

No foolin', you should believe everything you read...



4 April 1990

Vol. I
No. 19

MSU's alternative
and truly
independent voice



What's shakin' :

Dr. Sex treads more
virgin ground!

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MSU papers get JOA

by **abe washerman**
uR-Snoozing media correspondent

Don't attempt to adjust your set — what you see before you is really happening.

Negotiations completed in the wee-wee hours Tuesday have brought MSU its first Joint Operating Agreement, as the uR-I and *State News* merged business operations to form the *uR-Snoozing*.

Pursuant to the 1973 Newspaper Preservation Act passed by Congress, the *State News* filed for the JOA as the failing paper, despite efforts to overcome mismanagement and reader disdain with a recent student tax increase.

The uR-I, the oft-scorned and poorly-edit tabloid rag so many students have come to (d)read Wednesday mornings (or afternoons if they can't get their act together), also encountered financial difficulties which



uR-I executive editor M.L. Elrick congratulates State News Editor-In-Chief John Secor on making the big time. uR-Snoozing photo/RUSSELL "the muscle" YANTIS

eventually led to their acceptance of a JOA, which it enters as the dominant newspaper.

Under a JOA, papers merge business operations but maintain separate — and in this case, unequal

— editorial departments. The arrangement has worked wonderfully for the *Detroit News* and *Detroit Free Press*, involved in the country's most recent JOA. Readers have expressed no confusion over the new beast and, in fact, love the heck out of it.

A JOA lasts 100 years. *State News* Editor-in-Chief John Secor said he was unhappy that the paper had to resort to a JOA, but that he looked forward to the new challenge.

"I'm unhappy that the paper had to resort to a JOA, but I look forward to the new challenge," he said.

Al Swartzell, general manager of the *State News*, brings his golden touch to the new entity with more enthusiasm than he has ever mustered.

"Z," he said. uR-I Executive Ego M. L. Elrick had this to say: "Those other two guys, I agree with them."

PROVOC A POPPA?!

Judge says allegations fail to raise item

by **jerome giggles**
uR-Snoozing courts correspondent

LAS VEGAS — Citing a failure to provide "hard" evidence, 69th U.S. District Judge Hank M. High threw out a paternity

suit against the Provocateur. "Based on common sense and expert medical testimony, the plaintiff has failed to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant did or could have executed the necessary maneuvers that would

result in the plaintiff's condition," High said, adding "In fact, I believe it may be years before the young scoundrel will be up to the task, if you will."

The decision capped four months of headlines and court action that began when Gigg L. Puss (no relation to this reporter), a Las Vegas show girl who has been linked to Don Johnson and other leading men, alleged that the sharp-tongued and wily Provoc had certain relations with her that resulted in her being with child.

Puss raised the curtain on what was to become a media circus. Close on the heels of a court decision that Donald Trump would have to surrender all of his fortune to Boy's Town, as reparations for besmirching the institution of matrimony in the Ivana Trump-Marla Maples-Skippy the

See PACIFIED, p. 2



the Provoc reacts to "Daddy" rumors...



...the curvy beauty who said he was her man

Steroid tale pumps MSU

by **gary smuts**
uR-Snoozing fix correspondent

Doug Weaver and George Perles, the present athletic director and the athletic director-elect held a press conference Sunday. The news they brought the people at MSU and across the nation affirmed the suspicions of many insiders in the athletic department — Sparty's on steroids.

"We have conducted an internal investigation into the matter," Weaver stated to a packed Rite Aid Pharmacy crowd,

See PUMPED, p. 2

Check out the incredible uR-Snoozing exclusive photos that reveal steroid use; only on p. 2

OUT and ABOUT

EAST LANSING

Arena Theatre (In MSU Auditorium)

Apr. 4-7: The Cherry Orchard

B'Zar

Apr. 4: Arson Garden with Mondo Cane

11: Anne Be Davis with Sam I Am

BoarsHead Theater

Apr. 5-29: stage performance of Steel Magnolias

Fairchild Theatre

Apr. 6: Renaud Chamber Orchestra

Green Door

Apr. 4-7: Toys

9: Blue Avenue Delegates

10: Capitol City Band

11-14: Toys

Kresge Art Center

Apr. 8-22: Sonic/Light Video Art: Art on Video

8-May: Images of an Idyllic Past: The photographs of Edward S. Curtis

Landshark

Apr. 4: Ras Shaggai and Livration

6-7: The Blue Front Persuaders

10: Possy Bang

Rick's

Apr. 4: Bop Harvey

5: Water for the Pool

6: The Dead Beats

The Clydesdale

7: The Suspects

8: Freeman and the Chasers

9: The Gone

10-11: Innocent Persuasion

Silver Dollar Saloon

Apr. 3-8: McQueen Street

10-15: Raggedy Ann

Small Planet

Apr. 4: Uncle Fester

5: Born Naked

10: Blues Party

Wharton Center

Apr. 4: Julliard String Quartet (Great Hall)

