

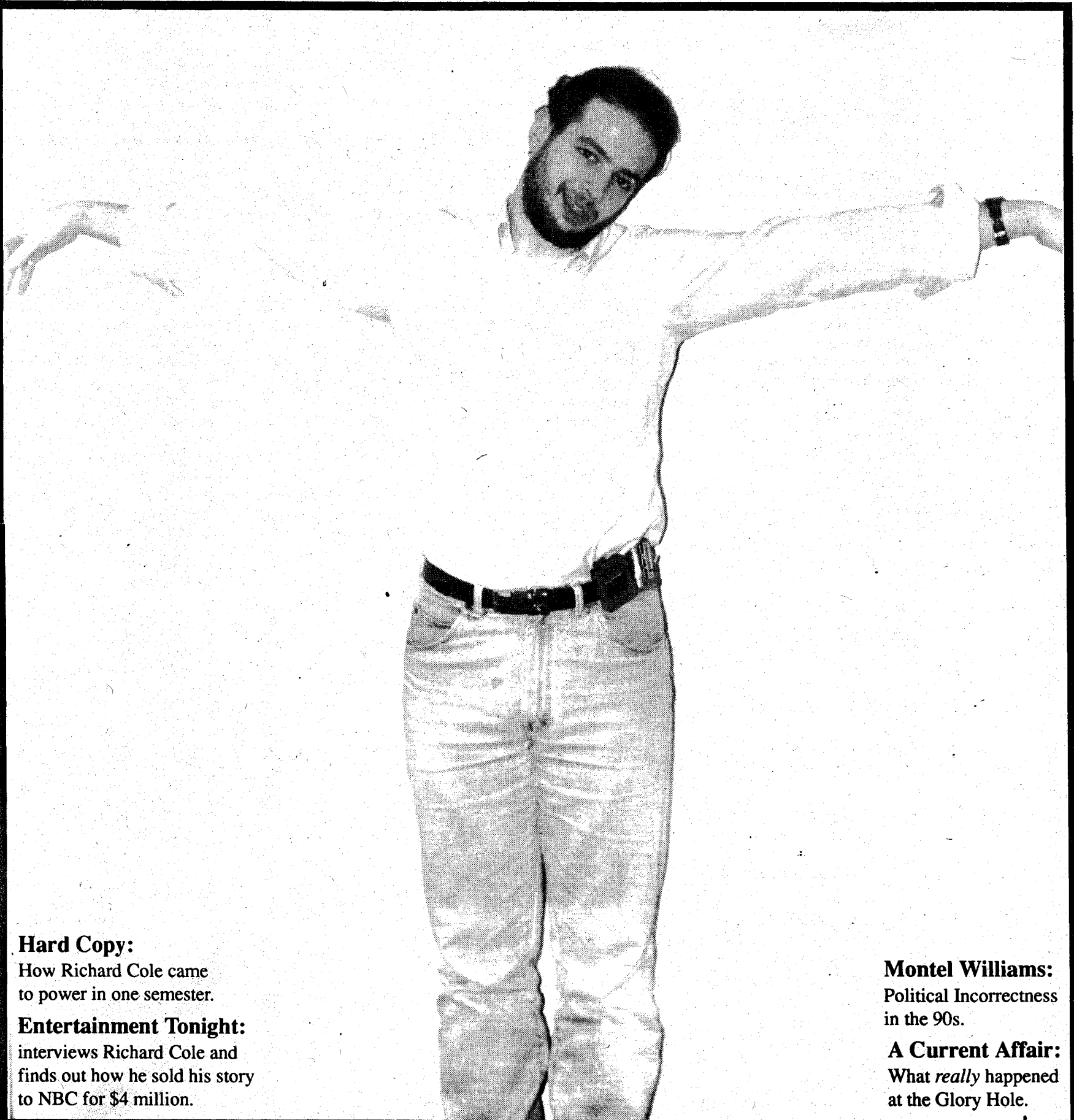
The  
Stony  
Brook

# PRESS

Vol. XV, No. X

The University Community's Feature Paper

March 1, 1994



**Hard Copy:**

How Richard Cole came to power in one semester.

**Entertainment Tonight:**

interviews Richard Cole and finds out how he sold his story to NBC for \$4 million.

**Montel Williams:**

Political Incorrectness in the 90s.

**A Current Affair:**

What *really* happened at the Glory Hole.

**Condomsense**  
page 3

**Black & White**  
page 4 & 5

**Toxic Waste**  
Centerfold



# Love is Dead

By Germ Blanshaw

Yes its true, love is dead, at least any hope of romantic love. Chivalry is just a defunct ideology. If it weren't for the fact that you haven't seen Ricky Schroeder making a comeback you'd think it was the coming of the apocalypse and switch on the 700 Club for the "Armageddon Update". Not a moment too soon you say, after all, you could live without this boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy loses girl to moronic asshole stuff. If you really wanted to have another relationship you could just save some time by ripping your heart out, carefully placing it in a blender and pressing Puree.

Fool that you are, you'll probably disregard this wisdom and fall prey to the deviant forces of Spring and let cupid have his cheap laugh at your nerve racking expense and sanity. To be honest its understandable that celibacy doesn't have that much appeal, with its dangers of blindness and socially embarrassing palm hair. So you hang around some cheap bars, meet some cheap members of the opposite sex and in a drunken haze, you see at the end of the bar by his/her self Ms/Mr Right. You saunter down the bar and end up saying hello to their shoes, briefly apologizing and asking them for their number to send the cleaning bill.

You've found the girl of your dreams. Beautiful, intelligent, charming, and she wants nothing to do with you. You naive moronic pedant, your witless, pathetic attempts at conversation have hit their mark and left a vaguely unpleasant stench. 'What is wrong with the world these days?' you think. Despite Mom's assurance that there's someone for everyone, that special someone you've so desperately been seeking rues her decision to let you buy her a new pair of shoes and has just filed for an order of protection against you. Just like the Easter Bunny and the tooth Fairy and any other number of nice things your mother told you, she lied.

Get smart, and, well, get a life. The answer to all loves problems are found in Science, not homespun advice. Despite prior attempts to understand this phenomenon, the basic laws are now laid out much more clearly. Mom's views with their Adam Smithian

unseen hand that balances the amount of lovers with love interests is a sure prelude to your very own Great Depression. We now see that we have a free market system of love which gives no guarantees of happiness for those trying to compete.

Each of us is endowed with certain biological and biographical traits which we place in the market. While there may be lots of members of the opposite sex willing to be your little shnookums, you might find their personal views, hygiene, or back hair rather offensive. Take a good look at yourself, what are your assets: are you good looking, fun to be with, financially endowed? Of course not or you would have stopped reading a long time ago. If you're really having problems, perhaps you might have mistaken your sexuality. If you're a guy, maybe you should scope out the glory coles—er holes on campus and see if you have better luck there meeting someone. Unless you just prefer Yodels.

As with any product, marketing yourself is not just a matter of content, but advertising and packaging can create the appearance of differences where none exist. It may be what's on the inside that counts, but you might also try bathing on a more regular basis. Generic packaging can lead only to the basest forms of generic dating. Living in a capitalist society, money is the great equalizer. Yes cash can give you that certain *je ne sais quoi* that will get you a mate even if you don't choose to stop picking your nose in public. Plastic surgeons can slice, dice, and liposuck to your hearts content any offending physical defects (though not a wise choice if you still intend to continue employment as the Amazing Lobster Boy). Voice lessons can remove bad stereotypes that "hick, red-neck, sister-datin', Klan picnic-goin', greased hog-chasin', moonshine-drinkin', NRA card-carryin', squirrel-huntin', squirrel-eatin', pick-up-with-a-gun-rack drivin', Dukes of Hazzardesque" accent of yours calls to mind and replace it with a snooty obnoxious *fake* one that will annoy yet entrance any member of the opposite sex. Just don't blow it all by trying to impress your date with your award-winning hog call.

For those without money, a political position can give you the respect you don't really deserve. Look at Ed Koch, once just an average balding guy, now he's a sex symbol to senior citizens, (male and female) nationwide.

The entertainment field is also a boon for the otherwise hopeless, giving countless feeble-minded nobodies salaries, status, and the love they never could receive through any other means. Look at David Hasselhoff, Willard Scott, and Roseanne Arnold, adored and sought after by millions, and not just in America. David Hasselhoff commands the same respect and lovability in Germany as Jerry Lewis does in France. Even Bob Ross the painting guy has managed to get an entire harem of women.

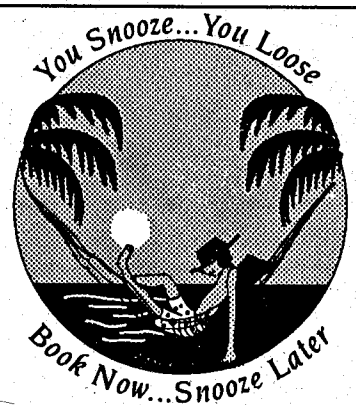
If you have an over bloated ego and no other outlets, writing senseless articles on inane subjects with questionable humor can't hurt; but probably won't help either, it just gets your mind off when the last time you had a date was.

A helpful tip in post-Keynsian love is to remember that the government can play an important role in your personal romance. Remember that public servants lead a lonely life. Anyone from your lowly, yet lustful Postal delivery-person, or Department of Motor Vehicles clerk, to that Arkansas governor whose busy wife just doesn't understand him could be in search of *amoré*. Just make sure that you take proper precautions should your partner be in a key position that is often scrutinized by the media. Then again, you could use that relationship to better your financial situation, and better your dating options in the marketplace.

Yes romantic love will never be the same again, but now you can have the jump on that unsuspecting love interest. Today's market of love is a dangerous and confusing place where the only thing worse than losing your shirt is not losing your shirt. Above all advice, be aware of star-crossed lovers, just look at what happened with Romeo and Juliet. If Romeo had read his horoscope, he might have been married to a nice girl with two kids and a dog and had a profitable future selling Venetian blinds.

## 10 Ways to Scare Rich Cole

10. Yell "Get him!" at night.
9. Paint him black and give him a perm in his sleep.
8. See Ary Rosenbaum naked.
7. Admire his P.C. writing style.
6. Excommunicate him from the Libertarian Party.
5. Call him Mr. Multicultural.
4. Make him editor of Blackworld.
3. Re-elect David Greene.
2. Be nice to him.
1. Defund him.



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# Doc Gives Prescription

By Dennis O. Palmore

Dr. Benjamin S. Carson, world renowned neurologist, spoke before a crowded lecture hall in the Health Science Center Saturday, February 26. His reputation as an exceptional and gifted doctor is equally matched by his gentle personality. The message that he gave to the audience was an inspirational one. He said that people have "allowed the media to dictate to us what is important to us," like the Super bowl, Final Four, etc. This is a man who came from very humble beginnings, he told the audience that "there has been a tremendous shift of what is important and no one wants to take responsibility for education."

Dr. Carson discussed a recent survey that he read about education. In it, the United States was number 20 out of 21 industrialized countries in the field of mathematics and science. He emphasized the importance kids today place on hundred dollar sneakers. Sneakers, he said, "...that cost six dollars to make in Korea, we buy for a hundred dollars." South Korea was number one on that survey.

He emphasized the importance of education as a major key to success. "Education is ones own responsibility, no one can be blamed for your failures academically." According to Carson, no matter what your situation is, if you have a brain, you are capable of doing whatever you want.

"I have yet to see the brain overload." You can fill it with as much information as you want. Often speaking at inner city high schools, he said that a frequent question that is asked by students is "How much do you make?"

He said that young people have to be given hope,

"hope that people will realize that things don't mean anything." More important is "what you know and what you can do that makes you a valuable person."

Carson said that with knowledge you will always be able to get things. Even if someone took all of a person's possessions, he would be able to replace them if he has that knowledge.

He encouraged physicians to "show young people what you do, how you intervene in people's lives." He stated, "People have to develop a sense of realism." He wants physicians to be more involved with people on a personal basis as opposed to viewing people as objects who are not up to their status. He said that to many interns start out as nice people and later on act like SOB's when they become chief residents, they think that they are better than other people. He emphasized that being a doctor is a privilege and that those in the field should treat patients with respect and not as if your doing them a favor.

Dr. Carson told the audience that we should be thankful that we have people who look differently, in

terms of race. It would be a boring world if everyone looked alike. He spoke of the need "to get beyond the superficial aspects of what people look like." A mes-

sage that is well needed on this campus, as everyone is aware of the problem that exists in this country.

Dr. Carson plans to visit South Africa in April to separate Siamese twins there. He hopes the elections will divert attention from the surgery so there won't be a media circus surrounding it.

