

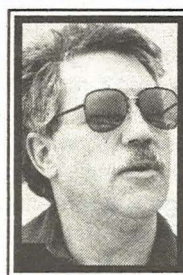
Yo! We're back and bladder than ever, you piss ants...



20
September
1990

Vol. II
No. 1

*MSU's alternative
and truly
independent voice*



What's shakin' :

unzip your, er, lip
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MSU Brew-haha

Police use old law in new campaign

By M.L.
ELRICK
uR-I SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENT

More than half a century ago, Prohibition-era police in big cities began using a new state statute to raid underground clubs, blind pigs and speakeasies where the key to the door was often a password whispered in smokey rooms by close acquaintances.

Today, police in some college towns are using that same law — now 57 years old — to break up large student parties where \$2 or \$3

opens the door to all the beer you can drink.

Last spring's arraignment of 20-year-old MSU student Bron



ELPD clears a student from MSU kicker John Langeloh's post-football party Oct. 21. He was one of several people arrested and charged for operating a blind pig.

Hedman was the ninth time in the 1989-90 school year that a student had been charged for a

See OLD LAW, p. 10

dents are angered by the under-cover operations.

"I think for police to treat students like criminals before

anything happens (at the party), to go in hunting for them, is wrong," says packaging major Greg

See NOPE, p. 2

By TIM
SILVERTHORN
uR-I MANAGING
EDITOR

The beer stops here. Students are irate that the under-cover blind pig operations that rolled large parties to a halt last year will continue this fall.

"Any opportunity we have to identify such activities will be utilized, and that's (the under-cover operations) pretty much the only way we have," said Tom Dority, East Lansing city manager.

However, some stu-

Check out THE SECOND FRONT PAGE for the skinny on the history of the Blind Pig law...quite illuminating, mon

From NOPE, p. 1

Fomasiero.

"With the problem we have with people selling drugs all over campus, I don't think selling alcohol is as serious a problem," he added.

"They don't need to come in here undercover," said business major Heather Van Dam, who lives on Charles Street, one of the primary areas targeted for enforcement.

"Our house is private."

Dority said the operations are justified by rampant underage drinking and large, often violent parties.

"Last October, at the party where blind pig violations were issued at a house on Spartan Street, there were people all over the streets and complaints from several blocks away," Dority said.

"There's nothing wrong with parties — in a college town you expect that — but when you get 400, 500 students, it gets out of hand," Capt. Richard Murray said.

Dority also said that students attending blind pigs can receive a misdemeanor attendance ticket, though no such citations were given out last year.

"If people were to obstruct or give officers trouble, those individuals would certainly be particularly vulnerable," Dority said.

Fomasiero said that although it's ridiculous for people to go around having parties and not know who's coming in, people should still pretty much be able to do what they want. He also said that he wasn't sure that the felony charge is appropriate to the crime.

Said Van Dam: "We're college students. These are our last fun days — we're not hurting anybody."

"What the hell else are we supposed to do; we're bored," said Leisa Thompson, an interdisciplinary humanities major.

"My life has been hell for the last few months," said Amy Allen, a 23-year-old from Grand Blanc who spent time in jail on a blind pig conviction this summer after graduating from MSU.

Allen said that enforcement of the statute means a whole new ballgame in East Lansing.

"I don't think partying in general is going to decrease, but I think people are going to think twice before holding a big bash that they charge money for," she said. "There's not going to be any more of this good old-fashioned charging at the door stuff like there used to be."

Police Chief Tom Hendricks was unavailable for comment on the undercover operations or violence at the parties.

Doods!

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Police clear students from Cedar Village Oct. 14. The following weekend, the first blind pig arrests were made. uR-I photo/MATTHEW GOEBEL

Blind pig law is gone, but not forgotten — and now back again

By GREG GILLESPIE
AND M.L. ELRICK
uR-I CORRESPONDENTS

From Prohibition's roots, the blind pig statute has come a long way.

Originally used with laws designed to halt the illegal liquor trade across the Detroit River, the statute has been brought out of the closet to prosecute students in college towns.

When the statute was passed, it is almost certain that legislators didn't envision its use against college students. Rather, the blind pig law was the offspring of Prohibition, brought about in Michigan in 1918 by a combination of a growing nationwide temperance movement and the influence of tea-totaller Henry Ford. Michigan was the first state to ban all production and sale of liquor.

Two years later, the Prohibition

Act became the 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

A proponent of Prohibition, Ford was worried that thousands of immigrant workers flooding into Detroit would fall prey to the demons of tobacco and liquor. He formed a Department of Sociology within the Ford Motor Company to check his employees' homes and awarded bonuses for clean living.

However, the "noble experiment" backfired. Rum-running across the Detroit river became rampant and hundreds of saloons, coined blind pigs and speakeasies, sprung up throughout the city of Detroit. The illegal liquor trade employed an estimated 50,000 people in Michigan alone, making it one of the state's largest employers — second only to Ford Motor Company.

This caused a dramatic about-face. Prohibitionists who actively campaigned for the law were now

calling for its repeal. By the late 1920s, organized crime had moved into Detroit and was contributing to the lawlessness and corruption already tearing the city apart.

Detroit's notorious Purple Gang was the first mob to move into the illegal liquor trade. Led by the Bernstein brothers, they murdered and bribed their way to being nearly the exclusive supplier of illegal liquor. They were eventually overthrown by the Black Hand, a group of Sicilian immigrants linked to Mafia families in Chicago and New York.

Ironically, Michigan, the first state to enact Prohibition, in 1933 became the first state to repeal it. Repeal proponents said that legalizing the liquor industry would pull the country out of the 1929 Depression. Legitimate saloons reopened, and the most popular song of the times became "Happy Days Are Here Again."

The Purple Gang and Black Hand moved on to a deserted spot in Nevada — which eventually rose from the dust to be crowned Las Vegas — and President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's country thought that the days of blind pigs were a thing of the past.

For decades, they were in fact right. But as police in college towns sought to control the excesses of the 60s and 70s, the blind pig law made a comeback.

In the 1980's, Kalamazoo and Mt. Pleasant police began to crack down on their respective Lafayette Street and End of the World parties, with some success. Until recently, though, East Lansing's semi-annual Cedarfest remained a blight in the college town of more than 53,000.

Enter the blind pig statute.

To wipe out the party, city ordinances were passed and police patrols beefed up. Last fall, after a one-year Cedarfest lull, East Lansing and state police staged a massive mobilization to prevent a recurrence of the destruction and violence which caused about \$5,000 in damage when 3,000 people rampaged after the MSU-U of M football game.

