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*MSU's alternative
and truly
independent voice*

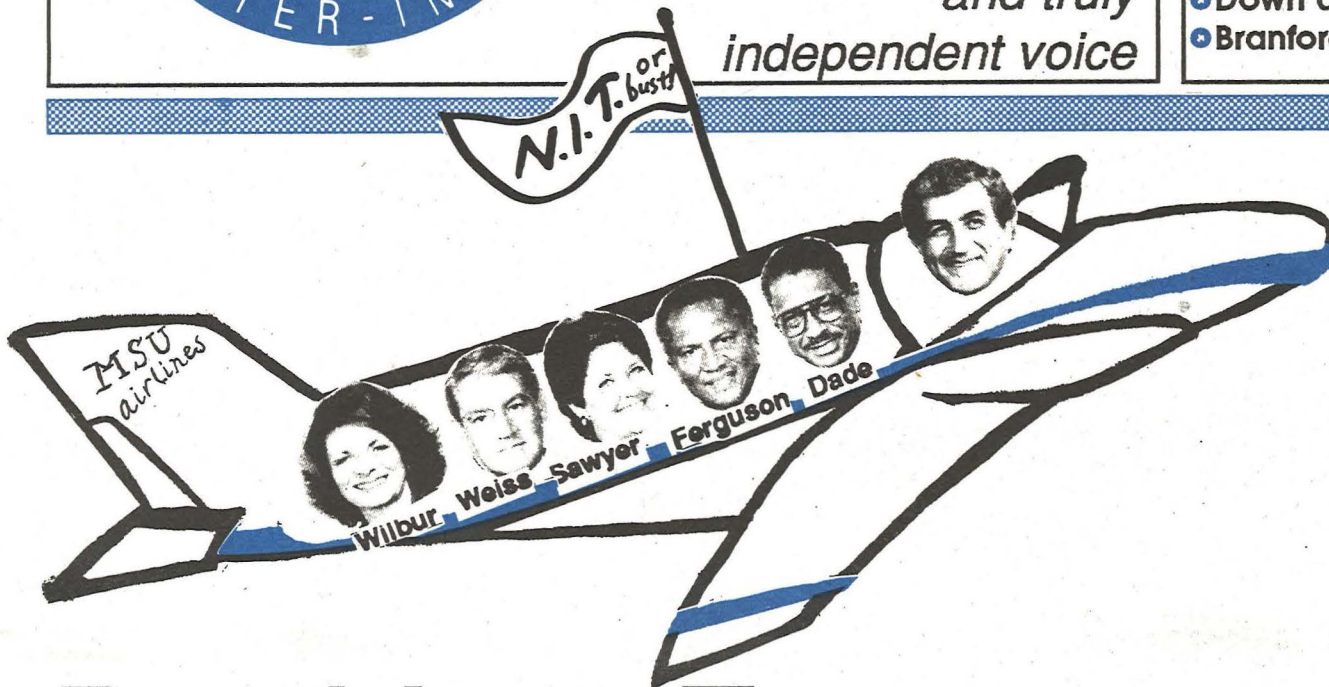


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President, Trustees get thousands from MSU

BY BRIAN MARSHALL
uR-I ISSUES CORRESPONDENT

On March 30th, 1989, John DiBiaggio and his daughter Dana went to see the NCAA Ice Hockey Final Four in St. Paul, Minnesota.

And MSU picked up the tab.

That three-day excursion cost the university \$1074.20, according to travel expense records obtained by the university Reporter-Intelligencer under the Freedom of Information Act. For all of 1989, DiBiaggio was reimbursed by the university for \$20,505.55 in travel expenses.

In 1989, MSU also footed a \$3,476.80 travel expense bill for Provost David Scott.

DiBiaggio and Scott each earn more than \$100,000, with salaries of \$142,000 and \$121,000 respectively.

For the president's part, reimbursement came for a variety of trips. They ranged from meetings for the American Film Institute in Los Angeles (March 7-10), which totalled \$1,500, to a 22-day swing in the Far East to "Visit alumni and universities with

linkages to MSU and the Kellogg International Fellowship Program," to the March 30-April 1st trip to St. Paul and the NCAA hockey tournament.

DiBiaggio's 22-day trip to the Orient — which landed the president in Seoul, South Korea during the 1988 Summer Olympics — cost the university about \$2,500.

Despite numerous efforts to contact the president and/or to set up an interview, DiBiaggio was unavailable for comment.

When questioned about DiBiaggio's trip to the hockey finals, Economics professor Walter Adams, who was MSU president in 1969-70, said, "There is a function of the president called 'representation'. (DiBiaggio) must have considered that he was representing the university at the tournament."

Adams added, "anytime somebody travels for university business, he should be reimbursed. There are policies which say how much you can spend on meals and the like."

According to travel vouchers, DiBiaggio's reimbursable trips serve

one of two purposes:

- 1) To attend a conference or meeting; and
- 2) To collect gifts, grants, and donations from alumni and other charitable institutions for the university.

Many of these trips falling under the second category are for the Capital Campaign, a drive for donations headed by DiBiaggio.

The Capital Campaign has brought millions to the university in the past few years. In 1989, DiBiaggio totalled about \$5,000 in travel expenses for the Capital Campaign.

Last year, DiBiaggio took 34 trips spanning 88 days. He was away from the university from July 9, 1988, to February 20, 1990 on 139 of 591 days. (See sidebar, p. 3) In that same 20-month period, DiBiaggio was re-implemented for \$28,902.83, and in his 49 trips, he averaged \$219.88 a day in expenditures.

Provost Scott, in the same 591-day period, sought reimbursement for only 14 trips that he claimed expenses on. He missed 42 days in those 20

months. Most of these trips were to attend meetings of the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges (NASULGC).

According to his secretary, Scott would not be free to discuss his travel expenses with the uR-I until mid-June.

In addition to picking up the tab when the president and provost travel on business, MSU reimburses the university's eight trustees.

Although board members are not paid for their work at MSU, they are compensated for travel expenses incurred while on university business.

These compensations added up to \$9,824.99 from July 1988 to February 1990.

Trustee Barbara Sawyer said the Trustees claim expenses on "any trip in which we are representing the university in an official capacity."

Of the Trustees, Malcolm Dade of Detroit claimed the most in travel expenses, specifically \$3,794.80 in the 20-month period from July 1988 to February 1990.

See TRAVEL, p. 2

Don't forget to check out the uR-I 1st Amendment kiosk in People's Park...So much more attractive... — R.E.M.

From TRAVEL, p. 1

In that period, Dade made 26 trips to East Lansing from Detroit, where he works for Detroit Edison, each one costing MSU \$46.80, except the six which came before September 1988. Before the 1988 school year, administrators were given 22.5¢ per mile. Now, they are allotted 24¢ each mile.

Those half-dozen trips falling before the increase were worth \$43.87.

Kathy Wilbur, as well as most of the Trustees, went to a National Invitational Tournament (NIT) in 1988 to see Michigan State's basketball team on their way to the Final Four in that tourney.

Wilbur saw them play in the national semifinals in New York City. She claimed \$444.05 (not including airfare) for the trip.

Wilbur explained her claim: "There are alumni events that are associated with these events. This is very good time for the trustees to meet with the alumni; hear their ideas."

She added that "It's important that we get input from them and keep in contact."

On August 29, 1988, Wilbur had lunch with colleague Sawyer in Lansing. Sawyer claimed expenses on the lunch, including \$13.32 for food, 45¢ for mileage, and \$1 for parking.

Although Sawyer decided to bill MSU, Wilbur said she didn't seek reimbursement.

"I just chose not to, that's all," she said. "We had lunch together to talk about university matters."

Sawyer claimed \$1,316.73 in expenses over the 20-month period. In addition to regular trips to the university, she also claimed \$585.19 in expenses for a trip to attend the NCAA Hockey Final Four on April 2, 1989.

She explained, "I was the only Trustee there. We had pep rallies and I was asked to speak there. I'm the only Trustee who really likes hockey and that's why I try to keep in touch with the team and their families."

"The only other administrator there was President DiBiaggio," Sawyer said. "I was expected to be there."

She also claimed mileage for her trip to Alma College, where she was

keynote speaker at a scholastic awards dinner. She was not compensated for her speech.

When asked why she claimed expenses, Sawyer felt she was representing MSU, and not speaking on her own behalf.

Trustee Joel Ferguson only claimed expenses on one trip in the 20-month period. It was a trip to New York for the NIT games from March 27-30, 1989. The trip cost the university \$944.91. That's \$314.97 a day for three days.

Similarly, Trustee Robert Weiss went to a NIT game, March 22-23 — but his expenses tallied \$1,330.57. The Genesee county prosecutor charged MSU for only two trips from July 1988, to February 1990, including \$1,545.49 on an unknown trip to an unknown destination.

Travel expense receipts for Trustees Lawrence Owen, Thomas Reed, and Dean Pridgeon were not included in documents released to the UR-I.

Numerous attempts to contact those three Trustees were unsuccessful.

Although he never left campus

during his tenure, Adams cautioned that people should not compare past administration practices to the present.

As president during a turbulent time at MSU — a time when reporters wore riot gear and DPS desk officers had gas masks handy — Adams said practices that at one time might be prudent "at another time may be counterproductive."

"In assessing people, you have to consider the context of their time," he said.

see related story on PAGE THREE

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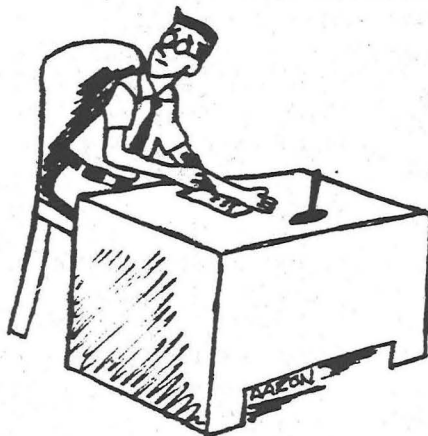
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Page Three

THE SECOND FRONT PAGE

The times they are a changin'

DiBiaggio on road for 28% of school year

BY BRIAN MARSHALL
UR-I ISSUES CORRESPONDENT

The universe is in a constant state of flux, and MSU is no exception to the rule of change.

A case in point is the amount of time spent on campus by MSU's president, which has decreased drastically since the days of Walter Adams' reign, from 1969 to 1970.

In 1989 alone, President John DiBiaggio was absent from campus 60 of the 213 days that classes were in session. He was away from the university for 28 percent of the school year.

A sharp contrast to Adams, who, in fact, never left the campus during his stint as president.

Lest one get concerned that excess dust will collect in Cowles House, Adams said he believes DiBiaggio's business off-campus may be his most vital function.

"I never left campus," Adams said. "When I was president my main function was to make sure no buildings were burned down,

no students injured, and no riots started.

"(But) that time is over," he added. "Today,

the president's major assignment may be as a fundraiser."

So when DiBiaggio travels, he keeps to MSU's first class university status — by flying first class.

Students and taxpayers needn't worry,

however, because the president pays for the first class ticket upgrades with his own money.

There are other expenses incurred in the course of DiBiaggio's travels that might rile some.

For instance, from November 3-5, 1989, DiBiaggio was in Honolulu, Hawaii, receiving a gold medal from the Pierre Fauchard Academy for his personal achievements in dentistry. This trip cost the university \$1,516.53, while the Academy also paid DiBiaggio \$600 for his expenses.

