



7 March 1990

Vol. I
No. 18

MSU's alternative
and truly
independent voice



What's shakin' :

**More questions for
Dr. Sex!**

Some Q&A about T&A. p. 8

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- Ever expanding Out & About...p.9+
- Steal towels at The Clydesdale...p.9
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Welcome to the UR-ALL BAR edition, phase II.

As we stated last week, this is just one more of our unceasing efforts to satisfy you, our glorious reader. Really, only the Provoc doesn't rever you beautiful people!

But back to the present.

We finish our look at 20+ EL bars this week, from Beggar's Banquet to Zeke's. With the utmost subjectivity, one of our correspondents who frequents a gig has reviewed it based on several criteria.

So check it out, and for a complete set of issues, stop by our Gunson Street offices (142 University Reporter-Intelligence Plaza).

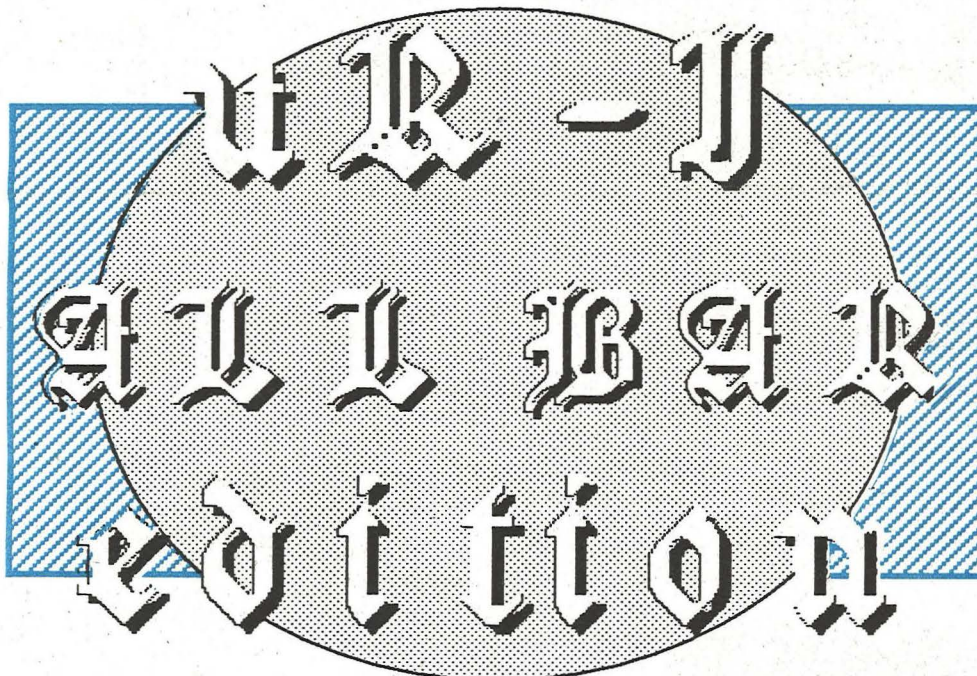
Enjoy...

Beggar's Banquet



Cover: none
Entertainment: none
Theme: classy dinner joint
Best Night: none
Age Requirement: none
Greek Quotient: doesn't apply
Location: Abbott Road, down the street from Rick's
Chow: full menu
Best Specials: none
Crowd: classy
Dress: classy, jeans don't cut it
Friendly Factor: low
Diversions: pinching the waiters or waitresses, but little else
The Straight Poop: This is a classy joint with a great menu. The decor is impeccable and comfortable, and the bar is low key. This is a wonderful place to bring a woman you want to impress and if you want to depress your wallet. There's steak, liver pate, wine, cheese, and a variety of other snazzy dishes. This is not, however, a place to guzzle beer, pull out your shirttails and tip tables and chairs. As you should know by now, the fight song isn't sung here (and especially not at top voice). But, hey, does every joint in town have to be a joint?

— gratten gray



Crunchy's



Cover: none
Entertainment: tvs, juke box
Theme: neighborhood burger bar
Best Night: weekends
Age Requirement: 21
Greek Quotient: 9
Location: on grand river, by greyhound and across from the AZD house
Chow: full menu
Best Specials: bucket o' beer
Crowd: fairly mellow, but with a tendency to sing along with the juke box
Dress: preppie to MSU sweatshirts and jeans
Friendly Factor: medium to high (if you have the cajones to approach folks)
Diversions: good juke box, tvs
The Straight Poop: Crunchy's is like a

Greek Peanut Barrel; they have good burgers and fries that feel good going down with a cold draft. Pitcher prices are reasonable and the booths are a good place to hide if you don't like sitting next to a table of Staters enthusiastically belting out the MSU fight song. "Fight, fight, fight team fight, etc." Not too bad a tune, until everyone has sung it and "American Pie" for the fourth time. But Crunchy's is a nice change from the run-around E.L. bar scene and a good place to get the night out of the blocks. Grab a burger and a beer. The Giggles Grapevine says lunches are pretty good here, and in addition to lots of sorority girls, you can run into MSU administrators and DiB here every once in a blue moon.

— jerome giggles

Dooley's



Cover: none
Entertainment: no bands or dancing
Theme: MSU's sports bar
Best Night: Thursday, Friday and Saturday are not bad, might just seem better 'cause it's not so crowded
Age Requirement: 19
Greek Quotient: 8
Location: 131 Albert, one block east of Abbott
Chow: full menu, known for Big Ten sandwiches and nachos
Best Specials: extremely rare, best to go already buzzed
Crowd: conservative crowd with decent ratio of M to F on Thursdays. Good place this side of library to scope. Not a serious drinking crowd
Dress: Preppie in early stage of night, more casual when other bar patrons roll in
Friendly Factor: easy to meet people if you know a few of the regulars. Lots of people from your classes will show up here
Diversions: lots of pool tables, video games, tvs and basketball
The Straight Poop: Dooley's doesn't carry much middle ground among MSU students. People who wish Ralph Lauren was never born might want to avoid this bar if

See The Second Front Page for a complete report card on EL establishments

preppies and so-called conformity bothers them. But in reality, the majority of students at Dooley's are your average Joes. Dooley's is always is an institution you can count on, and definitely the best place to visit after a big MSU win. If you're a pool shark this place is for you, but get ready to bring a lot of quarters since the regulars aren't afraid to take your shirt right off your back.