Hoping to stop such mass partying, which often spills over into residential areas where loud noise, littering and trespassing have caused residents to complain, Ingham county prosecutors found — and East Lansing police invoked — the blind pig law.

Last spring, like in many college towns, large parties were conspicuously absent in East Lansing. Capt. Richard Murray says, in part due to city efforts to inform students that big parties will be broken up. Police are also using undercover officers to break up the big parties that do occur, he said.

Trombley said Mt. Pleasant has seen large-scale partying decrease, and students are accepting the philosophy that bigger is not better.

Kalamazoo has also seen partying fall off, and Dolfman said the Lafayette Street party is basically a thing of the past.

In Ann Arbor, partying "seems to be on the downturn — if not, at least it's controlled at an acceptable tolerance," Conn Said.

"I credit that with the students," he said.

However, all agreed partying would continue — even if on a smaller, more-controlled scale.

E.L. officials blind to reason — those pigs!

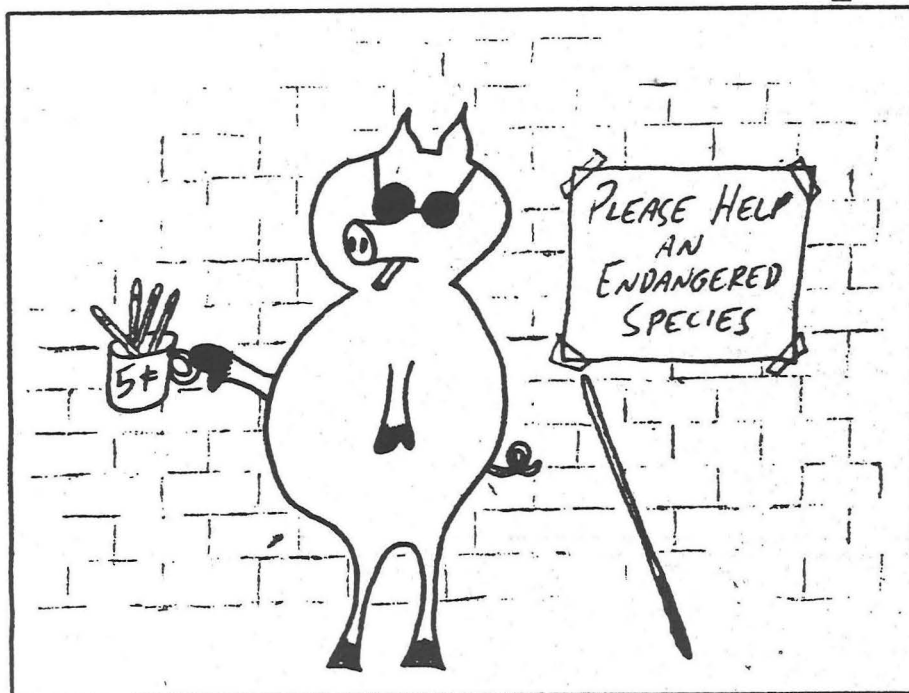
So, you want to have a party. Call some friends and tell them to invite some friends. You'll want to buy a keg for sixty bucks at the local party store and to defray the cost, of course you'll ask that parties pay 3 bucks to drink all they want. After all, you're putting your house up for grabs for a night—you shouldn't have to pay for beer too, right? Well, that all depends on whether you've

always wanted an all-expenses paid trip to Dewitt's fabulous 1,000 bar hotel, the Ingham County Sheratime. Oh, and don't forget your bail money.

Jail? Yes, that's the price several MSU students paid last school year for being the menaces to society that they were by hosting this type of party. Regular convict material, those two meek girls who visited Ingham County's most popular trade school this summer. One of them, Amy Allen, declined to be interviewed except to say that her life has been hell for the last few months. But wait, isn't hell for eternity? Well, had Allen wanted to even think about this nightmare anymore, undoubtedly she would have brought up the fact that this FELONY CONVICTION will follow her for the rest of her life. Well, maybe if it keeps her from getting a job, she can go into one of the many trades she may have learned informally at the house 'o doors.

Anyway, Amy didn't kill anybody for their gym shoes. Didn't steal from an old lady to feed her crack habit, either. Heck, there weren't even any fights at her party, nobody hurt. All Amy did was sell cups to undercover police at the door of her shin-dig. Clink.

The reasons that the East Lansing Police Department give for their undercover campaign to end blind pigs are that alcohol drivencrime and underage drinking have run rampant through



uR-I artwork/JACK WHEATLEY

town, largely as the result of large, uncontrollable pay-for-drink parties.

The first problem is that the ELPD hasn't established that violence is directly related to blind pigs in particular. What about other large parties where the beer is free? What law would cover those? Under the current laws, a peaceful blind pig would put students in jail while a violent party with free drinks....well, the 'ol wrist slap—unless you are a repeat nuisance, which is a \$1,000 fine and an extra hard wrist-slap.

Besides that, eyewitnesses report that at least three of the five or six parties broken up were peaceful, ordinary college parties. In fact, the only roughing around was reportedly done by the cops themselves. Is this starting to sound more and more like a war on peaceful, ordinary college parties, or what? While we're at it, maybe this is a good place to mention that the cops failed to return, say, a hundred zillion calls we made over the last three weeks while we were just trying to get their side of the story. Since when is E.L.Vice so flinchy? Since when is Chief Tom Hendricks only the public servant of people he wants to deal with? City manager Tom Dority painted a pretty gruesome picture of the E.L. party scene, though. Dority said that one party that was busted on Spartan Ave. actually had people standing in the

street. Book 'em, Dano.

Underage drinking? Are they serious? Dear Police: This summer students from Okemos and East Lansing High School held 200 to 500 person blind pigs practically EVERY NIGHT at a place called The Trestle. It is in East Lansing and if you didn't know about it, feel dumb—because you are. Or are you just interested in roaming around in your civis looking for an easy mark. These are felonies you're

handing out here, guys, so shouldn't you at least prioritize them?

Okay, back to the Editorial. Officials in East Lansing and elsewhere have admitted that the crack-down's primary effect is to make parties smaller and more numerous. Well, would they rather have drinking in a nice big social setting, or people sitting around alone in their rooms getting drunk. Because for one thing, large parties don't cause massive alcohol consumption—boredom does. Low self-esteem does. Stress does also. By stifling the only outlets available to young people for release of these pressures, officials are only perpetuating the problem. How about exploring positive alternatives to boredom, low self-esteem and stress? Hell, before, we were drunk and a little rambunctious, but now we're just listless, bored and stressed. Out of the bottle and into the gutter, so to speak.

