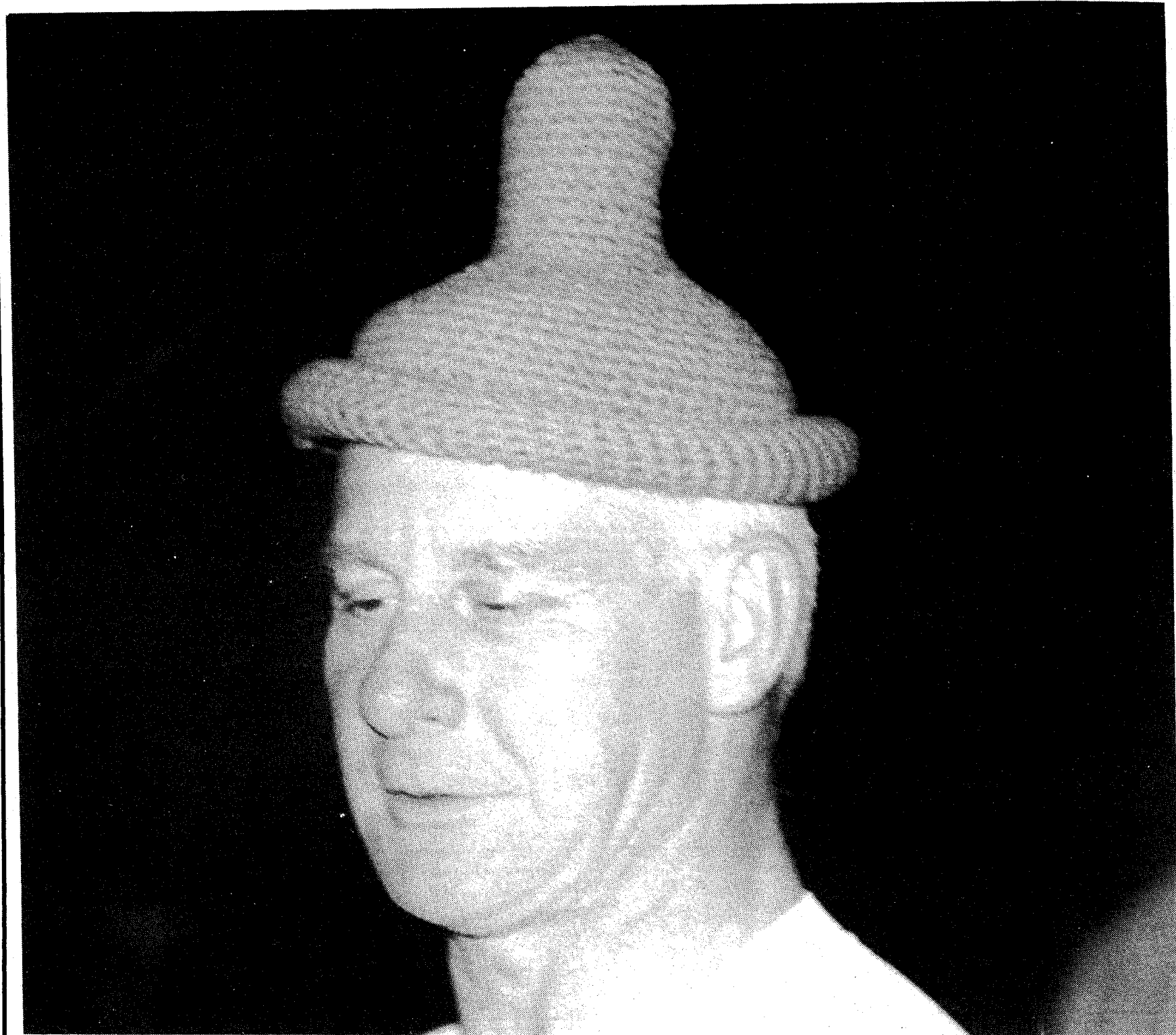


THE
STONY
BROOK



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Fred Preston Hates You And Your Music

By John Giuffo

"I've been going down there for years, man, and now they tell me I can't? What the fuck is that? Man, how old are these administrators? Fifty, sixty fuckin' years old? And they're trying to tell me they know how to have a concert and Fishbone doesn't? Man, fuck that! Fuck them!"

-Angelo Moore, lead singer of Fishbone, in response to him being told not to stage-dive into the crowd at the November 1991 Fishbone show at the Pritchard Gym.

In a roundabout, ironic sort of way, a large amount of the blame for Stony Brook's current concert situation lies with us, the student body. True, maybe we are not the cause of the string of irresponsibility that led to Administration's ban on festival seating, but we allowed it to happen. We let those that work for us, namely Dr. Fred Preston, Vice President for Student Affairs, Richard Laskowski, Dean of Athletics, and Jim Lang, Assistant Director of Public Safety, dictate what activities are acceptable for us to participate in. What started as a hot-headed reaction to a number of injuries at the Fishbone concert in November, 1991, has evolved into a full bloated bureaucratic mess, with each of the above parties childishy passing the buck to one of the other parties.

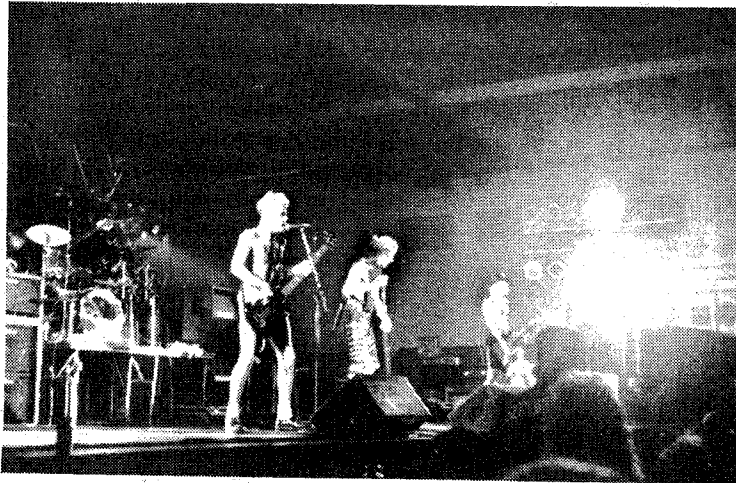
To get some perspective on the entire situation, we should start at the beginning, at the Fishbone show in late '91. Stony Brook's Student Activities Board (SAB) Concerting unprofessionalism was in full force that cold November evening: the crowd was kept waiting outside for over an hour before being let in. Then, when the show finally got started, and when Primus had finished a short opening set, there was an intolerably long break between bands before Fishbone took the stage. They played for forty-five minutes before SAB decided to stop the show. In all, ten people were injured, and some had to be carried out on stretchers. None of these injuries however, proved to be serious.

Administration was understandably upset. Something had to be done. Did they look into ways of making future concerts safer? Did they look into SAB to see if their policies played any role in the show's outcome? Did they compare other models of security to our own? No. There was a decision made to not have anymore concerts in the Pritchard Gym or Arena that had a festival seating arrangement. (Festival seating means no seats, standing room only.) There was also a decision made to disallow moshing, and Public Safety along with SPA security were instructed to stop any such activity at future shows. Indeed, this policy was recently followed with all due fervor last October, when a hardcore show featuring Halfman and Scapegrace was stopped and the audience harassed by security because there were some people in the crowd who started dancing. These decisions on campus-wide bans were made without either student input or approval, and were mostly done on the down-low, so as not to upset the student body with this new, clearly insensitive concert policy.

They also set up a new system of security checks for future concerts at Stony Brook. When SAB identifies a band they want to play here, they give information about the band to Jim Lang at Public Safety. Lang then contacts the band or bands given to him and finds out the

last three venues played and whether or not there was any violence or trouble at those previous shows. When this is complete, he passes that information along to Carmen Vazquez at Student Union and Activities, along with his recommendation on whether or not to allow the band(s) to play here. This process can take anywhere from a couple of days to two weeks. When Carmen Vazquez gets the information on the bands, her office then makes a decision on whether or not to allow the band(s) to play here.

This procedure was recently followed in order to clear the band Live to play here. The security background check had passed, yet the band was *still turned down*, because Student Union and Activities felt that *there was a chance that having Live play here might attract the kind of people who would mosh*. So even though Live



passed the elaborate screening system, they were still rejected by an arbitrary decision on the part of Administration.

Last semester I had set up a meeting with Dr. Preston, Dean Laskowski and Assistant Director Lang to address this issue and try to work with them on finding a more agreeable middle ground. After a number of weeks of trying to just set up the meeting, having a date agreed upon, then canceling and finally setting up another meeting, we met, thanks to the efforts of Florence Boroson, the Campus Community Advocate.

The meeting was not what I'd call a success. I was immediately put on the defensive, having to prove to them just why the current concert policy was unfair. I was met with a borderline hostile reaction by both Dean Laskowski and Assistant Director Lang. The burden of proof was thrust upon me. It wasn't

"In what way can we address student concerns about concert policy?", it was more like "Why are you even bothering to question us on this issue?"

I was instructed to research other school's policies on moshing and security and bring back to them three successful models. So all of a sudden, I was responsible for Stony Brook's concert policy, and not those who instituted it.

Well, I have since compiled that information and I am currently attempting to arrange another meeting with this Administrative Triumvirate. I don't hold much hope for success in getting them to rethink their positions.

I was told the bans on festival seating in the Athletics complex and on moshing campus-wide were put in place in order to protect the student's well-being. When I told them that this is, in effect, a de-facto ban on cer-

tain types of music being performed on campus, they scoffed and repeated their interest in the student's safety. When I told them that this was unacceptable, that a happy medium had to be found that addresses both student's and safety needs, they scoffed. When I told them other venues have very little or no problems when holding other such concerts on almost a daily basis, they scoffed. It couldn't be an inexperienced security staff that was responsible for the events at the Fishbone show, it must've been the nature of the people who attended the show. This is the mentality I am dealing with.

Dean Laskowski commented on how, if the current concert policy stops one student from getting injured, then it is justified to ignore student interests. An interesting outlook, coming from the man responsible for every organized sport on campus. Would the same logic apply to the Seawolves? Perhaps Administration should look into banning sports on campus. A look at the numbers of injuries related to organized sports in this country could be very damaging to a department siphoning off millions of dollars from this university's academic pursuits in an effort to go to Division I.

What must be realized, is that having a diverse concerting policy on campus does not equal uncontrollable chaos and high rates of injury. Ways must be looked into to make Stony Brook's concerting policy safer while still maintaining the freedom to spend student money in ways we, the students, feel fit. It is not an impossible objective. In fact, it is very easily obtainable, should the various forces on this campus responsible for the situation work together to change it.

At issue here is a simple case of student's desires and needs at odds with those of certain close-minded and insensitive administrators. It is intolerable to think that student's rights are being intruded upon because of Administrative short-sightedness. It is unreasonable to not expect people to dance to a type of music they enjoy. We should look toward ways of minimizing injury rather than banning a number of types of music.

I challenge Dr. Preston, Dean Laskowski, and Assistant Director Lang to meet with me again with the objective in mind to re-evaluate the current concert policy and create a new one. One that satisfies both Administration's and student's needs. The present one just will not do. I challenge the students to write letters of protest to the above three administrators, voicing your concern over this oppressive policy. Only through action can we hope to change our current situation. Don't take any shit, Stony Brook, especially not from out-of-touch administrators who are only interested in covering their own asses. Wake the fuck up and fight.

Student Polls

75% wanted to see a warning on tickets

15% wouldn't like to see a warning

10% didn't care either way.

90% would like to see concerts again

7% wouldn't want to

3% don't care.

