

31 January 1990

Vol. I
No. 13

*MSU's alternative
and
truly independent
voice*



What's shakin':

Fire away!

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Poor service?

Medical care for underprivileged lags

by J. DOUGLAS WARREN
uR-I Special Correspondent

Does society's upper class receive better medical treatment than the middle class?

Even if you have insurance, does your economic standing in general make a difference in what kind of medical treatment you will receive?

Possibly yes, according to some researchers and medical experts.

Having medical insurance does not always insure that person will receive the best and most extensive medical treatment available for a major illness, such as cancer. Sometimes, because of a patient's lack of financial ability to make long-term medical payments, a doctor will alter treatment.

"We (the United States) have always had a two-level health care system, but it's becoming more and more acute than in the past," said Dr. Tom Tomlinson, an associate professor in the Center for Ethics and Humanities in MSU's Life Sciences department.

The ability to pay — or the perceived ability to pay — does have an impact on the form of treatment patients receive, Tomlinson said. In a hospital emergency room, for example, "it is not uncommon for patients who can't show adequate insurance to be transported to... another emergency room," he said.

However, the time spent traveling to another hospital may be the extra time needed to save the patient.

An article published in the New England Journal of Medicine titled, "Social and Economic Factors in the Choice of Lung Cancer Treatment" indicated patients were treated more extensively if they had private medical insurance rather than Medicare. This non-medical variable seemed to affect the amount and type of treatment a patient would receive, the study stated.

E. R. Greenberg, author of the study, said cancer patients with private medical

chances that the treatment will cure the patient against the cost of the treatment both to the patient and the hospital.

This pressure to save money follows the doctor to the bedside and puts them in an uncomfortable position, Tomlinson said.

"On the one hand, they are obligated by their traditional ethics to be concerned only with the welfare of the patient," he said. "But, on the other hand, (they are) under pressure to control costs... becoming agents of the hospital or social policy

that is trying to contain health care cost.

"The physician who regularly produces lots of costs is going to come under scrutiny by the hospital," he said.

But Denny Larson, a public relations coordinator for Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Michigan, said he thinks "the two-level health care system probably went on somewhat with the (insurance) programs in

the past... but now we have reimbursement on diagnosis" to make things more even.

The question of cost creates an ethically moral conflict for physicians, Tomlinson maintained.

"Unfortunately, sometimes that pressure produces decisions that go against the patient's best interest," he said.

While caught in this ethical dilemma, some doctors try to get more money for their patients by reporting false diagnoses or by misrepresenting the condition or treatment, Tomlinson said.

See POOR CARE, p. 2



uR-I illustration/BUNKY CORRIGAN

insurance were more likely to be treated with possibly curative surgery. Among those who did not have surgery, people with private insurance were more likely to receive radiation, chemotherapy and other cancer treatments.

Greenberg's study dealt with lung cancer because the goal of the treatment generally is just to lengthen the patient's life in absence of a cure. Surgery and radiation therapy each entail prolonged hospital treatment and considerable expense; these factors may discourage their use by patients who lack adequate medical insurance, the study indicated.

The physician, then, must weigh the



Entertainment

That's Skary!

Pickled Brown Betty brings their unique sound to EL

by BETH CARTER
uR-I Music Correspondent

It's your worst mother-induced nightmare. It's that ever-familiar unpopular childhood dessert, with a malignant twist.

It's **Pickle Brown Betty** — dessert gone bad.

"We're not going to change the name," said guitarist **Bill Zoyes**. "It's supposed to grow on you, sort of like athlete's foot."

With three practices and one show under their belts, Pickle Brown Betty is not yet a household word. Having been together only two weeks, this pickle is really still only a gherkin.

Pickle Brown Betty, which consists of Zoyes, vocalist/mover **Scott Russell**, bassist **Sean Shadomy**, brassman **Bill "Mr.Horns" Turner**, percussionist **Steve Tomsik** and drummer **Jacques Duskin**, has already stirred-up quite a following, after only their first show at Zolton House Jan. 20.

And they owe it all to the unifying,

awe-inspiring and all-encompassing word that skanks through their veins: ska.

"Ska, it's what it's all about," said Russell. "We want to take it back to its roots, to just skanking, and have some fun with that."

As the only ska band in East Lansing (to their knowledge), Pickle Brown Betty hopes to bring together the separate band/groupie factions that seem to have become the rule in this town.

