



14 February 1990

Vol. I  
No. 15

MSU's alternative  
and truly  
independent voice



What's shakin':

I'LL LOVE YOU IN  
THE MORNING...

or so they say on... p. 5

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## r-cubed:

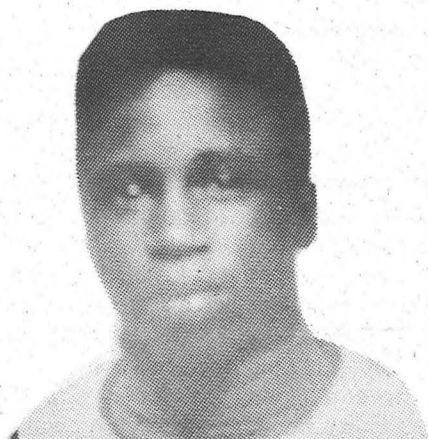
Reeking, Rotten, wRong

## Nazis reborn as skinheads

## Gordon Gekko sucks



Dante  
Chinni



Mike  
Venyah



Aaron  
Hall

It happened last April.

President John DiBiaggio called it R-cubed: a program that was supposed to rebalance, refocus and redefine MSU's academic status as well as enhance quality and diversity. What it actually did, however, was destroy three departments: natural science, social science and humanities. A strange way to improve an institution's quality.

I suppose one may wonder why anyone would bring up this topic now, months after the fact. Well there is good reason. But for now, allow me to close this chapter and continue with my story.

Earlier this year, a survey was released that showed that many college graduates have major gaps in their knowledge of history and literature.

The survey, released by the National Endowment for the Humanities, reported that 42 percent of 696 graduates polled could not place the Civil War in the correct half century, and 24 percent thought that Columbus landed in the Western Hemisphere after 1500.

A report, accompanying the survey, recommended that colleges require 50 college credit hours in the humanities and encouraged colleges to re-examine and reform the way they teach humanities.

Does any of this sound familiar?

The *Detroit Free Press* ran the survey as a front page story, in which DiBiaggio was quoted. "It's tragic to realize that so many of our students have such a limited knowledge of Western culture," DiBiaggio said. "The average college

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Early beginnings of racial oppression trace back to Mesopotamia 4000 B.C., where the fair-skinned Vedic peoples ambushed and subjugated the dark-skinned Dravidians of the Indus River Valley.

This immoral conquest has served as a precedent for subsequent generations to follow. Blacks, Jews, American Indians, Hispanics and Asians have all been oppressed by the Caucasian race. This oppression has taken the form of physical enslavement, religious persecution, usurping of native lands, racial segregation and murder.

Hate groups have formed within the last decade, continuing the sick ideology of racial genocide perpetrated by the Vedics, Nazi Germany, and the United States government in its treatment of Blacks and American Indians. Minorities are now faced with new racists. Youth who commit senseless acts of violence in order to quell their intense self-hatred. These are the skinheads of the White Aryan Resistance.

The skinhead movement is composed of shaven-headed, Caucasian youths who cling to the creed of white supremacy. More than 3,000 of these racists function in the United States, organized into gangs under the command of white supremacist leader, Tom Metzger. From his operational base in California, Metzger orders skinheads to kill minorities; and they respond like well-trained dogs.

Recently, a black student was beaten to death with a baseball bat by skinhead Kenneth Mieske, alias "Ken Death" Mieske's unprovoked assault was

See SKINHEADS, p. 2

There is a real problem in America today.

Well, really there are a number of problems, but right now I am concerned with only one.

Greed.

Most, if not all of us, have come to MSU for the purpose of attaining a degree so that we may get a job and earn an income. This in itself is a good and necessary thing. People must work to contribute to society and support themselves. And if that particular field which you go into yields a high paying job, good for you. This is something to be proud of. There is nothing wrong with being "rich" if the wealth is attained in a positive manner, and kept in perspective.

The problem is that sometimes people get carried away, and will do anything for money. They stop at nothing in their quest for wealth.

The sale of drugs is an excellent example. The only reason drugs are so prevalent is because of the staggering amount of money to be made selling them. A drug dealer would rather sell drugs, no matter what consequence it brings to the individual or to society, than go to work or school. His sole purpose is to make a fortune off the drugs.

Another example which displays American greed for wealth is this business of suing people. This is the one that baffles me the most. People sue anything and everything to fatten their wallets. This occurs everyday in our society.

