

The
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Women's History Month



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Incinerator Ash Boathouse

A BAD ALTERNATIVE TO A BAD IDEA

By Paul Giotopoulos

The boathouse located on Stony Brook's South Campus is a storage facility used to house equipment for the Marine Science Research Center (MSRC). What makes this storage facility unique is the content of its walls, more specifically, its cinder blocks. The boathouse is part of a research project sponsored by the MSRC to study the use of incinerator ash as a raw material to be used in conjunction with other building materials for, among other things, construction.

The incineration industry has been under increasing pressure to find a viable solution to its (more often than not) toxic ash. Environmental groups such as the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG) stand firmly opposed to incinerators for several reasons. Incinerators produce an ash that is roughly one third of the volume of the original garbage, and which still requires a method of disposal—usually landfilling. The ash, according to the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC), often fails toxicity tests but is not treated as a toxic substance and consequently placed in landfills. Once in the landfills, toxic substances such as mercury and dioxin can leak into and poison local water tables. Toxins, besides contaminating the ash, are released into the air during the burning process and provide the industry

with its second offense. The third comes rather indirectly but has an equal if not larger impact on the environment. Incinerators have very large price tags. The two facilities in Huntington and Babylon cost more than \$200 million each. Incinerators must usually import garbage from other districts in order to generate money. The Babylon incinerator has for example arranged to have North Hempstead ship at least 60,000 tons of garbage a year to its facility. If these large-investment facilities require so much garbage to keep them running, it is sure to affect the amount of public resources devoted to recycling and reduction programs.

Because incineration has been opposed so strongly, the industry has sponsored or supported research into programs that will provide a safe and productive alternative for the resulting ash. The boathouse on South Campus is one of several research projects under way with the above-stated goal. The Boathouse is made up of blocks that contain about 64% incinerator ash, with sand, gravel, and portland cement making up the other 36%. Because the blocks have a large potential to contain several toxic compounds (heavy metals and organics), the Marine Science Research Center (MSRC) has developed an elaborate system to study their exposure or release into the environment.

Inside the Boathouse are air detecting devices used to measure very small amounts of dioxins, furans, volatile and semi-volatile organic compounds, as

well as volatile mercury. About 75 feet from the building is a similar system measuring the same compounds acting as a control. After comparing the two sets of data, Frank Roethel, principle investigator for MSRC, says that the "concentrations in the air are identical." This suggests that no airborne toxins are being emitted from the blocks. Additional tests measure the concentrations of metals in the soil and rainwater running off the blocks. Although Roethel claims that no significant levels have been found, he does state that the soil has become slightly more basic. Structural tests are performed on blocks used to make a wall solely for the purpose of testing. In this way, the bricks are exposed to the same conditions as those in the Boathouse but can be removed to run tests on in the laboratory. Roethel also states that the blocks have higher structural standards than those made from regular materials: "the ash blocks must withstand at least 1500 lbs. per square inch whereas regular blocks have only to withstand 1000 lbs. per square inch."

All of the research mentioned above was preceded by three to four years of laboratory work studying the variability of contents as well as the physical properties of the resulting blocks. Roethel says that "a lot has gone into developing the technologies at Stony Brook and this is good, but this is all that has come of it". He would like to see more programs outside of the research arena such as the proposed beach protection wall in

Virginia Beach. Another possible project would involve mixing the incinerator ash with asphalt for road paving.

Although the tests to this point show that the toxins, if present in the blocks, are not leaching out, that does not rule out the possibility. What is not being considered is the eventual destruction of these structures. Steve Rommanalski, NYPIRG's Long Island Toxic Coordinator, asks "what happens in twenty years when the building begins to break up or if some accident occurs?" The toxins would still be there. Mustard gas is quite safe as long as it remains inside its canister, but once it is opened it is very poisonous. The chemical structures of the compounds in question are not altered in any way, they are merely encased in the aggregate of ash, sand, gravel and cement.

If what this project represents is a method of incorporating into our infrastructure a ticking time bomb, then it must be reconsidered more carefully so as to weigh the good and bad, both environmentally and financially. This type of disposal has too many negatives to provide a sound alternative to solid waste disposal problems. With more incentives into creating new markets for recycled products, it is possible for recycling to have more of an impact on garbage disposal problems than incineration ever could. With an amount of research and money equivalent to that which goes into the incineration industry, recycling could be affecting 80% of the solid waste generated.

"GIMMIE SHELTER"

GAYS AND LESBIANS AND THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY

By Aaron Swartz

The "Right of Privacy" in this country is not as private as it sounds. While it invokes images of embracing lovers behind closed doors and drawn curtains, in actuality, someone forgot to lock the door and government slipped in. It's standing in the doorway shaking a disapproving finger. "no!"

Morris B. Kaplan, a professor of philosophy at SUNY Purchase, visited Stony Brook to offer his arguments on the "Right of Privacy," in a lecture entitled, "Intimacy & Equality — The Question of Lesbian & Gay Marriage."

"There are some helpful things in the Constitution regarding the rights of privacy," Kaplan says, "but we need to go further." Kaplan is referring to such turning point issues as *Griswold v. Connecticut*, the 1965 court case that invalidated the state's ban on the possession and use of contraceptive devices, and the 1972 abortion case, *Roe v. Wade*.

However, privacy rights for gays and lesbians have met with less success.

"Privacy rights may have had an early death in 1986," Kaplan says, referring to the Georgia case, *Bowers v. Hardwick*. Here, legislature refused to remove Georgia's consensual sodomy laws as a violation of privacy. "Bowers went to the Supreme Court and said 'this is violating our privacy.' But the court said, 'No. privacy is about family and you have no place in that,'" Kaplan says.

As Kaplan explains, we now arrive to the core of the problem. Besides Georgia's ultra-conservative laws, the whole government and society don't unite homosexual with family and marriage. "A person is basically stripped of all rights to privacy when they are prohibited to marry," he says.

We must ask ourselves, why does government, in the first place, have the power to separate gays and lesbians from the institution of marriage.

"It is no business of the state," Kaplan says. "We must limit the state's control

in issues where no one is harmed."

The concept of gay and lesbian marriage has created a lot of controversy. Heterosexual conservatives say it's undermining "family values," and some

"Privacy is about family, and [gays and lesbians] have no place in that."

gay activists say it's an act of assimilation into conservative heterosexual culture.

However, Kaplan explains the importance of marriage (for everyone). "There is something special about marriage," he says. "It provides one of the few opportunities for two people to create, by their own decision, a new association which institutes mutual obligation

an imposes obligation on a third party." Such third parties are job benefits, health insurance, jail visitation rights, and the right to consult with a doctor in one spouse's medical emergency, and many others. All of these are obtained only if two people are married.

"There is something different about what marriage can do," Kaplan says. "It provides access to personal empowerment."

In a phone conversation with a representative from the Mayor's office for the Lesbian and Gay Community, it was discovered that very little is being done to make marriage for same-sex partners a reality. What can be obtained in New York City is a Domestic Partnership certificate. One of the two people have to be either a city employee or resident. Mayor Dinkins is currently working on obtaining benefits for domestic partners. He has recently put into effect a leave of absence or bereavement if one partner is sick or dies.

Marriage and a home life are institutions for everyone. "Domesticity is a space of intimacy," Kaplan says, "and it must be protected."

BOSNIA'S MASS RAPE

WHAT STONY BROOK CAN DO

By Shuva Paul

"It is tragic. But these dreadful things happen in all wars."