If you want to write letters to any of these individuals their addresses are:

Dr. Frederick Preston -
VP For Student Affairs
348 Administration - Campus Zip 0501
e-mail: Frederick.Preston@sunysb.edu

Richard Laskowski -
Dean of Athletics
W135 Sports Complex - Campus Zip 3500
e-mail: Richard.Laskowski@sunysb.edu

James Lang -
Asst. Dir. Of Campus Public Safety
175 Dutchess - Campus Zip 5501
e-mail: James.Lang@sunysb.edu

President Kenny Delivers Pain

By Gary Hoffman

Last September, President Shirley Strum Kenny held the first of what was to be a series of campus media conferences. The idea behind these "meet the Pres." meetings was originally to provide a forum for an ongoing communication between the office of the president and campus media. We were led to believe these conferences would take place on perhaps a monthly or bi-monthly basis, as permitted by Madam President's busy schedule. The second meeting occurred on Friday, April 7.

The main topic of this most recent administrative assignation was the impending cuts expected when the state budget is passed. The President expressed her desire to base her decisions on "as much campus perspective as possible." Toward this end, she has a small horde of unnamed vice presidents exploring various budget scenarios. In other words, V.P.

"In the end, of course, I've got to make the final decision."

#1 creates a plan for 20% cuts, V.P. #2 works with 15% cuts, etc... Each V.P. then submits a recommendation to the President's office. However, the upper echelon of administrative bureau-whores aren't the only ones who will be making recommendations. Madam President has also requested nominations for a Presidents Advisory Committee on the Budget. The Committee will include members from both students and faculty, classified staff, and non-teaching professionals. "In the end, of course," reminds our intrepid leader, "I've got to make the final decision."

Although she'll be accepting recommendations from varied sources, Madam President has her own ideas about the incumbent cuts. "If we just keep cutting back," says she, "...squeezing every program, we end up really with no program that's very strong."

"What we are looking at," she added, "is a situation in

which I think inevitably some things we're doing now, we will not be doing next year... there may be services that



Photo by John Giuffo

are offered now that we can no longer afford to offer."

"We know we're gonna have a cut not only for next year, but I believe for the year or two following."

When asked about cutting professors' salaries, however,

President Kenny adamantly stated, "I certainly do not think that's a good plan."

It was refreshing to hear someone speak of tightening the admin. belt as opposed to saying, "Budget cuts? Oh well, I guess we better fire all those junior professors we just hired-you know, the one's doing *current* research." Madam President will be looking to eliminate unnecessary administrators, extraneous functions and redundant services (kudos, by the way, to the author of that "Too many at the top" speech). Specific targets mentioned were Admissions, Registrar, Financial Aid, Bursars, and Student Accounts. Beware though, eliminating deans, chairs, and similar administrative furniture is just a ruse; many of these positions are held by tenured faculty, i.e., if they get canned, they go back to full time teaching duties with no decrease in base salary. Early retirement options are, however, being offered.

"I think there's going to be a lot of pain."

"The most important thing" propounded M. President, "is to preserve the academic and the research strengths, and to look at ways we can run this campus more economically, without destroying the quality there." Upcoming improvements are supposed to include both registration and payment via telephone, and "one stop shopping" which means that future USB students will find cross-trained persons at the various admin. windows, thus avoiding the traditional registration

gamut (oink oink, flap flap).

Fearless leader painted a bright picture of a valiant administration gallantly pushing on in the face of grim budget cuts, but even she admits, "We know we're gonna have a cut not only for next year, but I believe for the year or two following." In light of this and the abusive cuts the SUNY system has already taken, I hope President Kenny's optimism will not prove to have been naive. She made one statement though, with which we can all agree: "I think there's going to be a lot of pain."

Digging In The Dirt

By David M. Ewalt

If you're a member of the Anthropology department here at Stony Brook, you've doubtless heard about the recent dig held in South Africa. The rest of us, however, remain unaware of the important scientific research being done by this department.

Professors Curtis Marean and Fred Grine recently returned from Die Kelders, a cave in South Africa, where they directed an extensive archaeological dig.

Die Kelders was first identified as a possible site for excavation in the late sixties. Archaeologists made a foray into the upper levels of sediment, but only a cursory glimpse into the lower levels. Their findings showed the kind of artifacts indicative of human occupation -- stone tools and bones -- so the Stony Brook team returned to the spot to make a more detailed penetration into the lower levels of sediment-layers anywhere from 70 to 120 thousand years old.

The cave in which the dig took place is gargantuan; the team only excavated around five percent of the surface area. Because of the necessity to step in the walls of the hole and prevent a cave in, only one percent of the lower, more ancient layers of the cave were

excavated.

Nonetheless, this relatively small sampling produced a great deal of information. According to Professor Marean, they found thousands of different items, which, when analyzed together, produce a portrait of the people who once lived in the cave.

"For example," he said, "I specialize in the study of the mammal bones, and those mammal bones are the food remains of the people who lived in that cave...so one bone isn't very significant. What you need is thousands of bones so you can identify behavior. We think of things in terms of being assemblages of bones as opposed to single items."

There were, however, some single items found which were worthy of note. "We found one piece of bone," the Professor continued, "that looked like it was worked into a tool... and it's very unusual -- highly unusual.-- for the middle stone age to have bone tools."

While the digging part of this project is largely over (they may return to dig a couple more inches), the work is nowhere near done. Analysis of the items collected may take another five years. Stony Brook Anthropology students will have the opportunity to participate in this exciting project for years to come.

Handwritten submissions will be handed over to the Cardassians, which they will then use to build bonfires over which they will burn Bajoran rebels at the stake.

**The rest should be sent to:
The Stony Brook Press
Room 060
Student Union
or e-mailed to
SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU**

Open Letter To A Senator

Last week Senator Alfonse D'Amato phoned in to the Don Imus show on WFAN 660am and made fun of Judge Lance Ito. At the Press we are usually for people being made fun of, but the good senator didn't have a particularly good Pacific Rim accent and frankly he wasn't that funny. Racial slurs and making fun of people's accents are considered to be in bad taste; doesn't that ginny bastard know that? [We, being the Press know alot about bad taste.]

There are better ways to make fun of people. Not only will you avoid having a whole section of the population asking for your head on a platter, but you will not have to make any excuses for your moment of stupidity. Since making excuses doesn't come easily to anyone then try to stay out of situations where you can get into trouble.

One way, is through satire. In satire nobody gets hurt, and everybody gets a big laugh out of it. Exaggerations, half-truths and flat out lies can be sprinkled into satire, and nothing can be done about it, because of a wonderful thing we have called the First Amendment. (God Bless America!)

There is only way that satire can harm; if the person who is being satirized **cannot** laugh at himself. (Which beside being a health hazard also turns you into an uptight nerdy person.) The only problem with satire is that there is a chance, no matter how small, that the attacked individual does not understand the concept of satire. And although this is rare, it does happen. And when the person does come to complain you can just say that the piece is obviously satire and how can you even think it was the truth, how many people do you know named Dick Cheese?

Other ways of making fun are not as simple as satire, for instance sarcasm. The problem with sarcasm is that you can get too carried away and actually cause physical harm to the person. You can't have that problem in satire, if you continually push and push, eventually you will reach a

point where it becomes totally unrealistic and everything collapses. If you keep pushing and pushing in sarcasm, you force that person to jump off a bridge.

Another way, the way that Senator D'Amato went, is to make fun of racial differences. Not a very smart choice. In today's sue happy world, where a glance across a desk can be construed as sexual harassment, racial slurs cross the imaginary line of good taste. Comedians can get away with making fun of the way Japanese drive, or the way white people dance because, besides being true, it is their job. They make people laugh. Of course there are some boundaries in comedy, but they are a little harder to cross. Only jokes about exploding burning fetuses are in bad taste. [In any case, did you hear the one about the pyromaniac and the ... forget it.]

There are subtler ways to make fun of people, but usually these are so opaque that only the people who invented the joke, or their close friends, even understand it.

The exception to the rule about making fun of people is the French. You can always make fun of the French and not worry about repercussion. The French know that everything we say about them is true, so they can't complain. If they try, just remind them about their war debt to us and how we saved their ass from being Germans.

One theory about why he did a bad Japanese accent on radio could be is because he thought the Mafia could help protect him if he got in trouble. Guess he forgot about the Japanese Yakuza. Thank god he didn't insult the Korean they have the Triads.

So Senator, next time you want to go on the radio and make fun of a whole race of people, remember there are better ways to do it. And if you need help in writing a satirical speech for your next campaign, remember The Press. LET EACH BEWARE!

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Letters

A Modest Proposal

George Pataki and the Other government hatchet men are controlled and supported by big business, right? So they listen to the people who pull their marionette-strings, right? Isn't there some way to discover who Pataki's bosses are and what they own (besides politicians) and **boycott** their businesses? Exposing these reptiles to sunlight is the surest way to get their duly elected puppets to see reason.

Let's start with 2 of the vilest greed-heads goings--Donald Trump and Leona Helmsley. Both have agreed to fund a propaganda campaign for Pataki's coddle-the-rich program. Why not publish a list of what these two own and tell people not to patronize them?

Dave Thomas, owner of Wendy's, is another major contributor to the Republican Party. He recently said, "If you don't work, you shouldn't eat." I wonder if he feels the same way about fat-cat investors and executives who live quite well off other people's work. So you may want to spend your fast food dollars elsewhere.

If we're going to fight these neo-feudal mandarins, we have to hit them where they'll feel it most--right in the money-belt.

Chris Sorochin

Dear Press,

In your march 27 issue Louis M Moran ("And A New Corvette Too!") makes the statement that the Democrats attempted to "force the teaching of anilingus, cunnilingus, fellatio and homosexuality to first graders." However could the media missed this?! I've never heard anything about this, nor has anyone I know.

There was an overblown tempest in a teapot by some troglodytes in Queens a while back over something called "The Rainbow Curriculum," which included *supplemental* (that means "optional") materials showing that there are those who prefer their own sex, but I don't recall any "how to" of some of the exotic practices of both hetero and homosexuality that Moran mentions.

Why doesn't Mr. Moran do a full length feature on this under-reported threat to decency? Considering how

difficult it is to get even sex education by the puritanical boneheads in some school districts, I find it is hard to believe and would love to see some documentation on this. Specifics please.

Debra Brovniak

Dear Debra Brovniak,

In your last paragraph you make my point so crystal clear I can only thank you for responding to my somewhat tongue in cheek article. Democrats want to raise my children! I don't want my children to get any sex education at school, I barely trust then to teach my children math let alone sex. If you feel you aren't a good enough (or going to be a good enough) parent to teach your children about sex then you've taken a step in the right direction toward better parenting. I don't want to pay for your children to learn about sex either. Be a responsible parent. [Feel free to contact us for a copy of Mr. Moran's "Your Kids Are Screwed Up And It Is Your Fault".]

On to why I don't do an expose' on The Rainbow Curriculum. American

Crucify Naked

Spectator and New Republic already did excellent pieces on the topic and I would only be copying them. I am loathe to admit I don't remember the issue numbers but I will supply them next issue or I'll go so far as to find them, photo copy them and mail them to you if you respond to this.

I must also inform you that supplemental does not mean optional, it means extra. A supplemental book can be mandatory! In those supplemental materials was where a six year old could find the 'exotic' practices and I didn't even mention a how-to on condoms and latex gloves! Excellent use of the word troglodyte by the way! LMM

Along the Color Line:

Racism on College Campuses

By Dr. Manning Marable

Throughout the US, there has been an upsurge of racism in recent years, characterized by recent attacks against affirmative action and the efforts by the Republican-controlled Congress to reverse programs and policies favoring minorities. But one of the sharpest examples of racial prejudice within society today exists at universities and colleges.

Racial attitudes on American college campuses began to worsen, approximately in the mid-1980s. Across the US, there were increasing incidents of what seemed to be racially-motivated, random violence, harassment and intimidation of black, Latino, and Asian American students by whites. For example, in the spring of 1986, the University of Wisconsin at Madison's chapter of Kappa Sigma fraternity sponsored a party featuring what was termed a "Harlem room." Fraternity members wore blackface makeup and Afro-styled wigs. Fried chicken and watermelon were served, and ugly graffiti was painted on the walls.

