



26 April 1990

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*MSU's alternative
and truly
independent voice*



What's shakin' :

**A true affront to
anything decent...**

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Cancer favors college-age victims

BY J. DOUGLAS WARREN
uR-I ISSUES CORRESPONDENT

One person every 62 seconds will die of cancer in America this year.

That's more than one-half million lives, according to a 1990 American Cancer Society report.

While cancer strikes persons of all ages, statistics show that the disease is the second largest killer among women ages 15-34 and the fourth largest killer among men in the same age group.

According to the 1990 Cancer Journal for Clinicians, leukemia is the leading cancer killer for men ages 15-34. The most recent cancer mortality statistics show that in 1986, leukemia claimed the lives of nearly 800 men ages 15-34, which accounts for about 20 percent of all cancer deaths reported that year for that age group.

For women ages 15-34, the journal cites breast cancer as the leading cancer killer. Statistics show that in 1986, nearly 700 women ages 15-34 died from breast cancer, about 20 percent of all cancer deaths reported for those women that year.

These mortality statistics are based on 1986 Vital Statistics of the United States. (see related chart)

Oncologist Dr. Clint Merrill, a fellow at the Michigan State University Clinical Center, said that testicular cancer is the most common cancer in males ages 20-40. However, he said this cancer is "90 percent curable."

The American Cancer Society report shows that during the past 20 years, the 5-year survival rate of testicular cancer increased from 63 percent to 91 percent. The report states:

"An outstanding example of progress is the improvement in the management of testicular cancer in young men."

According to the report, more precise diagnostic tools and staging have allowed for a better selection of treatment for testicular cancer. The

use of combinations of cancer drugs also has resulted in improved survival.

Today, the fastest rising cancer in both sexes is lung cancer, which is directly correlated to smoking, Merrill said. He notes that it takes about 10 years of pack-a-day smoking to substantially increase the likelihood of lung cancer.

About 142,000 Americans will die from lung cancer this year, according to the cancer society's report, which also lists a history of smoking 20 years or more as a risk factor of lung cancer.

"The vast majority of people start smoking before age 20," Merrill said. "But once you've done the damage, the damage is done."

Detection and Treatment

If the spread of cancer is not controlled or checked, a life is lost.

However, health professionals say cancer can be cured through early detection and proper treatment.

The American Cancer Society estimates that more than 42,000 cancer deaths that occurred in 1989 could have been saved through early

detection and treatment.

But how does one know if they have cancer?

Merrill said there are some general body changes to watch for to detect cancer in its early stages. He said to watch for "unexplained weight loss — more than 10 percent of your body weight." This especially is true for lung cancer, Hodgkin's disease and leukemia, he noted.

Merrill said unexplained fever or night sweats are other advanced warning signs of cancer. He also suggested people watch for abnormal or spontaneous bleeding. For breast and testicular cancers — common cancers found among young men and women — Merrill said the signs basically are the same.

"A lump or pain in the area is a sure sign to see your doctor," Merrill advises.

Treatment for cancer can range from: surgery, to remove the cancer; radiation, a highly concentrated beam of radiation to kill cells in a localized area; chemotherapy, injection of drugs that kills cells; or any combination of

these three.

"Cancers do have patterns," Merrill said. "But the way they act in different people can vary greatly."

Merrill said this can be a source of great frustration in some cancer patients who may have known someone who had the same type of cancer but have received different treatment.

"Everyone is different," Merrill said.

Aside from early detection, people can help their own cause against cancer through good nutrition, according to Majja Zile, an associate professor in the MSU Food science and Human Nutrition Department.

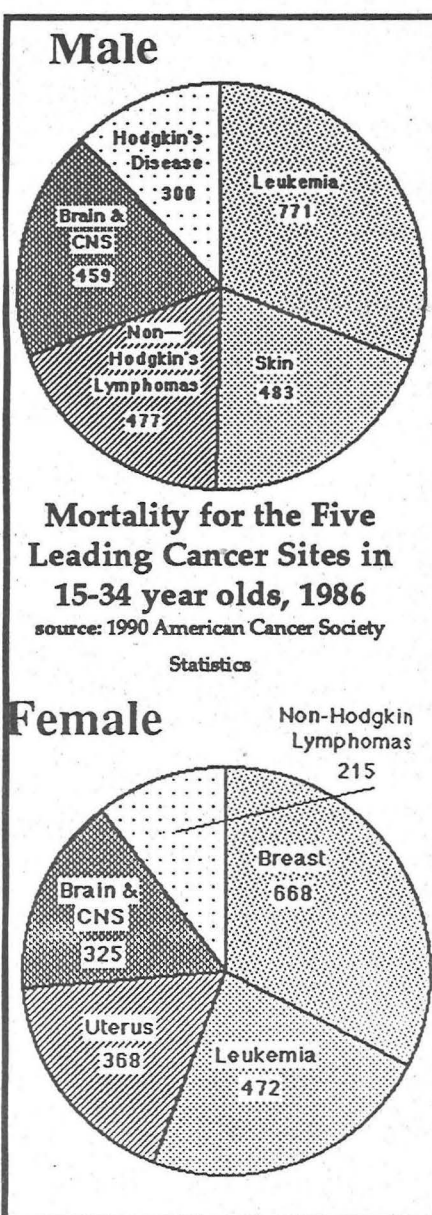
"There is a lot of evidence that nutrition varies the incidence of cancer," Zile said.

Zile performed a study on rats and Vitamin A that showed nutrition did have some impact on the frequency of cancer occurrence.

"It works with rats in a specific model," Zile said. "But who knows what really causes (cancer) in human beings?"

Zile said to maintain good health, fiber is "on the whole good." But the key, she believes, is eating a balanced diet.

Zile said she believes sometimes that college students need to "go back to the old farm ways of eating." For a well balanced diet, she suggests students, as well as all people, eat foods including meat, eggs and fiber.



Cancer's 7 Warning Signals

1. Change in bowel or bladder habits
2. A sore that does not heal
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge
4. thickening or lump in breast or elsewhere
5. Indigestion or difficulty swallowing
6. Obvious change in wart or mole
7. Nagging cough or hoarseness

If you have a warning signal, see your doctor.

Source: The American Cancer Society, Cancer Facts and Figures 1990

Is L-word-ism really dead? Some see signs of life as we closely examine liberalism...p. 4

From WARREN, p. 3

the world to receive an autologous bone marrow transplant, a procedure where he is both the donor and recipient of the marrow. While his battle with leukemia — cancer of the white blood cells and bone marrow — is over, he knows many are not so fortunate.

"When you're first diagnosed, you're scared," Seppala says. "When you talk to someone, I think you're not so unsure."

Seppala says he was fortunate enough to have support from a former cancer patient while he was going through radiation treatment, something he also hopes to pass along.

"I think it'll help them to know there's someone out there who's mad it," Seppala said.

Debbie O'Connor, program director of the American Cancer Society Ingham County Unit., says the emotional trauma of accepting the disease is eased with the support of someone who has been there.

"(Cancer) all happens so fast," O'Connor says. "(CanSurmount) allows (patients) to get a better perspective

Since CanSurmount was introduced to Ingham County last year, O'Connor estimates about 20 volunteers have provided support for about 25 patients. The program — the first in the state of Michigan — also offers support for families trying to come to terms with cancer affecting a family member.

From VISSER, p. 2

young adults through the mental trauma of a cancer diagnosis by volunteering with the CanSurmount program for the Frandor branch of the American Cancer Society.

Support Programs Available

Debbie O'Connor, organizer of the year-old CanSurmount program, which pairs recovered cancer patients with newly diagnosed cancer patients, said her organization is looking for college students who have gone through cancer recovery.

"We're trying to get college students involved so that they can talk to teenage cancer patients as well as patients their own age," O'Connor said.

A support program for college-age cancer patients was needed before the American Cancer Society launched the CanSurmount program one year ago, O'Connor said.

"That's why we hope that CanSurmount will fill the void," she said.

Besides CanSurmount, O'Connor said the American Cancer Society is involved with assisting the health

education department at Michigan State University in bringing the "Great American Smokeout" to campus.

Nancy Allen, health education services coordinator at MSU Olin Health Center, said the "Great American smoke Out" is just one of the things the health center offers in the way of cancer education on campus.

The center recently sponsored a men and women's health week — a program that targeted different health subjects — including cancer, Allen said. Materials on breast cancer were mailed to all women residence assistants and sorority houses as part of the week-long program, Allen said. And information on testicular cancer also was sent to all male resident assistants and fraternity houses, she said.

Between the programs and the information brochures, Allen said Olin's health educational services distribute "a tremendous amount of information concerning cancer."

•news•opinion•
•entertainment•
every week in
the uR-I

SUMMER
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Hair A Mess?
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GARY'S CAMPUS
HAIR SALON
\$9.00 Uni-sex Hair Styling
"A Cut Above Yet Priced Below"
351-6511 • 549 E. Grand River
(next to Confection Connection)
M-F 8am-7pm • Sat 9am-2pm

Residence Halls Sign Up for Fall 1990
DURING SPRING TERM 1990

SIGN UP LOCATIONS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN EACH RESIDENCE HALL

ON-CAMPUS STUDENTS Planning to change halls

Pick up transfer cards from your current housing clerk
Thu. April 26 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

RESERVE ANY UNRESERVED ROOM OR APARTMENT IN ANY HALL
Fri. April 27 and Mon. Apr. 30 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

OFF-CAMPUS STUDENTS AND UNIVERSITY APARTMENTS STUDENTS

Sign up for Residence Halls on Wed. May 2 and Thu. May 3.

Application must first be made and a housing application fee of \$25 paid at the
Residence Halls Assignments Office, University Housing Building on Service Road 355-7460
8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

The Housing contract is in effect for the entire academic year.

Returning students must sign the housing contract when making a room reservation.

Spring-term graduates are eligible to reserve a space in Owen Graduate Center.

Roommate requests:

On-campus roommate requests must have paperwork completed by May 15.

Roommate choices of students currently living off campus or new to the University will be honored if their housing applications are on file in the Residence Halls Assignments Office by May 15.

Cancelling a reservation automatically cancels any roommate request.

Voluntary triples cannot be reserved during sign-up.

Space cannot be reserved in more than one hall. Applicants may make a change after cancelling the first reservation in person.

Buying, selling or signing over housing space is a violation of the housing contract and the University reserves the right to cancel any reservations made in this manner.

Cancellations of fall term reservations and contracts must be made by Aug. 1. Students that do not cancel their reservations by that date and enroll for classes will be financially responsible according to the terms of the housing contract.

Ten Leading Causes of Death, 1986
Ages 15 — 34

Male All Causes 71,060	Female All Causes 25,399
Accidents: 28,977	Accidents: 7,904
Homicide: 9,806	Cancer: 3,548
Suicide: 9,726	Homicide: 2,620
Cancer: 4,171	Suicide: 2,105
Heart Diseases: 3,214	Heart Dis- eases: 1,573
Cirrhosis of Liver: 836	Cerebrovas- cular Diseases: 591
Substance Abuse: 790	Cirrhosis of Liver: 415
Cerebrovascu- lar Diseases: 632	Pneumonia, Influenza: 394
Pneumonia, Influenza: 618	Congenital Anomalies: 378
Congenital Anomalies 531	Diabetes: 347

College students battle cancer

Student: Cancer made me a stronger person

Law school student battles cancer and wins

BY MIRIAM SMITH
UR-I SENIOR CORRESPONDENT

Doug Warren bounds toward the door, his face aglow with the exuberance of new-found hope.