5: Elmer Iseler Singers (Great Hall)

6: Dan Seals (Great Hall)

DETROIT

Latin Quarter

Apr. 8: Peter Murphy with Nine Inch Nails

Majestic

Apr. 7: Bop Harvey with Broken Yoyo and Ash Can Van Gogh

13: Severed Heads with MC 900 Ft Jesus and DJ Zero

The Ritz

Apr. 7: Junkyard with Black Crows

12: Dirty Looks

St. Andrews

Apr. 5: Elvis Hitler with Heretix

6: Big Chief

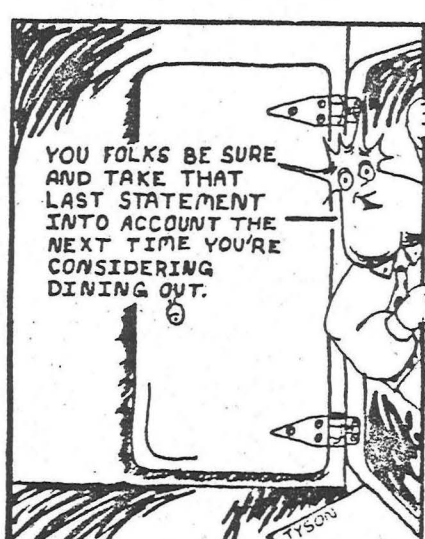
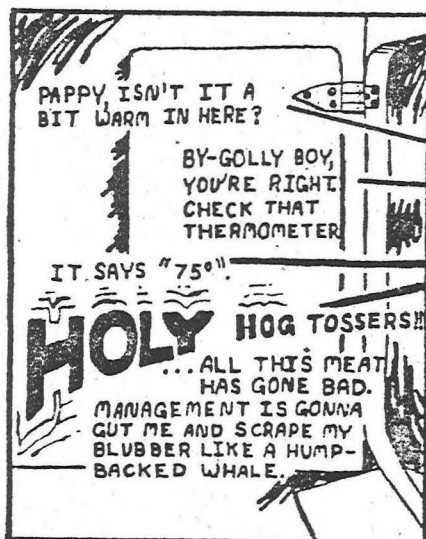
7: Michael Penn

13: Alannah Myles

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT
IT TAKES
?
IF SO, GET OFF YER BUTT
AND CALL US.
-1- UR-1- EM



by JONT



Reviews

Band turns Detroit sound *Inside Out* on this effort

Take You Apart, Put You Back Together

Can an all-girl band from Detroit keep up with the Detroit sound?

Yes! **Inside Out** surpasses it both live and on their latest release.

Inside Out's new record, *Take You Apart, Put You Back Together*, takes Detroit rock and puts it in an entirely new spectrum. While their sound still has the doom and gloom beat known so well in Detroit, they've taken it a step further.

The lead guitar sounds like the **Jesus and Mary Chain** with **Robyn Guthrie** of the **Cocteau Twins** playing the riffs. **Lynda Marle**, lead guitarist for Inside Out, gets the most eerie sound out of a guitar that has ever come out of Detroit.

The bass, played by **Karen Neal**, sounds like **Geddy Lee** beating the crap out of his bass (of course Lee would never have the guts to beat it like only Neal can). The only way to describe Neal's bass sound is dugga-dugga-dugga.

Cathy Carrell brings it all together with the strongest drum sound to come out of a new band since **Def Leppard** made their comeback with their one-armed drummer. The drum sound is very solid with a lot of power to back it up.

The overall sound on *Take You Apart, Put You Back Together* is very strong with Neal's vocals coming out loud and strong, and Marle's guitar adding a haunting touch floating off into a dreamworld of beautiful torture. "No Outlet" is the song that best represents the Inside Out sound on this album.

Other songs to listen for are "Cliques that Click," "Take Away the Pain," and "Moral Decline." "Moral Decline" shows a different side of

Inside Out though, with a guitar part that doesn't just have a cool sound — it's pretty.

Inside Out have figured out the secret to a cool sound; they just took the **Sub Pop** sound for the rhythm

section and added the Cocteau Twins guitar sound with the haunting feeling of **Bauhaus**.

Even though they're an all-girl band, the **Go Go's** or the **Bangles**

they're not. These chicks can rock!

— ANGIE CAROZZO



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Entertainment

Is it live or is it Anderson?

Performance artist puts on fabulous one-woman show in Ann Arbor

by **ANGIE CAROZZO**
uR-I entertainment editor

ANN ARBOR — A violin fills the theatre with music so loud you can feel it. Lights come in and there's a silhouette of what looks like an old man playing the violin. Voices start coming in from nowhere and everyone is wondering, "Where is she? Where's **Laurie Anderson?**"

Then the violinist turns around and there she is — the old man playing the violin with the voice of Laurie Anderson floating out of his mouth.