Money is important factor: : don't get caught off guard by the free admission to Dooley's; the place costs an arm and a leg for the serious drinkers. If muchies are to your liking, get ready for the "Nachos on Steroids"; a huge plate of nacho chips with enough stuff to make the biggest glutton smile. So if you haven't been to Dooley's — which puts you in a group with only a few other people on campus — go with your buddies and drop your attitude at door. Have a good time.

— raj verma

Mac's Bar



Cover: none

Entertainment: supreme excellence in juke boxery, slide show all night, big screen tv

Theme: if you haven't partied with us,

you've never partied
Best Night: any, really
Age Requirement: 18
Greek Quotient: 2 (mainly curiosity seekers)

Location: 2700 E. Michigan Ave., just past Frandor, on the left towards the Capitol as you pass 127 interchange
Chow: peanuts and stuff in vending machine

Best Specials: cheap pitcher specials early in the evening

Crowd: friendly, wild, rich, poor

Dress: mandatory

Friendly Factor: if you're tough, you can get some

Diversions: Foosball, slide shows, video games, tvs, pool

The Straight Poop: If your feet don't stick to the floor and you can move around, Mac's is a great place. The beer flows and the lyrics to "American Pie" and "Hotel California" fill the air, but if you want to play something on East Lansing's best juke box you better be ready to wait until 3 am, since the early birds get the tunes. DO NOT, I repeat, DO NOT go there expecting to see Prince Charles. This is a place only real people go. And sometimes the real people don't

observe the best hygiene — but they play the damn bestest foosball you ever saw!

This joint draws people from Lansing, East Lansing, Jupiter, Mars, etc, but beer makes everyone equal in God's eyes. Oh, and the people like to meet people of the opposite sex. Yes, this is a place to get some, but what you get don't always look so good the next morning. But hey, they probably feel the same way!

If you haven't gone to Mac's, you owe yourself. Bring lots of friends, because the more the merrier here. Oh, and as a bonus, Theio's is right next door, so if you're sick of Top Dog this is your salvation.

Oh, one last piece of advice — don't do anything that might piss the bouncers off. They are huge as life, mean to badasses, think five-on-one is a fair fight (one of you, that is), and don't hesitate to stomp the shit out of anyone getting out of line.

So drink up and stay cool and your ass will probably not be waxed. See you there.

— ron happening



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the U-R-I is published weekly and distributed — free of charge — throughout MSU and its environs. So there.



Page Three

The Second Front Page

BAR SCENE CARD:

America's Cup:
casual, fun, go there

Beggar's Banquet:
classy, not a place to get smashed

Bilbo's:
good food, good brew, good folks

B'Zar:
good music, dancing, good happy hour

Chi Chi's:
go there for Margaritaville

Crunchy's:
Good burger and beer gig

Dooley's:
drop your attitude at the door, bring cash,
and check it out

Landshark:
great happy hour, lotsa greeks

Mac's Bar:
unpretentious, gross fun

Olga's:
good food, decent drink prices

Paul Revere's:
blue collar, good bar

Peanut Barrel:
great neighborhood bar for burgers and
beer

P.T. O'Malley's:
lotsa greeks, preppy, good happy hour

Rick's American Cafe:
live music, good beer prices

The Riviera Cafe:
good drink prices, decent music, kinda dull

Sensation's:
dancing, good Tuesdays

Silver Dollar Saloon:
rock bar, metal crowd, good place to throw
back beers and hear live bands

Small Planet:
unique, classy place, good music

USA Cafe:
bad food, bad prices, older yuppie crowd

Varsity:
good trivia, good jazz, good place to relax
on the patio

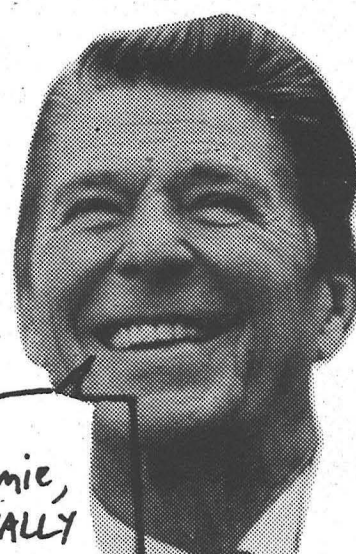
Zeke's:
get your three-piece and check it out,
otherwise, deep-six this one

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responsible Spring Break

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DREAMS
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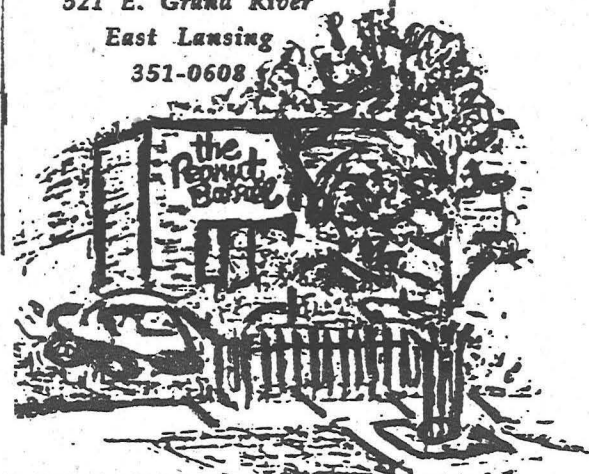
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Olga's



