

*The
Stony
Brook*

PRESS

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COPACETIC

Walking around campus at night you'll see a lot of life. There are people up in trees, groups migrating to and from the library, and other groups migrating to and from the bars. There are fraternities and sororities practicing their steps, there are halls jogging the loop together, 7-11 is always packed, so are the various off-campus pubberies, academic buildings are filled with people studying and taking breaks from studying. Music fills the air every Friday afternoon in front of the Union. There are parties somewhere on campus just about every night, waiting to be found. There is every opportunity to get work done and every excuse not to. New clubs and organizations are popping up left and right, all of which are receiving substantial support. In other words, people are having fun or at least getting prepared to have fun which, of course, is half the fun. All this is in spite of the fact that Stony Brook's campus is socially devolved.

SUSB students seem to be diving into this mire and coming up with some roses. This is due to people working hard to create substance instead of trying to control it. It is being done by people who want to separate themselves from the situations in which negative attitudes are prevalent. This is why there is

an ever increasing gap between administration and its residents.

Res Life came on strong in the beginning letting people know that if you even think about getting crazy you're going to catch heat. Students aren't stupid and they are going to have their fun. So once boundaries are set they are going to find ways to get around them without crossing over them. There is nothing wrong with this, authority is still being respected and students are able to function in a more natural habitat. Given some breathing room students can create atmospheres that are most conducive to their particular lifestyles. This is what is happening and it seems to be working. Res Life, however, does not want to come to terms with this phenomenon. They give off the impression that their way of life is the only way of life, like it or get screwed. The firing of Dan Rubin is indicative of this attitude. One infraction outweighs twenty character references. He was probably doing his job the best way possible. People are going to drink and it's better that an RA remains the friend of the student instead of an enemy down the hall. In case a problem does arise they can act as counselors and control the matter before it gets out of

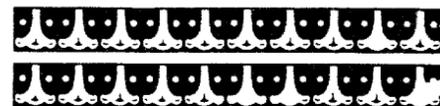
control. Acting as a police dog does nothing but create resentment and a tense atmosphere that is not very pleasant to live in. Most RAs understand this, and it's time their bosses did as well. Good RAs do not take the job for the fringe benefits. They feel they have something to share with other students, especially new students. The question is whether Res Life wants RAs to exist for the benefit of the students or for the administration. Offering more incentives means they want to recruit people who want to save a buck and who will do what they have to do to keep that dollar. They will not be good advisors, because acting as their hall's watchdog will make it difficult for them to befriend its residents. This is essential if the RAs are to gain the trust, confidence, and respect needed to perform their jobs.

Students need some space to live and grow, and RAs are students in a tricky role. They have a job to do and they should be allowed to do it as students, in stride with their peers, not against them. If Res Life looks up and eases up what they'll find is a student body with the strongest morale in years. One that is ready to take on the responsibilities needed to make life at Stony Brook more enjoyable. They'll also find we'll do a good job of it, all we want is to breath.

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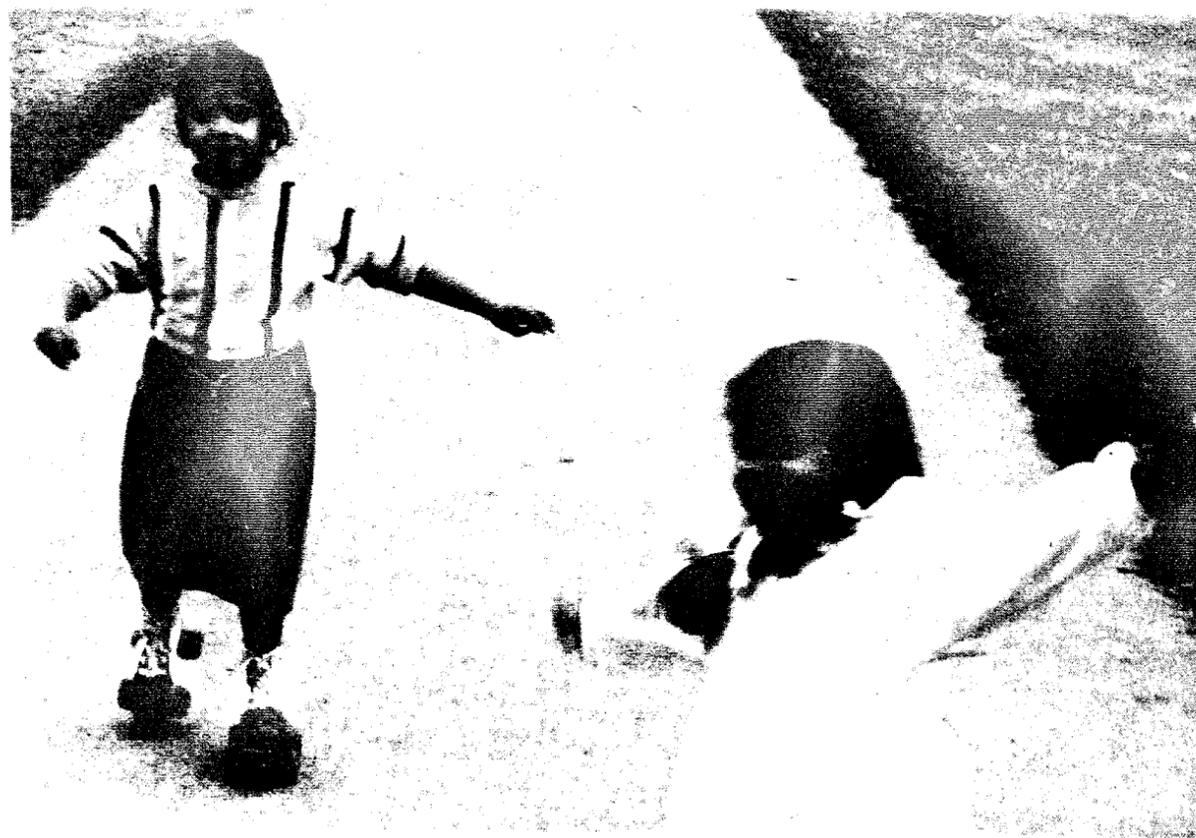
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Residence Life Razzes Rubin— Dubious Dismissal

by Quinn Kaufman

Daniel Rubin, 19, Junior Representative, was fired last week from his position as RA (resident assistant) at Mount College for walking through the hallway with an alcoholic beverage and for not enforcing the alcohol policy. Residence Life gave Rubin a dismissal letter one week after the incident citing his misconduct, according to Rubin.

Rubin contributes his dismissal to Residence Life's lack of information about the responsibilities of an RA. He said he's never seen his exact "job description on paper. I've done so much for the students and I make one mistake and it totally blows away everything I've done."

An RA in Toscaninni College, Peter Swider, admitted sympathy about Rubin's dismissal but he said, "If Rubin drank in the hall, he was breaking the alcohol policy, and if he's breaking the rules, chances are he won't enforce them."

RAs are informed at the start of the semester about general RA responsibilities which include the enforcement of the alcohol policy. They are also taught how to counsel students. There are no written contracts issued by Residence Life stating the rules of confrontation with students and alcohol. Rubin said lack of Residence Life

communication contributed to his dismissal. Rubin said, "If such a contract were produced by Residence Life, incidents such as his would be avoided."

Rubin said that Residence Life instructed him on how to be a counselor. He said, "How can I be a good counselor if I betray people by giving them warning letters for drinking alcohol without even warning them first? Every violation can't be written up. I'm not a policeman, I'm a counselor." Rubin said he feels that he was a good counselor. "If I caught someone drinking I would say, 'Did you notice how you broke the rule?' I'd warn them first before giving a warning letter because I really care about the students. I guess it's a crime to care."

Attempting to salvage his position as an RA, Rubin went to Jerry Stein, Associate Director of Residence Life, with twenty character references. His appeal was denied.

Some students who know Rubin are incensed about his dismissal. Barbara Peck, a junior, said, "Dan sets an outstanding example for all students to follow. In view of his track record, he shouldn't be dismissed for something so stupid. Dan really cared about people and Residence Life should have shown him the same respect that he shows other people."