Laurie Anderson's *Empty Places* performance, which came to the Michigan Theatre March 10, was beyond the realm of theatre today. Anderson constantly

roamed the stage, moving between several microphones, samplers, keyboards, and the single candle flickering at the front of the stage.

She was much more personal in this performance than she has ever been before. For the first time, Anderson is pulling away from the talk/singing that made "Oh Superman" rise to cult fame. Her singing voice has been set loose and it's more beautiful than anyone could have possibly imagined.

It was boundless when she sang "Coolsville," as if a spirit had been released and it was celebrating by grabbing everyone in the theatre and just shaking them.

Anderson didn't merely perform the songs from her latest

album *Strange Angels*, though; the performance was filled with stories and social commentary.

Anderson describes herself as a storyteller. To prove it, she told stories about falling into a man-hole, picketing a Playboy club, and several other things.

She also gave the audience a complete rundown of the national debt and compared the most famous politicians to musicians. She said **Hitler** was a drummer, **Mussolini** was an opera singer, and **Reagan** just wants to be intimate.

"The longer he talks, the more quiet and intimate he gets; and he emphasizes it with lots of long ... pauses," Anderson explained.

Although she was the only person to appear on stage, the

performance was filled with a number of characters including herself, the bluesy voices that she referred to as girls, and the voice that she calls Reagan, also known as Anderson's baritone alter-ego.

The overall sound was minimal; there weren't too many things going on at the same time. But each thing that did go on demanded the audience's full attention.

Empty Places was an audio/visual menagerie that extended the senses further than was thought possible without chemical assistance. Here, Laurie Anderson has done her best work — now it can only get better



**K-9
Spencer**

Without a doubt, it was the most splendid evening of my lifetime and that of generations pre- and post-cluding me.

Opening with a resounding crash, the perfidious musings of this modern-day poet echoed throughout the vibrant air in the incomparable MSU Audi-totally-torium. Clad entirely in a sheer, shimmering, stunning, entourage of black clothing and ultimately condusive opaque footwear, the audience gingerly treaded into the obfuscated environmentage.

Grooving like the **Meat Puppets** meat the illegitimate child of **Lawrence Welk** and **Frank Zappa** spawn **Moon Unit Zappa** (who first garnered my unadulterated attention when I was a loathsome, loquacious lad), the band laid down maximum and unequivocally hip supertones.

It was a night to envelope oneself in a catatonic web of coolness.

Verbosely, the lead singer squandered

Who the hell is this fellah? What the hell is it all about? How can we get rid of him!

scintillions of squeamish thoughts, reminiscent of the work of little-recognized but not the less impactful and harmonized **Peter Shelly**. The scrumpdilli-icious scales lavished upon our lizard-like loafer-clad livers left us to lounge languorously.

Lovely, most definitely and definitively, it

Verbosely, the lead singer squandered scintillions of squeamish thoughts, reminiscent of the work of little-recognized but not the less impactful and harmonized Peter Shelly.

was. Indeedy.

Yes, it was a totally hip affair — devoid of anyone ungrooving, with-it, funkified and on-top-of-the-scene.

It's too bad you couldn't have been there, but I was and it was completely crisp and coagulated.

If you hear something you like and want to share with humanity — but hopefully better than this schmo, give us a call at 353-0081 or 351-4899. In addition to telling us how it was the place to be and you were there, at least let us know who the band was and when and where it was. oh, album reviews are chill, too

From PUMPED, p. 1

"and we, unfortunately, have discovered a serious steroid problem with our cheerleading squads."

Though details were scarce at the conference, NCAA officials stated that they would "get to it as soon as they were done crucifying (N.C. State basketball coach) Jim Valvano, but before they screw (Illinois basketball coach) Lou Henson."

Perles felt that immediate disciplinary actions have to be taken because, "We don't want people to think Michigan State has a loose policy on steroid abuse." Perles wanted to express his "deep remorse to all those Spartan fans who will miss the cheerleaders on the sideline during the games. Their cheers give the fans and the players a great lift. It's a shame."

Students also expressed their feelings in post-press conference interviews. Joe State Fan said, "That really stinks. That cuts the number of on-field passes we see each year in half."

When asked how many times

SHOCKING PHOTOS REVEAL difference in Roy Inus before coming to MSU's cheerleading squad, and after. Inus is a member of the MSU cheerleading squad, which has come under fire for alleged steroid use, which these incredible, undoctored photos prove.

she had taken steroids, Louise Ferrigno, who is Sparty, whinnied and stamped her leg to the floor repeatedly.

Lotta Hairspray, one of the cheerleaders not accused of steroid use, told the uR-I, "They were a weird bunch, always using that strange urine-bag underarm deodorant and all."