The following year, also at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity held a "Fiji Island" party which was highlighted by a caricature of a black man with a bone through his nose. In the fall semester, 1988, the university's Zeta Beta Tau fraternity featured a "mock slave auction," in which members donned Afro-style wigs and blackfaced makeup. These events at the University of Wisconsin sparked widespread condemnation on the campus as well as throughout the country.

Researchers in race relations began to suspect that these incidents represented a broader, national trend which university officials and law enforcement authorities had largely ignored. In 1987, the Baltimore-based National Institute Against Prejudice and Violence began



to collect documented cases of racial harassment and violence against minorities on college campuses. Between the fall semester, 1987 through the fall semester, 1990, about three hundred campuses reported racial incidents.

Just a short list of such incidents are both sickening and shocking. For example, at the University of Illinois in Chicago, in May 1990, a penis severed from a medical school cadaver was hung outside the door of an African-American female residence hall counselor. At the University of Texas at Austin, in April 1990, African-American students protested after one all-white fraternity painted a racist epithet on the trunk of an automobile, and another fraternity printed a racist image on its t-shirts. At Teikyo Loretto Heights University in Denver, one dozen Japanese students were harassed, pelted with eggs, and several racists had even urinated in front of them in public. At Brown University, students received hundreds of misspelled computer-printed flyers urging them to "keep white supremacy (sic) alive." At the State University of New York at Oswego in October 1989, racist and anti-Semitic epithets were written in the campus library, the student union building, one dormitory and on the walls of an underground tunnel.

While students who felt aggressively hostile to blacks and other minorities soon began to demand the termination of African-American Studies courses and a multicultural curriculum which emphasized diversity and tolerance. They argued that whites had become the "new minorities" on college campuses, and insisted that "reverse discrimination" had relegated them to a second-class status. At Temple University in Philadelphia, a group of militant whites established the "White Student Union," which claimed for a time 150 members. At the University of Florida in Gainesville, a group of angry whites established a White Student Union, which called for the abolition of minority scholarship and internship programs. The White Student Union quickly established contacts with Tonyastanzio, a former

Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, to help establish similar groups at campuses across the state.

Today, it is estimated that one out of four minority students becomes a victim of racist harassment, intimidation and/or violence. Wherever I travel across this country, hundreds of African-American students give accounts of instances of racist notes passed under their dormitory doors, or of white college professors who crack racist jokes in the middle of their lectures.

But in general, patterns of campus racism are not primarily the blatant acts of bigots, or racially motivated random violence. Far more important are the intricate patterns of discrimination which marginalize blacks, Latinos and other students of color in campus life. Student government associations often do not adequately fund programs and events promoting cultural diversity. Deans' offices may give emphasis to minority student recruitment, but often do little to ensure their retention.

The only way to begin to reverse the trend toward racial discrimination is to foster an environment of pluralism and diversity within educational institutions. This includes changes within the curriculum and required courses, reflecting multiculturalism and the full richness of diversity within our society. It means supporting scholarship programs to increase access to college for blacks and Latinos, and increasing the numbers of minority faculty and administrators within white universities. Without vigorous efforts, the prevailing racist stereotypes and prejudices which are being permitted to grow on campuses threaten the prospects for educational equality for African-Americans and other people of color.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of History and Director of the Institute for Research in African-American Studies, Columbia University, New York City. "Along The Color Line" appears in over 275 newspapers and is featured by 80 radio stations internationally.

"I LOVE THE STONY BROOK PRESS. ME GIRLFRIEND, NANCY, DIDN'T. SO I HACK UP THE BITCH. GOT ME IN SOME BIT OF TROUBLE, BUT I COULDN'T BEAR HEARING HER SLAG ME FAVORITE PUBLICATION."

—SID VICIOUS

PUNK ROCKER
LITERARY GIANT
HEROIN ADDICT

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WE THE PRESS

Justice For All

By Heather Rosenow

The mere mention of the term 'Affirmative Action' could provoke three reactions, each powerful in their own way. One is anger, another is agreement, and the most common one found in this country is, of course, apathy. What is Affirmative Action? Some call it "reverse discrimination." Others say that it is an effective program needed to ensure social justice. What do you say? We all know how Gingrich and his cronies oppose anything that smells remotely liberal and we're all sure that Clinton doesn't know where he stands. How can we pick through the political rhetoric to find the truth about this hot issue? I tried and here's what I found: Complete and utter chaos.

Washington has no clue what to do about this potentially volatile topic. Many Republicans see it as a classically divisive "wedge issue," the kind that forces your foe to choose which constituency he wants to offend; in this case, either suburban white swing voters or traditional liberals. There is also a group within the Democratic party which has recently declared its anti-affirmative action feelings. Senator Joseph Lieberman declared that race and gender preferences were "patently unfair." There are, of course, strong pro-affirmative action feelings residing within the Democratic left.

Jesse Jackson, at a recent rally in New Haven, said, "We submit to the Senator of this state, that we have marched too long, died too young, bled too profusely, been to too many funerals of young mothers, to go back now." While the White House

is frozen in utter confusion over who they should stick with (Election time is fast approaching you know. We wouldn't want to risk votes just for honesty), the Republicans vying for the Republican Presidential Candidacy argue over who is the "purest." To us that translates into who is most inherently conservative.

Affirmative action programs for minorities, such as women and blacks, set quotas in both the public and private sectors. These policies seem unfairly discriminatory to some because they violate some basic principles of Justice and Equal Protection. I must refer to Tom Beauchamp's justification of "reverse discrimination." He does not support it because it is compensation for past wrongs but instead he believes it is needed to prevent these wrongs from occurring again. He said, "I draw only weak obligations from the claims of compensatory justice; I contend only that because of past wrongs, to classes of persons we have special and strong obligations to see that these wrongs do not continue. My argument differs from more usual ones since I hold that reverse discrimination is permitted and even required in order that we might eliminate present discriminatory practices against classes of persons."

Now, if you are a student, this issue is of pressing importance. The hiring of professors and the admission of students presents the clearest and most easily-grouped set of cases where not mere merit but the question of quality is or is supposed to be the sole criterion of acceptance. So the various implications that it should be abandoned, or that it never

was counted in the first place, provide a fresh background for dispute. The question for many is; does affirmative action stop the discrimination still going on, or does it simply cause feelings of hostility and resentments between groups? I feel much of the hostility stems from people not knowing all of the facts about their situation and the situations of those around them. This explosive issue originates from the Kennedy administration. Companies doing business with the government were under federal orders to weed out discrimination within their ranks. Now this term refers to many different businesses, universities, and government agencies around the country. How does the American public feel about this? A recent Newsweek poll revealed that 75% of the population feels that qualified blacks should not receive preferential treatment over equally qualified whites in regard to college admissions or in getting jobs.

I must agree with Ellis Cose, who said that the critics of affirmative action are merely using it as a scapegoat. Are they pouring funds into inner city schools, or have they demonstrated the stepping-up of the enforcement of anti-discrimination laws? No. Instead, they are feeding the public an idealistic notion that if Affirmative Action goes, so do all our problems. I don't think so. Is our society fair to minorities such as women and blacks? Do we take their problems seriously? Let's ask Anita Hill. Have we all come far enough? Well, the statistics and the persisting discrimination in our patriarchal society dictates the resounding response NO.

Now Or Never!

SENIOR

P O R T R A I T S

Sign up week:

Monday April 17 to Friday April 21
10am to 4pm

Student Union Lobby

By Front Doors & Opposite Bakery

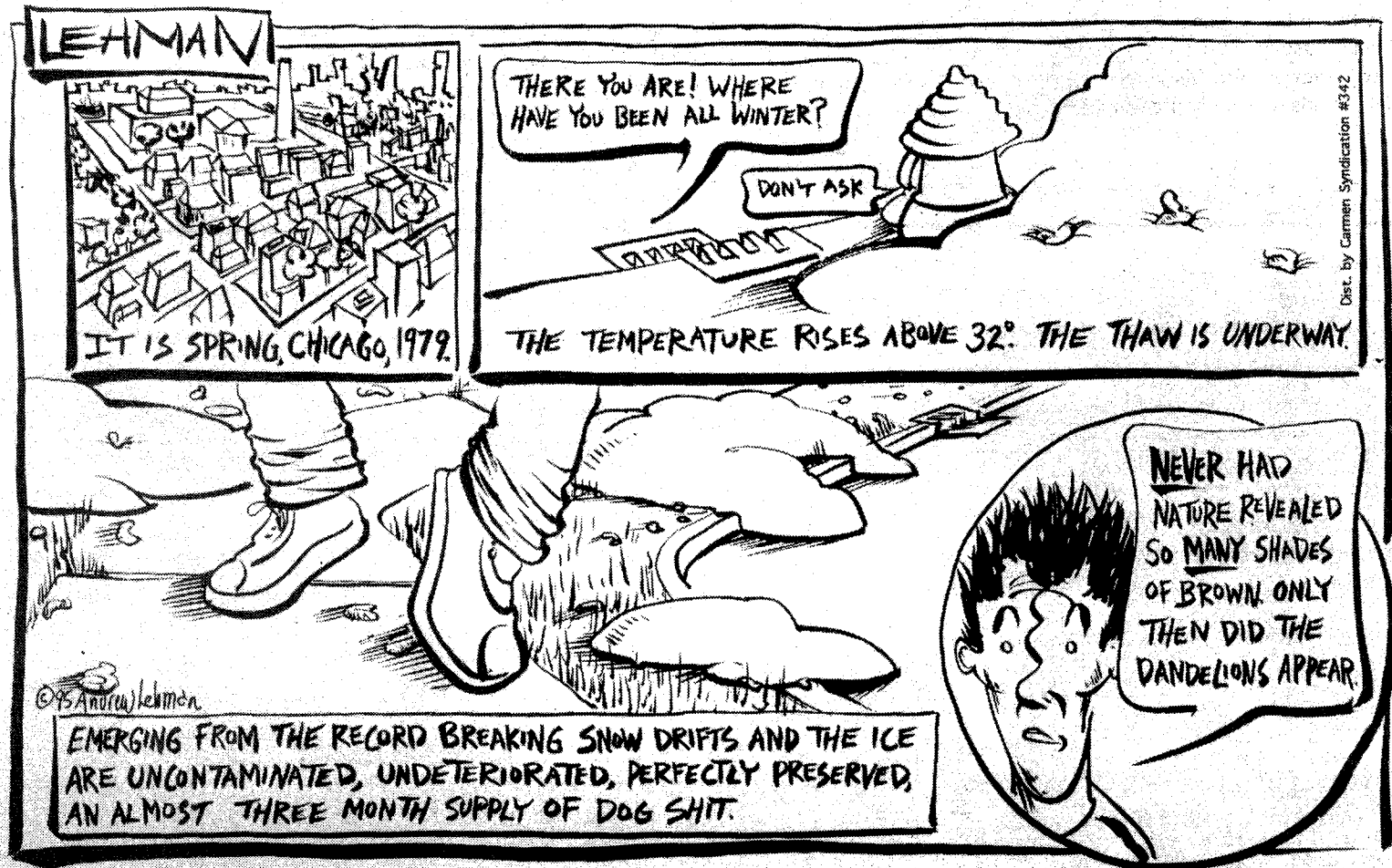
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No Sitting Fee for Portraits!