He closed with his philosophy for success: "Think Big," which is the title of his book, T is for talent and intellectual ability, H is for honesty—lead a clean and honest life, I is for insight—listening to people who have been where you want to go, N is for nice—be nice to people, K is for knowledge—it makes you a valuable person, B is for books where one should

obtain that knowledge, I is for in-depth learning—learning for the sake of knowledge and understanding, G is for God. He told us that "real knowledge derives from being able to talk to people who don't know as much as you."



## Study Reveals That Not All Condoms Are Alike In Unison at UNITI: Rich must go!

### Efficacies of Condoms Tested and Ranked in Mariposa Paper

According to the Mariposa Foundation, "Given today's STD and AIDS crisis, it is essential that government agencies and research organizations study the effectiveness of condoms in preventing the spread of infection. Currently, consumers in the U.S. can obtain more information and data. Laboratories conducted laboratory evaluations of viral transport across condom membranes to establish the relative risk of sexually contracting HIV-1-infection."

This study was conducted as a follow-up and control to an earlier National Institutes of Health (NIH)-funded joint research with USC, UCLA Medical Centers and Mariposa which suggested a pattern in which leakage of HIV-1 occurred in some brands of latex condoms, but not in others. The goal of the present study was to evaluate viral leakage more fully through testing a sufficiently large number of replicate condoms to confirm or discount the earlier reported leakage of virus occurring in some latex brands.

In the original Mariposa/USC/UCLA study, 31 brands of condoms were tested in terms of affording the greatest protection against STD and HIV-1, those ranked highest were: Mentor (Circle) (1)\*; Ramses Non-Lube (Schmid) (2); Ramses Sensitol (Schmid) (3); Gold Circle Coin (Circle) (4); and Gold Circle (Circle) (5); Sheik Elite (Schmid) (6). \*Subsequent to this study, Mentor was bought out by Carter Wallace, which replaced the Circle condoms Mentor had been using with its own condoms. The top-ranked form of Mentor condom from this study is no longer sold.

Of the condom brands tested, those reporting the highest leakage rate and the lowest levels of protection against STD and HIV-1 were: Contracept Plus (National Sanitary) ranked 31; Trojan Ribbed (Carter Wallace) ranked 30; Trojan Naturalube Ribbed (Carter Wallace) ranked 29; LifeStyles Nuda (Ansell) ranked 28.

The present condom leakage study validated the original data. The lower ranking brands were tested against two top-ranking brands which documented the difference. The original results were confirmed and placed on a substantial footing.

The Centers for Disease Control, in the August 6, 1993, Morbidity and Mortality Report, stated that "latex condoms are highly effective for preventing HIV infection and other STDs when used consistently and correctly." "However, not all brands of condoms are alike or offer the same degree of protection," added a spokesperson for the Mariposa Foundation.

The Mariposa Foundation research on the viral leakage through selected brand of condoms was funded by the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR). The studies are reported in the *Mariposa Occasional Paper #19*. For additional information or copy of the study, contact: Frances Larose, The Larose Group, The Hearst Building, Suite 700, San Francisco, CA 94103, telephone (415) 546-9608, fax (415) 546-0982.

*The Mariposa Foundation conducts research on human sexuality and sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS, and educates the public with sound, scientific information. Mariposa's staff and board serve as invited experts on human sexuality, AIDS, and STD-prevention at the United States Congress, state legislatures and city councils. Mariposa's President, Dr. Bruce Voeller, gave AIDS its name.*

*The Foundation pioneered the laboratory evaluation of condom strength and leakage in the prevention of the sexual spread of the AIDS virus and other STDs and proposed that spermicides constituted an additional method for controlling the spread of AIDS. The Successful testing of spermicides as a means of destroying the AIDS virus was conducted in a joint project between the Mariposa Foundation and the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in 1984-1985.*

By Catherine Krupski

Over two hundred students attended the Town Meeting held at the UNITI Cultural Center last Monday night to "organize, mobilize and take action" against the "racist slander in *Statesman*, sanctioned by its new editor," Richard Cole.

Accompanied by a majority of his editorial staff, Cole attended to hear grievances of the many he irritated in his column, "Against the Tide." Absent from this group was Layout Editor and columnist, Ary Rosenbaum. "I knew what was going to happen," he said. "It's like if you know that you'll get mugged in an alley, you don't go down that alley."

Flyers for the meeting were posted across the campus stating "the Black Community at Stony Brook is being attacked by biased, narrow minded media sources. These sources continue to grow in numbers and have tried to tear down the institutions that we have worked hard and long to build. Topics to be discussed: Overt attempts to discredit Black organizations; Racist slander in the *Statesman*, sanctioned by its new editor; Implications of lack of unity amongst minorities; Preview of UCC programming."

Continued on page 10

Dear readers;

Due to technical difficulties, pages 12, 13, 15 and 16 were omitted from last week's issue.

We now present the missing pages in spectacular technicolor.

—The Stony Brook Press



# RACE, HATE, and THE AMERICKKAN WAY

By Lauristine Gomes

*"Black people and people of color and women will always be a threat to the system whenever they organize to empower themselves because the system is partly based on their disempowerment."*

Dhoruba Bin Wahad

American education was founded on the principle of Americanization. It was necessary to foster an American identity so that the European settlers would feel like "Americans," and not British subjects displaced in a foreign land. The school system was set up to create a patriotic people who would look upon this stolen land as home. However, many old British traditions and systems were incorporated into the new American system. That is, education was, and still remains, a privilege. That privilege was extended only to rich white males. A De Facto aristocracy was the result. Two basic characteristics of colonial education are as follows:

1. American education would be upper-class oriented.
2. Women, minorities, and the poor would be excluded from access to education.

The modern day manifestations of American education's practices of exclusion are clear to those who feel it most. As an Afrikan student on Stony Brook's largely Caucasian campus, one can see the fallacies in Administration's attempt to classify Stony Brook as a diverse, multicultural institution. Just over 25 years ago, Afrikans and other so-called minorities were prohibited from attending the State University of New York system. Now in the politically correct climate promoted by the nation, Student Affairs and Administration claim to celebrate and embrace diversity. Could it be they have finally acknowledged the great advances of Afrikan civilization? Are women really being given credit as scholarly individuals capable of doing more than getting pregnant? Is the power structure conceding to those systematically subjugated and left out? I think not. The guise of multiculturalism is one which allows evil-minded thieves to show off their acquisitions through teaching his-story courses and such. The story is a touch different, but the storyteller is still the same. Through "diversity" we can now be brainwashed about our own existences and triumphs by people who neither recognize nor identify with

them.

Even as so-called minorities flock to this research university, inclusion is an ideal yet to be realized. For example, the Editorial board of Statesman (the campus mainstream newspaper) includes only one non-white person. Can BLACKWORLD newspaper be accused of similar practices? In order to answer that question it is necessary to investigate the reasons that BLACKWORLD newspaper was created. We must remember the American education systems exclusion of minorities and the ideas of inferiority placed on these "undesirables." Black fraternities and sororities were formed because their white counterparts refused to allow inclusion. It is questionable as to whether they could have developed fully their Afrikan selves in an atmosphere spotted by White realities vs. Black ones.

This goes back to BLACKWORLD newspaper, a publication created for and by people of color to communicate and celebrate concerns facing these people specifically. The oftentimes racist and insulting campus newspaper "for everyone," Statesman, needed alternatives that represented significant "others," so publications like the Press and BLACKWORLD were created. No doubt this was because many times, when Statesman just called it as "seen," the view was quite narrow. Recently, accusations were thrown in an abuse of power by those using the campus paper as their own 27,000 dollar a year party machine. These sweeping allegations indicted Afrikans-in-Amerikkka as being "downright revolting" and stated that Port Jefferson is better off not being a College Town because "...all of the youths this school has recruited can go and pillage our local communities the way they did their hometowns..." Such placing of blame sounds familiar doesn't it? It's almost impossible to distinguish between these inflammatory comments and those made by Hitler which blamed Jewish people for the financial crisis of Germany. Before Hitler could justify extinguishing unsuspecting Jews, he first had to associate them with and blame them for German society's problems.

Richard Cole is the latest in defamation. Just pick up the Statesman and try substituting "Jews" each time the word "Blacks" is used. Then, go read one of Hitler's speeches. Sounds like Hitler is Cole's mentor doesn't it? The point I'm making is that bigots will always disguise their feelings in cleverly plotted rhetoric, backed up with finger-pointing. It is up to the accused to realize that at some point, words may turn into action. It is for this reason that it comes as no great shock that student leaders of the campus Afrikan community received a disturbing note on Thursday, February 24th 1994. At approximately 8:45 PM, a death threat and racial slurs were taped to the door of the BLACKWORLD office, located in the basement of the Student Union. The threat was handwritten on a ripped out sheet of notebook paper. It read, "GO BACK TO THE PLANET OF THE APES YOU HYPOCRITICAL SPOOKS. YOU TELL SALIH IF HE SAYS ONE MORE THING ABOUT WHITES OR JEWS HE'S GOING TO GET A BULLET PUT IN HIS FUCKEN HEAD. WE KNOW WHERE HE LIVES." The slurs were written under each photograph on page 3 of the Statesman volume 37, number 38. The

photographs are of student leaders Maurice "Salih" Douglas (AASO President), Aliyyah Abdur-Rahman (BLACKWORLD Editor-in-Chief), Jerry Canada (Student Polity President), and Joseph S. Desmarat (new MPB Vice President). Under Jerry Canada's name the words "DICK HEADED ASSHOLE" were written. Likewise, "LOW LIFE NIGGERBOY" was the epithet of choice for Maurice "Salih" Douglas' picture. Joseph S. Desmarat's name was marred by the words "SCUMBAG SPEARCHUCKER" which were scrawled

beneath his likeness. And the final blow was delivered via the words "AFFIRMATIVE ACTION QUOTA BITCH" which were placed next to Aliyyah Abdur-Rahman's picture. A report was filed with Public Safety and the note

and page were taken as evidence. It is because of bureaucratic tie-ups that the actual evidence could not be printed at press time. However, BLACKWORLD newspaper hopes to be able to include a copy of the evidence in the next issue due out in two weeks.

It is important to critically examine the events leading up to the death threat and slurs.

1. In his column from 2/7/94 to 2/21/94, Richard Cole, Editor-in-Chief of the Statesman slanders and misquotes people of Afrikan descent in general and BLACKWORLD newspaper specifically.

2. Monday, 2/21/94 a Town Meeting is held at the Unity Cultural Center as a result of growing concerns due to the defamation of character of campus Afrikans-in-America in Cole's flagrant attacks in his column.

3. Thursday, 2/24/94 "Letter to the S.U.N.Y.S.B. Community from Richard Cole," is printed on page 7 of the Statesman Volume 37, Number 38. Featured on page 3 are four close-up shots of Afrikan student leaders who spoke out against Cole at the aforementioned meeting.

This chain of events contains vital information and are in by no way accidental. Just as Hitler purposely made Jews into targets for his hatred, the pictures on page 3 in Statesman were headshots with fragmented statements under them alerting would-be assassins of who supposedly said what. It is extremely interesting that in Cole's "letter to the community," he states, "I only hope that those student leaders calling for my silence realize their hypocrisy..." A direct link can be found between Cole's choice of words and the words of the death threat which read "GO BACK TO THE PLANET OF THE APES YOU HYPOCRITICAL SPOOKS." It seems as though those who made the death threat and Cole share a fundamental lack of vocabulary. Come on Richie, redundancy is as bad as racism. Good, solid writing is based on fact and not just emotions and opinions. The facts have been presented, use them along with your unique mix of emotion to form your own opinion on RACE, HATE and THE AMERICKKAN WAY.

*"When standing in the presence . . . of Bigoted Caucasians, those who would strip you of your spiritual dignity, for self reassurance, my Son, reach down with your hand and clutch the crotch of your trousers. Take hold of your balls, your nuts, for here lies the secret of your power. This center of your masculinity is what such people fear most about you."*

The Nigger Bible  
Robert H. deCoy

**What's your opinion?  
We'd like to know!**

**While you ponder that crack in your ass,  
Why don't you write us something  
crass?**

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500 and 1000 words, respectively.**

**Handwritten submissions  
will be fed to the animals.**



# OFFICIAL STATEMENT FROM THE STUDENT COALITION

In Monday's issue of Statesman, the main campus newspaper, an article was published written by the Editor-in-Chief, Richard D. Cole, entitled "Stony Brook Teaches Reactive Racism." Placed on page 3, it appeared to be a full-length feature article in the heart of the news section of the paper. Upon closer examination Mr. Cole's "article" has been discovered to be an opinion piece justifying his admittedly racist ideology. The work was not identified as an editorial nor was there a disclaimer clarifying that the "article" does not represent the views of Statesman and is the sole voice of the author (who happens to be the Editor-in-Chief). All other opinion pieces and editorials in this issue were placed in the Op-Ed section of the paper and were clearly identified as such.