But watch out, this just might be the year that the students take back this town. This is our campus. This is our city. Our numbers say so, our dollars say so and we will say so.

And to the people who file noise complaints on Saturday night from five blocks away from these parties—nobody made you buy a house in a college town, dipshit. Move someplace like Dewitt; rumour has it that there's plenty of peace and quiet there...especially in jail.

the university
Reporter-Intelligencer

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131 E. Wilson Hall, East
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managing editor
Tim Silverthorn

entertainment
editor
Mike Pfeifer

graphic artist
Raechel Bery

word processing
Malynda Little

chief artist
Steve Jablonoski

advisor
Dr. Stephen Lacy

editor emeritus
Ken Kesey

spiritual leader
Crispin "Hellion"
Glover

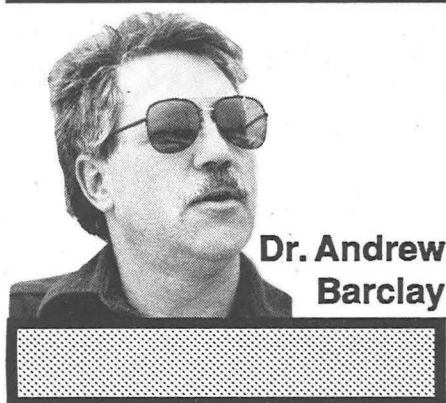
chief advertising
account executive:
Craig Davis

advertising
account execs:
Amy Hippensteel
Wendy Murray
Seok Chung
Aaron Kirby

design
Chauncey Bedrock

executive editor
Angie Carozzo

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So there.



Dr. Andrew
Barclay

Watch out for dr. sex's drool — he's back to school (wicki wicki wicki)

I always love coming back to school in the fall, maybe because it's football season and I get a chance to watch big guys knocking the crap out of each other. If I had been born in Roman times, I know I would have been a regular at teh Arena to watch the lions eat Christians or slaves trying to kill each other for a top spot by the Emperor's right hand. Of course, that's what football is really all about, isn't it, the chance to sit by George's right hand at the Awards Banquet and get your name in the paper. Nothing has changed all that much in 2,000 years, especially when it comes to men.

It is hard to believe that I have done 23 fall football seasons at MSU but I have. I was thinking the other day of all the tailgate parties I have

been to, how tanked up we used to get before a game, and how great football games used to look through the bleary haze that comes over the eyes after two or three six-packs. Watch any beer commercial and it is obvious that football and beer go together.

What really bums me out, though, is how beer has been replaced by steroids these days—real men don't tank up on beer before, during and after the game—they go to the gym and get huge. I understand the season ticket people are having to assign two seats per peson to some fraternities whose names I will not publish here since such illegal drug use would probably bring down a raid from that most dreaded police agency: East Lansing Vice. Way to go guys—go out there and get really HUGE>

But I digress. Twenty-three years of football and starting classes in the fall. When I first came here from the University of Minnesota (where I earned my Ph.D.), I was shocked by how warm it was in October. Shoot, by October at the U (as we called it) we already had 30 cm of snow and the temperatures were already pushing -8 at night. It wasn't until I had lived in Minnesota for a year that I realized there wasn't even one single tree between Minneapolis and the damned Arctic Circle. Those winds would come howling down Hennepin Avenue and across the bridge linking the East and West Bank campus. We have nothing like that here (Unless you are waiting for a bus on Michigan Avenue just east of the Capitol or standing outside the East IM waiting to pump up).

I was into science in a big way when I came here, especially the science of sex and aggression, because I had discovered as a Yale

undergrad that making people angry makes them more likely to engage in sex. None of my friends at Yale could understand why my dates always appeared to be so angry. Simple, I would always tell them the rotten things other women in their dorms had said about them. It was better than sending them flowers or a funny, huggy greeting card. Of course, they were pretty angry on the way home after the date too.

Be that as it may, I have always been into sex since I discovered it about the age of two (at least that's when I remember discovering it. My aunt says she met me when I was 14 months old..I laid my head in her lap and tried to hit on her). But let me be the first to point out that most men are like this, we discover sex early and spend the rest of our lives trying to figure out what the hell to do with it.

I don't know why, but since I was a youngster (I was going to say "small" but I don't like using that word in the same sentence with "I" or "me,") people always came up to me and began conversations having to do with sex or their sex problems so I figured: Hey, why not write a newspaper column or teach a class about the things that most interested me and that is when DR. SEX was born. For a while the ITV people even had a videotape that showed DR. SEX emerging full blown, as it were, from my head a lot like Athena coming out of the head of Zeus, but I think the Provost's Office made them burn it. Thank God in his, her, or it's miraculous wisdom for small favors.

Which leads me to one of several letters I recieved last year but couldn't answer because of a lack of space and time to wit:

Dear Dr. Sex,

What is it about my boyfriend that makes him fall asleep after we have sex? I love to talk or cuddle afterward and it seems like no sooner do I have an orgasm when he is out like a light. What can I do to keep him awake longer after we have made love?

— Dorrie

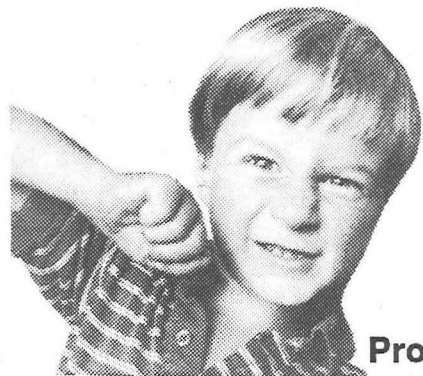
Dear Dorrie,

This happens because men's first orgasm during sex comes from tension held in their muscles. The orgasm releases the tension and, once the muscles are relaxed, it is easy to drop right off. Many men learn to fall asleep as a youth by masterbating to relieve the tensions of the day and it becomes a habit. Even when we are involved in a more serious relationship, this habit may persist.

Break the habit by rubbing his muscles (let him rub you too) to relax when you want to go to sleep. Save sex play for times when you are going to stay awake. Try doing it earlier in the day like first thing in the morning or a nooner. Many people find daytime sex energizing rather than enervating.