Happiness pervades from his lanky frame as he embraces the opportunity to tend to life's most trivial matters — like opening the door.

After settling back into the couch, Warren — an MSU graduate student of journalism — relays what would be considered a horror story to most college-age students: his battle with cancer.

But while describing his battle with cancer, no shadows are cast over Warren's face. No glimpses of the emotional and physical pain he admits he endured. Instead, he sits grinning at the memories while espousing his new-found philosophy on life.

"I feel that I'm a stronger person, like something my Dad said to me early on, he said 'You know, once you take on this, once you beat it, you can do anything you want,'" says the student. "Once you climb Mt. Everest, you know you can climb the smaller hills."

Now Warren has only to tackle mere foothills because he believes the worst is over. He says he still has some scar tissue in his chest that is being monitored very closely, but feels relatively certain he has conquered cancer.

Warren goes in for check-ups once every three months, but after enduring chemotherapy and radiation treatments for his Non-Hodgkins



Warren



Seppala

Lymphoma that lurked in his chest, it's a breeze.

"It's (cancer) still close enough that I still think about it," Warren says. "If it comes back, then I'll deal with it then."

"You never know what's around the next corner," he adds. "You know, I could be killed in a car crash."

Adopting a positive attitude after overcoming a life-threatening disease may not seem all that startling, but Warren's never-ending hope was what enabled him to persevere, he says.

"There are a lot worse things that could have happened," he says. "There's a lot of pain in the world, unfortunately. I'm just fortunate things are going well now."

Warren recalls that while his emotions never failed him, there were times when he had to endure great discomfort, like waking up after a biopsy and experiencing a searing pain in his chest.

Cancer left its mark physically as well. Warren says he lost all of his hair due to chemotherapy and experienced numbness and weakness in his ankles and feet. But these were only pesky side effects on his road to recovery.

"Yeah, I lost my hair, so what?" he says. "I figured, it'll grow back."

Warren says he compensated for his lack of hair by at least being stylish and wearing a bandana on his head.

"Somebody said, 'Yeah, it's fortunate those (bandanas) are in,'" he quips.

Warren believes his lively sense of humor and abundant spirit that so successfully propelled him past a life-threatening situation can be used to help other cancer patients. He hopes to offer encouragement to others through the CanSurmount program offered through the American Cancer Society Ingham County Unit.

Scott Seppala, an MSU linguistics senior, is doing just that.

After overcoming leukemia in ninth grade, Seppala said he wanted to pass on his mental survival skills to patients diagnosed with cancer so he joined CanSurmount. — a one-on-one visitation program for cancer patients provided by former cancer patients.

Seppala was the eight person in

See WARREN, p. 2

BY J. DOUGLAS WARREN
UR-I ISSUES CORRESPONDENT

More than four years ago, Sandra Visser had to drop out of law school after being diagnosed with cervical cancer and told by doctors she had only six months to live.

Today, she is a successful, practicing attorney in Charlotte and counsels other young adults through the mental trauma of cancer.

It was three days before Christmas, 1985, when Visser received the news that would reshape her life: She was diagnosed with the first of two bouts of cervical cancer.

At the time, she was attending Cooley Law School. She said the news felt like being buried alive.

"After the first diagnosis, I went through surgery," she said. "And because of the Christmas break, I missed only three weeks of classes."

After successfully fighting cancer, Visser's doctor told her to get right back to living her life.

However, that was not so easy. Visser said her law school administration suggested she hold off school for awhile.

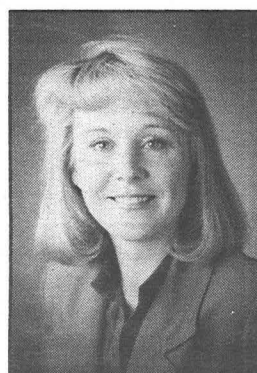
"I had to get aggressive with the administration," she said. "I didn't see a medical degree on (the administrator's) wall."

Through her experience as a cancer patient who faced some difficulties in pursuing her education, Visser said that if school is something other cancer patients want, they may have to fight for it.

"The administration will try to work something out that is best for them," she said. "Don't let that happen."

Visser's tough efforts with the administration paid off as she continued with her education at Cooley.

But four months later, her course of plans changed. The cancer reoccurred.



Visser

This time, Visser had to put school on hold indefinitely after being told by her doctors that she had only six months to live.

"I was diagnosed again and went through six weeks of radiation therapy and six months of chemotherapy," which apparently killed all of the cancer cells, she said.

Visser had won her battle with cancer.

How did she do it?

Early detection helped save Visser's life.

Before being diagnosed with cancer, Visser said she had most of the early warning signs associated with cancer.

"I experienced the weight loss," she said. "... and I had the (typical) bleeding ... and finally, just unexplained pain."

Visser said she thinks it is important to get regular check-ups from the family doctor.

"More importantly, be aware of our own body," she said. "And when something is unusual for you, even if it's something minor, make sure you have it checked out."

Through her experience with cancer, Visser said helping out a friend or family member diagnosed with cancer can be uncomfortable. But just by offering to do anything will help, she said.

"I would just be available to be there," Visser advises those who have friends or family members with cancer. "The people going through it know you're uncomfortable, so it's all right to act that way."

Visser said that her cancer experience has changed her perspective on things.

"I'm a much stronger person than I thought," she said. "As much hell as I went through, I wouldn't trade the experience for the world."

Visser said she notices more people these days who complain about every little petty thing going wrong in their lives.

"Despite that some things still irritate me, I know that I'm happy overall," she said. "That's the important part."

Visser, now 34, counsels other

See VISSER, p. 2

Experts: Liberalism weathers recent trend

by TIM SILVERTHORN
UR-I ISSUES CORRESPONDENT

Despite American voters' decisions to put conservative Republicans in the White House for the past three terms, area conservatives, liberals and experts agree that liberalism still lives.

And the Humanist community of Michigan State University is doing whatever it can to make people aware of that, says HCMSU Vice President Teresa Weaver.

In an attempt to make the MSU community aware of the personal freedoms and civil rights that liberals have continually fought to protect, HCMSU last Thursday sponsored "Liberal Day," Weaver said. The group wanted to remind students and East Lansing residents that liberals are still around.

"We just wanted to counteract some of the conservatism on campus," Weaver said.

The 1988 Presidential Election is what prompted HCMSU to sponsor a "Liberal Day," Weaver said. More specifically, it was the use of the word "liberal" by Republicans during the campaign that led the group to sponsor the event.

"They made liberal sound like a four-letter word ... and we wanted to show that it wasn't," Weaver said.

"I would like to say that liberalism and socialism are dead after the last election, but that isn't so," says Lucinda Clark, president of Ingham

County Republicans.

Though liberal ideologies are under attack around the world, the United States is moving toward a more socialized society, Clark said. The trend toward socialized medicine, she noted, is one example.

articles dealt with Dukakis' liberal demise. But attitude data indicates that voters didn't become more conservative in the 1980s than before, he said.

"That isn't to say that the electorate isn't conservative, but it happened

Reagan accomplished everything he would by 1981, Rohde said. But after that, he noted that Congress put an end to the early conservative victories in Contra Aid, increased defense spending, industry deregulation and social spending cuts. Reagan's Federal and Supreme Court nominations were his only lasting accomplishments, he said.

Republican victories in presidential elections indicate more an unwillingness to vote for a Carter, Walter Mondale or Michael Dukakis than a desire to elect Reagan or Bush, Rohde said.

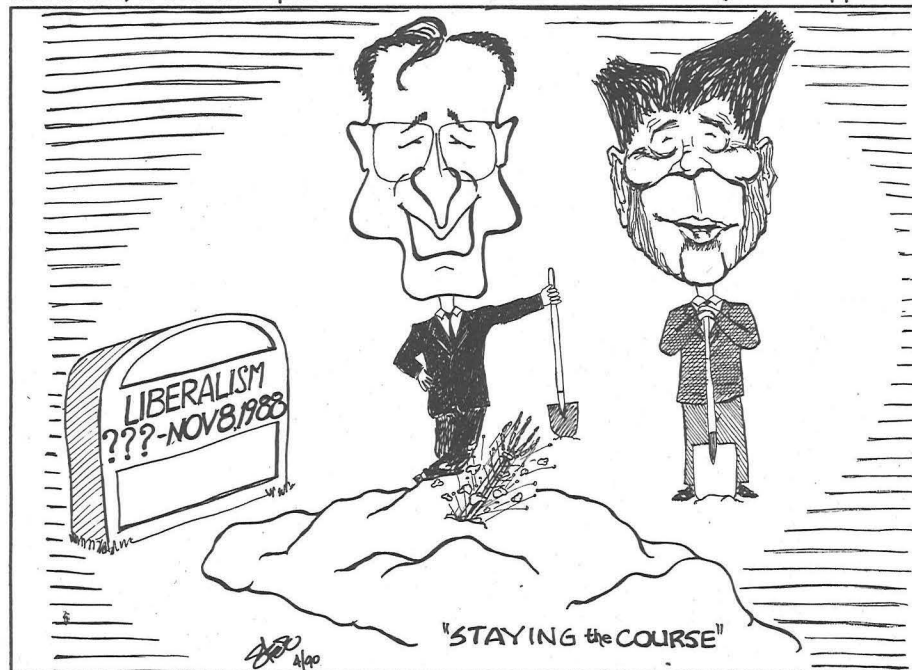
Dukakis' mistake during the 1988 presidential election was failing to counterattack the Republican criticism revolving around his liberal stance on different issues, Rohde said. Dukakis, he believes, should have admitted earlier that he was a liberal and then played on the strengths of liberalism.

"Mike Dukakis proved that as far as running a campaign is concerned, he's as dumb as they come," Rohde said.

James Williams, former president of MSU College Republicans, believes Dukakis' defeat was directly attributable to a negative campaign run by GOP Chairman Lee Atwater, Bush's campaign manager.

Zolton Ferency, an MSU criminal justice professor seeking a Democratic nomination for the State Senate, agrees.

See EXPERTS, p. 11



ur-I artwork/STEVE JABLONOSKI

"It is absolutely clear that the outcomes of the presidential elections in the 80s were misinterpreted to mean a conservative move on the part of the electorate," says David Rohde, an MSU political science professor who studies voter behavior.

Rohde blames the media for this misinterpretation. He noted that in 1988, nearly 60 magazine news

even way before (former President Jimmy) Carter, in the late 60s," Rohde said.

Though conservatives have won presidential elections, Rohde points out that Congress is still liberal and has consistently defeated the President's agenda.

"Conservatives won the war but lost the battles," Rohde said.

Liberalism regains lost ground in U.S.



Zolton Ferency

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines "liberalism" as:

"A political philosophy based on belief in progress, the essential goodness of man(kind), and the autonomy of the individual and standing for the protection of political and civil liberties."

Most Americans would find it hard to dispute the intrinsic worth of liberalism, thus defined, and would be in general agreement with its underlying principles.

Why then, has the "L" word become a useful political epithet to be hurled at one's political opponent? Why is there now an expectation among conservatives that immediate political gain can be derived by attaching the liberal label to a political opponent?

The answers to those questions can be acquired by analyzing and understanding the political ferment of the 1960s, the time when the attack on liberalism found an opening that could be exploited. The social and political upheavals caused by various "movements" of the time such as civil rights, women's rights, lesbian and gay rights, environmentalism and peace with economic justice, generated considerable confusion and undefined fear among those who looked upon the emerging political and social pressures as serious threats to their ways of life and well-being.