One place it happens is with airlines. When an airplane crashes due to a pilot error, and passengers are killed, you can be sure there will be a

See GREED, p. 2



## From r-CUBED, p. 1

student reads less than five books a year outside their discipline. Any powerful statement ... has to assist us." (I will excuse the grammatical error in the hope that it is not the result of inadequate humanities education on DiBiaggio's part).

This seems to be a quote that shows our school's deep devotion to a rich humanities education. This seems to be a quote that says, "at MSU, we understand the fruits of a comprehensive liberal arts education. This quote seems many things. What it is, however, is hypocritical.

As our president says that he is outraged with the results of this survey, he has made his contribution to them. If he honestly sees the humanities as being so important, why did he support the dissolution of their home?

Though many students were probably more than happy to hear about the suggested dissolution of the departments, they can't escape those departments' importance. MSU is not a trade school. It is a university. A student's goal while within its walls should not be to learn a skill, but to get an education. An education means learning, not just learning about engineering, criminal justice or journalism, but learning about history, literature and the world. I suppose it may sound a bit idealistic or foolish, (or both, sometimes it seems hard to separate the two). But it is true.

While it is true that training for the workplace is important, it should not be the foremost goal of a university. I don't believe training is the foremost goal of MSU. But the dissolution of departments frightens me. And the hypocritical statement of our chief administrator angers me.

What is the foremost goal of MSU?

I hope and believe it is to educate in the most complete way possible. If, however, my belief proves unfounded and R-cubed is the shape of things to come at MSU, I hope we hear no more from the administration about the "tragedy" of our students having a "limited knowledge of Western culture." For if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, I am afraid all of us would leave the table with a bitter taste in our mouths.

— Chinni is a journalism student who also works for the Capital News Service.

## From SKINHEADS, p. 1

so barbaric that he fractured the victim's skull front through back and broke the baseball bat in two. After the attack, the deranged murderer told police: "All I could feel was confused and happy."

Elderly black women, black schoolchildren, Jewish women, and an Iranian family supposedly mistaken for Jews, have also been among those slain by skinheads. In each of these murders, the criminals attacked their isolated victims in groups of three or more; similar to what is done by wild dogs.

*Rolling Stone* observed this pattern in its 1988 article on skinheads. The article emphasized that though skinheads attempt to intimidate in groups, they are not as brave when confronted alone; many prove cowardly outside the circle of their sick peers. Still, skinheads are not confronted, nor are they being held accountable for their crimes. Turning the other cheek does not make a problem go away. History has proven this to us, from the time of the Dravidians through our current age.

In a small town like East Lansing, students can easily hide from the real world by immersing themselves in schoolwork and social activity. Collegiate security does not last forever, though. The majority of this town's college students will enter the job market after graduation. The same job market where minorities are further oppressed by the racial injustice of this society.

Improving the racial climate of universities is necessary. But it is also important for us to see beyond the bookshelves of academia in order to aid minority brothers and sisters of the community.

We minority students have the power to determine the future of this country. We can no longer afford to passively accept the unjustified murder of our brethren. As minorities, we are already disadvantaged by a relative lack of population. There is no reason to further cripple ourselves with a lack of action. Whenever a minority brother or sister is murdered, we lose a potential leader, a potential friend, a potential partner in the fight for human freedom.

The sixties are over; Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, long gone. We must now fight our own fight to possess the constitutional right of "the pursuit of happiness." We must use our collective intelligence to weaken the enemy, instead of asking his mercy. We must strike back, with equal force, whenever struck. We must remove the heel which grinds our dreams of freedom into nightmarish oppression — it is a "dockmartin" heel.

The new racists are the skinheads.

— Venyah is a uR-I correspondent concerned with social ills and what can be done to eradicate them.

## From GREED, p. 1

lawsuit. This makes no sense to me. What good can the money do? Does it lessen the loss any? Why punish the airline for an honest mistake?

Along these same lines is the growing problem among obstetricians. An obstetrician makes an honest mistake (they do happen) and the baby is injured or dies. The majority of the time, the doctor will be sued. This has become so common that many obstetricians have abandoned their practices because of skyrocketing insurance rates to cover malpractice suits.

Now don't think I'm an insensitive person. I'm not. If the pilot or doctor willfully hurts others or are grossly negligent, they should be punished. And by no means am I saying all lawsuits are unjust. But honest-to-goodness mistakes do occur, and to use these to increase one's wealth is to me, sickening.

Probably the most noticeable example of greed is in the sports world. Athletes' salaries are incredible. Millions of dollars to throw a ball? However, the athletes are only taking what others are willing to give. But when an athlete "holds out" for two million instead of one and a half million, or charges \$15 bucks for an autograph, it makes you wonder.