-Bosnian Serb commander Radovan Karadzic, on the rapes in Bosnia

"Rape in war is qualitatively different from a bomb that misses its military target, different from impersonal looting and burning, different from deliberate ambush, mass murder or torture during interrogation, although it contains elements of all of the above. *Rape is more than a symptom of war or evidence of its violent excess. Rape in war is a familiar act with a familiar excuse.*

-Susan Brownmiller, *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape* (emphasis added)

Three Sundays ago, on March 7 at the Women's Studies Center, a candlelight vigil drew together a group of students and faculty to discuss a certain massive atrocity happening a day's journey away by plane: the mass rape of tens of thousands of women and girls trapped in the wars engulfing the former Yugoslavia.

The vigil gave shape to an idea: the importance of rallying together Stony Brook's energies to work on *concrete responses* to the mass rapes.

Enter: the campaign for a permanent U.N. rape crisis response mission.

A group of students who formed as a result of the vigil has worked out a petition (printed elsewhere in this issue) calling upon President Clinton to sponsor the creation of a United Nations mission that would provide systematic rape treatment, counseling, and support for the rape survivors of the war in Bosnia, as well as for rape survivors in all war-torn or contested lands.

Systematic rape treatment? Isn't the U.N. already empowered to provide such a thing?

No, not in any systematic, reliable, or even substantial way. Take the humanitarian relief effort in Bosnia and Croatia. There the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees, which is the U.N. agency mandated to manage international humanitarian relief efforts, is swamped with pleas for the basic necessities of life—a dire situation involving over 1.6 million refugees but by no means an unprecedented one for the UNHCR.

As of mid-January of this year, the UNHCR operation in ex-Yugoslavia had received just under \$250 million in cash contributions from member nations of the U.N. After distributing a million and a half blankets, 50,000 cooking sets, 50,000 sleeping bags, 580,000 mattresses, and 24,000 heaters in a two-month period *alone*, this left UNHCR officials scurrying to find firewood and diesel fuel to get people through the winter.

All this and entire populations are still in dire need. Reports out of eastern Bosnia indicate that people are trying to make bread out of straw, that 20-30 people in each town are dying each day from

starvation and disease. In general, with relief supplies stretched as thin as they are, the typical Bosnian has been having to make do with two slices of bread a day. The U.S. airdrops have barely made a dent in the massive plight.

Then there's the overwhelming need for medical supplies. Chilling reports have trickled out of towns in eastern Bosnia that have been isolated for many months from U.N. relief convoys: doctors were performing amputations with carpenter saws and alcohol because they had no surgical tools or anesthesia.

It is a crime that so many in Bosnia are still suffering after all the media attention that has spotlighted the region. It makes one think about how much misery is raging unattended in regions where the UNHCR's task is just as great, but where American news organizations do not

should guide the latter. It is wrong to suggest that the mass rape of women and girls in Bosnia (they are overwhelmingly Muslim) by Serbian soldiers is being done simply for some nationalist purpose. The Serbs are undoubtedly committing most of the rapes—and brazenly calling it their "duty"—but their ability to get away with so many rapes lies in their far greater military superiority in their campaign of terror against Muslims and Croats. As Susan Brownmiller, author of the classic *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, points out, "there is nothing unprecedented about mass rape in war when enemy soldiers advance swiftly through populous regions, nor is it a precedent when, howling in misery, leaders of the overrun country call the endemic sexual violence a conspiracy to destroy their national

occurred? Surely yes. One can quibble about the numbers and the level of resistance the women would put up (or wish they could put up), but not about the fundamental essence of the act: it is violent exploitation pure and simple.

So why has the UNHCR not been empowered to establish a systematic response to a systematic act? Well, it is a male-dominated enterprise, international "humanitarian" relief—ironic, given that 70 percent of the food produced in developing countries is produced by women, and that 80 percent of the world's 18.5 million refugees are women and children.

Powerful leaders and governments simply are loathe to acknowledge what all foot soldiers know is true—that rape is more than soldiers getting "out of hand", that it is very often all that soldiers know. Nisar Hai, a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation chapter in Los Angeles, backed this up with his accounts of what happened on a recent trip he took with a group of American rape response professionals to a refugee camp near Zagreb, Croatia. (A group of 15-20 went at their own personal expense, about \$2000/person, for 10 days to witness firsthand the rape trauma—they were devastated, they said.) Bosnian and Croat officials, he said, strenuously dissuaded their efforts to channel resources into rape treatment, on the grounds that it would cut into the urgent need for food and shelter. "But in reality," Hai said, "they just acted as if it was unnecessary."

As the petition drafted by Stony Brook students makes clear, simply increasing the flow of funds to the UNHCR would not make systematic rape crisis relief possible, for despite the UNHCR's good intentions, it could never satisfy food and shelter needs enough to start setting up proper rape crisis mobile clinics. Such a program would have to be created with a financial independence of its own and invested with a base level of responsibility to provide rape survivors with access to psychological and medical services; to support them as they try to reestablish life in their community; and to do so in a culturally-sensitive manner that nonetheless empowers each survivor to draw as much help from the U.N. rape crisis mission as she chooses.

Please read the petition (printed elsewhere in this issue). If you are interested in finding out more about this campaign, contact the author of this article at 632-7729, at the Sociology Dept., or leave word at the Women's Studies Center (in the Old Chemistry Bldg.) with a way to contact you. We welcome your talents, insights, and energies in this campaign, for only through a broad-based effort can the necessary change be made in the way women and girls raped during wartime are treated by the international agencies assigned to protect them.

If you care about what's happening in Bosnia, please sign and mail the petition on p.4



bother to send their prize journalists and photographers.

But it also should make one think about how the UNHCR goes about its humanitarian mission in places where it has committed large amounts of resources, and where large numbers of people have managed to find refuge in U.N.-supervised centers. *What does it do for the women who have been raped?*

The plight of the estimated 20-50,000 survivors of mass rape in Bosnia has met with no organized, systematic response save that of gathering the facts. The steadily emerging accounts have created a mountain of testimony that attests to a massive shared horror beyond description: young girls chained for days or weeks to prison camp fences "for all to use", then being burned alive; mothers and daughters kidnapped from the streets and packed off to hotels set aside just for raping purposes. In many cases, the victims who were impregnated were held captive long enough to prevent them from obtaining abortions—reportedly so that they would give birth to "Serbian warriors".

Let us get the reasons for the rapes straight first before talking about what the U.N. should do—for the former

pride, their manhood, their honor."

Rape, in other words, is a systematic activity in war after war after war—not just some aberration or indication of "violent excess." German soldiers in Belgium; Japanese soldiers in Nanking; Soviet soldiers in Berlin; Pakistani soldiers in Bangladesh; American soldiers in Vietnam—only the names and places have changed. The victims have been the same.

And if not rape during war, then prostitution, about which Brownmiller writes: "Free enterprise, the murky line that divides wartime rape from wartime prostitution, cannot be cleanly delineated." To put it mildly. On American troops in Italy during World War II, sociologist Danilo Dolci (quoted in Brownmiller) writes: "Business boomed when the Yanks were here. . . . [They] set up their camps in the parks. Husbands brought their wives to them, and took the money. As soon as one man came out, another went in; they waited in line." Had the Americans not considered themselves "liberators," entitled to some "just reward"; had the husbands not been present; had there been no money to exchange—would the "enterprise" around sexual contact simply not have

What's Wrong with an "Uncle Tom?"

