

The
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HAITI'S REIGN OF TERROR

WILL U.S. ENTRENCHMENT SIMPLY MAKE THINGS WORSE ?

by Tamara Blain

When the twenty-year American occupation of Haiti ended, a legacy was left in Haiti that exists today. A U.S. military trained army of Haitians was created in order to turn Haiti into a police state, follow any orders from Washington, and protect U.S. interests in Haiti. U.S. tax dollars were used to train the Haitian military officers at the U.S. School of the Americas at Fort Benning, Georgia. The U.S. Embassy in Haiti is merely a facade through which Washington can send orders to Haiti to be followed by the military. The military has terrorized, tortured, killed, and raped thousands of Haitians in exchange for the profits and power sanctioned it by the U.S.

During the regime of the Duvaliers, U.S. aid to Haiti was increased dramatically, thus deepening U.S. business ties there and backing the Duvaliers, both father and son, both financially and militarily. Amnesty International reported in 1978 that the death rate of political prisoners in Duvalier's jail cells was the highest in the world, yet the U.S. declared that Haitian boat people were "economic" rather than political refugees. Reagan even went so far as to sign a 1981 Interdiction Agreement with Baby Doc Duvalier which included the seizing of the boat people on the high seas. During the first ten years of the accord, 24,559 refugees applied for asylum in the U.S. Eight were approved.

After the dictatorships ended, Haiti became more chaotic. The people, reacting out of anger and frustration at the situation around them, tried to destroy any reminders of that oppressive regime. Even stores, schools, and businesses were destroyed. Naturally, having the most power, members of the military took turns taking charge of the government in violent succession. The majority of the people of Haiti were not very well educated and those that were educated were too afraid of the military to attempt to speak out. They were the leaders of the pro-democracy movement which led to the end of Duvalier reign and they regularly begged the U.S. government not to fund the violent juntas. Their cries went unheard as hundreds of millions of U.S. tax dollars funded the juntas through the U.S. Agency for International Development (US AID). It was only because of outside pressure that the U.S. decided to "intervene" and supervise open elections in Haiti. Most of the candidates that ran were U.S. backed and U.S. officials were counting on the miseducation and lack of education amongst the masses. They were certain there would be no problem and that the U.S. would come out looking like the "Defenders of Democracy."

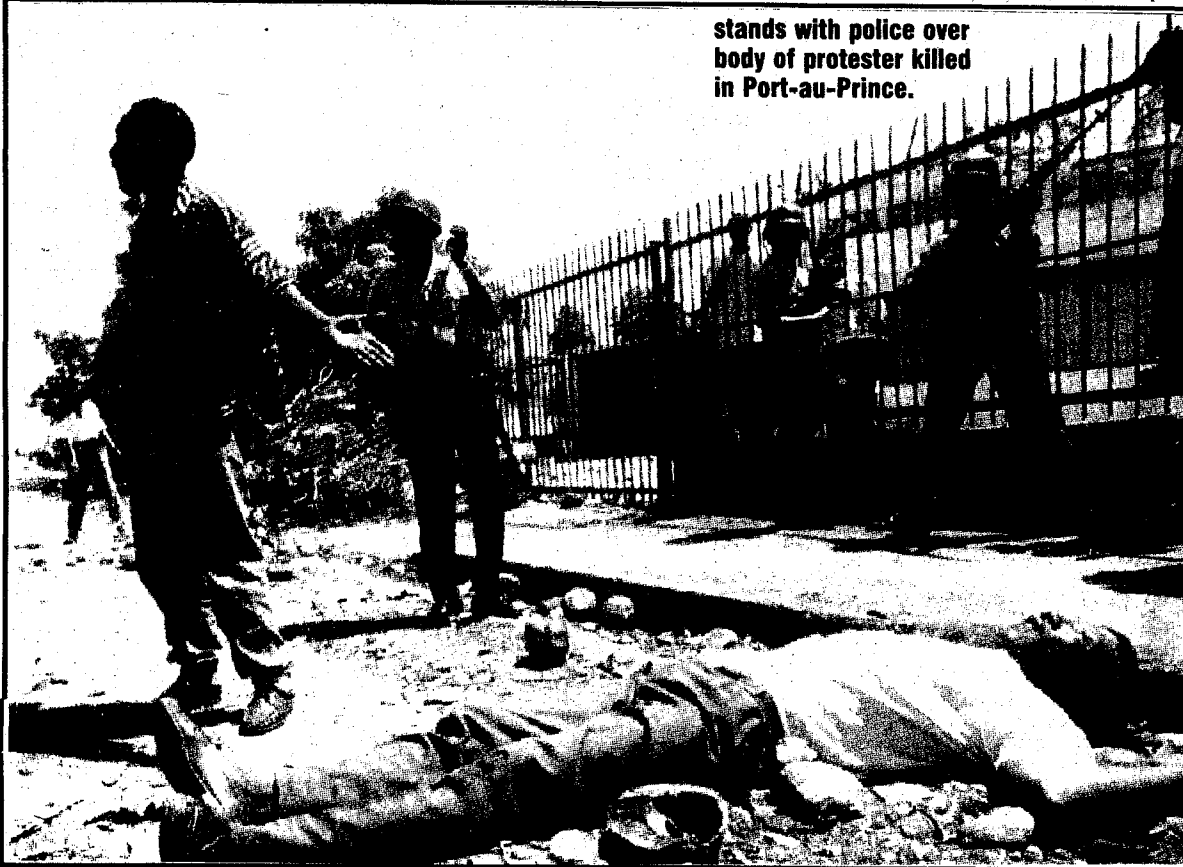
With only a few months to go before elections, Aristide entered the "race." He was a priest with a shanty town for a parish who had founded an orphanage for street children. He wanted to alleviate the suffering he saw around him. He was aware of the U.S. hand in the ruination of Haiti and the fact that they were the ones who actually ran the country. He also knew that if he had entered the elections as a candidate any earlier, the U.S. would see to it that he did not win. So it was at the last minute that he surfaced with unbelievable support from the people. The rate at which his populari-