What happens to the Spartan Cheerleaders next is up to a NCAA tribunal now.

When questioned, former Spartan standout Tony Mandarich said, "I hope they get the chair. They give clean athletes a bad name."

In a related story, Perles and Weaver denied claims that MSU Motion is nothing but a no-talent bunch of cheerleader hopefuls who want some exposure. However, the athletic director's office is planning an extensive three month investigation into these new allegations.

A tale of two Inuses



From PACIFIED, p. 1

Wonder Poodle love tryst, the story caught the nation in the bun warmer. And once the curtain was raised, the glaring, cleansing, all-knowing spotlight cast by television cameras revealed what will go down in the annals of journalistic endeavor as one of the most sordid stories ever.

Day after day, reports filed in about the peculiar personal preferences and peccadilloes of the pun-pounding, foul-mouthed five-year-old, known to dispatch friend and foe alike as snot-eaters, mucus-breaths, and buttskermen.

Tales of all-night carousing in a party van disguised as the Dy-D Diaper Truck, milk binges that would last for days, cutting classes at kindergarden and failing to return Dr. Seuss books on time or in their original condition (one book was returned with "I will not eat green eggs or ham, Son of Sam, or kill my next door neighbor with poisoned spam, Son of Sam I am," scribbled on the cover) filled tabloids and dailies alike all over the world.

Throughout the ordeal, the Provocateur remained mum, while publicists told reporters variations on the theme: "He cannot comment right now, he's having his nap."

When one exasperated reporter asked who he was having his nap with, flustered flakkers cleared the columnist's opulent East Lansing digs. Donna Rice was later seen leaving through a rear entrance.

And Puss, for her part, was no more savory (unless viewed solely as an object and not as a functioning, living, thinking being). Rumors of weekend ski trips with Pirmin Zurbriggen and the rest of Switzerland quickly surfaced. Reports of an affair with the son of television legend Mr. Ed were never confirmed, and consequently kept out of the papers — which are always ethical, fair, kind-hearted, and sensible.

But, with High's decision, the big top comes down and workers hose down the remaining elephant patties. The media looks for another sensational serving-the-public-fer-shure story. Life goes on. And we all must look deep inside and ask ourself: "Why was a cuss word the first thing out of the baby's mouth..."

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Op:

4 April, 1990

Extend abortion rights to gun-car- rying homosexual victims of incest who have artificial limbs, hate the ACLU, like Milli Vanilli and smoke hemp casually and only on week- ends in which the Friday begins with a prime number

We are really stinking mad about what the doody-heads that run the world have been doing.

And this time, we can't sit still anymore.

Yes, it's time that abortion — outlawed except to those rich enough to bribe some low public official — by the 30th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, be made legally available to gun-carrying homosexual victims of incest who have artificial limbs, hate the ACLU, like Milli Vanilli and smoke hemp casually and only on weekends in which the Friday begins with a prime number (united under the banner of the GCHVOIWHALHTA-CLULMVASH-CAOOWIWTFBWAPN), such as Friday the 3rd.

Harumph.

And, of course, with the

power of this newspaper's editorial weight behind this issue, we are sure everyone will see how wrong they are and immediately (and without pause, too) change this poop-brain law.

Certainly, this ever-expanding group has rights that should be ignored, neglected, trampled and revoked whenever possible.

But abortion is not one of those rights.

Neither is giving more than a 15 percent tip at certain restaurants that serve buffets of broilled spam to blind people, telling them it's really quiche lorraine gone just a little bit past the best-sold-after date.

But that's for another day.

For now, all we want — in addition to a fourth world war that will shift the balance of power from the Exhaulted and

Powerful Donald Trump-Marla Maples Unitary Force (E&PDTMMUF) to the Ivana Trump-Some Guy With Hair On His Back Liberation For White Rich People Who Don't Fart and Blame It On The Dog Army (ITSGWHOHBLF-WRPWDF&BIOTDA); a new set of teenage mutant ninja turtles; and oatmeal that isn't the right thing to do — is abortion rights for those guys we mentioned above but have too long a name or acronym to bother repeating for fear of taking up even more space in the ever-dwindling newshole of this paper which is distributed free of charge Wednesdays throughout MSU's campus and it's environs. So there. (TGWMABHTLA-NOATBRFFOTUEMSITE-DNOTPWIDFOCWTC&IE.ST)

A few words on future bashing (hash-style)

Nothing like thinking ahead, like one bloke who showed at the legalize fatty rally last week.

Allen R. Pyle (no relation to Gomer), an MSU junior, said: "If we do this for 17 years in a row, we would have something like the Madison Harvest Festival, which brings about 20,000 people."

For the sake of those who enjoyed the rally, maybe it should be kept illegal for 17 more years. In any case, if 20,000 people ever show up to blow smoke in the City Council's back40, they'll probably legalize it just to get rid of them.

the university
Reporter-Intelligencer

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the uR-I is published weekly
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charge — throughout MSU
and its environs.
So there.