By Dennis O. Palmore

On Tuesday March 16 the African American Students Organization sponsored a panel discussion on the problem of Uncle Tomism, a problem which has been a persistent in the African American community. The discussion which was hosted by A.A.S.O. member Solomon Moor, addressed the question of white supremacy and its role in shaping the image of an Uncle Tom. Panel member Duquan stated, "white supremacy is not the color of your skin but the way you think." The mentality of a person is what makes him or her an Uncle Tom; actions that come out of this way of thinking are what is detrimental to the African American community. Dr. Cash went on to describe what an Uncle Tom was in the context of slavery, as "the saint, the person who didn't want to be liberated, because he didn't mind being a slave." A person who goes out of his way to please the master even to the point of indentifying himself with the master. This type of people never seem to understand that, no matter what they do, they are still considered to be less than human in the masters' eyes. Uncle Toms reject everything they are in order to please or be accepted by the system that subjugates them.

Several times throughout the discussion Supreme

Court Justice Clarence Thomas, who, in the words of Dr. Cash "has denied everything that would be positive in the black struggle, in the civil rights struggle," was used as an example of Uncle Tomism. The problem we face in the 20th century is unique because in present-day society African Americans have assimilated to all walks of life, which makes it hard to figure out who these individuals are. They are not as easily distinguished as those during slavery or later on in the 19th century. These as described by A.A.S.O President Keith Saunders as "20th century Uncle Toms, who know the handshake, one who knows the lingo, one who comes amongst you, one you give respect to for the simple fact that he looks like you." Just because a person is black does not mean that he or she is one is one of you.

These are the people who are most harmful to the African American struggle, because they are mistakenly trusted as friends and colleagues. They are able to do more damage, because these are the individuals who are most likely to be put in positions of influence and power (although limited in a racist society); these people maintain some degree of authority which is used in a way that is destructive to the African American community. It's like a basketball game between the Knicks and the Bulls, and Patrick Ewing scoring a point for the Bulls, which is absurd. This

example, placed in the context of the problem discussed, becomes a serious issue. A person like this is impeding the team's progress, an Uncle Tom is a centrifugal force who acts negatively in the African American community. People who act in this fashion have a problem and it should be recognized as such.

Professor Amiri Baraka stated that "a lot of people can't stand to be Afro-American, to accept all the tragedy that people have put on you and still say 'I'm going to win.'" Baraka also brought up the point that African American "people want to go back in time spiritually and culturally to avoid the tragedy of being African American." We need to deal with what's going on today as well as reflect on the past, and accept it with an outlook towards making a change for the future. We have to accept ourselves for what we are and move on. Another point discussed was power and the fact that who has it can shape peoples minds. Baraka also made it clear "that skin does not cause oppression, power causes oppression." This is at the center of the problem, because it is those that are in power that the Uncle Tom aspires to be like and emulate. If the power structure is broken down then the Uncle Tom loses his idol and base of support. So in order to start the process of solving or eliminating this problem, one way is to begin at the source of the power in that system.

SIGN THIS PETITION, CLIP IT AND SEND IT TO:

S. Paul, Sociology, SUNY-Stony Brook, Stony Brook, NY 11794; phone 516-632-7729]

March 15, 1993

Dear President Clinton:

We commend you for your renewed attention to the people's plight in Bosnia. We know you are as pained as we are at the staggering flow of atrocities and misery in the region. We trust, therefore, that you are continually working to improve the international humanitarian relief effort that is so critical to the lives of so many.

WE THUS CALL UPON YOU TO RECTIFY A GRAVE INJUSTICE THAT CHARACTERIZES THE UNITED NATIONS PROGRAM OF HUMANITARIAN RELIEF.

At present, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees IS NOT EMPOWERED TO PROVIDE SYSTEMATIC RAPE TREATMENT AND COUNSELING to the more than 20,000 women and girls who have been raped in the war in Bosnia.

President Clinton, we trust you are familiar with the terrible images: rape camps where captive women and girls are raped and tortured each night for months, many of them eventually slaughtered; soldiers raping mothers and daughters together, sometimes forcing their victims' sons and brothers to take part before killing them. Such images, created by a mountain of testimony, attest to a massive shared horror beyond description.

AND YET—THOUSANDS OF TRAUMATIZED SURVIVORS PRESENTLY LANGUISH WITHOUT PROPER TREATMENT IN REFUGEE CENTERS IN ZAGREB, CROATIA AND OTHER SECURE SITES THAT ARE ACCESSIBLE TO RELIEF WORKERS.

It is not that the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees is silent on the issue of rape treatment and counseling. On the contrary, the UNHCR has the rudiments of a good plan in its own official guidelines. Relief workers and officials regularly state the need for more rape treatment programs. But faced with the immensity of the suffering in Bosnia, it has found itself funneling its precious resources into basic food and shelter needs. Rape treatment and counseling, as a consequence, has not materialized in a properly **organized** or **systematic** way.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM, HOWEVER, IS NOT THE LACK OF FUNDS.

Simply increasing the flow of cash to the UNHCR will not create a systematic improvement in rape crisis relief. The fundamental problem is that—despite the systematic occurrence of mass rape in war after war—world governments do not consider rape treatment to be a necessary relief measure in war-torn areas. **The solution is clear: until an internationally-sanctioned program for systematic rape crisis relief is established as a humanitarian obligation, it will never materialize in international relief efforts.**

IT IS A DOUBLE TRAGEDY FOR ALL WARTIME RAPE VICTIMS THAT THEY MUST SACRIFICE THEIR PSYCHOLOGICAL AND PHYSICAL WELL-BEING TWICE: FIRST UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF THEIR RAPISTS—THEN AGAIN IN THE ARMS OF THE INTERNATIONAL HUMANITARIAN RELIEF COMMUNITY WHOSE SPONSORS DEEM THE PROVISION OF RAPE TREATMENT AND COUNSELING UNNECESSARY. WE, WHO BELIEVE THAT A HUMANITARIAN RELIEF EFFORT MUST BE HUMANITARIAN TO ALL IT PURPORTS TO AID, hereby call upon you to sponsor the creation of a permanent U.N. Rape Crisis Mobile Mission (UNRCMM). The UNRCMM would be commissioned with the responsibility of recruiting and sending a culturally-sensitive team of rape-response professionals to its first assignment: the thousands of raped women and girls presently languishing without access to proper medical and psychological services in regions around Zagreb, Croatia and other sites in the former Yugoslavia. As with all humanitarian relief, the UNRCMM's task should be to serve all victims in all wars—regardless of the victims' group affiliations. Funds for this mission can be drawn from the \$549 million the United States presently owes the U.N. for peacekeeping purposes.

President Clinton, on many occasions you have indicated that you bring to this office something none of your male predecessors appeared to display: progressive sensibilities regarding the very gendered nature of the world's vast array of economic, political, and social inequities. At this crucial hour, we trust you will express those sensibilities anew. **Please act now.**

Yours for the cause of peace,

(your signature here)

Students Organizing for SYSTERS -
The Systematic Treatment and Empowerment of Rape Survivors

Norman Rosenbaum Speaks on Anti-Semitism

By Greg Forte

Norman Rosenbaum came to Stony Brook last Tuesday to address the issue of growing anti-semitism in the United States. Invited by the campus organization Chabad, he addressed an audience of 60 people in Javits last Tuesday evening.