"Ska is basically about unity; like especially black and white unity," said Tomsik. "It doesn't matter who you are — anybody can like our music."

"Race isn't a matter," adds Shadomy. "On the East Coast (at ska/mod shows), you've got black skinheads, white skinheads, you've got black mods and white mods, rudies, all different types, not beating each other up but basically skanking and having a good time."

A good time, afterall, is what it's all about.

"If it stops being fun," said Zoyes. "We'll stop."



uR-I photo/BETH CARTER

With tastes running from **Box Car Willy** and **George Clinton** to the **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, **Shinehead**, **Fishbone**, and current East Coast mod/ska bands like **the Now**, Pickle Brown Betty puts on a show that's sure to please the whole family. Their current set includes some originals and such covers as Clinton's "Get Off Your Ass and Jam," and **Ozzy**

Osbourne's "Crazy Train," sounding like it was meant to be sak all along. They've even gone so far as to dig the **Skatalites "Freedom Sounds"** from 1963.

Come and serve yourself up a piping hot slice of Pickle Brown Betty this weekend at 418 M.A.C.

But please, be prepared to dance.



the
Provocateur

Greetings, sakutations and general ill-will to you, ya conform-ist snotrags. If last week's Perles decision didn't pull your intenstines into shit-knotting balls, we've got a few of our own digestive aids. So pull out the umbrella and cover that dandruff-ridden bald head of yours, because the Provoc's back to rain on your parade...

Thoughts collected while scouring Pinball Pete's floor for stray quarters and peeks up passing

skirts...

Either video games are getting easier, or you genetic defective bozos playing them are getting more stupid.

In my video heyday, we blew space aliens into cosmic bits and squished the green guts out of Frogger on Grand River's electronic twin. Nowadays, the big thing is to save the Princess.

Let the slut Princess save herself! Hasn't Nintendo heard of Women's Lib? I expect blood, guts and gore for my hard-earned quarter!

Better yet, maybe the Board of Trustees can save her. They seem to be MSU's resident experts on blood, guts and gore.

According to my idol and rumored father George Carlin, there are 15 million yards of cattle farts yearly (they know by figuring the amount of feed they're given).

How much is the National Fart Reader getting paid to tabulate the flim-flam-fllllttts of livestock? Does MSU have its own Lifestock Fart

Week in, week out — I have to shout!

Reader? Is George Perles his boss? Better yet, brudder, is George Perles included in the stats? (One too many brewskis in the locker room with Blake, perhaps).

I guess the life expectancy of a mechanical fart reader couldn't be much longer than the time MSU IDEA lasted. And how does it read those Silent but Deadly bombs that overwhelm you during a lecture?

Inquiring minds want to know.

And another thing: You know that corner where you drive into Cedar Village off Bogue Street? Haven't you wondered how long it'd be till someone pulling out got hit? You can't see to pull out, or so says my personal chauffer. Not to mention that the line of sight is always blocked by a gum-chewing blonde pulling pebbles out of her Bass shoes, or a phlegm-hawking, honest-to-God evolutionary throw-back.

As for me, I can't even see over the damn dashboard.

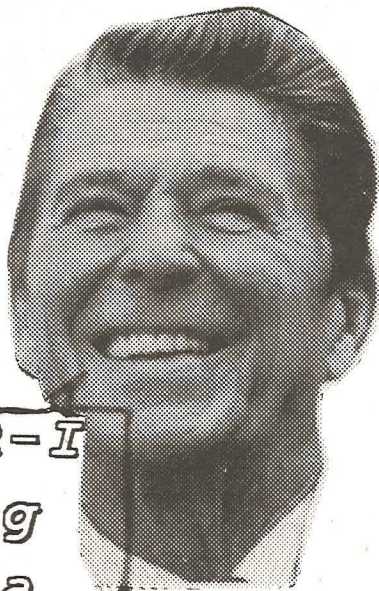
Speaking of cars — Greek letters and symbols on the rear window are, as far as I'm concerned, an open invitation that says, "Run me off the road!" At least, that seems to be the loose translation.

*the ole
Provoc...
your weekly
bite-in-the
ass!
only here,
in the uR-I*

From POOR CARE, p. 1

"And," Tomlinson added, "that's not a good thing."

About 37 million people in the U.S. today are without health insurance. Beyond that, millions more with insurance falsely believe the business or economic side of their troubles already have been settled in case they become seriously ill.



the uR-I
and dog
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couple of
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dogs.

have the
heart of
a dog!

arf!