The whole problem of greed really hit me awhile ago when I was watching television. Larry Holmes, a former heavy-weight boxing champ was on a talk show. He was asked if being smacked in the head for 10 years was worth it. He smiled and replied, "I've got fourteen million dollars."

Good for you, Larry. Doesn't the prestige of having a title that such greats as Joe Louis and Muhammad Ali had have any value?

It's this kind of attitude that's bad. The net fortune justifies any means of attaining it — and only the money matters.

Now I know some of you will think that I'm some self-righteous hypocrite. I admit I like spending money, and wouldn't mind having a lot. But the sole purpose of my life is not to be a multi-millionaire. I realize that most people are not these Larry Holmes type, (otherwise we'd all be selling drugs) but many are. And while these people are out there, we can expect to continue to see investors rip up land to build condos, companies save money by dumping wastes into the water, and people suing each other so that they can enjoy the "good life."

Oh, yeah, how's prison life Jim Bakker?

— Hall is a uR-I literature correspondent. He works — you guessed it — FOR FREE!

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# Cupid was stupid — these folks meant business

from uR-I wire services

J. Geils once said "loves Stinks," but they also wrote "No Anchovies Please," so we'll ignore them and look to the real world for confirmation that love does, indeed, emit an odor foul enough to make a strong man man cry.

In one issue of a major metropolitan daily, there were the following items about love and the chasms it bridges:

- Carolyn Warmus, 26, originally of Franklin, filled her lover's wife so full of holes that now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall. Seems the peeved Warmus confronted her beau's better half with a silenced-pistol, thereby silencing any objection to her tryst with mr. dead woman.

- Susan Farrell, 42, sledgehammered her husband to death to get his \$400,000 life insurance policy. Unfortunately, now all she's getting is life without parole.

- Larry Raymond Beedle, 46, of Troy, wanted to take his wife somewhere different — so he got her a one-way ticket to the beyond. He sapped her, thereby zapping her, and then stashed her in a rented locker. He figured it was OK, 'cause he didn't hear her object.

- A Memphis man who was upset his wife didn't shed the blobs after giving birth to their child, hired someone to knock her off. Happily, they are trying to patch up their differences — if he ever sees daylight again.

- And of the really creepies comes Robert George Onderdonk, 40, who several times in October and November assaulted a young woman. He's easy to find, though — a tattoo on his right arm reads: "BORN TO LOVE"

Happy Valentine's Day!

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2767 E. Grand River  
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\*\*\*\*\*

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## 89 out of 100 students say the on-campus Residence Halls snackshops make living more attractive



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Residence Halls  
where the living is easier—

**Op:** will return  
next week. ..

the university  
Reporter-Intelligencer

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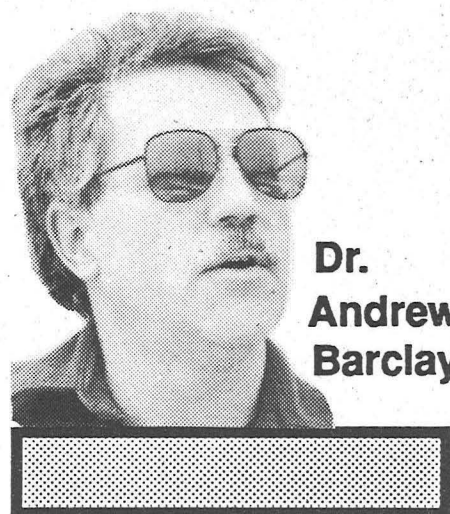
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Dr.  
Andrew  
Barclay

## Looking for love in the wrong place: East Lansing

(Q): Dear Dr. Barclay,

I placed a personal ad years ago in *The State News* and got about 20 responses, all very nice "regular" not-out-of-the-closet guys who were mostly looking for sex. My uR-I ad (in the form of a rap poem because I wanted to meet someone who was unorthodox) paid off in that two respondents were handsome, lively, seemingly intelligent, black men. I met with them both and had a great time. I was very excited as I find black gentlemen very attractive.

One man was very nervous, certain my ad was a trap, and that I was going to beat him up for being a "queer." I tried hard to comfort him and let him know that I was sincere. He went on to tell me of his Catholic upbringing and how he hoped his gay

feelings would go away, or "grow out of them" as he put it. I told him this was not likely to happen. My point was that a happy, well-adjusted person can be gay and that his friends and family can be aware of his gayness and still love him (as in my case). He was reassured, so much so he asked me to perform fellatio on him, but he never called me again. Other respondents, even though I felt we had achieved a good rapport, called me and told me I wasn't what they were looking for.