Rosenbaum is the brother of Yankel Rosenbaum, who was stabbed in Crown Heights by a group of black youths as revenge after Gavin Cato, a black youth, was hit by a Jewish motorist in August 1991. He spoke on several issues, emphasizing that the incident which happened in Crown Heights could happen to any group of people, whether Jewish, Black, White, or Hispanic.

"What happened in Crown Heights in August of 1991 is without doubt the most atrocious act of racism ever to have beset this country and, indeed, the world," he said. Rosenbaum criticized the events in Crown Heights as an organized massacre and said anti-semitism is still occurring even today.

"This will not be a general lecture on anti-semitism, but will be linked to anti-semitism in

America today, and will be based on my experiences as the brother of the first person to die in the history of this country because he was Jewish," he said. "Anti-semitism is the most repugnant form of racism which besets our society today and which has ever descended on humanity worldwide. It's illogical, it's irrational, and it's dangerous. But it's here in 1993."

Criticizing the leaders of today, he scolded them for not addressing these issues head on, but rather for ignoring that they exist. "If you look at the reaction to human rights and indeed the growth of the civil rights movement in this country, it was [an] acknowledgment that the practices, the lifestyles and values which historically have been put in place were inappropriate and they were wrong. They were wrong because they did not give an equal playing field to all people." He attributed this to the fact that people are open to discrimination, and abuse.

"We must have the guts to fight, and to pursue justice," he said. "What occurred in Crown Heights was a classic Webster's dictionary definition pogrom." Throughout his speech, Rosenbaum referred to the incident in Crown Heights as a pogrom. According to Rosenbaum and Webster's, a pogrom is an organized massacre of helpless people, specifically a massacre of Jews.

He also spoke about the country today and the history of anti-semitism. Rosenbaum compared the Holocaust to the incident in Crown Heights, speaking of the insanity of the Third Reich, in

which the goal was genocide. It was "a regime that went out to exterminate," he said. "It was a systematic genocide."

"My brother Yankel was found guilty of a crime. The same crime as six million Jews... men, women and children, the old and the young, the most educated and the least educated." Rosenbaum said that this was the crime of being Jewish. "What these people aimed to do was to kill.... The only miracle was that there was only one who lost his life that night. He was allowed to bleed to death, while people stood there. If it can happen to him, it can happen to you."

"What happened in Cambodia was also systematic genocide. The world said never again. But when it happened in Cambodia, the world stood by and did nothing because it was an ancient country, with a different culture and different people committing these atrocities. To step into this wasn't really our business." He said that today anti-semitism has gained popularity in Europe. He commented that the rules of war are suspended. Atrocities still happen today within their borders. He asked, "How do we evaluate this insanity? We see genocide even after the Holocaust."

Rosenbaum placed much of the blame for the lack of response to the Crown Heights incident on ineffective government leadership. "If you take a look at the leadership in this city, in this state, and in this country, anti-semitism is acceptable. If you take a look at the reaction of the great liberals in society, who will be at the forefront of human and civil rights...when it comes to Jewish rights, they're silent. And they have been silent since August of 1991, where you can go home for four days and watch on your TV every fifteen minutes reports live from Crown Heights. That told you not only was there violence on the street, but the violence was firmly entrenched against a background of Jew-hating, when police were present and did nothing and there was no explanation."

He spoke about the ineffectiveness of the Jewish leadership today, and urged those who contribute to these organizations not to do so if they haven't been doing their job. He said everyone, in both Jewish and non-Jewish organizations alike, kept quiet after the incident. "Don't give them money because they haven't done anything. Who are the leaders in America, both Jewish and non-Jewish? The reality is that the leaders of the Jewish community are a bunch of sorry hypocrites."

He added that some 19 months later, the reality is that those who attacked his brother are tonight free on the streets. They are confident not only of getting away with what they have done, but that they can do it again.



MARCH

WASHINGTON DC

GAY/BI

LESBIAN

EQUAL

RIGHTS

AND LIBERATION

SUNDAY

APRIL 25

212-696-1301

Bosnia and You

An impassioned lull struck S.U.N.Y. Stony Brook. Students stood up in shock, disgusted. They paced back and forth contemplating what would be done immediately. Ideas turned into action.

"I really don't care what television shows are on tonight..."

"No. I'm not going to the Park Bench. I do need a drink, though, after what I just heard."

"Are you sure?...Almost everyone's going there...we're having a discussion about it all tonight...and besides...get with it...haven't you heard the latest news? They changed the name. 'The Park's' now 'The Commons'...and it's not 'The Bench' anymore. Now it's 'The Stand.'"

Students met at The Common Stand to consider all options. They wanted to drive down to Washington, D.C. that night, but too many had been drinking to numb themselves.

"Play basketball? Yeah, that's a good idea...It'll help clear my mind...It'll help me think of a plan."

"I was really pissed off at my ex-girlfriend/boyfriend, but that seems really insignificant in face of this..."

Students stopped doing their school work to write letters. They stopped going to classes.

"How could I be in class right now?...That stuff we just read about in history is in the newspaper!"

"It's what?!"

"It's in the news! Take a look!"

Copies of the Stony Brook Press were scattered over the campus. They hit the ground simultaneously when the reality had registered in every one's minds. Signs for a meeting went up immediately. At noon the next day, the plaza outside Staller Center and the library steps were packed. And it wasn't just with hippies.

What can we do?"

"Let's find out!"

The university community gathered outside on this warm spring day like they were giving away free beer. It was beautiful. You could have lied out on the beach on a day like this. Fraternities and sorori-

ties lived up to their names. Students came together like it would be the best party ever.

"Hey! We can't see! We can't hear you!"

Since there wasn't enough room, and the megaphones weren't loud enough, speakers were set up in the Student Union and outside the Humanities building for those who couldn't get close enough. Everyone else was back at their dorms, tuned into the event on their televisions. At the same time, commuter students gathered in their parking lot to hold their own meeting. They planned to form a chain of cars to drive down Route 25A, taking it all the way into the city, to get their message across in a parade of honking horns.

As a result of this amazing gesture, not only here at Stony Brook, but also at Albany, Binghamton, Berkeley, U.C.L.A. and other campuses around the around the nation, the student's succeeded. Action was taken, and it worked.

action /'ak-shen/ n. 1. an act of will.

apathy /'ap-eh-thee/ n. (Gk *apathia*, fr. *apathos* without feeling, fr. *a-* + *pathos* emotion) 1: lack of feeling or emotion: IMPASSIVENESS 2: lack of interest or concern: INDIFFERENCE

MASS RAPE IS GOING ON
THIS BOTHERS YOU
WILL YOU PLEASE SIGN THE
PETITION IN THIS NEWSPAPER?
(It's on page 4)

If you ever see a sign for a meeting or a demonstration, will you attend?

Here's the situation. We're sitting around the Press office, wondering what we could write in the paper to help get students involved in working to stop the atrocities that are occurring in Bosnia, as well as in other parts all over the world. The horror has been graphically described many times in the news. However, the campus is rather quiet.