Political conservatives, religious fundamentalists and others on the extreme right fringe of American society were quick to condemn those early and somewhat successful challenges to the status quo as the

work of political and social radicals or worse. Those giving a sympathetic or even attentive ear to the urgent calls for political and social change were tarred with the same brush as the conservative extremists saw and proclaimed it, only liberals, especially the "bleeding heart" variety, could possibly stomach what was happening to America. The liberals were put on the defensive, and, until recently, remained there.

But, as always, in the words of the lyricist, things, they are a-changing." The political dogma of the conservatives has been revealed as being false. Anti-communism, for example, is dead, killed not by the work of reactionary conservatives, but by the hand of a Soviet leader. Corporate America, the erstwhile paragon of economic virtue worshipped by conservatives and nurtured for years by a bloated Pentagon budget, has been exposed as greedy, corrupt and dangerous to the environment.

Human beings relegated to second and third class status are better organized than ever before and can no longer be completely ignored in the U.S. Congress and state

legislatures.

Ironically, the pendulum has swung so far that liberal forces, sustained by earlier victories in the federal courts, now recognize that the U.S. Supreme Court has become the last refuge of conservative scoundrels and new battlefields are being staked out in the legislatures to protect earlier gains and to achieve new ones.

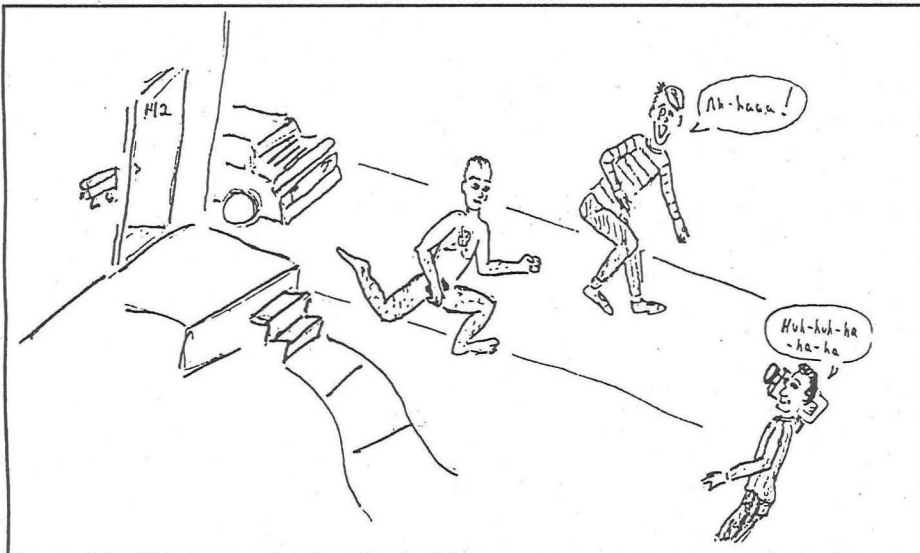
Liberalism has regained ground in America because in their heart of hearts our people believe in progress, the essential goodness of our neighbors and the need to be ever vigilant in the protection of civil and political liberties. If our people are given the facts and sheltered from climates of political hysteria, in the long run, liberalism will always prevail.

— Ferency, a man familiar to Michigan voters, is an MSU criminal justice professor, and a candidate for the Democratic nomination for East Lansing's state senate seat. He is a well-known gadfly and former chair of Michigan's Democratic party.

this week the uR-I is dedicating two pages to odds and ends we've accumulated over the weeks. While we can't always fit all the letters we receive as quickly as we would like, we will print everything we get. The bottom line remains...

WE WANT YOUR LETTERS!

... so please, send letters to us no longer than 250 words (unless you're praising us), typed or written neatly, and signed. WE PRINT EVERYTHING WE RECEIVE, so don't send anything you don't want everyone to read. WE AIN'T YOUR PEN PALS. We welcome and want your letters! And if something really grinds you, write a column about it. Just send a photograph with your essay to: 142 Gunson, E.L., 48823.



artwork (apparently)/Herrgood Morales

Nerd upset

Dear uR-I:

The following shocking scene was witnessed last week by yours truly, Herrgood Morales. The naked man, we'll call him *u.R. Streaking*, was exiting your 142 Gunson Street address at two o'clock in the afternoon. A group of giddy young men filmed his jaunt. This sort of escapade could ruin your upstanding position as "voice of the community." Please take the appropriate measures necessary to eradicate these problems of the

flesh.

Yours easily,
Herrgood Morales

P.S. I'm-glad-I'm-not-U,-slime-sniffer!

Now we know why you're not called Herrgood artist!
— ed.

Keep these letters coming, by all means!

Dear Managing Editor Baldas:

I saw your paper for the first time today. I was very impressed. Your article and editorial on *The State News* walkout caught, and held my eye.

In the twenty years I've read the *News*, it's struck me more and more that it doesn't really cover Michigan State. Nor is it news, really. Much of it is handout journalism. More than that, it is terribly short-sighted. A quote in your article said it well: "They're basically a bunch of white kids raised in suburbs who don't know..." Yes. They don't know MSU's essential realities—the concentration of power in the glass box on the river by the falls—they don't know the nitty-gritty of department politics in a shrinking State, don't know even big stories to come. For example: the parking mess on campus is rooted in MSU's original north-of-the-river locale. An underground parking lot inside Circle Drive is being seriously considered. But the *News* does not foresee this. For another example: the sports establishment threw its weight around and the Breslin Center was built where the new Museum had been projected. True news sees what is and what might be, not just being a reaction.

The *News* missed this power play.

The *News* is a sad joke because students with insufficient experience sail out to battle deadlines everyday, having little idea of long-term strategies and a minimal sense of MSU history. Their situation is not helped at all by the few permanent administrators of the *News*, who could, but never do, say: "Being the biggest American campus paper doesn't mean we're always Number One."

Small wonder there was a walk-out. Rot at the center gets felt at the edges. Small wonder the *News* and MSU's School of Journalism hardly know each other. Small wonder your own paper is a weekly. *News* cannot be understood and written by reporters who must beat the daily clock, like *The State News*, without time to think.

So—

Thank you for your work. You've gained a regular reader:

Yours sincerely,

David Jones

M.A. student, American Studies

Baldas, nor any other uR-I employees, are related to Jones.
— ed.



Geek of the Week

That's right, Spuds, life's a bitch and then you are one.

And then you are one wearing sun glasses, a tuxedo, roller skates, etc.

We understand that you can't control your own destiny, but what about biting the hand that feeds you once in a while, eh? For your failure to stand up on your own four feet you earn Geek o' the Week dishonors.

For shure, soon you will be all over everything again — including the Provoc's sunglasses. We are so sick of your debauchery and rug wetting that serious thought of spiking your brew has crossed our minds many a time.

Cat nip should do the trick.

Our one hope?

That you get neutered and there'll be no more little Spuds.

Yep, you might say we prefer our Spuds dry.

Gas from hemp!

Dear Editor:

I am writing on a subject that is of the utmost importance to our day and age. And that is the energy crises, which began in 1974 when I was twenty-one.

We have not yet found a viable energy source other than petroleum to fuel our automobiles. Except for this:

Methane gas made from hemp. Mainly because Hemp grows better than anything else in the world as a farm crop. Through bio-mass conversion of organic materials from farm production, simply a crop of hemp, we could supply the need for methane bottle tank gas enough to feed all of our cars, which now use gasoline, a non renewable resource.

Believe, me, hemp grows so prolifically that we could use the farm production of it to supply all of our energy needs, simply by using it to fill a bio-mass conversion pile of organic material.

This is when the crop of hemp is harvested at a height of approximately ten feet, and it is ground up and placed in a box with airholes and airhoses running through it. Soon, the pile of compost will decompose and these millions of tiny bacteria consume the organic material and emit methane gas from their digestion of the material.

Then a "gas compressor pump" is connected to the pipes in the pile and the gas is pumped into a bubble bath

barrel-water tank cooler, so as to cool the methane before gas compression. Then another gas compressor pump draws the gas out of the cooler and injects it into gas bottle tanks that are available for a car or truck to be fueled.

It is a simple farm production system, and would be easy enough to convert to using. Of course, this would use another agricultural revolution when the source of energy control is switched from the city to the country. Also, there is the consideration of taking up available farm land. But then, why not a bushel for a barrel?

I have been studying this problem of the energy crises for over ten years and I believe this is the solution! And that American farms would be perfect for the methane production because hemp does grow better than anything else in the world.

Unfortunately, it is now illegal, and would have to be regulated, authorized, and controlled by the government if it became an acceptable source for producing energy.

I feel that methane gas made from hemp is the solution and the best source for energy, especially since green plants are our most efficient form of solar energy on the planet.

Also, I would like to thank Mr. Harold Bate of England for pioneering the use of methane gas for transportation fuel cars.

Sincerely yours,
David E. Rivard

Although we don't want to beat a dead horse, for those who followed the correspondence regarding Dr. Andrew Barclay's column on rape:

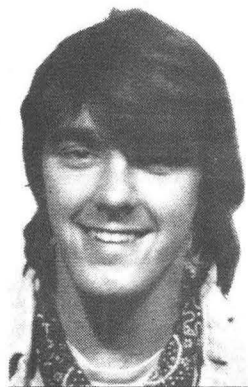
Dr. Barclay, through the uR-I, is making available documents the doc says support his conclusions. They are available at our Gunson Street offices, or by mail if you include an SASE.

We again invite anyone with an opposing viewpoint to write us a letter or column on any issue.

And, as always, Barclay (in his guise as dr. sex) is waiting for your questions. Send them to him or to the uR-I.

Keep reading and writing!

Act now to preserve your freedom



Tom
McWilliams

With reforms in Russia recently, many see a bright future for the free world. We would like to think that the Russians have come to our point of view, and now support liberty and freedom because of America's influence. Was Gorbachev's decision based on America's fine handling of these precious human rights? Or was it based on the fact that if producers are not allowed to enjoy the fruit of their labors, they simply won't produce. Russia's "Satellite Republics" are expensive to support, especially when no one in them, or in Russia, works to create the products they all want and need. Like a lazy teenager, they are being kicked out to fend for themselves. And yet, this is

simply all the founders of our country wanted. The right to live your life, think what you want, and enjoy whatever you do with that life.

The creators of America recognized an important dilemma; in order to guarantee these simple, important rights, someone had to be given the power to fend off outsiders. However, human nature being what it is, the holders of any kind of power will tend to use it against their countrymen for their own interests. The Constitution was an experiment in policy, designed to balance the only enemies of human freedom and liberty: Outsiders, and Government.

But look around you. The Government, whose sole job is to protect our rights, spends most of its time taking them away! Income Tax (Government Theft), and Inflation (Government Counterfeiting) are destroying our right to enjoy the products of our labor. The Flag Burning Amendment will preserve the "National Symbol," while simultaneously destroying one of the basic rights for which it stands. The IRS, CBA, FCC, FDA, FAA, CIA, and FBI are all hard at work to take away our rights to life and liberty. And it's all being paid for with money stolen from you and me!

The Declaration of Independence

states that "to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and institute new government."

Well I sure as hell don't consent. Do you?? I say the time is now. The experiment has been good, and we have learned what to avoid. But we must make changes very soon to create some fundamental limitations on the power of government here at home, or face the continuing "creeping totalitarianism" that has only one possible result.

Complete loss of freedom for us all.

If you've noticed that "our" government is horribly twisted and sick, and you want to start doing something to fix these gross abuses of power, call me or write me care of the uR-I.

The sooner we start, the sooner we can all get our freedom back!