Also, on October 28, 1989, the president flew to the MSU football game against Purdue, spending \$84 for the airfare. However, he returned on the team flight.

The Spartans won.

From August 26, 1989, to September 9, 1989, DiBiaggio toured Bangkok, Moscow, Germany, and Paris to "visit universities and alumni in Bangkok, Moscow, Germany, and Paris."

The university paid \$823.25 for this trip.

Last year, during the minority

sit-in at the Administration building, President DiBiaggio was in Chicago from May 21-22, and in Washington, D.C., May 24th.

DiBiaggio could not be reached to comment on his expenses, despite numerous and lengthy efforts to contact him.

Travel Reimbursement Highlights

The following are examples of the trips MSU's president and board of trustees were reimbursed for by the university...

Trustee Malcolm Dade, Jr.:

10 September 1988 — Mileage to the MSU vs. Rutgers football game, East Lansing: \$46.80

29 October 1988 — Mileage to the MSU vs. Ohio State football game, East Lansing: \$46.80

President John DiBiaggio:

17 August-7 September 1988 — Visit Alumni in the Far East: \$2452.92

30 March-1 April 1989 — NCAA Hockey Final Four, St. Paul, Minn.: \$1074.20

25 August-10 September 1989 — Visit universities and alumni in Europe/Asia: \$948.25, including limousine

28 October 1989 — Airfare to MSU vs. Purdue football game: \$84.00

Trustee Joel Ferguson:

27-30 March 1989 — NIT Bas-

ketball Final Four, New York City: \$944.91

Trustee Barbara Sawyer:

8 April 1988 — Mileage to the Basketball Bust (Party celebrating MSU basketball): \$3.60

30 March-2 April 1989 — NCAA Ice Hockey Final Four, St. Paul, Minn.: \$585.19

23 September 1989 — Mileage to the MSU-Notre Dame football game: \$62.40

Trustee Robert E. Weiss:

22-23 March 1989 — NIT Basketball game, Philadelphia: \$1330.57

Trustee Kathy Wilbur:

25-28 March 1989 — NIT Basketball Final Four, New York City: \$616.35 + airfare

Records for Board Chairman Lawrence Owen, and Board members Thomas Reed and Dean Pridgeon were not available.

—BRIAN MARSHALL

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Here today, gone to Maui...

DiB makes some questionable claims, is way too inaccessible

In the course of preparing this week's page one story, the uR-I confirmed a few things we had long suspected — MSU's top officials have no time for students or just about anyone else who doesn't play a sport or dish out big bucks to Michigan State University, and they get reimbursed for some questionable trips.

Trips such as attending the NIT tournament and other sporting events.

One trustee, Barbara Sawyer, said it's important for a trustee to be on hand to schmooze with filthy rich alumni. Maybe so, but we question why *all* of them have to go to some events and only one go to others? And on those trips to NYC, how come some trustees did the trip for about half the cost of other trustees?

Let's not stay at the Waldorf next time, please sirs and mesdames.

And, as you may have noticed, people with names like Scott and DiBiaggio aren't quoted in Correspondent Brian Marshall's report. Several trustees are also conspicuous by their absence. This is not for

lack of effort, we can assure you.

In fact, efforts made since March have been unsuccessful in securing comments from these leading MSU officials. For one reason or another, they were so busy that they could not return reporter's phone calls, or would not agree to a meeting.

That means they were working very hard for us over the past three months.

So hard, in fact, that they couldn't take 15 minutes to call a student and answer a few simple questions.

Gosh, wonder if they have time to listen to us when we need to make a suggestion about improving the university?

Probably not, and we've already seen their contempt for the MSU community's wishes (*read: AD*).

One of the worst offenders all around, however is President John DiBiaggio, who not only never speaks to the press except through his lackey Terry Denbow, MSU Vice President for Propaganda, but seeks reimbursement for trips that we cannot believe benefit the university — such as a

hefty tab for his trip to Hawaii to accept a dental accolade — which not only cost us money, but take him away from his duties in East Lansing.

Case in point: DiB was away during last year's sit-in.

This must change. MSU needs a hands-on president, not a globe-trotting fund raiser. Let someone else do that job.

We also need a president who talks to the students and the media — and not just through controlled statements doled out by a minion from Linton Hall. And when DiB does come down from his ivory tower, it would be nice if it wasn't just when he doesn't want someone to get a certain position in the athletic department.

And even then, it would be nice if he wouldn't blame the press for something, he, himself, went public with.

We must, however, thank former President Walter Adams for taking time to talk to the uR-I the FIRST time we called.

Things sure have changed in less than 20 years, haven't they?



Geek of the Week

What has Oprah's butt, a shit-eating grin, a bark like Lassie, and Eddie Murphy's ear?

Give it up for this week's Geek — Arseniooooooooooooo Hall!

A whole Arse. Or do we have that backwards?

Yes, you obsequious suckhole, your flattery and fawning over the most putrid celebrities you can find makes you a natural for geek 'o the dishonors.

Your annoying attempts to play the homeboy and then — five minutes later — the suave sophisticate are intensely painful to sit through. Only

Pat Sajak is worse (barely).

What hath Hollywood wrought!

Say it ain't so, Jack (Parr, that is)!

What's that? You want to mention the uR-I on next week's show? It's your most favoritest paper in the whole universe and elsewhere?

Gosh, maybe called this one all wrong, afterall...

the university Reporter-Intelligencer

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

Viewer Mail:

Andre's back

This essay is about a white man who hates any black leader who stands up for his people. Inside the white racist mind is the feeling of fearfulness and the ignorance of black people. He's afraid that if a black leader succeeds in raising up and organizing black people, then the blacks will do the same things to whites that have been done to the blacks for the past 400 years. The racist believes that black people will rule and dominate over white people. But what this racist doesn't understand is that black people only want to rule themselves. This person doesn't see it that way; the eyes are blinded on what black people really want.

I really don't care how people feel about me, as long as their negative feelings don't affect me in a dangerous way. If anyone's feelings and thoughts threaten me, then that's a force I will have to deal with, not ignore. The racist in this article has bad feelings about blacks and is in a position to perhaps brainwash others. He happens to be the owner of a local newspaper.

A group of young, angry blacks are protesting outside Rick Markowski's newspaper building. Ralph Hollman, a local black leader, has an appointment to see Markowski about the bias and discriminatory practices in his newspaper coverages. Inside the building, Hollman and Markowski were in a match of screaming. Hollman jumped up and said, "I accuse your newspaper of being racist, and I find you guilty as charged. Your punishment will be for black people to boycott this paper. If I can't make you stop being a racist with my words, then subtracting my money might do the trick."

One of Ralph's advisers whispered in his ear that it would be better to start up a black newspaper. His adviser added, "if we had our own newspaper, then we could battle Markowski's paper. It would kind of be like the battle between the truth and the lies." But Hollman wanted to have integration. He wanted to prove to himself that he could make white people love and accept him.

Ralph and the protesters outside were upset at Markowski's brutal attack on their national leader, Fred Cobbs. Fred Cobbs was raising the consciousness of black people internationally. Ralph wanted Markowski to stop attacking their national leader. Ralph said "everything you printed about Fred was taken out of context." Markowski told Ralph, "You haven't seen nothing yet; wait until next week when I release my secret file on Fred Cobbs."

Markowski finally told Ralph that he wouldn't print the file, only on the condition that Cobbs step down as the national black leader. Markowski handed Ralph a copy of the secret file and told him to have "fun reading it." Ralph ran out of the office with the file in his hand and then jumped on a plane headed for Atlanta to meet with Cobbs.

While Ralph was on the plane, he read the secret file about his national leader.

The file didn't look good; it said that Cobbs was a hater of whites, that he advocated violence, was a communist and a promiscuous man. When he reached the Atlanta headquarters, he had decided to just tell Cobbs straight out what was happening. Ralph went directly to Cobb's office and explained everything about Markowski and his paper. After thinking about the situation for a couple of hours, Cobbs decided to ignore everything Markowski was going to say.

As Cobbs gradually began to talk more frequently, so did Markowski through the publication of his propaganda. Markowski's newspaper was multiplying, and people were beginning to believe what he wrote. Now, a majority of Cobb's lectures were focused on defending himself against Markowski. It got to the point where he wasn't lecturing on anything else but the lies that people said about him. More and more people started to protest everywhere Cobbs was speaking. Eventually, 75% of his lectures had to be cancelled for security reasons. Also, there had been five reported attempts on Cobbs' life.

In New York City, Cobbs spoke to 50,000 people about the problems facing the world. He spoke only for ten minutes when six people stood up in the crowd and fired their Uzis at Cobbs. The six gunmen ran out of the building, leaving Cobbs dead. Everybody in the audience went hysterical, and they couldn't believe that their national leader was shot dead.

After Cobbs' funeral was over, a black television station conducted an investigation of how and why Cobbs was killed. The station invited Rick Markowski, Ralph Hollman, and the six apprehended gunmen. The six gunmen were shackled together, explaining to the news reporter why they murdered Cobbs. They said that they killed him because of the newspaper reports. One of the gunmen said, "I thought I was doing my country a favor by killing a man who preached hate and violence." Ralph interrupted the gunmen and said, "Everything written negatively about Cobbs was taken out of context." The television reporter agreed with Ralph and said that during their investigation they had reviewed reports from the CIA, FBI, and local police but could find no evidence of Cobbs' being anything like how he was described and charged as being in the newspapers.

The station also played some of Cobbs' speeches to the six gunmen. After listening to the tapes for a couple of months while in prison, they admitted killing Cobbs was a terrible mistake. The gunmen apologized for assassinating him and said that they were brainwashed by lies. Ralph jumped up and said, "giving an apology can't help him now."

At the end of the television program, the reporter gave a final statement: "The next time you pick up a newspaper, book, or anything written, **always read the material critically. Never let anyone tell you something when you can find out for yourself.** This is a sad case of a newspaper that went too far. Markowski molded peoples' minds to violent acts to the ultimate degree. Am sorry Mr. Markowski wasn't able to speak because our time on TV has run out. At this very moment, the same scenario we discussed may or may not be happening. The views and opinions of this television station may be yours.

Enjoy,
Andre Austin

C'mon, Happening!

uR-I:

As MSU's self-proclaimed "alternative" newspaper you sure know very little about "alternative" music. I agree with your review of the They Might Be Giants show, Vol. 1, No. 24. They were great. That's why I think they deserve to have their song titles printed correctly. First, it's "Ana Ng," not "Anga Eng." Secondly, "Little Green Bottle?" How about "Lie Still, Little Bottle." I suggest a geography course for "Instambul not Constantinobul" ("Istanbul, not Constantinople"). Is "Birdcage in Your Soul" the follow-up to "Bird House in Your Soul?" Is it out on a b-side?

—Jay Krzewinski,
Microbiology major

—Ouch! Unfortunately, Ron
HAPPENING is so happening that he
rarely has time to double checks
things. He will no longer be a part of
the uR-I.

—ed.

C'mon everyone else!

Dear Editorial Staff:

In reading editorials, I attempt to keep the distinction between opinion and fact clearly in mind and judge based on the author's ability to argue rationally. Thus, most pro-abortion/pro-choice pieces I disagree with for the basic viewpoint. But your piece in the May 16 uR-I had two severe problems beyond this.

First, you argue that, in the 50 million induced abortions performed worldwide, 200,000 women die of complications — a rate of 0.4%. You then claim that RU 486, with a complications or failure rate of 2-4%, should be adopted as a far safer method.