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Reviews

Roger and Me — shows a striking Flint

Roger and Me

Directed by Michael Moore
Written by Michael Moore

by HELEN FORDHAM
UR-I Cinema Correspondent

Roger and Me is a biting satire on American society. Michael Moore, director and producer of this "celebration of human tragedy," pulls no punches. No one is spared in this merciless lampooning of a world in which the rich get richer and the poor become destitute.

Moore's rage against a compassionless, self-serving society is given vent in this semi-documentary on the closing of the General Motors factory in Flint, which resulted in the loss of more than 30,000 jobs.

The film is narrated by Moore, letting us follow his search through a series of exclusive clubs and "martini lunches" for the general manager of GM, Roger Smith, in an attempt to discuss the plant's closing. Along the way, we are introduced to a kaleidoscope of characters.

Moore is by no means championing the workers. Rather, he perceives

the injustice of the system but relentlessly shows no pity for its victims, who accept the plant's closing as a "fait accompli" and get on with the task of surviving.

The corporate world, represented by Tom Kay, rationalizes GM's decision to close the factories by maintaining that big business does not have an obligation to its workers. Ironically, the same big business ethic that destituted so many workers is touted as the solution to Flint's problems. Get up and do something, Anita Bryant advocates from her safe, affluent world.

The film is full of real people. Moore has strung together interviews with hundreds of people who tell the story of Flint in their own words. Through careful editing, Moore has allowed these people to damn themselves in this satirical masterpiece.

Moore's satire has all the subtle manner of a sledgehammer. He interviews the Michigan beauty queen, who — against a backdrop of boarded-up shops and unemployed loiterers — flippantly dismisses the problems of the city and asks the people to root for her in the national beauty pageant.

Moore also speaks with an ex-GM

worker who now has become a prison guard. The guard protests loudly, over the background noise of prisoners threatening to kill each other, how much better his new job is.

In his anger and impotence against what is occurring around him, Moore strips these survivors of any dignity with a black humor.

Moore does not overtly condemn, but rather allows his carefully constructed picture to speak for itself. Scene after scene of appalling poverty and fabulous wealth are juxtaposed against each other. To the strains of "Wouldn't it be Nice" and "I'm So Lucky," we view the harsh reality of a dying town.

Although it is obvious Moore has carefully edited his reality, often doing an injustice to his subjects, the audience can only share his outrage as millions of dollars are spent on making the town a tourist attraction, while the unemployed are reduced to selling their blood to the local blood bank.

The cinematography of *Roger and Me* is amateurish, but don't be distracted by the jerky camera swings and out-of-focus shots. They serve to heighten the humor and contribute to the general picture of a desperate

man driven to extremes to tell his story. Some of the scenes of wealth are filtered, providing a fantasy effect that contrasts with the sharply focused pictures of poverty.

Moore presents a completely unvarnished picture to the world.

Moore's search for Roger ends at a Christmas party in Detroit when, against the background of Roger's message of charity and kindness, we see a black family being evicted from their Flint home.

Roger and Me is an ironic look at corporate America. Moore is the self-appointed Hunter S. Thompson of the screen. Like Thompson, he features in his own work and makes vituperative attacks on society. Moore rips away the veil shrouding the myth of the American success story and shows the underbelly of big business. He bludgeons the audience with a reality that you can only laugh at because it is all too real.

What he says may be true, but his excess must lose him credibility in a country that needs to believe in the corporate system and with people who have built their business ethic on success and survival of the fittest.

BIG BABY DOG BOY BY C. BURNS Q 1988

OH, MAN! DOG BOY'S HAD ONE NECK OF A NIGHT! FIRST HE COULDN'T SLEEP, THEN HE HAD NIGHTMARES, AND NOW HE'S WAKING UP LATE! WHEW!

AW, JEEZ! I FORGOT TO SET THE ALARM AGAIN! I'LL BE LATE FOR WORK!

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MEYOW? HUH?!

MEEE-YOW!

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MEE-MEE-YOW!

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Op: Thanks, By George!

Happy New Year, George Perles. And for that matter, Bon anniversaire for the next ten years.

You got everything you wanted: Athletic Director, MSU Football, More Money, assurance that you can draw NFL offers whenever you want, More Money (eventually), and confidence knowing that you will have the Trustees in the palm of your hand for the rest of your natural life.