McWilliams' thoughts will run regularly in the uR-I. If you wish to write him or the editors, send your correspondence to:
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equal space for opposing viewpoints is always welcome and available

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So there.



J. Douglas Warren

On my 25th birthday, January 13, 1989, I had my first biopsy surgery that told nothing about the mass shown in all the x-rays of my chest. Two weeks later, I had my second biopsy surgery at the Cleveland Clinic where they found I had a form of Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma. Cancer.

At a time when some of my friends were starting careers, and still others were worrying about getting a good grade on a paper, I was suddenly faced with the most basic of all challenges. Survival.

I could write for pages about how the chemotherapy (anti-cancer) drugs swelled my feet and weakened my legs so much I felt like falling each time I walked, or the same for my hands so I couldn't write, or losing all my hair, or not being able to eat one week because of the pain in my mouth

and throat, or my veins being so hard that the nurse had to stick the I.V. needle five times into my hand before she got it right. What I would like to do, though, is tell you a couple of the many things I have learned from my fight with cancer.

Achieving any worthwhile goal takes hard work. My fight with cancer worked both my mental and physical facilities, but the results were well worth it. Things are going well for me today and, in the long run, I'm a stronger person for having gone through such an experience.

Knowing someone with cancer can be a tough situation to deal with for both friends and family. The best thing to do is offer support, and then follow through with it. Fortunately, I had friends and a family who were there when I needed them most. Having a friend come over to talk about nothing in particular can be just as helpful as any cancer drug. My family and most of my friends didn't isolate me, and this helped me develop the positive attitude necessary for a cure.

As anyone who has gone through a life threatening situation will tell you,

some things which used to be important become trivial, while other things become much more valued.

The chemotherapy side effects and all the doctor visits limited the amount of time where I could freely choose what I wanted to do. A couple "good days" in a row seemed like an eternity to me at the time. I could look back at a week's activities and remember every waking hour of everyday. I learned to appreciate each hour of the day. Like the saying goes "time is the only thing once lost, that can never be found."

The question comes down to "what really is important?" I was forced to come to grips with the basics of everyday living which I sometimes had taken for granted in the past. I'm better off today because I have learned to appreciate the "important" things in my life: such as a good laugh, or an entertaining conversation with a close friend.

Even if I'm having one of those terrible days we all have from time to time, I think about what it was like during my treatments, and how bad things can really get. Having a bad day at school, or a bad day at the

office is really no big deal. It really isn't. Everything is relative.

During my treatments, for example, I started to notice that people complain or worry about the littlest things sometimes—things such as "my car just broke down," or "I just blew an exam." During those treatments, I would have loved to have the chance to do poorly on a test. An experience such as cancer puts things into perspective.

Some people are never happy where they are in life; either financially, socially, or whatever. But I was faced with the reality that life doesn't last forever, and that I should make the most of it while I can. I learned through my fight with cancer to appreciate what I have today. If there's something I don't like in my life, I change it. I don't complain or worry about it. I try to deal with today, and not with yesterday or tomorrow. I'm not saying I don't have dreams for the future, but I enjoy today for what it is.

— Doug Warren is a graduate student and an occasional contributor to the *uR-I*.



Angie Carozzo

It's time to scrutinize RHA and government policies

that would ask ASMSU to look into the matter, since students pay for the paper through taxes. The bill was sent to languish in the policy committee even though it was a perfectly legitimate and objective bill.

Why?

Because the representatives were acting on their personal feelings instead of acting on the behalf of the students they were supposed to represent. They just didn't care about this issue.

So what's the use of having representatives if they don't look out for your welfare — or worse, if they don't even represent you?

This has been going on as long as I have been a student here at Michigan State. I even joined RHA as a representative of Wilson Hall thinking that somehow I could change this.

Wrong!

The same thing happens when anyone tries to truly represent their hall. The members of the executive board of RHA, for the most part, don't let them. They

are power mongers, and unfortunately, the members of the body and the representatives to the body seem to be involved for all the wrong reasons.

I mean, how is wanting to have RHA serve as part of a bitchin' resume any qualification to serve your fellow students?

But this recent misdirected mess isn't the first time RHA has failed to serve its constituents. Yes, sadly, it's happened before. This year several issues have come up in which the body of government seems to argue just for the sake of arguing. Several times the representatives have argued for hours just to come to a unanimous decision on a bill that was enacted in its original form.

So why were they arguing if they all agreed anyway?

Maybe they like to hear themselves speak.

What we really need is for the representatives to step back and take a good look at why they're supposed to be there. They are there to serve the students — not

themselves. They need to objectively look at the issues and think not of what they want to be done, but what the majority of the people they represent want done.

If we're going to change the world as it is today, then we should be doing it even at these low levels of government. If any of these people were elected to represent the state of Michigan in Congress one day, they'd probably be doing the same thing.

And that's pretty scary.

So maybe we should take a good look at the bills being passed by RHA and at the way they're running our government.

Because we must remember that it's *our* government — not theirs.

— Carozzo is the *uR-I*'s entertainment editor

something on your mind?
write a column about it!
Keep it to the point and
send your photo to us at
142 Gunson, E.L., 48823

RHA...if you say it fast it sounds kind of like resume, doesn't it?

But building resumes for its members is not why the Residence Halls Association has a governing body. RHA was set up as a student government for the people living on campus, with representatives sent to the body from each residence hall. They are meant to represent the people living in those halls.

But are they really representing the students, or are they representing their own personal feelings about issues that affect thousands of people?

A case in point: When the walkout at *The State News* made headlines, Mark Ludwig, former president of RHA, presented a bill

Welcome to the first installment of the *uR-I* literary supplement. This week's piece is about a boy and his fetish. While it is longer than we would like submissions, it's a good start. So send your work—fiction, poetry or photography—to our Gunson Street offices pronto.

by MATT MULLINS

Milton loves white bread; he has for as long as he can remember. That's because his mother wouldn't let him eat it when he was small. She had fears for Milton and his fragile health, and the average white loaf with all its chemical preservatives and other bad, bad things was just not for her boy. But during his chaotic school lunchtimes, Milton would squeeze through the writhing masses of eager, toward-the-door scampering children and quietly deposit his wrinkled, soggy sack of rye and tuna on the top shelf of his gray and peeling metal school locker. Then he would stomp off into the warm, fragrant, wonderful puddle world of worm-drowned spring. He would go to a friend's house and indulge his desires in a joyful roof-of-his-mouth-clinging peanut butter and Wonder white bread sandwich. But even though these forays into the realm of sandwich ecstasy were infrequent, they were always spontaneous and his toothbrush would be, sadly, at home. Because of this, Milton's mother and her overly developed maternal nostrils would capture the dry, pasty scent of the peanuts on his breath, and knowing that she had sent him off with rye and tuna, she would make further, open-mouth explorations, exposing the particles of the immoral loaf clinging tenaciously to his molars. The beatings would follow. These only fanned the coals of Milton's obsession.

In school, those children with mothers that fed them the white bread would be sympathetic to his terrible situation. With cautious gestures they would slip him slices that they had stolen, sealed in placenta zip-lock bags. These he would stash with street junky ingenuity, inside his mattress, under the creaking spider-web steps of the porch, behind the never-dusted wicker furniture in the basement. At night, he would draw them from their places and feast in the dark, warm infancy of his room. As he listened for board creaks and footsteps, he would make many practice runs of thrusting the loaf under the covers and feigning the open-mouthed child sleep.

But these things happened no longer. Not ever since the last time. His mother had gone away that night. She left specific instructions for Aunt Grace. She said there was to be no white bread. She said this, staring right at him with her piercing stare and soft, pale shaking jowls. These words were of no consequence to Milton. He eyed her with indifference as she pulled Aunt Grace aside to give her what he knew was secret information. It did not matter. Milton had always eluded all the others who were ever sent to watch him. His ears were sharp. His boyish reflexes moved with lightening precision. He could not be discovered. But it was unknown to Milton that Grace was a master of Ninja-like stealth.

That night, in his womb-dark room, he was blasted from the ecstasy of chewy nighttime crumbs. There was the bursting-open door and flashing peppery spots of bright light. The shame of what came after could never be forgotten.

Over these thoughts, Milton munched his toasted rye and salami sandwich, stumbling stiff robot-minded steps as he moved from his kitchen to his living room.

"Perhaps I can gather the nerve today?" he asked himself, his fingers twitching nervous and insect-like across his face. He shrugged, a solitary clownish gesture, punctuated with an exaggerated frown as he tried to force the issue

from his mind. With a boney, thin finger he pushed the last bite of his sandwich into his mouth and grabbed his jacket off the metal folding chair that rested naked in his foyer.

He stepped through the door into the cool dryness of an autumn evening. A white fluorescent mood hung precariously in the sky, its half face imbedded like some irate, disgusted giant had hurled it there in his fury. Milton's steps echoed, grating against the sidewalk cement, tearing at the soft fabric of the empty street silence. He turned towards the uptown. The uptown where she was.

Immediately smoky odor of cooking food saturated him as he pushed open the wooden door and stepped inside. Frail, yellow light cast long table shadows across the floor leaving the patrons jaundiced in its dim glow. Milton located an empty corner booth in her section. Pushing aside wadded napkin debris, he sat. He watched her slow, meticulous hip swiveling walk as she moved toward the kitchen. Today he would do it. His mind raced in its solitude. Today Milton Smidger would surmount all and capture. Like the ancient hunters of Africa, the wild naked spear-alinging men screaming through hot dripping jungle or the ferocious Indian savage howling on horseback in insane dust-raising desert pursuit of a bloody fear-eyed buffalo. He was a man like them. He would conquer. She approached.

Sweat gathered under his skin waiting to burst free and run hot salty trails down his face and arms. Control. Cramps clawed and twisted like a dying man's hands in his stomach, bile prepared for a volcanic rush up his throat. Control. He must control. She arrived and spoke.

"Hi, Milt," she grinned, showing huge white teeth cleaner than his mother's freshly scrubbed porcelain. "Will you be having the usual today?"

"Yes," he smiled, smiling the smile he knew she must understand was only for her.

"Beer, too?" she asked.

"Yes."

She nodded with serious but glad blue eyes and turned away.

"Yes, things are indeed going well," Milton thought. "Yes, and maybe when she comes back there will be small talk and more."

Milton sat listening to the steely clinks and the jaw-chewing talk of the patrons. His eyes remained locked and unfocused on the multi-hued neon signs above the bar. She returned shortly with his beer.

"Here you go, hon," she said in a quiet, almost touchable voice. She set the glass on the table. Milton watched as she poured the beer from the bottle. The blue-green of her veins stretched sensually across the soft white flesh of her small hand.

"Thanks," he replied in a voice that he was sure was filled with both charm and enthusiasm. Small talk, his mind screamed at him. Small talk. Milton's tongue separated his lips to speak. His jaw hung slack and open.

"Waitress!" bellowed a hippopotamus in a plaid suit. "I need more water," he gasped, between gulps of what looked like swamp water soup.

"Certainly, sir," Margret said, "I'll be right there."

"Sorry, Milt. I'll be back with your sandwich in a minute."

Milton was astonished. He had finally almost mustered the amount of intestinal fortitude that was required to ask her out only to see his hopes plummet in a spinning nosedive to hell. It was beyond his tortured mental capacity to even grasp what had just happened.

He wished the hippo a thousand deaths.

He could see him floating turgidly down the Amazon, sucking river slime into his huge maw. Suddenly he would be set upon by hordes of spastic piranha. He would thrash

White

and bellow, but to no avail. He would fall snorting into his own bloody foam. Finally, his gleaming skeleton would sink quietly to the thick muddy bottom.

