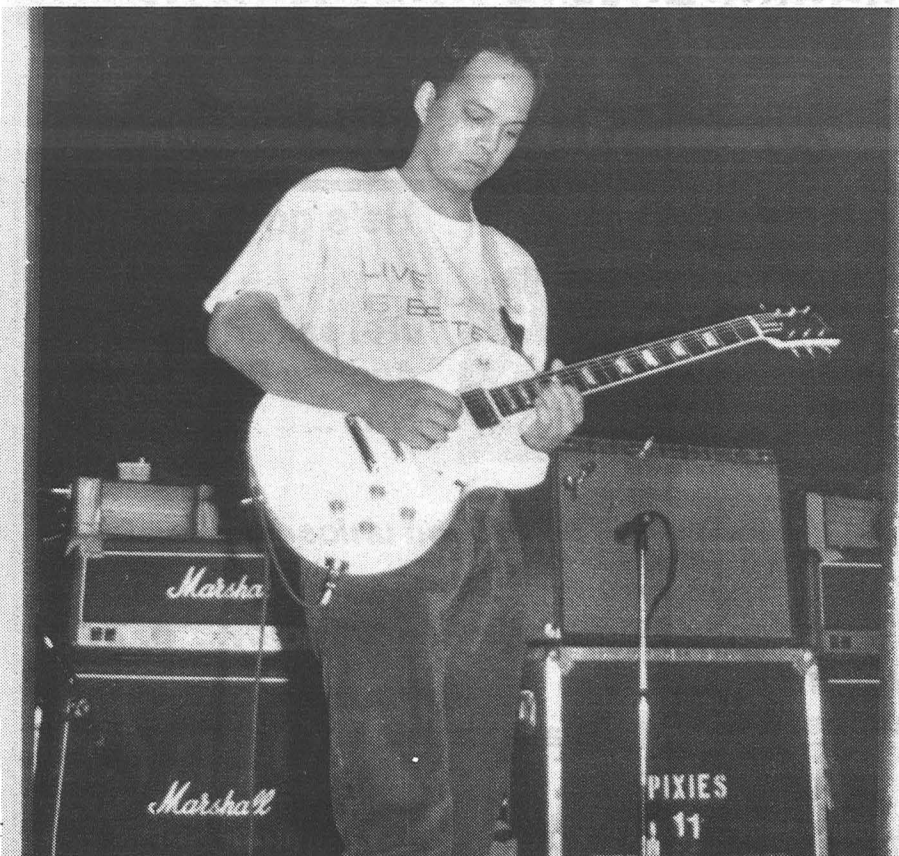
## READ THIS, YOH:

This week's uR-I has been abbreviated because of the Thanksgiving holiday.

Although some features have been dropped to accommodate this reduced version, faves such as the **Provoc**, **Dog Boy** and **Out & About** appear bigger and better than ever.

What a bargain! Next week, we will return with the final issue of the term in our usual format — bringing home all that good stuff you love and hate. Look for us again next Wednesday...





Joe rips one out for the Pixies.

uR-I photo/CHRISTOPHER  
LOCKETTE

## From PIXIES, p. 1

Slowly the angry crowd dispersed. I waited at the bottom of the steps that led up to the Pixies' dressing room in hopes of getting up to talk to them. I asked if I could go up to the dressing rooms, and was told: "OK, come on."

The first thing I asked was "What happened?"

Black Francis left the room as if he didn't even want to talk about it.

Finally, Kim gave me an answer.

"We were getting a low feedback 'zzzzt' sound for the last five or six songs, then Charles (Black Francis) got shocked by his microphone. That was when he walked off stage. We played most of the show though, so it didn't end that early."

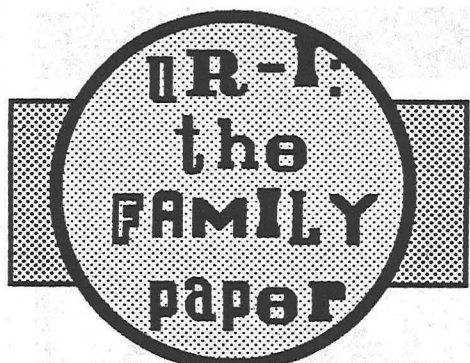
But the show seemed incomplete, like it just stopped. I went down to the Shelter and gathered people up and we left for the ride home.

On the way home, I had time to think about the show.

The songs they played were most excellent.

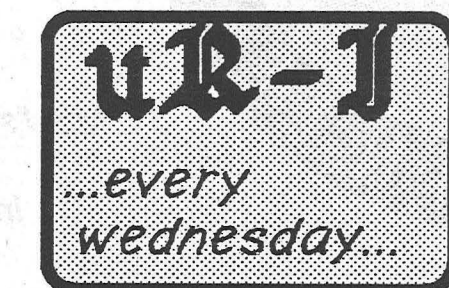
I got to meet the band.