We, the students of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, feel that Mr. Cole's "article" is a violation of the trust placed in him as Editor-in-Chief. Mr. Cole has an "ethical responsibility to veto controversial material before printing it." (Newsday, February 22, 1994, page 34). Mr. Cole committed a clear abuse of power by using his influence as Editor to improperly feature his opinion in the news section of the paper. No other editorial/opinion piece was given an entire page, nor was so prominently displayed. This is not a coincidence. In taking such liberty with the campus paper, Mr. Cole acted irresponsibly and abused his position. He used a public forum designed to represent the general views of the entire campus community as a personal venue for his ideology.

By singling out and attacking specific populations of the Stony Brook campus community, Mr. Cole has done a disservice to the entire university. He has betrayed the trust placed in him by the students who pay the referendum to fund Statesman; he has misrepresented the content and character of the campus community; he has offended and attacked entire segments of the campus population solely on the basis of the color of their skin.

We do not seek to censor Mr. Cole, nor do we wish to silence him. We do feel, however, that he must be accountable for his actions. The manner in which he chose to air his views was inappropriate and inflammatory. As Editor, Mr. Cole knows the proper forum for the expression of personal views. If he genuinely does not have a knowledge of journalistic procedure and ethics (Mr. Cole has never taken a journalism class at Stony Brook), then he does not have the qualifications to be Editor-in-Chief and should not hold the position.

There are several glaring examples in his "article" where Mr. Cole blatantly misrepresents the truth. They are as follows:

1 - At the Haitian Students Organization meeting Mr. Cole refers to (which took place two years ago), he failed to introduce himself to the group or indicate that he could not understand Creole, the language the meeting was being conducted in. If he had, a translator would

have been provided for him, and he would have been included in the discussion.

2 - Concerning the alleged threats against him by members of Malik Sigma Psi, Mr. Cole was never directly threatened by any member of that organization. In fact, the alleged threat came to him through someone who themselves could only say that something that was "supposed" to happen. Mr. Cole apparently did not feel endangered enough to file a police report. In a gross assumption he then ridiculously attempts to connect some scratches on his car to this alleged threat.

3 - Mr. Cole's implied characterization of the campus film society, COCA, as racist is completely unfounded. He did not bother to find out what the complimentary ticket policy for employees is, or if the handful of students he saw being admitted were, in fact, working employees. Instead, Mr. Cole saw Black students being admitted to the event and assumed there was a prejudicial policy behind it.

4 - At no time, either explicitly nor implied, did BLACK-WORLD publish the statement "Keep The White Man Out." Mr. Cole is referring to an editorial in which it was stated that Black students should do their academic best to excel during finals week. He did not attempt to find out what the statement, written in slang, meant and again assumed a racist interpretation.

5 - The Uniti Cultural Center is an organization established to provide a space for programming and a forum for all cultural groups on campus. Its board is elected during campus wide elections and every cultural organization is a member. The Uniti Cultural Center as an organization has never aligned itself with any particular political group. If individuals in elected positions have voiced personal alliances with outside groups, Mr. Cole needs to address these issues with those individual people and voice his discontent during elections.

In short, Mr. Cole has shown incredibly poor judgment and a complete lack of journalistic integrity. As members of the SUNY at Stony Brook community, we are appalled at the intentional insult to African-Americans and the misrepresentation of the campus community in general. In a university such as ours, there must be an open discourse on issues concerning all students. Healthy debate challenges us to coherently articulate our beliefs and ideas and encourages us to broaden our educational base. Mr. Cole's "article" and the issues its publication represents fostered neither response. Instead it embodies the very worst the human spirit has to offer and serves to inflame and provoke ignorant, hateful, racist ideologies. If anything, Mr. Cole's mean-spirited remarks highlight the failure of higher education to act as

a venue of consciousness-raising and enlightenment.

The following actions must take place in order to rectify the grievous wrongs, as stated earlier, to the campus community:

1. Richard Cole must be removed from his position as Editor-in-Chief of Statesman. Not only has he shown himself to be uniquely unqualified for the position, he violated basic journalistic and ethical tenets and used his position of authority to manipulate a mainstream campus publication into a forum for his own views.

2. Statesman and Richard Cole must face disciplinary charges by the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Statesman abdicated its journalistic responsibility by allowing Mr. Cole's work to be published in the manner it was, making it vulnerable to legal suits of libel and slander. Mr. Cole violated the University Student Conduct code, which states under General Campus Regulations, section 1

"no student shall assault, threaten . . . or otherwise physically, verbally, psychologically . . . abuse any other person on the University campus . . . this includes, but is not limited to . . . any incidents of verbal, physical [or] . . . psychological harassment or abuse."

The statements made by Mr. Cole clearly single-out many individuals of African descent and constitute verbal harassment and assault.

3. Statesman must print a full page apology and retraction of its irresponsible behavior and violation of campus trust. This retraction must address all the organizations specifically named in Mr. Cole's "article", the African-American student population and the general campus community.

Until these demands are met, there will continue to exist an atmosphere of anger, betrayal and suspicion among the various populations which make-up the diverse communities of SUNY at Stony Brook.

It must be understood that this statement in no way reflects a personal attack upon Richard Cole. Rather, it is a consensus of views expressed by members of the campus community in opposition to his negligent behavior. Our concern is that the greater issues raised by the publication of this "article" and addressed in the above statement are taken seriously, identified as matters of importance to students and resolved accordingly, to the students' satisfaction. If these concerns are not met, an even greater disservice than Mr. Cole's "article" will have been perpetrated against those who attend this institution of higher learning and education.

Student Coalition, SUNY at Stony Brook

## Specula Yearbook

will have a general staff meeting on  
Thursday, March 3 at 7 p.m.

Room 071 in the Student Union (across the hall from the Press office).

Anyone interested in getting the yearbook out on time,  
photographing *real* students (aside from the usual glamour camera hogs) and representing the whole campus  
community should come!



# Fight Against the Tide

In the wake of last week's events—the UNITI Cultural Center town meeting and all of the publicity received—it would seem that the campus community, minority groups in particular, has a problem with racism, especially in the form of bigot/*Statesman* Editor Richard Cole and that necessary actions would be taken against him and/or *Statesman* (Cole's column, "Against the Tide," runs every Monday in *Statesman* and has been advertised in that paper as "Politically Incorrect and Proud").

What exactly has been done? More precisely, what will be done, not just to *Statesman*, but racism in general? Many angry people at last week's town meeting vented their anger at the man who wrote about them, but as Polity President Jerry Canada said, "What are you going to do after tonight?"

That meeting gave different groups something in common: a problem with blatant racism. If these groups got together, there would be such a powerful force to combat the racial hatred on campus, starting with Cole, who admitted in his column that he has learned "to be wary, distrustful and at times, down-right revolted by African Americans," and continuing, through education, to end the ignorance, which is one of the

roots of racism.

There are many ways to stop him, but in order to do something, an action must be decided upon and then taken. It would be nice to think that various student-lead groups on campus have the maturity to creatively find ways to stop him, i.e. defund *Statesman*, pressure the advertisers of *Statesman*, join *Statesman* and take it over, encourage parents to phone Student Affairs, etc., but will any of that be done?

Violence towards him or *Statesman*, as some angered students suggested, would only add more fuel to the blazing fire already started and come very close to justifying his twisted way of thinking.

This is a chance for many students to come together as a unit and accomplish something positive. Based on the past record of students' apathy will something be done and if so, couldn't that spread to other branches on campus that overlook students on a daily basis?

Administration claims that nothing can be done about Cole. Aren't they giving students the same shaft as always?

It's easier for Administration to take advantage of a group of unorganized students. Now is the time for students to show that they can voice their opinions and take action. This

is one way to prove to Administration (and possibly frighten them) that, as a collective unit, the voice of students is something to fear.

The university sees undergraduates as the customers in their store, but is what they have to sell something we want to buy? Of course not. By making demands, students can change what is "in stock." Making an example of Richard Cole will prove that students can make a decision and take action to resolve the problem.

Why not beat him at his own game? By taking action through campus newspapers and other forms of media, it is possible to reach more people than he did.

However, by completely silencing him, a whole group of people will be silenced—oppressed. While his column is shocking to read, it's views are representative of some students on campus. Isn't it better to know that group is out there than to sweep them under the rug? Unfortunately, there is a lot more and worse in the big picture than just Rich Cole.

Once there is a result, will students just simply forget until another incident like this? As was said at the town meeting, students should be proactive instead of reactive. By simply waiting to get shot down, one will never get to make a stand.

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# Defund Naked

## Letters

### Culture is a Farce

Dear Editor,

With all this talk about culture and multiculturalism, something has gotten lost. 'Culture' is a simplifying term originally used in order to classify geographically distant others. It is every bit as much a simplification as distinctions based on race, size, age, or religion. Culture, I am sorry to inform you, does not exist. What the term attempts to get at is habit.

Groups of people in any one locality do things their own way, not because of any historical forces per se, but rather because someone did it that way once, and others, instead of reinventing the wheel, just followed suit. Just as religion's being passed down from parents to children does not reflect anything in the family's genome, but habit, so do all of the tangible distinguishing features that separate people of one region and tradition (another word for habit) from another.

There is something comforting in things of the past, and we are loath to give them up. Even if they have no especial applicability to our lives, conditions, or social circumstances, the idea that culture is an intangible, spiritual belonging which can be carried with one everywhere is comforting. This is originally because we do not like reinventing the wheel, but it comes eventually to manifest itself in ways as banal as brand loyalty. Here's your culture, folks, Bud over Miller (when absolutely everyone who has blind-tasted anything next to Bud somehow didn't choose it), Kellogg's over Post.

And everyone is so vain as to argue and fight wars over their habits—that's like people who sleep on their left sides fighting with their right-leaning counterparts. There is nothing to culture but habit—get used to it.

Sincerely,  
David Yaseen

# The Press

welcomes your  
letters and viewpoints.

Submissions should  
be no longer than  
500 and 1000 words,  
respectively.

Handwritten submissions  
will be fed to Oprah.



# Along the Color Line:

## Martin Remembered: The Meaning of Black History

By Manning Marable

Every Black History Month, we honor those women and men of African descent who made special contributions to the struggle for black freedom in America. We often fail to understand that for oppressed people, history is only their collective memory—the experiences which give us a sense of identity, tradition and purpose. As we rethink the past, we begin to appreciate the personalities and struggles which make the heritage of African-American people unique.

Nearly thirty years ago, when I was a teenager, Martin Luther King, Jr., was invited to speak at Wilberforce University, the African-American college near my hometown of Dayton, Ohio. My parents decided that it was an excellent opportunity for the entire family to hear the prominent advocate of the struggle for Negro equality. I remember the days leading up to the event, nervously anticipating the chance to hear the leading voice in the Civil Rights Movement.

But when we arrived at the small campus for the speech, we encountered several thousand automobiles parked tightly along the edges of the slender, two-lane road. Hundreds more seemed to surround the building where Reverend King was scheduled to speak. Masses of black people were packed inside and around the building. Others seemed to be everywhere, sitting on the lawn, watching the whirl of television cameras and newspaper reporters. We managed to hear much of the formal program, including King's address, as we stood beneath the open windows of the building.

When the program finally ended and the gospel

choir sang, King and his small entourage were quickly ushered off stage. The members of the audience quickly rushed toward the building's main entrance, eagerly awaiting the chance to embrace and to touch the single individual who best personified their own political hopes and dreams of freedom. The newspaper reporters and cameramen scrambled into position.

Something told me that it was quite unlikely that King would venture through the main entrance. No one could possibly navigate through the sea of admirers and media representatives. I squirreled my way around several overweight men in tight suits, crawling low along the brick wall on all fours. Eventually, I twisted my way through the maze of people, reaching the rear of the building near a cluster of tall trees.

Beneath the trees was parked a very impressive, freshly-polished, black automobile, with four black men sitting inside. In the back seat on the left side sat Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., talking quietly with the other men. Slowly, gathering every ounce of courage I had, I walked slowly toward King. Reverend King turned his head slightly, and noticing me, began to smile warmly. "Hello, young man," he said softly.