RAs receive a bed waiver for their duties which include student counseling, security at the front desk, enforcement of the alcohol policy and the added task of being an MA (maintenance assistant). Residence Life cited the former MA's job as a sinecure. They thought the RA would be capable of taking on the MA's responsibilities which include paperwork and inquiries to the physical plant concerning any needed maintenance repairs. RAs also are required to take the MA's hours of sitting in the office. Instead of RAs working from 9—11 PM two times per week, they now work 7—11 PM two times per week. They are also not allowed to leave the building at night when they're on duty.

Rubin, who has been an RA for one and a half years said that "Residence Life is going to have a problem finding new RAs because of the added responsibilities." Swider agreed, saying, "Less people want to be an RA because of the new work. It takes a lot more time." Residence Life has recently proposed a new recruiter technique which will allow RAs to receive cable television and free telephones.

Several RAs may plan a protest rally for the reinstatement of Rubin's RA position. Dallas Bauman, Director of Residence Life, was unavailable for comment.

SCIENCE Bugs! Don't Call Them Bugs!



Male of the ichneumonid wasp pseudocopulating with orchid *Cryptostylis subulata*. (Photograph: Mantis Wildlife Films/OSF.)

by Ryder Miller

Insects are the most numerous organisms on the planet, comprising three quarters of the world's living creatures. Eight hundred thousand insects have been catalogued and given names, and most entomologists (people who study insects) feel that this is only a fraction of what exists in nature.

Almost every organism is affected by insects in some way: by flies which eat body excrements off the skin; by aphids which latch onto trees and suck out juices; by army ants which march across the jungles devouring everything in their way. In cities, cockroaches live in apartment buildings. Ants and moths take lodging with us in the country. Ticks live off of our skin and lice live in our hair.

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Concerts 101 Stalking the Elusive It

by Karin Falcone

On Wednesday November 4th, Concerts 101 held elections for 17 chair positions. Frank Vaccaro, now officially president, hopes to have a small show in December and "to churn out cheap concerts quite frequently by the spring."

Vice-president elect Mike Theiss reflected the enthusiastic attitude of all the new chairs. "It will be fun to have a variety of entertainment. I know I can put out the effort." The jobs of the four concert chairs entail booking bands, dealing with agents and keeping an eye open for possible acts. Freshman Mike Frayen's experience with

SAB, Senior Richie Kern's experience with musicians and Junior Jen Koenig's talents in dealing with people reflected a wide diversity. Pete Kang, of WUSB fame, already plans to scout the city club scene this weekend for possible acts. Vaccaro commented, "By next meeting we may have a Spring schedule of events."

The large responsibility of the position of secretary was taken by Carolyn Johnson. Jeannette Hopfeld and Karen Trank won the very tough positions of treasurer and assistant treasurer, respectively.

Mike Pan took the position of advertising chair, which was stressed as an important

one. "Advertising will make or break Concerts 101," Vaccaro remarked. As part of their duties, all chairs were designated campus areas to be responsible for advertising in, which reflected the high degree of organization and forethought put into the club's constitution.

The meeting began with Esther Lastique of HELP (Housing, Environmental and Living Problems) encouraging student pressure for campus improvements. A boycott of classes on Friday, December 4th is planned. Concerts 101 is looking at joining with HELP and making their first concert

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ON AIDS

by Laura Sandberg

Safe sex has become the emblem of the 80's. We've come too long a way from the apple pie and chevrolet generation into the decade of safe sport's wear for the active man, and the condom. It is a great understatement to say that our mass media has gone commercial with it. They have us shaking by our throats with an epidemic called AIDS. It's fatal, it's creeping into every social institution, and as of yet, there is no cure.

Still, some of us keep at a comfortable distance from the grim reality by putting it in the back of our minds, thinking, "It doesn't really affect me anyway." "You bet your life it does", is the university's answer, to be expressed during AIDS Week '87. Starting November 7th, the Theatre Department has constructed a two week series of videos, theatre, and lectures to teach students the facts-of-life of 1987.

AIDS does not discriminate. The deadly HIV virus attacks the immune system, leaving its victims powerless to fight off even common illnesses. "No-one is exempt, and when it strikes, at least for now, it leaves you dead."

This educational program deals with the social, political, physical, and emotional aspects of AIDS in all the sexual communities. Sponsored by Stony Brook's Department of Theatre Arts, in association with the University's School of Allied Health Profession and the SUNY Aids Educational Project, "the series is intended to foster an understanding of the transmission and prevention of the disease, to the stigma associated with AIDS and separate myth from reality," said Assistant Professor Robert Alough, chief organizer of the program.

One of the highlights of the series is the

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Junior Class Council Formed

by Karin Falcone

"A larger group can represent better than just one representative and make effective changes." This is Junior Class Representative Dan Rubin's goal in forming the Junior Class Council, which held its first meeting Wednesday, November 4th. Immediately the group started discussing important ideas and tackling a valuable project.

The group's first project will be to begin working on making the results of teacher and course evaluations, which are completed by students, available to all students in the form of an accessible handbook. It would be an invaluable resource in helping students choose courses and insuring that professors realize their obligations as teachers, as well as researchers.

"In the sixties, the student body united to make changes. It was then that student activity fee money was placed in the hands of the students and Polity was formed." Al-

though the campus atmosphere is different now, the entire group was optimistic that forming this coalition would work today. They discussed various issues, including campus security, the specter of new tuition hikes, and the current stress on research at Stony Brook. "We won't say anything about the food," Rubin remarked.

He stressed that commuters should have the opportunity to get involved in the Junior Class Council, and the meeting times are scheduled to fit their needs. "I'm accessible...we can make this school a little bit better." Making teacher and course evaluations public will be the first step, and the group is planning on creating their own evaluation survey if the University does not wish to comply. "First we'll work on the positive things, then we'll tear down Javits." The next meeting is Wednesday, November 11th at 4:30 in the Non-Smokers Lounge.

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STUDENT POLITY 
 ASSOCIATION

The Science
 Fiction Forum
 Film Series

presents:

THEM

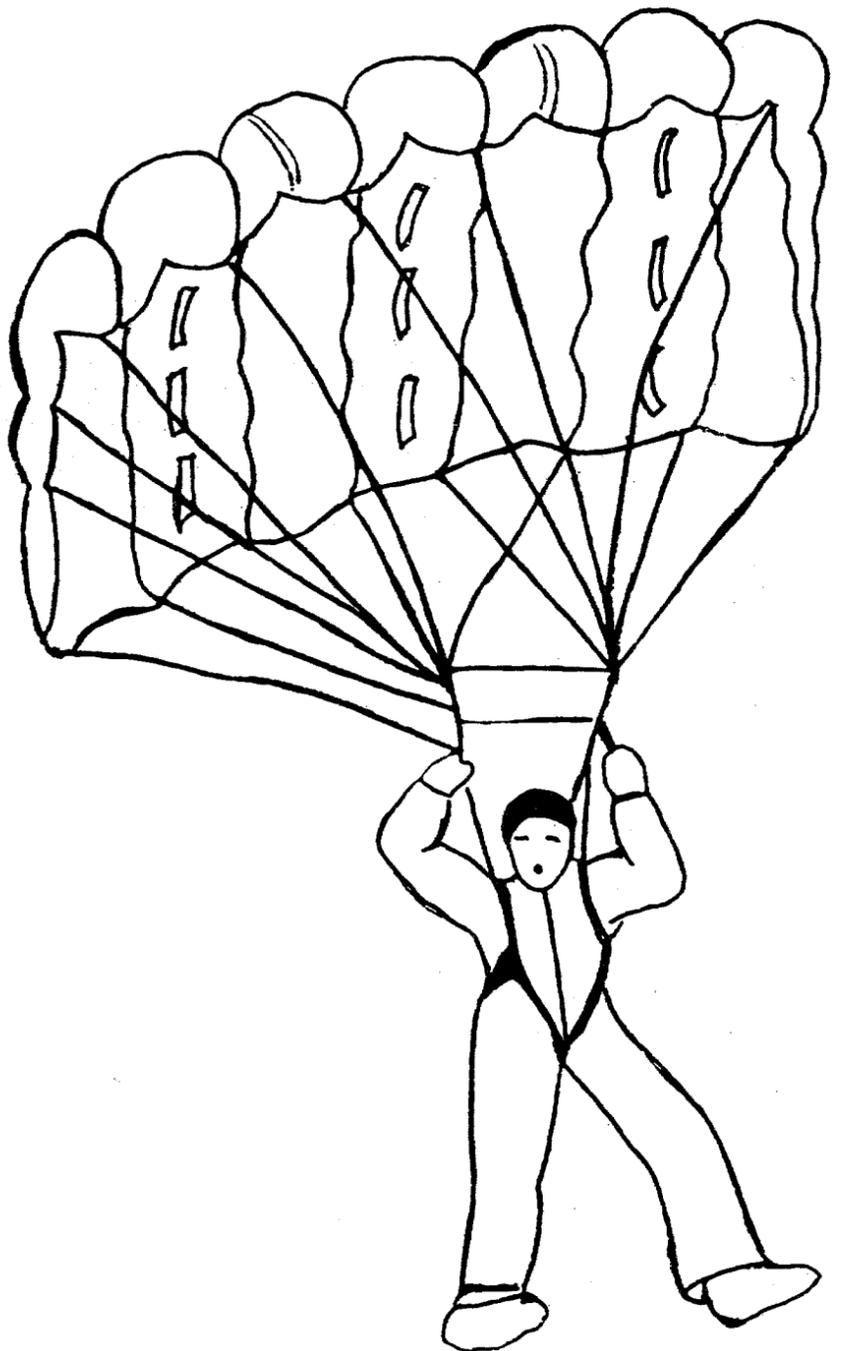
It's end will determine the fate of humanity, as the world faces terror in the mandibles of giant ants.