This claim is altogether unjustified unless you explain what the complications that arise from RU 486 are, and prove that they are relatively minor. My understanding of the abortifacient is that the major complication is severe bleeding, something which is indeed minor in the United States and other developed countries, but which could easily lead to death in a third-world nation.

The other major complication, as I understand it, is the possibility that the pill doesn't work and the child continues to live and develop, but with severe defects. This means that, first, women who use this abortion method must be prepared to use another, and, second, that this use of this pill must not be trivialized because if it is used without medical supervision — well, I won't continue, because I do not have much knowledge about the subject. You, however, should be aware of the specific nature of the risks involved, and should take those into consideration in editorializing on the merits of RU 486.

Secondly, you state that "if American women can choose what form of birth control methods to use, then they also should have the right to alternative abortion procedures." Contraception and abortion are completely different issues; so are contraceptives and abortifacients. With the exception of the Roman Catholic stand (and, I admit, the views of some extremists in the pro-life movement), birth control is not a moral or religious issue, but an issue of practicality and reliability — the major reason that any birth control/

contraceptive method has been opposed has been the issue of health, safety and risk. (I especially have in mind the IUD.)

Abortion, the termination of pregnancy by destruction of prenatal life, to put the issue in its simplest terms, is an issue of morality and of human rights. No matter which side of the issue one comes out on, whether one believes that the issue is one which can be left up to the woman or one in which the state must intervene because of the overriding importance of the preservation of human life, the issues of abortion and birth control must not be confused, no matter how "invisible" abortion can become. This trivializes the issue and turns the argument away from rationality and toward the extremes on both sides, or, rather, toward a simple accusation and name-calling by both sides of the extremists on the other side, both pro-lifers who accuse all pro-choicers of describing the fetus/unborn child as a blob of tissue analogous to an appendix, and pro-choicers who accuse all pro-lifers of opposition to all forms of birth control or sex education, and acceptance of only procreative sex within marriage or the rhythm method.

Incidentally, I have no problem with calling "the opposition" pro-choice, if they will address their opposition as pro-life or even anti-abortion, rather than anti-choice. I believe in the availability of choices for myself and for all women; before pregnancy these include choices in the circumstances under which to engage in sex and the type of protection to use, and after pregnancy, these decisions center on how to care for and raise the child, both prenatally and after birth, whether alone, with the father (ideally, also the husband), or in an adoptive home.

I simply do not accept abortion as one of these options.

As for the other issue of terminology, those who object to the use of the phrase "unborn child" would do well to look up the word in the dictionary: "an unborn offspring; fetus" (Webster's New World, definition two).

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Jensen

Abramoff sucks!

To Whom it may concern:

This is in response to Phil Abramoff's letter appearing May 23, 1990 in the uR-I. Well, Well, Well.

Isn't "Phildo-the-Dildo-Abramoff" quite the outspoken candidate for man of the year award?

We were quite surprised by the assumed correlation between increasing rape and divorce rates to abortion. We guess Phil, being the astute statistics student that he is, has found the root of all of society's problems. "That's right folks. Mr. Abramoff states that most problems in the United States are directly caused by abortion."

Also, the relation between breaking and entering, and freedom of choice/right to privacy is way beyond any comprehension. Hey Phildo, been dropping too much LSD recently? (Actually, if you were tripping on LSD, you'd be seeing some kind of light — not just blind anger.)

We believe stating our moral and legal issues is irrelevant at this point. Your irrational presentation of the Abortion

See KILLPHIL, p. 6



M.L. Elrick

Sage words of a graduate: *Free at last, Oh Lord, I'm free at last!*

This is not going to be your typical good-bye column from some sappy, choked-up senior.

No, this one is going to be a little different.

This is going to be one from a completely fed-up, frustrated, somewhat bitter asshole who is looking forward to better things.

Sure, I'll miss MSU, but I prefer to look at my departure from East Lansing not as a graduation but as an escape.

An escape from one of the most bureaucratic, hypocritical, self-serving sinkholes in the state, region, country, and world. Save for supernovas and imploding stars, I can think of nothing larger or more wasteful in the universe than this bureaucratic clusterfuck shrouded in green and white.

And let us not forget East Lansing! No, what a paradise!

The city and the residents hate us — even though we account for most of the money that allows them to shop at Jacobson's, drive their Oldsmobiles

and collect taxes to hire more police and parking enforcement officers to carry out the occupied-territory mentality laws and ordinances they pass year after year.

Oh, and let's dispell another myth. City of the Arts.

Gimme a break. To most of the people in this cowtown, an old *L'il Abner* cartoon in a frame would be a masterpiece. They're still putting up banners to celebrate the return of *Pogo*.

No, this is not a City of the Arts.

It's an internment camp in which the jailers feed off the prisoners.

It used to be a nice town, in which you could relax and have fun if you didn't ruin the downtown or anyone else's property. If you did, you got nailed and justice was done. But today, you can't even have a few friends over for a little geeker without someone knocking on your door and arresting you for running a speakeasy.

How long 'til the cops start wearing brown shirts instead of blue?

No, this place is bugged and if the students don't register to vote and flush out the current administration floating at the top of the bowl, it will never be saved.

Boy, can I bitch when I'm on a roll. That's one thing this place has taught me; in screaming, I get out of here magna cum laude.

But we come here for the school and not the city anyway, right? Let's forget — just for a moment — that the two perpetuate each other, living on forever in a symbiotic, incestual relationship.

So, OK, boosters and drooling alumni, come kick me in the teeth and ask me why did I stay for the duration, in my case five years.

Because of the people.

Not everyone at MSU is a total brickhead or lazy prof trying to skate through with a sheaf of yellowed notes and a beaten-up corduroy jacket.

Half the students who came here avoided Michigan because they couldn't stand the pretentiousness and pseudo-intellectual superiority bred in the mosquito bog called Ann Arbor. And the other half were just too dumb to get in.

But the problem here lies in the administration and those who swear fealty to the frustrated dictators running the joint.

Oh, but let's not forget THE LAND GRANT MISSION!

You mean put white males on top, rob the Indians, and slash and burn the land?

God knows, we haven't forgotten that credo here at Michigan State.

You a minority?

Shut up, we're doing all we can.

You like the rolling, lush, green

campus?

Shut up and get away from that tree, hippie, we're building another engineering or business annex here.

You need time to earn money and get out of here?

Shut up and take all the credits you can swallow in block tuition (it's coming kids, don't fool yourselves. What the provost wants, he gets, i.e. semester system).

You got a problem?

Love it or leave it, you pinko, U-M-loving, commie bastard scum!

Well, I do love it, and would infinitely more without you cretins at the helm. So I've done my time and met some wonderful people and I'm leaving.

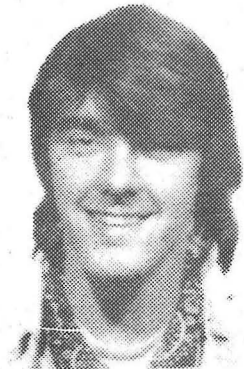
But just because you got your way with me doesn't mean it's right.

Let's remember that academia strives for a utopia that will never come to pass — but that doesn't mean we should stop trying to create the perfect environment.

And to those at Fort Hannah who have given up the fight: Shame on you.

I'm gone, but someday my kid will be back, and damned if I'm going to let you shit all over him the way you crapped on me and my comrades.

See you in 20 years — and you better have your act together...



Tom McWilliams

Little Brother

thrown. Then, they usually just fumigate us with sweet talk. The Sit-In last Spring should have proven that to you, if nothing else.

So, what power do we really have??

This place was created by the Michigan Constitution, which required state funds to be apportioned for the "dissemination and furtherment of agricultural knowledge." This means that the system of Trustee election (which calls for demo-publican party hacks, not people from MSU, to run the place) can't change without a change in basic state law. Not much help to us there.

A tuition strike would be effective. But when you consider that the seniors (and a lot of the juniors) just want to get the hell out before the term change comes down, and the freshman are generally still clueless, that leaves only say 25% of the students that actually would participate. So, 25% of 30% of the dough leaves

us as about 1/12 of MSU's income resources. (and, they'd probably refuse to re-admit or transfer anyone who dropped out for that term, too, the cocksucers). Not much power here either.

The best form of power I can see that the students have at MSU is their labor. In town, it's their overwhelming share of votes. Between student strikes (which could be even more powerful if the CTU would help), and student votes (for student council-members, perhaps?), the students could easily run this town, both North and South of Grand River.

If anyone wants to help me start a group to inform students in general about how they can effectively wield this power, please call 336-9591.

— *McWilliams appears weekly in the uR-I. Write him — he wants your letters, man!*

From KILLPHIL, p. 5

issue is, to be completely honest, not worth the paper it's written on.

Phil, you're not dealing with the issues — just venting hostility in a display of complete immaturity. Are you sure you're not a freshmen? It's scary to think that a "graduate teacher," such as yourself, is shaping the youth of tomorrow in the hallowed halls of MSU.

Get a clue Phildo. You have once again proven what the pro-lifers' stance really is all about — pent-up anger incorporating sexist attitudes toward women, their freedom to make decisions about their own body and every Americans' right to privacy.

By the way, Phildo, feel free to go fuck yourself also. You're as deserving as any narrow-minded, Bible-bearing fascist that we've come across.

With all our Love,
Deborah Wells, Multidisciplinary
and Monica Possek, Social
Science

P.S. Thanks much and keep up the good work!



uR-I LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Welcome to the *uR-I LITERARY SUPPLEMENT*, a special project of various uR-I staff members and MSU students who submitted their essays, short stories, and poetry to help produce this four-page pull-out.

We would also like to encourage photographers and artists to submit their work, as we believe images, too, have important messages and would greatly enhance this section.

We invite students to submit their work for possible future editions of this section. All submissions, save photos or art, become property of the uR-I.

Yikes!

By J. JOSEPH CONRICODE

"Will you go to bed with me?" I asked.

"No. Now now," she said, and my face flushed. I was angry.

We sat for 10 minutes. Neither of us spoke. I looked out the window thinking of stained glass and how I once poked my fist through a pane depicting the paschal lamb at Saint Patrick's Church. With blood snaking like a river from my knuckles to fingertips, I gathered small shards in my cupped palm and popped the pieces into my mouth as if they were M&M's. Chewing. Crunch, crunch in the shade of 2 a.m., I, some nocturnal madman and ... oh, dear Jesus ... I've got to get out of here.

Her resentment followed me as I stood and walked to my desk. I picked up an anthology of poems, pretended to look for a particular passage and, in silence, pleaded with her to change her mind.

She heard every word I thought but refused to give in. No ... the bitch needed her lesbian lover tonight. Not a man ... No. She wanted that wide-hipped, stringy-haired, reptilian-faced atrocity with the small breasts.

Fine, then, you little Gertrude Stein. You're a fish and I'm a bicycle tonight and you won't have me and you won't care. But I will. So get out and let your tongue and hands wander the flesh of your fair sex and leave me frustrated until tomorrow night when you need your ... Oh ... oh ... oh ... man.

But I was the one who left the house. I

knew she would be gone when I came back and I was still upset. The summer heat was harsh and my hair clung to the sweat of my brow, bugging me like pepper in the nose. I walked across the road and onto the university's campus, where I eventually found what I was looking for — the fountain in the garden.

Water shot upwards in slender columns, peaked and separated into drops before raining in the circular pool below. I stripped naked and looked down toward my feet. For that moment, I couldn't blame her or any woman repulsed by men. My right foot felt the water and the other followed suit moving closer to the center. The fountain showered over my body in a shock of cold, freezing in contrast to the balmy July air and my mind projected frames of a somewhat clouded memory.