It really was worth everything that happened. The Pixies are the best band in the world.



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# Page Three

The Second Front Page

## Vegas Fist makes strong E.L. debut

When planning the next party with live music one should consider hiring the 'hit' men of **Vegas Fist** to tear down the house.

Fist, a hot new band in the area, kicks out a large repertoire including a diverse collection of songs by the

likes of the **Rolling Stones**, **R.E.M.**, **Warren Zevon**, and a plethora of others. The band's handful of original tunes are equally as entertaining.

Besides the music, their wit also connects well with the audience. That characteristic materialized

throughout the night in lead singer and guitarist **Rob Rawson's** antics and witty interplay with the audience.

Last Saturday the **SAE** house was treated to Vegas Fist's energetic show. The appreciative crowd danced and sang along with Rawson (lead vocals, guitar), **Ryan Nagel** (lead guitar), **Jeff Mason** (drums), and

**Dave Teare** (bass, back-up vocals) well into the night.

The band was formed in April of this year originally with pianist **Tedd Wheaton**. After several shows in the Ann Arbor area, the band abandoned their keyboard parts, and in a mutual decision, Nagel replaced Wheaton.

Nagel and Rawson, both students of Eastern Michigan University, and **Mason and Teare**, students of MSU. See FIST, p. 7

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uR-I photo/DAN FRIEDMAN

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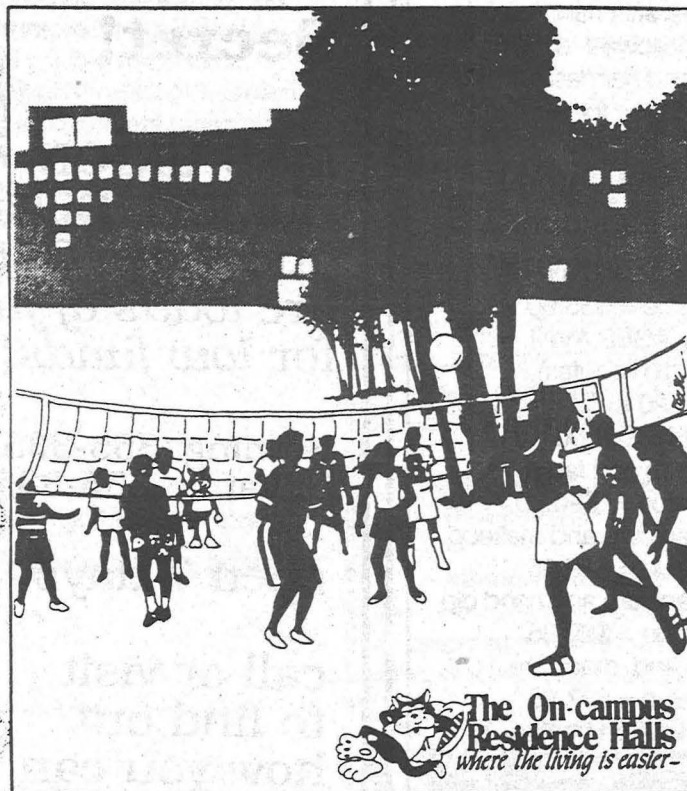
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# Syd Straw and Junkyard: Two of a kind?!

Syd Straw, *Surprise* (Virgin Records America, 1989)  
Junkyard, *Junkyard* (Geffen, 1989)

It's hard to believe that **Junkyard** and **Syd Straw** have anything in common.

It was also hard to believe **Len Bias** died from a coke OD.

So anyways, what do these two debut releases have in common? Well to restate the obvious, they both are debuts in equally unique ways. Junkyard features ex-Dag Nasty guitarist (also Meatmen guit. and Minor Threat bassist) **Brian Baker**, and guest appearances from **Al Kooper** (from *Blood Sweat and Tears*), and noted guitarist **Earl Slick**. Syd, on the other hand finds in her employ: guitarists **Marshall Crenshaw**, **Richard Thompson**, and **Ry Cooder**, along with **John Doe** (of X fame) guesting on vocals, **Anton Fig** (from the Letterman band, and a noted session drummer) on drums, **Don Was** (of *Was Not Was*) on bass, and R.E.M.'s throatist **Michael Stipe**.

The similarities don't end there. Both excel on slower songs, though they have gained recognition for songs that would make a better Budweiser commercial than slow dance ballad.

"Simple Man," "Long Way Home," and "Hands Off" add to Junkyard's metalcumblues attack, providing the kind of ballsy blues GNR wished for but didn't get on *Lies*. Not the *Cinderella* or *Britny Fox* imitations either. More like **Bonn Scott** or **Robbie Plant** in their hey day.