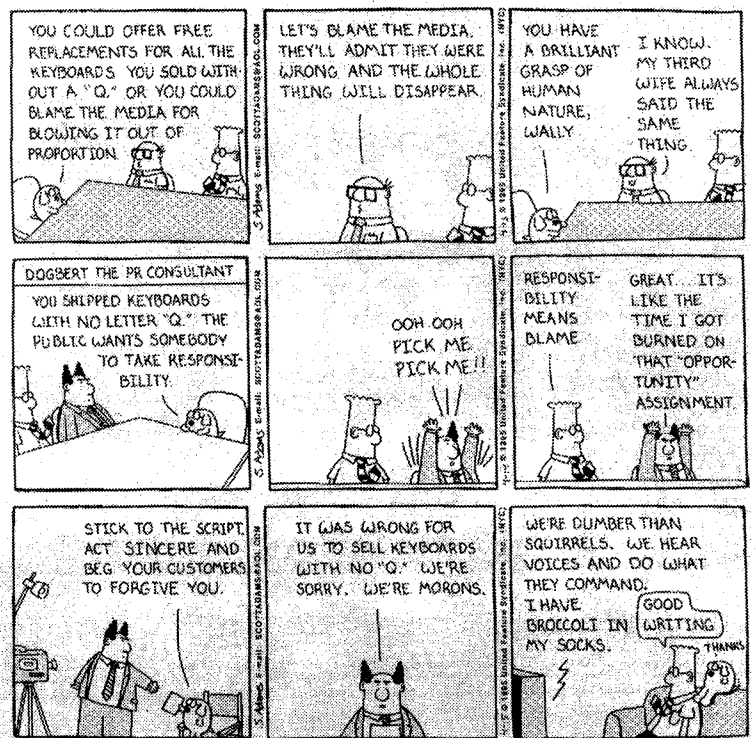
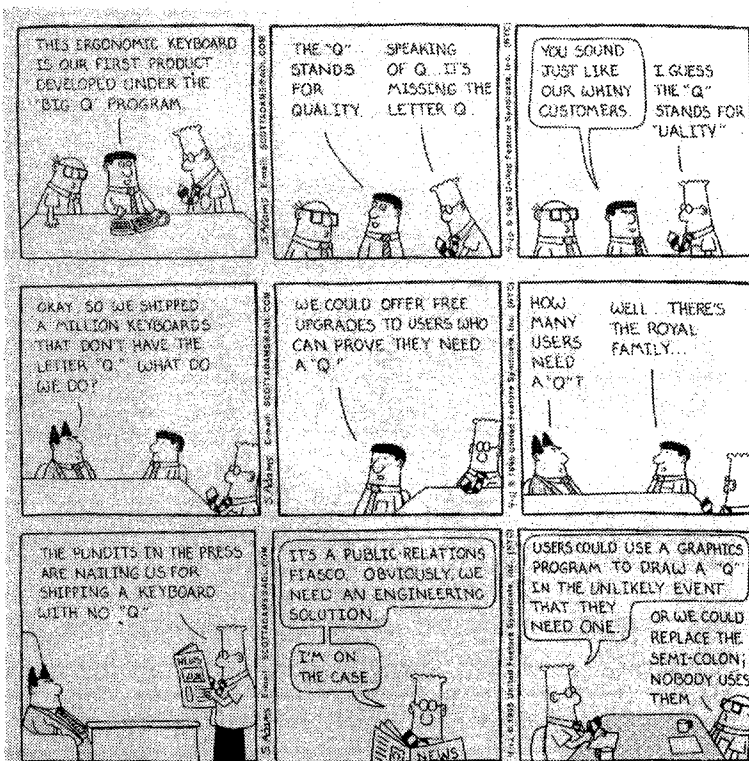
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COMICS



Dilbert © by Scott Adams



ICON 95: WAY OUT THERE

By Scott J. Lusby

I-CON XIV was this past weekend. I, as an avid Star Trek fan, was looking forward to attending this event. Having never attended it before, I wasn't sure exactly what I would be facing in terms of atmosphere; sure, I had heard the rumors pertaining to the large introvert population that frequent such events, but we all know how accurate rumors usually turn out to be. Upon actually setting foot within I-CON's temporary campus boundaries last Saturday, I realized just how off-target rumors can be.

The rumors would turn out to be greatly understated, which is the exact opposite of what I had expected. Usually, rumors are exaggerated, however, not this time. Perhaps the best way to describe the attendees of this event is that most of them are around thirtyish, and look as though they have lived in their mothers' basements since puberty. Mind you, this is not necessarily a bad thing; however, people who sit in said basements and do nothing but roll dice all day and all night long by themselves cannot be considered productive members of society. But, I find that productivity is a highly overrated concept. You can indeed exist without being productive (as the I-CON attendees have proven), and, since this is the be-all-end-all of life—to continue to live—then how bad can it possibly be?

However, I digress. The first place I stopped on my admittedly abbreviated tour of I-CON was the dreaded dealer's room, held in the Indoor Sports Complex. As I descended the stairs and warily entered the "pit," as I affectionately call it, the first thing I noticed was the aroma. It was quite distinct, being (as far as I could surmise) a combination of body odor (undoubtedly wafting up from the unwashed masses that had gathered there), and that old, moldy book smell. Then, as I wandered about the "pit," I noticed the uniforms. Lots of people wearing uniforms. Specifically, Star Fleet uniforms, Klingon battle dress and armor, and other assorted costumes. There were even a few Romulans and Ferengi roaming about, undoubtedly waiting



for one of their Star Fleet counterparts to walk by unsuspectingly. However, the best costume I saw in the "pit" had to be the person dressed as a Borg. I'm still wondering how he got hold of that laser scalpel that he had ingeniously attached to his arm.

I have to admit, the "pit" did seem to offer quite a selection of goods. I would go so far as to say that, if you wanted it, they had it. Everything from nude trading cards (and no, none of Deanna Troi, trust me, I looked) to Star Fleet uniforms complete with rank insignia, to bootleg films, to just about every

role playing game available. You could even get gaming equipment that technically cannot be sold due to copyright problems. This impressed me.

After this, I trekked on over to the Humanities building, where role playing adventures had been set up in various rooms. On my way there, I passed by a group of individuals who were involved in



some sort of ritual chant. Apparently, I was not the only one who thought this to be a bit on the bizarre side, as a man connected with said party (but not participating in this chant) claimed that he "did not know" the members of the chanting group. You know it's bad when one geek denies the existence of other geeks; actually, I think this violates the "Prime Directive" of geek-dom.

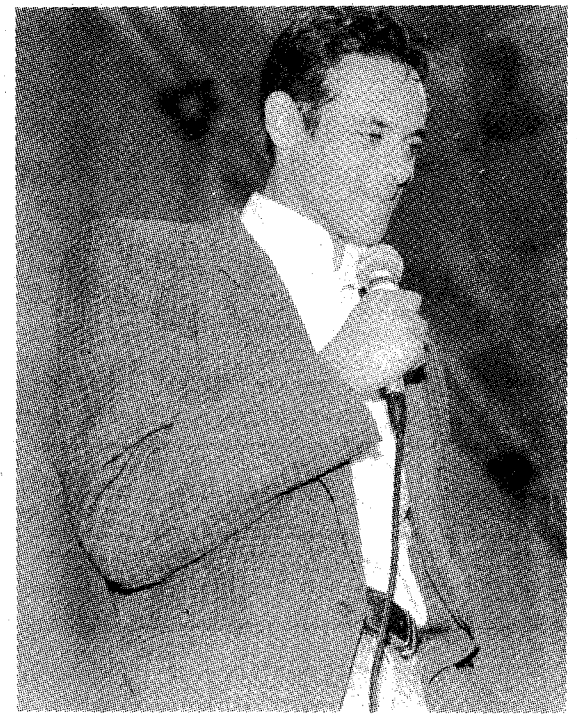
Anyhow, if role-playing is your thing, then Humanities was the place for you. Actually, you were probably already there. Here, they ran adventures for various games, including Advanced Dungeons and Dragons, Star Trek: The Role Playing Game, and Tales From the Floating Vagabond. This last game is a rather intriguing game which revolves around drinking and insanity. Not exactly what you would expect a bunch of geeks to be playing. Also, sanctioned Magic: The Gathering tournaments were held. I wonder; who sanctions these events, anyway? Is there some all-powerful geek organization that holds tournaments all over the world, where geeks from far and wide can gather and pretend to turn each other into newts? Regardless, I found perhaps the largest concentration of adolescent geeks to be present here; apparently, this Magic game is the "new wave" in fantasy.

After leaving Humanities, I moved to the Javits Center, which is where various presentations were held. By far, the most popular was the Japanimation presentation; this was probably due to the animators'/writers' penchant for violence, rape and scantily-clad women. As geeks generally have never seen live nude women, I can understand why they gathered here. I guess drawings are the next best thing!

It was also in this building that I saw the costume that took the cake. Here, I witnessed a guy in a wolf-boy outfit chained to rather large woman in a wheelchair. While this would have been more than enough to win the prize for "King Dork," he totally annihilated the competition (of which there was plenty, as I have already alluded to) by walking around on all fours, pawing at people as they walked by, sniffing crotches and howling. Yes, you read it correctly—howling. After having my own crotch sniffed by this...guy, I fled the building, pondering what possessed a person to voluntarily lower himself to the level of animals.

All in all, it was an experience I will never forget. Oh yes, one final comment. To all the large women (those of you 300 pounds and over) who found it necessary to dress in latex and/or other materials that tend to expose various parts of the female anatomy; don't dress like that again. Please. While I admire the fact that you are comfortable with your bodies, we, the males on campus, are not. I think I can safely say that, on behalf of the majority of the male population of this campus, we find such things positively revolting on larger women. So, show some restraint and cover those rolls up!

I forgot to mention the live role-playing that was held in the Student Union. My inside source (who actually participated in this event) said that it was "pretty cool." However, he did express some remorse over the physical pain he felt after being impaled by a twelve-foot cardboard facsimile of a long sword. I wish I had a chance to participate in



this event—it sounded like the most entertaining part of the convention. Any time you can beat people with cardboard and foam weapons and not get in trouble for it has got to be a good time!

All submissions should be sent to **Room 060 Student Union** or e-mailed to
SBPRESS@IC.SUNYSB.EDU

Letters and Editorials should be no more than 50000 words and articles and viewpoints between 1 and 40 millions words.

Or call **632-6451** and ask for Otto Hundwetter, or visit us during our Staff meetings on Wednesday at 1:00 pm in Room 060 of the Student Union.

The I-CON Checklist

By Raoul Duke

Participants in this year's I-CON convention doubtless saw lots of strange and unusual things, but did they see everything it had to offer? There's only one way to find out: compare your experiences with this handy checklist! Score yourself one point for every item you saw, smelled or participated in.

SIGHTS

1. A person in a Klingon costume.
2. Pornographic trading cards on sale in the dealers room.
3. A fat guy with dirty hair and a Starfleet uniform.
4. Pornographic computer disks on sale in the dealers room.
5. An overweight woman in an extremely low cut outfit.
6. A Star Trek playing card, printed in 1994, selling for 120 dollars.
7. A Japanese animated movie featuring prehensile penises.
8. Cans of soda being sold for a dollar.
9. A bearded guy carrying a samurai sword.
10. A woman dressed as 'The Crow'.
11. A seven dollar lapel pin depicting a giant lizard.
12. Twelve-year-old boys leering at paintings of scantily clad valkyries.
13. People arguing over the merits of Kirk vs. Picard.
14. An I-CON security guard who thinks he actually has authority.
15. A person wearing chain mail.

SMELLS

1. Sweat.
2. Cheese.
3. Leather.
4. Grease.
5. Hot dogs.
6. Urine.
7. Money.
8. Regular Blood worm pheromones.
9. Cheap cologne.
10. Pork products.

ACTIVITIES

1. Getting 'racked' during live action role playing.
2. Buying an overpriced t-shirt.
3. Watching a demon rape a young woman in an 'anime' film.
4. Waiting two hours for a late "Dr. Bashir" to show up.
5. Watching lame movies in the Javits center because your dorm has no power.
6. "Filking".
7. Asking someone, "Who is Jerry Doyle?"
8. Trying to join a role-playing session and being told it's full.
9. Walking from the gym to Javits on unlit paths.
10. Spending your hard earned cash on a ticket only to look around and go home.

SCORING

- 1-10: What are you, blind?
11-20: You didn't spend much time at the convention, did you?
21-25: I-CON is pretty damn scary. Makes you worry about the future of the human race, doesn't it?
26-30: Get a life!

Attack On Campus

By Zefram Cochran

Unbeknownst to most people the power outage on campus was caused by a Romulan attack on I-Con XIV. Not the Klingons as reported by *Statesman* in their April 5th paper.