Cover: none
Entertainment: none
Theme: it's a restaurant
Best Night: happy hour on Friday is cool
Age Requirement: none for the restaurant, 21 to drink
Greek Quotient: 7
Location: grand river, across from the union (bar is in back, with entrance at alley)
Chow: full menu
Best Specials: regularly excellent mixed drink prices
Crowd: casual preppies
Dress: casual
Friendly Factor: pretty high in the bar
Diversions: pool
The Straight Poop: long-island-ice-tea-loving folk comes to mind when you think of the Olga's crowd. Happy hour usually packs them in on Friday, and Olga's is a good place to throw down a solid meal and have a few tasty drinks.
 This is not a place to get screwed up all night.
 It is, however, a nice change from the usual elbow-to-jaw East Lansing bar scene.

— jerome giggles

The Peanut Barrel



Cover: none
Entertainment: jukebox, sports on tvs located around the bar
Theme: just your neighborhood bar with great food and good ale
Best Night: any night is great for the Peanut Barrel, but Sunday is a good night to grab a bite, a beer, and lend an ear to the WMMQ Blues Cruise
Age Requirement: none
Greek Quotient: 0-1 ("yuk, too many common people go there, muffy!")
Location: on grand river, across from Berkey Hall and next to kinko's
Chow: full bar menu
Best Specials: the food is the best deal here, but beers are reasonably priced
Crowd: you can sit next to your professor, a guy in a softball uniform, and a marine lieutenant from the recruiting office down the street and enjoy a casual beer.
Dress: come as you are — unless you go by r. lauren
Friendly Factor: extremely friendly folks, but you're not going to get any here

Diversions: tvs, jukebox, pool table, video games, DARTS!
The Straight Poop: This is the place to go for a great burger, fries, beer and friends. The atmosphere is very mellow, and the bar's owner and waitresses make you feel comfortable and important. Where else can you go in town to grab a cheap hot meal, play darts, hear great old tunes, and swish down a St. Pauli Girl Dark with a lime wedge?
 Nowhere, man.
 Best times to go here include after an exam, with a date who isn't too uptight, and to start your evening off on a satisfying first step.

— ron happening

Rick's



Cover: \$1 or more, depending on night & entertainment
Entertainment: great live jams on left side
Theme: casual, underground-drinking joint
Best Night: Thursday-Saturday, great live bands
Age Requirement: 21
Greek Quotient: 4-5
Location: on Abbott Road between Espresso Royale and P.T.'s
Chow: Munchies from Mancinos, subs & appetizers
Best Specials: 35-cent drafts Wednesday night
Crowd: casual, fun people who enjoy listening to tunes; a few brave ones show their stuff on the "huge?" dance floor.
Dress: anything goes

Friendly Factor: high
Diversions: pool tables, video games, TV screens, darts and Pop-a-Shot basketball.
The Straight Poop: Ricks is not the place to go if you want to "meet" someone. If you want the scope scene, Sensations is around the corner. But if you're in the mood for hot bands, cold beer and a great time, grab a couple friends and come down to Ricks! It has something for everyone.
 For a conversation with friends, good munchies or serious TV-sports action, go to the right. If you want to shoot pool, dance or just kick back and listen to some of the best bands in E.L. (J.D. Lamb, Souvenir, Going Public etc...), go to the left and get ready for a great night.
 As my favorite hangout, I recommend Ricks for a good time. But remember ... the only thing you'll bring home from this place is a great buzz ... or a bruised knee from tripping up those stairs after too many 35-cent (m)Old Styles.

— nancy english

To all the people who think the press goes too far sometimes, consider the alternative.

WASHINGTON (AP) — New details about the Navy's 1965 loss of the USS Scorpion, a nuclear submarine, were disclosed today. The Navy said it had learned that the ship was involved in a collision with a Soviet submarine in 1968. The Navy said it had learned that the ship was involved in a collision with a Soviet submarine in 1968. The Navy said it had learned that the ship was involved in a collision with a Soviet submarine in 1968.

Details such as which ship was involved, where it was destined and where it was bound. It did concede in 1986 that the incident was classified as among its two most serious.

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If the press didn't tell us, who would?



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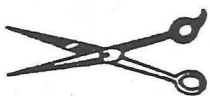
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The Riviera Cafe



Cover: none
Entertainment: none
Theme: casual, place to sit and drink and talk
Best Night: Thursday
Age Requirement: 18
Greek Quotient: 4-5
Location: on corner of Albert and MAC
Chow: full menu
Best Specials: pitchers of mixed drinks for just over \$5
Crowd: casual, usually upperclassmen tired of the bar scene
Dress: casual
Friendly Factor: a good place to meet friends, but not a hook-up joint
Diversions: pool tables, video games, TV screens, basketball
The Straight Poop: The Riv is not the most exciting place on the face of the earth. In fact, it's downright Yes, stagnation is the thing at the Riv, but somehow I always find myself

heading there on a Thursday night or dull weekend.
 I guess the great mixed drink pitcher deal on Thursday draws me there, or maybe it's the fact that I always run into friends there. Or maybe it's the fact that Top Dog is just out back, or maybe it's the fact that Pinball Pete's is just below the joint? Then again, it could be that there's no cover and Rick's has gone to the dogs. Whatever the reason, I always end up at The Riv complaining about how bored I am and drinking another pitcher.
 I wish I could figure out what spell this place casts over me...