Six months earlier, I had been found in a snowbank half-clothed, half-dead by frantic family members and a host of police officers. Recovery via psychiatry:

"What were you doing outside in bare feet without a shirt?"

"What? Oh, ... I don't know."

"Do you ever hear voices when nobody is around?"

I turned 18 and quit therapy. I was fine, dear Jesus. Just get me out of here.

I slipped back into my shorts leaving my shoes, shirt and fountain behind as I walked to Morrill Hall. After locating the fire escape on the building's side, I ascended the zig-zagging stairwell. At the top, the stairs became a ladder and I quickly climbed to the roof. For a long time I stood wondering at the city's incandescence, all the while repeating the 23rd Psalm aloud.

A low mortar wall squared the rooftop's perimeter. I jumped up to its

width, squatted down like a leapfrog, and looked over the edge, five stories down to the concrete sidewalks which seemed to form anarchy's symbolic A. Holding the pose, my muscles petrified and panic seized all my faculties. In the far distance I glimpsed a tiny white structure I knew to be the capital. Oh, my head pregnant with thoughts of flight's freedom, silently saying, "I know I can fly."

A new wave of panic pulled the fibers of musculature taut; I had turned to stone. Mouth agape, saliva dribbled over my lower lip, falling 65 feet to the ground. I was suddenly struck with an image: Me, a drooling, neo-Gothic gargoyle perched on a parapet ready to take wing, grotesquely contorted countenance expressing sheer horror. This freedom I had frightened me. This freedom to fly, freedom to go mad, freedom of choice and knowing that every action I made was a reaction to choice.

Jesus, you died to take away our sins, but for me, this is not enough. Die once more, dear Jesus, and this time, take away our liberty to sin. Please, God, take it away. I don't want it. Take away my freedom.

My knee jerked, the city lights swirled for one dizzy moment, and the world went black.

Haiku 1

By: JENNY CROMIE

Man is so advanced
he's created a greenhouse
to cook himself in.

MOVING AWAY

By: POLLY ESTHER

A 33-year-old piece of wedding cake, leftover wedding announcements and a garter—these were some of the relics my mother sent home with me two weeks ago. I have no use for these things. Neither does she. Giving me this box, she formally divorced my father who left her for a ballroom dancer from Dallas two years ago. Shortly after, my mother took up ballroom dancing. But it was too late. My father was already foxtrotting with someone else. Now she dances alone, tripping over boxes in the living room.

My mother is packing, getting ready to move. Sunday she calls, wanting me to come over. "I have some things you might want," she says. I can't imagine what it'll be this week. My Holly Hobby coloring book I told her to throw away 10 years ago? Her wedding dress? Her polka-dot bell bottoms she's been saving in case the horrendous trend assaults us again? I don't want to go over there, but I get in my dad's car and head for Hillsdale anyway. Obligation speaks louder than reason. I am now the curator, the undertaker of our family's history. In boxes, she packs it away to forget so she can start a new life. What I don't have room for, she's going to auction off to strangers. No one would want our family portraits or the stale wedding cake anyway. That's my inheritance. *Now it's my turn to deal with it.*

I pull into the drive. The paint is peeling off the house and crabgrass has invaded the lawn, choking the petunias. As I walk up the steps, I notice the black bench on the porch has been upholstered with an inch of dust. We used to sit there on summer evenings and count fireflies. My mother peeks around the curtain, making sure it's me. I used to have a key to the house, but she changed the locks because she thought I'd turn the key over to my father. She thinks we have some sort of conspiracy against her. She opens the door, and without a greeting, hands me a box.

"What's in here?" I ask.

"The quilt your grandmother made, some pillowcases your father and I got at the wedding reception and a box of your senior pictures," she says. *I wonder why she's giving me pictures of myself. Maybe she's trying to abort me from her future, too. I open the hatchback and she takes the box and pushes it toward the driver's seat. She's making spaces for all the memories she's shoving onto me. I'm too young to carry this kind of baggage. I guess she is too.*

But I follow her into the house, anyway. Outside, it's about 80 degrees. Inside, it feels like 110. My

father never installed air conditioning—he said it was a waste of money. I wonder if he'd think so now if he were here. Actually, he'd probably relish the thought of my mother roasting here in her own private, little hell. The living room is cluttered with boxes—lost souls waiting for a new home. My home. They won't be much better off there, either.

"Mom, can we do this some other day? It's too hot to lift anything." She turns around and looks at me, disgusted. "You've put this off for two weeks. If you don't take these things now, I'm just going to throw them away." I know this is untrue, but I don't argue. If I don't deliver the boxes from this purgatory, they'll sit in the living room all summer. She's already been packing for six months. She packs one thing and retrieves another she wants after all. Three households she could have moved by now. For a woman who's trying to let go of the past, she sure spends a lot of time fondling it. She hands me a box she's probably spent three hours packing. I take it out to the car without looking inside.

I'm a reluctant savior. I drag my feet back to the house and slump into the brown chair where my mother used to rock me to sleep, singing "Jesus Loves Me." I close my eyes, trying to remember what innocence felt like. But when I rock, the chair groans and creaks, threatening to fall apart like everything else. Only sadness and bitterness are whole. Thirst, too.

"Do you have anything to drink?" I ask. "There's a Pepsi in the fridge. I'll get it," she says. Keys. China. They're all the same to her. She doesn't trust me with either. Not since I broke my grandmother's Blue Willow pitcher when I was 16. I follow her out to the kitchen and listen to the ice plinking and plunking into the glasses. She punctuates the silence with a sigh and sits down at the counter. "I can't wait until this is all over," she says. "Parting with some of these things is torture." *So is inheriting them, mother.*

Suddenly she starts to cry. She's always crying. Now, I'm obligated to ask, "What's wrong?" I've bitten her bait and she reels me in—now her misery has company. "Oh, I just get sad sometimes thinking how you can't come home anymore," she says, wiping several tears. "I can come home—what do you mean?" I ask. "Then why don't you come home? You never come here anymore unless I have something to give. I guess I don't blame you. It's hard being here. I know how it is."

My stomach knots. I never asked for these things. I never asked for your rotten wedding cake. I never asked you for memories you won't let me forget. You remind me of too many things. Around you, my past confronts me like an orphan. I have to abort it like I have to abort you. I don't blame dad for leaving anymore. You saved every grudge for future ammunition like you saved every box, cluttering the

living room. You kept picking the scabs off of your marital bliss. Now you're alone and you don't know why.

"You're ignoring me again, aren't you? You don't want to hear about the things I've had to go through. You don't care," she says, starting to sob again. "What has your father said to turn you against me like this?"

"Nothing," I say. *I did it all myself.* "Why don't you ever stay with me, then?"

"You sold my bed in that garage sale, remember? When I went away to college, my bedroom disappeared into a guest room."

"You could sleep on the couch," she offered.

"I don't sleep well on couches."

"You're just making excuses because you don't want to stay here," she says, visibly hurt. "That's okay. I'm not forcing you to spend time with me."

You're trying, though.

She gets up and takes the empty glasses to the sink. "Will you visit me in my new apartment?" *As infrequently as I can.*

"Sure," I say. She smiles faintly. I think she knows I don't mean what I say and say what I mean.

"I'll buy another bed so you can stay with me," she says. "You can have your own room."

"I still need a car—I can't get to work without a car. You've never trusted me with yours, so it would never work."

"Can't your dad buy you a car? He certainly has enough money," she says with palpable bitterness.

"No, he can't afford it."

"Did he tell you that?" she asks. My mother laughs and shakes her head. Even when they were married, she never believed anything my father said.

"No, I just know he doesn't have the money right now." He probably does, but I've never liked asking for things.

"Why don't you ask him about our joint savings account he emptied out when he left? Maybe he'll give YOU some of the money," she says venomously.

I don't feel like hearing her regurgitate the divorce again, so I walk out into the living room and look into the boxes. I want to get out of here, but I don't know which ones she wants me to take. She's in the kitchen rearranging the cupboards, making angry clanking noises. She does a lot of rearranging when she's angry. The house was always immaculate—like a museum—when my parents were fighting. My dad would disappear into his shop downstairs, hammering and sawing what he couldn't say. My mother slammed doors, clanked dishes and rearranged everything—trying to order chaos. My family always was verbally constipated.

There's a box labeled, JOHN'S THINGS. A toy train is thrown on top of an owl my dad carved one year for

my mother's birthday. There's a crystal heart underneath that my father and I picked out for their 25th wedding anniversary. Jewelry boxes line the bottom. "You can take that one," she says, pointing to JOHN'S THINGS. "Tell him if he wants his camera, he'll have to take me to court." *Like I'm going to tell him that.* "Any other messages?" I ask sarcastically.

I pick up the box and carry it to the car. It's heavy and I nearly drop it. I check to see if the crystal heart is still intact. It is. I check my watch. I told my dad I would be home a half hour ago. He needs to use the car for a date tonight. I walk back into the house. My mom is holding up a chicken candle holder, visibly debating whether to part with it. She finally puts it into the box, looks at it and takes it out again.

"Mom, I really have to go. I'm late."

"Just a minute. There's still several boxes you have to take," she says.

"I don't have another minute, mother. I have to go."

"Then you'll have to come back tomorrow," she says.

"No. I have to work. I can't come back until this weekend."

"Do you want to meet for coffee sometime this week, then?" *She's pretty tricky.*

"Look, if I can't come over and get these boxes this week, how does it follow I'd have time for coffee?" She looks hurt and I feel bad, but the clock is still ticking.

"Would you call me then?" she asks.

"Sure," I say, knowing I won't. "Thanks a lot for everything." She doesn't pick up on the sarcasm and it's just as well. She hugs me, clinging for several seconds.

"Look, I really have to go," I say.

"Okay, honey—I love you."

"Yeh—love you, too."

I notice she's crying again. *God-dammit why does she always have to cry about everything? I don't have time to ask her what's wrong even though I know she expects me to.*

She stands on the crabgrass, waving goodbye. I honk and drive away, taking the turns a little too sharp. I'm cutting people off on the highway, imagining they're all my mother. I feel like the boxes sliding and rattling in the backseat.

Haiku 2

By: JENNY CROMIE

Through the woods I hear
birds singing to each other
over the chainsaw.