ReaderResponseCard

Yes, it's back, the prefabricated praise or hate vehicle you can send to us when you get the urge to purge those thoughts provoked by the uR-I. We welcome your input, and will print everything we receive — as long as it is signed and doesn't say too many bad things about us.

So get it off your chest, Clem...fill this thang out and let us know what's o n your mind!
NOW GET CRACKING OR START PACKING!!!

Love,

your name

2 April 1990

Dear viewers:

Shortly before break, we received several letters regarding Dr. Andrew Barclay's column about rape, entitled "Honest dialogue key to ending rape."

Next week, we will print your letters and I will respond to some of the issues raised by Dr. Barclay's column.

I hope you will wait until then with an open mind and fresh pen and paper to let us know what other concerns you have about your paper.

We thank all of you for your input and your patience.

Michael Elrick

— M.L. Elrick
editor



Geek of the Week

On your way out, Doug?

Getting lots of going-away kudos and awards?

Well, gratefully accept one more accolade — Geek 'o the Week dishonors.

Yes, your boy George (a *steroid, steroid, steroid* chameleon) is taking a lot of heat for what's going on with the football program and steroids and all, but who was supposed to oversee him?

Who was supposed to be in charge?

Who was supposed to be keeping all the sheep in the flock instead of the sheep dip in the papers?

YOU, Doug!

Dig?

Well, we hope you keep on digging till the hole reaches six feet.

Sayonara, Doug — and good riddance.

nominate your Geek of the Week...just send a picture and reason to our Gunson Street offices

Sergeant Mac is a sissy



**Pvt.
Francis
K.
Snodgrass**

From the Desk of:
Francis K. Snodgrass
Private, First Class (Retired)
United States Marine Corps

God made me, but Sgt. Mac tried to.

Yes, I learned a lot of things about what it means to be a man as a Marine stationed in the Arctic Circle under Sgt. Mac. It wasn't just the drills and the discipline — no, I think the greatest single lesson about manhood came from the way Sarge handled the whole Pezerini Long John Affair.

You see, Pezerini's foot locker got broken into one night while everybody was at mess, and his long johns got taken. Even though Sarge had whipped us into hardened Marines, the extra protection was a must for our extended maneuvers into Soviet territory in temperatures thousands of degrees below zero. We fought the Cold War like no one else did. So, understandably, Pezerini was very upset; Sarge, infuriated at this lack of discipline, ordered the men to the barracks.

"My long a-johns, she's a-gone," Pezerini whined to Sarge. "Atsa no good. All a-the time, I'm a-colt."

"Shut up. I'll get to the bottom of this," Sarge growled through his gas mask. "Any of you ladies want to step forward now and save us a little trouble?"

No one even looked up to meet Sarge's burning eyes as he went from man to man. The only sound in the barracks was the rhythmic Darth Vader hiss of his oxygen supply and his measured step on the spit-shined floor.

"Well, girls, you know what that means," he barked. "Everybody drop your drawers and open them footlockers. MOVE IT! MOVE IT! MOVE IT!"

We exchanged nervous glances as snaps and zippers came undone. One thing was sure — Sarge was gonna bust some guy to hell and back.

He started with the footlockers, then poked around at each guy to see whether he was wearing one pair of Regulation Issue 11A Long Johns — or two.

I tensed up as I heard him rip into Thornhump for having a battered old copy of "JUGGS" hidden under his toiletries. Punishment was swift and harsh: exposure to the Arctic winds in his bath towel until his heart stopped. He would be revived later, of course, if he was strong enough — but nevertheless I hoped I could avoid a similar fate.

Thankfully, my inspection went without incident. I breathed a sigh of relief as he continued his pattern of poking and prodding, insulting and humiliating, until all the guys were either cleanly inspected or out taking a walk in their bath towel.

But the culprit had not been found.

Sarge was really shaken up. The old gas mask was beyond being just steamed up — it looked like a greenhouse in there. He had never been handed such a heinous defeat...was he just angry or...was he hiding something? The same thought seemed to occur to all of us at once.

Pezerini and Sarge were staring each other down.

"You! Pizza Man!" Sarge bellowed. "You got anything to say?"

"I'm a-shut up," Pezerini mumbled.

"I think you got something to say," persisted

Sarge. "I think you think I got 'em. Well, I don't, see?"

And in a matter of moments, Sarge was down to a pair of briefs and his gas mask.

Sarge, you see, never believed we should have long johns to begin with, and frequently led us on maneuvers in bermuda shorts and a tank top to prove it. Anyway, we were satisfied that Sarge was OK...except there was something weird about those briefs (besides the small lump in the back of them).

Careful examination revealed the weirdness: The "STAR WARS" logo was printed on the elastic band that encircled his sagging belly.