I think I am a handsome man. I am mentally active as well as being a lively and very loving person. I put my best foot forward for the men I met but got the bot nevertheless. I can't figure out if they weren't ready for me or if I'm just a creep. I'm 26 now and I wonder why guys won't give me a chance. I have never had a long term relationship and I am afraid I never will.

Doc, your columns on men touched me in particular. What do you think is going on here? Do I have a chance?

— *Lonely As Hell in E.L.*

Dear Lonely,

Just a commercial message here at the start — I am glad your message in the uR-I got a better response for you than your *State News* personal did. I know "my" people pay more attention to this newspaper than they do to the *SN*. Thanks for supporting us.

Your letter raised so many important issues, I almost didn't know where to begin but I think your remarks to your perspective lover were right on. While a few men are gay out of choice, most report that they knew they were "different" as children. Homosexual men do not outgrow their need for male partners any more than heterosexual men outgrow their need

for women. It is all part of our male training in childhood and, as John Money (perhaps the foremost researcher on sex and gender in the world) points out, male sex object choice formation is so fragile, we are lucky when it is men or women because it could just so easily be chickens. Get my drift?

For those thinking about coming out of the closet but are afraid, your point is extremely well-taken. Most families, especially these days, are far more tolerant and understanding than we give them credit for. Living in the closet creates a tremendous burden of unnecessary guilt and dishonesty. Well-adjusted gay men have great relationships with their friends and families who love them and don't consider their gayness a problem. After all, if you are an honest human being in your everyday life, who cares what you do in your bedroom? (Except for this authoritarian state and others seeking to regulate consenting sexual activity between adults without any right to do so. These are the REAL assholes in life.)

What is funny about your letter is that it could have been written by a woman discussing her problems with men and I hope the point is not lost on you. You are the perfect example of what today's man is supposed to be: Sensitive, caring, open, well-balanced, even somewhat sweet and naive, and what does it get you? Not a damned thing except pain and rejection. So much for evolving the male role away from a macho imperative because the macho freaks walk all over us then go away leaving us covered with footprints. It is no fun unless one develops a foot-fetish so we like being tromped on and fucked-over. I don't recommend this approach.

Actually, if you have a problem, it fall under the heading gender dysphoria, which means you are a gentle, sensitive man who has difficulty dealing with a lack of warmth,

caring, and the general aggressiveness associated with masculinity. Gender dysphoria is very common among gay men for reasons which should be obvious to you but it is less a personal problem than a more general problem associated with living in a hostile and uncaring country, George Bush's "kinder and gentler" (Ha!) America, where "Nice guys finish last."

Since the racist, fascist atmosphere around here isn't going to change without a major revolution in spirit, I recommend not pressuring yourself to find Mr. Wonderful. You are not over the hill at 26, you are not even close. Perhaps getting away from the undergraduate sexual mentality would help since adolescent minds are fixed on physical pleasuring when you so clearly desire a more long-term relationship. Try older guys because they understand relationships so much better and, if all else fails, don't ignore potential relationships with women because there are lots of fag-hags in E.L. who enjoy the kind of relationship you are describing. As you remove the pressure from yourself and potential partners, I am sure you will find exactly what you need. Good Luck.

See Dr. Sex in person! Valentine's Day at the Union where he will be taking your questions in person at noon. Be there or be impotent...



the  
Provocateur

It's Valentine's Day, and another excuse to get mom some dead roses.

## Crappy Valentine's Day!

*Sure, she thinks it's sweet, but the moonie with a concussion doesn't dig seeing me on every affection-related holiday; seems he affects a head wound everytime he refuses to make good with the pollen.*

*Oh well, have a crappy one, and take this joke, you love-mad dorks...*

Speaking of hearts and other such nonsense, wasn't this day made to celebrate some dude getting his head loped off?

Can't wait til Ted Bundy Day. To observe proper electricity usage, of course!

Am I the only one who's noticed this, or do hairdressers have the ugliest hairstyles?

A few days ago, I hopped on my

Huffy, banana-seat, two-wheeler and ventured into some of East Lansing's "\$6-a-hair-buzz-40-percent-guarantee" places to trim up the crappy, old bowl-cut my mother insists makes me look "cute," which I am.

But once I caught a glimpse of the oversized-makeup queens with hair that touched the ceiling, I nearly barfed up my milk and Oreos I snuck from the kitchen before leaving.

