

opinion

Fear won't help AIDS

BY DR. LOUIS MITCHELL

Fear, more often than we would like to admit, dictates our social behavior. When a priest said that eating apricots by moonlight made the gods angry, there came about an immediate taboo on eating apricots by moonlight.

When we feel threatened and intimidated and experts are not able to instruct us how to behave in the light of such mental onslaughts, we are tempted to panic, to believe anything and to draw dire conclusions from rumors. Sometimes we are social animals to a fault.

This is the situation we now confront with the outbreak of AIDS. In a relatively short time, the disease has rocketed to notoriety and popularity.

Medical science has found out a great deal about it, but much more information is needed before immunizations or cures can be expected.

Because the experts tend to contradict each other, we haven't a reasonable code of behavior as the world tries to cope with AIDS as a fact of life.

Some bizarre contradictions are appearing. The majority of people know by now that AIDS is a very difficult disease to catch.

Mostly it is transmitted by exchanges of body fluid through sexual contact or the use of dirty hypodermic needles, etc.

But fear is not easily given up to reason. Knowing the above, people still say that they would be afraid to even breathe the same air as an AIDS victim.

The fact that homosexuals are society's single most vulnerable group has led to new prejudices against gays whether they have the disease or not. Historically, we have lived through many epidemics in which thousands of people have died.

The Black Death that

struck France in 1437, brought out the worst in society. Friars and Jews, were blamed for the illness, persecuted and killed.

Lepers were made to wear bells so that people could run away when they heard them coming. Both church and secular laws were issued against them. They were herded into colonies for reasons of protecting the rest of us.

At this moment, AIDS is a medical problem that may be years in solving. We do rest heavily on our hopes that it will be conquered and mankind can rest in peace and wait for the next pestilence brought on by someone else's evil doings.

What remains to be seen, is whether AIDS creates such drastic social and civil liberties that our fear of the disease proves more destructive than the disease itself. AIDS, on top of everything else it is, is also a test of our civil fortitude.

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Heavy metal music annoys freshman

BY KENNETH KLEIN

Thursday, September 12, 1985. It was happening to me once again. Doors began slamming left and right. But not first without ominous stares and insulting remarks.

"What the -- is that" echoed the hallways.

"Turn that -- off." was yet another insidious call of mockery.

Yes, it's true. I'm a Frosh living in the heavy metal section of the off-campus dormitory known as Jefferson Hall.

I'm the new-waver surrounded by the frightening lyrics and screeching vocals of such respectable types as Venom, Ozzy, Black Sabbath, Slayer, Iron Maiden, Judas Priest...the list goes on.

So, as one can clearly see, my brand of music is not only unappreciated but, worse yet, not tolerated.

But this is only the beginning of my story about my residency at Jefferson. There are countless stories to tell, some of which cannot be printed in this paper. But I tell them as best I can because it is good for one to get things off his mind.

Each morning I wake to either one of two dreadful experiences. One being the shattering sounds of breaking glass, roaring chainsaws, and/or sledge hammering smashes against brick walls. Unlike the alarm clock, this annoyance cannot be shut off nor can one contemplate the return to the peaceful state of sleep.

Comparatively speaking, these events are nothing in light of the episodes of dorm life which I'm about to reveal. Many escapades include hearing screams of pleasure and pain from next door, sighting terrifying scenes of soul possessing, simulated death scenarios, and multiple upside down crucifixes.

The characters dwelling near have many and varied personalities. Just the other day I heard a constant hammering three floors down from me. I was feeling mighty brave that day (that being my first mistake) and decided to investigate.

I gathered my courage then knocked on the door. It opened. Sure enough, it was the Devil worshipper himself. I inquired about the banging noises and, he, in turn, showed me his latest project. He was, as so be the brave one to ask for himself, building a box for the devil.

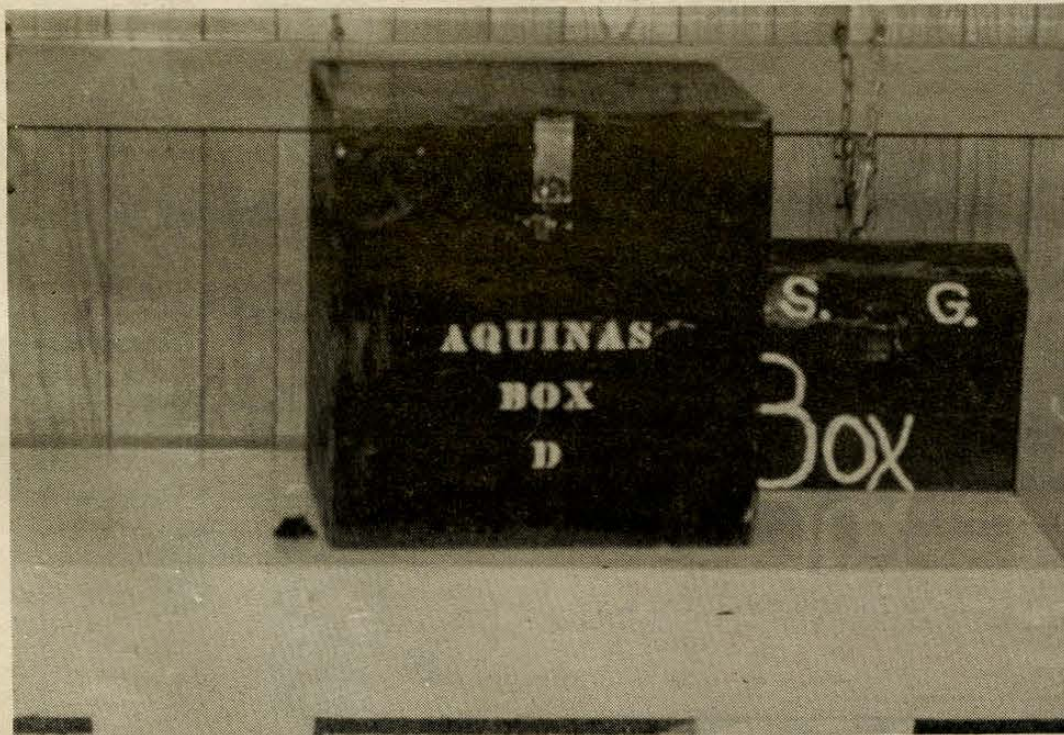
There is, God bless them and save them, wall to wall collages of skulls, bleeding hearts, fire, demons, graves, death and destruction, decomposition, bones and similar remains of slaughtered women and children and the like.

In an attempt to achieve some form of acceptance from these scum and ruck, I have somewhat become that of a conformist. Outside my door one can note the peculiar remains of a great whale recently offered in sacrifice to the demagogic society. I knew this would appeal to their senses. Just recently I observed them sniffing up the fresh smell of dead and decaying baby tiger sharks.

Now, after pleasing them to a certain degree, I can suffer through only six sleepless nights as opposed to the previous seven. Now one night a week they journey to neighboring cemeteries to dig up dead relatives and serenade them under the moonlight.

Sigmund Freud, the famed founder of psychoanalysis, held true the theory that man has an unconscious desire to kill himself or to be killed. By the mere writing of this article and the signing thereof, I have proven this theory true for I have angered and disturbed the followers of Lucifer. Dare to die.

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