But this time I think someone's gotten wise to your disgusting power grabbing tactics. Like the states of Michigan, New York, and the entire NCAA community - blemishing the reputation of MSU forever. Congrats.

Anybody who was coming to this university for a good education and career experience (Not Student Rate Season Tickets) is bound to look elsewhere. Your power play has reduced MSU from a fine research institution to a stereotyped tobacco chewing, know-your-priorities bunch of hicks who hold football in higher regard than a valued degree.

Well, Mr. Perles, you'll never have to worry where your next loud tan sports coat is coming from — it's on the losers that totally ignored the deafening screams emanating from Cowles House, and the pearly whites of **President John DiBiaggio**. Yes, those Trustees who decided the sad fate of our university in a closed meeting, allowing no opinions outside theirs to be voiced. We're sure they can estimate our feelings, right? What, you don't like the fact that your college's image has been tarnished by a group of people that graduated twenty years ago? Who needs education? Not the Trustees, they just want to insure that they'll be able to walk the sidelines with pride as we 1) Rout Northwestern or 2) Lose another "tough game".

So tell us Mr. Perles, how did all this terrible information get out? Who's does your PR, Union Carbide or Exxon?

Out, Out, Out

It's all said and done, so rather than repeat the numerous and highly justified criticisms of the five MSU trustees who catapulted George Perles into the A.D. slot and MSU into a national laughingstock, we have only one thing to say:

Recall those trustees, and recall them NOW.

The issue isn't whether George can handle the A.D. position, because we all know his staff will run the office while he basks in the glory of "I Told You So." The issue

here is that students, faculty and alumni asked the Board to hear their voice and, in essence, were told to take the proverbial long walk off a short green and white plank.

It's that simple. Call recall coordinator Dennis Martell and volunteer to take the petitions door to door. Scratch your name on one as you leave the Main Library or Union.

But most of all, let those five bozos know you've had it by yanking them off their golden thrones and dumping them on their asses where they belong.



uR-I artwork/STEVE JABLONSKI

the university Reporter-Intelligencer

a publication of FUTILE EFFORTS INC., east lansing, mi

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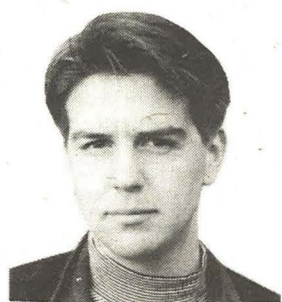
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Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

The uR-I is published weekly and distributed, free of charge, to MSU and its environs. So there.

Crown jewel tarnished



Dave Weiler

gram'o phone n. — a phonograph.

Gram'my n. — a gold-plated booby prize.

Spark the Klieg lights and shine the sequins, it's time for the music industry's crown jewel, the Grammy's! Actually it's more like the Rose Bowl, some second rate players vying for past-tense prestige.

The much vaunted Grammy is supposed to be the record industry's highest honor in various categories of outstanding achievement. Recently

these bookend honors have lost their luster by being awarded to either the year's pop darlings or any of the warmed-over stars of yesteryear.

Last year was the final straw for many people when **Jethro Tull** took Best Heavy Metal honors over **Metallica**. There was also some good old-fashioned tittering and guffawing at a clean-shaven **Sinead O'Connor**. Good thing the audience had proper ladies and gentlemen in attendance or she may have been tossed a tomato or two.

Can we expect an improvement this year? No sir'ee Bob, not in a year high-lit by new releases and re-union tours by the **Dinosaurs of Rock**.

Who would have ever thought to see a year with the **Bee Gees** touring at the same time as the big **Tone-Lo/Milli-Vanilli show**? Guess we just have to suck it up, and "Blame it on the Rain".

Ya know, to look at the Grammy's one would think that it has been quite a sad year for music.

Take for instance the top category, Best Album of 1989, and

the nominees are... **Prince**, **Bonnie Raitte**, **Don Henley**, **The Fine Young Cannibals** and **The Travelling Wilbury's**.

Is this an award for the best album or is it the "Most Million Made for a Multi-National Conglomerate Award"? None of those bands had THE Best Album.

How about the Best New Artist Award? We have **Milli Vanilli**, the **Indigo Girls** and **Soul II Soul** as the nominees. If last week's American Music Awards are any indication, it'll be a Nasty Vanilla taste that's left in our mouths (they had won at least two Amy's before I dozed off).