No way was I going to let one of those Hair Express/BoRics, frizzy-head broads put a scissor to my hair.

Last time I saw hair like theirs, I was watching Bozo's Big Top.

Speaking of Bozos, can you believe ego-maniac Mike Tyson thinks he lost unfairly to James "Buster in the Mouth, Chum" Douglas. By the way, since when did Tyson think?

Here's a message to you big boys and girls riding your big 10 speeds around campus...

START USING THE BIKE LANES! YOU FARTHEADS!

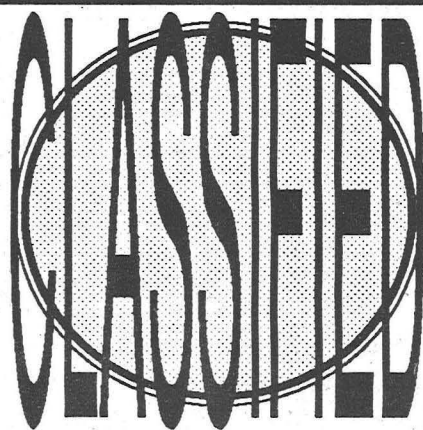
I just got my training wheels off and tried riding over to visit my big brother at his dorm, and some big, fat, booger-brain cruising on the way to class at about one-million-trillion-zillion miles about knocked me over.

C'mon fellahs, leave the sidewalks and walking trails for little guys like me to get used to riding a two-wheeler.

Ever stop by at IM East to catch a glimpse of the foxy college babes working out in those sleazy, neon, aerobic suits creeping up their butts?

I went at the wrong time. Apparently, a group of fatsos who had just made 10 trips to Wendy's Super Bar rolled in to burn off the cottage cheese growing on the back of their thighs. What a disappointment.





**Beeev.**  
Happy 3 1/2.  
Have a good Valentine's Day.  
Big L.

**To Stud Bowler.**  
Happy Valentines Day.  
I wuv you.  
Love, Snugglebunny & the Studettes.

**VALENTINES DAY SUCKS!**  
Original New Originals.

**KIMMIE MORE.**  
Since we met at the Riv I've been in love with you. I can't get your lovely whine out of my head! Be mine - again!  
Love (naked and sweaty). The Most Effeminate Man Alive.  
P.S. Kisses in bunches. ooooh!

**To Al.**  
Happy Valentines Day.  
you beast you.  
Gloria.

**Hey you Cambeel's Chicks.**  
and you know who you are.  
Happy Valentines Day.  
Love E.T.

**Center St. Clan, Bakery.**  
**Cambell Crew &**  
**Kappa Sisters** - Thinking of you on this special day.  
Love Always, Tracy.

**D.A.H. L..**  
figure it out.  
Happy V.D.I  
Love, S.

**Cambell Girlies.**  
No, not you!  
The other ones down the hall.  
Happy Valentines Day!  
Love, Booger.

**Amy.**  
when you "sleep"  
over, you bring a new meaning to the word slumber. Happy Valentines Day hun!  
Love, Todd.

**Dear Roommates** - since none of us have any men to get smooth with tonight, let's all go out and get SHIT-FA CEDI!  
L Dot T Dot.

**Tim.**  
Happy Valentines Day.  
Lots of love,  
Mary.

**Michael,**  
here's to making your life miserable these past couple years. Happy Valentines Day.  
Love, your favorite.

**To M.L., the best master:**  
How about we snuggle on Valentines Day. You know how much I love to cuddle with you in bed at night.  
Love, Tiffer.

**Hey CRUNCHY'S Valentine.**  
So ... are you a taken soul?  
Or will you be mine?  
Leah.  
P.S. 337-1389

**Hey girls of 539.**  
Don't you think it's time you got *layed*?  
J.

**To my roomie.**  
I'm so glad we were together this year. I hope you have a good Valentines Day - even without your sweetie.  
Love, your replacement-sweetie, Amber.

**To Glenn and Skylar.**  
I love you beacoup.  
Happy Valentines Day.  
Karen.

**To my little Boobly-dump-ling.**  
Happy Valentines Day.  
From, Sugar-Booger Britches.

**Donna & Doug.**  
Wishing you a lifetime of Valentines Days.  
Congratulations and Best Wishes.  
Nancy Lea.

**Michael,**  
I love you lots.  
Happy Valentines Day!  
Mitch.

**Chuck** - can't wait to cruise the Atlantic & to do some partying & soak some rays! I wouldn't want to go with anyone but you.  
Love, J.A.M.