— ron happening

Sensation's



Cover: \$3, more if bands are playing
Entertainment: MSU's main dancery
Theme: flashy disco scene
Best Night: Thursday night, Tuesday with great specials
Age Requirement: 19
Greek Quotient: 3-5
Location: 131 Albert, below Dooley's
Chow: full menu
Best Specials: Tuesday night 25¢ beers
Crowd: younger folks
Dress: GQ
Friendly Factor: extremely high, just walk in the door and hit the floor
Diversions: a few video games, tvs, large screen tvs
The Straight Poop: Known as a "Meet Market," where you go if you don't want to wake up alone. This perception isn't changed after you visit the bathroom to see the interesting graffiti on the walls. The best part of Sensation's is the dance floor, which can accommodate hundreds of dancers at once. For the serious dancer, Sensation's is the only place near campus where you can go and consistently get down. The 25¢ drink specials on Tuesday are key — go with a group of friends and you're guaranteed a great time. Going by yourself in search of a warm body often results in a case of "Frustrations." Since it's the only major dance club in the area, the DJs continue to play Top 40-12-inch dance selections. Improvements would include diversifying to play House and Rap and more progressive genres that would attract a larger part of MSU's student body and transform Sensation's into a true MSU dance club. All in all, however, Sensation's can guarantee you a good time if you really want to get down and dirty.

— raj verma

Silver Dollar Saloon



Cover: varies, depending on the band
Entertainment: live music
Theme: metal
Best Night: any night a band is playing
Age Requirement: 18
Greek Quotient: minus 10
Location: E. Michigan Ave., near Brody
Chow: limited menu
Best Specials: drink specials nightly
Crowd: metalheads, but cool
Dress: jeans and t-shirts — guys; scanty — gals
Friendly Factor: medium, but don't dress preppy unless you've got a death wish
Diversions: tvs, bands, chicks, pool, dancing
The Straight Poop: This place is straight out of the seventies, complete with carpeting on the ceilings and walls. Shooter's Pub has some good specials, and bands from all over the country come here to grind their axes. From Steppenwolf to Bachman Turner Overdrive to Diving for Pearls and other up-and-coming bands. This is definitely not your typical EL bar crowd, as folks from all over mid-Michigan head for a loud time and lots of drink. The folks in Jackson languish as they sit green with envy over the success of the Sleazy D. And don't forget the crowd. Without a doubt heavy, metal-wise that is, but there's nuthin like a bunch of metalheads to hang out and get ripped with. Just don't don the Polo.

— angle carozzo



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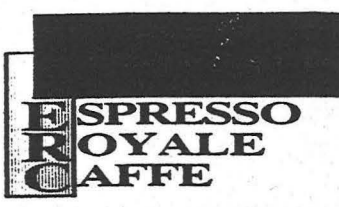
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*The Silver Dollar Saloon and
Shooter's Pub is located between
Frondor and MSU's campus
Information recording: 351-2450*

Zeke's



Cover: none

Entertainment: giant screen tv

Theme: upper class, businessman's joint

Best Night: none

Age Requirement: 21

Greek Quotient: 2

Location: University Place Holiday Inn

Chow: appetizers

Best Specials: buffalo wings

Crowd: business folk, older dudes with cash

Dress: three-piece

Friendly Factor: negligible

Diversions: tv

The Straight Poop: Do you like to pay a high price for drinks? Then Zeke's is your place. They feature no drink specials, but the entertainment, that's what draws them in!

Nope, no entertainment.

But wait, there are food speicals during happy hour. Specials like 12 buffalo wings for \$3.25, some special.

The best thing about this bar is the giant screen tv, so you can see every bead of sweat on Steve Smith's head. The tv allows Zeke's to be a very lame fascimile of a sports bar. The crowd at this place consists of no students, just out of town business people who are away from their spouses for the night. This is definitely not a people meeting place — unless you are old enough to run for president, or take cash for services rendered.

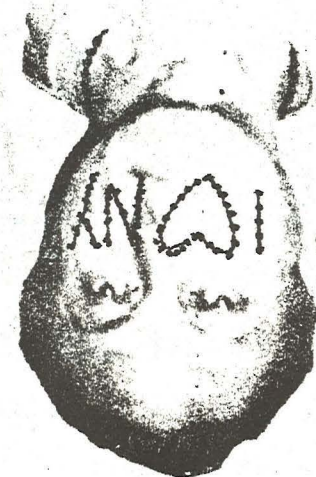
There is one positive thing, though. If you don't mind paying for it, their beer selection is extensive. In fact, if you don't mind paying for it the clientele isn't so bad either. But back to the beer. Zeke's features over a dozen domestics, as well as brews from the West Indies, the Far East, Holland, and Ireland. This is a decent place to come and talk, because it's so quiet you can hear every word spoken.

— corkey vett

U R - I F in Page!

Manny Dot-To-Dot!

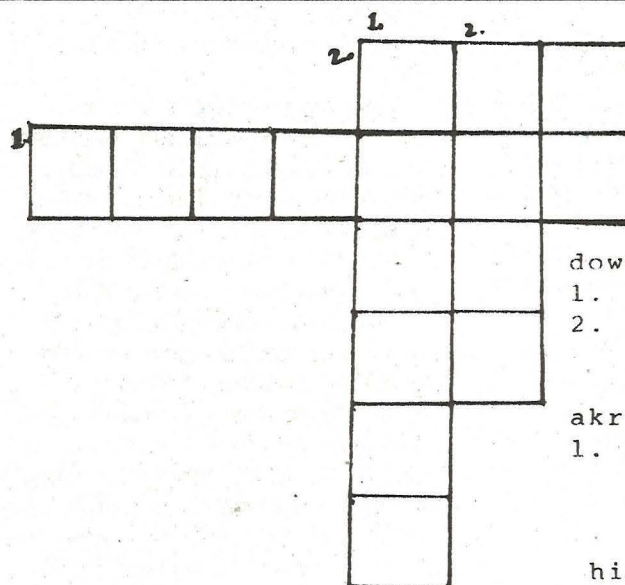
Can you connect all the dots in Manny's face to reveal another image of him? Go ahead, try it!