"They wouldn't know a Klingon if one shoved a disruptor up their ass," remarked one irate Starfleet Admiral.

The Romulans figured that they could wipe out most of the Klingon High Council, who were in attendance at the sci-fi convention, in a sneak attack. But their disruptor beam went wide of its target, the Javitz Lecture Center, and instead destroyed a steam conduit, sorry a steam pipe, blacking out the G&H Quads, the Student Union and the Indoor Sports Complex.

Luckily for the convention and the Klingons, they had landed their Bird of Prey and had it cloaked by the Van de Graaff Accelerator, which caused the Romulan's scanners to miss it. An immediate counter attack was ordered and the Klingons were aided by the U.S.S. Press NCC-1492, which was helping to scuttle the U.S.S. Statesman NCC-1066 on the far side of Venus. The Press, a Constellation class cruiser, and the Klingon ship, Fucjk, easily destroyed the Romulan Warbirds, and helped make the galaxy safe again for the Federation.

Unfortunately for the convention goers, neither Scotti or Geordi LaForge were in transporter range to help fix the broken steam pipe, so I-CON had to rely on the Chief Engineer of the U.S.S. Powerplant, who was unable to anything for 4 days, because of a shortage of dilithium.

The shipment of dilithium crystals had to be delayed due to the ongoing raids by the Borg in the Rectusilg System on the fringe of the Beta Quadrant. The planet Goosey, the Federations main source of dilithium, was under attack by the Borg and all shipments had to be delayed. But Capt Picard and the Enterprise stepped in and defeated the Borg, allowing the shipment to arrive in the Terrian system by early Tuesday morning.

A relieved Chief Engineer Ali proclaimed, "At least we didn't have a warp core breach in the power plant, or then we would have to have evacuate the East Coast of America."

IT'S A KLING YANING

By Liv Ann Bacerra

It's interesting to see what kind of people actually show up at I-CON. One would expect young adults and groups of annoying little drooling children milling around in their sci-fi suits, but instead, the whole campus was besieged with pubescent-looking thirty somethings that were in dire need of a shower. That would especially apply to the Dealer's Room in ICS. This is extremely bizarre considering the Dealer's Room was only open for three hours when I stopped by. The odor coupled with the unnecessary heat was unbearable. For the past few years I have heard that these nerd conventions have been slowly declining, but this pungent odor was ridiculous. I actually bothered to look at the event schedule as a recourse for an already hopeless night. The only thing that perked my interest were the movies that ran one after another all night, so I decided to be different and opted for The Language of Warriors: Introductory Klingon by Dr. Lawrence Schoen.

I assumed that this was going to be one of those reviews or analysis of the Klingon characters in *Star Trek* in relation to human behavior or speech. But alas! I assumed too much. (More like, I expected too much.) It turned out to be what it said in the schedule; it was a lecture on introductory Klingon language. I should have

known. Schoen started out by talking about how the Klingon language was structured. Apparently, this was borne out of *Star Trek's* directors' desire to have a language that sounds and looks alien and the actors/actresses also have to be able to read it. It was interesting to

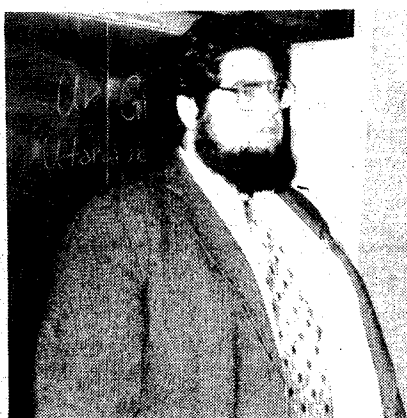


photo by Gary Hoffman

would actually bother to create a totally new and different language. This is a classic linguist's dream.

So far, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was translated to Klingon and is in its third revision and a project is on for translating the Bible. Also, an organization was formed and they call it The Klingon Language Institute, in which you could contact and order

learn how a culture that originated from a sci-fi series could generate so much interest that a bunch of linguists

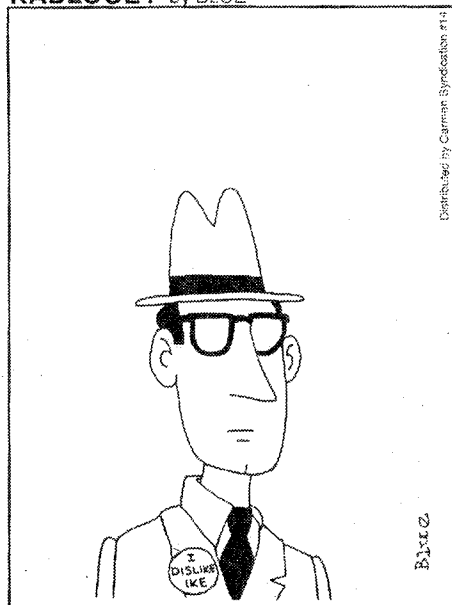
software and various books and products concerning this new language. This little lecture was taking a seriously weird (in a nice way) turn when Schoen tried teaching a few phrases in Klingon. Now I was very suspicious about this considering there were no Klingon Dictionaries around and he could just be spitting out curses at us. But I relented and tried it. Speaking this language was like gargling spit and twisting your tongue at the same time trying to form or produce some sort of a sound resembling vowels and consonants. (Hey Dave Shashua could actually succeed in learning this language.) We were taught how to say mother, kill, surrender and die. You can only guess as to what some of us have put together that night; kill mother, surrender and die-true Klingon attitude. Altogether, this was a fun language because you get to spit a lot at the person's face while saying 'hello'. It's a great greeting.

Needless to say, I was charmed by this episode of I-CON and like any other average American consumer, I was enthralled by new shiny things and I had to buy buy buy those new and shiny things. (Hence, the flag's font-the cover.) Mark Schoen should be commended for an educational and fascinating take on a linguistic lecture and also as you would have noticed by now, this was the only exciting incident at I-CON that night.

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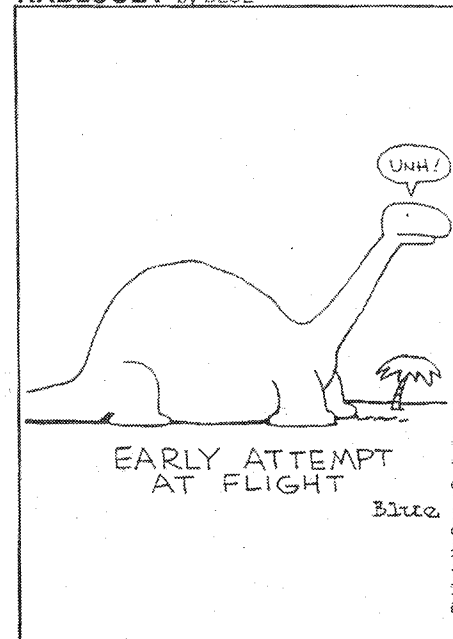


KABLOOEY by BLUE



THE REBELLIOUS '50s

KABLOOEY by BLUE



The Earth knows nothing as large as the ocean... I seen the ocean break on the shore, come together with no harm done... no one knows a mind as expansive as mine. It is from this vantage I give you

OCEANSIZE

DEAR OCEANSIZE,

A friend of mine has recently contracted chicken pox. This friend of mine is sort of old for chicken pox and I am worried about him because he mumbles, "I will find the little scabrous bitch, whore, slut, demon-child who gave this to me and cleave it in two," to himself quite often. Normally that sort of thing wouldn't bother me, but my friend went to True Value and purchased an ax that he sharpens to a hair splitting edge every minute he's awake! Should I be worried?

Don't Want My Friend In Jail

Dear Soon To Be Writing Your Friend In The Pen,
You should be worried for your own health! Chicken Pox kills more people every year than AIDS, drunk driving and low birth weight combined. Now what they probably never told you about chicken pox is that it didn't exist prior to 1963. The way chicken pox was introduced to humans was during the initial space probes. When NASA (ever notice how close to NAZI NASA is?) sent up the unmanned probes they actually had bio-medically engineered a virus to run the craft's on-board systems. It was innocuous under 10,000 feet but NASA knew that above 10,000 feet the volatile isotopes that kept the viruses weak would become unstable and not only increase the virility of the virus but also make it aware of its surroundings.

Once the virus realized that it ultimately had no control over the craft it was in NASA knew it would fall in short order that the virus would attempt a mutiny and gain control of the craft. What NASA hadn't anticipated, however, was that the isotope also held the chemical, that when mixed with one of the genes used to create the virus, would enable the viruses to grow opposable thumbs. Now, with the opposable thumbs growing in nicely and the DNA

from Einstein, DiMaggio and Hitler the viruses became an unstoppable force of micro organisms. Organisms smart enough to understand the physics of a curve ball, the ability to swat a slider 430 feet and a keen sense of how to get a crowd roused into marching through Belgium and taking over France!

NASA denies all of this of course, just like their involvement with Chernobyl and the Hubbell debacle. The fact remains however that more people die from chicken pox than the US Government is willing to admit. You never notice for two reasons: The first being it attacks children and they all look alike so it is hard to tell when they're dead because the Americas are teeming with them, and the second being that the virus assumes their shape and makes them dryer lint breathing lunatics capable of any atrocity.

PS-Your friend has a legitimate ax to grind and I hope he finds the little bastard.

DEAR OCEANSIZE,

I really like going in the ocean but sometimes it is too cold. I was wondering—what with you being Oceansize and all—if you could fix that problem. I live in New York in a town called Sagaponack.

A Little Warmer, Please

Dear Whiny Hampton Living Dope!

Why don't I just raise the temperature a little in the frëaking ocean? Oh yeah, why don't you pat your head and rub your tummy, you stupid, insignificant ass pock. First of all, ocean faring dickhead, there is something out there called the Gulf Stream which does a pretty good damn job of warming up the ocean and if you don't like it write him. As it stands if he sees this you'll have fucking icebergs ruining your hoity-toity little beach front property instead of my goddamn waves! If I were

to go along with your insidious little plot to destroy the rain cycle I would be besieged with you and your stupid Hampton Bays friends as you tread water along with everyone not on top of the Appalachian Mountains when the Polar Ice Caps melted. People like you make me want to wipe out all of humanity with a tsunami! You stupid, whiny, little...

DEAR OCEANSIZE,

My Aunt likes to garden and she insists that dandelions are a weed. But I say that they are a flower. I find their soft yellow bloom to sprout beautifully from the strong green stem. She insists on tearing them from the ground.

I Am A Weed

Dear Weed,

You must kill your Aunt. She cannot coexist peacefully with creature created by beings higher than herself, and you have recognized this and must therefore put a stop to her. Dandelions, weeds or otherwise, are a creation from a higher being and force (NASA, who invented the dandelion in 1964 during a space probe that contained a rare strain of chicken pox) and must be treated with care, respect and reverence. I suggest killing your Aunt with a poison Lily (how apropos?) or shotgun. It is your destiny now to kill her with a vengeance heretofore unknown in the bounds of humanity. Enjoy your weeds as you like thereafter.

Letters to Oceansize can be sent to:

The Stony Brook Press
Room 060
Student Union

University Silence Perpetuates the Violence

By Heather Rosenow

Being a young women in today's society, I am all too aware of its many dangers which rear their ugly heads daily. Rape, muggings, kidnappings and murders have all too quickly become incidents that we are accustomed to. I have some night classes and there isn't a second when I'm not fearful of what may jump at me from a shadow, or worse yet, pull me into one. On Tuesday, March 28th a "Take back the Night" march took place. I almost rejected the opportunity to cover this event. At the time, I was thinking that I had a million better things to do than go to a march on a week night. After a minute, I stopped myself. If everyone said, "Oh sorry. I can't...I have to um...go somewhere," we'll never have even a dim hope of "reclaiming" the night. Frustration and anger should not only be translated into words but into action as well.