There was silence. "Hello," I replied, and ventured to the car. King leaned toward the door, grasped by outstretched hand, and embraced it.

Stammering slightly, I inquired if I could have Dr. King's autograph. A man in the driver's seat responded that I couldn't be given the autograph because of hundreds of other people would want King's signature as well. I was disappointed, but I was pleased that I had the rare opportunity to meet my hero, one-on-one.

Several years later, only weeks before I was scheduled to graduate from high school, I heard over the radio that Dr. King had been assassinated in

Memphis. The local black newspaper, The Dayton Express, agreed to send me as a reporter to write a commentary on Martin's funeral in Atlanta. My mother drove me to the airport in Dayton, and I flew for the first time in my life, arriving in Atlanta on the night before the funeral. The next morning, at 6:30 a.m., I arrived at the front door of Ebenezer Baptist Church. With my pad and pencil in hand, I was a witness to the entire funeral that day, walking with thousands of others through Atlanta's streets in honor of King's life and ideals. But thousands of other African-Americans in over 130 cities, from Washington, D.C., to Chicago lashed out in anger and outrage. Before the fires were burned out, 34 African-Americans and five whites were killed in the rioting, with property damage exceeding \$130 million. The dream of nonviolence had come to an end, and Black Power was now on the agenda.

Martin's continuing significance to African-American people is that he and others—Malcolm X, Fannie Lou Hamer, Paul Robeson—represented the very best within ourselves. Young African-American girls and boys can take special pride in the memory of Martin, because through study and commitment to the continuing fight for equality, they will become "new Martins and Malcolms." By remembering our own history, the struggle for freedom will always continue for our people—until it is won.

*Dr. Manning Marable is professor of History and Political Science, and Director of the African American Studies Institute at Columbia University, New York City. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 250 publications and is broadcast by 75 radio stations internationally.*

# The Wolf In Drag

By Sensate Mass

Mr. Noteriety has struck. For years, he has been trying to feed his all-consuming ego through other people's revulsion. It was not until this semester, however, that he was able to produce the result he so much desired—news coverage and campus unrest on his account.

We all know who this person is, and he has used his newly-conquered medium to enforce his strange brand of pseudo-logic upon the campus community. Most recently, he has attempted to blame the blacks on campus for exclusionary practices and feeling that they have the right to meet and speak with one another without the burden of a cynical and hostile outsider being warmly invited to their meetings. This is the grave injustice that Richard Cole spends his time trying to rectify.

While he may have a valid point that Polity-funded groups should not be exclusionary, it remains to be wondered at what Cole's true purpose would be in attending meetings of groups like the HSO, AASO, or CSO. These groups are founded on the (to this point, approved) basis that their members share in common experiences and problems which together they can discuss and work to overcome. It is not to be debated that blacks are discriminated against in this culture, and that self-empowerment groups have been at the core of much of what they have achieved so far in terms of approaching real racial equality in America. Why would Cole care about what these groups are doing? All he complains of is that he is not accepted into their ranks like an equal. I wonder if his arguments would hold the same few molecules of water if he were to

attend a rape survivor's support group and attacked the idea that the members had in fact been raped.

Let us not forget that Cole fired the first shots in what is rapidly deteriorating into a race war on campus. His attacks on multiculturalism, rather than being the starting point for a productive counter-suggestion as to how best to educate people, come across more like veiled racism. It seems that it is not a situation that he wants to fix, but that he needs to put others down.

While he rants against all of the racism to which he has been subjected, he turns right around and justifies the practice in claiming the legitimacy of being "wary, mistrustful, etc." of a group in general after being mistreated by individuals within it. It seems as though every black on campus would be justified (through Cole's logic) in feeling exactly the same way about whites. Well, that helps the situation a lot, Rich. Thanks for clearing that up. There is nothing positive in anything he writes—the "I truly hope things will work out" at the end of his February 21 "Against the Tide" just doesn't cut it.

Most of us have internalized at least this much of the proceeds of the advancement of recent decades: no matter what we feel, we make the effort not to rub members of a potentially hostile or mistrustful group the wrong way. One might say that there is no rational justification for such caution, but mistrust breeds irrationality, real irrationality which must be dealt with, in ways other than lighting every fuse in sight. Whatever rationality there is left in the country clings tightly to the belief that it is absolutely necessary that we all get along with one another, that even a tense peace is better than war.

We have laws in this country that take situations like

these into account. It is illegal to say anything, however true, that incites a civil disturbance. This is not to say that Cole's articles were 100% true, but that their slanted take on things seems to serve no other purpose but to make conflict more real, present, unavoidable. This is not an isolated phenomenon—everywhere in this country, we see people drawing lines around themselves and their groups and disparaging all others. It's a simple maneuver, this neo-tribalism, and one rooted in the deepest levels of the social instinct, but, as with many other aspects of human behavior, like aggression (sexual and otherwise), it must be overcome if the good parts of life are not to fall prey to our bad tendencies.

All of the criticism that Cole has leveled against blacks and their organizations serves only either to make them feel bad about themselves, or (much more likely) angry with him, and by association, whites in general. If Cole's articles stem from a real and honest disgust at present conditions, then it is his responsibility to see that they are changed for the better. Failure to do so on his part would leave him wide open to the label which many on campus have chosen to bestow upon him: racist.

Join  
the  
Press



# Haiti, Somalia and

By Mitchel Cohen  
Red Balloon Collective

"Practical experience tells us there are unscrupulous operators out there. It's just a matter of time until some people are going to make big bucks by putting loads in there that are hazardous." (1)

—Senator Alphonse D'Amato, complaining about municipal wastes shipped by Canada to be buried in landfills in upstate New York, while opposing legislation curtailing sending U.S. toxic wastes abroad.

Every year, thousands of tons of U.S. toxic waste, some of it deceptively labeled "fertilizer" and sold throughout the world, are plowed into farms, beaches and deserts in Bangladesh, Haiti, Somalia, Brazil and dozens of other countries. By claiming that such wastes

as lead, cadmium and mercury are "inert" ingredients—under U.S. law, inert ingredients are not required to be reported to the buyer—the Clinton administration has, following Bush's lead, continued to allow toxic wastes to be mixed in with agricultural chemicals and sold by U.S. corporations to unsuspecting or uncaring agencies and governments. (2)

Mercury is one of the many toxins present in most "fertilizer" shipments, as well as in "normal" industrial waste shipped abroad for burning or burial. It is a lethal poison with brutal effects on the nervous system, even in very low concentrations. Mercury poisoning causes deafness, loss of smell and taste, ulcers, mental deterioration, kidney damage and death. But that knowledge did not stop American Cyanamid, a huge corporation headquartered in New Jersey and the parent company for Old Spice, Pierre Cardin, and Breck shampoo, from, in just six years, dumping over 120,000 pounds of mercury and other toxic wastes produced in the U.S. into South Africa's rivers, with the approval of the apartheid regime. The U.S. government knew about it but looked the other way. Thousands of people living downstream died from it. Drinking water and agriculture have been drastically compromised. (3)

Somalia, Haiti and Guatemala are the latest locations selected by the New World Order for disposal of toxic wastes. Months before the United States sent troops to Somalia to supposedly protect food supply lines from the pilferage of "evil warlords," Italy—currently a U.S. ally with hundreds of troops in Somalia—was completing arrangements to ship southern Europe's toxic wastes to Somalia, with nary a protest from the U.S. In fact, the U.S. government has taken the lead in blocking a proposal by U.N. environment chief Mostafa Tolba and many so-called "developing" countries that would prohibit all toxic waste exports from 24 industrial countries to the rest of the world. At the exact moment the U.S. government was blocking the prohibition of toxic waste shipments (at a conference in Uruguay), a barge loaded with 8,000 tons of toxic wastes from Hawaii was plowing towards a dumpsite in the Marshall Islands, in the once idyllic South Pacific. (4)

Italian companies, among others, were "building two incinerators to be installed in Somalia that would handle at least two 550,000-ton shipments of toxic waste next year for an estimated profit of \$4 million to \$6 million." (5) Tolba said the dumping could aggravate the destruction of Somalia's ecosystem and threaten further loss of life in the ravaged nation.

In addition, the Associated Press reported it had

obtained a copy of a document that "shows a 20-year commitment, signed of December 5, 1991, by Nur Elmy Osman, the 'health minister' of [current Somalia president] Ali Mahdi Mohamed, to allow Acher Partners to build and incinerator near Mogadishu and discusses building a landfill to hold as much as 11 million tons of the industrial and hospital 'treated' waste, including 'solid and liquid waste of the toxic type.' Acher Partners' phone was answered at the home of a young woman near Lausanne, Switzerland. She said she did not know what the company did." (6)

When Ann Leonard, of Green peace, called Terra International—a company involved in shipments of hazardous waste to Guatemala—she repeatedly reached only a plastic surgeon's office in Miami. Through her persistence, however, she found that Terra International, with billions of dollars at stake, was run by a sole individual—the plastic surgeon's brother—who used a desk in a back room of the surgeon's office.

Indeed, a slew of enterprising "free trade" merchants and shadowy companies dealing in industrial and hazardous waste has sprung up virtually overnight. The profits made by the traffickers in toxic waste amount to tens of billions of dollars each year, rivaling profits from the international drug trade.

Many of the companies are run by right wing expatriates of Central American and Caribbean countries. The companies own little capital of their own; they use political contacts in their native lands—juntas often installed in power by the CIA and maintained there through U.S. government financial and military support—to arrange toxic deals. Indeed, they see the burgeoning waste catastrophe in the U.S., Europe and Japan as a "growth industry," and the manufactured destitution in such places as Guatemala, Somalia and Haiti—leading to U.S. military intervention—as a chance to make a fortune in profits while incurring few risks themselves.

Terra International, for example, based in Florida, serves as an intermediary for Energy Resources, N.V., of Holland. The company plans to build a giant incinerator in Guatemala, which would accept 1.2 million tons per year of liquid toxic wastes—which would otherwise cost producers as much as \$2,000 a ton to legally dispose of—from

abroad. In exchange for this "service," Guatemala would be allowed to mix in its own locally-generated wastes, burn them at no additional charge, and then use the compressed toxic bricks of ash to build houses.

The company has already taken a representative of the Guatemalan government, Marta Pilon, to Puerto Rico to show her a similar hazardous waste incinerator that the company operates there. Somehow, Terra International forgot to point out the contamination of Puerto Rico's entire drinking water system, and the tremendous pollution of land, water, food and air thanks to industrial dumping and hazardous waste incineration.

The competition for the millions of dollars in "disposable income" among countries inviting deposits of

industrial waste pressures a loosening of what few controls there are. The death-squad regime in El Salvador, for example, has already approved a hazardous waste facility to be built in the town of La Union, which would take in three times the volume of the proposed Guatemalan unit. Around three years ago, the regime began widening El Salvador's harbors to accommodate waste barges from the U.S., Europe and Japan. Meanwhile, Panama is again feeling Uncle Sam's hot toxic breath along the neck of its Canal Zone.

As opposition to toxic dumping and hazardous waste incineration is igniting into massive political movements within the home regions and in areas of the world where workers have not yet seen their popular movements totally smashed, the need of Europe, Japan, Russia and the U.S. to find new locations to dump the wastes of industrial production has become a central facet of New World Order strategy. It is one of the complex of factors propelling military intervention in such places as Somalia, and the intentionally ineffective naval cordon of Haiti.

In Haiti, where the ecological destruction caused by toxic shipments is especially severe (resulting in the onslaught of AIDS and other autoimmune-related illnesses that are ravaging the country), the regime in Port-au-Prince is paying special attention to the situation in Somalia. "We read Clinton in two different ways," says an adviser to [Michel] François, who is the head of the death squads in Haiti and the chief of its national police. "Somalia told us Clinton didn't have the stomach to fight, but we were worried that, precisely because of Somalia, he might feel he had to stand up somewhere and that we could be his target. That's why, a few weeks ago, we made noises about accommodation. But after the information about Aristide got out from our friends in the CIA, and Congress started talking about how bad he is, we figured the chances of an invasion were gone." (7) One of the first steps taken by the military junta after staging their coup in September of 1991 was to close down all the AIDS treatment and free health care programs established under the brief Aristide government, which had been elected by an overwhelming majority of the Haitian population nine months before.