Meet the Tiffer



If you've ever wondered who's responsible for this mess, now's your chance to yell at her. uR-I editor Tiff BigDog will take your ravings from 10 am to 10:04 am, 1 pm to 1:03 pm, and from 6:02 pm to 6:08 pm. She will find someone who can answer your questions about the paper, since she doesn't really know what the hell is going on here. Reach her at: 1-800-YEA-SURE, or locally at 2YO-MAMA. uR-I editors will also be available by phone all week, but they can only receive one call a day and no visitors, except for Thursday, and then only if they've behaved the rest of the week.



*MORON
CROSSWORD
PUZZLE*

down

1. cooked
2. food that gets cooked

akross

1. more than one quv named after something that gets cooked
hint: it's backward
2. nickname of no. 1
akross
hint: it's not backward

THIS WEEK'S CLO: Dinty Moore Beef



Geek of the Week

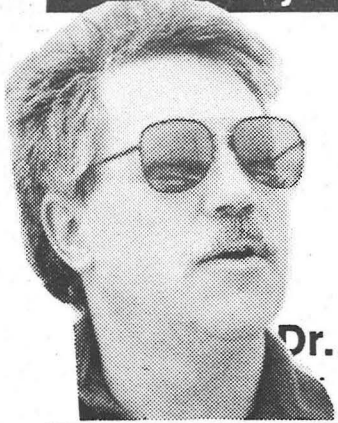
Well, Mommie, er, ah, Ronnie, your inability to remember what transpired during your tenure in the Oval Office has earned you Geek o' the Week dishonors — remember what that means?

Regardless, it is certain your eight years at the helm of the USA Titanic could've earned you this dubious honor, but we weren't here to keep tabs on you then. But your videotaped testimony, aye, there's the rub — to be making and forgetting history all at once!

A bon accompli, Ronni!

Maybe your place in history isn't all locked up (and maybe you should be). Maybe it isn't in the stars.

Oh, by the way, we liked you with the brillo 'do better. Giddyup...or is it shuddup?



**Dr. Andrew
Barclay**

Inquiring minds probe dr. sex

Dear Dr. Sex:

I had been dating a woman for the past six months. I thought we were pretty good friends, at least until I called one evening and her roommate told me she had gone back to dating her old boyfriend. First of all, I was crushed and then I got angry. Now that the anger is gone, I really miss her, I dream of her, my heart races if I see someone who looks like her on the street, in short, my life is miserable. I thought I was tougher than that. I thought women were the romantic sex. Worst of all, the thought of her in bed with her old boyfriend is driving me nuts. How can I control these unwanted thoughts and feelings? Help!

— *Rick the Reject*

Dear Rej:

Let this be a lesson to all the guys

who think sex is an easy way to get to know someone. There is ample evidence in the psychological literature that men are more romantic than women even though women have been thought to be the "weaker" sex for at least the past millenium. Weaker than what? Women handle relationships much better than men. They generally outlive us too, and I can tell you that nature would never stick weak people with having babies because evolutionarily, it is too risky. So watch it men!

What happens is that we become attached to the woman we are with, especially if we see them as sex-objects. By attached, I mean we are easily conditioned to attaching positive feelings of the relationship, the arousal, the joy, the excitement to the person acting as our object. In a sense, we become mentally addicted to that person and, when they are no longer bonded to us, we go through a withdrawal as profound as when we quit using an addictive drug "cold turkey."

Your experience on the street shows conditioning at work. Here, an object with a vague resemblance to the conditioned stimulus sets off the response associated with the missing love-object. It will take a while before the response settles down and begins to show signs of extinguishing. One day, many years from now, I predict you will be in a crowd behind a woman who is wearing the same perfume as your former lover and BANG! You will go through the whole emotional trip all over again. This isn't love, though, it is attachment plain and simple, no different than what Pavlov did with his doggie subjects.

What makes you human and interesting is how you have taken your

rage which was aimed at this person and directed it at yourself. That is why the anger seemed to go away. It didn't, it got turned into a sexual fantasy of what she is doing with her boyfriend. You are torturing yourself with these thoughts because you can't get at her.

Thoughts or feelings can't be controlled any more than you can control the weather. To begin the healing process you are going to have to express your anger and frustration. Rip up your pictures of her and burn them as you chant: "Burn bitch, burn." When no one else is around, use your pillow as an object on which to project violent feelings. Punch it while saying her name, pound it, wrap your hands around it and strangle it. Scream and yell how you hate her, how you would like to kill her. Ain't love grand?

After you have squeezed out all these feelings like the white junk in a giant zit, go out and have a good time. Concentrate on the here and now. Focus on your work, having fun with your friends, or whatever is going on right at the moment but keep in mind how good you feel to be free of all that shit. As your self-esteem returns to normal (because you have taken a powerful blow), you will be able to increase the length of the moment you are focusing on, first to five minutes, then ten, then an hour, and ultimately, a day or a week.

Keep in mind what a complex and interesting person you are and the feelings will pass like a grey winter week in Michigan. The sun will come out again, the sky will be blue, and the birds will sing. Then you can do it all over again but this next time, avoid addiction altogether by not using another person as your object, share the relationship equally.

Dear Doc:

I could make it with any woman on this campus, in fact, I have made it, but I am still lonely.

— *Peter Potter*

Dear Pot:

Are you bragging or complaining?