Interestingly enough, women's muscle tension often blocks an orgasm while men's enhances theirs...another interesting and often conflict-producing difference between the sexes. Actually, you are very lucky he stays awake long enough for you to have an orgasm yourself. Zzzzzz.

Questions for the good doc can be sent through campus mail to his office at 454 Baker, c/o Vickie and Cherl. Dr. Barclay's column shows up here each and every week during the term— and only in the UR-II!



the
Provocateur

Greetings, blister-lickers!

So you see it's a new year and I've already snuck mucus into a headline — it's going to be a great year, I can feel it in my diapers! But you missed the ole Provoc, didn't you? Without me watching and persecuting you, life was pretty dull, I'm sure. Enough of this snivelling, though; MSU's already not-won a football game and there's lots of George Perles bashing to be done, right brudder?

SO LET'S DO THE TIME WARPed AGAIN!

Which brings me to our first item...Yep, Rocky

Hocus Pocus...rhymes with mucus!

Horror Transvestite Show is about to be released on home video. Sounds good to me, let's keep all the weirdoes indoors, like, say, those geeks at The State We're-Really-An-Independent-Paper,-Really!-Ignore-The-MSU-Tax News.

Cheap shot you say? Not at nearly a half-million a year, it ain't, chuckleheads.

Good news, dudes! Forget the Ninja Turtles, Speed Racer is out on home video. Got my first cartoonal rise watching Trixie lube Speed's Mach 5. Vroom!

In case you missed it over the summer, tuition went up again. So what else is new? Definitely not DiB's hairdo....still looks like Granpa Munster to me. Don't even think about coming over and doing anything about it either, Drac, er, ah, Mr. President — I sleep in a garlic New Kids on the Block nightshirt. But if you wanna come over for some stake, just phone ahead, willya? Hey, who let that bat in!?!?

Hear about the shanties coming down? Apparently they were detracting from the beauty of Wells Hall.

Yeah, right. That's like Madonna detracting from the beauty of Sean "Glass Nose" Penn. Nice job in *Shanghai Surprise*, though.

What's with the Breslin Center anyway? First Diana Ross, then Milli Vanilli, next The New Kids?

I could kick Donnie's ass with one arm tied behind my back.

'Course, that's if I'm not strapped into my plane seat.

Hangin' tough (just like one of them dried up rock snots you always pull all your nose hairs out trying to pick).

Yeech.

Guess what my mom gave me for my birthday? A clue to her identity. Ouch.

At the end of newspaper stories we usually put the rough equivalent of a football player's IQ. We type "30."

Ok, so we estimated a bit on the high end...

For those who need permission to rock (We salute you)



Ralph Heibutzki

Live from Brixton...

BRIXTON, England — As I write this week, USA Today tells me that 12 states may pass laws which would require record companies to slap warning labels on their albums. Record covers in Arizona, Florida, and Missouri (to name three of the states) would carry yellow stickers, glowing like radioactive waste, warning you if little Johnny's idol enjoys straddling sheep and goats.

Now all you New Kids On The Block fans should sleep easier tonight!

Here in England, we all await what happens when rap's reigning gods, Public Enemy, play Brixton Academy tonight. For those unfamiliar with the area, Brixton is a heavily black district in south London whose image problems are comparable to Detroit's. I've seen four shows since I came over here, and I've never had any problems, but nobody's believed me—ever since I bought my ticket.

Here's what everyone's been telling me ever since:

A ticket agent down at the University of London: "Oh, man, you're going to Brixton? Better bring a knife!" (Whether he's ever been to Brixton, I'm not sure, but the only knife I could bring is from the hostel kitchen...and I doubt if that'll do me much good.)

My roommate, somewhere to the right of Genghis Khan: "Bring your gun. I heard on the radio there might be violence, and the tube station will probably be closed." (Of course, you've got a finance degree, and you support the Republican Party, which basically convinced voters last November that it's all right to electrocute and poison blacks, even while aid to the inner cities is non-existent, so what would YOU know, you pinstriped stormtrooper?)

The manager of my hostel: "I'd avoid that area if I were you, and I wouldn't bring my tape recorder there...it's going to be too heavy." (But the fact remains: I don't care if Charles Bronson's playing Brixton Academy and machine-gunning the audience, as long as I get a good quality bootleg tape out of the experience!)

A University of London co-worker: "I heard there'll be a big Jewish demonstration." (Fine. As long as I can step over their pickets and wave my ticket to get inside.)

After all this hysteria, I must ask myself, has the Ayatollah taken over Mrs. Thatcher's job from beyond the grave?

Still, Public Enemy have shot themselves in the foot lately. For those who don't know, here's a crash course. Public Enemy contain a notorious "Minister of Information" in their ranks, a mild-mannered fellow named Professor Griff. Last summer, he caused an uproar by telling a Washington Post reporter that Jews "were the source of wickedness in the world," and that Idi Amin "was a great leader." The group fired him, then reinstated him in a minor role, where he has since remained.

Unlike last year, when Public

Enemy played England, Professor Griff will be allowed into the country, so we can assume he's along for the ride. As the tour began this week in Birmingham (March 21), council authorities there tried gently "persuading" the club owner to call the show off. Manchester councilors attempted the same stunt.

The end result? well, as far as I know, Birmingham and Manchester are still standing, and we're all unscathed.

I've not seen this kind of hysteria since the Sex Pistols toured America. Whether it's in Arizona or Manchester, authorities overreact whenever a band says more than "Darlin', I love ya till the day I die." In England, this leads to ludicrous consequences. As part of a local government bill last year, Mrs. Thatcher's minions rammed Clause 28 through parliament, which prohibits councils from funding projects which "promote homosexuality." Is this done by passing out "BE GAY TODAY" leaflets? I would like to know!

When conniving career politicians decide what's good or bad for the rest of us, we slide down a slope from which no recovery is possible. Isn't it strange when paranoid ex-Communists actually trust their citizens a little more, while American and English political hacks trust us quite a bit less?

I don't like Professor Griff or what he purports to stand for, nor do I approve of Public Enemy's indecisive handling of him. But no council authority in Birmingham or Manchester should decide my right to see them. My own experience has taught me

that people instinctively fear what they don't understand, but reaching for the chastity belt will hardly solve our problems.

If those 12 state legislatures really wish to do more for American teenagers, as they claim, why not allow them such options as contraception, better education, and funding for local arts? The same Wednesday issue of USA Today tells me that an American child is five times more likely to die by violence than a European child.

This is a sad statistic, and somehow, I'm not sure that dayglo warning labels will dent it.