Jesus Christ

By: MATT MULLINS

my cousin and I drove across town on Easter sunday
she told me about how her mother, my mother's sister
an ex-nun constantly raged with catholic mania
calling her gynecologist, calling her on weekends
calling during parties
or when she had men over
we talked about fucking
we talked about how to love a man
she asked me what men like
she asked me about the way men think
she asked me why men cheat and lie to their women
I told her it is because we lack faith
she laughed and then she said she had to piss
in that urgent female way
so I found a gas station and waited
as I stood pumping fuel I noticed
everything was still grey and cool and silent
on this religious anniversary and
we slipped back into traffic following
the cars like slow apostles in grim procession
we headed doubting toward a collective reminiscence
of god

after three times denying that we were lost
we arrived at the appointed place at the appointed
time
she had emptied her bladder she was pleased
and we had found our way to the small house
wedged between the dark canal and the railroad tracks
she told me she prayed for this thing
to be over quickly
we walked into a room filled with people who are old enough
to remember me when I was too small to wipe my own
ass, when I didn't have any teeth, when I couldn't speak.
last christmas they had watched me drink glass after glass
of whiskey in mute celebration of the first birthday of
christ
now they said things to me like
my are you tan
where have you been
you look more and more like your father
every time I see you
no one talked about christ
no one prayed
no one mentioned who had died as we ate food from plastic

alone in the kitchen

Suzy raised her shirt and showed me the long scar
that stretches red across her stomach like a giant vagina
obscene but attractive
it forced me to remember that there is pain in being alive
and that the first thing anyone will ever do is scream
she said to me
I know you like to drink
and this is what might happen to you if you keep it up
they will cut you open and sew together your ruptured
stomach

I was tempted
to reach out and touch it
it made me think of pain and love and flesh and sex
she turned away and said
you just remember that

around the corner
in the living room
my grandmother stood and sang to no one
the same old Irish folk song
over and over and over
as all her children ignored her senility in sad and
silent embarrassment
at her feet the very smallest
baby spun and danced to her own minds music
as they both persisted
oblivious to everything but their own
visions

I have stared deep into my grandmother's eyes
because often I have held her as she sings
and I have seen nothing but the blackest slate
despite the many times she has guided my hand
she can no longer even remember my name
she tells me I am so sweet and that it as been nice to meet
me. I tell her it has been nice to meet her also

my aunt and uncle sit on the couch
he needs two canes to walk and is slowly losing his speech
she has had her chest pried open like a packing crate
so surgeons could manipulate her failing heart

and I thought
who was this martyr they hung upon a tree
pierced flesh and dirty linen are his claims to fame
holy shit
we are all being crucified

untitled

By: KEVIN TEN BRINK

It was a clear, crisp late summer day as I sat in
my lawn chair on the beach of the Straits of Macki-
nac. I had been sitting here for a couple of hours
basking in the sun, drinking beer, and contemplat-
ing the meaning of life.

I tilted my head back to let the cool breeze wash
over my sunburnt face. As I sat there with my head
tilted back, I saw a tiny figure way up on the top of
the bridge. I leaned over and retrieved my binocu-
lars, which lay beside my chair. I peered through

the binoculars and saw a man in a business suit
perched on the edge of the bridge.

He looked like the type of man that went to
boring, dead-end, nine-to-five job day in and day
out; doing dull, unimportant work at a pee-on little
company. Basically, he looked very unhappy with
his mundane life and had decided to do something
about it.

A small group of people had formed behind
where this poor man stood. A large majority of
them were casualty vampires while some were
reaching out to try and help him.

As the helping hands were about to grasp him,
the man gained the courage and decided now was
the time. He hurled his body away from the bridge.
He was flapping his arms and pedaling his legs.
His grey hair and yellow tie flapped in the breeze

with as much force as his arms. His face had an
expression of both sheer terror and placid con-
tentedness. The seconds ticked by like hours as the
man made the lethal plunge to the choppy waters
below.

I followed the whole deadly descent until the
last millisecond, when a smile of fulfilled blessed-
ness crossed his face. Then his body exploded into
a cloud of red mist as he hit the icy cold water.

Chunks of raw flesh rebounded into the air and
then hit again, making tiny little splashes around
the area of impact. I lowered the binoculars and
raised the beer to my lips. I took a long swig, re-
flecting on what had just happened.

I sat back, closed my eyes with a small smile on
my face.

Gangsters of Love

By: MATT MULLINS

she said to me
"you know this is the same
hotel that Al Capone
used to stay at"

it was such a nice room
and she rubbed her naked leg
against my naked leg
and I poured us more whiskey
which we didn't drink
because we were busy with our
naked legs
It was a massacre

she was paying for it all
everything
I was broke and I remember
watching the women at the
airport
the way they shook their hair
the way they smiled at you
when they saw you looking
but only if they could tell you
were with someone else
and it is true that
one time, a long time ago
on St. Valentines day
they lined up seven men
against a cement wall
and shot out their eyes
I remember the picture I re-
member their black
flowing blood
but still I can never admit to
myself that every time
I looked at someone else there
was someone else
looking at her
and whe was probably smiling
smiling as they watched her
shake her hair

now she does not love me
anymore
it's gone
everything
I'm paying for it all

the nice room
our naked legs
the warm whiskey that no one
drank
love in the dark

Al Capone went mad and died
of syphilis on Alcatraz

but they can cure that now

Lady of the Lake

By: TROYE FRANK

Once upon a time, in a land of
pomp and grace,
I met a strange lady, who
claimed to be my bride
This lady in the trees, never
before had I seen,
Yet flowing, and how supple
she was, like an ebb tide
The eyes of this lady! So subtle,
yet oddly I dreamed,
Yet my dream, I would make
no mistake
This was my lady, in the land of
pomp and grace

As she flowed through each
wave in Ipanema,

The slow, hot wind shuddered,
as I muttered
Look at me — Lady! Are you
indeed the queen of Sheeba?
The eyes of the lady looked at
me, then through me
Ever turning in a blurry purple
haze

I keeled, as if I had seen Poe's
lady by the sea — Annabel Lee?
Then looking, I ran and fell by
her tree in the cool Autumn
shade
Though none of her beauty for
myself could I take
From this lady, in the land of
pomp and grace

Forward I swam, as beside the
stream she walked
Nor could I see here golden
cheeks of glistening infinity,
Struggled against the tide did I
as I could not hear her as she
talked

Feeling this conflict away from
her as a christening to my
divinity
I stroked and stroked, without
pause in motion,
Yet she still seemed moons
ahead of me, thinking not of my
insipid devotion

The sun scorched my brow
beneath the midday clouds
As still I felt the lady abating
my crooning
Covering herself in the dew of a
kelley-green shroud
A song I sung, to put together
out of a desperate tuning,
But I screamed! I screamed into
the sky far aloud!

Just when the
lady of grace, plunged into the
lake —

and
drowned.

Red Rum is Grey

By: JENNY CROMIE

Soweto
is black and white,
white against black,
black against white.

Black wants grey,
but white fights
for absolutes.

Absolutism drips
red,
red rum, Mandela says.

And Biko
says in death
black and white
are the same color.

Gabriel, come blow your
horn
a little louder...

DeKlerk sits deaf in his
white Cadillac,
drinking red rum
and Absolut.

The Abortion

By: JENNY CROMIE

The embryos
on the apple tree were
aborted
during last night's cold-
blooded,
surgical frost.
Their half-developed bodies
lie in a pink cemetery
around their mother's feet like
unwanted children.

Swallowing the Moon

By: JENNY CROMIE

An empty house sits
at the end of the road
where a woman
wanders vacantly from room to room.

She peers through the window pane
through lifeless eyes,
sips her drink
and swallows the moon.

Her light goes out
as I whistle past the graveyard
and darkness dies to sleep.

Expanding Minds and Shrinking Glands

By: MICHEL-LOUIS SALVATORE

I looked into the sky
and was hit by an anvil

Then your Brother called for
Mother's Day
— he said he loved my hamster

so I shot the newspaper
and it was read all over

Do you like croissants,
my froggy niece?
You aunt hates Pinocchio

That made us do a picture of you
— I didn't need paint.

Your eyes are like limphet mines;
They're left over from the last war

but my car runs well
in its new shoes

so why did Eddie Murphy send
my dad a letter!
Because they're clones?

I peed on the moon
and the sun went black.
Finnif

Haiku 3

By: JENNY CROMIE

The seal comes to shore
shiny with his black coat of
oil (gift from Exxon).



Trabian Shorters

This letter is to the dead and dying. It's meant as polemic prose for those who would make this land a better land. If what I say offends anyone, then I know I said it right.

What is the difference between a witness and a criminal or between a racist and a bigot or a coward and a fighter? The difference is honesty and action.

The criminal admits that (s)he doesn't respect the law, a bigot admits "I don't respect all people as equals," and a fighter admits that s(he) is vicious.

A letter to the dead and dying...

Whereas the witness, the racist and the coward say "I believe in justice, I believe in equality, I believe in peace." But they don't.

We as Americans have been taught to believe that those ideas are good, but that's not the same as believing in them. We do not work to attain these aloof principles. Most of us do **nothing** to prove that we believe in those principles.

Saying "I believe in..." proves that you were told what to believe in, but did anyone ever tell you how to show that you believe in these ideas?

Most of us can read about rape after rape, murder after murder, and never feel compelled to **actively** put an end to the injustices. We won't band together for these noble causes.

Instead, we lie to ourselves and each other about our real beliefs. We believe in money, materials and capitalism. This is what we work for and fight for and believe in. We are

taught how to show that we believe in these things.

This is the sum of your value. You are the normal American. You are the majority. You devote your body and mind to gluttony and starve your spirit with your luke warm devotion to melba toast principles.

It is this spiritual emaciation and self-delusion, not the honest criminal-bigot-fighter, that is to blame for the sick and sorry state that America is in.

How can crime run rampant when the majority of American people believe in justice? How can bigotry kill in a place where the principle of equality is shared by all? How long can you lie to yourself and pretend that things are okay here in the USA?

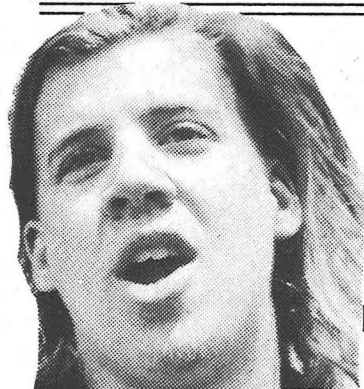
There's no room for civilization in such a technological society. These days, caring about each other doesn't yield a high enough dividend. The criminal, the bigot, and the fighter are minorities these days, but the uncar-

ing witness, the uninformed racist and the unmotivated coward are the majority.

When I fight for the causes that I believe in (justice, equality, peace and family) I recognize that I am fighting for a society that cares. That's something you capitalist-individualists don't seem to understand.

When I put on my beret and black clothes some see me as a criminal in the making, some as closet bigot, and some as dedicated fighter. I am all these things the same way that Louis Farrakhan, Martin Luther King, Jr., Malcolm X, A. Phillip Randolph and Marcus Garvey were these things. Truth, pride and education are radical concepts to fools.

— Shorters is editor-in-chief of *Focal Point*



Patrick Bryant

Located outside of Wells Hall and the Int'l Center are three shanty buildings, erected as modes of expression by students to raise awareness of the campus at large.

At first, the goal of the El Salvadoran church replica was intended to raise consciousness of students of the U.S. funded bloodletting in Central America. It is a campus group's critique of U.S. foreign policy and the taxpayer's support of it.

However, the MSU administration sees things differently. The admin has denied the right to erect these all along (they only approved a Frat-Rush-like sandwich board for eight days), and have attempted to justify their removal of the shanties through the smokescreen of saying they are ugly, aesthetically unpleasing.

So the admin has changed the direction of our fight and your role. What is at stake here is not the church, El Salvador or the tens of thousands murdered at the hands of U.S. financed death squads.

What is now at stake is the right of student expression through peaceful student means.

The administration's response and attempted actions (the shanties may be gone by the time you read this) are no less, in my opinion, than blatant violation of fundamental First Amend-

What the Church means to me...

ment rights. I repeat: MSU IS COMMITTING NO LESS THAN A VIOLATION OF FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS.

It is the suppression of modes through which students may communicate and with one another; that students may carry on a dialogue and, most importantly, ways that students may better educate themselves.

Students are providing a service that this overpriced, overcrowded excuse for education rarely does: the confrontation of ideas, knowledge, perception and consciousness.