Wed. Nov. 11th; @ 7, 9, 11
 in the Union Auditorium

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If you're interested in jumping with the Dragon Riders, come to one of our meetings on Tuesdays at 7:30 in Union Room 213

Bork's Beaten Blues

by Stephanie Long

Defeated, 58 to 42, Justice Bork is not to be. It was a bitter battle, no doubt, with vehement opposition and Reagan going more than out of his way with support. Yet the Senate voted down this seemingly qualified judge. Robert Bork is an intellectual man, clearly. He has spent many years in law and political theory. He was discriminating enough to look from the viewpoint of different political leanings throughout his life. He evolved. However, his current policies—primarily a strict interpretation of the Constitution—are dangerous for modern America.

There is no argument that the Constitution is one of the greatest documents ever written. But a literal interpretation of anything (social, artistic, political) is riddled with pitfalls. As a member of the Supreme Court, Bork wanted to judge whether laws were unconstitutional. His definition of "unconstitutional" means it isn't specifically stated in the Constitution. Is it unconstitutional to walk down the street backwards? Bork argued that there is "no right to privacy" because that isn't specifically stated in the Constitution. Therefore, no law can be based on that right. Disregard the fact that the ninth amendment of the Bill of Rights states "the enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be considered to deny or disparage others retained by the people." Even if the first amendment guarantees freedom of religion, speech, press, the right to peaceably assemble and to petition, according to Bork, individuals have no right to privacy because it isn't specifically stated in the Constitution. Congress had better pass an amendment saying there is a right to privacy, because a nation with no such right is a totalitarian nation. The privacy issue is a major factor in legal abortion, but it goes more deeply than that. States could outlaw homosexuality, sex between people who aren't wed, contraception (in wedlock), or any restriction imaginable. And sex is just one topic. What rights can lawfully be taken away when there is no right to privacy?

Bork wanted to preserve the Constitution as it was written in 1787. Unfortunately, two centuries have passed. Government should not be as fluctuating and trendy as pop culture, but the fact remains that society changes. One of the great things about the constitution is its plasticity. Article V gives Congress the power to make amendments. In section eight of Article I, Congress is given the power to make laws that are "necessary and proper" for the People, the infamous elastic clause. The founding fathers took particular care in keeping their document up-to-date, allowing future generations to adjust it since they themselves couldn't account for everything. In 1787, agricultural America had slaves, women were treated like chattel, technology was the butter churn, and anyone imagining the Industrial Revolution would've been committed. Choosing strict, literal interpretation shows that Bork is failing to consider American history since 1787. According to developmental psychologists, preadolescents can reason concretely but are incapable of abstract thought. For all his intelligence, has Bork reverted to an eleven-year-old's reasoning?

The hearings arrived. Some senators went in intent on disparaging Bork. Joseph Biden, at the helm, wanted to denounce Bork but not question fiercely or unreasonably. Well, Biden's credibility has been somewhat shaken, but he was joined by others who were open-minded, though against his approval as a justice. True, some overcompensated. The opposition was worried that Bork would charm the pants off the public the way ol' Ollie North did. But Bork isn't as young and he has a beard. The main purpose of the hearing was to influence the votes that hung in the balance. The undecided carefully considered all that was said. Perhaps what destroyed Bork was a decision to uphold a company's right to demand its female employees either quit or be sterilized. The plant's high toxic level was proven to cause birth defects. Some women, desperately needing the job, regretfully underwent the sterilization. No matter what the rights of those workers were, one wonders if a

company with such horrendous working conditions would be allowed to operate at all. But Bork said the women were free to quit and that the company had lawful regulations.

At the beginning of the hearing, Bork tried to point to his record, how he protected civil rights and voted more often on the side of females than not. However, Bork's convictions have changed, and referring to his past in order to be approved by the Senate was ridiculous. There were people in their college years who called themselves hippies and did drugs and had love-ins and believed in changing the world. Now many of these people call themselves yuppies and do lunch and have BMWs and believe in material immediate gratification. People change, and they should be expected to. What mattered is what Bork is like now, and how he would have acted on the highest court of the land.

As the hearings went on, the number of senators against Bork mounted. Bork, having no illusions, wearily hung in there. He knew he wouldn't make it, but on principle he wouldn't withdraw. Running around frantically, Reagan might have learned something from him. The President was astounded that people might disapprove of Bork because of his political policy. Perhaps Reagan forgot why he appointed him in the first place. His administration is coming to an end, and he wanted to leave a conservative legacy. It's only natural for a president to do so, and only likely that in such a case of court-packing he'll be voted down. Even Justice Rehnquist acknowledged this (a friend of mine pointed out Justice Rehnquist is an oxy-moron. Sometimes I wonder about President Reagan). Reagan complained that politics shouldn't interfere with Bork's ability as a justice. But this is politics. The Senate had a fair hearing, and the final vote is 58 to 42, the largest opposition vote in Supreme Court history. If Reagan's next appointment is conservative but not too conservative, the tired and guilty Senate may let him in without a thought. Give the Gipper a break. It's all politics. The different political positions give a little and take a little, but approving Bork was giving too much to the ultra-conservative.

Dube Honored in NYC

by Robert V Gilheany

Professor Fred Dube was honored at the Eagle Tavern, 14th and 9th Ave in New York City this past Sunday. The music and speakers tied together the oppression of the people in South Africa, Palestine, Northern Ireland and Dube himself. The speakers included Polity lawyer Harry O'Brian, Activist folk singer Matt Jones, and Mitch Cohen of the Red Balloon Collective. For atmosphere traditional Irish and topical folk music was performed by Gina Tlasa, Eric Levine, and Matt Jones.

Spirits were raised by the bright Irish guitar and flute music by Gina Tlasa and Eric Levine. People were settled in with drinks and bree brochures about the British occupation of six counties in Northern Ireland. Polity lawyer Harry O'Brian spoke of the importance of the Dube case.

SUNY said Dube can take a position on another campus in SUNY, providing that one would hire him. Dube said, "They make me a pariah then say another university can hire me." O'Brian agreed by pointing out that if he could get a position at another university, this would undercut the reason he was denied tenure at Stony Brook. Dube continued, "Marburger said he wasn't reacting to outside pressure. However, earlier he stated that he was walking a tightrope on the issue of tenure."