Milton wrapped and unwrapped his fingers around the smooth curves of his beer glass.

She returned.

"Milt, Milt? Are you all right?" She reached out and touched his shoulder.

"Huh. Oh," his eyes snapped from their unfocused delights. He felt the soft whiteness of her fingers retreat from his shoulder.

"Uh, yeah. sure, I'm fine," he smiled, feeling how charming he must be.

"Well, here's your sandwich." She placed it in front of him. He felt the rise in his trousers. It was just how he liked it—and she sure knew how to get it to him, nice and fast. Just set it down and lay it out, right in his face, that's the way he liked it.

There it lay, delicate and white as snow. Ham draped sensually across its warm length, luscious strips of cheese dripping into the crevices. Purity never touched by man. Once again, Milton opened his mouth to tell Margret of his undying love and gratitude—she would even be there to see his face as he took that first exotic bite.

"Waitress!"

The dead hippo had returned. Somewhere in the bloodwarm waters of the Amazon thousands of piranha regurgitated the contents of their stomachs, reforming and sending his foul bulk back to torture him. Margret scurried off.

Milton cursed himself for not being prepared. If only he had known this would happen. He would have worn a safari outfit and cried an elephant gun. Then things would have been different. Yes, he could see how that might have changed the situation. Grasping Margret around her smooth, curving waist, he would pull her out of harm's way, far from the hippo's dangerous tooth-filled jaws. Kicking aside the table, he would level his rifle sights on the hippo's massive expanse and blast him into a steaming pile of gurgling gore. Of course, a grateful Margret would be a babbling pile of tears as she collapsed into his arms and fell instantly in love with him. But Milton was not prepared. Everything had been destroyed. Soon she returned.

"Well, Milt. How's your—"

"Waitress!" Once again the wilderness called.

"Excuse me, sir," an angry Margret berated. "I'm with a customer right now. Please be patient. Milt, I'm so sor—"

"No, don't worry. It's okay." Milton looked at the now limp and useless sandwich that lay in front of him. "I've kinda lost my appetite anyway."

"Want me to wrap it up for you? Maybe you'll get hungry later."

"Sure, that'd be great." But inside he knew it was useless. The feeling was gone. The mood had been destroyed. Besides, he had a headache.

Once through the front door, Milton dropped the styrofoam container in the first trash bin he saw. Just before he tossed it in, he read the words on the lid: "Have a nice day?"

"Fuck you," Milton thought.

At home, Milton plopped down on the couch. He reached out to the coffee table. Grabbing the remote control, he clicked on the TV. Jacques Cousteau was following sperm whales, jabbering in thick accented abandon as

he filmed their great geyser explosions. He switched the channel. Vanna White was maniacally attempting to turn E's (after a fat woman had bought a vowel) in the title "Everything You Wanted To Know About Exercise. He finally settled on Charlie's Angels just in time for a commercial break.

That's when he saw it. The scampering gleeful children. Their smiling mother busily shoos them through the door, in from the horrible storm. Steaming tomato soup on the table. Then, grinning demonically, she brought for the the tray. It was filled with them. Stacked in a mocking pyramid they waited, begging "Take me!" The children screamed in ecstasy. Small hands darted out, emptying the tray in seconds.

"Wonder White Bread. Only the best for my kids."

These words were branded on Milton's brain as his head fell back and his Budweiser bottle dropped from his limp fingers into a spreading pool on the floor.

He stood sobbing in an expanding puddle of urine.

"What is this?!" Aunt Grace bellowed, shaking the spotted plastic bag in his face.

"I-I don't know," stammered Milton. She made him nervous, and she made him afraid. He always had to pee when he was nervous or afraid.

"Look what you are doing now, you bad, evil little boy."

"I can't help it." Tears dripped in crooked trails down his cheeks. "I'm afraid."

"That's not all you'll be," Grace shouted, righteous flames burning in her pig-like eyes. "You'll be sorry, and a whole lot more once I tell your mother."

She raised the plastic-covered loaf high into the air. Swinging it over her head like some mace-wielding crusader she brought it crashing down on Milton's head. Milton cringed and sank to his knees.

"YOUR"—a bread laden blow to the back.

"MOTHER"—another to the head.

"SAID"—a crushing blow to the face.

"THERE WAS TO BE"—a two-handed overhead smash.

"NO"—another headshot.

"WHITE BREAD"—Milton collapsed. Gasping hysterically, he curled into a fetal ball on the floor.

Drenched with sweat and breathing sharp, shaky breaths, Milton bolted upright on the couch. Fearful eyes searched the room, feverishly looking for his long dead antagonist. Leaning forward, he rested his soaking brown in the hollow bowl of his cupped hands.

"Enough," he breathed. "No more."

Shuffling foot-dragging steps, he forced himself to the kitchen. Will alone drove him to the place where he kept the loaf.

Milton slowly drew his tongue across his lips. His palsied hand reached for the polished silver drawer handle. Lovingly his fingers wrapped themselves around its smooth coolness. Carefully he pulled, and slid it from its well-lubricated hiding place. There it lay, a beauty unfit for the eyes of mortal man.

"No, Milton. This is sinful—wrong," some inner voice of conscience spoke. With unconscious reaction, his muscles tensed, forcing him to thrust the drawer back into its warm, dark resting place. Milton shivered as he felt its full length glide home.

"You can do it," he begged himself. His heart beat wild, erratic blasts.

Bread

"This is what you've been waiting for. Do it."

Again Milton gripped the handle. Now with purpose, he once more pulled out and unleashed the contents of the drawer.

There it waited. Wrapped in the centerfold of October. Every month he bought a new loaf. All the others had failed him, sagging and limp. He had thrown them all away. But this time, he would triumph. This time, the bread would set him free. With spastic fingers he gently picked her up and set her on the counter. He undid her. Taking a knife from the drawer, he inserted it into her never fouled white purity. He cut once slice. Holding her high first, he then brought her down to his moist, waiting mouth.

The telephone jarred Milton from his trance. Wide-eyed and flaccid he stared in disbelief at his betrayer. It rang again. His white bread fell from his perspiring palms, smacking on the floor.

"Hello," Milton said in a garbled, phlegm-laden voice.

"Milton, what on earth is going on over there what took you so long to answer the phone is anyone—you know how I feel about you having those dirty, nasty girls in your apartment. You don't have anyone in your room do you. If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times that all they want to do is trap you and make you do evil sinful—"

"No mother. I'm home alone."

"Well, I should certainly hope so. You know, any self-respecting girl would never allow herself to be put in a situation where she is alone with a man and certainly not in his apartment, why she—"

"Mother, why did you call me so late?"

"Well, I was just sitting here thinking and I started wondering if you remembered that tomorrow is Tuesday and you know that I need you to come over and help me set up for my bride club now you wouldn't want me to do it all alone because you know I need your help and—"

"Mother, I'm kind of busy right now. I have a lot of work from the office to finish. I'll be over to help you tomorrow."

"Now you wait just one minute young man, don't you think you can talk that way to me, why if your father was still alive I'd tell him that—"

"Mother, I really must go. Good-bye." Milton gently placed the phone back on the wall. Pale and quaking, he once again wrapped his loaf in Mrs. October and dropped it into the wastepaper basket under the sink. Shutting off the kitchen light, he went to bed.

Tuesday at Milton's mother's house progressed like every Tuesday at Milton's mother's house. The same badgering, gin-soaked crows, haggling over cards. Of course, Milton as greatly needed to set up the tables, mix the drinks and make sure there were enough chips and cigarettes. These duties he fulfilled in his usual silent animation. But somewhere within him there lurked the feeling that this time would be different. Yes, he thought, these drinks he had made especially for them. These drinks he had made stronger, more potent. The card players would be more festive than usual. Soon they would be swilling denture-glass swills and wiping drops from their grizzled chins. In their drunkenness they would leer through cataract glasses and accuse each other of cheating and table talk. Soon they would be a jabbering mass of thick-tongued morons. Falling from their chairs,

they would lie in retching spasms in pools of their own vomit. Yes, even mother. Soon she would fall from her favorite chair. Her red-lipstick-stained glass would sit empty, her cigarette burning to ash in the ash tray. His fingers relaxed around the glass in his hand.

"Milton!" The sound of shattering lass shook him in his sobriety.

"You stupid boy, look what you've done now," his mother slurred drunkenly. "Go get a broom and clean your mess up."

Milton shuffled in the kitchen. He returned with the broom and dustpan. Carefully, he placed the shattered pieces into the pan. Finally, he reached for the olive. He picked it up gently between his fingers. The pit was gone. The hole waited vacant and inviting. Slowly, Milton raised it to his mouth. His tongue lolled out to meet it. It touched. A sharp spear of agony thrust itself into Milton's mouth. He pulled the olive away, shocked. He raced out of the bathroom, tongue flapping the wind. In front of the mirror, he carefully drew out the small sliver of glass. He could feel the warm pulsing flow of blood onto his teeth. "Yes," Milton thought. This Tuesday at his mother's house was progressing like every Tuesday at his mother's house.

Milton stepped from the foggy dimness of his mother's house into the eye-blasting color of fall. Walking crunchily leaf steps, Milton headed to where she was.

"Today," he thought. "Today for sure."

He would ask, she would agree. And maybe things would change.

He slipped through the restaurant door and hurriedly scanned the room for wildlife. No hippo today. All seemed placid. He walked to her section and sat. Soon she appeared.

"Hi, Milt!" she said.

Nervously he shifted his sweating buttocks in his seat.

"Hi," he managed to choked out.

"Do you want the usual today?" she asked.

"Well, uh, no actually I came for something different."

Her eyebrows jerked upward in surprise.

"Oh, really," she smiled. "What will it be?"

Milton clenched his fists and swallowed the softball-sized lump of lard in his throat. Looking straight into her chest, he spoke "I'd like to know if you'd like to go out to dinner with me sometime."

Margret scrunched her nose and eyes as if she was trying to read a wet newspaper. After a few seconds, she seemed to realize the true meaning of Milton's garbled babblings. Meanwhile, time had slowed to an eternity for Milton.

He could see her, at first laughing, pointing. Then she would yell to everyone in the restraint, ostentatiously announcing his humble plea. The women would find this hilarious and fall laughing uncontrollably onto the floor. The men would be outraged that someone such as he would have the audacity to foul such a pure white beauty with his request. They would take him and drag him screaming from the building. Hanging him upside down from a tree, they would beat the soles of his feet with black rubber hoses. Then they would slowly skin him, peeling the skin back, leaving his carcass to drip like a used paintbrush on the bright, bright canopy of fallen fall leaves.

"Sure, here's my number."

She wrote on a pad and placed in his

nerveless numb hand.

"436-2674. Call me anytime. Marge," it read.

Over dinner the next night she decided that he was cute; she'd sleep with him.

In bed the next night he decided that he loved her.

"Milton, this is the last time. I'm not going to do this anymore. It's just too weird. I mean, at first I thought it was okay—a little kink now and then never hurt anyone, but every time is just not normal."

She stood there, naked, two slices of Wonder bread taped to her outstretched palms like some Wonder Madonna.

"Oh, Marge, please. You look so beautiful this way, so fresh." He tape a slice of bread to each breast. Gripping a piece in each palm, he wrapped his arms around her and drew her down to the bed. He climbed on top of her, nibbling the slices on her chest.

"Yes, so tasty, so firm," he said as he ate her. "And pure and wholesome. Yes, even nutritious. And good for me, too."

"Touch me," he begged. "Touch me."