Meanwhile, I intend to go to Brixton Academy, and see what the fuss is all about. When I've seen shows there, I'm amazed at the scene: policemen every couple feet, metal barricades facing the front steps, an ambulance parked nearby, and a sign on the door: "ANYONE CAUGHT DEALING DRUGS TONIGHT WILL BE HANDED OVER TO THE POLICE."

Yet, I've seen no violence, no drugs (except pot) being dealt, and the ambulance driver has been left to peacefully ogle his favorite Page Three Girl.

Either Brixton's inhabitants are far more peaceable than anyone imagined, or else the police simply fear blacks more than they admit.

As for those unfortunate enough to live in Arizona, of Florida, or Missouri, I only say:

For those who need permission to rock...we salute you.



Deb Miller

About 20 assorted Michigan State University administrators, Department of Public Safety officials and grounds people must have had a good time the morning of June 12. They must have gotten up early. They must have eaten well-rounded breakfasts - the flavors further accentuated by their gleeful anticipation of the morning's agenda. Finally, they were going to get those radical disturbance-causing peace-mongering delinquent students who had been marring the pleasant

Shanty vet: Police need charm school!

beauty of the hallowed environs of the MSU campus.

Approximately seven a.m. of this portentous morning I was awakened to the sound of voices outside the CELA (Committee for Education on Latin America) shanty protesting military aid to El Salvador in which I had been sleeping. A disembodied arm reached through the blanket serving as a door to the shanty, ominously flourishing a silver DPS badge. A voice from beyond the blanket intoned, "Time to get up folks. Get your things packed up and come on out."

Groaning to myself incredulously, I rolled over for a more comfortable position and tried to go back to sleep. It had not been an easy night due to the necessity of constructing a makeshift roof during a sudden and steady rainfall. It was still drizzling and I now



had a cold and wanted my sleep. Besides, I had not had my breakfast. Our rather rude visitors had no sympathy for all of this as they began

knocking on the side of my temporary residence, and then audaciously pulled my blanket/door to one side.

See MILLER, p. 11

Scamming refined to a fine art



Sluggo

Most of this information was culled from my friend Ernie. He's not the same Ernie who was mentioned in *A Child's Garden of Grass*. But if you happen to find that book, perhaps in Special Collections, it is well worth the time to read it. Incidentally, Ernie now has a fabulous job with the state department in Lansing. He recycles those information booklets you can get from Pueblo, Colorado, changes and few names and dates, and then heads off to Lake Lansing for an afternoon siesta.

— Sluggo

I. REGISTRATION

(A) Expediency Classes—when ever possible, pick up an extra class during registration, especially if your parents pay or you are on an unlimited scholarship: this will help in drops and adds giving you better mobility and leverage. You also get a nice fat check from the University around the eighth week of class when you're almost totally broke.

(B) Closed Classes—you can get into closed classes. First beg the prof; tell him/her that you'll do anything to get in, say you'll sit on the floor if you have to. Once you get the add card, you'll never have to sit on the floor unless you always come late to class. Accompanying this strategy are several good excuses:

This is my last term...
I need this to graduate...
I might not be in school after this term due to...

(C) Reserved Classes—this is slightly more difficult. Say, for two terms you've wanted to get into a Management class, but the only sections left for Arts and Letters majors are at 6am twenty miles from campus. Between terms change your major to business, and then change back after you've gotten the class you want.

II. GOING TO CLASS

(A) Getting a 2.0—either go to class and never do the readings; or do all of the readings and never go to class.

(B) Getting a 3.0—don't miss any more than three class sessions, do

most of the readings by "academic roulette," ask the prof questions he can't answer satisfactorily, and go to office hours whether you need them or not.

(C) Getting a 4.0—love and breathe the fucking shit, but you'll never have any fun.

III. TAKING NOTES

Taking notes is probably the most integral part of your academic success. It is also probably the most time-consuming. The reason we take notes is really limited and highly questionable.

For many professors, notes are a self-gratifying thing. Notes give profs the illusion that they are writing their own little book, and with a captive audience, everyone is scurrying around to write it down and read it. Unfortunately, if these people had anything new to present they would have published a real book (see BOOKS). Many professors lecture straight out of the required course books. In this case, you don't have to write anything down, simply read the book. And then there are profs who like to fool you. These are the ones who lecture for 45 minutes and then say, "that was just for your enjoyment, you don't have to know it." Unless you are a dedicated sycophant, you've just wasted three-quarters of an hour when you could have been taking a nap.

You can nap and still get the valuable notes. Here's how:

METHOD I—Borrowing

At most institutions you can borrow notes from people. At cut-throat institutions like U of M, you cannot. For these readers, go on to methods II and III. To borrow notes, find a friendly face, use a flimsy excuse as to why you haven't been to class in three weeks and then run to the nearest copy machine.

METHOD II—Fat Chicks and Slimy Dudes

You haven't been to class all term and you're starting to get worried. You should be worried, but not frantic. Go to class early and sit next to the fattest chick or slimiest dude (as appropriate) you can find. Befriend her/him. Ignore her figgling jowels or his grease-stained collar. Tell the F.C./S.D. that you'd like to study with them for the final. They'll be overwhelmed, and you'll have a complete set of notes. They are easy prey because all they ever do anyway is study. Under no circumstance should you ever give them your last name or real telephone number.

METHOD III—"Taking" Notes

I've never done this but Ernie tells me it's an effective desperation tactic. Once again, go to class early, very early. Invariably there are uptight bitches who show up an hour before class, put down all their stuff, and then go take a dump or change their tampons. The key, Ernie says, is to take her entire notebook. The benefits are two-fold: she doesn't screw up the curve by getting a perfect score on the final, and you have a fine set of notes for very little output.

IV. BOOKS

Course books are just as important as notes, but much more difficult to scam. If you must buy a book for a class, you'll never get the same money back for it. Some profs require you to buy their own books, and stores never buy them back. Luckily, these cheesy profs always lecture from their own books, so you won't really have to buy it anyway. Ernie tells me that for some classes he'd just go to the bookstore every week and read the chapter summaries.

The cost of books frequently determines the choice of a major. If you choose engineering or business, you can reasonably expect to spend as much as \$3,000 over a four year span for books, many of which will become useless once you've left collage. If you major in English, the cost of books over a four year span is nothing. Just check all your books out from the library. Of course you'll want to tell your folks that you'll need \$150 for books so you can eat lots of pizza and maybe blow some grass once in awhile.