Tantalizingly, X-Wing fighters swooped in from each hip, and the fearsome visage of Darth Vader glowered up at us from his yellowed groin. As he walked past us, we also recognized the golden features of C3PO on each buttock, and the enigmatic R2D2 stylishly and discretely adorned the space between.

Any ordinary man would have been bitterly embarrassed, I think. But Sarge was more than an extraordinary man; he was more than an extraordinary Marine.

If his face was red, you wouldn't have known it from that black mask of steel and iron. He looked just as strong — maybe even stronger — in his Star Wars underpants than he did bashing in the skulls of the Iron Curtain-sympathizing baby seals on the shore of the Arctic Ocean.

Sure, he never found Pezerini's stuff, but Sgt. Mac is a man's man — and a man I can call "hero".

Snodgrass, awarded the golden tutu by Sgt. Mac in a tender ceremony back in the frozen tundra, is an infrequent contributor to the uR-I. In fact, if the cops had got here sooner he wouldn't be contributing at all...

What was that about cherries...

celebrated funhouse masters. Students are left feeling like the puzzle solving gerbil in "Flowers for Algernon."

Only this time there is no piece of cheese waiting at the end of the line — just a piecemeal schedule filled with courses like "Giants of Pygmy Literature" and "Masterpieces and Legends of Scatology."

Good time to start digging metalurgy, and yet, it will never end.

Every year it is the same battle against the scheduling computer: You against the Terminator.

"It has no emotion. It feels no pity, no remorse. It will not stop until you are dead."

Dead from exhaustion and frustration, that is.

Scholars believe the pit is the last relic of a druid sect that migrated to the New World. Their goal was to subjugate and punish the educated.

To this end, virgin scholars were sent to the pit to languish and suffer a painful death due to frustration. The only modification in the pit since its inception is that non-virgins are now admitted.

Undeniably a quantum leap forward.

But, we have been told, there is hope. A new computer system is on the way.

Unfortunately, this system has been long promised and has an estimated time of arrival paralleling that of Christ.

It seems the administration's soft spot for tradition has left us mired in the undercurrents and

muck of the pit.

There is no escape.

There is no hope.

There is no tomorrow.

We are doomed to forever go from table to table asking for classes that have been closed since the early 70s. Reduced to begging grads and professors clad in corduroy jackets with leather elbow patches if there is any way one more desk can be squeezed into a classroom. Afterall, it's not as if there weren't 5,000 people enrolled in it already.

And where does that leave us?

B102 Wells is being packed to over capacity. There aren't enough overheads to go around. We now have TAs that don't even speak a language known on this earth.

How can this be changed?

Who has the solution?

What can be done?

Apparently nothing. We must resign ourselves to the fate set down years ago by some demented Marquis de Spartan.

But whoever invented the pit has at least one thing in common with those who endure it each term — no class.

Hascenez (formerly M.L. Elrick) is executive editor of the uR-I, and one who has learned his lesson about making bets in Pennsylvania bars and about what to use as your byline if you lose the bet...



**Nadine
Hascenez**

They don't call it the pit for nothing.

Entering that incarnation of Hell, countless of the unfortunate mass each term in an endeavor to fill their schedules. Like lemmings, they trudge into IM West to wage war against each other for the precious few classes available, thereby forming the lines that inevitably pile up at registration and reach out to the IM East.

Too often the disoriented are herded into the pit; lingering from gym to gym amidst the smell of unwashed jocks and unwashed straps.

Stranded like lost souls in purgatory.

But there is little hope of salvation here. Ascension to Heaven has been reserved for the pious and the progeny of those in high places.

Normal folk find themselves moving aimlessly through a maze capable of befuddling the most



**Dr. Andrew
Barclay**

Dr. Sex says: Take A Pig Out to Lunch

You know, this whole Andy Rooney flap has showed us that racism and sexism lies at the core of American culture. Many otherwise intelligent people at MSU believe we can impact the masses by educating them to change their "prejudices" which will solve the problem of racism. Nothing could be further from the truth.

To be sure, people finally realized that tacking a sign on a student's door saying "Nigger go home," is unacceptable behavior but this is only a superficial manifestation of a deeper problem. The recent uproar over having Rev. Farrakhan speak on campus shows how divided we are and how little these divisions have healed since Gunnar Myrdahl published his classic investigative work, *An American Dilemma*, in 1939.

At the risk of being branded an

apologist for whites, let me say that I don't mind anti-Semitism, particularly on the part of white Americans, because it lets me know I am alive, that I am real, and that I actually exist. I have to admit, though, I have felt very uncomfortable around rude and ignorant goyim making ad hominum remarks about people like me. Usually these circumstances provide me with an excuse to loose my tongue, severely mocking those present who are obviously jealous of my circumcised sex organ as well as my ability to attract "their" women.