Jones spoke of oppression all over the world and the case of Fred Dube. Jones said, "Fighting oppression gives you strength," and pointed out that "This man (Dube) has been fighting oppression all his life. Because of his membership in the African National Congress (ANC), Dube was jailed for seven years by the Facist regime in South Africa. He was

"Dube was denied tenure for exercising his 1st amendment right of free speech and for doing his job"

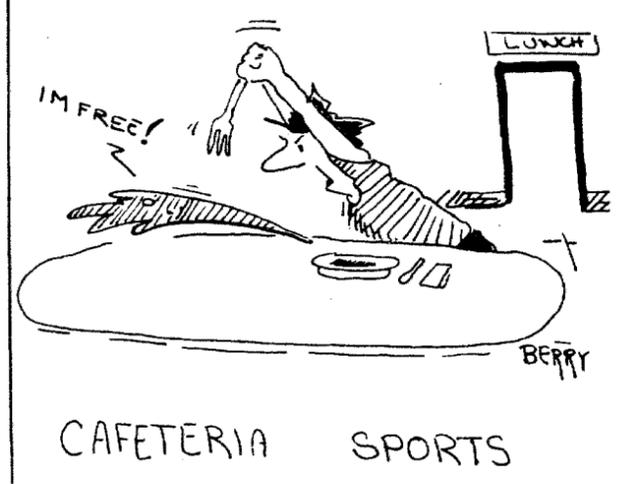
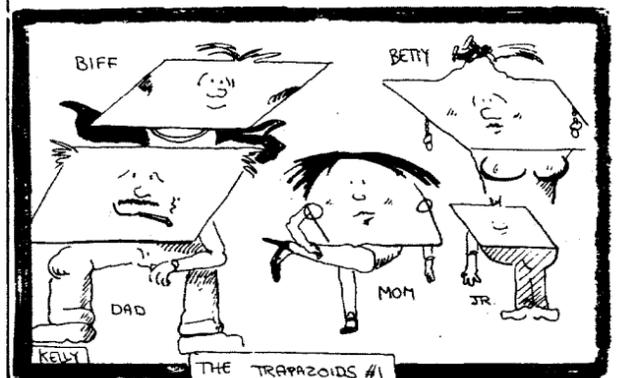
Dube is suing the University over his denial of tenure. O'Brian said, "I can't think of a current civil right that is as important as this one. Dube was denied tenure for exercising his First Amendment right of free speech and for doing his job."

Dube's struggle began when a visiting professor from Israel complained about his teaching in a race relations class. Dube brought up for discussion whether or not political Zionism is a form of racism. Pressure was applied by outside interest groups and Dube had to face an academic committee. The committee found no evidence that Dr Dube overstepped the bounds of academic freedom. Outside forces put pressure on Governor Cuomo and SUNY Chancellor Wharton to fire Dube. When he became eligible for tenure four academic committees approved tenure. John Marburger, however, decided to deny him tenure, due to lack of academic research. On the contrary, O'Brian argued that "Dube's work on race relations and psychology is cited by experts all over the country."

a victim of racism then and when he got here this happened to him." Jones said, "Dube deserves our support because he lives the life we are all talking about."

The Dube case raises the question of what issues are taboo for discussion at a university. O'Brian said, "Maybe Fred Dube brought up a topic that is off-limits on that campus." This is contradictory to the notion of a campus being a free market-place of ideas. It is also an assault on academic freedom of its professors.

Cohen spoke of support for Dube on campus. "Last year we held a demonstration with many groups on campus. It was the first time in a while that black and white students worked together." Cohen talked of the student march and sit-in at the Administration building. He continued by saying that there is also a lot of support from Jewish students at Stony Brook. Cohen finished by saying, "Solidarity with oppressed peoples is a fight for Justice, but some people think Justice means Just us."



True Philosophy

by Steve Loren

The present article is intended not as an objective description, nor an imparting of information in the sense of acquired or classified knowledge. The intent is only a calling, a calling of the writer for a sympathetic listening and hopefully a participation in the act of questioning itself, in the act of interrogation which for me describes man's privileged status, privileged not in the sense of being superior or more deserving of the benefits of world and nature, but privileged only in the sense of being able to ascertain one's place in the scheme of things, indeed not just to find where one is situated, but to find the conditions of situatedness such that one may be able to place oneself, to orient a world.

But what can these conditions of situatedness be? They are to be found nowhere else but in the act of questioning itself, for the act of questioning uproots the grounds of our certitude, of what we naively take for granted as given. Questioning is at once the condition for our freedom as well as the determination of our placing. It allows us to forge ahead with new possibilities, to expand the horizon of our existence and to give depth to our endeavors.

Indeed, if philosophy is to be asked for a definition of itself, it must respond in a triumphant affirmation of what characterizes human nature itself. This affirmation is what has brought forth from nothingness a fullness of human accom-

plishments, for only in the spirit of quest, only in the inestimable inquisitiveness of the human soul has the perpetual metamorphosis of man been effected, the continual redefining of self and world through the acknowledgment of an internal power of restructuring purpounded by a searching heart, a lover of wisdom, a creator of life.

To the extent that we step out of the flow, out of the river of life to observe its direction; to the extent we observe the currents of our surroundings and our very selves, we are all philosophers. To have the courage to become a child again, to become naive, to step outside of the secure bounds of a creative reality, to let the skeleton of our bodies fall away beneath our fluid and maleable flesh so that we may become new again is the task of true philosophy, indeed it is the task of authentic human living.

This is not a call for anarchy, if by anarchy is meant a complete unstructuring, an irreversible process of entropy and disorder, for such a condition ignores the power or questioning to unite, to create structure, to align and accommodate, to make of the unintelligible intelligible. Anarchy belongs only to those who do not question, who just follow their instincts and drives, who break and oppose constraining forces for the possibility of self-gain and aggrandizement. Such is not the project of a man living authentically, of man living philosophically, for men living philosophically are in pursuit of visiblenss, of a making come forth from the invisible the

visible, a making of the intelligible, a revealing of possibilities.

But who amongst us is worried by such ideas, who is unsettled by the prospect of unshifting ground, an unearthing of beliefs, the responsibility to choose among alternatives, the power to create one's beliefs? Who is frightened of being thrown into the abyss of possibility, the raging currents of uncertainty, the blinding pain of responsibility which burns before us offering a warmth of compassion, a compassion that emanates from within, embracing a truthfulness to oneself.

It may seem strange that truth is such a frightening thing, it lingers in front of us, haunting us, taunting us to approach her. But we remain immobile, tied to the conventions of our lives, held by chains of ignorance and convention which by their constrain create a fear of her. She is beyond reach, out of bounds, yet hauntingly present, present within our very selves shrieking to be released. Her voice resonates in the very chains that bind us, in the very chains that she helped to create. But the chains also ring with a harmony of reassurance, of a complacency established by a symphony of tones and timbres echoing from tradition and conformity. They delight the ear with stories of peace and tranquility, and lullaby the mind to sleep with lyrics of apathy. Such is the allure of the chains which bind us in a spider's web of conformity, holding us still as we wait to be drained of our life-giving blood, the blood of truth and creation.



PRINTED PHILOSOPHY

The Journal of the Undergraduate Philosophy Club

Know Thyself — Socrates, 460 B.C.

The Great Transcendent Wisdom

by Steve Schmitz

I am trying to describe something which I have felt which is actually impossible to describe.

I am speaking of an experience where I saw that this infinite number of perspectives existed and I live in the center of all the perspectives where none of them exist. But in trying to describe this I have to speak from a perspective of this center. In this writing, I speak from the Buddhist perspective.

What is Buddhism? Buddhism means so many different things to different people. Buddhism, to me, is a religion that discusses the experience of enlightenment. I do not look at it as most people look at it. I do not believe in the doctrinal aspect. I do not think that we can achieve enlightenment through the doctrinal faith. I believe that we may read about other people's enlightenment to see if it corresponds to our own experiences but not to stimulate our experiences.

Buddha was a human being. He was enlightened. However, he was not a perfect being. Also, I get the feeling that many people feel that enlightenment did not exist before he saw it. This is not true. Enlightenment has existed since the beginning of time. Buddha was just one of the first people to try to point out this experience to others.