Dear Doctor Barclay:

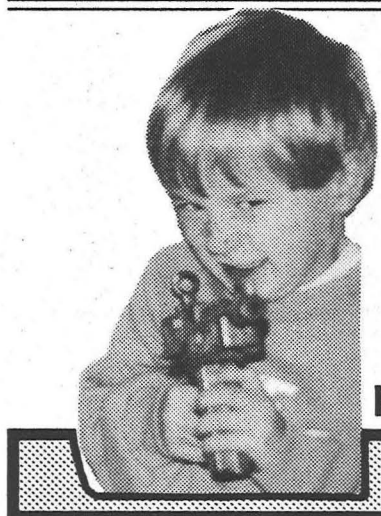
My boyfriend has a name for his penis. He calls it Randolph and refers to himself in the third person. Isn't this weird??

— *Trish*

Dear Trish:

A lot of men have names for their primary sex organs because they say their Dick has a mind of his own. I know what they mean. Our unconscious desires, particularly sexual desires, can dominate conscious forms of control leading to behavior we may not understand or even be able to control. I refer to this as a case of testosterone poisoning because it is the male hormone which sensitises the head of the penis or clitoris. When you meet a guy at the bar, don't just ask for an introduction, look down at his lap and say "Who's your friend?"

As a class exercise in the Psychology of Human Sexuality, we would have the men introduce their "friends." Only one woman in the eight years I did this had named her sex organ — she called her vagina "Fonda" — and when I asked was that her whole name, she said "Nope. She is Fonda Peters."



**the
Provocateur**

David Scott was a hero to most — wait a minute, we've used that one...

But what do you snot jugglers know anyway?

Yes, it's I, the ole Provoc, ruler of the three-foot high universe and a bad ass in my own right. And just because you will be getting away from me for Spring Break, don't forget that I'll be back to dish out more of my peculiar brand of scorn next term.

By the way, anyone need an extra stud to accompany them to Ft. Lauderdale...

Nothing like a nice greasy pork sandwich in a dirty ash try, right?

Well, just wait until you get home and realize the folks aren't such a great stable of chefs after all.

But my mom is!

Yessit, and now that I've saved my hairless posterior,

Flava Flav: Don't believe the tyke

I'd like that cinnamon toast without crusts, please...

Sounds like, but doesn't compare.

At least that's what my older brother, Syd, says.

Speaking of oily crap (like mom's sausage), isn't it lovely how Exxon has struck again!

This time it was New Jersey.

Ahem...

It's not like there isn't enough toxic crap and pollutants (the Nets and Bon Homely notwithstanding) to allow us all to walk on the water in the Garden State without Exxon's help, but the day after they were indicted on multiple counts of negligence for the Alaska fiasco, the losers dumped 25,000 gallons of crude into the already gunk-filled waters of N.J. I'm starting to think that there was some design flaw in the Exxon vessels — like where did they find room to put a bar in each one???

Don't you hate it when whiney old men get in trouble?

Don't you hate it when bosses overreact?

Don't you hate the way people grouse about the smallest things for five minutes every week?

Well then, why are you reading this, you who-choke-on-the-hair balls-of-others?

What's with this "all-bar crap" anyway?

Last bars I saw were in front of my playpen.

Did puke in there onces or twicest, though, so I can relate...

Speaking of relating and relatives and all things being such, I like the way Fill "My Wallets, If You Would, Mate" Collins ripped off Pink Floyd on his latest "effort."

Some effort, too, er, but, it's incredible how "Wish it Would Rain" sounds like "Wish You Were Here."

And while we're talking about Pink Floyd, (blind) Pigs on the Wing come to mind..

Apparently ELPD has a new campaign out: "Just Say Yes" to more police, and the (not-so high) rollers were all over the news last week ranting and raving about how crime statistics are up this year in beautiful metropolitan EL and how they don't have enough officers to control the rising incidence of crime.

What wasn't mentioned in the pitch for higher taxes (and hence higher student rents) to pay for these new officers was that the statistics are subject to some very important influences. The most likely reason that these crime rates are up is not because there are more folks puking and peeing their way down Albert Street, but because their officers are not taking as many doughnut breaks.

Hell, I just got nailed for riding my bike in the street last week.

But, as one officer was quoted: "Statistics, as you know, are subject to fluctuations, and you probably should not put too much weight in these; they may be higher due to our greater enforcement efforts."

Tell that to your commander.

Let's hope the city council isn't like the board of trustees, and they let people have some say before they make a decision.

And now that I've had my say, hit the beaches.

And that laugh you hear when you're shaking the sand out of your undies just might be the ole Provoc...

OUT and ABOUT



East Lansing

B'Zar

7 March: The Generals and The Front
14: Inside Out and The Blunt Objects

BoarsHead Theater

8-31 March: Painting Churches

The Green Door

Wed-Saturday: Toys
Sunday: Uptown Band
Monday: Blue Avenue Delegates
Tuesday: Capitol City Blues Band

Kresge Art Museum

now - 31 March: Andy Warhol: Fifteen Minutes of Fame

Landshark

9-10 March: Souvenir
13: Dan Earl

Lansing Art Gallery

now - 18 March: Beth Van Liere

Lightfantastic Gallery

now - 23 March: Dean Dablow

Rick's

7 March: Taj
8: Freeman and the Chasers
9-10: I-Tal
11: Dan Earl

12: Mass Confusion
13: Turning Minnows into Whales
14: Water for the Pool

Riverwalk Theatre

10 March: Be a Star

Silver Dollar Saloon

7-10 March: Fire Department

Wharton Center

7 March: MSU Glee Club- Great Hall
MSU Jazz Band II
8: MSU Concert Band
9: The Don Cossacks Singers and Dancers of the U.S.S.R.
11: MSU School of Music Honors Concert
13: The Detroit Symphony Orchestra Salute to Michigan Concert

EXTRA! EXTRA!

East Lansing faves the Hannibals
will be gigging over break on:

22 March — River Rock Cafe

in Detroit

28 March — Rick's

in Ann Arbor

Catch the band that won rave
reviews right here in the uR-ll

Golly!