While **Soul II Soul** deserves the award, they just aren't pretty enough to win.

At the American awards, the Silli Milli's won over **Living Colour** and the **Traveling Wilbury's** for Best New Artist. And which one of the Wilbury's is new anyway, ol' Roy Boy certainly isn't, he's as dead as their future plans.

The American Awards even had a category with the Milli's, **Bon Jovi** (DUDE!!!), and **The Worst Kids** on

the **Block** as combatants. I didn't catch the title of the award but I think it was the "20 Million Girls Stain Their Pants Award".

Unfortunately we have more of the same to contend with at this year's Grammy's. I often wonder how the public can condone this musical mistrial, how much can they take? Then I remember this is the same public that embraced Cabbage Patch Dolls and Coca-Cola sportswear.

I think I'll watch the 1990 Mother-Daughter Beauty Pageant instead.

Peter Gabriel — *Passion* • too controversial (Last Temptation of Christ).

Bongwater — *Double Bummer* • too independent.

Marty Wilson-Piper — *Rhyme* • too many strings (12).

Bob Mould — *Workbook* • too melodic.

Miracle Legion — *Me & Mr. Ray* • too silly (and who's Ray?)

Baby Ford — *Fordtrax* • too much acieed!

Lou Reed — *New York* • too realistic.

The Fall — *Curious Orange* • too artsy-fartsy.

The The — *Mind Bomb* • too visionary.

Stone Roses — *The Stone Roses* • Just say no to Lovely Sonic Daring.

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1/4 lb. Cheeseburger	\$1.60
Chili Cheeseburger	\$1.90
Onion Rings, extra wide	\$1.50
Chicken Sandwich	\$1.75
Fish Sandwich	\$1.75
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Viewer Mail:

Austin II

Most of the things Martin L King has done for Black people were wrong. It's a crime to teach Black people to be nonviolent with those who are violent with us. As a Black man I can't see myself standing by passively watching Black woman and children being brutalized by vicious four legged and two legged dogs. Some people have the assumption to think that it's violent to defend yourself. One of the first laws of self preservation is self defence. A dog will defend itself when attacked.

Martin L King also messed up Black businesses by having Black people integrate into White Businesses. When Black people were allowed to go to White stores we stopped patronizing Black stores. I would like to make it clear to Black people that they can sing all they want but you will never have freedom by singing "We shall overcome" and "Keep hope alive". You will get freedom when you start loving and depending on yourselves. God gives Black people freedom every year, but we fail to take freedom by spending our 240 billion dollars we earn every year to someone who looks nothing like us. If every Black person contributed a certain amount of money to a Black national bank we could send our own children to colleges. But no we don't want to do that, we want to beg the White man for reparations. We can make our own reparations.

Large numbers of students assume that to be radical is to have marches and sit-ins. That's not how I see radicalism. Radicalism to me is a deviation from the norm. Seven out of ten Blacks fail to graduate. If Black people want to be radical then graduate because that's not the norm.

Peace be unto you,
Andre Austin

The statistics provided by Mr. Austin cannot be verified by the UR-I.

— ed

Bar Barclay!

To the Editors,

I was extremely offended by the Andrew Barclay column which appeared in the January 17, 1990 issue of the UR-I. I was also amazed

that, given the outrageous and obvious deeply sexist images and language used in that article, and the UR-I's claim to be a politically aware and responsible paper, that it was printed at all.

Consider the following:

Barclay's championing the usage of pornography when he describes his need for Playboy's "filthy rag" to "get off" in the "time-honored male way" of perusing pornographic materials and the misogynistic fantasies they inspire while masturbating, and, after presenting a rambling and incoherent "argument" about the "anti-human, imperialist" policies of the U.S. govt., he leaves us all to ponder his "insights" while he ducks out "to the Velvet Fingers [a porn shop in downtown Lansing which specializes in a plethora of misogynistic sleaze] to pick up a couple of new [read: nastier, more explicit] magazines to replace my [too "soft"] copy of Playboy."

I also found this statement extremely offensive: Barclay's admission that he's "made a career out of watching John Holmes [a former porn "star"] needing the help of four extra hands to hold his huge dong stiff enough to shove into some Panamanian chick who had recently been getting it on with a donkey."