Let's face the facts, shall we? You can send all the verbal messages you want to criminals, but until they know there are real consequences and people who actually give a damn, the terror will never end. After having a chat with my conscience, I decided to attend the march. I was unsure of what

I would find upon my arrival. I got a lot more than I bargained for.

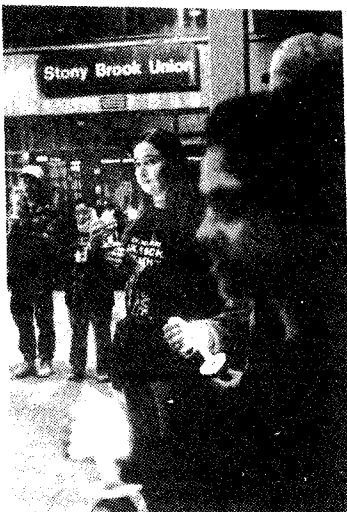


photo by John Chu, Statesman

ings is referring to incidents involving rape and assault, much like the one I'm about to recount.

A young woman who attended the march shared something that she said she could never forget. It involved a relatively recent incident here at Stony Brook. In this incident, a woman was literally dragged from her car and attacked. According to her, the University did its very best to keep this one quiet.

About 150 people were in attendance, and the organizers were very pleased. They told me that it was the largest turnout yet. I must add, however, that 150 out of 18,000 students is so sad that I can't fully grasp it. Where were you people? Anyway, we marched all over campus with a banner that read, "Women unite! Take back the night!". As we marched on, we chanted various sayings such as "Women united can not be defeated!" and "University silence perpetuates the violence!" The latter of these two say-

The march was inspirational and I'm very happy to be able to report that there were a number of men present in support of the march. A sorority, a fraternity and the Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Coalition were all in attendance. At the conclusion of this lovely bonding experience, we all formed a circle and lit candles in remembrance of all the victims of crimes of hate, (such as rape, and assault) so they wouldn't be forgotten. Then we all shared our opinions about the night's event and the topic it involved. When my turn came I reminded everyone not to end the sharing there. It is our responsibility as living, breathing citizens of this country to ensure that out lawmakers, representatives, and all the people we come in contact with are aware of the urgent nature of this problem. Next year, join in the march. It is up to us to provide and demand a solution. Open your mouths and SPEAK! Protest the violence and the resounding silence. We all know about the people who don't give a damn about your life or anyone else's, but they need to know that you DO care. Help take back the night, the day, and the whole world around you. Make action the result of reaction. For more information about this and other pressing issues, contact Karen Zolotov at the Women's Concerns Coalition. (632-3114).

Blowing Your Brains Out

By Doug Vescuso

The editors here at *The Press* decided that it would be a good idea to have the stark raving lunatic libertarian to write about firearms. This was probably because I'm the only staff member who actually owns guns. Their original plan was to have two writers face off on the topic, but I shot the other writer, so mine will be the only point of view available. Lowell will pull through; I just winged him. To be perfectly honest I didn't shoot Lowell, but it is a nice thought, and I know Lowell would respect that. No, the reason why we have only me sounding off on guns is the editors sincere belief that I will be impartial and fair—fools.

There's no sense quibbling about statistics; guns kill people. This is a given. Many of the people killed by guns blow their own brains out. Now if someone is really committed to killing themselves they will succeed with or without firearms. Besides suicide is good. Think about Kurt Cobain; not only is he much happier dead, I'll never have to witness a fifty year old washed up Kurt Cobain out on tour flogging Nirvana's greatest hits for a quick buck. All things considered, suicide isn't always a bad thing. Accidental shootings also result in many deaths. Life is an inherently risky undertaking and people are apt to die from an assorted array of bizarre accidents ranging from messy chipper mishaps to the ill advised mixing of bleach and ammonia for menial household cleaning chores. These deaths are not what the crux of the firearms debate is about. If suicides and accidental shootings were the only gun relat-

ed deaths there would be no gun control debate. No, there is a raging gun control debate because of murders, plain and simple.

If you want to have fewer people blowing each other away, gun control would be one of the least effective means available. You want fewer shootings, legalize drugs. The United States didn't have

"Life is an inherently risky undertaking and people are apt to die from an assorted array of bizarre accidents ranging from messy chipper mishaps to the ill advised mixing of bleach and ammonia for menial household cleaning chores."

any need for gun control measures until prohibition. When you make things that people want illegally you ensure a profit for criminal activities. To protect their profits criminals will often resort to killing rivals and the occasional bystander. These criminal types have little trouble importing tons of illegal drugs every year, bringing in firearms with these drugs would be a nuisance at best.

Next is the problem of government control. The question, "Should Darryl Gates and the LAPD be the only armed people in our society?" must be addressed. Are agents of the government the only people to be trusted with firearms? Let's face it, our government does many, how shall I put it,

things, that would call into question their intelligence and integrity.

What it comes down to is, how much freedom are we willing to surrender to the government? Everyone understands that in order to be free from government oppression we must have the First Amendment. We also understand that the *New York Times* receives the same protection under the First Amendment as *Penthouse* does. The *Times* op-ed page and naked photos of Anna Nicole Smith both serve to protect our freedom. How exactly an air-brushed color photo of a naked buxom blond can help protect our freedom is somewhat abstract. Owning an AR-15 assault rifle and a thousand rounds of ammunition also protects our freedom in an abstract way, but also in a more tangible way. We understand that if you can't view homoerotic art then next you won't be able to read William F. Buckley's columns. The same holds true for guns; if you can't own an uzi, then next thing you know the government is telling us we have to drive twenty miles an hour and the sales tax is going up to 94 percent. It's all very simple.

The Second Amendment was never intended to protect the rights of recreational shooters. It was intended to guarantee an armed citizenry capable of overthrowing the government, just in case said government had abused its powers. Thomas Jefferson, a man with some small affect on our Constitution, called for a revolution every ten years or so to ensure good government. Since we don't have a guillotine or even term limits in our country we have only one way to get rid of our politicians, well other then elections, is to shoot them. (See Kennedys) This is why every home should have an assault rifle in it.

Use Your Head

By Sara Weiss

Abortion, its hard to stay neutral these days. Whether you're pro-life or pro-choice, bound by your religious beliefs or otherwise it in itself is an issue surrounded by controversy. However, currently the issue isn't abortion but abortion protests. While the majority of the protests usually involve picketing and shouting on behalf of both sides, there does exist that percentage that erupt in violence. The violence is initiated by the pro-lifers some of whom have gone so far as to kill abortion doctors and shoot into clinics.

It almost seems as if peaceful protest no longer exists. The most notorious case of abortion protest violence was the 1993 shooting of abortion doctor David Gunn. Then there was John Salvi, the man accused of that infamous rampage where he shot up three abortion clinics killing two people in New England. No matter how many court rulings are made or orders of protection are filed this is going to continue.

The issue of abortion really did not come into the spotlight until the 1970's with the landmark Supreme Court ruling in the case of *Roe vs Wade* making abortion legal. Since then there have been

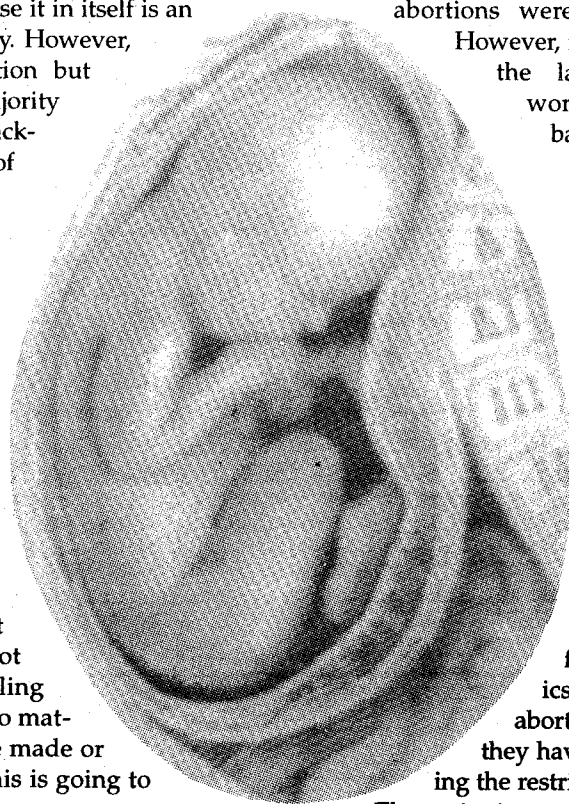
several attempts to overturn the ruling which fortunately haven't succeeded. The laws the previously existed before *Roe vs Wade* were originally made to protect women from the dangerous ways in which abortions were being preformed.

However, instead of protecting, the laws caused many women to die due to back alley and home abortions. Still there are those out there who believe that it should once again be illegal. Certain states have added restrictions to their own laws but never outlawed abortion all together. Still, in 1991 a decision was made by those in power that barred federally funded clinics from mentioning abortion as an option but, they have been lax in enforcing the restriction.

The entire issue of abortion and abortion protest has reached the forefront. The pro-lifers have gone from simple picketing outside clinics to shooting doctors and attacking women. The tragic death of David Gunn and the recent clinic

shootings are only part of it. There exists a portion of the population out there who believe that killing abortion doctors is perfectly fine, but abortion in itself is murder. Some of these people have even gone on television to say that what they were doing was God's will. They say this yet in actuality what they are saying is that abortion is murder but if these children grow up and become abortion doctors then killing them at that point in their life is perfectly fine, honorable even. I recently was able to get my hands on a piece of e-mail off a file in a forum in CompuServe that discussed one particular persons view on abortion. This person compared abortion to amputation, saying that just as a leg is a part of a body a fetus is part of it's mother's body which made it murder. He also went on to say that he did not even believe in abortion to save the mother's life rather sacrifice her to save a fetus that may or may not develop into a healthy human being.

Most recently a federal judge in Wisconsin vetoed part of the 1994 federal abortion-clinic-access law. The section in question involved a ban on peaceful physical blocking of clinics which this particular judge deemed unconstitutional. Even more recent then that, the anti-abortion group Operation Rescue moved its headquarters in Dallas to a location right next door to an abortion clinic run by Norma McCorvey the woman who was Jane Roe in the land mark case *Roe vs Wade*. Allegedly that group didn't know when they leased the office space that clinic wasn't next door. I sincerely doubt that the group was unaware of the clinic's presence at that particular site.



The Modern Dream

By Vic Alfieri

The night was an adventurous one. I was asked to cover a traditional play that was adapted to modern times and being a traditionalist of sorts, I had my doubts about this idea. The play was "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by William Shakespeare. It is probably one of the most popular pieces he has ever written, which made me all the more skeptical about this adaptation by John Cameron. Cameron, a member of the faculty here at Stony Brook, has directed plays here in the past, but never one of this magnitude. He took a great chance and I think it worked.

To be honest with you, when the play first started, I thought I was in for a long evening. There was a man in women's lingerie, women in less and whips and chains were in abundance. I thought I was watching a very bad peep show. In this adaptation, Cameron exploits the dark side of the play by changing the faeries and goblins of Shakespeare's world into the hookers and drug dealers of the modern day. The character of Puck steps out of a "Real World" episode or maybe an Offspring concert and walks into the world of immortality. My first impression of Puck, played by Shane Covey, was that of Kato Kaelin on steroids. He was the ultimate Mimbo in the buff. Covey changed my mind though. Playing the always lurking drug dealer and side kick to the high and mighty Oberon. Although his laugh didn't sound evil enough and he didn't have the stark madness in his eye, he played up to the part.

The character of Hermia, played by Stephanie Hughes in her debut, was done well. The comedic scenes with Helena were some of the best parts of the

play. Although she was dressed in a '50's costume, right out of "American Graffiti," Hughes played well to the modern day girl fighting for her man.

The character of Lysander, played by senior Mark Wilson, seemed to be the only person left intact from the original text. With quasi-english accent and all, he fought for the freedom to love the girl of



his dreams. Wilson comes off well as the true love of Hermia, but the casual caresses and kisses of his beloved showed little of that lifelong love that we were supposed to believe in.