She brought her arms around him, squishing the dough against his skin. He climbed between her legs, surrounding himself with her oven warmth. In this manner, it always began.

"Yes. You know how I like it," he mumbled. "Crumbly, crumbly."

So she began to crumble, dropping the crumbs on his back and in his hair.

"Oh, that's right. That's it," Milton groaned. He devoured her, filling his mouth with soft bread and tasty crust.

"Feed me," he begged. "Feed me."

Reaching her hand over the side of the bed, Margret began to vigorously shove slices of the loaf on the nightstand into Milton's mouth.

"Mmmmmm oh omoemomem yum gargle chew mmomemmmomemo," Milton moaned, his mouth filled with saliva-laden bread. Chunks hung out over his teeth and lips, bits and pieces fell onto Margret's face and neck.

"omh domt stomp domt stomp," Milton groaned, spraying particles of sticky chewed dough on the headboard and wall. Though slightly put off by this, for Milton's sake, Margret continued. Suddenly, his body shook and quaked. The contents of his mouth erupted in a volcanic spew covering everything in front of him, including Margret. Milton relaxed and collapsed on top of her.

"Goddammit, Milton," she said, shoving him aside.

She sat up, wiping gobs of dripping dough from her eye sockets, pulling strings of it from her hair. Slamming her feet to the floor, she walked to a chair and grabbed her robe.

"Now, you listen to me, buster," she yelled, white gunk stuck to her eyelashes and chin. "I may care a lot for you, but I've had enough of this crap. If we can't have sex like tow normal human beings, then you can call this relationship over. Do you hear me? Over!"

"But Marge, this way is best. This way is good. If you really cared for me, then you'd like it too. I know you'll get to like it. Just be patient."

"Milton, you are sick," she yelled, throwing a spit laden wad of dough at his head.

Milton dodged and heard the splat as it hit the wall behind him. Furious with her situation on her bad aim, Marge stomped into the bathroom and slammed the door. The shower hissed in the background. Leaning back in bed, Milton knew she was right. He smashed the remainder of the loaf into a wad. He knew what he must do.

The day dawned damp and sullen. Milton slogged through the leaves, stopping now and then to peel a wet one from his shoe.

Welcome to the first installment of the *WONDER* literary supplement.

This week's piece is about a boy and his fetish. While it is longer than we would like submissions, it's a good start. So send your work—fiction, poetry or photography—to our Gunson Street offices pronto.

Eventually he arrived. He used his key and opened the door.

"Mother, are you here?" he shouted, although he knew she would be.

"Yes, Milton, I'm here. Now, stop your annoying shouting and come in."

There she was, lipstick—stained gin glass in hand, smoke curling around her face. She sat there in that chair where she always sat, waiting. He saw the divots and the sags, the way it conformed to every part of her. It would serve his purposes well.

"What are you staring at, boy? Speak!"

"Hello, Mother. I've brought something for you."

"Well, stop hiding it behind your back then, and let me see."

He didn't think he could go through with it, but then she began to stand. "Milton, what is wrong with you?"

Now. He must act Now.

With blinding speed, he leaped behind her chair and pulled the rope from the bag at the same time. Before she could react, she had been tied to the chair, coiled in the rope's python embrace.

"Milton, what is the meaning of this!" she screeched, jumping and bumping the chair on the floor.

"Enough, Mother. I will have white bread," he proclaimed, ceremoniously drawing the loaf from the bag. His mother shrank back, hissing like a vampire from the cross.

"Milton, no. What have I been telling you every since you were small?"

Milton sat across from her.

"And your father had a heart attack?"

He took out two slices and he—

"But he wouldn't listen to me and he said I was loony so he just kept on eating and eating it and it killed him. Those doctors, they said it was a heart attack, but they were wrong. It was that evil white bread."

—covered them with Jiffy peanut butter.

"Then all I had left was you, and I couldn't let a terrible thing like that happen to you. It was all just for your own good."

He placed them together.

"Because you mother, you see, knows best and— Don't do it Milton, Don't do it!"

He took a bite.

She shook and spat like a demon possessed. Saliva rolled down her chin. Her eyes bugged and grew cue ball wide.

Finally, with a blast of superhuman strength, she broke free and was upon him. She grabbed him by the throat and forced him to the floor.

"No white bread!" she screamed. "There will be no white bread!"

She was strong. She was on top. She had seized the loaf.

Milton felt fear clutching at his soul. She raised her arms high, ready for the devastating downward swing. Suddenly, she tensed. Her eyes glazed over and unfocused. She fell from on top of him and lay in a gnarled and twitching heap on the floor. With a gasp he rolled away from her and lay on the carpet, chest heaving.

"The rest had been so simple," thought Milton, as he rode the elevator up to her floor.

Margret stood somberly next to him, holding his hand. He had told her that Mother had had an accident. Despite this, she smiled for she was very pleased with the change in him.



Dr. Andrew Barclay

Doc's back and better than ever

I have a bunch of letters on my desk that need answering but I thought I would use this week's column to discuss what has been referred to as a young man's fancy (although I don't know many men who call it that.) You know the old saying: "In the Spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to what women have been thinking about all winter." Isn't that how it goes?

Even old guys like me get to feel somewhat rejuvenated as the days get longer and I can begin to feel the sun's warmth on my face. Lots of people get a jump on the rutting season by going to Daytona Beach, Padre Island, Bermuda, the Keys or anywhere south of Carbondale for that matter. Wherever a number of young people gather is where the mating dance will occur.

Here is a perfect example of how people think they are doing one thing when something completely different is actually taking place. Let's face it, beneath our civilized(?) veneer we are animals and the most successful societies in human terms are those taking our human animal-nature into account. Haven't you ever noticed that bar fights don't break out until after the successful males leave with the females? That's the way it is with

men, if you can't get fucked, you might as well fight, especially if the alcohol has knocked out the higher control centers in the brain. A lot of these guys are brain-dead going in—but you already knew that, didn't you?

Many adults apparently forget what life was like for them when they were younger. They look down their noses at the insanity going on up and down the beach: the parties, the drinking, the screaming, throwing up, tops and/or bottoms of bathing suits being ripped off, people having to run into the water every five minutes or so to cool off, cops making sweeps to arrest people pissing on the beach or on parked cars, and so on. I loved it! So much so that Stephanie and I used to go to Lauderdale every spring to hang out on the beach and participate (to the degree that my aged body would respond) in these annual rites du passage.

It was a heavy-duty cheap thrill just to sit next to mating pairs in the bars or to watch the dance going on all around us up and down the beach. I would sit in absolute awe of the massive quantities of alcohol being downed on the way to a denouement so ardently desired. I got too excited on several occasions; I can remember actually THINKING about getting it up but, of course, that was merely an exciting fantasy. My problem was I would have to throw down four or five beers at the Wet Tee Shirt contest just to stay cool (Stephanie said she wanted to buy me a muzzle), then go out for Burgers and Oysters (Steph believes in the aphrodisiac powers of Oysters), get smashed at dinner, stoned on the fumes in the men's room, and have to go home to "sleep it off." Boy, there's a critical difference: Young men beat it off and old men sleep it off, get my drift?

Since the old farts have taken over control of America, Lauderdale is history. Daytona Beach is on the way out, cops are everywhere, beating heads and making arrests for public drunkenness, lewd and lascivious behavior, indecent exposure (urinating out of doors), and minor in possession. I figure why go south and spend

all that money when I can stay right here in East Lansing and have the same thing. Know what I mean? (By the way, we had a great time in New Orleans where the police believe their job is to PROTECT you from rip-offs and assaults. We watched people literally crawling up Bourbon Street, being picked up by the police and BEING PUT INTO CABS so they could get home without being hurt. Open containers are no problem in New Orleans, as long as they are paper cups. Shoot, we were able to get Whippits over the counter for \$5.00 a hit. Great City!)

Old farts don't remember how great it feels to be young and in heat. How the smell of tropic air from the Gulf of Mexico assaults the nose in the spring, the feeling of warmth on the hair and face, the sap rising, etc. Male animals start baying at the moon or howling out in the woods to find their mates but on campus, they merely turn up the stereo and put the speakers out a window.

Mostly-naked young people are playing volleyball on the outdoor courts to get up a good sweat before humping under the bushes, while Ofs sit in their air conditioned offices in the Administration Building or City Hall having meetings and planning how to turn off this rich panorama of fecund lubricity. Hot, young people are trying to get it on while the moldy oldies are looking to shut it off. So far, it is a draw.

Just wait, though, until most of the brighter students realize you don't have to put up with the high school hall-monitor, anti-alcohol, paranoid bull-shit in the dorms. Of course, landlords, knowing this, have already raised rental rates through the roof. (Unless, of course, you're an athlete and can rent a subsidized place from several of the Trustees.) When the dorms are only half full, it is going to be real tough for the Big U to make the payments on the bank notes they used to finance the dorms. Not a problem...just raise tuition. Hey, I'm starting to think like an administrator already.

I don't know if you noticed the

news reports that two very bright, highly motivated young entrepreneurs approached the City of East Lansing with a proposal for a dance hall where young people could meet and not have to drink to have a good time. What a super idea! Here is an outrageously constructive response to the Just Say No types running EL who say they want to control underage drinking during the mating process (and all the rest of the year too). Don't you think the mayor and her charming cohorts would jump to approve such a constructive suggestion for everyone with a valid concern regarding underage partying? HA!

They turned these two guys down on a zoning technicality. Oh sure, she said "Golly guys, I sure wish I could do something to help get this approved but (sigh) zoning, zoning, zoning; the location. You know." Yup, we know. The bottom line is control and in a society where control and exercising control over others is the thing, no one is allowed to have a good time for any reason whatsoever, good idea or not. Their motto is: "I ain't gettin' any, so you sure as hell ain't gettin' any." My idea is invite the mayor and the city council and the trustees and president John and the vice-presidents, and a certain female Circuit Court Judge (Hang 'em high, hang 'em low, and if you can't do that, enjoin them) to Cedarfest so they can party, have a good time, and maybe fantasize about getting it on. For those of you asking, "Will it help?" let me tell you a little story about Jewish theater.

I was at a play in New York done in Yiddish. One of the characters had zeroed out on the old brain-waves and everyone was standing around the hospital room gresping and crying the way old Jews do when someone has died. Suddenly, from the back of the theater, a man yelled, "Give him a clyster (an enema)!" The cast ignored him so he yelled again, "GIVE HIM A CLYSTER!" One of the older actors walked to the front of the stage and addressed the interruption by saying: "Sir, the man is brain-dead, an enema wouldn't help." From the back the guy yelled "COULDN'T HURT!"



the Provocateur

Welcome to the displeasure dome, you festering, putrid, folk. May your open sores never heal — or

This week's short, but so am I, jerkface

your dog either (heel, that is). Enough with the pleasantries, though, a short intro can only mean one thing...next up are mean things!

Hey, good to see everyone involved with Earth Day, huh? Even the companies making earth day necessary (Dow Chemicals — making life better through mutations) pitched in to be sponsors!

Golly! And in true community spirit, the AZD (no, not the AIDS drug) House decided to hold a car wash on Earth Day. Not to imply that these women are dummies, but the constant waste of water and release of detergents into the ground and elsewhere didn't quite seem appropriate on Earth Day.

Maybe they could bring Woodsie Owl to term party next?

Remember how the State News was going to be sensitive to minority issues? Remember? Huh? Not listening again?!

I guess that explains why Greta Garbo got about eight inches of page one space with a photo — even though she's said nothing for decades — and the Rev. Ralph Abernathy — one of the greatest civil rights crusaders (and associates of the late Martin Luther King) who, incidentally has said quite a bit in the past few decades — got a two paragraph obit in the NEWSLINES wasteland. Like Wonder Bread, some things never change.