ty increased made the U.S. nervous. He had no ties to the U.S. and spoke of changes which would upset U.S. control and might even shed some unfavorable light upon them. One of the U.S. government's biggest worries was the issue of drug trafficking, especially their role in it. Besides overt U.S. aid to Haiti there was also covert aid through the CIA which was funneled to Haitian officers involved in drug trafficking and other crimes. Haiti had become a center through which most drug shipments came through before reaching their final destination. The U.S. all but ignored the drug situation in Haiti because it was one of its supporters. Being democratic minded, and reflecting the sentiments of many Haitians, Aristide opposed this. Why? As a priest of a shanty town parish and founder of an

Haitian Constitution does not allow a once elected official to run again for the same office until a time span of at least four years has passed. With this knowledge did the U.S. hem and haw pretending to be actively working upon a solution for Haiti.

The U.S. involvement in Somalia changed public opinion as to U.S. involvement with any outside conflicts. After several soldiers died in a Somali skirmish, people no longer wanted to send troops over as aid in foreign political affairs. Cedras and his army saw this as an opportunity to break off from the U.S. and do as they pleased! The embargo on Haiti was simply for show since trade with Haiti actually increased during the said embargo. Then, fleeing the horror that was Haiti, the flow of boat people to the United States

returned and increased steadily. Children were being turned into orphans as the military went on a killing spree to remove all traces of Aristide's influence from Haiti. Any former supporters were murdered; men, women, and children alike. All mail leaving and entering the country was "inspected." Meaning that if any money from outside the country came through the mail, it was confiscated at being money going towards Aristide's supporters. For the families for whom the money was intended, being more than likely their only source of income, that meant no food, clothing, medicine, etc. People were afraid to leave their homes. No



stands with police over body of protester killed in Port-au-Prince.

Reuters Press

orphanage, the money he could've made participating would not have been nominal, instead he chose to underline the ways in which U.S. dollars had hurt Haiti and strengthened the hands of violent and corrupt forces. With the constant opposition of the elite, army, church hierarchy, and US AID, Aristide had a difficult time being inaugurated in February 1991. When finally in office, Aristide was told by U.S. delegates that they would not support him and that he would not last. Of course not. Why would this country support a man who worked towards abolishing the drug trade in his country? Why would Washington support a man who was elected to office in democratic elections and for whom 70% of the population voted from amongst a field of 10 candidates? Why would U.S. officials support a man under whom, according to international human rights observers, human rights violations dropped dramatically. Then, lo and behold, came the coup of September of 1991. The military, being informed of the U.S. lack of support for Aristide, took over. General Raoul Cedras, being a U.S. minion, assumed leadership and the U.S. was able to breathe again.