We could write a "if we unite, we can change the world" speech, but we're not sure if that tactic will

work. It worked in the 60's, but we're not sure if today's students will buy it. However, if we do "unite and take action, and make our voices heard," we certainly can make a difference. We could write a "we have a responsibility/ it's up to us" appeal-to-your-conscience piece, but that tactic works better in person or through music. (We asked WUSB to play select U2 songs - campus favorites - like "Pride in the Name of Love" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and to tell their listeners, "if you really like the song then do something, like it says!"). We're currently restraining one of the other writers who wants to start screaming at everyone, "Wake Up! What's the matter with you!" We don't want to come off as too emotional and alienate our "down to earth" audience. DWe're Othinks of OM trying E subliminalTH IN messaGges!! We're still waiting for an inspirational MTV video to come out.

This is not to be cynical. There's enough of that. It's not supposed to come off as preaching, to be too "righteous" or "holier than thou-ish." Unfortunately, even if it were, it might not matter. People have already heard the news. Many will read this article. How many will get involved? Never-the-less, it is an attempt - an act of will. There's only so much one can say. No matter how urgent the message is, it's ultimately up to each individual to decide whether to try and do something - anything - or nothing. We are not totally helpless. Student activism, without question, can reach across the world.

The grand uprising described here in the beginning may not happen. But doesn't it seem that this is the way things should be? Wouldn't it be a good thing? Maybe the plaza outside Staller Center won't be filled to capacity for any type of demonstration for any cause, but couldn't at least 100 people attend some sort of meeting for justice out of a school of over 10,000?

There's a petition on page 4. It's a very small step. It might help another human being.

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060 & 061 Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-2790
(516) 632-6451

Correction: In the March 8 issue of the *Stony Brook Press*, the letter entitled, "Statesman: Stony Brook's Only Student-Run Paper?" was signed, "Blackbird," but this failed to appear in the issue. Our apologies for any confusion this may have caused.

WATCH MORE T.V.

Letters

A Challenge to Serve

I write to challenge you to join me in a great American adventure—national service.

I make this challenge because our country and our communities need help that government alone cannot provide. Government can make vaccines available to children, but alone it cannot administer shots to them all. It can put more police on the streets, but alone it cannot stop crime. It can improve the quality of our public schools, but cannot alone inspire children to live up to their potential. It is time for Americans of every background to work together to lift our

country up, neighborhood by neighborhood and block by block. It is time to rediscover the excitement and idealism that makes us Americans.

That is what national service is all about.

Through national service, thousands will have the opportunity to pay for college by rebuilding their communities—serving as teachers, police officers, health care workers, and in other capacities. But it will take time for these ideas to pass Congress, and time to implement them. We must start now. That is why I have called for a Summer of Service—this summer. More than 1,000 young people will serve in selected areas around the country, learning to lead and getting children

who are at risk ready for school.

There are many who believe that young Americans will not answer a call to action. They say you are apathetic, and insist that you measure your success in the accumulation of material things. I know they are wrong, and I know you will answer this challenge. You can become an agent of renewal—either through the summer program or on your own. Write and tell me what you are doing, or what you want to do: **The White House—National Service Washington, D.C. 20500**

Your efforts and your energies can lift the spirits of our nation and inspire the world. Please answer the call.

—President Bill Clinton

Join the
Press:
It won't
kill you
(quickly).

Along the Color Line:

Clinton's Economic Agenda (part 1 of 2)

President Clinton's economic plan is the first moderate alternative to the elitist and unequal "trickle-down" policies of Presidents Reagan and Bush. Clinton spokesman George Stephanopoulos correctly characterized the budget proposal as "a reversal of Reaganomics, a reversal of the last twelve years." Unfortunately, Clinton's tax and stimulus package doesn't go far enough to reverse the poverty, hunger and income inequality generated by the policies of Reaganomics.

The essential presumption of "Clintonomics" is the effort to halt the spiraling growth rate of our four trillion dollar national debt, while creating some new programs and services which invest in the long-term productivity of the country. Reagan had argued for years that it was possible to cut taxes, increase Pentagon spending by billions of dollars annually, and still balance the federal budget. In reality, the 1980's were a decade of unrivaled prosperity and greed for the wealthy, and lower income people experienced a decline in their real incomes. Clinton's plan, in effect, announces: "The show's over, and now someone has to pay these overdue bills."

Clinton proposes to raise taxes and to reduce Government spending in over 150 programs. These actions would theoretically reduce the annual deficit from over \$300 billion this year down to \$140 billion by 1997. Over a five year period, the deficit reduction would come equally from spending cuts in the federal budget and from tax hikes.

The president's new economic plan initially received overwhelming support from most Americans. One CNN/USA Today poll indicated that 79 percent of all Americans were endorsing the basic concepts in

Clinton's plan. The reason for such enthusiastic backing is simple: the plan demands the greatest sacrifices from American households which earn more than \$100,000 annually. The "class arithmetic" behind Clinton's approach divides Americans into three very broad groups—low income families (from the unemployed to those earning up to \$30,000 annually), the middle class (households earning between \$30,000 to \$100,000), and the well-to-do (upper income households with more than \$100,000 annually). About 65 percent of all income tax returns come from Americans who earn below \$30,000 annually. However, because of their relatively low wages, they contribute only 15.6 percent of the total federal income taxes collected. Under Clinton's plan, this lowest income category would pay now new taxes.

About one-third of all taxpayers are in the middle income group, earning from \$30,000 to \$100,000 each year. They contribute nearly one-half of all federal taxes collected annually. They also have high voter participation rates, and millions of them were attracted to the candidacy of Ross Perot last year. This group basically decides presidential elections in America, and Clinton is acutely aware that his 42 percent of the popular vote is insufficient to win reelection in 1996.

So to this middle income group, Clinton's plan calls for modest sacrifices, at best. New taxes on energy would cost these families roughly \$100 to \$200 a year. Middle class seniors would be affected by new taxes on Social Security pensions, but most households would end up paying only an extra \$30 to \$40 per month.

Only 4.4 percent of all U.S. households earn over \$100,000 a year. But these three million taxpayers gen-

erate roughly 35 percent of the entire federal tax revenue. Clinton's plan would place 70 percent of the proposed tax increases on this group. However, despite Republican criticisms that Clinton's plan is too restrictive on businesses, many corporate and financial leaders are publicly enthusiastic about the administration's strategy. The bond market is overjoyed with Clinton's stated commitment to cut the federal deficit, and interest rates have fallen sharply to the lowest levels in more than fifteen years.

Why are so many rich people relieved by Clinton's economic program? They are relieved that he didn't go far enough to reverse the massive transfer of wealth occurring in the 1980's, in which middle income and lower class groups gave billions to the upper classes. According to Professor Ralph Estes of American University, the author of *Who Pays? Who Profits*, back in 1983 the wealthiest one percent held 31.3 percent of the total country's wealth. By 1989, the top one percent held 37.1 percent of all wealth. The top one percent actually owns and controls more wealth than the bottom 90 percent of all Americans. And Estes notes that if the same rate of change kept up for the next 35 years, the top one percent would actually control the entire wealth of this country. Clinton's economic plan does nothing to reverse this vast concentration of wealth at the top.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of Political Science and History, University of Colorado, Boulder. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 250 newspapers and is broadcast by more than 60 radio stations throughout North America, England, The Caribbean, and India.

AMERICA'S TEEN ANGST

By David Yaseen

The beast does not sleep; instead it has gone to see Dr. Jack Kevorkian. The climate of student opinion in this country, you see, differs markedly from that seen in the 1960's. Whereas "the enemy" of that period had presented (at least) a united front unified throughout the political spectrum by a refined corruption of the values of Puritanism, even we realize the blatant *internal* cynicism of today's Powers That Be. There isn't any edifice against which any progressive, radical, or even point-less idealistic movement could be directed; even when seen as the cult of personality that the power structure in America is, even the most intellectually flaccid among us knows that its parts are depressingly interchangeable—we know the fruitlessness also of attacking particular people in positions of authority. These are the reasons that no new movements, or even coherent sentiments, have surfaced recently. To sum up, we have become more (sic) *sophisticated*.