Also, enlightenment is not limited to Buddhists. Most enlightened people out there do not call themselves Buddhist. Enlightenment is not this great secret that only a few people know about. Enlightenment comes naturally to all of us. We have just suppressed it through our entanglement with dualism. Our

heads are not clear. We have pulled the wool over our eyes. We have made it so that we cannot see the way things really are. Most people are afraid to remove the wool. They are afraid that all that they know will cease to exist. Society will be destroyed. It is true that society will be seen as being imaginary but we can make the imagined part of reality if we want, even though we know it is still imaginary. However, they will see life for what it really is.

Who am I?
Here is a poem I once wrote.

*I can't believe
for the first time*

*i
Surprise,
i don't know what to say
really i*

*not my name,
will i change?
does it want to change?
does it matter?
i don't know...*

*We're going to have a good time
How can i be happy when it knows it has to
change?*

*like the coming of autumn
It does not want to change
however the I has changed.*

In this poem, I talk of the experience of enlightenment for myself. I was at first scared of deviating from society. I was scared that I was going to be ostracized and looked upon as a weirdo. But I overcame that when I finally saw what was going on.

In the poem, I talk of enlightenment as coming like fall comes. It is natural. It is a natural way of thinking.

*Cross the river, the wise, old man said.
To the Pure Land, you must go.
He spoke from understanding and percep-*

*tion,
But how could he speak to me from the
other side of the river?*

In this poem, I am talking about the limitation of language. Unfortunately, it is impossible to completely describe the experience of enlightenment.

For this reason, we cannot teach someone the experience of enlightenment.

Enlightenment cannot be reasoned. In a way, it is an intellectual experience, but like no other. Where strict logic ends, you need something spiritual to achieve enlightenment. The concept can be thought of by the logical mind but to experience it, one needs this special spiritual experience. It is not mystical. It is very simple. It is in front of our noses. That is why it is called enlightenment. It is like a revelation. We see the way things really are without any preconceptions. This is why it is sometimes called a feeling of emptiness. We don't have any thoughts about what we are looking at. For example, we don't look at a fire and have the preconceived idea that it is dangerous or warm. We are just all observing, very sensitive to our physical senses, without actually defining what our senses are sensing.

To get back to the poem, how can a person who has enlightenment, the old man, teach me enlightenment? He can't. Enlightenment is a personal experience. I do not think that we can even be guided towards enlightenment. I believe that we can be taught enlightenment but the

experience of it is up to us. It just has to happen.

Society has pushed us to create good and bad. Good and bad are just in our minds. To be enlightened, one does not look at things as good and bad. Good and bad are seen as not to exist. But the enlightened person still realizes that other people and society still see things as good and bad. That is why I say that I am Human but not a civilized man.

I am a social animal. That is why I don't completely isolate myself from society. I am not attached to society and its rules but I am still conscious of it. Other humans are my peers. I cannot exist without them. So, I see that we have created society as we have created the color red. We have created society so that we have a basis for communication with each other.

*To write on these lines is to be caught in
the mainstream.*

To know you are caught in the main-

stream is to realize you can get out.

To get out is to reject everything.

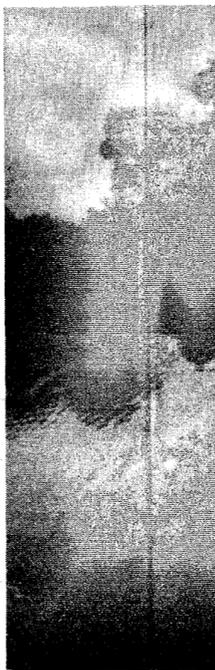
Once you are out, you can get back in

without getting wet.

I have forgotten that I am Human,

just that I am a civilized man.

This poem says that once you are free from the mainstream, you can get back in without getting wet. This means that once you are free from dualism and society's standards, you can still see in a dualistic way and still remain in society without having to become attached to these ways. Once someone is enlight-



ened, that does not mean that the person will no longer be dualistic or have any preconceptions. A person who is enlightened can still love an individual. He will still have preconceptions about things. The difference is that he is not attached to these preconceptions. He realizes that there are other ways of looking at something.

Dependent co-origination is an important concept in Buddhism. Did I say concept? Whoops. Concepts do not actually exist but to talk about this experience, Buddhism has termed a name for it.

What is dependent co-origination? Dependent co-origination means that everything's existence depends upon everything else. For example, my mind does not exist without the phenomenal world. If the world did not exist out there, I would be in nothingness. I would have no senses. I would not think. However, the phenomenal world would not exist if it wasn't for my mind. If my mind was not aware of my physical senses then I would not be aware of the phenomenal world. To me, it would not exist.

The phenomenal world exists in our mind. It influences our consciousness (in using this term, I have separated the phenomenal world from the consciousness) through our senses. And our consciousness influences the phenomenal world through our understanding of it. The two exist together as one. However, to participate in the phenomenal world, you have to create a separation between your consciousness and the phenomenal

world. But an enlightened person who differentiates the two also sees that the two actually are the same.

—from *Shobogenzo* by Dogen
Zen Master Reikun, when he first called on Zen Master Kiso, asked, "What is Buddha?" Kiso said, "If I tell you, will you believe?" Reikun said, "How dare I not believe the true words of the teacher?" Kiso said, "You are it." Reikun said, "How can I preserve it?" Kiso said, "When there is a single cataract in the eye, flowers in the sky shower every which way."

This saying of Kiso, *when there is a single cataract in the eye, flowers in the sky shower every which way*, is an expression of preserving Buddha. Therefore, know that the *showering every which way of cataract flowers* is the manifestation of Buddha. The flowers and fruits in the eye-sky are the preservation of the Buddhas. By means of *cataracts* the eye is caused to manifest; manifesting sky flowers in the eye, if manifests the eye in the sky flowers. It follows that *when there are sky flowers in the eye, one cataract showers every which way*, and *when one eye is in the sky, myriad cataracts shower every which way*. Because of this, *cataracts too are the manifestation of the whole works, the eye too is the manifestation of the whole works, the sky too is the manifestation of the whole works, the flowers too are the manifestation of the whole works. Showering every which way is a thousand eyes.*

11-4-87

On Keithness:

Oh, these morals which are imposed on me by the subjects of my admiration do nothing but shred my blissful affections and intentions. Of this shredding, which only feeds the amalgam of intellectual frustrations with slight sexual connotations, frustrations bubbling in the cauldron of my lustful, craving inquisitiveness. Of this shredding, what of it?

Oh, where is it and why is it at all?

This thirst, this hunger, whence my sexuality. I am abstracted. Jailed, confined, held prisoner by my own incompatibility with these marred impositions...which, by the way, have failed to retard me.

Perhaps the frustration itself, alone, lies in this failure, or, rather the frustration is a product of this failure. Yes.

Oh, this production. What of it?

Oh, because of this failure there is production. Had I unwittingly enlisted in the successful forces, this war with my imprisonment would remain suppressed beneath my inquisitive endeavors. To entertain "if" is self-defeating; defeating me, an unsuccessful attempt. Here, failure is good, successful: for to fail the failure of defeating my self would only result in my enlistment in the successful forces, whence darkness, ignorance, and intellectual suicide. So, I give thanks to my frustration.

—K. Taylor

Rise Up —Bob Marley, 1976

by Socrates G Gianis, Jr

The Philosophy Club is meagerly forging along. We ask for undergraduates interested in philosophy to attend our meetings every Tuesday at 5:30 in room 201 Harriman Hall, so that we can pursue the quest for knowledge and reflect on our compatriots' ideas, to hopefully give us new insights into understanding philosophy (including the ramifications a seeker of wisdom will incur).

The Philosophy Club this week couldn't help but discuss the hypocritical foreign policy of the United States, in that the "imperialistic" domination still flourishes in the face of famine, inequality, dehumanization, and injustice throughout the world. For the record, this is not an appeal towards communism but it is an appeal for a re-evaluation of the governing principles that are controlling our country. Our system, as Plato stated so long ago, is the best choice between two evils.