**Grandma & Grandpa De-Clercq.**  
Happy Valentines Day.

I love you very much.  
Katie.

**Mishari.**  
You've given me so much of yourself.  
I can't thank you enough.  
You will always be in my heart.  
With love, Christina.

**To Chips.**  
you PARALYZE me ... and I love it. Happy Valentines Day honey.  
Love, Annette.

**To Karen E. -**  
Happy Valentines Day from your little sister. Hope everything's going well in Texas. Hugs & Kisses.  
Katie.

**To Sharon.**  
Happy Valentines Day to a special friend.  
Be true to your heart.  
Love, Annette.

**To Katie.**  
Happy Valentines Day to the best daughter in the whole world. We love you and are very proud of you.  
Love, Mom & Dad.

**To Glen -**  
Thanks for the drink, for many happy years ... & for being a special friend.  
Shar.

**T.W.**  
Have a Groovy day.  
You're the most ... Love, M.J.

**To C.B. (S).**  
Wishing you a Happy Valentines Day to a true friend that I adore ... and can't wait to be in her wedding to "you-know-who."  
Love, A.E.

**Jill.**  
Every day is a beautiful day when I can see you smile.  
Happy Valentines Day.  
Peter.

**Mowenstine.**  
I'm so glad you are my friend - Always smile.  
SPARKS.

**M.L. ElPrick.**  
I hope an FTD flower truck runs you over today. From a "real" journalist.  
P.S. Did you hear George Perles was appointed AD?

**Sissy.**  
Happy Valentines Day.  
I love you very much.  
your little sissy.

**Jennifer.**  
You know I love ya ... more than my luggage. You figure it out. You're the Republican.  
Love, Teesa.

**Annette & Sharon.**  
Thanks for being such good friends, especially to my sister. You guys are the greatest.  
Love, Tresa.

**To the men of Pikes & Farmhouse.**  
Happy Valentines Day.  
Love, The Ladies of Phi Mu.

Would you like to watch the fish migrate by the Red Cedar?  
Love, Sweets.

**To my dearest son Potter.**  
girls like Suzi don't come any hotter.  
Love, Mom  
P.S. Send Bernie home.

Po  
Knows  
Beer.

Hello guests and welcome to the *Clydesdale*. This cartoon is brand new, not only to you but to me, the creator. It's my first foray into cartooning. It's my baby, and being that it's only a few months old, it's a newborn baby at that. Like any infant learning to work, it — and I — is going to make mistakes and take a few falls. Therefore, I reserve for you the right to contact me (through the uR-l) and let me know when I've stumbled, botched it, screwed up, cooked a Brown Rump Cake, or ... shh, don't say it...JUST PLAIN WASN'T FUNNY. 'Course I also reserve the right to find out where you live, come over, and slap you around like a TV that's on the fritz.  
Sincerely,  
Jont Tyson — Cartoonist at Large

## The Clydesdale



by JONT



# ▶ OUT and ABOUT

## ▲ EAST LANSING

**BearsHead Theater**  
now until 25 Feb: *The Voice of the Prairie*

**B'Zar**  
14 Feb: The Zulu Groove and Mondo Cane

**Green Door**  
14-17 Feb: Toys  
18: Uptown Band  
19: Blue Avenue Delegates  
20: Capital City Band

**Landsmark**  
14 Feb: Sidestreets Four, featuring Dave Sternfield  
16-17: The Interiors  
20: The Wayouts

**Rick's**  
14 Feb: The Civilians  
15: Souvenir  
16: The Huntunes  
17: Going Public  
19: The Hold  
20: Third Estate  
21: Phil Garber and Born Naked

**Riverwalk Theater**  
15-25 Feb: *It's Only a Play*

**Silver Dollar Saloon**  
25 Feb: Meatloaf

**Wharton Center**  
14 Feb: Richard Leakey, slide lecture on the African Elephant  
16-18: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

## ▲ ANN ARBOR

**The Ark**  
14 Feb: David Bromberg and his Big Band; 7:30 pm and 10 pm  
15: Bruce Sagan and Friends; 8 pm  
16: Alison Krauss and Union Station — Bluegrass; 7:30 pm and 10 pm  
17: Clarence Fountain and the Five Blind Boys from Alabama; 7:30 pm and 10 pm  
18: The Ethnic Connection; 2 pm. The Home-grown Women's Music Series presents Jahra Michelle and McKinney and Tapestry; 7 pm  
20: Patrick Street; 7:30 pm and 10 pm  
21: Nathan Bell and Susan Shore