There isn't a horn properly configured to toot at such a pronouncement, so it is unnecessary to try. We've simply realized that the way of the world is a free-for-all, and woe to everyone. Attempts in the media intended to inform come from a motive similar to that which drives Wile E. Coyote to leap from the abyss-bound rock upon which he often finds himself to a higher (but still falling) one. Even the seemingly purposeful delay of the inevitable improperly explains this phenomenon. Mr. Coyote knows that he is going to hit bottom, and is well aware of the Principle of Maximization of Pain which is the central law that governs his existence, and which negates the possibility that his doing this might spare him from getting smashed from above once he hits bottom. This motive is irrational hope, and has for its motto "Just keep pedaling."

It is incorrect to assume that today's young adults do not learn from what they read or hear; they do. But the level of significance from which they draw their lessons is far more global than anyone would have expected. While we kids can't remember who's president at any given moment, we do know that anything beyond personal significance is arbitrary these days, and that most of the world's energy is devoted to keeping up the charade that this is not so. The kind of activism that many feel would help matters in the world, if it only existed, is inconceivably beyond the pale in any but the longest-term view.

Any kindling of these fires at this point in history would result in irrationally destructive actions, so bereft are we of any faith in the structural framework of this society. Revolution? Probably not. An armed camp? Well, holding that at bay is the subconscious reason why many people supported Clinton with such desperate enthusiasm.

Communism failed in broad, externally recognizable terms—it couldn't feed its people. The more crucial fact is that the Slavic peoples, who comprised much of the population under its sway, had historically been conditioned to living under conditions of societal-moral bankruptcy. (The Chinese have also reached this point, but a long overdue goose to the economy should be sufficient to divert their attention from this for now.) As Americans, with the wealth of a continent (two, if one counts the pillage of South and Central America) and the assurance of a preadolescent culture, we have had plenty "on the tube" to keep our minds off the ever-growing deficit of meaning in our lives.

The decade of the 1960's indeed marks the becoming-visible of the first *big* crack in our society's foundation. Everyone outside the Movement knew that the form the rebellion took was pretty much hokey, and all

the hippies have since reformed. Since then, we've pasted the parts together alternately with nationalism, cultural bigotry, imperialism, and isolationism. It isn't working any more, and we aren't holding our collective breath waiting for technology to come to the rescue, either. The only two phases left are Abject Denial and Mercenary Cynicism (not the kind with which we've directed foreign policy this century, but the kind where everybody gets into the act and drops all pretense of justification).

This is a tough viewpoint, but nothing suggests that it's wrong. Historically-minded people will tell you things like, "Americans have always pulled their can out of the fire—just you wait. Someone (else) will come up with something to get us all moving again." A wider view tells us a number of things. First, things nearly always follow the same patterns; history repeats itself. The second is that the rate at which things change can be defined in terms of a geometrically increasing function over time. Third, no one, anywhere, has ever sufficiently planned ahead, and all the suffering in the world can be attributed to this factor. Finally, societies develop in a way quite similar to people: when young, they are all smiles and hope, hyperactivity and mindless confidence; when they hit puberty, they lose faith in their elders and complain bitterly but idealistically; at about 18, the idealism pales, but the dissatisfaction remains.

Oh, we'll muddle through for a good while yet, and maybe even breakthroughs will come along that cut the legs from under the Establishment and give us the breathing space provided by the time it takes the new crop of leaders to become thoroughly corrupt. Hmm. We'll be waiting, but the current crop is depressing as hell, and worse for the blithe looks on everyone's face.

Drink a toast to my being wrong.

PARENTAL GUIDANCE

By Steven J. Forster

When I was a child, a spanking was an acceptable means of child punishment. My parents were spanked, so it was okay to spank their kids. Times have changed. To form a more peaceful world, we have to insure that violence is not instilled in our children starting with the child's first spanking.

My wife and I are still trying, after two and a half years, to figure out how to discipline our two children non-violently. We have tried to avoid the bad action. That doesn't help to stop him or her from behaving badly, because it doesn't let the child not know he's bad.

We tried yelling, but the kid only gets a headache from the loud noise, and you just get a sore throat. Yelling is good to keep a child from getting into a dangerous situation, such as going to touch a hot stove—yell the child's name in a loud, stern voice to get the child's attention and get them out of the bad situation.

We have found now that time-out periods sometimes have the best effects. My daughter, being the oldest, has a habit of hitting her brother. It sure sounded paradoxical

to teach my daughter not to hit my son by hitting her. To tell her that she was bad just programs her to think negatively about herself.

little time-out from what she was doing. This gives her time to cool off, and be a little more nice. At first my daughter stays away for

lates 15 minutes. The time would then go back to 2 1/2 minutes and the cycle repeats itself.

It is highly effective with a two-year-old, but before that age it kind of bounces off of them; they don't understand what they did wrong.

Tantrums are dealt with rather easily. My son is not in the tantrum stage yet; he's got six or seven months before that period starts. My daughter, however, is a veteran now, and she is also a veteran at knowing that tantrums are going to be avoided. Unless in public, we ignore my daughter's tantrums. She is starting to grow out of that, and now she's got a new ploy to play on our sympathy. Every time she gets scolded, she says to my wife or me, "Boo boo finga," and she puts her finger up to be kissed.

My wife falls into this trap all the time, and I tell her all the time she is being played like a fiddle.

Until they are old enough to understand and accept responsibilities, I guess we'll have to develop new and creative punishments and inducements as they get older. Remember—to keep a peaceful world we have to stop hitting our kids and start helping our children to understand.



Grafix by James Blonde

My wife and I tell my daughter that hitting is not a nice thing to do, and place her by herself for a

21/2 minutes, and each time it occurs she gets another 21/2 minutes tacked on until she accumu-

THE DATING TRAP

By Catherine Krupski

Well, seeing as how Women's History Month is coming to a close, I should just like to comment on men in relationships. I am not Dr. Ruth or Dr. Joyce Brothers, nor do I claim to be. My knowledge is based on my research.

Sari Paikoff, a graduate of the Chemistry Department, says that there are three different breeds of men in the world (this can refer to either marriage or sex, depending on whether you see the glass as half empty or half full): those that want it, those that don't want it, and those that can't spell it. Unfortunately, I've gone out with at least one member of each group and let me tell you, it's not a pretty sight.

The whole process of forming or being in a relationship is a debacle. How long does it take for a man to get ready for a date? Not even a fraction of the time it takes a woman. How do they decide what to wear for

that date? "This looks clean and it doesn't smell." Meanwhile, over 45 minutes prior to his wardrobe decision, his girlfriend has gone through three different outfits and must now "settle" because she won't make it to the mall and back in time. Fortunately, she already handled the most dangerous aspect in her daily routine—the careful measuring of hair-gop—just the proper ratio can make hair either look fabulous or slimy.

Once the relationship has solidified (they have sex), then he starts to hint about things that he finds to be character flaws on your part! (Whack!) Meanwhile, he has some wicked flaws that make him more than asinine. So you think that you will be more perfect if you just correct them. Does he say anything positive to encourage you in your attempts to depart from your deficiencies? No. When you finally conform (which at times can be happen unconsciously), he's not sure if he still wants to date

you because you've changed so much. (Double Whack!)