Pornography is, to borrow and use more accurately two of Barclay's own terms, both anti-human and imperialistic: it sanctions male-supremacy and domination while it simultaneously authorizes the depiction of women as objects to be used and discarded. Pornography is a crime against humanity, a crime which takes its toll on the bodies and spirits of millions of women worldwide; it must be stopped. Barclay's attitude shows considerable

ignorance and irresponsibility regarding the causes and effects of pornography, and it is just the kind of ignorance which allows, and indeed, perpetuates the continued usage of pornography and its disastrous consequences.

Surely the UR-I can find better and more responsible articles than this to print, and I urge you to discon-

tinue Barclay's column. There are innumerable writers in the area who could present in your pages well-written, well-thought out, and politically responsible articles on a variety of important and relevant topics; I urge you to seek them out.

— Elizabeth A. Gibson
Lansing resident

Reader Response Card:

How we doin', Clem? Let us know by filling out this card with your comments, criticism, PRAISE, whatever. Just do it! Send it to 142 Gunson St., East Lansing, MI, 48823.



Geek of the Week

We always liked Wilbur the horse, but unfortunately this Wilbur (Kathy) is something of a jackass — thereby garnering Geek o' the Week dishonors. It was her swing vote that gave Georgie the edge in a close rise to the top (you know, like scum on a bacteria-full pond) last week.

Her failure to take a bold stand cost MSU its dignity and reputation. Sure, she wasn't alone, but we usually count on her for wise-decisions. This time she copped out, accepting what was thinly-veiled as a compromise.

Hey, we got another compromise — give us a year to decide if we like what's happened to our school; if we do, we'll pay tuition. If not, sayonara sweetheart.

Sound good?

Now that's a compromise we can live with!