Today, shadowy covert operations figures from the U.S. and Canada are involved in elaborate schemes to circumvent the U.N.-

*"By claiming that such wastes as lead, cadmium and mercury are 'inert' ingredients—under U.S. law, inert ingredients are not required to be reported to the buyer—the Clinton administration has...continued to allow toxic wastes to be mixed in with agricultural chemicals and sold by U.S. corporations to unsuspecting or uncaring agencies and governments."*

brokered Governors Island Agreement, which would have returned ousted President Jean-Bertrand Aristide to office and required the military coup junta to step down. While up to their ears trying to keep the junta's long-time drug-profiteering under wraps, they are also promoting schemes involving

the shipment to Haiti of U.S. toxic wastes.

A recent *Time* magazine story has uncovered on "former" U.S. government operative who detailed "an elaborate plan to tap U.S. aid funds for low-interest loans that would be used to transport New York City garbage to Haiti, where it would be processed into mulch to fertilize plants bioengineered to provide high-quality paper pulp. 'We could collect \$38 a ton for the garbage,' claims [Henry] Womack ... who helped oversee construction of the base that the Reagan Administration-backed contras used to stage attacks against the Sandinista government in Nicaragua." Womack has similar dreams for Haiti: "We'd make a bundle, and the government could get enough to pay



Raoul Cédras and Michel François.



# The Toxics Connection

the whole army's salaries." (8) Womack lives in a South Miami house with the sister of Michel François, and her husband.

Although most agents are not usually as candid as Womack, such plans are common. In August 1991, for example, Almany Enterprises, a company also headquartered in Miami, proposed shipping 30 million tons of incinerator ash from various U.S. cities to Panama over the subsequent four years. Almany would pay the government only \$6.50 per ton of toxic waste received in Panama. The ash is believed to be highly contaminated with cadmium, copper, lead and zinc. Almany proposed to landfill the ash in marshlands near the free zone of Colon. Dozens of similar schemes are rampant. Throughout the Caribbean and Central America the devastating health crisis is exacerbated—if not directly caused—by international capital's "recycling" of toxic wastes.

In July of 1992, The U.S. Justice Department finally filed indictments against two waste traders responsible for shipping and dumping 14,000 tons of Philadelphia incinerator ash in poor countries around the world in 1988. The famous waste trading vessel, The Khian Sea, carried it around the world for 27 months. In various countries, the ship's crew had identified the ash as construction material, road full, and muddy waste. According to Greenpeace, 4,000 tons of the ash was eventually dumped on the beach in Gonaives, Haiti; officials there were told it was "fertilizer." Tests by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency and Greenpeace revealed hazardous levels of lead, cadmium and dioxin in the Philadelphia incinerator ash.

In 1988 the Khian Sea turned up in the Indian Ocean without its remaining load of 10,000 tons of ash. Testimony by a member of the ship's crew confirmed that the waste was dumped at sea. The waste traders, however, were—outrageously—not charged with dumping their toxic cargo at sea nor even with illegally labeling it as fertilizer and abandoning it on the beaches of Haiti. They were charged only with lying to a grand jury.

Said Ehrl LaFontant of the Haiti Communications Project: "Instead of repatriating Haitian refugees to Haiti, the U.S. government should repatriate this toxic waste back to its own country." (9)

A month earlier, similar watered-down indictments were announced against three individuals and four corporations who illegally exported 3,000 tons of hazardous waste to Bangladesh and Australia, also labeled as "fertilizer." Meanwhile, the government refuses to take back or clean up the waste, and it continues to sit abandoned on the beaches of Bangladesh and Haiti.

Toxic waste dumping in Haiti was, after all, a lucrative source on income for the Duvalier dictatorship. Former Haitian despot Duvalier profited handsomely in his relationship with the U.S., to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars. That relationship included allowing U.S. toxic fertilization and other forms of dumping, at the expense of the Haitian people. Duvalier's U.S.-based lawyer, Ron Brown, also did well, economically, by their relationship. In the early 1980s, Duvalier secured his services by paying him \$175,000 as a retainer, and Brown went to work for the brutal dictator on Capitol Hill. Since the coup, Brown, who has been personally linked to an extremely wealthy Haitian whose family were major backers of Duvalier, has uttered nary a word to support the return of Aristide and democracy to Haiti, nor to protest the U.S.'s toxic practices there. (10) Brown now serves as President Clinton's Secretary of Commerce, which is one of the

agencies that oversees toxic waste shipments. In his confirmation hearing before the Senate, he was asked not a single question concerning toxic wastes, nor of his relationship with the Duvalier dictatorship.

## Welcome to the New World Order: Mass Destruction, Endless Slaughter

"The Haitians are just too nice. I'm the mean son of a bitch around here. ...Everything the U.S. Senate knows comes from me." (11)

—Lynn Garrison, former Canadian air force officer and "friend" of Haitian Coup general Raoul Cédras, who claims to have long-standing contacts within both the CIA and Defense Intelligence.

More than 6,000 Haitian civilians have been murdered by forces controlled by coup warlords Raoul Cédras and Michel François. The latter was trained at Fort Benning, Georgia, in the famed "School of the Americas" (The Panamanian daily newspaper La Prensa called it "The School of Assassins"), known for perfecting torture techniques for regimes throughout the hemisphere. (12) Both Cédras and François have long-standing ties to U.S. Intelligence and are narcotraffickers profiting handsomely from poisoning youth in U.S. cities.

According to *Time* Magazine, Lynn Garrison is one of the key advisers to Cédras. "He is credited with—or blamed for—masterminding a propaganda campaign against the exiled President that was allegedly responsible, at least in part, for the recent CIA charges that Aristide is a manic depressive. Aristide calls such allegations 'garbage.' His sympathizers in Miami claim Garrison is the CIA's designated handler for Cédras." (13)

Garrison flew in an old acquaintance, Kevin Kattke, "who has had his finger in more than one American intelligence pie. In 1983 Kattke helped Oliver North prepare the 1983 invasion of Grenada. He was also on hand in Haiti in 1986 when Baby Doc Duvalier was ousted.

...Kattke claims to be helping the Haitians fashion a 'reconciliation government that can pass muster' (14)—that is, a government made up of everyone except

### Lynn Garrison.

Aristide and the popular movement. That will be the U.S. government's "fallback" position, should the current coup prove too unstable.

As the legal maneuvering around how to interpret the Governors Island Accord has sapped the energies of many Aristide supporters, it has bought the junta time to murder key backers of President Aristide and consolidate its position. A Cédras adviser claims that "when the military agreed to negotiate with Aristide at Governor's Island in New York last July, 'the whole thing was a smoke screen.' He continues, 'We wanted to get the sanctions lifted. That's why we went along. But we never had any intention of really agreeing to Governors Island, as I'm sure everyone can now figure

out for themselves. We were playing for time.'" (15)

Meanwhile, the Clinton administration plays right along. In what has to be one of its most cynical and hypocritical programs, expanding upon Bush's policies, Clinton has ordered the Coast Guard to pirate Haitian boats filled with refugees on the high seas and, contrary to all international law (let alone any human standard of morality), return them into the arms and prisons of the U.S.-funded tyranny from which they're fleeing. Thousands have been captured; many of these, upon "repatriation," have been put to death.

Garrison, Womack and Kattke are not "rogue" mercenaries. They are sophisticated operatives working with the

Haitian junta on how to play the system, so that it feeds the need of the government in Washington to appear to be supporting "democracy" while secretly bolstering those forces most opposed to its restoration. This is Mission Impossible; the U.S. government will deny everything, and the tape will self-

*"...the need of Europe, Japan, Russia and the U.S. to find new locations to dump the wastes of industrial production has become a central facet of New World Order strategy."*

destruct in five seconds. They are skilled in staging incidents that would enable the U.S. government to support the coup, without having to come out and say so.

In mid-November, popular movement forces in Haiti intercepted the following communiqué from Lynn Garrison, at Marina del Rey, California, to Cédras, outlining a plan to "force" the Shell Oil Company to do what it really wanted to do anyway—run the U.S./-U.N. embargo of Haiti and release its oil reserves. Here is what Garrison wrote:

"I have just received this information from a high-level American source.

"With regard to the fuel situation, SHELL's lawyers in London have indicated that they must demonstrate some resistance to Haitian effort to get the fuel released. These lawyers have also indicated that they must be 'pressured' so that they can release the fuel without being criticized.

"In other words, they have resisted and the Haitian legal system has generated a Court Order demanding the release of fuel by SHELL.

"What must now be done is simple:

"One policeman, with whatever court official is necessary, must take a copy of the Court Order to the Director of SHELL and ask him whether or not he is going to recognize it...and release the fuel.

"If he refuses, you simply arrest him.

"He would be guilty of 'contempt' and, as such, would be subject to immediate jailing in the United States...or elsewhere.

"There is no need to take this to a higher court or stage more manifestations.

"This action will be accepted by the international community." (16)

Shortly afterward, following a court order issued by a Haitian judge appointed by the regime, the Shell Oil Company "caved-in" to this pressure from the Haitian military, as planned. It released its oil reserves in Haiti despite the U.N. oil embargo ostensibly aimed at forcing the military to comply with the Governors Island Accord. Texaco and Exxon are expected to follow suit.

Other companies are also finding ways to exploit the situation in Haiti while attempting to appease growing environmental concern in the U.S. Sears Roebuck, for example, is one of Haiti's leading manufacturers. In 1990, writes Charles Kernaghan, "Sears Roebuck's gross revenue totaled \$56 billion. This was 34 times the size of Haiti's entire gross domestic product in 1991." But in Haiti, Sears contracts out work for 14 cents an hour.

"We watched the workers at the Vetex plants attach

*Continued on page 10...*



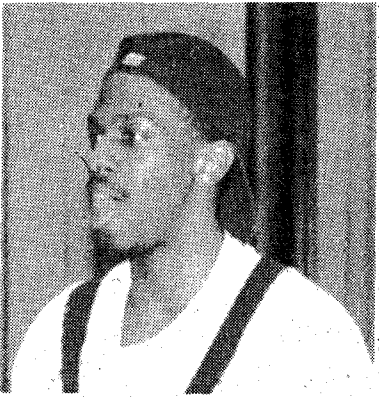


**Continued from page 3**

In regard to allegations that C.O.C.A. allowed some Black students to cut lines and view movies for free while others, including Cole, waited in line to pay. Nigel Clarke explained that those who were allowed in worked for C.O.C.A. and receive free passes.

"We will defend always the freedom of speech," said Polity President, Jerry Canada. "In no way will we defend lies. In no way will we defend accusations of racism or defamation of someone's character which certain individuals have obviously done. It's great to see everybody tonight, to hear people speak, defending yourself. The question is what are you going to do after tonight?"

At long last Cole got his eagerly anticipated chance to speak. He explained that his writing in his personal column, were his views alone, not those of the editorial board. He was then informed that if he had a "problem with an individual," he should "not stereotype it



to all Blacks."

Robyn Sauer, Managing Editor of *Statesman*, also spoke, defending the paper. The viewpoints discussed in his column "are his and his alone." She went on to say that the articles in that paper "are as objective as they can be. As a journalistic entity, we are credible. *Statesman* is not a racist paper."

More confusion and noise came as Lauristine Gomes spoke about the actions to be taken against that paper and Cole before a graduate student spoke out:

"We are here yelling about slavery . . . that's why we can't go no further because we are still living in the god damned past. Realize we are people—we are either going to survive as people or die as god damned fools. I'm an individual first. If Richard Cole has a problem with somebody on campus, let him deal

with it. If he doesn't know how to deal with it, show him the right way. Coming here to gang up on these people makes no sense. It gives *Statesman* another reason to

write another story that makes no sense."

She encouraged the group to "deal with it on a university level and if they can't deal with it, then move on to the outside."

It didn't seem that anything else on the advertised agenda, aside from confronting Cole, was accomplished during or immediately after that meeting—after many people spoke/screamed at Cole, the majority of the audience left.

According to Polity Vice President Crystal Plati, actions have been taken. Students have had meetings with Student Affairs.

She also said that although Cole's column espouses only his personal opinions, he has a responsibility to the readership as executive editor of the "mainstream" campus newspaper. The issue is not a matter of freedom of speech, but rather a matter of ethics. *Statesman* should represent the student body and not merely Richard Cole.

Plati expressed her wish that minority organizations on campus be "proactive instead of reactive," which echoed the town meeting.

**...Continued from page 9**

ing Sears 'Kid Vantage' price tags to the children's clothing they had sewn," Kernaghan reports. "The price for one child's outfit was \$9.99. The label was proudly advertised that it had been printed on recycled paper. Standing in that factory in Haiti, this play toward the environmental consciousness of the U.S. consumer seemed hollow, even cynical. RSK, J.C. Penney and Wal-Mart [U.S. apparel companies, like Sears, deeply involved in Haiti] could do no better than this."