Once you know him on a personal level, he tries to incorporate you into his other life. Then you wonder if you really want to be incorporated. What happens if he's the office snitch or the anal retentive procedure freak? What happens if he is just a huge pain in the neck whom no one can stand and then *you* show up. Everyone will be amazed that he now "has a woman," but can't say why because they just had a heart attack. Then you discuss working out and he wants to work out with you. That's fine, but you swim and you know that it's just a summertime activity for him. How do you politely tell him that he couldn't handle the shallow end?

Finally, after thinking long and hard, you realize that he is a jerk and is not worth your time. He totally thinks that the world should revolve around "mama's little boy." If I knew I would have to yield to his feet

because Prince Spoiled Boy was having a bad day, I wouldn't have waited for him outside of his class. I try to bear a bad day, not perpetuate it and make everyone else miserable. Of course, I begin to feel like it was my fault and feel guilty.

If you're lucky, you both agree to see other people. In layman's terms—you're breaking up. You can handle it—you'll be bummed for a day, but you can deal with it. But what does *he* do? He goes to seek the immortal advice of his omniscient friend who, strangely enough, has been involuntarily celibate for years. As if perhaps they can pool up enough knowledge between the two of them to figure out the situation, which is an abstract thought since neither has ever really had "a woman." But neither will admit that there is more than "figuring out" the enigma called "woman."

So if I know all of this, then why am I sitting in my room, on my third can of Bud Dry waiting for the phone to ring?

Dysfunctional Fables

THE FROG AND THE BEAR

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum

dedicated to all seekers of the Rainbow Connection and Jill, who likes little frogs

In the wilds of the Pacific Northwest every river, stream and puddle teems with life (except in Hanford, Washington). Those who never strayed off the land or away from their computer screens would never know about the mysterious kingdoms that lurk underneath the surface, but to those brave adventurers the water is a source of neverending fascination—and food.

During the summer, before human invaders would come to plunder his shores, the grizzly bear would wake up early in the morning and lumber down to the river to catch his breakfast. He only caught the finest salmon and trout, and this is what he expected, although he did not mind an occasional frozen crab-cake left behind by nervous East Coast tourists. Bear would fill his stomach and smack his lips in satisfaction, not realizing that his greed and selective population control caused fewer and fewer fish to swim downstream...

One day Bear splashed his paw in the water, expecting to catch a tasty salmon as usual but landing a slimy old frog instead. Grimacing in disgust he tried to slip Frog back into the water and try again, but Frog hopped around to distract Bear from his business.

"Eat me! Eat ME!" he croaked excitedly. "I'm supposed to be a delicacy in France!"

"Eeugh, get away," growled Bear as he took a swipe at the suicidal frog. "I don't eat anything covered in



warts."

"Toads have warts," Frog protested. "Frogs have smooth skin."

"Don't care. Frogs must be really disgusting." And he made another attempt to push Frog away from his mouth.

After some thought the frog blurted, "But we taste like chicken!"

"GO HOME!" roared Bear, and the poor little greenie went back into the water.

Soon there were no more fish in the river, and the anti-environmentalist campaign built a nuclear reactor closeby. As Bear slowly grew thin he stared at the new structure looming over the horizon and wondered what significance it would have for him. Nostalgically he slapped his paw in the water and, to his surprise, flushed out a green mutant with five eyes and fangs who grabbed him by the head and wrestled him into the deep. The river ran red, and a tongue licked Bear bones clean...

MORAL: It pays to try new foods, especially if someone offers a free sample.

MORE IMPORTANTLY: One can prevent mass destruction by taking an interest in the environment, current events and fellow global citizens.

Polity

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U.S.B. STUDENT UNION

Date: Thursday April 1, 1993
Time: 9 am - 6 pm
Place: Student Union, Sports Complex

NOTES

By Matthew Leone

I can't breathe. I think I'm gonna throw up my throat inside out. It'll hang out like an elephant's trunk. That soft part is bulging like something's stuck there. That smell is too heavy - that smell that rises from the heap of discarded time.

A splash in the pit spat. We came to the edge.

"This is where...what are they doing now?...I don't believe this...they took out all the sand! Now they're burying garbage! They're burying garbage where the sand used to be!"

Breathe your own breath. Breathe through the wool. Don't breathe the air - that smell is too heavy.

"Look over here."

We stepped away from the cliff.

I really have to go. My kidneys are sagging out. I should have used the bathroom before...

"Be careful!"

I almost fell in.

"What is this?...a bomb shelter?"

"A foundation...there used to be a house here."

"Look at all those ashes..."

"They built huge fires here."

"...and all those beer cans...I bet they had parties back here all the time."

"And demolition derbies."

"Demolition derbies? For real?"

"Yeah...I remember hearing them...just look at all those cars. Some kids would steal 'em and smash 'em up back here. Not all of these were stolen though...some people just abandoned them for insurance."

"Look...horseshoes."

"They were just here."

"They're going...they're going in all directions...I can't tell which way they're going."

"It looks like they...Shh!"

"What is it?"

"That jingling..."

"Shit!"

"But it's not dark yet..."

"We better get out of here."

"Wait...I think we're all right. They're all the way down there. It's pretty hard to get up that

sand."

"They know we're here - it sounds like a kennel down there. Something really just set them off."

"I don't think they can smell us - that smell is too heavy. They're probably just fighting with each other. They're not all guard dogs. A lot of strays wander here and end up joining the pack in the pit - they fight for food."

"Don't they take care of them?"

"I guess not."

"But why are they here? There's nothing to steal. There's nothing left."

"The dozers."

The plow eyelids were closed.

"That's right. I didn't think of them."

"I heard that some activists to stop them some time back, but no one listened...they said they wanted jobs."

"What are they bulldozing now?"

"They must be starting a new hole. They ran out of sand from here. Come on let's follow that path - it goes even further."

The ground's dust has turned rusty red from the setting sun's saturation. Purple and pink pulses are mashed on the hard blue board in winding circles carving contemplation. Look back the other way - layers and layers of streaming screaming clouds are scraped on the orange glowing skin, puffing out from underneath the sky.

"Look at all these shells...they're all over the place. What was this? A shooting range?"

"People figured no one was around so they would come back here and shoot."

I can't get that taste out of my mouth. My tongue's tingling like charcoal bits are squirming on it, dissolving.

"Do you still see Dawn?"