"Hard Times" written by **Stephen Foster** (yes, the poet) in 1859 stands out as one of the better songs in the *Surprise* package, with Syd dueting *avec Monsieur John Doe*, without a hint of the **Golden Palominos** (Syd's old pals, and intermittent musical collaborators), and just a little X-ishness, but not enough to conjure up images of **Excene Cervenka** or **Billy Zoom**.

The same is true of "Future 40's," with Michael Stipe's voice only recognizable in its tone, not the use of that tone, he actually does sing! And pretty intelligible, too!

To be sure, both parties in question are from the South. Texas being home to the Junkyard dogs,

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and Georgia for Ms. Straw.

True enough, Junkyard and Syd Straw probably couldn't play a double bill together, but with the college radio success of her single "Think Too Hard", and their (MTV assisted) singles "Blooze" and "Hollywood", both should be able to catch a much larger market in the future. The first two singles have gained enough airplay on MTV to let the band become a household word among metalheads, posers, and even (dare I say it?) bipsies-boppers, who think they're cool because of their long blond hair and nifty jackets. These same kids just might happen to like Syd because of her cooler-than-cool name, ("... Yeah,

man you gotta hear it — Syd Straw, she's so cool"), or because she hangs with the coolest of the cool in the industry.

Well, both have mainstream possibilities, but don't condemn them for it.

Once upon a time, two European hair stylists had a concept, a drum machine, and a dream they wouldn't let die. This group and this young lady have their own dreams, too. The hairstylists wouldn't let their dream die, and today we have **Milli Vanilli**.

Let's hope Syd Straw and Junkyard never let their dreams die either.

—JEFF FIKE

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# Viewer Mail:

## Provoc a sissy?

Dear uR-I/Provoc:

I feel cheated, for cryin' out loud! In past issues, you've advertised the Provoc as being our "weekly bite in the ass." Well, he didn't bite too hard last week (Nov. 15 issue).

Usually, the Provoc tears into just about anyone and anything he can think of. Last week readers/fans/"purveyors of filth", if you will, were cheated out of their weekly dose of bitching and moaning.

Also, the whole column was printed in idiot print. Presumably because it was slapped together to meet a deadline and you wanted to make it look bigger than it really was so you enlarged the type, Right?

Well, even so, our favorite cranky little columnist/ass-biter needs to beef up the contents of his column. And, frankly, Keshia Knight-Pulliam isn't your type, Provoc.

— Stacey Lammers  
Journalism Freshman

Ouch. — ed.

## GREB: get a phone

Dear uR-I—

Read your editorial and am writing you to suggest that next time you find yourself in such a situation that you pick up the phone and call. Wonderful invention, the telephone.

I never said I was charging Jordon "a nominal fee." Since you never talked to me, it'll probably surprise you to hear I told Jordon from the beginning I would charge nothing for my time or services.

The \$409 was the amount paid during the primary campaign as reimbursement for out-of-pocket costs. In the general election, I'm sure the total (when the bills are in) will be several thousand dollars.

Not for services, though — these folks made 5,000 calls on my phones (at 8.3¢ each.) I printed 140,000 mailing labels. I handled payroll for

their part-time coordinator. They used my office copier for six months.

I'm not asking for money for use of equipment, or my mailing lists, or my time; that was all donated. But the business can't donate out-of-the-pocket costs without running into tax problems. So they are going to pay me for the actual money I spent.

If I was being bought, I sure hope it never happens with two candidates at once — I'd go broke!

— Mark Grebner  
351-6682

## Hawtof the press!

"Nancy Hawtof bears all"? Well, fellas, I can put up with a little humiliation but the article regarding the newly released film *The Bear* was truly "unbearable." I'll admit that I was psyched when the uR-I asked me if I would be the feature in the Nov. 15th issue, but I became enraged after reading the printed article.

Many of the facts within the article were either obviously false or extremely ambiguous. The author made the film into a United Artists' production in the fourth paragraph and then it was conveniently switched into a Tri-Star picture towards the end. Factually, *The Bear* is a Price Entertainment film, produced by Claude Berri, and was merely publicized and released by Columbia/Tri-Star. Let's get our facts straight.

An article entitled "A Bear of a Summer" is one which the reader can presume focus primarily on the film *The Bear*. The film was hardly given mention until the tail end of the article. I do not stand alone on this point. Various students approached me with questions regarding *The Bear* and were wondering why the article did not give more information about it.

There are a few points that I find important to mention which were eliminated from the article. Jean-Jacques Annaud directed *The Bear* and also directed *Quest for Fire* and recieved an Oscar for his direction of *The Name of the Rose*. To accompany the film, a inque and riveting soundtrack was arranged by Phillippe Sarde. *The Bear* is based on a novel by a native Michigander James-Oliver Curwood, called *The Grizzly King*. These facts were not included in the article and I believe that they are crucial points when either presenting or reviewing a film.