If you want to keep some of those treasured masterpieces, the library will give them to you. Most modern libraries have anti-theft devices in each book consisting of a narrow metal band glued to the binding. When you check out a book, the band is neutralized at the checkout counter. If you find a book you want to keep, simply remove the metal strip with a long pair of hemostats. Put the book in your backpack and walk away. Ernie has a gorgeous collection of books at home to verify this.

You can also take textbooks from study carels at the library, but don't try to sell them back. The bookstores are very wise to this sort of thing. Ernie once tried to sell back three copies of Principles of Accounting, but managed to escape before the police arrived.

V. SCAMMING THE PROF

You've done everything you can to prepare for the big exam, but you are still unconfident. You can get out of it, even though it is not going to be any easier.

Go to the health center and think sick. Smoke lots of cigarettes (espe-

cially if you don't smoke), hold your breath before they take your blood pressure, make yourself puke if you have to. Ernie says that a couple of good upchucks beats the hell out of a 0.0 on your transcripts.

Excuses—the best excuses are actually half-truths. When you start coming up with total lies, you don't know when to stop. The best excuses are the elaborate and far-fetched ones. Excuses like these work well:

graphic accounts of diarrhea
(Remember key terms like "chronic dehydration/fatigue")
divorcing parents
interviewing in New York
abortions
These excuses are no longer acceptable:
grandparents are dying
having your period
had a flat tire
just took a test in other fascist prof's class

Sometimes you'll run into a professor, who with all their academic training, insist on being assholes. Some reasons for this include that they'd rather be at Harvard, their siblings are making three times their salary as gynecologists and brokers, or their spouses won't put out. These instructors are known as "Incorrigible Profs." Incorporible profs will not accept any excuses. You can scam an incorrigible prof, but you can only do it once.

Go to the classroom about two hours before your exam. Write on the board in BIG, BOLD letters (preferably not in your handwriting): the class, the date, the prof, and the fact that the exam has been CANCELLED! The Professor will be furious, but as you show up at the regularly scheduled time, half the class will have already left, and you now have at least twenty-four more hours to study.

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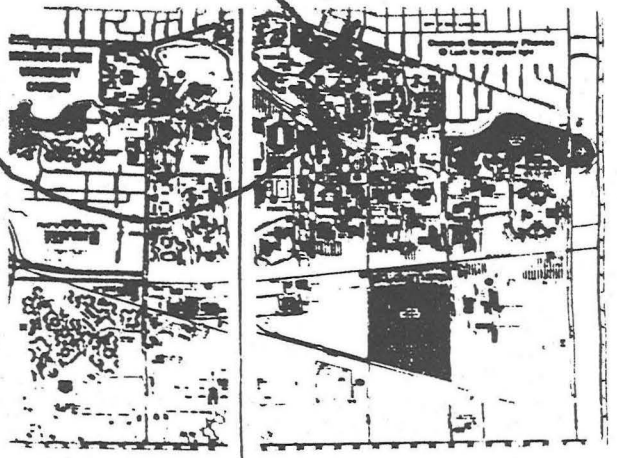
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Page,
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AUTHENTIC uR-I

freshman MAP

frequently visited
places:

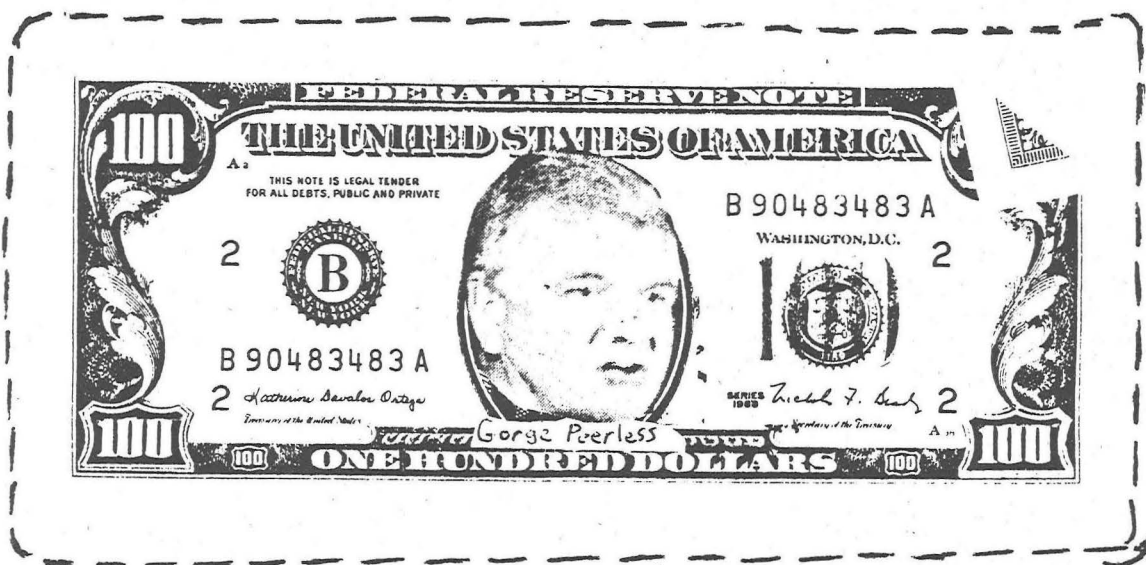
1. Olin Health Center
(bend over, cough)
2. Administration Bld
(" , scream
& fart \$)



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▲ EAST LANSING

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24: Blue Avenue Delegates
25: Capitol City Band
26-30: Uptown Band

Moriarty's

21 Sept.: Brian McAllister
22: Not Afraid Trio

Rick's

20 Sept.: Hannibal's
21: Duke Tomatoe
22: Trinidad Tripoli Steel Band
23: Freeman and the Chasers
24: Satta
25: Skor
26: Goober and the Peas

Silver Dollar Saloon

20-23 Sept.: Axel Brice

25-30: Sheer Threat

Small Planet

20 Sept.: Big Red
21: We Be Cats
22: Born Naked
23: Crosstalk
25: Acoustic Night
26: Electric Rain

▲ DETROIT

Attic

20 Sept.: Troubleshooters
21: Joe Acuff
22: Uncle Jesse White & the 29th Street Blues Band
23: Louisiana Heat

Baker's Keyboard Lounge

21-22 Sept.: Straight Ahead

Fox

21 Sept.: Sam Kinison

Galligons

20 Sept.: Steve Gornall & the Blue Collar Blues Band
21-22: Mimi Harris & the Snakes

Latin Quarter

20 Sept.: world Party with Jellyfish
22: Circle Jerks
25: The Hummingbirds

Moby Dick's

21 Sept.: Urbations
22: The Butler Twins

Paychecks

20 Sept.: Vavoom with the Beat Machine
21: Granfaloon with Trust Fund and Happy Tom
22: The Gear with Laughing Hick & Big Richard