There is plenty to go around if we equally share the world's resources. We should learn to preserve our environment and enhance the level of human dignity in the world. We all can babble wondrous answers to these tragic prob-

lems and get nowhere. But only through action and introspection about whom each of us are, we can take part in stopping the decay of democracy.

I am certainly not a historian or a studied social critic, but I am a philosopher and a concerned individual who loves life. But my narrow-minded worldview gives way to being empathetic about dehumanization and injustice in the world. I see myself as a citizen of the world, and my life shouldn't be led so ignorantly and shortsightedly.

The lack of intellectual conscience having beliefs without reason allows for "man" to follow a self-destructive course. This country was formed with the idea that it is governed by the people for the people, but if the people don't give a shit, the government will act as it sees fit. There must be a desire to know what is going on.

My feeling is that people close their eyes to injustice because they don't want to deal with the internal turmoil in making a value judgement. But things will inevitably get worse if we don't make a decision to change what is wrong. Let's stop living in ignorance. Through education and determination we can make a difference.

Poetry

We know too much World,
and are drabber for it

(turning inside out
laughing)

only to find ourselves—
wide mouthed and bare.

We dress in khaki now
to blend with trees

and have trashed the pink sweater
finally, for good.

purple lighted jesus, ardent red america, wet grinning
handshake, and the copious sincerities of "good evening"

dissolved

like acid on paper.

"Hey man, this tree
it's living, but damn-
 it's got no roots
 it's got no roots"

(it's dead then dummy)...

a grey sky .
closes
like a bad ending

over purple mountain majesty

while twelve more laughing upturned trees

gape,

question,

then lose color.

—Sharon Drum

Seasonal

Autumn bathes the grapes
and waterholes with crimson leaves,
vibrant breeze-

edible aroma in the air,
remind us that holy, white winter,
white as a crook-necked goose
honking down our backs...

a time of innocent snowballs,
lethal parkways
and intoxicated St. Nick imposters is next;

Frosty mittens,
crowded shopping,
bumped and shoved by america
for wanting cigarettes and newspaper.

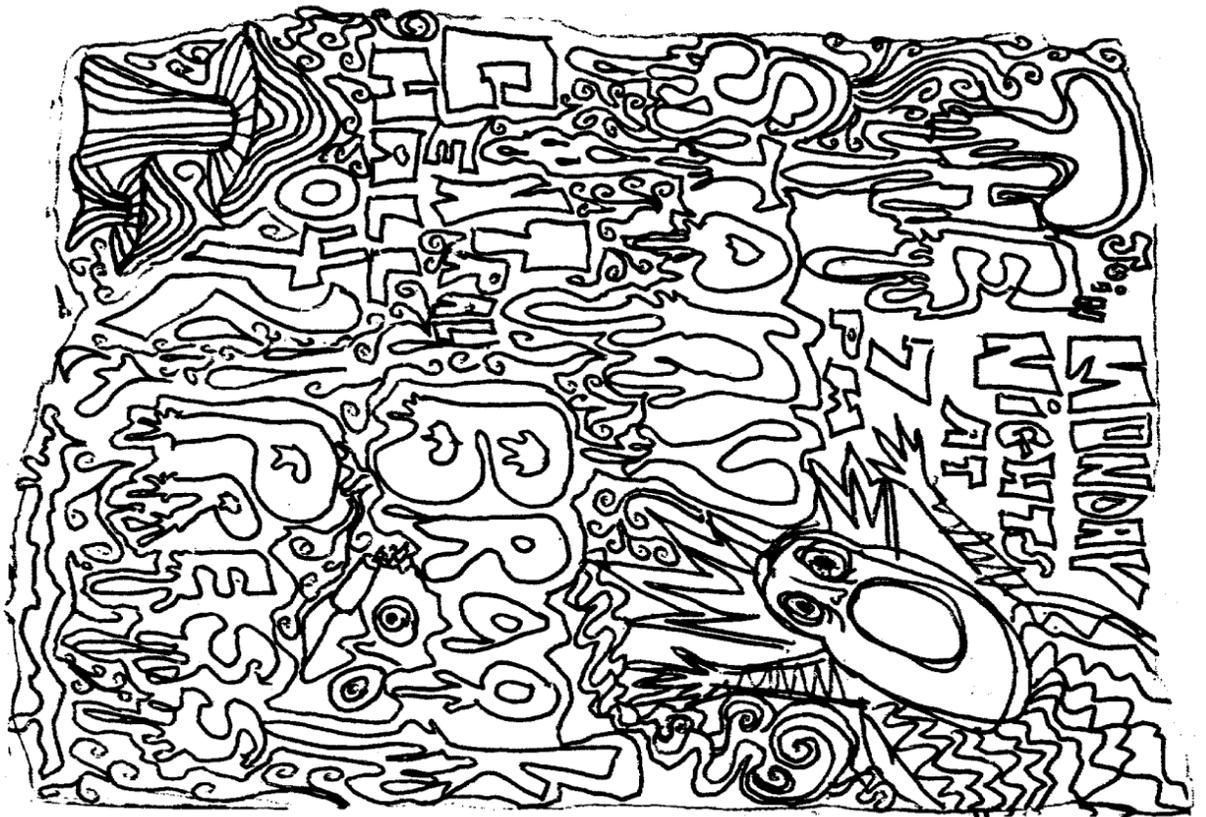
Fall is pregnant with this calm but hysteric season,
but goes unseen.

Goliath II

—Josyf Hayda

Poor Goliath!
They do not give you a chance.
Big bull,
Caught in divine games,
Arenas without escape.
Ole!
Farmboy throws stone,
Blind bull fights,
Intoxicated by the heroin of heroism,
Dying without grandezza.
That's all you can be?
And somewhere in the audience sits
God
Dressed up according to fashion.

—Andreas Mielke



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BUGS

continued from page 3

Insects are the cause of many human problems. More people have died from diseases carried by insects than the number of people killed in all the wars in human history. Insects are a major pest problem for our farmers, and termites eat through our wooden structures.

All of this information may present insects in a bad light, but most insects are beneficial to us. It is unfair to blame the whole group because of a few species. Insects are an essential part of the environment: as pollinators, they enable the existence of flowering plants, and as scavengers and decomposers they break down food and bring it back into the ecosystem. Insects produce useful products such as honey and silk. Insects are an integrated part of the

environment, and without them life would be very different.

Like any classification system, it is very hard to give a few clear-cut rules which describe a whole group of organisms. A tremendous amount of *buts* and *excepts* must be included. There are no hard fast rules to categorize all insects, but what follows is a general description.

Insect bodies are broken into three attached segments: a head with eyes, antennae, and mouthparts; a middle segment called the thorax, which can usually be divided into three sub-sections, each holding a pair of legs or wings; a final section called the abdomen, which holds reproductive structures and sometimes appendages. It would be helpful to visualize an ant or a fly to remember structural groupings.

It is important to realize that these basic structural units exhibit a tremendous amount of variety over the insect class as a whole. Some insects, through adaptations to lifestyles, have lost some of these structures. Some beetles no longer need wings;

the eyes of some cave dwelling insects have disappeared. In order to grasp the amazing diversity that this group exhibits, a field guide on the subject should be consulted.

Whatever you do, don't confuse insects with arthropods. Centipedes, millipedes, spiders, and daddy long-legs are arthropods. They are similar to insects in that they have an exoskeleton made out of a toughened material called *chitin*, and the legs follow the same basic structural plan as insects. But centipedes, millipedes, and daddy long-legs differ from insects in the number of segments; centipedes and millipedes have far too many, and daddy long-legs have one.

In spiders, the head and thorax of spiders are squeezed into one section, plus they have no wings or antennae.

Another characteristic which distinguishes insects from arthropods is that insects go through clear, distinct life stages, where their physical shapes change radically. Arthropods are born as miniature adults and just get larger.

AIDS

continued from page 3

play *Safe Sex*, showing November 11th through the 14th, at 8pm in Theatre II of the Fine Arts Center. The play portrays three diverse views each dealing with the intricate emotions concerning the tangled web of love and death in the 80's. Each view is in one act, all written by Harvey Fierstein, the author of *Torch Song Trilogy* and *La Cage Aux Folles*. In the forward of the published script, Fierstein writes, "Never have I been so conscious of time and its relation to my work as I am this moment."