ANN ARBOR

The Ark

7 March: the Best of our Open Stages
8: Spaelimenninir
9: The R.F.D. Boys
10: Mick Maloney, Jimmy Kean, and Eugene O'Donnell
11: The Chenille Sisters Children's shows
evening: Heather Bishop
13: Laura Nyro

Club Heidelberg

7 March: Guilt Parade with Forced Anger
10: Laughing Hyenas with Scrawl

Michigan Theatre

10 March: Laurie Anderson: Strange Angels

Nectarine Ballroom

7 March: Genie and the Dreams

Power Center

12-16 March: American Contemporary
Dance Festival

including the Booger Pick and Roll
competition (at undisclosed locations
throughout the undergraduate
library), there's lots more to do in
AA.

The Clydesdale

by JONT



▶ OUT and ABOUT

▲ DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard Lounge

9-10 March: Rick Margitza Quartet
16-17: Straight Ahead with Marion Hayden

Clutch Cargo's (St. Andy's)

9 March: Before or After with Synsynoi, Braille Radio
10: Drama Rama with Picasso Trigger
16: Tangent Image

DIA

now-March 11: Pierre DuBoyle master-prints

Fox Theater

8-11 March: Jerry Lewis

Latin Quarter

16 March: The Jesus and Mary Chain

Lili's

9-10 March: Frank Allison and the Odd Sox

The Majestic

9 March: De Danhan
10: Peter Case
15: The Bone Daddys with the Wayouts

Moby Dick's

9 March: Juanita McCray and her Motor City Beat
10: Rhythm Kings

Paycheck's

8 March: Leather Gypsies with special guests
10: The Trash Brats with B.W.S. and Cronford Nix

Pullum's Place

9 March: Universal Spectrum
16: Devon Irie

The River Rock Cafe

8 March: The Larry McCray Band
15: Souvenir

The Ritz

8 March: Joe Walsh
9: Seduce with Murder City
10: Ace Frehley
11: The Smithereens

Taboo

15 March: DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince with Technotronic

The 3-D Club

8 March: The Orange Roughies with the Idiots
15: Missionary Stew with Walk the Dogma

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ALRIGHT, I'LL SETTLE DOWN, IF YOU PROMISE ME ONE THING...



PROMISE ME YOU'LL GO OUT ON A DATE WITH ME WHEN I'M ALL BETTER...O.K.?



NEXT: DREAM DATE!

Reviews

Compilation disc a must-have

Dope, Guns, and Fucking in the Streets (vol.1-3)

Simply stated, this is one of the best compilations of American bands since SST's *The Blasting Concept, volume 2*, which included *Husker Du, The Meat Puppets, The Minutemen, Black Flag, Scratch Acid, Painted Willie, and Gone*. In fact, *Dope, Guns...* is very reminiscent of "The Blasting Concept," at least in the historical sense.

When SST released their sampler (in 1986), they were at the top of the independent label logjam, way ahead of the pack. Now in 1990, labels like SST and Enigma come close to being considered majors, while SUB-POP and Amphetamine Reptile are slowly taking over the indie ranks. This compilation features performers from both SUB-POP and A.R. labels, including a few of the hottest bands around — independent or major label.

SUB-POP bands, *Mudhoney, Tad, and The Lonely Moans*, comprise an important part of this vital disc. Right now, they are the sound of underground America. The slimy-dirge of their music added to the brutality (sometimes almost too graphically); the realistic lyrics make an irresistible combo. This Seattle sound is slowly infiltrating all facets of cutting edge music. With the success of *Soundgarden, Green River (R.I.P.), Mother Love Bone, Nirvana*, and even Ann Arbor's *Big Chief*, oodles and oodles of new bands have adopted the same musical and societal stance. Whether this sincere, almost reverent form of flattery

will be good or bad for the music-biz is yet to be seen, but it bodes well.

TAR, *Helios Creed, The Cows*, and (Flint's) *God Bullies* are the only bands of stature (not quite fame, just yet) from Amphetamine Reptile that appear here, on their (A.R.'s) own compilation. TAR's showing on the tune "Antlers" is impressive but only adds to the mounting rumors of a label switch for them-to. Touch and Go (who boast *Laughing Hyenas, Killdozer, B-H Surfers*, and numerous *Big Black* offspring) or the aforementioned SUB-POP. *Helios Creed* (formerly one-half of the band *Chrome*) just turns your ears — not to mention your mind — inside-out with his warper-than-thou guitar adventures. But, the *God Bullies*, all the rage in some small circles of anti-pop enthusiasts, are nothing more than an early seventies Iggy poser, gyrating and screaming to a band that sounds like *The Damned* covering *Cramps* songs, or maybe it's the other way around, I'm not sure. But, really, to give them credit, there is a certain vulgar novelty to their act, which even live held my attention for a good five, six minutes (or however long their soundcheck was).

All dime store analyzing aside, *Dope, Guns...* is an important disk for the nineties. All the bands here dominate the underground scene and deserve a listen. Even the lesser known bands (check-out the *U-Men, Halo of Flies, and King Snake Roost*), add a little more detail the picture of an America that is obsessed with *Dope, Guns and Fucking in the Streets*.

— JEFF FIKE

uR-I..
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Am-You?
Hell with it and
keep reading

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Entertainment

Parents discipline East Lansing

by JENNY SILVERSTEIN
uR-I music correspondent

The Parents are a new wart on the nose of the East Lansing music scene.

Loud, crude, obnoxious, and quite charming, too, the band is a conglomeration of personnel from other area groups, but they aren't a clone of the standard basement fare to be found throughout EL. Despite technical difficulties, Chris, Tommy, Fred, Dave and Adam played loudly and quite coherently last Saturday night, crammed into a basement with what seemed to be unfortunately, the entirety of East Lansing High. Well, it wasn't all youngsters that came out to see the Parents along with Just Say No and The Need. Despite the frigid evening, the place was packed with a crowd that seemed to enjoy the debut performance of a band that will be sure to make their presence known in the months to come.