The Ritz

21 Sept.: Warrior Soul
22: D.C. Drive
23: Doro

26: Extreme

River Rock Cafe

20 Sept.: I-Tal

Soup Kitchen

21 Sept.: Junior Valentine
22: Sugar Blue

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20 Sept.: Kenny Neal with Lucky Peterson and Silent Partners
21: Tinsley Ellis
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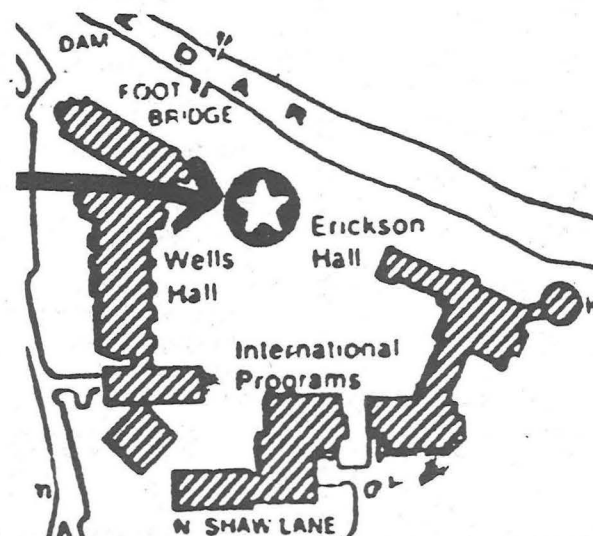
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From OLD LAW, p. 1

blind pig in Ingham County as East Lansing police cracked down on keg parties at MSU.

Looking for a way to bust up large, often destructive parties, East Lansing police turned to the 57-year-old statute:

Capt. Richard Murray said. "We checked with the prosecutor's office and they said 'let's go with the blind pig rule'."

The 1933 law prohibits the sale of alcohol without a liquor license, which must be issued by the Michigan Liquor Control Commission. The statute was amended in 1980 to prohibit cover charges and other consideration, said Kim Eddie, Ingham County chief assistant prosecutor. It is a felony, carrying a maximum sentence of one year in jail and a \$1,000 fine.

Amended, the statute covers parties common around college campuses. It forbids the sale of beer in package deals, such as free beer in exchange for money paid for raffles, donations or cups, Eddie said.

Murray said police gave been very successful using the law.

East Lansing also isn't the only college town armed with the statute to eliminate large "Animal House" style parties — characterized by numerous kegs, mass beer consumption and rampant destruction.

Although East Lansing's nine cases are the city's first in years using the blind pig law,

Mt. Pleasant, Kalamazoo and Ypsilanti police routinely send undercover officers to investigate suspected blind pigs.

"We've been investigating blind pig arrests since I came here in 1980," said Martin Trombley, Mt. Pleasant director of Public Safety. He estimated that his officers make roughly a dozen arrests each year on blind pig charges.

Kalamazoo police Capt. Scott Dolfman said his department started to crack down on heavy partying in 1984, charging parties with sale of liquor without a license.

Similarly, Ypsilanti police have sent undercover police into Eastern Michigan University parties, but haven't had problems with excessive partying, said crime prevention unit Officer Joe Eberle.

In neighboring Ann Arbor, police haven't had trouble with large parties at all, according to Capt. Robert Conn.

Ann Arbor hasn't explored the blind pig law, Conn said, because students have cooperated with police in controlling their parties.

Since East Lansing police began using the statute last school year, Hedman has been arraigned on blind pig charges and four other students have pled guilty to misdemeanor charges. Of the remaining four, two spent weekends in the Ingham County Jail.

The other two, MSU placekicker John Langeloh, and Paul Butland, brother of MSU punter Josh Butland, who were arrested for a keg party

that drew about 400 people Oct. 21 await sentencing this month. Representing Langeloh and Butland is Lansing attorney Fred Abood, who argues the pair were not arrested for a blind pig, but for holding a postgame celebration no different than those for fraternities and organizations announced over the loudspeakers at Spartan Stadium during football games.

"To turn that event into a blind pig is absolutely absurd," he said. Although food and beer were provided and contributions accepted, Abood says no one was denied entrance to the party if they didn't pay. Abood said police — finding no money, no drugs and no contraband — may have decided to make an example of Langeloh, a high-profile student.

He said the presence of a large media contingent at Langeloh's arraignment is proof that someone wanted the case to get a lot of publicity.

Notifying the press "was done in advance by those connected with the government," he said.

Abood said the blind pig charges are part of a city effort to reduce the use and abuse of alcoholic beverages.

"I agree with that objective, but I don't agree with the procedure," he said.

But Doreen Koenig, a Thomas Cooley Law School professor and former chair of the ACLU's Lansing branch, said Abood may be fighting an uphill battle. "What the city of East Lansing seems to be

doing is going to parties that are advertised as open to the public, then purchasing alcohol — and since it's illegal to sell alcohol without a license, I don't see any constitutional barrier," she said.

Koenig, who as an ACLU attorney successfully fought East Lansing's Cedarfest ordinance and a court injunction setting guidelines for sealing off the party's site, said she didn't think the blind pig laws could be fought unless police start breaking up small, private parties.

"It's a difficult one to defend against," she said.

Both Koenig and Eddie said entrapment charges against undercover police who go into parties to buy beer don't hold water because the parties are open to the public, and police don't encourage or aid in the partying.

Of unsuccessful appellate court challenges to the blind pig statute, Prosecutor Eddie said: "It's been tested for a number of years and it's fairly tight."

Much to the chagrin of students, police vow to continue using the statute.

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downstairs, 213 E. Grand River

From MILLER, p. 6

"Get your things together now. I need to see identification. I need to see your identification now."

After pulling my pants on in a daze I found my driver's license and began to pack up my things. I respond to orders better first thing in the morning when I can't think. As I picked up my camera to stash it in my bag I realized that I would want to record this great moment in free speech for my grandchildren - or at least my friend's grandchildren - so that they could perceive how open, caring and democratic my alma mater really was.