I also do not appreciate being

portrayed as an idiot. I worked diligently on this film and was closely involved with the publicity and promotional aspects. It is not such an easy task to find an internship. Sure, one must be aggressive, but one must also have motivation, experience, and yes — I do have a few brain cells. It took me quite a long time to arrange my original internship in the Story Writing Department of U.A., though my publicity position did come more easily, due to the Writer's Guild strike of 1988.

I was, and maybe I still am, honored that the uR-I wanted to interview me in regard to my work on the incredibly awesome film *The Bear*, but I must admit that I was a little disturbed by the outcome. If reporting on a film — do so. Please give credit where credit is due. The director, producer, trainer, and sound-track coordinator are all ingredients which made this remarkable fill reach the rave reviews that it is receiving to this day. Finally, do not make your subject look like an imbecile, at least print a few of the more intelligent sounding quotes.

I do greatly admire what this paper is trying to do, and by being an independent paper, I thank you for printing this letter. I do, however, wish your reporters were more thorough in their research. Giving a film's credit to the wrong entertainment business is not a minor mistake or typo. Please be careful.

— Nancy Hawtof  
English Writing Senior

## Open letter to DiB

President DiBiaggio:

We are writing in response to *The State News* article of Nov. 8, 1989 describing the cuts in faculty as proposed by Provost Scott. We are greatly concerned by the lack of vision and logic displayed by Provost Scott in this matter. It seems odd that the university should have the funds to build the Jack Breslin Student Events Center, which is overbudget and a year behind schedule, make the multi-million dollar switch to a semester system, construct a new wing and parking structure for the Kellogg Center and yet feel the need to increase tuition by almost 8 percent in addition to a 10 percent teaching faculty reduction.

We feel that instead of speaking in terms of "budget reallocation," the

Administration should instead take steps to eliminate the flagrant misallocation of funds as noted above. Since the financial damage of the previous "improvement programs" is now irreversible, it might be wise to look more closely at Provost Scott's new proposal in order to avoid future mistakes. Assuming that Scott's figures on the faculty to student ration are correct, there are approximately 2,100 teaching faculty employed by the university at present. The elimination of 200 faculty would, in fact, generate revenue to bring the remaining 1,900 faculty members' salary to a level competitive with the Big Ten average, but this action will undermine the university's professed commitment to undergraduate education. Part of this university's recruiting power rests in its reputation as one of the country's foremost undergraduate institutions, which is due largely to the smaller class size and potential for individual instruction made possible by the the present student-teacher ration of 20:1. What Provost Scott does not tell us is that by cutting faculty 10 percent and holding enrollment levels constant, he will make this ratio 22:1. This would bring MSU down to the level of "most other insitutions" and cause the de-emphasis of undergraduate education, a situation that goes directly against the so-called vision of this institution. Is Provost Scott attempting to make "The Nation's Premiere Land Grand University" into "The Nation's Dead Average Land Grant University?"

The image of MSU is already severely tarnished; this year's Cedar Village incident and recent police crackdowns on off-campus student parties only compound the media's constant criticism that began last year with minority demonstrations and race-related incidents. Throughout this barrage of criticism the Administration has been trying to present the "true image" of MSU, that of the silent majority of students doing what students are supposed to be doing, getting an education. At the same time we are faced with Provost Scott's solution to the budget crisis: Cut the tools necessary to the education process in favor of capital improvements. While this may seem like an appropriate solution in the short term, the negative consequences, such as a reputation for academic mediocrity in addition to the "party school" image already present, will be felt severely in the future.

We feel the answer to the budgeting problems now facing the university is to reverse the trend of tuition increases coupled with academic cuts and large-scale non-academic spending in favor of fiscal responsibility to the main function of the University — the education of students.

— Brook J. Thomas  
Biochemistry sophomore

49 other students also signed this letter, but could not be listed because of space limitations. The editors wish to apologize for this.