The bad news...Milli Vanilli is booked at the Breslin Center.

The good news...The fruity two will play the hoop hall this summer when no one will be around to step on their hair.

Sometimes I wonder how low people will sink. Just last week I caught five guys in those crazy-lookin' Grateful Dead t-shirts trying to roll up our hemp issue and smoke it. Talk about idiots! I mean, what they hell — they forgot the matches...

From EXPERTS, p. 4

Dukakis, Ferency said, was the victim of negative campaigning.

"Lee Atwater and Roger Ailes know how to appeal to the baser emotions," Ferency said. "And Mike Dukakis took it sitting in a tank with a helmet on his head."

But the conservative trend trailing from the days of Reagan is diminishing, Ferency said. Conservatives Reagan, Bush, and Jerry Falwell "rode high for awhile, but evidence suggests we were right all along and the the pendulum is swinging the other way," he said.

"For example, the whole perestroika, glasnost and dismantling of the Soviet system ...

(conservatives) were the ones who wanted to build up the military budget and relied on fear of the Soviet threat."

Ferency said the conservative trend began when Reagan during the 1960s got Barry Goldwater nominated over liberal Republicans by painting liberals as "free spenders, supporters of uppity women and radical blacks, soft on communism and crime, too."

More than anything, Ferency believes the conservative trend was born out of white backlash toward black progress.

But Clark disagrees, saying that mainstream Republicans do not believe in discrimination.

"It's very important that people are not discriminated against for the color of their skin, age, sex or handicap," Clark said. "But reverse discrimination is also wrong."

Clark notes that Republicans are concerned that affirmative action programs have the potential to reverse discriminate.

Ferency believes conservatives today cannot be separated from their religious agenda.

"What they're trying to do is have their fundamentalist Christian beliefs imposed on everyone from above," Ferency said, adding conservatives

use the police power of the state to force conformity to these beliefs.

"They make no bones about it," Ferency said. "They say America is a Christian nation."

"They are ignoring the millions of Americans who are not Christians, plus the fact that within Christianity itself there is a lot of diversity."

Clark admits that emphasis on traditional, Christian values is part of the conservative movement but contends that among conservatives, there exists a plurality of opinions and dissent.

So what's the difference between liberalism and conservatism?

Zolton says liberalism is characterized by a plurality of groups, which sometimes work together but form no unified front. In contrast, he said conservatives have a complete agenda ranging from child pornography to capital punishment.

The difference for Clark?: "Republicans are more middle of the road than liberals," she said.

Williams supports Clark, noting that a sizeable minority of Republicans are pro-choice on the abortion issue. And both contend that conservatives are taking a more serious look at the possibility of legalizing drugs than liberals are.

"Most people tend toward one (ideology) or another, but differ on specific issues," Clark said.

Williams said that liberal and conservative primarily are labels candidates toss at each other during elections. But when politicians settle into office, he said practical concerns put ideology aside.

Clark believes liberals are a threat. She said:

"The left plays on peoples' emotions rather than looking at the full range of issues and making economically sound decisions."

For example, Clark said she favors workfare because liberal welfare programs deny people their

self-respect and dignity.

"Hand-outs breed more welfare," Clark said.

Another controversial issue disputed amongst conservatives and liberals is the environment.

Clark said that environmental issues are important and need to be addressed. However, she said careful management that takes into account both the interests of the environment and business is needed to solve environmental problems.

"We can't sacrifice business for the environment," Clark said.

Ferency said both liberals and conservatives agree that environmental problems can no longer be ignored. However, he believes the government cannot worry about costs when it comes to solving environmental problems that claim peoples' lives.

"Both Bush and Governor Blanchard, conservatives, are saying that they are concerned about the costs of environmental protection," Ferency said. "It's like asking whether you should throw a drowning man a life preserver because of how much it will cost you."

"You either have a clear and present environmental problem that you must deal with to save peoples' lives or you do not. It's idle to discuss cost because if it must be done. You pay whatever it costs."



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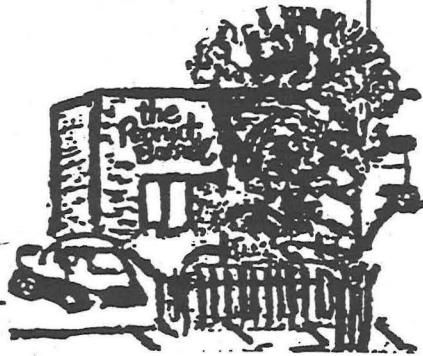
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From WONDER, p. 9

Milton smiled a sparse lip-curling smile. It had been too easy. Call for the ambulance, Act hysterical. He had told them that, to his horror he had found her that way. And his mother was certainly not talking. A very serious and deadly stroke, the doctor had said. She would probably never speak or move again. He smile became a grin as he walked passed the nurses.

He walked into his mother's room. The mechanical click of her machines filled the air. He marvelled at how she was held there, with steel and plastic tubes surrounding her like a giant octopus.

"Hello, Mother," he said.

Her eyelids flipped open.

"You look better today."

Milton walked to her bedside and replaced the wilted flowers with fresh new ones.

"Mother, I've brought you a visitor. This is my fiancée—Margret."

Margret leaned over the bed.

"Hello, Mrs. Smidger. I just want you to know that I'll take very good care of Milt, and after we are married I'll be here almost every day to help him care for you."

Milton's mother's eyes bulged in their sockets.

"Milton, is something wrong? She seems so excited."

"No honey. That's just her way of showing she's happy."

"Oh," Marge said. She looked back at Milton's mother and smiled.

"Margret, could you leave us for a minute? I want to be alone with her for a while."

"Sure, sweetheart. I understand." Still smiling, she brushed her hand across Milton's arm and left the room.

"So, Mother. How are you doing?" He pulled out a wrinkled brown paper sack from his jacket pocket. "Oh, I missed lunch. You don't mind, do you?" Milton pulled out a Jiffy peanut butter and Wonder white bread sandwich. He mother's eyes began to blink and twitch.

Carefully, Milton undid the was paper wrapping. He leaned over close to her face and began to eat. Small White crumbs fell in the crevices around her nose and lips. Her eyes began to protrude and spasm grotesquely. Milton grinned and continued to eat, chewing slowly, every so often stopping and showing her the doughy contents of his mouth. Once or twice he hung out his peanut-butter-coated tongue and let it hang in her face. A small trail of saliva began to work its way out the side of her mouth and down her cheek. Milton finished his sandwich.

He pulled his handkerchief from his back pocket and wiped her face. He kissed her lightly on the forehead and stoop up. He walked toward the door, stopped and turned back to her.

"Good-bye, Mother. I'll see you tomorrow," he smiled and walked away.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

White Bread was written by Matt Mullins, a 1990 MSU graduate who has written several essays and poems on a wide variety of subjects. He was recently offered a paid teaching position with Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo.

In addition to writing, Mullins plays a mean blues guitar.

[[R-I
Fun Page,
vol. 1, no. 1]]

Hey
Everybody!

Get yer own
Superhip Poser
Paper Doll

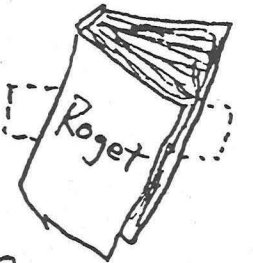
Clothes for K.

Turtleneck
(black)

Trousers
(not pants)

Alternate head
for special thoughts

Accessories



Thesaurus

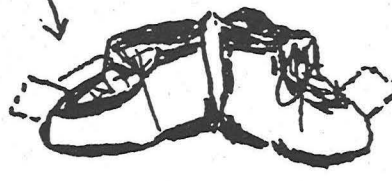
(For thunderous Frumaticizing)



Cigs

(gotta be Cloves)

Combat Boots
(big n' clunky)



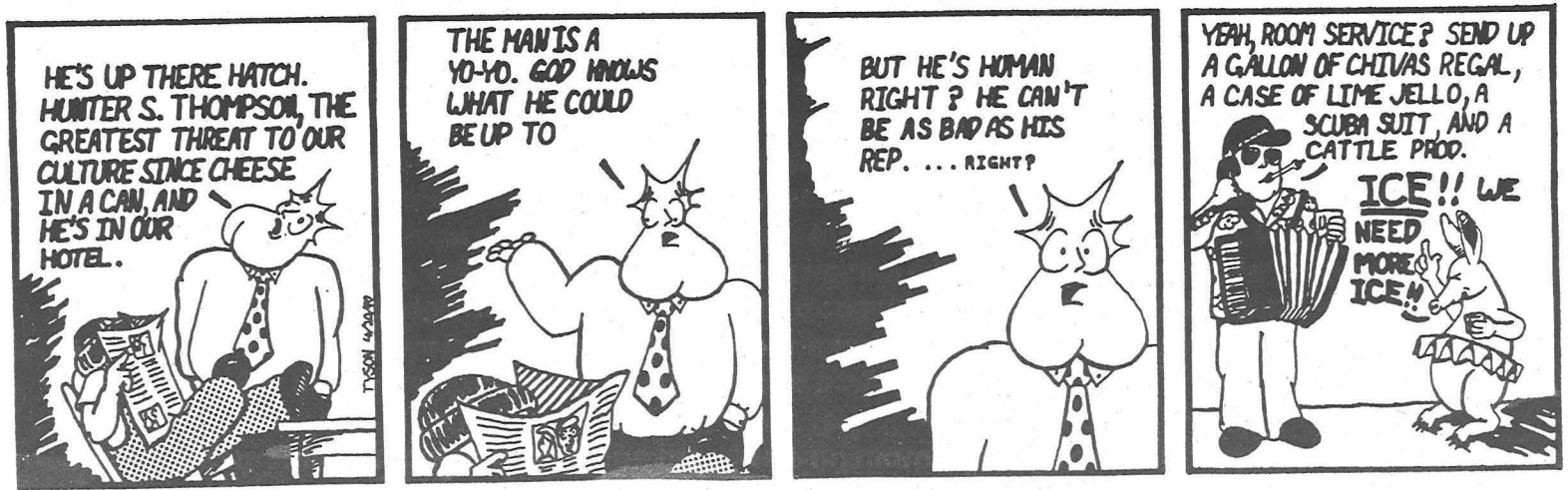
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(for aesthetic appeal
when perched atop
noggin)

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phize, or just plain
prognosticate.

THE CLYDESDALE

by JONT



▶ OUT and ABOUT

EAST LANSING

Abrams Planetarium
27-29 April: Destination Universe
29: Teddy's Quest

Bearshead Theater
now-29 April: stage performance
of Steel Magnolias

Breslin Center
28 April: Hank Williams Jr.