Sandro Camarao, who plays the betrothed Demetrius, gave this adaptation a style that might

have lacked in another actor. Turned into the prince of Little Italy, Demetrius is the smooth, debonair son of 'La Famiglia.' The part seemed to come very natural to him. The little things he did when he wasn't the center of attention showed that he was the perfect piece for that part of the puzzle. Everything from smoothing his hair back to shifting 'the jewels' gave this character the credibility that it deserved.

The true star, the one who stole the show, had to be Helena, played by Kim Roiy. She owned that stage every time she touched it. The "modern" Helena was turned into a spin-off of Marisa Tomei's character from "My Cousin Vinny." The idea of Shakespeare's words being spoken in the Queens whine voice of today's female residents was beautiful piece of work by Roiy and director Cameron. Roiy had some of the best lines and with the exception of Puck's retelling of Nick Bottom turning into an ass and Bottom's "feeling like an ass," she received the greatest laughs. In the end, she received the loudest ovation and it was rightfully so.

The parts of Titania and Oberon played by Taryn Estrada and Christopher Graham respectively, complement each other well as immortal lovers and leaders of the faeries. Although he started off in woman's lingerie, Oberon showed how devious he could be by having his lover fall in love with an "ass." The rest of the cast held up their end in supporting roles, especially Donald S. Graham Jr. as Nick Bottom.

I have to give this cast credit. They took a big chance in transforming a classic and it paid off. Most of the credit should go to John Cameron though. He took me by surprise and opened my eyes to his world; which isn't exactly a normal place, but safe enough to live in. Congratulations guys!

To those who feel repunance or disgust regarding the nudity that sometimes appears in *The Press*, we offer the following quote with the sincere hope that it might be read by a self-reflective and self-critical public, hoping to actually learn something while in college.

No matter how hard we may pretend otherwise, most of us rather like a moderate rousing of sex. It warms us, stimulates us like sunshine on a grey day. After a century or two of Puritanism, this is still true of most people. Only the mob-habit of condemning any form of sex is too strong to let us admit it naturally. And there are, of course, many people who are genuinely repelled by the simplest and most natural stirrings of sexual feelings. But these people are perverts who have fallen into hatred of their fellowmen; thwarted, disappointed, unfulfilled people, of who, alas, our civilization contains so many. And they nearly always enjoy some unsimple and unnatural form of sexual excitement, secretly.

--D.H. Lawrence, from
Pornography and Obscenity, 1930

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Photo: Man Ray, 1929

Never Spend A Hundred When Five'll Do Ya

By Louis M. Moran

I suppose she thought she was giving us some sound advice, she winked at us as if to say, "Ya know what I mean?" I didn't know what she meant though. It seemed fairly cut and dry. I rented a car, it had a flat, give me a new car or fix my flat.

"You want me to fix the tire so your company won't charge me for it?"

"Well they gave it to you with air."

"Yes, but now it doesn't have any!"

"Well still..." she said putting and extra 'stuh' in still.

"Look lady, *you* have a flat tire, *I'm* just experiencing it!" I said loudly.

"If you want to come back Thursday, my manager will be here."

"Thursday is the last day of my vacation. I plan to be on my way home on a full tire, not the donut spare, doing seventy five on the New Jersey Turnpike."

"Well, I could give you an Escort."

"I rented a minivan because I have six people to transport!"

"Well...."

"Never mind," I huffed. I looked back to my friend who was now shrugging his shoulders in disbelief. So we left the airport stationer rent a car company and went out on a Sunday afternoon in Maryland to find someone to fix our tire. What's six bucks? I thought to myself.

Salisbury, Maryland has a population of about 30,000 people, 10,000 when college is out. There aren't very many things open on a Sunday, the least of which are gas stations who still fix flat tires. We lucked out and found a major chain who agreed to fix our tire if we wouldn't mind waiting two hours or so. We dropped the tire off and left a number where they could call us when it was done, and we'd be right out to get it.

The minivan we rented rode funny to begin with, on the donut it was like skipping on mossy stones through a fast brook. There was no way we were taking the three hour drive to Washington DC on the donut.

Donuts are idiotic anyway. The minivan we had

had ample room to stow a full size tire but instead it had a donut. The minivan had this ingenious winch operation to lower the spare to the ground, a well hidden jack, right up by the fan and cooling fluid (which was at critical mass when we needed the jack) and a lug wrench designed to slip when your hands were closest to the asphalt. Other than that it was a sterling design.

I'd always heard that people from other states don't like New Yorkers, but I never found that to be true. However, when the tire fixing place called they said they couldn't fix the tire and we'd have to get a new one. I knew something was up.

"A new one? I couldn't even see a hole in that tire! I wanted to put fix a flat in it. What's wrong with it?"

"Well sir, it has two holes, one just right next to the other, and it can't be plugged because the plugs'll bump each other right out. You need a new tire, I have one for about forty dollars. Run real nice too."

"Great...listen, I'll call you right back."

We called the 1-800 number to our rental company, which was 1-800 BUSY I think, and waited to talk to someone. We finally got someone who sounded suspiciously like the woman at the airport and hung up on her with the situation unresolved. I called New York, and spoke to the place I rented the minivan and they told me to go ahead and replace the tire, they would reimburse us what ever the cost. Shouldn't be more that \$50 dollars I thought.

When we got to the place that had our tire, they showed us the two plugs sticking out of the tire like nails and explained that at high velocity the plugs would fly from the wheel causing all sorts of mayhem and destruction. And my friend and I nodded quietly each thinking that fix a flat or a three inch patch would do the trick without incident or mayhem to anyone, but stood stoically knowing that we would be reimbursed for our troubles when we got home. So go right ahead and change the whole tire; what do we care?

Our stoicism tipped them off. Realizing from our plates and accents we were New Yorkers was one thing, the fact that we were renting the minivan was

wholly another. They were suddenly out of the forty dollar tire but did have a \$130 dollar, V rated, top of the line racing tire in stock that 'might' fit.

Well we showed them what New Yorkers are famous for, we fast talked them down to a measly \$110 for the tire. I walked onto the selling floor of the establishment, feeling a little more than silly, picked up a can of fix a flat and paid three dollars cash for the little wonder in a can, and met my friend back in the garage.

Jed, his name was really Jed, it didn't just say that on his coveralls, was bouncing the tire up and down yelping, "Yup, you all can go 'bout a hundred thirty on this bad boy...course, your other tires'll blow out...." He said, looking through his brow, head bent in earnest.

I said thanks, and rolled the tire out to the minivan, loaded it into the back and headed some place to install our new improved tire. The entire time thinking to myself...I just spent a hundred and thirteen dollars to fix what three dollars could have fixed...my father is not proud of me right now.

When we got back to New York I was itching for a fight with the renal company figuring I lost a whole day of my vacation dealing with Jed in Maryland, and I had to pay a \$110 dollars for a tire I didn't want, even if I was being reimbursed, it was still an injustice, and furthermore.... And they greeted me with a smile deducted one day from my rental charge, reimbursed me for the tire, gave me a key chain, said thank you come again and handed me a ticket good for one free movie rental at a major chain video store for my trouble, and I left frustrated. Defeated. Smiling. Glad to be back in New York with a can of fix a flat in my car.

"The press should have no friends."

-Joseph Pulitzer

Psychosomatological Analysis Of Richard Resnick (continued)

continued from back page

The actual mistakes themselves display the many cracked facets of his psyche. Certain key elements of my argument are presented below, with each paragraph of the original letter granted its own section.

PARAGRAPH 1: The greeting is attached to the main paragraph and followed with a period, making it a cut-off sentence. This clearly represents a suicide wish, although whether he seeks to kill himself or wishes his father to kill himself is indeterminate. He does not capitalize "college" in "college Republicans," although he does so later — clearly, he feels little, if no, respect for them. This point becomes more evident in abbreviating the term to C.R. a sentence later. Failure to insert a comma between the two thoughts "So what does he do" and "he slanders us" demonstrates a lack of restraint, which is accompanied by a lack of willpower, a symptom of people with chronic masturbatory problems. A comma is missing in the next sentence as well; two run-ons may suggest inner anxiety at another problem, which quite possibly may be premature ejaculation. He replaces the "N" in "John" with a comma, meaning he is placing the comma, which was before missing, in John's name; therefore, he is secretly fixated on John Giuffo. By striking out against him, he displays another example of rampant reaction formation, this time defending against his anxiety about his homosexual attraction to John, something

derived by his failure to complete his Oedipal fixation when he was a child.

PARAGRAPH 2: The first line is cut-off; see above. Replacement of the "I" in "might" ("I" being a phallic symbol) with "O" (a symbol representing the orifice of the vagina) displays his secret, inner desire to switch sexes. Once again, a comma is missing following "after all" in the final sentence of the paragraph. Using "there" instead of "their" in the second sentence is another example of striking out against authority, in which he is using rules of grammar and rhetoric as symbols of the institution he is fighting against. An extra "A" in "class" obviously represents "anarchy" (see above, namely the discussion of his rebellious, Democratic yearnings); replacing a "t" with an "r" in "criticized" in the final sentence of the paragraph demonstrates his inability to come to terms with the nature of God by allowing cross imagery to seep through.

PARAGRAPH 3: Two commas should be placed in the second sentence; see above. In addition, misuse of "than" and "your" (instead of "then" and "you're") is once again a means of striking out against the system, which is both a means of utilizing reaction formation and of coming to terms with his unresolved Oedipal complex.

PARAGRAPH 4: In addition to further missing commas and foolish, unconsciously intentional spelling errors, the sentence "Please let there be god" says multitudes about Mr. Resnick. By not

capitalizing God, he is trying to diminish the deity figure's impact upon his life, a sign of someone terrified of an omniscient figure that dispenses punishment. His chronic masturbation may be an example of further rebellion towards this God-figure (who is a member of the authority-group that he strikes out against in order to settle his Oedipal complex), and how that he is experiencing fear over "getting caught," he de-capitalizes the figure's name to de-mystify him/her/it.

PARAGRAPH 5: More missing commas; see above.

CLOSING: A comma is missing after "sincerely," and both the closing and his own name are not capitalized, an example of his own inner insecurities about himself, perhaps brought on by the suggested premature ejaculation and chronic masturbation. Following his name, it says "the man that every member of the Stony Brook Press should pay there taxes to." Here, he is clearly seeking to replace the authority figure and undermine the power of those over him; this delusional desire is an initial symptom of schizophrenia.

In conclusion, Richard Resnick is an extremely unstable individual. He should be watched very carefully, and psychological treatment should be suggested, as soon as possible. A wide battery of drugs and extensive therapy may be able to steer him down the road to success; however, prognosis isn't good.

Dysfunctional Fables

The Hedgehog and the Matzoh

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum
for all holiday grinchers

One bad thing about Passover is that you can't have bread, pasta or cookies made from leavened flour for eight days. What's even worse about this holiday is that it usually occurs at the same time as Easter, which means that Jews have to watch their Christian friends eat mouth-watering baked goods, pasta and bread for a whole week without getting a single taste. It's ironic, because Passover is a holiday where Jewish people remember their biblical ancestors' exodus from slavery in Egypt to the Promised Land, where they got their freedom. If you're celebrating freedom you should be allowed to eat whatever you want, right?

Wrong. Jewish people also have to remember the suffering their ancestors had experienced in order to achieve their independence, so modern Jews eat unleavened bread for eight days just like their ancestors did during their hard trek to Israel. This unleavened bread is called matzoh. Even when it isn't Passover matzohs have caused the Jews much unnecessary grief for centuries. That's because many Christian people believed that Jews used the blood of Christian children to bake matzohs. In reality the only blood that goes into a matzoh is your own, if you cut your mouth on the sharp edges. This trivial pain is endured silently by the devout, because it's nothing compared to lice, dysentery, malaria, eating rocks, walking barefoot over hot sand for miles and whatever else their ancestors faced. It's a small price to pay for freedom, I guess, although a painful, binding one.