# 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.

# YO!

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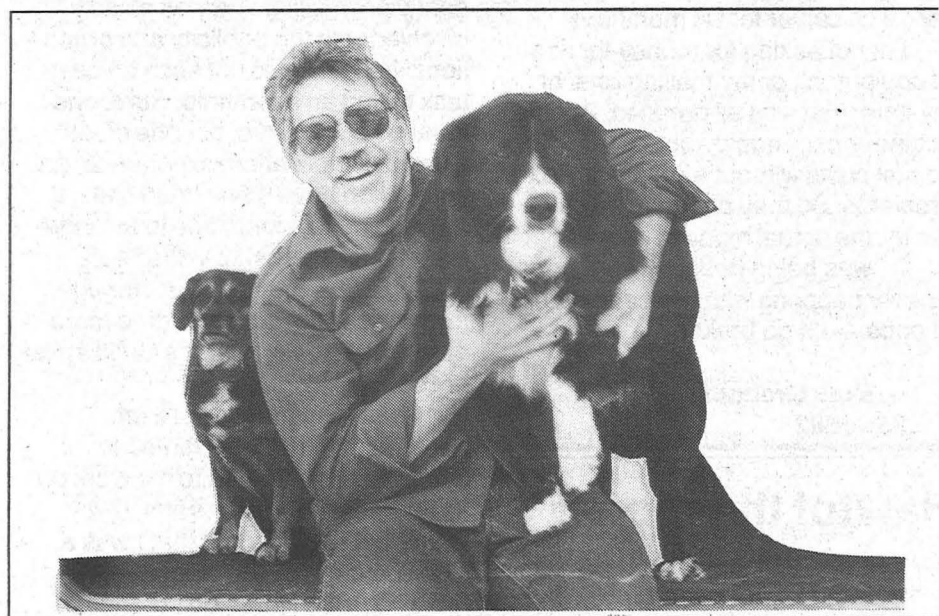
Dr. Andrew  
Barclay

## DAMM it all, can't a guy get a break?

This is really about how two women, Jodie Foster and a local judge, are ruining my life. Just 10 short days ago, I was so happy sitting in my studio trying to get off a good set of pictures of Willi, my giant Australian. I think Spuds is a fag dog; women know he won't hit on them after he's got a snoot full. But Spuds only uses alcohol in a responsible way, he know's when he's had enough, and that just goes to prove my point: Spuds ain't manly, he's George Bush's kind of dog. Even Nancy Reagan loves Spuds a lot like she loves Ronald (i.e., she just says, "No!"), need I say more?

A beer company having a mascot like Spuds shows how America has fallen in this world; how American men have sacrificed partying to obtain a better image. Anyway, my dog, Willi, is a much more manly symbol. Willi just stands in there, never knows when he's had enough, and as many a disgusted woman can testify, give him a drink and he makes hash of your panty hose.

Here I am, trying to get Willi to sit still and smile with his tongue hangin' out so he looks manly, when I get a call from a student. I explain how very busy I am but he convinces me this represents an important career move. He's looking for a faculty adviser for DAMM — Drinkers Against Mad Mothers — they believe in the two-party system (going from Langeloh's down the street to your second party), responsible drinking (i.e. using the



portable breathalyzer to keep the driver from blowing higher than .05), and MSU's traditional stance (PAR-DAY!!!) While he's explaining all this, I'm thinking how my career would benefit from listing faculty advisorship on my Annual Report.

But, of course, I have to discuss this with my trusted advisor, Stephanie. She sits down and lectures me about how I can't afford any shit, particularly with my image. Besides, "men turn into disgusting animals when you drink," she says, and makes me watch Jodie Foster in *The Accused*. I'm bummed.

The movie is nothing but anti-male propaganda. Jodie got my attention when she was a pubescent slut in *Taxi Driver*. If she got old what's-his-name to shoot at Reagan just to attract her attention, what did she expect in a bar full of Portugese? And besides, the men I know swear by alcohol because when they've had enough, they CAN'T get it up. DAMM supports alcohol as a form of birth control; a way to counteract all the abortion brew-haha (ha ha) going on in the Legislature. That movie is lying; a distorted view of men.

Stephanie says I am distorted and we need Jodie because she is a Yalie;

sort of a counter-actant for George Bush, me, and men like us who have ruined society for the real kinder, gentler people: Women. Can we help it if we went to Yale when it was a manly place, before they let women like Jodie Foster in? Yalies really knew how to party back in the days when driving impaired was a mark of manhood — that and scars on the face from windshield glass. So what's the problem?

The problem, says Stephanie, is how out of control we get also citing the illegality of sharing the cost of a keg with your friends and the recent unpleasantness in Cedar Village which was a bunch of drunken, insecure males building fires (huge phallic symbols, she called them), even turning on the kinder, gentler man who tried to save the women and the furniture.

Well, one doesn't go after the big-hose kind of guys if yours isn't big enough to do the job. Men's logic says if police batons were too short, then what was needed were the BIG men with red trucks and really ENORMOUS hoses to spray everyone down. Mine's-Bigger-than-Yours as a public display is a great game.

Which, she said, was why the

woman judge in question was good enough to issue an injunction against Indecent Exposure played with police batons and fire hoses. My point exactly — women and unmanly men resorting to illegal means to control basically healthy, normal male displays — especially during fall and spring mating seasons.

I said a few things which I now regret, like: If the judge were actually competent instead of a lackey for the imperialist running dogs (women) who control this town, she would have known this shit was unconstitutional and not have wasted our time with illegal crap. Anyway, the Declaration of Independence promised men Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Moreover, I heard that when she was given the decision from the Michigan Court of Appeals, she giggled and said: "Oops, silly me! Now I have to go back and make it more specific, don't I."