The AIDS series also includes videos of *The Enemy Among Us*, the story of boy who contracts AIDS from a blood transfusion, on Wednesday November 18th at 8pm in Theatre III, and *An Early Frost*, about a diagnosed AIDS patient and the reactions of his lover and family, on November 9th at 8pm, also in Theatre III. Lecturers include: Dr. Rachel Bergesan of Stony Brook, speaking on aids and the college student; Betty Coppola, coordinator of the Aids Education Project at Stony Brook; and doctors and specialists who will speak and answer questions. The People with AIDS Workshop will also be performing a play, described by artistic director Seth Glassman as the "Chorus Line of AIDS".

"The Theatre Department is here to educate college awareness. Everyone is at an age where they're having sex and can contract it," says Jacob Jeffries, literary manager and project coordinator. "LI has the highest AIDS rate of any metropolitan area in the U.S." As of last September, seven hundred college students had contracted AIDS, two were from Stony Brook. One has lost his life to the disease.

AIDS is no longer just contracted by I.V. recipients, drug users, or homosexuals. "But it is not like the Black Plague," says Jeffries. "There is control in this epidemic. The condom is our best protection." Although says that "the Theatre Department is taking its place among responsible institutions, doing what it can to exercise its role in education."

Brochures on AIDS Week can be found at the Information Booth in the Union. Tickets for *Safe Sex* can be purchased at the Union Box Office.

Insects were here before us and there are many reasons to believe that they will be here after us. Most insects have short life spans and the capability to reproduce in large numbers. This enables them to evolve quickly to changing environments. They stand a good chance to survive nuclear war. Certain insects can withstand temperatures far below freezing by possessing a sort of antifreeze in their blood. Other insects can withstand much higher levels of radiation than humans.

Most people shy away from insects. People look at you strangely if they think you are interested in them. This is unfortunate because they are such a great example of the richness, beauty, and diversity present in the natural environment. Next time that you are walking somewhere, stop and stand still and just look around. If you keep still, your eyes will be drawn to movement, and if it is not winter you will be amazed at the number of insects that you will see. They can be seen flying through the air, or in the carcasses of animals. You can look for them on the surface of leaves or walking through the grass. They can be found in every habitat except maybe the deep ocean and the extreme tundra.

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Concerts 101

continued from page 3

date in conjunction with the protest, which will include forums on living conditions all day.

All attending the meeting were asked to list one live act they would like to see booked by Concerts 101. Some larger acts

mentioned, namely Billy Idol and Elvis Costello, were out of the question. "Concerts 101 will have the job of providing smaller acts and SAB will provide the larger ones. A unified effort by the two groups will improve the campus atmosphere greatly," said Mike Theiss. The Toasters, Dead Milkmen, and Indaba and the Surfing Murphs were mentioned as possible Concerts 101 shows. Frank Vaccaro seemed satisfied with the results of the meeting. "No one here can say in April that social life at Stony Brook sucks."

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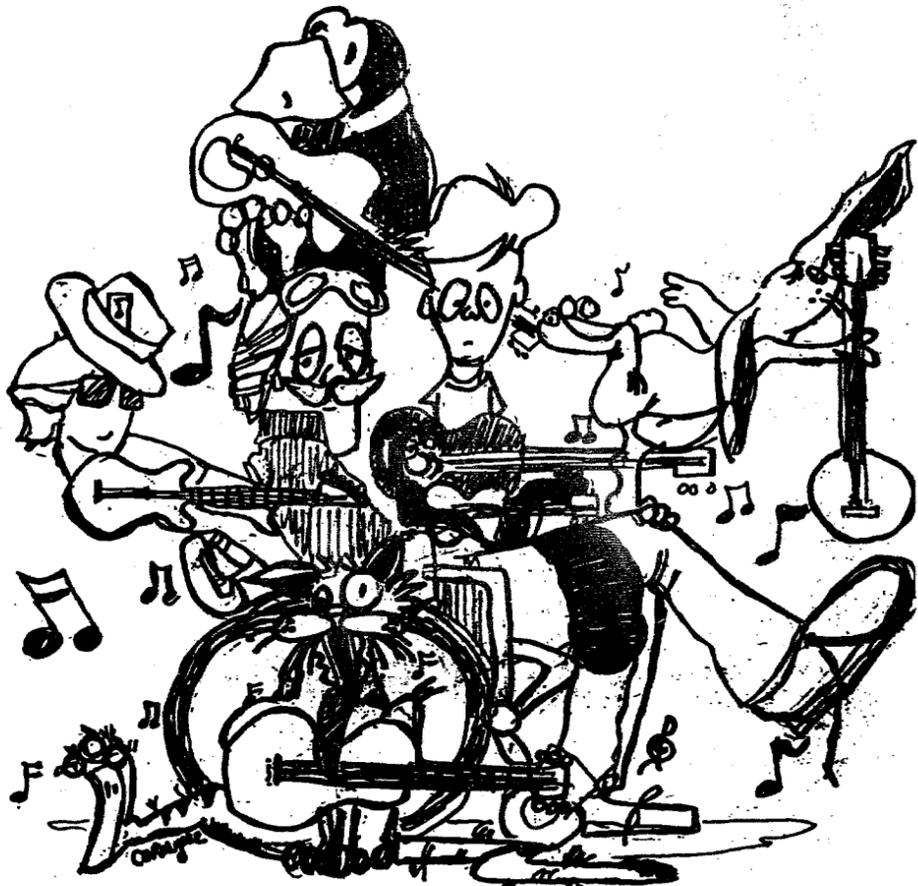
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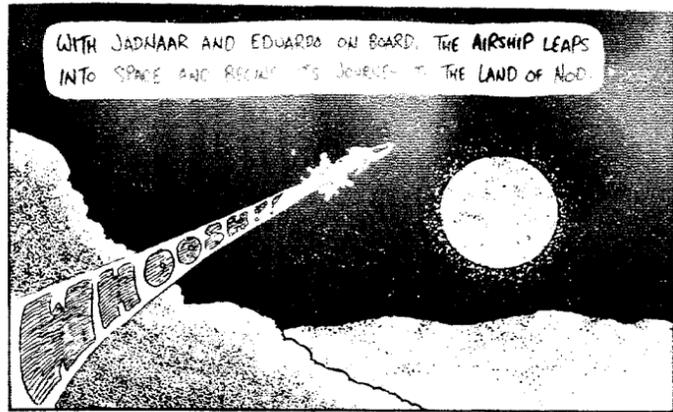
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PRESS COMICS

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by C.J. MORGAN

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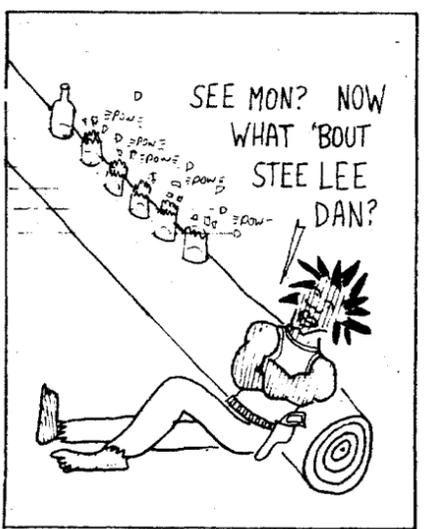
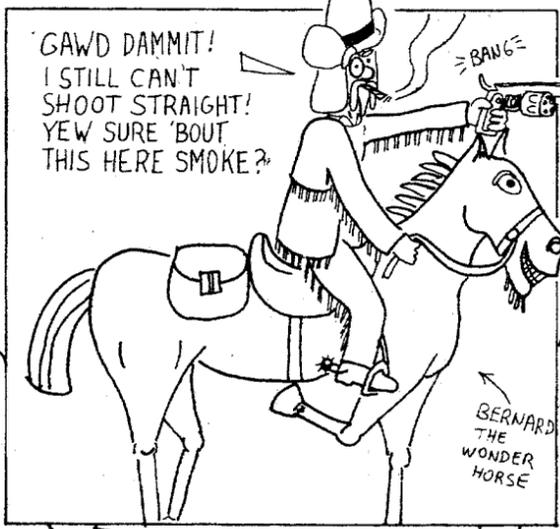
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STEE LEE DAN
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DAN'S #1 SON
-STUPID, SHORT, AND NEARSIGHTED





by Kyle Silfer

A certain mainstream critic, whom I shall for no good reason designate by the initial D—, has equated **The Hidden** with Arnold Schwarzenegger's acting tour de force, **The Terminator**— a comparison of some merit: both films are schlocky science fiction epics culled from the pages of mouldering pulps, both feature an unstoppable alien foe with an affinity for big guns, and both contain the gratuitous trashing of a major metropolitan police station. And you know what? They both get pretty old after a while.