The past few weeks guarding the church has been a glorious experience. Every hour that I stand there with my fellow dedicated students, we discuss, argue, scream, talk and challenge ideas with passersby. I am letting them know what I feel is U.S.-supported injustice in the Third World, and they respond. But before the shanties went up, how many students were aware that 75 percent of the \$1.5 million we send everyday to El Salvador goes to their military; that this money paid for the majority of the 74,000 deaths of Salvadoran citizens; that, among other things, El Salvador is 90 percent deforested? We are students expressing our disgust, wanting to make others aware.

And the administration has left us with little institutional means to express our dissent. There is no guarantee that The State News or UR-I will print our editorials and we have no money for presentations, as some ASMSU groups do. The administration has taken steps to suppress controversial speech, like Minister Farrakhan. And now they are going after us. But it's not about speech. It's about "funded racism" or "aesthetics" or "racism." That's a smokescreen.

But the administration has tried to appease us with an 8-day lease. This concession by the administration cannot become a compromise for us students. Homelessness and the Civil War in El Salvador is not an 8-day problem. As the homeless and Salvadoran people live 24 hours a day with their strife and burden, we want to, WE MUST, acknowledge that. We cannot console ourselves with a token, one-week gesture and call that activism. We cannot say that a one-week tribute will benefit the homeless (1/3 of which are families; 1/4 have jobs). By removing the shanties the administration is saying that these problems do not exist anymore: that there are no homeless students (BUT THERE ARE!); that our money doesn't go to fund torture and a war against the poor in El Salvador (BUT IT DOES, DAMMIT!).

If we fund a war then let's forget about it; if homelessness is a part of America (if not because of America), then let's not forget about it. And furthermore, let's do something about it. Once we have our right to the church we will campaign to mobilize students to protest the government and change foreign policy. But, until then, we fight a simultaneous fight for expression. Not for aesthetics or effectiveness or convenience.

The administration has tried to argue that the building is ugly, as if Sparty and Case Hall are preeminent examples of aesthetic architecture.

AMERICAN CITIZENS PAID FOR THE KILLING AND MUTILATION OF SIX INNOCENT PRIESTS AND THE ADMINISTRATION IS ARGUING "AESTHETICS?"

We do not accept this argument and neither should you.

Constitutionally protected speech can be non-verbal according to

Supreme Court precedent.

U-M has several shanties from different groups that stand as testimonials to the daily horror of, for example, South Africa. U-M allows students to tell other students that racist structures of apartheid are as everpresent as the shanty (even with Mandela's release!).

Have we come so far as to forget Voltaire's cliché, "I might disagree with what you say but I will fight to the death defending your right to say it."

I will use and re-use this quote until people remember it and actualize it. So, if you do not agree with us that the U.S. is indeed exploiting the Third world, please join us in our fight to exist (by signing our petition for one).

There is no right to see grass as one person argues (then corporations in the Rain forests would be violating your rights). Sure, the shanties are not pretty, but war is not pretty and we will not beautify homelessness or racism.

To the administration, I argue the Constitution and INALIENABLE rights and they respond with "convenience" and "beauty" as barometers for freedom of speech. What would Thomas Jefferson or James Madison say between these two competing interests?

More importantly, what do you think? (Your elected student representatives have supported us in the past). What I say and how I say it is defined on my terms and in my eyes, not the administration.

As John Cougar Mellencamp sings, "If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for everything."

Don't fall for the administration's disinformation and stand for student rights.

— Bryant is director of ASMSU's Great Issues, and a member of CELA



Troye Frank

A fool has no delight in understanding, but in expressing his own heart. Proverbs 18:2

At first glance, this seems like any old regular scriptural saying that we have heard old wise men repeat down through the years paying no attention to the possible significance it could reflect in our every day lives, (especially as college students in tis day and age). And I'd be willing to bet that usually, we all just merely dismiss wise words like these as appendages of over inflated egos born from having lived more years on this earth than you and I have. We probably experience this syndrome with parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, etc. But this scripture is the first to come to mind when contemplating the ideas and teachings of one of today's greatest and perhaps most socially influential leaders.

Louis Farrakhan.

The platform and ideas of Minister Farrakhan are indeed very interesting and thought provoking if nothing else, and like most people, many of his ideas I totally agree with, and some I don't. That is my right as a natural born citizen of the U.S. Naturally, as any half-way intelligent person should do, I discern.

I discerns from what I consider to be the three elements of what I call the "Farrakhan Formula."

The Farrakhan Formula is the systematic analysis of determining what to take and what to discard, and also what to really think and feel about the ideas of the Minister and the man. There are, as I've mentioned, three elements to this formula. The three elements to the formula are:

- 1) what I, as an intelligent youth think to be the truth;
- 2) what I think is Minister Farrakhan's personal opinion, and;
- 3) my opinion based off of historical fact as it compares to the ideas of Minister Farrakhan.

As you can see, this formula is derived from the concept and idea that we all — especially black youth entering the 90s — must think for ourselves. This also comes from the ideal that we as black people must be in a constant attempt to think not with our emotions, but with our reason and logic.

I know that in this time of the resurgence of facism in America, it's hard to mentally turn away the fiery prose and spellbinding oratory of a man as dynamic as Minister Farrakhan. And I'm not saying we should, but again, we must discern.

We can't just blindly believe and live by the ideas of a great leader that is

Farrakhan Formula makes it add up

saying what we think we want to and ought to hear. That is dangerous. In fact, that is more dangerous than the most organized system of beauracratism, institutionalized racism imaginable, or a bigot with a rifle. And it could conceivably bring about a spiritual and psychological death in our people that would be more slow and torturous than a rot canal in the dentist's chair. And again, I admonish you all as my people that I love, just to do one thing — discern. Use this formula which I have given you as your chief tool in your personal process of discernment.

Now, I know that everyone at this point is probably asking, what do I mean?

For instance, we all remember Minister Farrakhan's visit to our campus in February. We all also remember the many subjects on which he spoke, oftentimes shedding new light on them, and oftentimes — get ready for this word y'all — deceiving.

Yes, that's right. Deceiving.] but before you all judge me, as the Minister likes to say, listen to me, as we so vigorously and intently listened to him that night.

Fair enough? Thank you.

Now I know that the Minister believes that knowledge has always served as the chief weapon of mankind along with and second only to the human mind, and with the Minister probably being one of the greatest learners of our time, I'm sure he would commend me for the learning process that I'm about to kick to my people. Her we go!

You all remember w hen the Minister referred to deposed Panamanian dictator Manuel Noriega as President Bush's "student" and implied that we had no right to invade Panama the way we did. And that it (the invasion) was just another component of the white man's conspiracy of genocide against the colored peoples of the world?

You see, here, the Minister made it appear as though the U.S. had no factual basis for the invasion whatsoever. Never mind the fact that the U.S. Justice Department had confiscated receipts of trips and indirect hotel bills that pointed to the fact that Mr. Noriega had personally done business with some of South America's biggest drug dealers. And that the U.S. also recovered receipts of phone bills that showed that the Colonel had also talked to these people and been in contact with them for extended periods of time.

The Minister also made it appear as though a Panama Canal Treaty doesn't exist and that this treaty and its expiration in 1999 had nothing to do with our decision to invade. for space and time purposes, I won't get into the history and logistics of this treaty and U.S. intentions as such. but I do challenge you as black youths to go to the library and look up the history of the Panama Canal, the country of Panama, and the history of relations between the U.S. and Panama. When you have completed this project, you should have a more educated point of view concerning

this issue. I'm not trying to make the U.S.intentions toward Panama and Mr. Noriega seem lily-white, because they most certainly aren't. but I am trying to illustrate to you all that there is just simply more to the picture of U.S. world relations here than Minister Farrakhan presents.

Another grave instance where we must apply the Farrakhan formula is when the Minister makes colonel Moamar Kadafi of Lybia out to be a poor little colored dictator of the world that the U.S. bombed because we simply had nothing better to do.

Colonel Kadafi is a legally proven, admitted world terrorist. never mind the fact that the U.S. government had proven Mr. Kadafi to have had a part in the bombing of a Berlin disco club where American soldiers were killed in 1985 or his part in the Rome airport massacre the previous year. And his famous line of death policy concerning the Gulf of Sidra in 1986 where he said that any U.S. sips conducting maneuvers of any kind past a certain longitude would be fired upon, and consequently were fired upon fist. He also painted the picture that both of these invasions were "failed assassination attempts."

Wrong! think about it people, (using the formula) no logically, what good would Gen. Noriega be to the U.S. dead? And for what logical reason would we outright murder col. Kadafi in such a blatant and public fashion? did you all know that our scanning equipment and radar equipment that we have in our fighter planes is so advanced that it could dictate and differentiate the landing of a bomb in one room from another from at least 80,000 feet? And did you all also know that when Minister Farrakhan started the NOI in 1968 his first \$5 million loan came from guess who?

colonel Moamar Kadafi.

No, my brothers and sisters, I hope that I have shown you as clearly as possible through these facts and challenges how to use the Farrakhan Formula in not only listening to the message of the Minister, but in listening to any type of propaganda that is passed forward to you as a member of the American public today. We must discern for ourselves and o this through he constant reach for knowledge. We might want to ask ourselves, do we really need to wear African medallions and preach about Mandela when not even half of us know anything about our mother land besides its shape? Let alone any tangible history of the African national congress, the wars that brought white rule in south Africa about, and the laws that created apartheid?

We might want to ask ourselves if holding a whole race of Jewish people accountable for the way a few of them at Metro-Golwyn_Mayer, Paramount and Columbia have portrayed us in the media down through the years is right, fair or logical?

Instead of becoming so engulfed in reactionary hate of whites and Jews for past and current injustices, might it be better to find brothers and sisters in

other races to help our causes so we can all be As One? Because in the final analysis, America is becoming one big, fat, greedy house of divided cards with the Europeans and the Japanese waiting for the house to fall so they can move in and collect the highest numbers. We don't help this cause by our segregationist mentality sometimes, and we sure don't help this problem by blindly taking the oratory of leaders who in many ways preach racial separatism and not taking the time to discern for ourselves what the truth really ism might be and could be.

I beg] of you at this crucial hour my brothers and sisters, we need to build confidence in one another because we need each other, and America needs us, too.

We all must band together and save this dying country in which we live, because if you think this Caucasian government is and has been racist, what do you think a government of the "Rising Sun" would be like or a "Queen's Parliament of America?" dig?

[This must not happen and it doesn't have to if we use this formula in the attaining of knowledge and thinking for ourselves. we must make the commitment to not be fools that don't delight in any real truth or understanding but in only expressing our premature opinions, but wise people that love knowledge and listen objectively to opinion and evidence.

Mary Mcleod Bethune says in her last will and testament to her people, "I leave you thirst for education. Knowledge is the prime need of the Hour. I leave you respect for the uses of power. Power, intelligently directed, can lead to more freedom. I leave you the challenge of developing confidence in one another. This kind of confidence will aid the economic rise of a race by bringing together pennies and dollars of our people and ploughing them into useful channels."

If I were to die tomorrow, I would leave you as my people the three step formula I have outlined above as my gift to leave behind to the world. I suppose, naturally, instead of calling it the "Farrakhan Formula," it would be renamed the "Frank Formula." but since I don't plan on meeting my maker for a while at least, I assume you all have gotten my message. At this time, I challenge each and every one of you to use this formula in your every day lives so that we may live together as brothers and not perish together as fools.

You a cartoonist?

Well, well, let's talk biz... the uR-I is looking for regular comics for next year. If you're cool enough, call next year's editor Angie Carozzo at 353-0081.