Yeah, right. How about making Cedar Village residents wear yellow six-pointed stars in May and October. There is a Nazi mentality fitted into a democratic framework, get my drift?

Not only didn't Stephanie get it, I don't either. Since we had that little "discussion", I have been camping out on the couch in DAMM's office over in Student Services. I am having some very unmanly feelings, like loneliness, and drinking doesn't seem to help. Damn Jodie Foster. Damn the judge. Damn DAMM.

### Dr. ANDREW BARCLAY —

sometimes known as Dr. Sex — will appear regularly in the uR-I, starting this week.

The good (?) doctor welcomes your questions about anything under the naked sun, and will reply in this space. So here's your chance to fire, er, ask away.

Please send your questions to Barclay, c/o the uR-I offices at 142 Gunson St., East Lansing, MI 48823



The  
Provocateur

Another day, another holler. That's right puss-eaters, the Provoc is back with a barrel full o' hate and derision/ with a wit that's sharp enough to make an incision. Pretty hip iambic hate-trameter, eh fellow shortfellows (with apologies to Longfellow). Enough of the clever banter, though, and let's let that rapier wit cut to the chase...

Anyone read about my great-grandma in Saturday's *Detroit Free Press*?

Yeah, she's the 101-year-old New Jersey bag who shot at my 46-year-old great-aunt for taking the radio she uses to listen to church programs. (Obviously she doesn't listen closely enough)

"Sure I tried to shoot her; damned right I tried to shoot her," Grannie

## The ole Provoc mellowing? UP YOURS!

fessed up to the Associated Press, explaining, "She's as mean as the devil."

Grannie, not to be confused with the shotgun-bearing coot of *Beverly Hillsbillies* fame, just missed great-auntie with a .32.

Grannie said she became incensed when she woke up and the radio was gone.

Said she needs "to hear good preaching."

Now she faces a mandatory three in the pokey.

If things work out right, my dear sainted Grannie will get all the good preaching she needs from the adjoining cell of (who else) Jimbo "Shake 'n' Bakker."

Let us pray.

While we're in beautiful Jersey, it's good to see Joe Piscopo finally found a way to get people to laugh.

Instead of working hard to develop better material, he beefed himself up so people can watch, listen and laugh at some of the stupiest crap in the world.

That, or get their ass kicked.

What a game last week, eh pals? MSU, the compassionate school, undertook it upon itself to evoke images of fish in a barrel.

Only this time, someone used a

depth charge.

Why, oh why, George "Puddin' and Pie, and Some More Pie, Please, Brudder" Perles did you need to clobber the Mildcats with such gusto?

Last time Blake Ezor ran that hard, police cars were in pursuit. Six touchdowns! Damn.

What's the point? With the steam-rolling, we're 3-0 in the Wins by More Than 30 Points category, putting us in the running for the Donald Trump Greedhead Award. (Just what is it with this New Jersey fetish this week?)

Some people weren't satisfied with the ole Provoc last week!

Some people were pissed that the ole Provoc used the easy-to-read type my classmates prefer!

Some people felt the ole Provoc ripped them off and was mellowing!

Well, Ms. Stacy "Keshia-Isn't-Good-Enough-For-You" Lammers, the ole Provoc is just as nasty as ever, you over-bearing, know-it-all, South Wonderful freshman wench!

So take this, hon: Eat my diapers!

And when you're done with that, we'll get rid of Keshia and talk (monkey) business...

Speaking of talk and how cheap it is in a progressive American righteous neat-o society, it's great to see Sen. Don Riegle squirming in under the

harsh light of an ethics probe.

Much like a snake in Crisco, Riegle slunk to the right and gave back campaign contributions from a shady dude and is now wriggling to the left for safe ground.

For too long, Riegle has lined his campaign coffer with heavy contributions from PACs and corporations.

Now, he better re-evaluate his fund-raising tactics. In fact, all politicians should do so.

Then again, what do I know; I'm only in kindergarten.

Hey, here's one for all you posers sitting out in front of Bilbos in your black garb and cigarettes: GROW UP, YOU ROTTEN HIGH SCHOOL STINK BAGS!

You may think you're cool, but Bauhaus is not the same as Bow-House, where dogs sleep.

Get a clue and stop being so avante disre-garde.

Oh yeah, before heading out for my nap, I thought I better mention how our Schmovost David Scott is going to be teaching a class.

I, for one, am looking forward to taking it. (In about 15 years when I'm officially enrolled at MSU).

Let's face it, how often can you learn how to bullshit and double talk while earning credit!

Hope I can still get admitted...