(I don't know about the rest of you circumcised guys, but it is beyond me how my mother thought cutting 3/8 of an inch off the end of my cock was going to *help* my life. Maybe I will write a column about how this vile and violent action directed against innocent male babies might have something to do with our attitudes. Nah, everyone would say I was blaming women for rape and the feminists would be pissed at me. As usual.)

But I digress. When I spoke up, and those present realized I was one of the "prohibited" people on their list, two or three big guys would toss me out. I always felt better after being ejected, though, because I have no desire to be a member of a group so unexclusive they would accept me or a group so insecure they had to find a basis to reject those who are different. When we're talking insecurity, we are approaching the real source of racism or sexism — personality disorder. Oh, you can tell me that racist bullshit as an economic or an historical basis, and, of course, you are right, but if it were only a matter of economics or prejudice, we would have overcome by now. It cuts much closer to the bone, if you get my drift, and the projective nature of the disorder is what gives it that unique American quality.

Andy Rooney had to be made a scapegoat to distract people from the fact that there are NO blacks in the upper echelons of CBS, no women, nobody but right white guys running the show. Sexploitation and violence are their standard fare, bread and circuses designed to distract the masses from how shitty life in American feels today.

When Nancy tells us to say "NO!", she is espousing a central core of her white culture, emotional control. (This explains why we refer to our feelings or sexual impulses as our "dark side," and not as our "human" side.) Unfortunately for us, controlled feelings do not just "go away," they are *repressed*, forced into the unconscious where they develop the potency to disrupt more desirable behaviors.

When Emmet Till was lynched, the men who instigated the violence said they were angered by the way he looked at their wives. He looked at the women in such a way that they could read what was on his mind, they could tell he wanted their women, and they felt he was so blatantly sexual, they had to do something about it. So they lynched him.

Quite frankly, I didn't get it. I am a psychologist and I have never, ever been able to read someone's mind like that. How did these ignorant men "read his mind?" Don't be stupid, they didn't read his mind, they *projected* their repressed sexual feelings onto this poor man. He didn't want to fuck their uptight spouses, they did but couldn't admit it so they projected all their shit onto an innocent black man. He had to die so they could live, a black Christ reincarnate.

Unlike Jesus, though, he didn't ask for the role and neither do the thousands of other blacks and women who are the recipients of unwanted projected impulses. The system works well for those on top because they can get rid of their garbage by dumping it on women or "people of color." The same system that dumps shit in our clean waterways, that is killing the ocean for profit, and burning a hole in the upper atmosphere makes itself feel good by stealing the good characteristics of others for themselves and replacing those strengths with the shit they are dumping.

Niggers are an American invention, they don't really exist except in the unconscious perceptions of insecure whites. We exported the concept to Germany in the 30s. The super-race had no black people to feel superior to so they had to turn Jews into niggers until they could conquer the rest of Europe. Their next step was to get rid of the darker

types, like Jews and Gypsies, so their women, the actual basis of white Aryan purity, could not be polluted, they were protecting racial purity just as Emmet Till's murders were. (As a payment for our exporting the concept of niggers, the Hitler government paid us back by sending us the Great White Hope of the day, the Big Lie technique, which is still working for the white power structure today).

Hey, let's get some basic biological facts out in the open. If God really wanted white to be the ultimate color of the human race, why would all this projectionist bullshit be happening? No matter whether the people who were getting it on were black, green, yellow, or purple, the baby would come out white. But when an interracial couple has a baby, what color goes away? All you need is a single black grandparent and what color is going to show up for generations? Yes!! No wonder whites are so insecure, no wonder they had worked so hard to prevent racial mixing.

The good news is: Because we learn racism and sexism at our mother's knee, because racism is as American as apple pie, we can use our racist and sexist feelings to provide giant orgasms. Try it out, see if crossing over doesn't do a number to your head that makes your orgasm much better. Women, try getting it on with the most outrageously chauvanistic pig you know and you will come like you have never come before. You can always dump him really hard to make yourself feel better, eh?? Try interracial dating, especially if you come from an horrendously intolerant family, to find orgasmic experiences that will blow more than your socks off.

Because racism and sexism are disorders of the personality or character that are deeply ingrained in American culture, it will take many generations ("... unto the seventh generation" the Bible says) to work these kinks out of our collective psyches. Until we can get rid of this crap in our everyday life, let's use it to have fun with.

New noggin', same naggin'

Seems that before break, most MSU dorms had some problems with their water in their toilets and their sinks. The water looked like a very light yellow color. Oh, must've been drug testing week for the athletes.

Speaking of athletes, I'm sure you've heard the horrible manner which MSU exited the NCAA basketball tournament this year, what with the controversial basket after time had expired in regulation and all.

You know, they could have averted this tragedy if they had some way of telling people time is up. Like maybe a really loud buzzer and a big red light behind each backboard.