Sometimes animals who live around humans for a while adopt their neighbors' customs. There is a group of hedgehogs in Israel who have decided to become Jews, and they celebrate Passover with the humans. Hedgehog customs are quite similar to those of European Jews, so the assimilation of new traditions wasn't so difficult.

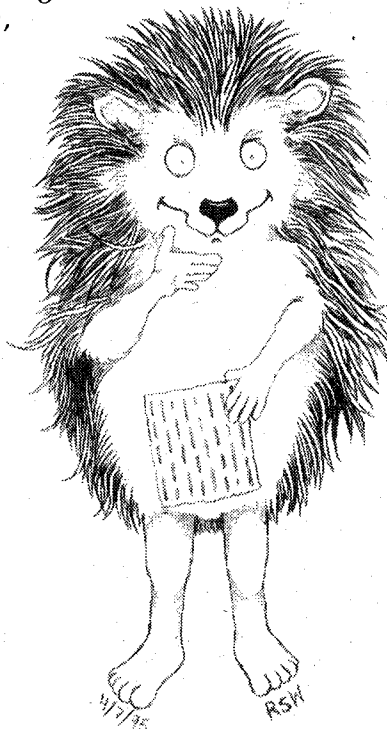
Of course, there is always someone who must create their own traditions...

A hedgehog named Yasha celebrated Passover with family and friends every year on a big kibbutz. On the first night of Passover, the seder, Yasha would lead the ceremony with all the spirit and reverence a hedgehog could muster up in his little heart. He led the prayers, answered the children's questions from the Haggadah (special book used during the seder which tells about the Exodus), and watched fondly as his guests ate the food he had lovingly prepared.

Passover had a special significance for Yasha because before he became an Israeli citizen he had

been the pet of a malicious Russian boy in Kiev. He could relate the biblical Exodus to his own escape and journey to Israel (which is another story for another time), and he thanked G-d for helping him every step of the way. He followed every tradition a Conservative Jew should follow by the Book, except for one—he refused to eat matzohs during Passover and only served them to his guests. Instead, Yasha ate salt and vinegar potato chips to remember his hardships during the journey.

The first year Yasha had a seder for the entire kibbutz no one wanted to go. The other hedgehogs did not understand this stranger who did not eat matzohs during Passover, and they



declined his invitations. That afternoon Yasha waited patiently by the door—the seder could not begin until sundown—and after an hour passed he lowered his rough bushy head.

"What's the matter, Papa?" his youngest daughter asked.

"No one is coming," Yasha said softly. "I don't know why. Only because of potato chips—is there such a difference?"

"The ancient Jews didn't have potatoes," his youngest daughter observed.

"But that was all I had. Terrible, rotten potatoes from Russia—with bugs yet—but I ate them. I survived. I did not know this matzoh until I came to Israel, and I did not care—but your mama, she brings them for us." He sighed. "Is there such a big deal?"

Suddenly someone ran through the street

screaming fire, fire! Yasha jumped and ran outside to see what was happening. Somehow the rabbi's house caught on fire, and everyone was helping to put it out. The old rabbi watched his house burn down with wide dazed eyes. He looked as if he were going to faint, and Yasha held him up so he wouldn't fall. "Rabbi, rabbi, I've got you," the big hedgehog said in a soft voice.

"Matzohs..." the rabbi moaned. "I reached to get the matzohs off the shelf and I knocked down the candlesticks..."

Yasha nodded and held the old man gently. "We will help you rebuild your house, you know that," he promised, "but until then you may stay with my family during the holiday."

Soon the other people came to gather around and comfort the rabbi. He was all alone in the world now, except for them, and they wished to be with him in a time of need. They followed Yasha and the rabbi to Yasha's house, got the rabbi comfortable, and noticed it was beginning to grow dark..."Oh no, the seder!" one lady hedgehog gasped. "We have a big turkey at home..."

Soon the others chimed in—the seder, the seder—but no one wanted to leave the rabbi, who could only moan, "Matzohs..."

"Pooley on matzohs!" Yasha spat. "They caused all the trouble. At my table, there are matzohs, but you don't have to eat them if you don't want to."

The others began to nod and chatter among themselves, and their wives went to wrap up their seder dinners and bring them to Yasha's house. Their husbands and children helped, so they would not lose their race with the sun, and they settled down to a seder they never forgot.

And when the rabbi cut his lip on a potato chip, he smiled through his tears.

MORAL: A difference in symbolism isn't worth a split in the community when these symbols stand for the same concepts of our human experience

MORE IMPORTANTLY: Potato chips are kosher for Passover, as long as they're not fried in lard, coated in cheese or sour cream, or mixed with other unclean substances.

Top 10 Things To Do During A Power Outage

10. Assault Dominoes drivers
9. Do April Fool's issues
8. Wait to be mugged
7. Visit glory holes
6. Burn copies of the Statesman for light and heat

5. Circumcise the heathens
4. Loot
3. Listen to rats crawl around in the walls
2. Make top ten lists
1. Watch TV

The Spot Offers Students An Alternative To Stony Brook's Dismal Night-Life (or Where to Get Bent-Up Without Too Much Hassle)

By Bruce Baldwin

As everyone attending this school is painfully aware, Stony Brook does not have much to offer in the way of night-life. True, this is exurbia (areas farther flung than the suburbs), however, should this preclude there being a night-life for its college students?

Of course, Stony Brook's administration would point to The End Of The Bridge as the school's 'on campus bar.' However, anyone who has had to contend with the throngs of sloppy-drunk eighteen to twenty-two year old neophytes knows how much fun that is. If you walk through the parking lot on your way to the 'bridge,' you will surely be confronted with half-lit-up frat boys pissing on other people's car tires. Even if you emerge from the bar having not been bludgeoned by members of the lacrosse or rugby teams, you will probably not want to return due to your not having been able to get the attention of the bartender all night.

Another supposed alternative for the parched USB student is The Park Bench. Located across the train tracks from the campus, 'The Bench,' as it is called, offers its patrons the stench (it is also referred to as 'The Dark Stench') of stale beer and Long Island's best in big-haired females (and even they are seldomly present). I'm afraid 'The Bench' is merely another rendition of the corporate-owned 'sports bar,' done-to-death across the country. Now that I have painted as dismal a picture of Stony Brook's night-life as I care to, although I believe it is an objective and accurate portrayal; where would I direct an ansy, angst-ridden USB student in search of a bacchanal?

I must say unequivocally that The Spot is the only

campus bar worth driving across town or walking across campus for. Located in the Fanny Brice Theater in the Roosevelt quadrangle, The Spot opened its doors this Fall and under the sagacious management of Godfrey Palaia and now boasts a thriving patronage and live entertainment nightly (although The Spot is only open Thursday though Saturday and some Wednesdays). Despite the early weeks of The Spot's existence being haunted by the specter of red ink, today lines of students vying to enter the watering hole are not uncommon.



Godfrey and Eric relaxing at the Spot

photos by Garrison

however, between eleven o'clock and midnight seems to be prime time at the door.

The Spot is the only bar on campus offering its patrons billiards, darts, inexpensive beer and wine, and as I mentioned above, live entertainment. In addition to draft beer, bottles of premium brands are available at reasonable prices. For a mere fifty cents, patrons can play billiards upon a table that, unlike most Stony Brook tables, is flat. (As for the darts: I appreciate any establishment that happily provides razor-sharp projectiles to inebriated col-

lege students to toss about at their own discretion.) The bands that provide entertainment hail mostly from Long Island hinterlands and usually get under way between ten and eleven o'clock. Most of these ensembles represent the garden variety, ear-splitting garage-band genre. However, without naming names, there are some notable exceptions that are actually worthy of attention.

One of the most unique (well, unique to Stony Brook at least) features at The Spot is the diversity of nationalities one can find on any given night. While playing billiards, for example, it is not uncommon to have amongst the players Korean, German, Australian, Swiss, and French students, *et al.* In this respect, the bar is truly an international meeting place in its own modest way. The advantage of fraternizing with international students is that they lack that Long Island stand-offish-



Wilber Farley collecting "dead soldiers" at the Spot

This is not to say one must fight to enter,

ness—or fear of the 'other'—I find so pervasive on this campus. The Spot is the only place on this campus where I ever see students wander in, lonely and confused about why they are in Stony Brook, and within the space of one evening make enough friends to last their whole college career.

If I come across as being down on Stony Brook, it is because I am. Let's face it, this place sucks. This is the only place I know where masturbation constitutes an active sex life. However, since there is little else to do here but study and make good grades, I strongly suggest your taking a study break at The Spot. Walk on over, have a few beers, and who knows, you might even get laid.

Psychosomatological Analysis Of Richard Resnick

Date: Wed, 29 Mar 1995 23:17:54 -0500
From: Richard Resnick <rresnick@ic.sunysb.edu>
To: sbpress@ic.sunysb.edu
Subject: John Giuffo and slander

Dear aristocrats of the Stony Brook Press. For some reason one of your writers named John Giuffo decided to slander the college Republicans here at Stony Brook with his outrageous article in your March 29th issue. It seems that John has a problem with a flyer that the C.R. put up regarding perks that he and fellow cronies at Polity wanted. So what does he do he slanders us. Well if John does not like the flyers that we put up last time wait until he sees the next set of flyers we put up. It is very possible that the flyers might say "stop socialism, stop radical liberalism, stop John Giuffo and the Stony Brook Press". It is very possible that the College Republicans will bring back their student newspaper next fall and the first issue might be dedicated to John and the Stony Brook Press. John showed no class and no decency with the article that he wrote. I should not be surprised, after all John threatened to do physical harm to me because I criticized Colleen Skadl. I think John should thank me for not filing criminal charges against him. After all John believes that if you don't agree with his radical liberal views than your a racist or a nazi. John just remember that slander is not protected by the first amendment so I just may sue you for slander and libel. At least there's one bright spot in all

this, if tuition goes up by \$1800, John may not be able to come back to Stony Brook. Please let there be by god. Just for the record this letter was written by an individual member of the College Republicans and any inquiries should be directed toward me.

sincerely rick resnick

"the man that every member of the Stony Brook Press should pay there taxes to"

An analysis of the previous letter

By Dr. Sigmund Freud, Founder of Psychology

Greatly confused by a fellow undergraduate's behavior, members of Stony Brook University's premier feature periodical, *The Press*, consulted my office, requesting a thorough analysis of the aforesaid behavior and suggestions as to how to deal with the patient. Being unable to study Mr. Resnick personally, I was given one of his products, a letter written to the periodical in response to certain campus issues. (The text of the letter can be found preceding this analysis.) Having gone over it multiple times and completing exhaustive research utilizing both our campus library and various sources on the Internet, I can draw no other conclusion than this: Richard Resnick is a dangerously unstable man who not only failed to resolve his Oedipal fixation during psychosexual development, but is also a Democrat.

I derive many of my conclusions from the various spelling and grammatical mistakes found in

Resnick's missive. It is suggested by numerous cognitive theorists that such errors are not "accidental," but rather products of confused thought processes. After all, a man such as Richard Resnick has been given many years of schooling, so there should be little or no errors in such a letter. And, even if they were created by accident, it was certainly a conscious decision on Resnick's part to not correct them before the letter was sent out. By leaving these errors as they are, he is not only revealing deep insecurities, but also is clearly rebelling against the system created by society in which everything must be checked over and over again. This passive-aggressive syndrome strikes out against society, which is in turn a figure for his father. And, of course, he strikes against his father unconsciously, because he unconsciously wishes to copulate with his mother and replace his father's position.

This desire for rebellion is also evidence of a chaotic, anarchic spirit, something found in many Democrats who strive for rights for people less-privileged and lower class. When one brings Freudian defense mechanisms into the argument, his true political orientation becomes clear. By putting up flyers stating "STOP ARISTOCRACY," he demonstrates a classic textbook example of reaction formation — his own ambitious leanings towards rebellion and Democracy concern him so much that he generates anxiety over them, and pushes that nervous energy into an outlet which is the opposite of the initial impulse — namely, Republicanism.

continued on page 14