# CLASSIFIEDS

## PERSONALS:

**KING ARTHUR** — whether you're acting or not, we'll always be the most precious gem in my life. I love you! — Your "real life" Guenevere (a.k.a. Watana Cecelia)

I'm placing this ad  
cause I'm feelin' kinda bad  
and I want the guys to know that I a sexy  
lad.

So  
Why should it be  
that a fella like me  
should be so all alone with no ecstasy?  
but  
the homos that I know won't give me no  
time  
and their just missin' out on my shape,  
which is fine  
and my very best part, which is my very  
active mind

but  
the fellas got to know that I ain't no fairy  
and I don't mix well with minds that are  
airy  
I do art well and I can sing like a canary  
and I like men black or white if they ain't  
too scary

and  
I dig good music if it has a good beat  
and I want guys to know that my lovin' is  
sweet  
so if you wanna get ahold of what's under  
my sheet,  
Send your response to 1214 Turner Street  
Lansing, MI 48906

See Dick buy an ad in  
that other paper...  
See Dick stuck with that  
Gap Band album...  
**DON'T BE A DICK**

## SERVICES:

**VIDEO MESSAGE SERVICE.** Out of sight, out of mind. Send your love on videotape. 15 percent student discount. Video Postcard: 339-0509.

**SOPHISTICATED SCRIBBLERS!** Now accepting submissions for a new quarterly magazine. Send SASE for guidelines to: *Way Station*, P.O. Box 6250, East Lansing, Mi, 48826.

**NEED BIRTH CONTROL INFORMATION?**  
**TIME FOR YOUR YEARLY EXAM?**  
**CONCERNED ABOUT UNPLANNED PREGNANCY OR SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED INFECTIONS?**  
**PLANNED PARENTHOOD HAS THE ANSWERS. CALL 482-1500.**

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

**Cafeteria.** We're located in the International Center. See our ad 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.

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

**COPIES, COPIES and more copies.** If you want 'em, Paper Image has them. See our ad in the uR-I.

**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.

**IT'S TOP DOG** for chili fries, nachos, hot dogs and other late-night munchies. See

our advertisement in the uR-I.

**THE LANDSHARK:** where you won't feel like an uncool fish out of water. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.  
**CAPUCCINO? PASTRY?** Espresso Royale on Abbott Road offers unique international coffees and other delicacies. See our ad in the uR-I.

**UNIVERSITY HOUSING** puts ease and convenience at your disposal. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

**BUY TODAY AND PROTECT YOURSELF TONIGHT** with a personal alarm. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

**LOOKING sub-PAR?** Try the Par Salon for that sharp look you desire. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

**DON'T STRIKE OUT THIS WEEKEND;** go bowling — at the Union Lanes. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

**CURRIE'S SPECIALIZES IN HAIR-CARE** for those who want to look their best. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

**GET RID OF THOSE BLAHS!** Go to Studio 241 for your beauty needs. See our ad elsewhere in the uR-I.

CHOW DOWN at the Crossroads



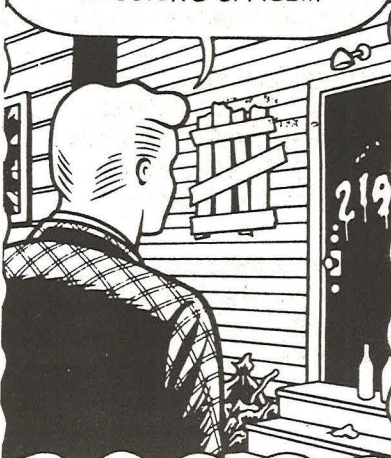
## BIG BABY DOG BOY

BY  
C. BURNS  
© 1988

FLASHBACK! FLASHBACK!!  
DOG BOY IS LAYING IN BED  
REMEMBERING! REMEMBERING  
THE BIZARRE EVENTS THAT  
CHANGED HIS LIFE FOREVER!

A FEW NIGHTS LATER I WENT TO  
SEE "DOC" BENWAY...

THAT'S FUNNY...IT'S THE  
RIGHT ADDRESS, BUT THIS  
SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE  
A DOCTOR'S OFFICE...



OH, WELL...  
HERE GOES  
NOTHING...



FREEZE! PUT YOUR  
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD! ONE  
FUNNY MOVE AND YOU'RE  
DEAD MEAT!



O.K. BOZO...WHO  
THE HELL ARE YOU?  
WHERE'D YOU GET  
MY ADDRESS?