**Bird of Paradise**  
16-17 Feb: Motor City Jazz Quartet  
18: Session Night  
19: II-V-I  
20: Paul Keller-Cary Kocher Jazz Quartet  
21-22: Ron Brooks Trio

**Blind Pig**  
14 Feb: Big Box of Nines  
15: Ash Can Van Gogh  
16: Frank Allison and the Odd Sox  
17: Sun Messengers  
19: Yesterday's Children  
20: Big Chief  
21: Terrence Simien and the Malet Playboys

## ▲ DETROIT

**Detroit Institute of Arts**  
Pierre DuBurro Masterprints

**Fox Theater**  
15-18 Feb: Ann Marquerite  
23: Stephanie Mills

**Royal Oak Music Theater**  
16-18 Feb: The The

**Soup Kitchen**  
23 Feb: Windsor Dukes with Junkyard Jones  
24: Howling Diablos

**St. Andrew's Hall**  
14 Feb: Beer On The Penguin  
17: Polish Muslims  
19: Pat Thomas from Africa  
24: Royal Crescent Mob



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**FAMILY**  
specialist...



*Holy foresight, Batman!***uR-I Words of Wisdom: Go see The The!**

by Dave Weier  
uR-I music correspondent

Few pop lyricists write with the intensity of The The's Matt Johnson, and this weekend, Detroit will get to meet the man of melancholy during their three-night gig at the Royal Oak Music Theater.

Johnson writes with a fervor similar to that of the late John Lennon. His lyrics blend human drama and world issues with his own emotion to create a critical commentary on mankind.

This intensity is fueled by the fact that he writes all of the instrument parts and lyrics himself, which he labors at for up to three years at a crack between recording sessions.

Until the current album, *Mind Bomb*, there wasn't even a band, just Johnson and a few of his friends like

Sinead, Jools Holland, Wire and Foetus.

After The The's previous release, *Infected*, Johnson decided it was finally time to consummate his relationship with his audience, but he had needed band members that could identify with his feelings and music.

He recruited bassist James Eller, *Infected* drummer David Palmer, and ex-Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr to carry the flag for The The.

Fans have waited since 1979, through 4 albums (including Johnson's *Burning Blue Soul*) to get a look at the master of dark emotions, only to be a little surprised at the show.

On stage the group is every bit as deft with their instruments as on vinyl, but at first, their show doesn't seem to match the darkness of the music.

One could expect some theatrical experimentation like that of Skinny Puppy to help convey the music's

imagery. Or maybe multi-media madness like REM portray the consciousness of the lyrics.

Nope, it's just the band (and a back-up woman vocalist/keyboardist), their instruments and as few lights as they can get away with. Everyone dressed in black, pays close attention to their work and its flavor. The only one who even moves is Johnson, who often stalks the stage like a caged coyote.

This minimalistic approach is very effective in drawing the audience into the dark corners of Johnson's mind. The band sucks the emotion out of the audience for about two hours as they play a healthy sampling from all of its releases including stirring renditions of "Giant," "Heartland" and "This is the Day."

This weekend's show was originally scheduled for November, but the suicide of Johnson's brother forced a

postponement. Since then Marr, Eller and Palmer have been rehearsing and writing songs under the moniker of *Hate*, which may record in the future as an alter ego of The The.

These recent events should lend themselves to the intensity of the show, so if you're going you'll no doubt feel a cold chill as the curtain opens and your soul is touched by The The.

*The Royal Oak Music Theater is located at 4th & Washington in downtown Royal Oak. There are shows on the 16, 17 & 18th. The first two shows are sold-out and tickets from Nov. 3 are being honored on Friday while the rescheduled Nov. 4 show tickets will be accepted on Saturday night. Tix for Sunday are \$17.50.*

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# Entertainment

## Gear, Anne Be Davis score high on Geiger

by ANGIE CAROZZO  
uR-I entertainment editor

American Bandstand comes to East Lansing?

No, that wasn't Dick Clark. More like dancer extraordinaire John DiBiaggio cutting many rugs at B'Zar last week.

The Gear, from Warren, played a tight set including most of the songs off their latest release. They have played in the Detroit area for the last two or three years; but they didn't have what has become known as the Detroit garage sound.

Their sound has a Replacements tinge to it, especially the guitar — or what there is of it. They are very rhythm oriented with a very strong bass and drum sound.

One of the songs that stood out was "It's My Turn to Cry." The whole song was really intense with an adrenaline heartbeat coming from drummer Jeff Hunt.