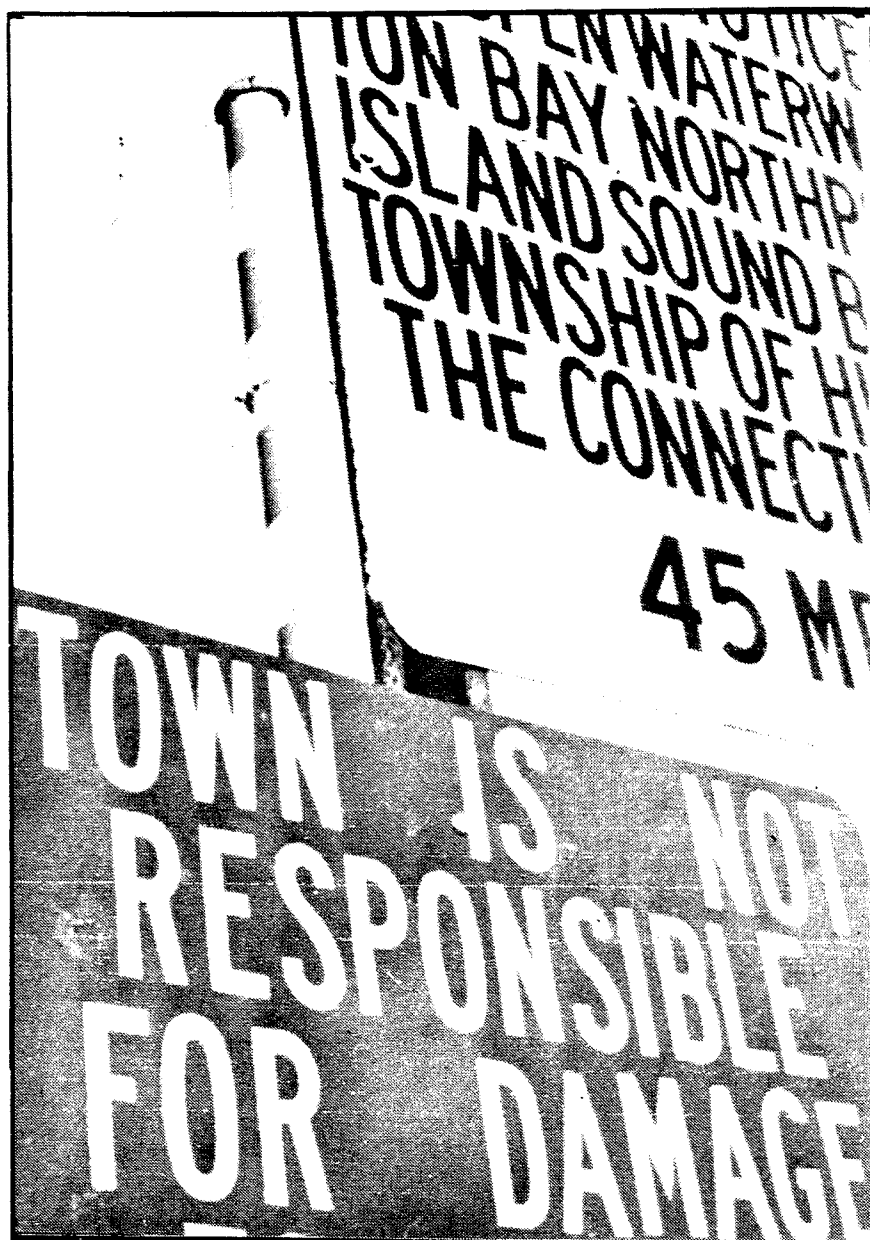
"No."

"What happened?"

The tree limbs are bare, wrapped up in cellophane mittens by the wind. The twigs have popped through their plastic bag bandages, flapping in unraveled breaths.

"Nothing."

Splattered sight seeping from a sacred sponge surging sulfur soup swells in the back basin drain of an opened mind in motion dripping out of the virgin moment sucked in smokestack eyes inhaling the forest depths of January flowing through a tingling spine reeling in a buried image on fishhooks pulled by stallion tails



swimming in the subtle breeze warning hollowed searching heartbeats drifting in shaded sincerity silence frozen in nicotine

"It's getting cold."

The wool wasn't warm enough. I wrapped my arms around myself.

"Don't worry, we're almost there."

We walked on an inward slant, leaning towards each other on the ditch path with a deep dip in the middle. Wrinkled washed words slipped out from the earth.

"I love finding old papers like this."

"What's the date?"

"Hold on...let me wipe some of the dirt off...it doesn't say..."

"Can you read it at all?"

"No...it's faded...it's all blank...it doesn't say anything...Wait...here's the classified listings...some personals...but I can't make it out..."

"Shh!...listen...that rustling..."

Scattered leaf rats put the fallen puzzle pieces back together with scurried choreography, building a nest.

"I love this...Come on, let's move...I feel like I'm in a museum...There's so much....Over there...that's it...that's where I photographed her."

A piled chain of cesspools were linked together.

"I'd be afraid they'd fall over and roll away."



IN THE END

"That's how she felt. She was scared climbing inside. She made it in, but she ripped her dress. It was expensive too. She rented it. It's a good thing her mom could sew."

"How did the pictures come out?"

"A little overexposed. But she liked them."

Mayflower moving truck trailers were lined up in rows side by side.

"I wonder if anything's inside those."

"They're empty. I checked. They don't use them anymore...I loved to play hide and seek inside them when I was a kid...There's something I have to show you...this way."

"What is it?"

"You'll see."

Unreclined moments spent with affection replaced with reproduced experience intruding the mother's womb

"Can we find our way back...it's getting dark...I can barely see..."

"It's all right...we used play here all the time when we were kids...until it got dark...we would run so fast, we couldn't see where we were going, but we always knew the way...there! Look!"

"What is it?"

"A fox den...There's a whole family of them."

"I didn't know there were foxes around here."

"There used to be a lot more before they built the developments back here. They kept moving them back and back until they ran out of room. This is probably one of the last ones around...Take a good look...You might not see it again..."

Concentration's careful caress of planted imagination holding hands with this newfound touch never kissed with sanctuary eyes out of the grasp of listening bulldozers

"Come on, let's go...I have an appointment. I have to get my hair cut."

"I believed in her."

"You what?"

"Nothing...Wait...Shh! That jingling..."

"The dogs...They let them loose..."

"Let's go. I guess we really shouldn't be here. I just wanted to show it to you...so you can get a feel for it...Maybe you could write about this...Hey, look!"

We exhumed it from the tall grass entanglement.

"I used to have a bike just like this. And it's good shape...it just got all rusty...I don't believe someone would throw this away..."

"It's really dark."

"You should come here on your own sometime."

"They're getting closer...I can hear them..."

"We should leave...we've been here a while."

Wandering pictures dumped in cut-up consciousness shreds panning for passion's purity behind fences out of focus with outside feelings of the culture creation poured in the immune internal pit of insight ignored

"Do you and Dawn at least talk?"

"Not anymore."

Dormant dialogue lied in mud mold-



ed footprints. We backtracked our sculpted steps.

"I'm tired already. I didn't realize how far it was."

"I should start running. I have to get back in shape...Where are you going?!"

"I thought I saw something."

"Don't go down there! You'll never get back up that sand!"

"Pull me out if I get stuck."

"You might pull me in!"

"Maybe it's not a good idea..."

My foot plopped in a brown puddle reflection.

"She's gone..."

Filtered choking sounds on vinyl glamour consuming still-life attention letting the rot reap

lost relations disposing scrapped intimacy seeping out from old TV sets into forgotten drinking water polluted with each injustice tossed in the heap

"...give me a hand."

The world was solid. It didn't move.

"How could she just...?!"

"You can see the sky better back here...there are no lights."

The poison perfume faded as we walked out into the source.

"You're right...it's clearer...you can see the stars better...but it looks so far away..."

"People take pictures of this and sell them. I would never take a picture of this. I don't want to lose it."





* this cartoon was created and sponsored by the slovenly, disrespectful, infantile, selfish, and grossly immature students of SUNY Stony Brook... the ones that made this school GREAT!! I pay my tuition, so I can act like a flaming retard if I so choose! RESLIFE must be destroyed. Kill a school official today. TOUCH YOURSELF!!