Until the popular movement in Haiti is strong enough to overthrow the coup there and reassert their democratic right to self-determination, there really is no shortage of lies and chicanery the U.S. government and multinational corporations will use. Many Haitian people (along with solidarity activists abroad), desperate form some sort of "intervention" (divine or otherwise), naively believe that such intervention would get rid of the murderers. In reality they will go in to crush the popular movement, while we go on chasing illusory buses down the avenues of Luck. And the toxic shipments are again on track, ready to roll—tagged, like Sears' recycled labels, as power plant fuel, compressed cinder bricks, and even...fertilizer.

**Notes**

1. "Mountains of Canadian Trash are Being Hauled South to Dumps in the U.S." *New York Times*, Nov. 22, 1992.
2. Greenpeace Toxic Trade Campaign, "United States Blocks Efforts to Prohibit Global Waste Dumping by Industrial States," Dec. 2, 1992.
3. That's just the tip of the iceberg. Much of the toxic waste generated in the U.S. can no longer be legally buried here in landfills (many of which are almost filled to capacity anyway, and continue to poison the soil and groundwater for hundreds of miles), because of victories won over the last twenty years by environmental and working-class movements. Instead of curtailing the production of toxics, which are often by-products of industrial manufacturing and detoxifying the remaining wastes, many companies have taken the American Cyanamid route, finding it cheaper to dump or burn them abroad at only a fraction of the economic cost.
4. Greenpeace, Dec. 2, op cit.
5. Associated Press story reported in the *Oakland Tribune*, Sept. 7, 1992. It is also an Italian company, Tonali, which is the major lead battery importer in Brazil. Workers went on strike against the company in 1991 to protest the exceedingly hazardous lead contamination of their blood.
6. Jane Hunter, "Somalia, Politics of Famine," *Covert Action Quarterly*, Winter 1993, citing a report by Reuters, Sept. 7, 1992.
7. Jill Smolowe, "With Friends Like These: A Host of Shadowy Figures is Helping Haiti's Military Rulers Hatch a Plot to Sideline Aristide Permanently," *Time Magazine*, November 8, 1993.
8. *ibid.*

9. "Indictments Announced in Philadelphia's Haiti Ash Scandal; Greenpeace Calls for Immediate Cleanup," *Greenpeace News*, July 14, 1992, and Philadelphia and U.S. EPA Get Unexpected Ash Packets," *Greenpeace Waste Trade Update*, March 22, 1991.

10. Brown also represented the brother of Michelle Duvalier, wife of the deposed dictator, when he was arrested in Puerto Rico for trafficking in narcotics. He is also the subject of a scandal involving Vietnamese businessman Nguyen Van Hao, who was the Deputy Prime Minister for Economic Development under the corrupt U.S.-backed Saigon dictatorship in the early 1970s. Hao alleges that Brown agreed to be paid \$700,000 in exchange for his help in lifting a trade embargo against Vietnam. Hao, who previously lived in Haiti, and Brown have a mutual Haitian friend, Marc Ashton, an alleged "businessman," who is also the subject of much international intrigue and shady doings.

11. Smolowe, op cit.

12. "Why We Oppose U.S./U.N. Intervention in Haiti," by the Haiti Anti-Intervention Organizing Committee, PO Box 334, Cathedral Station, MYC 10025. (212)592-3612.

13. Jill Smolowe, op cit.

14. *ibid.*

15. *ibid.*

16. Washington Office on Haiti.

The author is a founding member of the Red Balloon Collective (1969) and edits Red Balloon Magazine. He helped organize the Earth Day Wall Street Actions, and works with the Haiti Anti-Intervention Organizing Committee, the Save the Audubon Coalition, and the Contello/Waterview Coalition Against the Southwest Brooklyn Incinerator. He can be reached at" Mitchel Cohen, 2652 Cropsey Ave. #7H, Brooklyn, NY 11214. (718)449-0037.

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From the darkest reaches  
of the infernal abyss,  
The Stony Brook Press  
presents...

# Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dear Azazel,

Oh, wisest being in the cosmos, forgive this admirer, this poor unwise zap of the earth for requesting the aid of your infinite knowledge:

My request may seem to you stupid and insecure minded, but I do not care because I know you can help me. Azazel (if I may use your name), I want more women in my life! Not just one, but at least five or ten. I also want to fuck them all together. Yes, I am a horny soul, but I want to do it. I want orgies full of heat, passion and fluids. To please them and show the tool Zeus gave me at birth to penetrate them. I know I should not pester you with my petty mortal requests but my desires, my thirst can only be quenched by women.

I love to adore them, they are beautiful creatures, delicious tasty and warm. I want more and more, my girlfriend of many years does not cut it any more and I don't feel guilty of my feelings.

I want you to help me, to enlighten me with the right system and words to entice them to my lair, to tap their hidden desires to become the harem-owner-woman pleaser I want to be. You must know how to coerce them, how to convince them, what to say.

True my plea is undeserving. True I can't help how I feel. Horniness and desires of women fill my dreams and torment me. Don't blame this mortal for what was given to him by creation, his desires.

I am amazed at your knowledge and would respect your opinion. Oh, great Azazel, help me.

—The Carnal Human Who Wishes  
to Sin

Dear Wishful,

I believe you have mispoken. You obviously do not want more women in your life, you only want more sex. Truly you are a horny little bastard and if you were even half as well endowed above the neck as you claim to be below the waist, I might consider feeling threatened. But alas, you're hardly literate. You're merely lewd—and I suspect most of the vocabulary in your letter comes from a stained and sticky men's magazine.

Now that we've traded compliments, let me get to the meat of your query. The answer to your carnal conundrum is clear to me. You, my little lad with the large libido, should without reservation prostitute yourself. Become an ass peddler, bird taker, broad, boy, buffboy, bunny, business boy, callboy, career boy, cocksman, cocktail, coin collector, come-on boy, dick peddler, escort, flesh peddler, floater, footsoldier, gigolo, goofer, he-whore, Hollywood hustler, party-boy,

prick peddler, puto, rent boy, sport, trabajado, or working boy.

Call it what you will, but if you want to get laid, you've got to trade. There is a price for everything. Granted, many people strive for an ideal just beyond this, wherein sex becomes a freely given act of

essarily mean that you should adorn yourself in constricting leather pants, a lavender silk shirt and a pile of gold chains.

The essence of prostitution is an exchange of lewd and lascivious nature, begged, borrowed or bartered. It is in the spirit of this exchange that you must direct your energies. Reach for it with the very core of your being, the very essence of your soul. Indeed, it is your soul that brings me to my next point. Once again, all things have their price. You have asked for my aid, seeking "enlightenment" and I pity you poor mortals, for a semi-corporeal existence and a memory which stretches far into the days when the earth was flat and at the center of the universe, gives me a distinct advantage on the steamier side of human affairs. I therefore feel almost obligated to assist. Be wary though, the cost is high and the ceremonies complex. Unfortunately they are also too involved to be transcribed here, but you know how to contact me.

Still you may ask, if not for money than for what? The possibilities, I tell you, are innumerable. People, empires and even gods have been bought and sold for sex. You'll find no shortage of ideas within the history books.

Just remember for others' as well as your own safety:

Before you commence on your carnal campaign for copulating quandry—wear a bag.

...And just for fun, I leave you with the words of Clarence Day:

"Every maiden's weak and willin'  
When she meets the proper villain."

-Azazel

love between two helplessly delirious consenting adults using some form of contraceptive not made from or tested on any animals or animal parts and is either completely bio-degradable or recyclable, but I don't sense this as your destiny. You are a creature bound in flesh: a cage gilded with the pleasures of the senses. It is in this that I believe your future is to be found.

As I have said, there's a price for everything, however, this price is not always paid in cash. When I say you should prostitute yourself, I do not nec-

Please send all correspondence to  
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# Who I Am

By Lauri McKain

This is dedicated to Humbert Humbert. You wanted to know my secret, here it is...

The world we live in is dying. This society we've created supports freedom of expression yet we're too afraid to express. When I am upset by someone's words or actions, I am too sensitive. When I laugh at the corniest of jokes, I am too easily amused. When I find joy in the trivialities of this world, I lack substance.

People are so quick to judge, to place labels on my emotions, to tell me how I should act and react. Well, I like being vulnerable, it suits me. I let people in because I refuse to close myself off from the world. I do not want to give up feeling. I have too many friends who do that—always afraid to get close to people, never wanting to put their feelings on the line, and I tell you, those are the people suffering. It's the people that built up barriers long ago that really feel the pain. I refuse to put a bulletproof vest around my heart, to do so is to be a coward, to let the pain harden me, to deny myself emotion, and that I refuse to do, ever.

I recently saw a movie that talked of people being numb from the pain of life, but I am not numb. I feel. I let things affect me, touch me. In my world there is no security, no defense mechanism to save me from pain. I let myself fall into the traps that our world sets up for me—but I do so in the hopes of falling into something wonderful. To me it is worth it. I cannot just put my toe in the water and decide it is too cold, instead I dive in, hoping with my entire being that the cold will subside, and what I feel afterwards will be this incredible warmth that will never go away. I have not found this pool yet but I will not give up. I know I will find it.

I am a relatively happy person. I have a great family, wonderful friends, but I don't think anyone truly understands me. My friend Carol tells me, "You are not like

other people. You feel things we don't. I don't think I lack emotion, but I don't have a tenth of what you have." I love her because she doesn't say it as if it were a fault like the rest of the world does. She wants me to control it because she cares about me, because she knows that while at times I feel great happiness, I also feel great pain.

Sometimes I try to call upon this pain of the past. But I cannot. It has evolved into a memory of sadness and loss, but the pain is gone. Too many people close off their hearts while they are still hurting so they never give the pain air enough to heal.

Sometimes I feel like I'm going numb like the rest of the world. I can't remember the last time I cried that wasn't induced by a movie. I used to cry a lot. I like to cry—like laughter, it is an intense physical response to an emotional feeling. It makes me feel alive, it makes me feel. I've had reasons to cry lately but I haven't. That scares me, but it won't control me.

In my life there will never be too much laughter, never anything too corny to express. I love to be close to people, open up my arms and draw them into an aura of comfort. We've all been hurt in this world and it's so easy to say, I'll never let it happen again, I must protect myself. But is that really protection? Closing ourselves off from the only gifts this world has to offer—loving and being loved?

I know how to laugh, and although it creeps in at the most awkward of moments, it works for me. I've been accused of laughing 75% of the time but this statistic is inaccurate. Believe me, if it were conducive to do so I would. I am asked, "How can you be so happy all the time?" But I am not. I am just not afraid to show it when I am. In my life no laughter is suppressed, and it is infectious. People say they feel happy around me and that is because people are more willing to express themselves around people who are not afraid to express themselves.

I recently read a novel about a Punjabi Hindu woman. She talked of her belief that everyone is on a mission from God, and once we complete our missions we die, only to

be recreated to complete a new mission. Her boyfriend became angry by this, stating that it represented a society of anarchy. He could not grasp the idea that someone's mission to build a nuclear missile could carry as much weight as someone's mission to carry a flowerpot from the kitchen to the living room.

I am not Hindu. I do not believe in organized religions, but I live my life as she did. The secret is to place value in all of our actions. We are not told what our missions are so we must treat everything we do with respect. I will continue to search for joy in the smallest of my efforts and seek pleasure in the mildest of my feats. This is how I must live my life—to do otherwise would be to deny who I believe myself to be.

In a recent conversation about the meaning of life my friend told me "Life is about finding someone."

"Someone to complement you," his girlfriend chimed in.

And I sat there, nodding my head, murmuring "You're right, you're right." A phrase I murmur often, usually when I haven't decided yet if the other person is right or not, but after contemplation I've decided it is that simple. Too many of us are too afraid to get involved because of the pain of our pasts, but we do not live in an autonomous society—we are interdependent creatures. Life is about finding someone. Someone who accepts you as is. There is no such thing as overlooking flaws, it takes acceptance. But we must be willing to put our necks on the lines, willing to get hurt, willing to fall...because one of these times we'll fall into something wonderful and it will change our lives.

I have been told that I live my life in a dream world, but in fact it's quite the opposite. Aren't the people who are afraid to feel the ones in a dream world? The ones secluded from society by the walls and fortresses that surround them? Instead I allow myself to feel, to experience. I feel the pain, but only in my search for the happiness, the joy, the laughter and the love that I know the world has hidden away, hoping I won't give up until I find it.