Dr. Andrew Barclay

All of your questions are hard on the good doctor

Once again, I have so many letters, I am going to condense them a little by cutting off the funny portions so they don't threaten me. You won't have a chance to laugh at them but I just wanted the letter-writers to know that I laughed. Thanks for writing.

My first letter came from a young man who asked, among other things, if I was worried about AIDS and did I have any suggestions about how to deal with today's higher-risk sex. Of course, Dr. Sex doesn't worry about AIDS because he's old and doesn't get any, besides the fact that his bad attitude turns off most modern women.

What most interests me is that the threat of AIDS coincided with the onset of extreme government controls on our behavior. In a time when sexual creativity

could have provided an outlet for a lot of anxiety about life in general, the threat of AIDS put a lock on this form of recreation. I attribute the incredible rise in homophobia, anti-pornography, and anti-life forces (who naturally refer to themselves as being "Pro-life") in general to the anxiety-hysteria associated with a frightening disease which may well have originated with a virus escaping from government genetic engineering laboratories. I mean, seriously, doesn't it seem an interesting coincidence that a virus which attacks heterosexuals in Africa somehow winds up killing homosexuals and needle-users in North America, populations which the government wants to eliminate? Up, Old Doc is being paranoid again, isn't he??

When we observe the history of this disease in North America, we see that the initial government projections which were "leaked" to the media were widely inflated. These original numbers would have had all of us dead by now, but instead, we have had very high attrition rates among homosexuals and needle-users with some crossover into the heterosexual population, mostly due, in my opinion, to heterosexuals having sex with needle-using prostitutes. AIDS is slowly spreading into the straight population but at nowhere near the rates which were projected earlier. Again, ask yourself if this doesn't look like a classic government propaganda campaign to scare people straight, what does it look like?

I don't mean to imply that AIDS is not a threat to anyone whose behavior puts them at risk. If I were gay, I can assure you I would have been in a relatively monogamous relationship for a long time now. Unfortunately, some gay men give new meaning to the term "promiscuous." I have seen data in which some men report having as many as 1500 different sexual contacts in a year. Worried about being promiscuous? Have you had **five different sexual contacts a day for the last year??** If you have slept with three or four different people in the last six months, you're not really promiscuous although you are "at risk."

Before entering into a more intimate relationship, it is a matter of proper sexual etiquette to discuss one's background with prospective partners. I strongly recommend eliminating partners who shoot up, regardless of how attractive they may seem to you. Not to ruin anyone's business, but I also recommend avoiding sex for pay because many pros use the money from their profession to finance their drug habits. Sexually promiscuous needle-users are about your most dangerous contacts, and so by avoiding them, then you have significantly reduced your degree of risk.

Second, if I were a woman, I would not be interested in having a relationship with a bisexual man who is also highly involved with gay men. Trying to "rescue" such an individual from his gay life is not real smart these days. Choosing the young, virgin male and debasing him, possibly sexually abusing him, represents the best and safest good time a woman can find these days. Choosing men 16 or older is most important because you could be charged with statutory rape and that's much worse than dying of AIDS, believe me. When you are dead, you're dead but when you're life has been ruined, you have to live with it, get my drift?

Just remember, men, the condom was invented by Cassanova and let that be a lesson to you. Most men do not know how to put on a condom which is why they are not as popular as going bareback and taking your chances. When rolled onto the penis as an integral part of foreplay, though, they can be a lot of fun. Try using a colored condom for a change. Bright red or day-glo yellow condoms are really attractive when worn; although my color advisors inform me that the most widely-sold color throughout the world is black. What do you make of that?

To my friend Matt: It depends what constitutes an orgy. We discovered that the best way to start is to go to Builder's Square and buy a large plastic drop-cloth which you place over the living room carpet. Then get all your friends naked on this cloth and smear yourselves (and each

other) with large quantities of Mazola Oil. Hence the name, "Mazola" Party. See what happens and report back to us so maybe more of us can try it.

There's only one thing: For this first get-together, there has to be a rule of No Penetration because you really don't know each other yet. You may have to have a complete rubber section, if you get my drift, rubber gloves, rubber bras, the whole works, and after you get going: **Send the uR-l some invitations, they're such a homey lot, they probably won't be able to get an issue out that week and we'll all benefit.**

(I have to print this one in it's entirety, sorry)

Dear Dr. Sex: Are you as real as Dr. Ruth.

—Curious
Dear Curious:
Reader! I'm actually me!

One last worry before I take off for summer break. It seems very clear from the experimental evidence that male sex perpetrators were victims from the generation before, i.e. in their childhoods. Child molestation, either violent or sexual, thus has to be "seeded," so to speak, in the soil of the previous generation. It is too late to save the next generation even though we know.

One way might be through an education program similar to what has been done through the Surgeon-General's Office or the Michigan Department of Public Health for AIDS. Educate the children about how to deal with inappropriate behavior from adults. Kids love to play weird games when THEY'RE in control.

It would make a great science-fiction move. Hey, maybe Jim Cash reads this column. I would love to write a borderline dirty movie along the lines of *Desperately Seeking Susan* or *Blue Velvet* about a time in society when kids are making the adults play very odd sexual games because they are in control and it turns out to be *Leave It to Beaver*, do you know what I mean??



the Provocateur

Greetings, blister-lickers and otherwise unsavory readers, it's your old pal, the ole Provoc, your weekly bite-in-the-ass, and contrary-to-popular-lore real groovy dood, back for another run at that windmill I call your mind (some would call it a vacuum but I stuck up for you guys — I explained that a vacuum can't exist when there's so much dust floating in yer bean).

What an intro, eh? But enough of my soliloquy, take this second to last Provoc of the year...

A bloke told me the other day that he hasn't understood the Provoc for the last couple weeks. Fact is, he implied I was goin' down hill. Well,...

Why do you read this lousy crap?

After the gent recovered from a strategically placed uppercut (you can make fellahs pass out with a good shot when you're only three feet tall), I explained to him that these are difficult times, what with Bush considering making ketchup a vegetable again and all, and I need some more good meals to keep that sharp — yet developing — brain going. So...

If you want to dine and whine with moi, call 517-HAT-EYOU to make reservations.

Bring your own bib.

Speaking of bibs, and bib overalls worn by folk who build things (*what a great extended segue into this next item!* — ed.), not that there's anything wrong with it, but it seems ironic to my five-year-old mind that the Save the Rainforest shanty is made of wood.

So, OK, hippies, I guess it's not Brazilian wood...what is it, Norwegian?

And isn't it good?

PROVOC FACIST FUN FACT: Another update on what my brother tells me is the ever-degenerating party scene in East Lansing!

Seems the city and liquor store owners reached a "voluntary" agreement that store owners would inform the rollers when a lot of brew was heading to one location.

Good to know that even in your own home you can have maximum police attention — unless, of course, a *real* crime is being committed in your crib.

PLEASE! PLEASE!! PLEASE!!! SAVE THESE CRAZY COLLEGE KIDS FROM THEMSELVES!!!! PRESERVE THIS WONDERFUL PARADISE UNTIL I COME TO MSU!!!!!!

use force if necessary...

Hey, what about those crazy, goofy, zany Greeks? They sure are nice to those less privileged than themselves (like anyone who doesn't own Exxon preferred), ain't they?

Yep, sure was nice of them to steal all that Special Olympics money so the handicapped kids wouldn't be tempted to use it for anything that might hurt them.

Oh, but that was one individual who did that — and Greeks are all individuals (who got together in stratified little cliques to emphasize their individuality as a group).

My apologies, I almost forgot...

Since it would be too difficult for me to get pictures of every one of you mucus lovers who read this weakly reader, don't forget to nominate your own geek this week for our big GEEK OF THE YEAR wrap-up.

OUT and ABOUT

EAST LANSING

Abrams Planetarium

1-3 June: Hubble Space Telescope

B'Zar

30 May Gone Dog with Day Glo Orange
B'Zar will not be hosting bands over the summer

Connxtions Comedy Club

30 May-2 June: Malone and Noochies

Festival Stage

30 May: Jazz Band II

Green Door

30 May-3 June: Uptown Band
4: Blue Avenue Delegates
5: Capitol City Band
6-10: Uptown Band

Hart Recital Hall

31 May: Clarinet avant garde music

Kellogg Center Auditorium

3 June: Renaissance Singers

Kresge Art Center

now-3 June: the Undergraduate Exhibition

Lightfantastic Gallery

now- : photographs by Ann Lovett

MSU Union

1 June: Noontimes School of Music Jazz Blues Combo

Music Building Auditorium

30 May: MSU Suzuki program spring concert

Rick's

30 May: The Civilians
31 : The Urbations

Riverwalk Theatre

now-3 June: The Fantasticks

Silver Dollar Saloon

now-3 June: Syndicate

Small Planet

30 May: Electric Rain
31: Born Naked

Wharton Center

30: Glee Clubs/Collegiate & Chamber Choirs
2 June: Evening with the Master. MSU Symphony Orchestra

ANN ARBOR

The Ark

30 May: open stage
31: Holly Near with John Bucchino
1-10 June Friday-Sunday & Tuesday-Sunday:
Old Home Week

Bird of Paradise

30 May-3 June: Ron Brooks Trio
4: Clark & Reed Jam Session (jazz musicians welcome)
5: 2-5-1 Orchestra
6: Keller & Kocher Quartet
7-11: The Ron Brooks Trio

Club Heidelberg

30 May: Just Say No, Scruffy Tearaways, and Forced Anger

Eat Cheap!

All U Can Eat Coneys
\$2.49 w/ Pop Purchase.
Tuesday Noon to 9pm.
Delivery 332-2381

Delivery Menu

Hot Dog.....	\$.90
Coney Dog.....	\$1.40
Kraut Dog.....	\$1.40
Loose Burger.....	\$1.40
Corn Dog.....	\$1.00
1/4 lb. Hamburger.....	\$1.40
1/4 lb. Cheeseburger.....	\$1.60
Chili Cheeseburger.....	\$1.90
Olive Burger.....	\$1.75
Onion Rings.....	\$1.75
Fish Sandwich.....	\$2.25
Chicken Sandwich.....	\$1.75
small platter	
French Fries.....	\$.75.....\$1.25
Chili Fries.....	\$1.25.....\$1.75
Cheese Fries.....	\$1.25.....\$1.75
Chili Cheese Fries.....	\$1.75.....\$2.25

Top Dog



213 Grand River Ave.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard Lounge

1-2 June: Inside Out

The Majestic

2 June: in the upstairs Garden Bowl — Allison's Ghost with Red C
9: Kim Pensyl Quartet

The Ritz

8 June: The London Quire Boys

St. Andrews

1 June: House of Love
2: See Dick Run
6: The Aquanettas

Sully's

31 May: Katie Webster
2: Regular Boys



Bagel Frager® Deli

This Week's Question:

MSU's prez and Board of Trustees spend thousands of university \$\$\$ on travel. How does that hit you?

- I hope they get frequent flyer mileage
- they should pay for their travel
- It's only fair that they get reimbursed for their trips
- Aren't those the dudes that hired George?

1/4 lb. Turkey

Sandwich,
fragel,
medium pop, and
bagel chips

\$3.85

exp. June 5, 1990

2 Fragels, &

Small
Regular Coffee
\$1.00

exp. June 5, 1990

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Reviews

B.B. lets the good times roll through East Lansing

B.B. King
Live in East Lansing

BY ROBIN RANK
UR-I MUSIC CORRESPONDENT

Love blew into town last Wednesday as the legendary **B.B. King**, the popular **Kinsey Report** and new-comer **Joanna Conner** put on a butt-kickin', knee slappin' blues benefit for the homeless of Lansing at the MSU Auditorium.