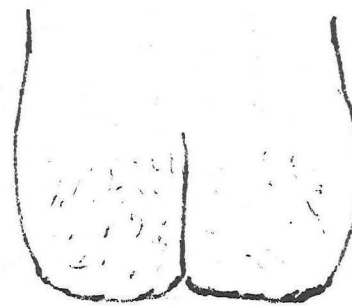
As I appeared out of the CELA shanty snapping photos of our assembled callers, their rather derisive smiles turned to looks of dismay. Apparently they didn't appreciate pictures at this time of the morning any more than we liked rude company. Apparently, that was why they had paid this visit so early. Talk about camera-shy.

From here the occasion went downhill even further as our guests seemed to have rather strange ideas of fun. They proceeded to tear down our shanties expressing free speech in Peoples's Park. One brave soul crawled up on top of one of the structures hoping to dissuade these rude people from their rather brutal behavior - to no avail. He was arrested.

Later we returned to the site to erect at least a temporary shelter - what we called a "Peace Tent". Again our guests went wild - this time not only ripping down and confiscating our structure, but also arresting four more of our People's Park denizens as well as arresting the first one again. This time I wasn't the only one recording the memories - it seemed local television stations and newspapers also thought it would make good popcorn and video material someday. One of my favorites will surely be the shot of one male DPS official with his hand up the back of the shirt of handcuffed Michelle Tinti - some sort of strange display of affection, I suppose - while she screamed in pain from the cuffs.

Well, I guess they sure showed us radical peace-mongers. They showed us that MSU administrators and DPS officers are the last ones we would want to invite to a free-speech party. I feel that perhaps they would fit in better at a CedarFest. Perhaps a little charm school . . . ?

— Miller is a member of the Committee for Education on Latin America.



Geek of the Week

What do you get the man who has everything (except brains)?
Kuwait?

Nope, Geek o' the Week dishonors!

Congrats, Saddam Hussein, or is it Madman Insane?

The fellah who couldn't keep his country out of a war for ten minutes. Wow! What a resume! Maybe someday they'll make you a garbage man in South Africa. You folks oughtta get along fine. In the meantime, the toughest man in the world - next to Hulk Hogan and Donatello the Ninja Turtle - George Bush, has finally found a way to get the army drinking bottled water.

Afterall, if Evian's good enough for the Kennebunkport posse, why not the military?

At least you accomplished SOMETHING, Nutball...



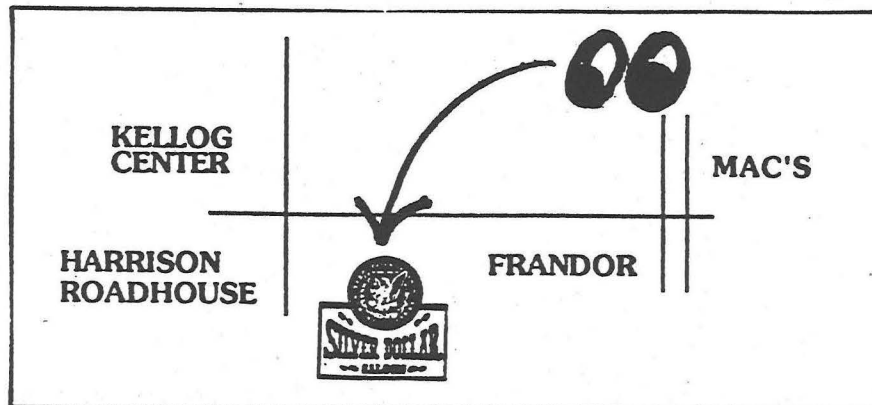
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Entertainment



Dead music lives

Aion Dead Can Dance

Dead Can Dance dive into the ancient roots of all music on their latest 4AD release, *Aion*.

Dead Can Dance have never been known as a cover band. But on *Aion*, they cover an Italian 14th century instrumental dance (Saltarello), and a 16th century Catalan traditional piece (The Song of the Sibyl).

Now, picture if you will, the days of King Arthur with the minstrel playing happily in the background. Add a Middle Eastern touch. "Saltarello" is this song.

It takes a drum beat that is reminiscent of the Middle East and blends it with the minstrel's pipe to create an upbeat traditional dance piece.

Another outstanding track is "The Song of the Sibyl [prophetess]." As a prophecy it seems bleak though.

Lisa Gerrard portrays the sibyl who knows what's going to happen. But as her voice floats along effortlessly, you can feel her pain at knowing what's going to happen.

Gerrard truly shows the range of her talents on "As the Bell Rings the Maypole Spins." A Middle Eastern melody is played on the bagpipes and Gerrard's voice shrills along with them.

"The End of Words" sounds like a traditional church hymn with a Gerrard's voice standing out the

most. It is rich in harmony and full in sound.

"Radharc," the last track on the LP, is the most elaborate and perhaps the best song on the LP. It seems to encompass the rest of the tracks on the album. If each song is one idea, then "Radharc" is all of these ideas put into one song.

Aion is the history of all music today, and the future. Dead Can Dance have taken the Music of the ancients and made it timeless.

— Angie Carozzo

get involved,
man...write a
review!

call uR-I
entertainment
editor "Iron"
Mike Pfiefer
at
351-6462

Toss your popcorn during this awful *Toy Matinee*

Toy Matinee Toy Matinee

Toy Matinee's debut album of the same name burns with the sounds of **Peter Gabriel** and **Squeeze**. But it sounds more like a rip-off than an influence.

"Queen of Misery" is the epitome of their inconsistencies. The song contradicts itself with Squeeze-style funk music with a good beat (you can dance to it) and bass sounds like a Peter Gabriel rip-off.

But the lyrics tell a story of a girl's loneliness and pain. So where's the connection?

Toy matinee does briefly step out of this genre though. "Things She Said" starts out promising with more of a folk influence, but when the chorus comes in, they dive back into the ocean of mediocrity.

By far, the most outstanding song is the title track. The guitar floats along in the vein of **Pink Floyd**. Surprisingly enough, this isn't a rip-off though.

The song rolls along with a soft guitar and an emotional keyboard line. After being beaten on the head with the first four songs, "Toy Matinee" is both a breath of fresh air and a good song to relax and think to.

With the seasoned talent that appears on this LP — Pat Leonard, Kevin Gilbert and producer Bill Bottrell — it would seem that they could have come up with something more original.

One song, "Toy Matinee," is not worth buying this album for.

— Angie Carozzo

Each week, every week, this week, next week, we're here. We're the uR-I.