The Hidden is directed with considerable verve and economy by a guy named Jack Sholder. I'll admit it, I never heard of him before, but if this is the way he does his thing, he's all right by me any day. The stars are Kyle "I'd be nothing without David Lynch" MacLachlan and Michael "I used to play Dracula on network TV" Nouri. The former is an enigmatic FBI agent seeking the thrill-killer who murdered his partner,

The Hidden: Pop Schlock from Beyond the Stars

the latter an accomplished Los Angeles police detective roped in to aid in the search

What happens? Well, there's a hell of a lot of gunfire, plenty of violent death, fast cars, bad music, nauseating special effects, and some pretty amusing character interaction. **The Hidden** owes a lot to John Carpenter's **The Thing** (which, in turn, owes a lot to John W. Campbell's "Who Goes There?"),

but as its main plot device is played for action n'laffs, not brooding claustrophobic horror, the debt is not overbearingly obvious (I cleverly fail to mention just what's being borrowed in the aforementioned works, by the way, because if you're familiar with them, you *know*— though it's not quite what you think— and if you aren't, so much the better because **The Hidden** relies to some degree on surprise to shock and titillate its audience).

The script is witty and literate, the actors somewhere between competent (the leads) and very good (certain character actors who shall, sadly, remain nameless), and the overall production is a cunningly crafted affair explicitly designed to divert and entertain. The only problem is, the thing runs out of steam after a blitzkrieg thirty minutes of voyeuristic ultra-violence, and, like Arnold's **Terminator**, becomes a thing that Will Not Die. Don't get me wrong: the initial rush is an exhilarating, cathartic experience (especially the kick-ass opening sequence), but by the time the film wheezes to its odd conclusion, you've grown rather numb to its peculiar and rarefied charms.

Diagnosis: the second half of this movie cries out for a speed metal soundtrack to help it regain its lost velocity, but the detestable villain ("The Hidden" himself) is only into music on the I.R.S. label, and Slayer it ain't. In its own way, though, **The Hidden** shreds. Sort of.

MORE REALITY SANDWICHES *Halloween in Ol' New York*

by Craig Goldsmith

Reality. Short word, only four syllables. Yet it is a word about which almost anyone will argue. It is the Quixotic goal of philosophy; it is the focal point of arguments between pro-Sandinistas and pro-Contras, between boyfriend and girlfriend. Your reality may not be my reality. Reagan's reality may not be his constituents' reality. A black man's reality is not the same as a white man's reality. With all this in mind, Halloween took Greenwich Village by storm last Saturday night.

Ah, Halloween. The candied apples and miniature Three Musketeer's bars of youth. The sexy Coors' vampire display in supermarkets. **The Rocky Horror Picture Show.** And the huge annual party in Greenwich Village. Downtown New York (until it falls wholly to the preying tentacles of yuppie gentrification) is the home and meeting place of freaks, freaks, and more freaks. The weirder the better. Yeah, let it all hang out. *How weird are you?* people seem to ask, *Well, they say, I can be weirder...*

Halloween seems to beg people to push attention-getting to the extreme. Check out this costume. Wow, check out his costume. Dig me, dig me. Halloween in the city this year pushed it to the limit. The streets downtown were packed, I mean *packed* with people. So tight that you risked setting someone's hair on fire when reaching to light a cigarette. And everyone in costume. Normal clothes? What are you, some kind of straight guy? A non-conformist? And the costumes *were* good, there's no doubt. Many people put in a lot of time and thought so that they might stand out in the crowd that marched in the costume parade that

wound its way slowly up Seventh Avenue. A big bust-out, everybody high and feeling good.

Legalization of Pot Rally in Washington Square Park at 5 pm. Aging pot-heads with megaphones screaming *Say yes to soft drugs! I'd rather my kid drive high than drunk! Reagan is oppressing pot-smokers! Down with crack!* Sanctimonious sour grapes? Who knows. I do know that it's really hard to get busted for smoking pot these days, but what the hey, there are worse causes.

As it gets dark, the park begins to clear. The costume parade is gonna start at seven.

"The street is jammed with dancers. The music is hot, really hot, and loud..."

Come one, come all. Wending through the crowds in the street down towards Houston. The streets are jammed, costumed people, all sizes, all colors, walk slowly up the avenue, jeering and cajoling with the onlookers. Freaks on parade. Most of the onlookers behind the police barricades are in day-to-day clothes, checking out the Villagers-cum Mardi-Gras-Partyers. The police look satisfied. *Yeah, give 'em all a chance to let loose, then clean up after 'em, clear the streets, maybe we'll get some peace and quiet for a change.*

Devils, African voodoo gods, fifteen feet high on stilts, giant avacados, a table set

with dinner for four, Reagan, North, and Nixon, Bug-eyed monsters, Darth Vader all come into view, soon disappearing down the avenue. A flat-bed truck rolls to a stop at a red light, waiting for cars to cross the parade. On top is a salsa band, horns, drums, and a sexy Brazilian woman in a green satin bikini, a pineapple on her head, dancing and swaying to the music. The band is on fire, the onlookers start to boogie, the light changes and the truck rolls on. Another truck soon after, seven or eight conga players on board. African tribal rhythms fill the air, rolling over the night like syrup. More dancers. More drummers, a steel

drum band this time, followed by spotlights dancing up and down the walls of the canyon created by forty-story buildings. Contact high. Everybody feeling good, letting loose. The stars are even showing through the smog.

My friend, born and raised in Manhattan turns to me. "What is this shit? These people haven't got a clue." He's a jaded New Yorker, seen it all and knows it. A large knot of people, dressed in black is coming up the parade route. Above them looms a thirty foot high skeleton, smoking from a free-base pipe. The skeleton's arms shake and sway to the music. All the people clus-

tered around the dead crack addict are wearing skull masks; they are followed by men and women carrying signs proclaiming them to be from the United Farm Workers of America: *We are being driven into the ground. Our farms are being fore-closed. Help us.* My friend looks at me, points to the huge skeleton and the farm workers, grins a sardonic grin, "See that? That's reality. That's a heavy dose of reality." I empty my pockets, hold out four dollars, my only money for the night— "See that? That's reality." We both giggle.

Eight-thirty and the parade has passed by. Sirens and flashing lights follow— the police and a small army of street-cleaning machines are trying to clear the streets. Onlookers of the parade have poured over the barricades, following the tail end of the parade uptown. Behind us, the police cars growl: *The parade is OVER. Please clear the streets for traffic.* An ambulance tries to maneuver through the crowds, a hopeless task. The streets are filled again, this time with as many uncostumed partyers as costumed. Walking uptown is like being herded with cattle; walking downtown, against the tide, is impossible.

Cut out to a side street. One of the salsa bands, a big one, maybe twenty pieces, on top of a huge truck loaded with amplifiers and speakers has decided to park and play. Fuck the police. The street is jammed with dancers. The music is hot, really hot, and loud. Simply fantastic. A trumpet player takes the lead, his sound reverberates off of the buildings...

Uptown, at Penn Station, out-of-town business men go about their reality, Deadheads letting out from the Lunt Fontaine go about their reality. The train fills with people, some in tie-dyes, some in suits, some in costume. Electricity still fills the air as the train pulls out. *Tickets please!* A young conductor, working swing-shift wends his way up the aisles of the car. Hello Stony Brook.