B'Zar
25 April: Glass Eye, The Walkabouts

Green Door
25-29 April: Uptown Band
30: Blue Avenue Delegates
1 May: Capitol City Band
2-6: Uptown Band

Kresge Art Center
now-May 13: Images of an Idyllic
Past: The photographs of Edward S.
Curtis

27-May 13: Masters of Fine Arts
Exhibition

Landshark
25 April: Ras Shaggai and Livration
27-28: The Way Outs
1 May: Two Weeks Late

MSU Union Ballroom
2 May: They Might Be Giants

MSU Auditorium
25 April: Steven Wright

Rick's
25 April: The Knaves
26: J.D. Lamb
27-28: Jelly Roll
29-30: Freeman and the Chasers
1 May: Savory Brown
2: No Right No Wrong

Silver Dollar Saloon
now-29 April: Steel Rain
1-6 May: Mariner

Wharton Center
25-29 April: Les Miserables

ANN ARBOR

The Ark
27 April: Guy Clark, Townes Van
Zandt and Robert Earl Keen, Jr.
28: Joel Mabus
29: Jenny Armstrong

Bird of Paradise
25-26 April: Ron Brooks Trio
7-28: Paul Vornhogan
29: Clark & Reed Jam Session (jazz
musicians welcome)
30: Bird of Paradise Orchestra
1 May: Keller & Kocher Quartet
2-3: Ron Brooks Trio

Blind Pig
25 April: Idyll Rumors
26: The Chills with the Blake Babies
27-28: Trinidad Tripoli Steel Band
30: The Classical Mushrooms

Michigan Theatre
25 April: Le Mystere Des Voix

Bulgares

Nectarine Ballroom
30 April: They Might Be Giants

Rick's
25 April: Souvenir
26: Lucky Peterson
27: The Difference
28: The Urbations
30: Assembly Required

DETROIT

Alvin's
4 May: Firehose

St. Andrews
25 April: The Rave-ups
27: The Trash Brats with The Happy
Deathmen
28: The Hold with Missionary Stew

The Latin Quarter
27 April: The Violent Femmes
28: The Cramps

Masonic Temple
25&28 April: Don Giovanni

Royal Oak Music Theatre
27 April: The Mission U.K. with The
Wonderstuff
29: Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie
2 May: Indigo Girls

3-D Club
26 April: Bootsey X and the Love-
masters with the 3-D Invisibles

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From Les Miz, p. 16

Many times the French Revolutionary's huge novel has been translated to the silver screen. Some film historians claim the novel has been filmed 51 times, each having little or no success, often because of the length of the novel — over 1500 pages!

However, in 1978, two French songwriters, **Alain Boubill** and **Claude-Michel Schonberg**, conceived the musical version of Les Miz.

The rock opera was first released as an album before being performed in Paris in 1980.

Soon thereafter, British super-producer **Cameron Mackintosh** (*Cats*, *The Phantom of the Opera*) heard the score, and the music immediately drew him to the project. Mackintosh sought the services of directors **John Caird** and **Trevor Nunn** (*Starlight Express*, *Chess*) and a partnership with the **Royal Shakespeare Company**, who would enter the project as rookies to the big budget musical business.

Then Mackintosh found someone to write English lyrics for the French musical. **Herbert Kretzmer** succeeded **James Fenton** as the lyricist when Fenton's lyrics were found to be too problematic.

In six months, Kretzmer's work opened on Britain's **West End** (the U.K. equivalent to Broadway) to fantastic reviews and sell out audi-

ences.

March 12, 1987, Les Miz opened at the **Broadway Theater** to massive crowds, an eight month wait for tickets, and great reviews from theater critics nationwide.

Now Les Miz has hit the road, with 11 productions playing worldwide, including five in North America. Les Miz will make its second stop at Wharton in two years this week.

The story revolves around Jean Valjean, a man convicted of stealing in order to keep his family from starving. The musical begins in the year 1815 in the town of Digne, with Valjean's parole from a chain gang.

The musical depicts the next 17 years of Valjean's life. Once Valjean breaks parole, Javert, one of the prison guards in Digne, pursues Valjean throughout the musical.

Valjean is constantly on the run from Javert, and the one hurt most by these travels is his adopted daughter, Cosette. She finds love in Paris with a young student, Marius. Marius, however, chooses to join his fellow students in the French Revolution. The story's finale occurs in Paris, 1832, when the first revolutionaries began their fight.

If you have a ticket to see this show, consider yourself lucky. If you don't, get real friendly with someone who's got an extra. As the billboard says — Don't Miz Out.

Henley hits Breslin

BY BRIAN MARSHALL
UR-I MUSIC CORRESPONDENT

"The first real rock concert at the Breslin Center," or so it was billed by a Q106 DJ, stormed East Lansing Friday night in the Jack Breslin Student Events Center.

Months ago the audience would have been there to watch **Jud Heathcote** argue a call, or watch **Steve Smith** make an important steal or pass, but tonight they were there to see **Don Henley** rock the house.

Henley, promoting his most recent release, *The End of the Innocence*, brought *The Innocence Mission* to open for him. The Innocence Mission, whose recent self-titled album has brought them fairly wide critical acclaim, played a short set that included several slow songs, but only one fast song, which prevented the crowd from really getting into them.

However, once the lights dimmed for the main event, the crowd was excited and ready.

Henley fans were not disappointed this night.

Dressed in a pair of black jeans, a white shirt, light grey vest, and a brown jacket, the former **Eagles** drummer and vocalist came out with a guitar in his hands singing "Driving with your Eyes Closed" and the crowd roared its approval. I think they were just happy to see someone playing at Breslin who didn't list numerous performances at the Grand Old Opry

Guitarists **John Cory** and **Frank Simon** blasted out great licks all night, including numerous exchanges during "Dirty Laundry".

Henley took the drums for the Eagles' classics, "Hotel California" and "Life in the Fast Lane," keeping a decent beat while providing the crowd with soul-filled vocals.

Often, the crowd's ovations embarrassed Henley, who just stood at the microphone with his arms either folded, or covering his face.

Henley played a 12 song set, including the title track of his current album, and a stripped-down version of his current hit "Heart of the Matter". The band left the stage, the lights went dim, and the crowd roared, wanting more.

Henley came back on to play three encores, including a great version of "Desperado" to end the second encore.

As Henley wrapped up his show, the crowd size and excitement may encourage the Breslin Center to book more acts who play rock, or at least some departure from the country music scene.



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How do you feel about rumors that John DiBiaggio may leave for Penn State?

- I don't care as long as he stays in the Big 11.
- I hope he stays.
- George Perles will make a good president
- I'm not sure, but he's great as Grandpa on The Munsters.

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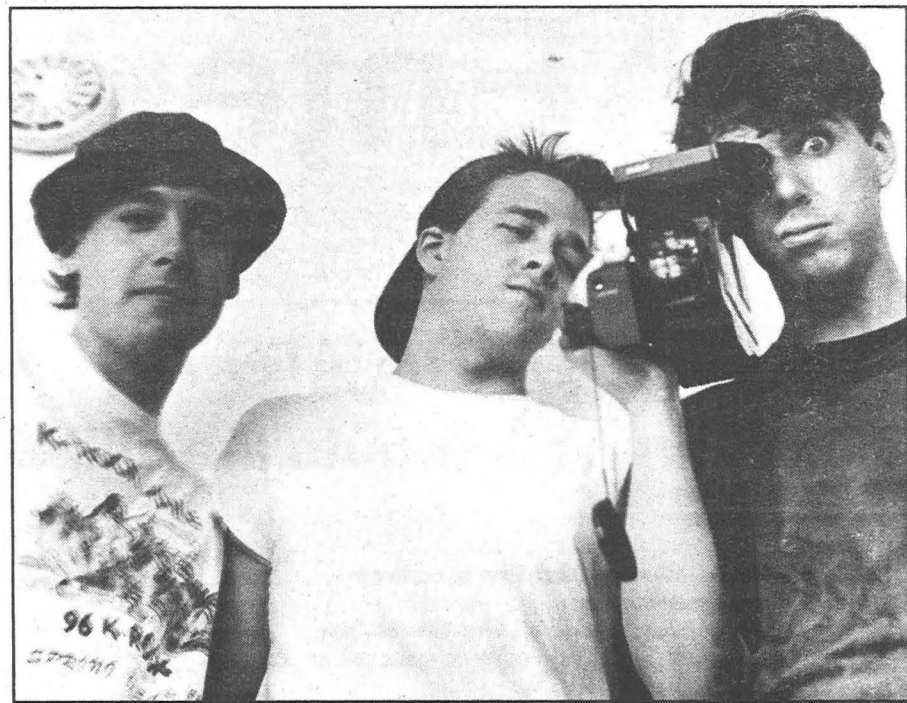
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Ed Chavey, Joe Schmidt, Jack Wheatley. uR-I photo/GARY SMUTS

East Lansing Fellinis take third in HBO comedy contest

BY SUZANNE WIMMER
uR-I CINEMA CORRESPONDENT

Anything to Prove My Love, the three-minute video production of Ed Chavey, Joe Schmidt, and Jack Wheatley, is weird.

"We had to be consciously thinking if it was too weird," admits Wheatley.

In just three hours these guys created the heart warming story of boy (Chavey) meets girl (Wheatley), boy tries to cop a feel, boy gets his butt kicked by girl, and boy buys a dog and lifts weights to get girl back.

The flick earned its way in to

the top five of the HBO Comedy Channel's nationwide *I Love You to Death Video Competition*.

The contest, based on the film of the same name, required entries to be under three minutes and offered a \$5,000 prize for the top video displaying what some people will do for love.

Though not the call-in-vote winner, *Anything to Prove My Love* was broadcast April 19 on the HBO Comedy Channel and was sarcastically compared by comedy V.J., Rachel Sweet to director David Lynch's *Twin Peaks*.

It finished a close third in the balloting, just out of second place.

the East Lansing three also dabble in writing and illustrating as occasional correspondents to the uR-I — ed.

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Entertainment

SubPop they're not But The Walkabouts are still worth a listen

BY ANGIE CAROZZO
UR-I ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR

The Walkabouts are a Sub Pop band, but you wouldn't know it to hear them.

"We are the living epitome of being different from the Sub Pop sound," said Michael Wells, bass player and manager for the band.

"We have our moments of heaviness," said Wells, "and we're certainly not wimpy in any way, but we have a lot more diversity to our music, and we're coming much more from a folk tradition, in terms of the way we write our songs and the way we present ourselves."

The Walkabouts are to Sub Pop what Lush is to 4AD. They're doing something completely different from the rest of the label's bands, using different instruments in entirely different ways.

"We incorporate cellos and acoustic instruments and harmonicas and dulcimers and violins into our music in a way that none of the other bands on Sub Pop really care to," said Wells.

The bands that influence the Walkabouts don't give away their folk sound at all though. Rather their influences would leave you up in the air as to what they would sound like if you had never heard them before.

"We've all listened to a lot of different stuff and all of that comes into play in our music," said Wells. "We've got influences ranging from Echo and the Bunnymen

to Neil Young to Sonic Youth."

But they also dig deeper into the folk scene, with influences like the Ozark mountain songs. With folk roots as deep as these, you probably think you have an idea of what they sound like.

Wrong!

"Folk music isn't necessarily soft and mellow," said Wells. "It can be very intense."

The Walkabouts' live show isn't like that of a stereotypical Sub Pop band either. You won't see them doing stage dives into the audience, and you won't see their audience headbanging to the beat.

"We tend to put a little bit more emphasis on our music than the act," said Wells. "We do waltzes and stuff with more involved vocal harmonies and stuff. It's kinda hard for us to stage dive and do waltzes at the same time."

This band has a pretty good future ahead of them too. In the immediate future, they will be coming to B'Zar tonight. Farther off they will be touring Europe, after which they will be going back into the studio to work on their next release with producer, Gary Smith, who is best known for his work with the Pixies and Throwing Muses.

The Walkabouts have a very interesting background and a very interesting sound, and it's definitely something worth checking out.



Les Miz worth a look at Wharton

BY BRIAN MARSHALL
UR-I THEATRE CORRESPONDENT

The musical version of Victor Hugo's classic novel of redemption, social stratification, and revolution, *Les Misérables*, returns to the Wharton Center for the Performing Arts April 24-29, 1990.

See Les Miz, p. 14



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