"Walkin' By Your House" was a pseudo-ballad with nicotine fit induced vocals from Bob Zabor and a doom and gloom bass line from Tom Lynch.

"Loud, Hard and Fast" was exactly that with solos from each member of the band. Zabor's guitar solo was the first time the guitar could be heard at all. The bass solo was excellent, with



David Harris croons Alice-style.

uR-I photo/TIM LEPHEW

Lynch jumping around both on the bass and on the floor.

Hunt has the potential to be a great drummer, but it's hard to tell with a split-second drum solo. But while he was soloing, he was great! It just should have been a longer solo.

They ended with "Get Twisted." It was the only song that had any of the Detroit sound in it. Distortion was ripping out of the bass and the guitar — definitely a garage/grunge tune.

Anne Be Davis, from Ann Arbor, started warming up and did a sound check.

"Can ya go with the 'verb? I'm a shitty singer," said lead vocalist, David Harris.

But he wasn't a bad singer at all. As a matter of fact, if Anne Be Davis had a little more imagination and a few more years under their belts, they'd be really hot. There wasn't a single song that didn't sound like

some major label band wrote it.

They played a really tight set, and they had a solid sound, it just sounded like someone (anyone?) else. Energy was contagious with these guys; they were jumping all over the place.

The first song started and Harris was eying the mic like it was a piece of candy that he didn't know if he should take. He took it and it was good.

The drummer, Sande Satoskar, was no big deal, but he was solid. Bass player, Ray Echlin, was slappin' and poppin' like a MF while he was warming up, but when the band started playing, where was it? So much for the rhythm section.

Lead guitarist, Julian Go, was just that. All he did was solo, and every solo sounded like it was right off of the Dinosaur Jr. Bug album.

In "Truman's Collection," he went for the feedback solo, and right when he was getting it going, he stopped. It was the wimpiest version of a feedback solo known to man!

Experience is most necessary in music, and it's something that Anne Be Davis needs some more of, but it isn't too hard to see them on Restless or Enigma in about two years. Overall, the attitude of the crowd was, "It's got a good beat, you can dance to it."

## Obsessive Andy Warhol's spirit manifests itself in the "City of the Arts"

by Dave Weier  
uR-I art correspondent

East Lansing lives up to its "City of the Arts" billing on Sunday when Kresge Art Museum unveils a selection of portraits by artist Andy Warhol.

The portraits are currently touring the state as a presentation of the Detroit Institute of Arts' Statewide Services Program and will be hung in Kresge from Sunday until April 1.

This selection of portraits emphasizes several facets of an artist that has been as revered for his simplicity in production and statement of the obvious, as he has been criticized for it.

Andy Warhol was born to a poor immigrant family in Pittsburgh, and throughout childhood and during a early career in advertising, he was bedazzled by the thought of beauty,

glamour, wealth and fame. He was dissatisfied by his mediocrity, Truman Capote once said, "Andy Warhol wanted to be anyone but Andy Warhol".

These feeling's were a driving force in the development of Warhol's work and can be seen clearly in this exhibit.

The exhibit covers Warhol's obsessions with movie stars, politicians, other artists and captains of industry. The best examples of these obsessions in this show are the portraits Marilyn Monroe (Marilyn, 1967), Elizabeth Taylor (Liz, 1964), and Jacqueline Kennedy (Jackie, 1964; Jacqueline Kennedy I, II & III, 1965).

These portraits are not as shallow as one man's fascinations, instead they are reflective of society's views on people in the national spotlight.

The Kennedy portraits were constructed from news photos taken

the week following John F. Kennedy's assassination and are intended as a commentary on the media, converting Jackie from JFK's wife to an icon of America's grief.

The media played a large part in Warhol's career since he took most of his images and ideas directly from it. It's a two-way street though. Warhol created media in the form of Interview magazine and in his later years he used his portraits to finance the magazine.

Warhol's portraits became quite a status symbol among the rich and famous, commanding five-figure commissions. Warhol would snap a Polaroid of his model, then an assistant would create a silkscreen image.

It was the assembly line process that caused Warhol to come under fire by many critics. Warhol was a purveyor of mass-production, not an artist, said the accusations.

To the contrary, Warhol's production techniques were a commentary on American industrialization and its greed in wanting more of everything (notice Warhol's style of repetition and serialization in the Mao and Powell portraits).

If you still doubt Warhol's capabilities as an artist after viewing the Kresge show, then remember Warhol's own words, "I never wanted to be a painter. I wanted to be a tap dancer."

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