JS: What makes you better than all the bands currently saturating the East Lansing area?

Tommy & Chris: We've got balls and no one else does.

Fred: We're the only band.

JS: So what's with the nun's habit?

Tommy: He's had a nun habit for a long time.

Chris: I went to a Catholic elementary school, and we had nuns for teachers. In fourth grade, I stayed after school one day to clean the erasers...

Tommy: Let's just say she cleaned his eraser.

Chris: Yeah, let's just say that. As a souvenir, she gave me this habit. You know, they have like 20 different ones.

JS: So what you're saying is, that you and the sister were involved?

Chris: For one glorious afternoon, yes. It's a souvenir of my awakening, into the world of manhood, which is basically what this band is about. You can see why it's appropriate for me to wear a nun's habit on stage.

JS: Sure, anyway...

Chris: Plus, it makes me

feel more like a woman.

JS: So, you're a woman trapped in a man's body?

Chris: I'm a man who wants to be a woman who wants to be a man.

JS: Would you say that you had a "band philosophy?"

Fred: Other than manhood? (laughs)

JS: What's your angle, your gimmick?

Tommy: There is no gimmick, just a thousand little gimmicks. We just want to put on a good show.

Chris: We just want to have fun, and play in front of a lot of people. This band is going nowhere, has no future.

Adam: And we like it that way.

JS: Tell me what you've all been involved in, musically.

Chris: (laughs) Jesus, that's a lot.

Adam: I was in Not, The Deans, and Pinwheel.

Chris: Back in high school, I was in a band and then Tom and I were in Killer Orifice, a rap band.

JS: A rap band?

Chris: Yeah, then I was in Ten-Minute Hate, which was a performance art type thing.

Tommy: I was in every band Chris was in, plus Disinfect, Acid Sex Death Kick, and Just Say No.

JS: What about you, Fred.

Adam: I was in Wally Pleasant, too...

JS: You were not!

Adam: Yeah, for about six weeks.

Fred: I was in Strictly Taboo, and then Head Cleaner.

Then I was in Lemmings for about two weeks, with John Howard, who quit afterwards to join a pussy dance band.

JS: Oh, yeah.

Fred: That's a quote. A pussy dance band with Jim Stone, a big fool.

Chris: Yeah, Jim Stone, the biggest pussy in the state of Michigan, next to Barry Henssler. (singer for Big Chief)

JS: Let's stick to the questions: What prompted you all to get together and mutate into

what's now The Parents?

Fred: Mutate? What does that mean?

Adam: They all bought me a beer.

Chris: Tommy had quit Jusy Say No, and he and Fred wanted to form a band. And Adam and I weren't basically doing anything.

Tommy: And I work with Dave. I was drunk one night, and asked him to play bass.

Dave: And I say, "oh yes, Tommy."

Tommy: We all knew each other, and just got together.

Chris: And then we got Tony, last week.

JS: What's your gimmick with Tony?

Band: IT'S NOT A GIMMICK!!

JS: Sorry.

Chris: Tony is there to make sure everything runs smoothly.

JS: So, is he your one-man security force?

Chris: NO! Tony's the fixer. He's Mr. Fixit.

Adam: He fixes things.

JS: Tell me about this misogynist thing I've heard about.

Chris: Oh, that's an unfortunate misnomer that's been placed upon us.

Tommy: We love women. We love all women — short, tall, fat, small, retarded, dead, dying, lying in the gutter. We love 'em all.

Dave: That's got to be a quote.

Chris: It is, but we're not going to tell you who it's from. These two (Fred and Tommy) have written all the lyrics. So I really don't have much to do with it.

Adam: Very tongue in cheek.

Chris: That's unfortunate, because I've gotten all the hassle.

JS: Well, you're the one who has imparted all this woman-hating stuff!

(band laughs)

Chris: All we're doing is either commenting on things we see, or we're talking ... We're not justifying or saying we believe in this.

JS: So, what does "rape a girl, steal a car," mean? What is that a comment on?

Chris: That's a comment on

a mentality we grew up with, living in small towns like me and Tommy did.

Fred: Small, racist towns.

Chris: You seriously do see an attitude where, "Yeah, rape a girl, steal a car," to be crude ...

Tommy: All in a night's work.

JS: What song is that in?

Chris: "Sweet Little Girl."

JS: Anyway, who do you like? What do you draw from?

Tommy: AC/DC. (many "Yeah's!")

Chris: Adam and the Ants.

Adam: You can hear a lot of that, can't you?

Chris: If we had the time, we would look and sound just like Adam and the Ants. I personally want to be at the forefront of the new, New Romantic movement.

Tommy: We draw from anyone who has any balls.

Chris: It's too wide. We could go on for days.

Tommy: We do a Runaways cover — that's an all-girl band.

Chris: And, I sing a song from a woman's point of view! Just like Cheri Currie did.

JS: All right. So, are any of you personally involved? Or is that just a ploy to create interest in the band?

Chris: We're all kind of involved.

Tommy: We're all friends.

Chris: We're very close.

Fred: But we're not gay.

Tommy: We share women.

JS: So, if you had to make a statement about what being in this band is going to do, what would it be?

(band laughs, and looks at me mockingly)

Chris: Absolutely nothing.

Dave: A little beer in our bellies.

Tommy: If people want to think about something, that's fine, too.

And so concluded my interview with the Parents. They may go far, or only a short way. However, they'll probably have a good time going, whatever the distance.

Have you read the Provoc today? ...or written a question to dr. sex? ...then get with the program, sam!