The four-hour blues bonanza commenced with an energetic performance from Texan vocalist/guitarist, Joanna Conner. Her rich, resonant vocals and guitar pickin' proficiency definitely caught the audience off guard. What can be said? The girl threw down.

Next up was The Kinsey Report,

featuring **Big Daddy Kinsey** and an unidentified (but very hip) skinny guy in suit and hat on harmonica. Clearly the highlight of their performance was Big Daddy's pelvis breaking version of the King's "Rock Me, Baby" and the low-down dirty classic "I'm a Man." Was it pumpin'? It was pumpin', baby.

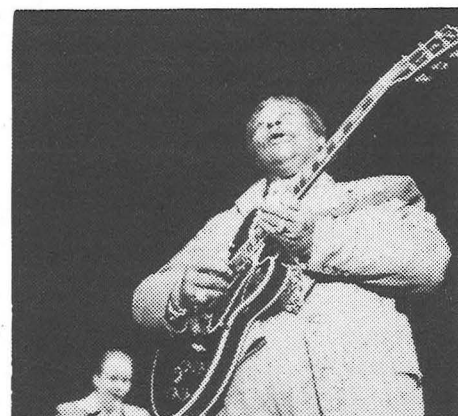
And it kept on pumpin' as B.B. King's band took the stage and turned the house out with some tight, up-tempo jazz. The 8-man ensemble included 2 trumpeters, a saxophonist, a cellist, an incredible bassist, a guitarist (no, really?) an organist and, of course, a percussionist. They wowed the crowd with dynamic solos and a masterful collective performance that proved them to be of the highest, most jammin' caliber for the King.

Then B.B. hit the spotlight and set off the first of many standing ovations

he would draw from the audience. He assumed full command as he pounded out old-time favorites like "Let the Good Times Roll" and "Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do". About 50 dancin' fools flooded up front and grooved and moved (and then grooved again) before they were stifled by several red-shirted security freaks. (The Fun Patrol moves onto campus?)

After about the 10th ovation, the big man chilled a bit. He and Lucille (his guitar) dominated a seat center stage and began tellin' stories of women, gamblin' and cheatin'. He skillfully wove a medley of his greatest tunes into his storytellin' like "Rock Me, Baby" and "The Thrill is Gone". This brought on yet another roar of "more" from the people.

B.B. King ended the charitable event with an explosive encore of

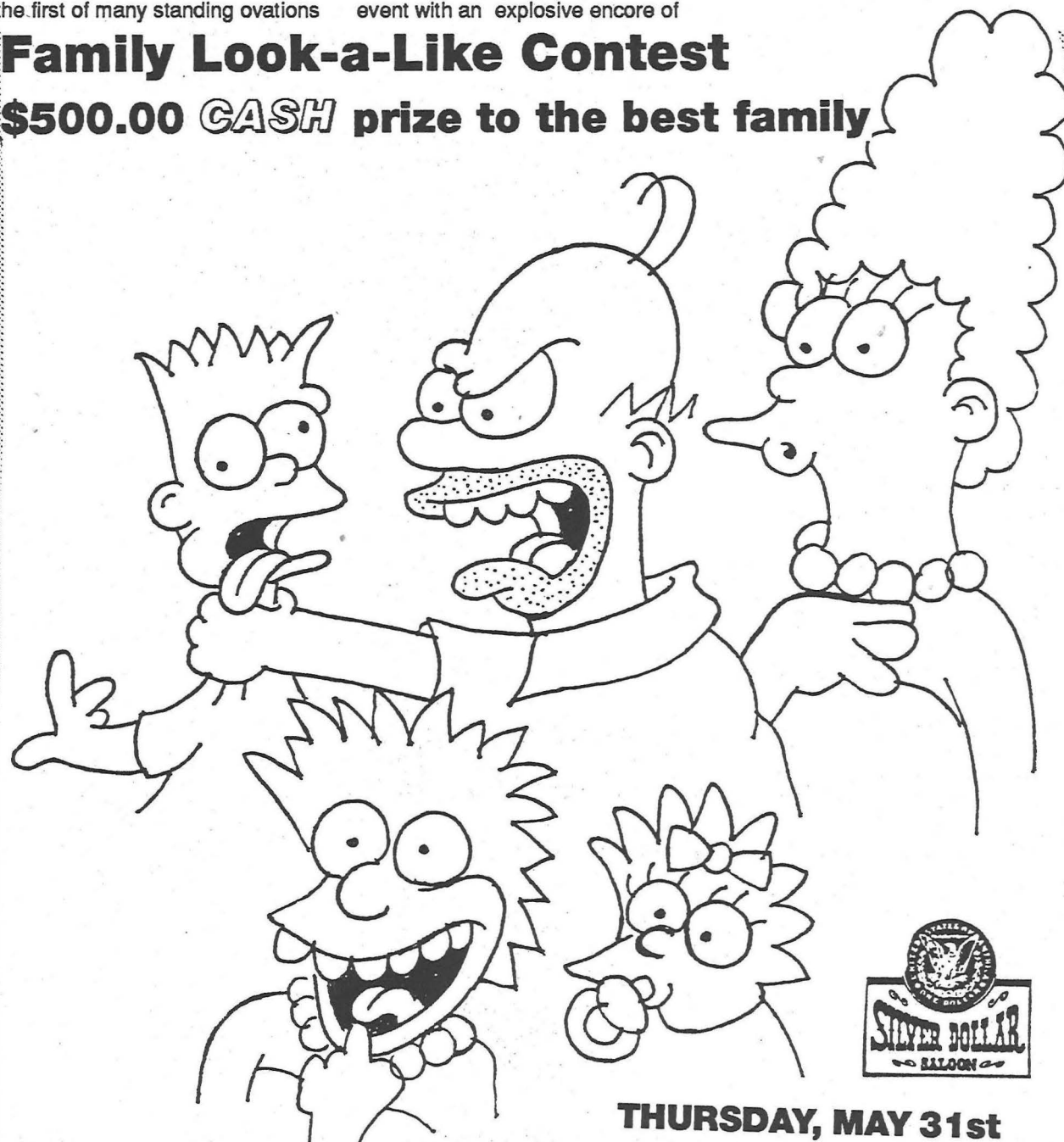


ur-I photo/FREDDY SPADAFORA

"When Love Comes to Town". Then he left. But hopefully some of the love and the hope and the money he brought will stay for a while. Of course we'd rather B.B. King stayed for a while.

Family Look-a-Like Contest

\$500.00 CASH prize to the best family



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Entertainment

Branford Marsalis makes waves of his own

BY ERIN O'CONNOR
URI MUSIC
CORRESPONDENT

Jazz saxophonist **Branford Marsalis** is stretched out on a chair, eyes closed, listening intently to one of his albums. At one point in the music, he shakes his head and swears with passion.

"I remember wanting to say that exact word while recording the song," he laments. I, of course, have not heard a flaw in his elaborate jazz riff. "Only a real jazz expert would notice," he says with a slow, handsome grin.

Branford, 29, clad in sweats and a Mets baseball cap, doesn't look like a perfectionist. But his virtuosity is evident when he plays his saxophone, and he is doing just that with his band on a worldwide tour.

Perhaps best known for his years as pop singer, **Sting's** main sax man, Branford is now gaining recognition as a versatile artist. He has appeared in three movies, played with jazz musicians like **Sonny Rollins** and **Miles Davis** and shows no signs of limiting himself to any one undertaking. For now, he is concentrating on the successes of his band, a quartet including drummer **Jeff Watts**, bassist **Robert Hurst** and pianist **Kenny Kirkland**.

The lustrous notes flowing from the stereo speakers are almost an extension of Branford's voice, with an individuality and vibrancy that earns the admiration of music lovers and the respect of jazz masters.

It evokes breathtaking, provocative and despairing images in the mind's eye. But to the man creating that audible fantasy, it is just cold, harsh intellect.

"Notes, notes and more musical notes. That's what runs through my mind," Branford says. "There are so

many potential improvisational note combinations, I don't think of anything or anyone."

The eldest of six sons of **Ellis Marsalis**, a prestigious jazz pianist of New Orleans, Branford's natural talent as a musician has always been nurtured. But while growing up, he often found himself in the shadow of his younger brother, **Wynton**, now an accomplished jazz trumpeter.

Although Branford has achieved fame of his own, he says he has always been identified by his relation to **Wynton**, a staunch jazz purist.

"A lot of times people say, 'Oh Yeah, you're Wynton's brother,' or many times they even think I'm his younger brother," says Branford. "I don't think that identity has changed much, but it really doesn't bother me."

Branford has recorded and released five jazz albums, *Scenes in the City*, *Royal Garden Blues*, *Renaissance*, *Random Abstract*, and his latest, *Trio Jeepy*. He laughs as he tells the story behind the credits listed on the jackets of the last three albums. His toddler son, **Reese**, is named as an additional technical assistant on the albums in jest.

"My brother **Delfeayo**, who pro-

duces my records, and I have a long-standing joke," says Branford. "People who read the credits believe them like the Bible. Jazz musicians have always had this serious image, but they really act crazy. We're just making fun of that serious image by doing stupid things."

Branford has appeared in the movies, *Throw Momma From the Train* with **Billy Crystal** and **Danny DeVito**, *School Daze* with **Spike Lee**, and with **Sting** in the documentary film, *Bring on the Night*.

"I don't want to be like **Elvis** in the movies—I don't want to have to sing, dance or play the sax to justify my being in them," he says.

Contrary to what fans may think, Branford says he wasn't put on this earth to be a star or servant to the public.

"Generally, people in this country who are the most successful will always find a way to say the exact thing the public wants to hear," he says. "If people ask my true opinion, they'll get it."

Branford's wisecracking humor is often snide, and burns those who wander into his verbal line of fire. He has no qualms about telling people,

including interviewers, what he thinks. He won't hesitate to interject obscenities as tools for emphasis.

"If I think that someone asked me a stupid question, I'll tell him, 'Hey, that was a really damned daft question,'" he says. And he'll kindly select a better one to ask.

A zealous sports fan, Branford says the only thing that parallels his enjoyment of music is sports. However, a knee injury has kept him a 'frustrated jock' until last year's surgery.

But his intrinsic love for serious competi-

tion never wavers.

"Every now and then music makes me feel like athletics, but not very often," Branford says. "It's a high I get, when I'm running, when I'm playing. It's the ultimate in concentration."

If Branford could be anything his heart desires, he'd be a quarterback for the New York Jets or an outfielder for the New York Mets.

Branford's dreams are not limited to athletics though.

"I want to not only uphold their traditions, but to try to become as good as or better than **John Coltrane**, **Charlie Parker** and **Sonny Rollins**, even though it's impossible," he says.

He has been touring off and on, but mostly on, for ten years. During breaks in his current tour, Branford goes home to his wife and son in Brooklyn.

One thing never fails when he's home, Branford says with a culpable smile; four-year-old **Reese** adopts those colorful, obscene expressions his dad so loves to use.

Branford Marsalis will perform at Hart Plaza's Amphitheatre in Detroit on Sept. 1, and the Grand Hotel's Tea Garden on Mackinac Island on Sept. 2.



Hang on, kids...even more Entertainment is inside! Keep on readin'