Dr. Andrew
Barclay

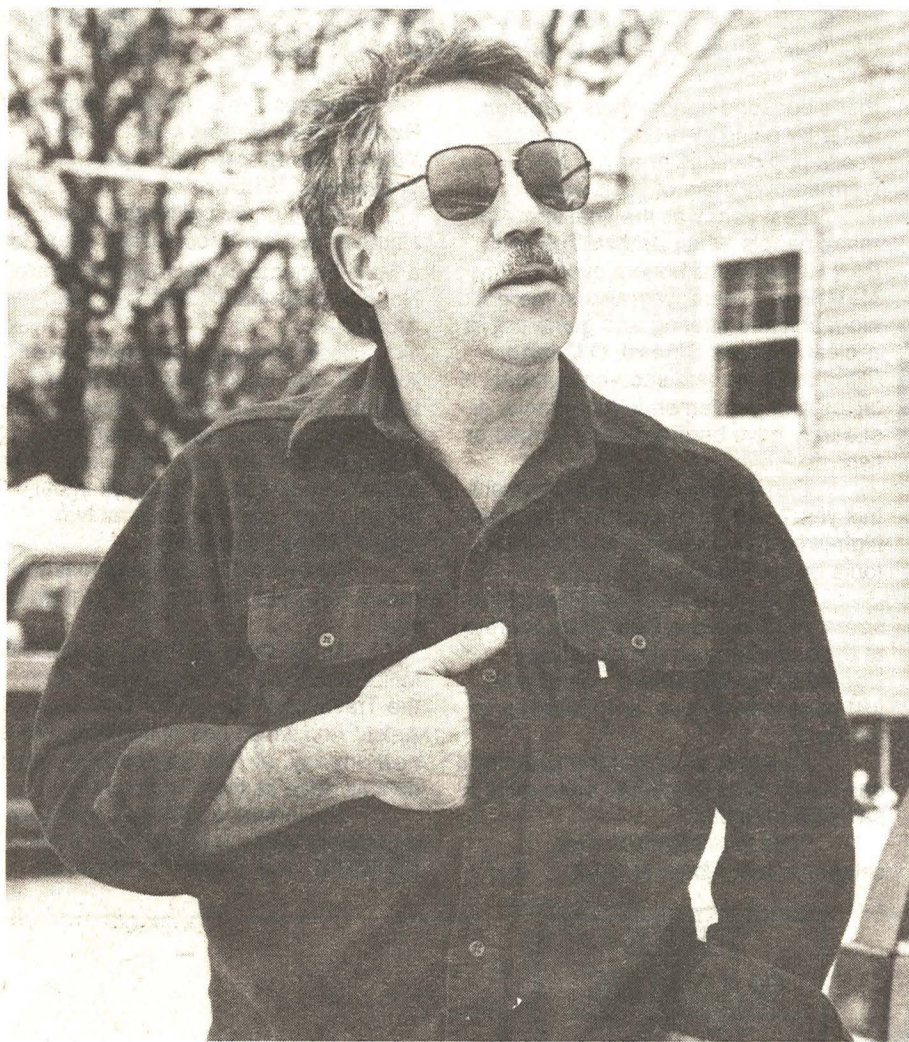
Doc takes a question

Q: I didn't have a chance to read your column from a few weeks ago, but a friend mentioned you were angry at Ronald and Nancy Reagan for interfering in your sex life (?) and you said Bush's invasion of Panama not only ruined your Christmas but also was trashing your relationship with your wife. Isn't this going a little far to blame someone for what essentially are your own problems? My boyfriend and I live together and our sex life doesn't seem to be suffering from racism or sexism. How can you blame your sexual hang-ups on Bush or former President Reagan's ethics? What does government have to do with anyone's sex life?

A: I'm glad you asked that question because sometimes I forget everyone in the world hasn't taken my courses. My column did link presidential ethics and my anxiety-ridden, trashed-out sexuality, but it has to be seen in the context of how the crap this society feeds men about ourselves has ruined our ability to be either human beings or, not so incidentally, good lovers.

First of all, studies have shown that living together or being in love has nothing to do with later success in marriage. Being a lover is more fun than being a souse because bonds between lovers are highly sexually charged.

Barclay's First Law: If you are in a relationship that feels wonderful, violin are playing, and you're walking on air - someone is lying to you. You are describing a sexual fantasy rather than a real relationship because "screwed up" is what makes a relationship real. So here you are, living in your sexual fantasy while your live-in's living in his. In my terminology, nothing crosses over from your life to his, neither of you is touching the other. When a fantasy gets outside



The Good (?) Dr.

your mind like this, I call it illusion.

In the animal world we can find a number of species where males and females bond for life. (Lorenz suggested this occurs in species where males and females are of the same physical size and thus could kill each other during sexual arousal.) Penguin bonding rituals resemble human rituals: When the male has found a female he wants to bond with, he roots around on the shoreline until he finds an attractive object, often a small, but perfect, stone. He picks it up in his bill, carries it over to his intended mate, and places it between her little feet. If the female accepts him, she picks it up and walks around the nesting area with the male following her until she finds the perfect spot. They build their nest over the stone, soon it is filled with eggs, and they live happily ever after (of course, they're Penguins). This is bonding in the animal kingdom and I feel that until a male brings a perfect little stone to

you and places it between your feet, you cannot become bonded. Forget it!

Consequently, when he says, "I love you," ask him how much. If he is like most guys, he will hold his arms 'way apart and say "This much." (If he points to his crotch and says, "This much," drop him right there, start packing, and move in with your best girl friend - don't even ask why.) Say: "No! I mean how much: Five dollars, fifty dollars, 250 dollars?" I predict he will say you can't compare love and money, but pay no attention: "How much do you love me?" My guess is, he will reach into his pocket, pull out some change and hand it to you. Count it. That is EXACTLY what you are worth to him. That's real, that's sexism.

Talking about sexism being foisted off on innocent people: Are you pregnant, what then? Consider the complex issues involved, keeping in mind that George Bush and many

other (male) politicians oppose your right to make decisions about your life and your body. They're trying to force their values on you, regardless what you believe, because they believe they are better than you. How much does government get into your bedroom?

When you find a non-sexist, liberated male who is willing to give you a small, but perfect, stone and you decide to bond with him, your marriage will be a primary institution of a racist, sexist society. It will contain all the shit-elements of the larger society. If a woman cannot earn a Combat Infantry Badge, how equal are you going to be in your marriage? Do you think being second rate is going to affect your sex life or, putting it another way, are you going to feel like making love with the person who is oppressing you?

We cannot escape from marriage as a primary institution. This means all the society's problems will be reflected in your married life. Until we pressure the hypocrites running this society to clean up their act, the divorce rate will continue to soar and an extraordinary number of people will be unhappy in their primary relationship.

Newsflash for guys from the World of Science: Recent research has shown that the increase in multiple orgasmic frequency reported by members of the movement for Women's Liberation was due to masturbation techniques. Followed in a subset of cases by a change in focus during coitus. Do you think liberated men might follow a similar pattern? Multiple "vaginal" orgasms for "Liberated Men"? I call that serious "Hands-On" approach, folks, get my drift?

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