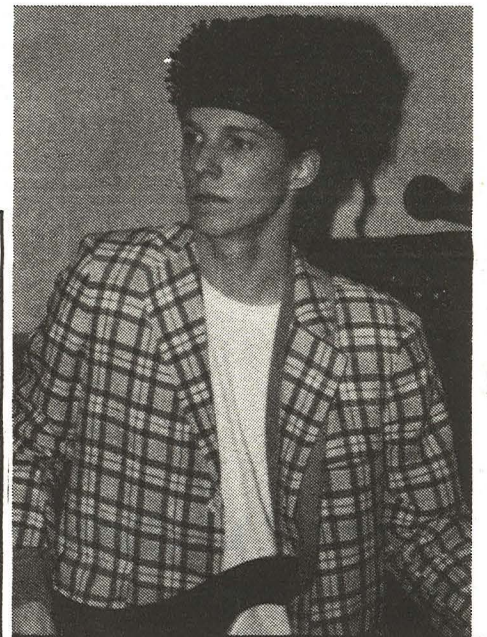
UH...UH...IN THE  
PAPER...I SAW AN  
AD FOR CUT RATE  
SURGERY...



SURGERY? WHY  
DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?  
HEY, COME IN...  
WANNA DRINK OR  
SOMETHING?



NEXT: DOCTOR BENWAY, I PRESUME!



Funky Fist bassist  
uR-I photo/DAN FRIEDMAN  
From FIST, p. 3

will soon be making monthly appearances on *The Show*, produced by the MSU telecasters, on MSU's cable television channel.

With appearances on *The Show* and party gigs at both EMU and MSU, the band should be able to gain a respectable following. It would be a safe bet that with more experience and refinement of their performance, which must include less conversation and confusion between songs, they will be a top act to catch at *The Landshark* or *Rick's* in the near future. They also hope to include recording an album in their future, as well as, "continue to be up-standing citizens," said Teare.

Vegas Fist has about the same opportunity to record an album as any other band in the area (good or bad? You decide.)

As for remaining "up-standing citizens," anything is possible.

—DAN FRIEDMAN



# Out & About

Each week the uR-I strives to keep you hot on the scent of new and exciting activities, via our **Out & About** section (the very thing you've turned to, Magellan). If you know of anyplace we should be including in this section, please hip us to that particular groove, man. We just aren't always as cool as we seem.

House parties are fair game, but we must know about your party the Thursday before the paper comes out. And please, don't tell us if you're having beer; we hate to be the invitation for John Law.

If you have anything you want to tell us, please contact our **Out & About** Editor Joe Schmidt at our Gunson Street Offices, 351-4899.

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## EAST LANSING

### BoarsHead Theater

Nov. 22 - Dec. 10: *Lion In Winter*, Center For The Arts. 8 p.m. Call 484-7805.

Nov. 29: *Macbeth* (a staged reading). 484-7805.

### Classic Films

Call 355-0241 for locations and info.

### The Green Door

November schedule: (all shows begin at 9:30 p.m.)

Mondays: Blue Avenue Delegates. \$2.

Tuesdays: Capital City Band. No admission

Wed.-Sat.: Toys. No admission.

Sundays: Uptown Band. No admission.

### The Landshark

Nov. 24-25: Spinaker.

Nov. 28: Mike Haring.

Dec. 1-2: The Deadbeats.

### MSU Fairchild Theater

Nov. 30: Just Kidding presents their national tour, "Where's My Thermos." 7 p.m. Call 353-5255.

### MSU Auditorium

Nov. 27: the B-52's.

### Rick's American Cafe

Nov. 22: Freeman and the Chas-

ers.

Nov. 23: closed.

Nov. 24: Scott Morgan Band.

Nov. 25: Souvenir.

Nov. 26: Jerry Sprague.

Nov. 27: Goober and the Peas.

Nov. 28: Dan Earl.

### Sensations

Nov. 15: Ann-bee-Davis, with The Front

### Wharton Center—call 355-6686

for any information

Nov. 22: *Cats*.

Nov. 25: World Travel Series,

Norway: Land of the Midnight Sun.

Nov. 28: MSU Glee Club, Collegiate & Chamber Choirs.

## ANN ARBOR

### Blind Pig

Nov. 22: Eeek-a-Mouse.

Nov. 24: Mad Cat Ruth.

Nov. 25: George Bedard.

Nov. 27: Cult Heroes.

### Blondie's

Dec. 12: Nuclear Assault

### C.J. Barrymore's

Nov. 29: Mark Farnor

## DETROIT

### Fox Theatre

Nov. 25: 10,000 Maniacs.

Nov. 26 & 30: B-52's.

Nov. 29: Jean Luc Ponty.

### Latin Quarter

Nov. 22: Red Hot Chili Peppers

### Royal Oak Music Theater

Dec. 7: Richard Lewis.

Dec. 8: Branford Marsalis.

Dec. 9: Psychedelic Furs.

Dec. 16-18: The The.

### St. Andrew's Hall

Nov. 22: Second Self.

Nov. 24: Thrash Brats w/guests

Nov. 25: Thrill Kill Kult

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