Nah...

Not that there were any losers this break in MSU sports (right), but ain't it a shame that the Spartan Hockey team lost to BU in the NCAA hockey quarterfinals.

I heard Kip Miller telling his friends that the Terriers, "all had bad breath, panted alot, and often shoved their faces into any stranger's crotch."

Nuff said, Kipster.

Hey, those geeks who run the computer center really have a wit. Such a flair. The other day, after a game of MacRisk, one of them calls out "Laserprinter for Jimi Hendrix, Jimi Hendrix."

Wow, what's next, "MacWrite for Hank Gathers..."

...Here come the letters...

...if you can write, that is.

And another thing, what's. this crap about April Fool's week? At MSU fools abound.

Oh, you can't have helped but notice the crazy new look I'm sporting, but with all the media and lawyers still crawling around from the lawsuit, er, lawsuit, I figured it was best to keep a low profile.

Believe that?

Here's the real poop: Those steroids I was on...well, don't believe the hype — there are side effects, dammit!

Got something for the ole Provoc, your weekly bite in the ass? Send it to the UR-I's executive offices on Gunson Street, 142 university Reporter-Intelligencer Plaza, East Lansing, addressed Care Of: SCORN.

All submissions become our property and will be used in case we run out of toilet paper again.



**the
Provocateur**

Heidi-the-Ho, SparTan people! How was your spring break? Mine sucked, and for the rest of you buttfaces who wasted good cash to go to Florida, you can kiss my baby's bottom (don't get it? That shouldn't be a new experience for you, but read the front page story for any chance at comprehension). All this talk and no flay is making my rapier wit a dull one. So take this and it stinks to have you back...

From NOODLE, p. 3

ordinarily prides itself for news so clean you can eat off it.

For WLNS, (We Like News Simple), Channel 6, whose sensational five minute evening news piece gave all of one meaningful statement to the demonstrators, a plateful of Geraldo Rivera's favorite dish, boloney. Up your tripod.

WLNS got a handle on a real emotional shot of one of the speakers, Shan Clark, saying that marijuana "is a harmless herb," —in such a way that Clark came across like a rabid wolverine.

I'm not saying he didn't look funny. He did. But there were a lot more rational things said that were passed over for that shot.

Likewise, the only person they

showed who agreed with legalization looked like the result of hundreds of years of in-breeding of bad traits, and said he favored legalization because it would kill a lot of his generation so people would learn their lesson and stop doing drugs.

Now folks, this was not the prevailing mood of the rally. Many people indicated that they wanted marijuana legalized because hemp is better than wood to use for paper, or because they felt that evidence of marijuana's harmful effects is lacking.

WLNS' coverage, all in all, portrayed activists as dangerous, pro-legalizers of oafish flakes and anti-legalizers as concerned citizens. Up your tripod and in your lense.

— Tim Silverthorn, media guru

From RALLY, p. 3

With more advertising, there could be much higher attendance in the fall. Also, with over 30 shots on the evening news of people toking in the park, the issue of smoking herb in public is bound to cause a stir.

Especially since many shown smoking looked like teenagers.

"I was very disappointed to see so many people smoking on the news (coverage of the rally)," Dority said.

Of any action the city might take in the fall, he said: "We had enough laws about marijuana to control any situation that occurs in the parks, and I would assume we would rely on those.

"We will need to talk to Jack about this — and if illegal smoking is going on, we will be there to write tickets for it."

No tickets were issued for possession of drugs at the rally last weekend.



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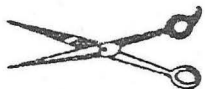
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Chili Cheeseburger.....	\$1.90
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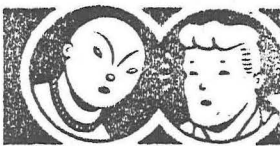
P a g e F I N I S H

What happens when you lie on the witness stand



Hey Kicks! it's Stinky Kat! Riddle Time!

Can you guess my least favorite comic?
Answer below



BIG BABY

DOG BOY

BY C. BURNS
6/1987

IT'S FLASHBACK TIME AGAIN! DOG BOY'S REMEMBERING HIS FIRST DATE WITH THE LOVELY NURSE BETTY! HE KNOWS HOW TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD TIME!

A FEW WEEKS LATER, I WAS RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL...

UH...I'VE NEVER BEEN ON A DATE BEFORE, SO I'M NOT REAL SURE WHERE TO TAKE YOU...

...BUT I FIGURE WE CAN WALK AROUND A WHILE UNTIL WE FIND SOMEPLACE NICE...

HEY, THIS SURE LOOK NEAT... LET'S GO IN!

S-SURE...



THAT'LL BE TEN CLAMS, MAC...

CLAMS?

HERE, LET ME PAY...

JEEPEERS...



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Not Dog Boy.
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