## Transfer Students—Beware!

By LaKeesha Tyler

The day I arrived at Stony Brook was like a day straight out of one of Stephen King's twisted tales. It started simply enough with my train ride from Rochester (eight long hours) and another two-hour ride to the University. When I arrived it was late, so I was expecting a nice sleep in my room. Instead, I slept in a graduate student's living room on the couch; wood with cushions that passed as a piece of furniture. Nevertheless, the graduate student was very hospitable, offering me shrimp-fried rice and tea. I was exhausted and I drifted off in no time. The next morning it was time for Orientation—a.k.a. boredom, boredom, and more boredom. At Orientation, I took an hour-long math exam, ate lunch, made my schedule and got my room assignment.

Then the time came for me to register. Registration—a.k.a. lines, lines, and more lines—seemed to be going fine, at first. After about an hour and a half I could actually see the front of the line and my spirits were lifted. "I'm almost done!" I thought. I chit-chatted with strangers about classes and groaned, this time light-heartedly, about the line. At this point, I saw some people ahead of me leaving the line. Were they crazy?! It didn't make much sense to stand in line for two hours then, just as you are almost to the front, leave. In the next instance, I heard "If you have not settled your accounts with Bursar, you must do so before you register."

"WHAT!!!" I yelled. No one looked at me funny or wondered if I was crazy because it is permissible to yell or talk to yourself during the registration process. I couldn't believe it! I murmured obscenities to myself, at the girl in the bursar's office, administration, and anyone else who happened to be looking at me. I stood in the Bursar's line for another half hour then went to the back

of the registration line.

After another hour, my mind wandered and I noticed that there was some abstract art hanging from the ceiling. It was a collage of weird, grotesque-looking people with funny colored hair. One looked like Einstein playing the violin. My mind wandered some more and I thought about the whole picture inside the administration building; a bunch of frowning people shifting their weight from hip to hip as they endured the line with these abnormal-looking people above their heads. As we all know, your mind does some crazy things when it's unoccupied. With all due respect to the artist, I couldn't help but think that this art was a sneak preview or prelude as to how crazy we would look once we finished standing in line.

After spending four hours in that building, it was 6 p.m. and I trudged my way to the bus stop in quest of my room. The bus driver helped me with directions as I got off. So I trodded up the stairs and through the tundra and was met with about seven buildings. I think to myself "Singer...Singer. Which one of these of these buildings is Singer. Or was it Sunger?" After about a minute of debate, I picked a building and went to it. I looked in the door. There were no lights in the office. Then I panicked. The Orientation leader told me that there would be someone in the office to help me. I proceeded to pound on the door until I noticed a sign that read "Don't knock. We won't let you in. You must carry your keys at all times. If you are visiting someone, use the phone." I picked up the phone to dial Lord knows who and it was frozen.

"This can't be happening!" I thought. Not after the train ride from Rochester with the little boy running up and down the aisle whose cheeks I wanted to squeeze until his eye balls popped out. Not after the "Can I help you with those?" and "Can you spare a quarter?" uttered from the stained-teethed welcoming committee that greeted me at

Grand Central Station. Not after the long lines. Now I was going to have to sleep in the bitter cold where I would be found the next morning with the expression "Why me?" frozen on my face. I sat on my bags and started to sob. "I want my mommy and daddy," I thought.

After about ten minutes, I finally pulled myself together. I went around the building, knocked on someone's window, and motioned for them to let me in. She showed me to my room and gave me a light bulb. "Finally!" I thought.

There was a girl already in the suite so we introduced ourselves.

"So, you're my suite mate, huh?" I asked.

"No. I'm moving out tomorrow. They said I couldn't go here because they misplaced some paper work about my loan tuition bill which was for my tuition bill."

How terrible. This girl was now going to have to go all the way home and register at a different college. Then I began to think about my whole situation. I paid a \$200 room deposit for a room I couldn't sleep in until now, \$45.00 for an unnecessary math exam and a ham and cheese sandwich at orientation, not to mention the \$100 tuition deposit and the tuition itself. I thought maybe I was having such a hard time because I was a Spring transfer. I changed my mind after talking with a friend who had transferred in the fall. When she arrived, Administration didn't even have her in the computer. Even she had to go through all this nonsense after she paid her tuition in full.

That night, I called my mother.

"How are you sweetheart? You got some mail from Stony Brook. It has your room number in it along with a package."

"Ha!" I laughed sarcastically. "What does it say, mom?"

"Oh, ah. Let me see. 'Welcome to Stony Brook.'"



# Opening Night At Alternative Cinema

By Lauri McKain

Last Tuesday Alternative Cinema opened up for the Spring semester with *La Femme Nikita*, a French film by director Luc Besson. As usual, both the 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. showings were well attended. Students here at Stony Brook should be hungry for every film they show this semester; consider it a relief from the commercial films that are shown by other groups and the new cable channels in the dorms. It's nice to have a group that shows films that make us think every once in a while.

Remember when we used to get cartoons before movies instead of trailers for movies we'd never pay seven dollars for? Well this semester Alternative Cinema will bring us back to the good ol' days of Warner Bros. I personally have not seen a cartoon in years (not including *The Little Mermaid* and *Beauty and the Beast*, those are feature films right?)

For two bucks you get a comfortable seat in the Union Auditorium; better than many of the movie theaters around that charge seven dollars, have sticky floors and terrible movies. Each movie they show is approved by the students that run the Alternative Cinema. They are very knowledgeable of the current arts cinema circuit, so therefore they choose movies that best represent it. Funding doesn't allow for them to get the most recent films, but that is more than made up for in their selection. Their goal is not to show the latest movies, but the most provocative ones.

By starting with *La Femme Nikita*, we were given what we are used to: an action packed movie with violence and love interests. But there is more to it than that. We didn't get the Hollywood, they get together, fairy tale ending. Instead we are given a

movie that on the first viewing we might miss many of the director's intended parallels, like a bedroom that represents the evolution of Nikita (Anne Parillaud) throughout the film and names that change with the identity of her character: Nikita, Josephine, Marie. When we were introduced to Nikita, she was a woman that was more bestial than human. She is living in a hell and eventually we see

government building where Nikita lives and never leaves for three years of intense training. But training for what she does not know until her last day.

Her assignments were getting rid of important people for the government. In her second mission as a "free" woman, she is on vacation with her fiancé and is told to assassinate, from her hotel bathroom, a woman. This could be considered the turning point of the movie. It is the first time Nikita exposes her emotions. Her fiancé, unaware of her life as a hitwoman, professes his love to her through the closed bathroom door. Nikita wipes away the tears in an effort to see clearly through the telescopic lens. She says nothing to him as she awaits orders to kill.

What truly sets this movie apart from Hollywood is its cinematography. We see a scene of Nikita diving into a laundry chute followed by flames. The camera captures it beautifully as we see her narrow escape. We also see for the first time in cinema history the camera follow a bullet from the gun to its destination in a wall of tiles. The speed necessary for such a feat, and the skill needed by the cameramen is immense, something we now see regularly in such commercial films as *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*.

One of the most memorable characters in the movie is Victor the Cleaner. He is introduced at the end of the movie and could represent her alter-ego, or the character Nikita was at the onset of the movie. He refuses to give up on the assignments, even when a half-dozen bullets are emptied into his guts, and you are reminded of the unflinching, soulless Nikita before her transition into Marie.

The film is full of narrow escapes, suspense and humor. We cannot believe some of the ways Nikita acts, and some of the things she does. The film is truly unbelievable but at the same time we are left wondering, Would our country do the same to us?

**"TWO THUMBS UP!  
A REALLY GOOD FILM!"**

—SIAKEL & EBERT

**"TOUGH, STYLISH  
AND MESMERIZING!"**

—Bruce Williamson, NEW WOMAN Magazine



**"TERRIFIC!  
ANNE PARILLAUD IS  
TALENTED, BEAUTIFUL  
AND SEXY!"**

—Lewis Grossberger, VOGUE MAGAZINE

**"A DAZZLING THRILLER!  
LUC BESSON IS A  
SPECTACULARLY  
TALENTED FILMMAKER!"**

—Joseph Gelmis, NEWSDAY

**"★★★★★! WILD  
AND IRRESISTIBLE!"**

—Jami Bernard, NEW YORK POST

her in what could be her heaven, a life of freedom, knowledge, love and choices.

Her aloof cruelty evolves into compassion by the end of the movie, but this evolution is forced upon her by a government that needs animals to train to fight their battles for them. We see the secured

## The Alternative Cinema Spring 1994: On Narrative Fragmentation and its Multiple Forms

In addition, before selected films there will be several Warner Brothers cartoons (to be announced).

### March 1 Mystery Train

Elvis Presley, the myth, the music and the man hovers over this blissful comedy, providing the bridges between the film's three separate vignettes. All set in Memphis, they center on a Japanese tourist couple, an Italian widow and an unemployed Englishman and his two pals. An amalgam of attitudes, images and music, this buoyantly funny film from the director of "Down by Law" and "Night on Earth" is Jarmusch at his best.

Color, in English & Japanese with subtitles.

### March 8 Gas, Food, Lodging

Lensed on location in Deming, N.M., on a budget of about 1.3 million and narrated from the point of view of the naive but sensitive Shade (distinctively evoked by Balk), Allison Anders' first solo directorial work. Deftly conveys women's attempts to understand their relation to the world, to men and to each other. Cast: Brooke

Adams, Lone Skye, Fairuza Balk, James Brolin. 1992, 100 min., color, U.S.A. In English.

Also showing, prior to our main feature: We're Talking Vulva, a hilarious feminist romp on the correct care and feeding of the female genitals. (5 min.)

### March 15 La vie de bohème

Shot in glorious black & white, La vie de bohème is a series of beautifully composed shots which reveal small details in the life of a band of luckless Parisian bohemians. Based on the 19th century novel, Scènes de la vie de bohème, that inspired the exquisite Puccini opera, this film is Kaurismäki's most ambitious and accessible production to date. 1992, 100 min., b/w, Finland/France. French with English subtitles.

### March 22 Mirror

April 5

### Delicatessen

April 12

### The Conformist

April 19

### Poison

April 22

### The Last Picture Show



## Dysfunctional Fables

# THE JACKAL AND THE HYENAS

By Rachel S. Wexelbaum  
for Richard Cole

This fable takes place in Africa, for some people believe that everything has happened there first. It is said that the first humans lived in the Great Rift Valley, and they evolved into a people who shared their culture with nations around the globe, and the world found it good. The Africans are a proud people whose legitimacy of imagination, talent and revolution cannot be disputed.

But as we all know, this fable is not about humans. Fables are about animals with anthropomorphic qualities who screw up royally and we're supposed to learn from their mistakes. It's too late for the poor beasties to gain anything from it; they just end up as roadkill or go away with hungry bellies, and we humans get a good laugh out of it because we think we know better.

Anyway, deep in the heart of the Serengeti Plains one must eat or be eaten. Carnivores abound—lions, leopards, cheetahs, eagles, crocodiles in the river and mosquitoes all around. They hunt and prey on plant-eating animals to control their populations, for sickly and weak animals weaken the entire herd. It is criminal to eat the young, and mother plant eaters always fight to protect their children. However, plant-

eaters do not defend adult members of the herd who can no longer keep up, because they know that their time has come...

I am sure many humans have a problem with this concept. At the same time, however, carnivores are always revered as noble and brave. Wolves, eagles, lions, tigers, bears and seawolves have a place on royal family crests and sports teams uniforms, but what about scavengers? Carrion-eaters protect all the animals from getting diseases by eating the sloppy raw leftovers that hunters leave to rot in the heat. They have to live by their wits, for they are not strong enough to kill something by themselves, and everyone gives them a bad rap because they're smelly and funny-looking.

One day a pride of lions killed a zebra, gorged themselves on half of it and fell asleep a few miles away. Now it was time for the scavengers to make their move. The jackal, a pack of hyenas and a flock of vultures descended upon the kill. All fought for their share tooth, beak and nail, and poor Jackal had to wait until the others were finished. Fortunately the vultures left, as they are only interested in the eyes and the bones, so they decided to return later. This meant that Jackal could eat with the hyenas and not get a flurry of dusty feathers in his face.

Politely Jackal stepped forward and nibbled humbly on the zebra's rump, not wanting to make a pig of himself, but a hyena chased him away with a snub-nosed snarl. Insulted and confused, Jackal would not leave so easily. "Good sir," he whimpered, "why is it that you chase me away? There is plenty for all!"

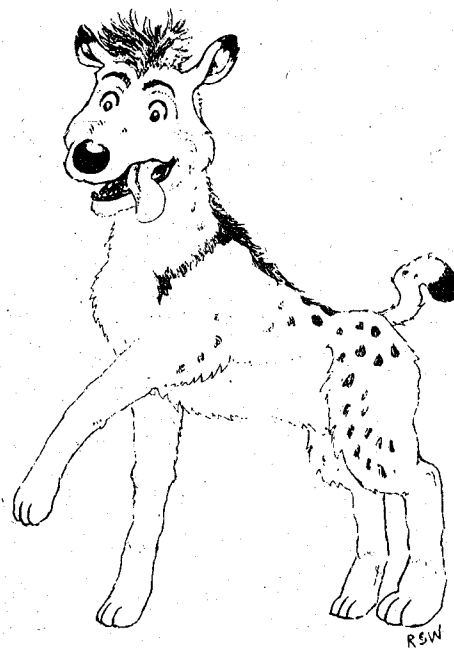
"A long time ago your ancestors treated us like the lowest filth," grunted the hyena. "Because your front legs are not higher than your back legs like ours, the lions accepted you and would let you have first pickings at their kill. In the dry season you jackals would never share with my people, and our children starved!"

"If it wasn't for the fact that you hyenas devoured our pups without mercy, and urinated all over our burrows, maybe we would have treated you better!" barked Jackal, whose hackles raised in anger.

"We would have never done that if your people had not destroyed our cave art!"

"You still do it today, and we have not done a hyena harm in many moons! What is it that you want from us?"

As they scuffled and raised up the dust, they could

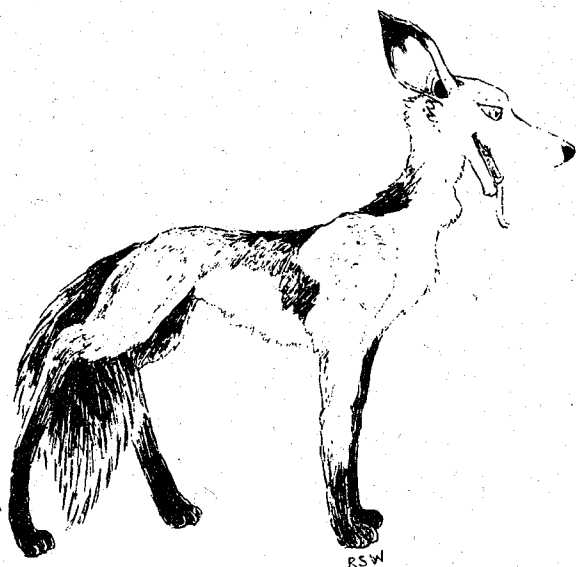


not see the lions amble back to the kill for a second helping and chase the hyenas away.

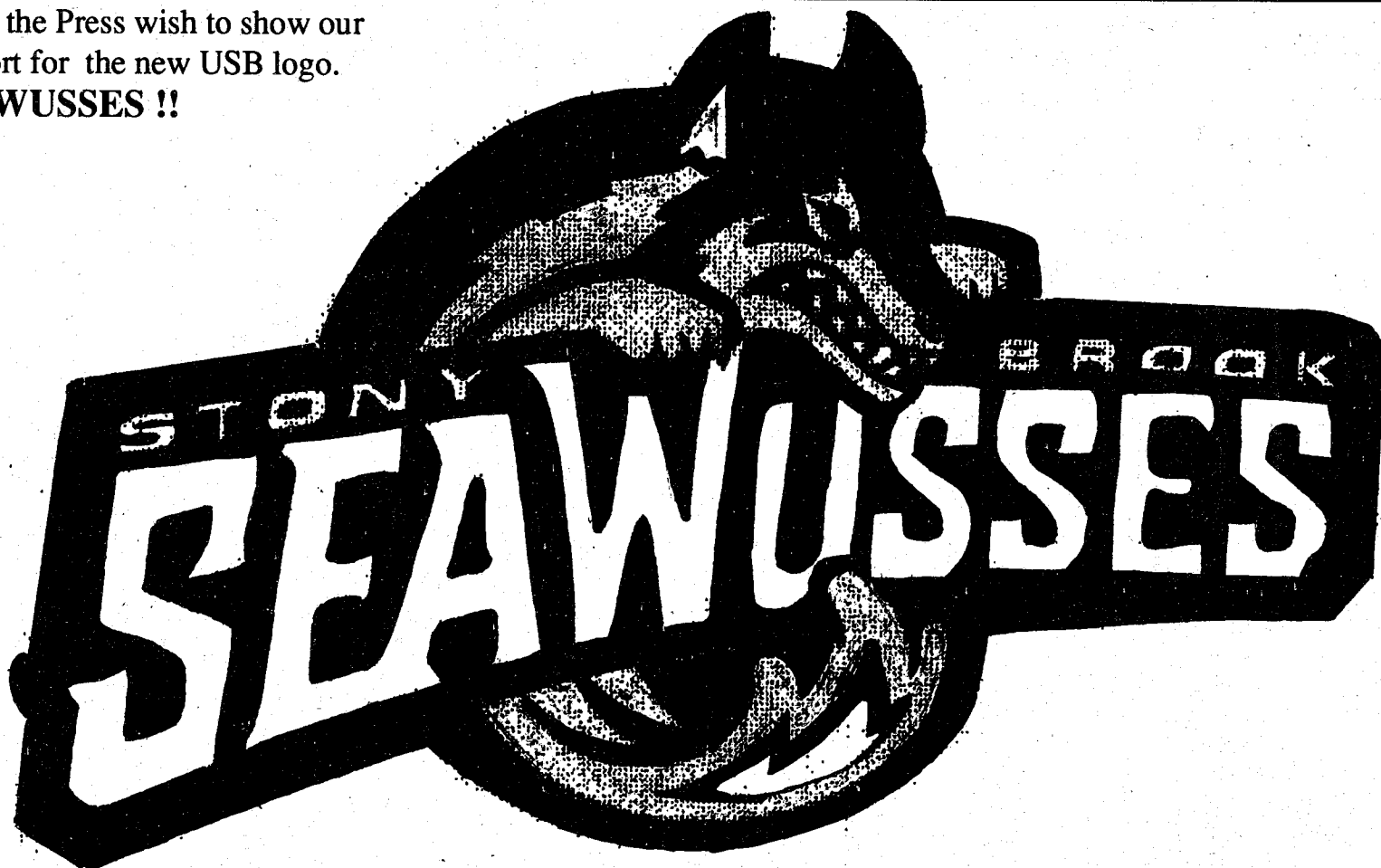
**MORAL:** Hate based on past experience is a perpetual motion machine. It can only be broken by treating people as individuals, not as how one would like to treat those who represent them.

### **MORE IMPORTANTLY:**

Two people, regardless of their race, religion, ethnicity, sex or sexual persuasion who are at the mercy of the same oppressive force, should help each other to make a change. Disunity is what makes us weak in the face of a stronger power.



We at the Press wish to show our support for the new USB logo.  
**GO WUSSES !!**





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# HINES AT STALLER

By Dennis O. Palmore

On Saturday, February 13, with the support of the Friends of Staller, the Staller Center played host to entertainer and recent Tony award winner Gregory Hines. Although the show was originally scheduled for Friday, it was rescheduled for Sunday night due to the snow storm.

The atmosphere that Mr. Hines created really made the audience feel comfortable. He even addressed the people in the upper seats by commenting on how he had to project himself, so that they would be able to see things that people sitting closer could easily see. His audience interaction between songs, whether he sang or danced, made the audience to feel they were a part of the show.

At one point, he even jumped off the stage and shook my hand along with other members of the audience. As he made his way back on stage someone shouted out that it was his birthday. He said that it was actually Monday at this point the audience gladly sang happy birthday to him. At the end of the song, someone shouted "how old are you!" He said that he would be 48 and that he was in great shape—all of a sudden he dropped to the floor, playing dead. The crowd laugh at the display of his acting talent.

He then sang his rendition of "When I Fall in Love", he also sang the "Power of Love" and "The Heart of Rock 'n Roll" (he seemed to like Huey Lewis). His band was a great asset to the performance he delivered.

His keyboardist Rick Cutler along with Mark Gray on the synthesizers help the band stand out as they kept up the momentum of the show.

He literally kicked up dust from the stage as he tap danced to the enthusiastic Stony Brook crowd. Mr. Hines then proceeded to ask "how many people

brought their tap shoes tonight." He then invited everyone who did and even those who didn't have shoes up on stage to dance with him. The invitation was gladly accepted by approximately 20 people. One little girl in particular took this as an opportunity



to present him with a birthday card. There was even a group of tap dance students who showed the Mr. Hines and the audience a few moves of their own.

All through the show Mr. Hines engaged in little

conversations with the audience which added a relaxed feeling to the atmosphere of the show.

At the close of his performance, Student Polity President Jerry Canada along with V.P. Crystal Plati presented Hines with the first annual Artist of the Year Award. The award was given to Mr. Hines for his accomplishments and contributions to the field of theater arts.

Following the end of the show many fans of his went to the green room, in the basement of the building, to have an opportunity to meet the multi-talented entertainer.

In an effort to avoid the crowd as well as the wait, I went to his dressing room where I was able to meet him.

I was not surprised that he was just as friendly and down to earth as he had been on stage. I thought that he would be somewhat apprehensive about us (my girlfriend and I) being down there but he was more than willing to offer some fruit that was on his dressing room table which really made me feel like I was at a friend's house. I asked him if he was going to go upstairs to the green room to meet the fans awaiting him. He asked me where it was—up until that point I didn't think he was planning doing so. He told me that he liked to smoke cigars and then asked me if I too like them. I replied, "Not really." He was kind enough to offer me one anyway. I accepted it gladly, saying "thank you" (even though I don't smoke at all). I was happy to have the opportunity to meet him before he reached the crowd upstairs, where he only made a brief appearance.

As he entered the green room he was greeted with a round of applause. Everyone commented on how great his performance was, and how much they enjoyed it.

For those students who did attend it was an excellent show and a great opportunity to meet one of the

## King's X: Not a 10

By Scott J. Lusby



When King's X first broke onto the music scene in 1989 with the album Gretchen Goes to Nebraska, they were described by numerous critics as being a "Christian rock" band, a tag that would follow them through their 1991 effort, faith hope love. Then, in 1993, they shook the "Christian rock" label by delving into a decidedly darker musical theme on their self-titled release, King's X. On their latest album,

Dogman, King's X continues to explore the darker side of life's trials and tribulations.

Dogman marks their fifth studio effort. Lead vocalist/bassist Doug Pinnick returns, as does guitarist Ty Tabor and drummer Jerry Gaskill. Although retaining the same personnel since the trio's first album (1988's Out of the Silent Planet), they have not been afraid to explore different areas of composition; Dogman reflects the continuation of this experiment that began a couple of years ago. King's X has evolved from a poppy, Beatles-esque sound with mystical (bordering on supernatural) lyrics into a gloomy, socially-conscious band that now, composition-wise, has more in common with Black Sabbath and Alice in Chains than it does with the Beatles.

This aura of depression can be felt from the outset; "Dogman," the album's first cut, is filled with minor power chords and subdued lyrics that seem to drag the listener down into the abyss from which they are writing. Other songs, such as "Fool You" and "Complain," allow the listener to continue wallowing delightfully in this musical quagmire. Their more socially-conscious lyrics, such as "Ozone disappearing in the sky/Bud man asking me why ask why..." from "Complain"

sketch a picture of the darker side of humanity, and the melancholy composition of the music finishes the portrait beautifully.

But perhaps the highlight of Dogman is "Go to Hell," a 51-second stomp-fest, complete with unintelligible lyrics, that just makes the listener want to get up out of his easy chair and break into an impromptu clog-dancing recital (don't ask—inside joke).

Unfortunately, Dogman did not remain consistent in its musical quality; there are too many songs on the album that just don't excite (let alone inspire more clog-dancing sessions). While lyrically similar to the other tracks, "Shoes," "Black the Sky" and "Don't Care" do not carry the same musical punch as "Complain" or "Fool You." And the ballad "Flies and Blue Skies" served only to break up what continuity Dogman had.

Dogman also contains, as a bonus track, a cover of Jimi Hendrix' "Manic Depression." Although not a particularly good cover of the song, it does fit perfectly into the generally depressing theme of the album, and so its inclusion is not a large problem.

Yet, despite its inconsistencies, Dogman is worth having if you are a King's X fan. Their trademark vocal harmonizing is still effective, helping to smooth out the album's rough spots. And, for you die-hard King's X fans, the track "Pretend" allows you one final glance into the musical style that was once theirs; it is a flashback to 'classic' King's X songwriting. One way or another, Dogman has something for every fan, and is definitely an album worth purchasing—used, at least.