It was France who first offered asylum to Aristide while the military held him, not knowing whether or not to kill him. He stayed in several countries before coming to the U.S. knowing that they were the only ones who could reinstate him. The U.S. could have acted from the first moment of the coup, but they didn't because they supported it. Every attempt to try and reinstate Aristide was thwarted by the U.S. The CIA even went so far as to paint a mentally unstable picture of Aristide. Washington's plan was to keep Aristide from Haiti for the four years of the elected term. The

one could work and communication between Haitians and their families abroad became almost impossible. Shocking stories of the massacre of countless orphans and "political dissidents" leaked out. These unbearable conditions created the "boat people" in the past and today. There were Haitians who would rather die trying to escape the murder and oppression around them, than remain living under it. Clinton, who had torn apart Bush's Haiti policy is his scuttle for votes, had to act. The Haitians that fled were returned to the country forcefully only to be imprisoned and killed. Growing outrage against this practice pressured him into creating the concentration camps for the refugees. The AIDS issue was the perfect excuse for the existence of the camps and for the reluctance of the government to allow Haitians into the U.S. But there, the refugees found conditions of squalor. Instead of being oppressed by the Haitian military they were mistreated by American troops; they would not starve but they ate low grade food that was more often than not spoiled or tainted. Despite attempts to prevent refugees from leaving Haiti, the number of fleeing refugees increased with deaths on the seas becoming more frequent. Washington, in lieu of international opinion, could no longer send the refugees back nor could they use the farce of AIDS as an excuse to keep up the concentration camps. But at the same time they could not welcome the prospect of a large number of black refugees entering the U.S.

It is not some new sympathy for Haitian democracy, but rather the above reasons why the US finally reconsidered re-instating Aristide. There are limitations to

continued on page 8

Crack Addict Given Keys To Nation's Capitol

by David Ewalt

"In Washington it is an honor to be disgraced... you have to have been somebody to fall."

-Meg Greenfield
Newsweek, June 2, 1988

"Damn bitch set me up!"

-Marion Barry, Jr.
FBI Surveillance tape,
January 18, 1990

The thermometers in hell dropped a degree closer to zero last week when convicted criminal Marion Barry, Jr. won the Washington, D.C. Democratic mayoral primary, in effect securing the office in the overwhelmingly Democratic city. Barry, who was convicted in 1990 of misdemeanor cocaine possession, secured his party's nomination by a record 47 percent- 10 percent more than his closest opponent.

In January of 1990, during his third captured on videotape smoking crack cocaine with a woman who was not his wife in a room of the District's Vista hotel. The subject of an FBI sting, Barry was convicted of cocaine possession and served six months in a federal prison.

Upon his release, Barry announced that he had "found god" while in prison and was a new, reformed man. Like a spin doctor run amuck, he quickly began

rebuilding his image. Selling his expensive home in one of Washington's better neighborhoods, he moved to a less luxuriant home near the Anacostia river. He divorced his model-beautiful wife and married Cora Masters, a popular activist in Washington's Black community. He began wearing dashikis and kente cloth during public appearances. The new Marion Barry had learned from his mistakes, and was now a down to earth, respectable member of the community.

Or so the spin went. In fact, every move was finely calculated to put Barry back in office. Washington's mayor Sharon Pratt Kelly, had come under fire for her extravagant lifestyle, so away went the expensive home. Effie Barry, his wife of some years, was a political non-entity, and thus a liability. Out went the wife.

Before you can say "slick-assed comeback", Barry was running for office again. The position this time was a seat on the D.C. city council, representing Washington's poorest district. Pledging that if elected, he'd be faithful to his ward, and that he would not run for mayor, Barry won the seat easily.

Showing the some sort of honest he did in the Vista hotel, Barry announced his mayoral campaign two years later. Sharon Pratt had unsure at best. The other candidate which posed any threat to the office was Councilman John Ray, a perpetual runner-up in D.C. elections.

Considering the quality of the competition, perhaps Barry managed to hoodwink a record forty-seven per-

cent of the voters. Barry has turned out to be a political Rasputin-he won't stay dead.

Bill REGARDIE, magazine publisher and long time Barry critic, seemed shocked at the apparent resurrection. "The silver coke spoon we thought we drove through his heart turned out to be made of cream cheese", he said. He's not alone: all of Barry's foes seem shocked at the comeback. Albert ARRINGTON, said that "the city died...around the country and the world, people are going to look at the city as a joke." Conservative demagogue Rush LIMBAUGH, speaking on his Obesity in Broadcasting Network, asked if "...the people of Washington, D.C., I wonder if they realize just how big a laughing stock they are... We've got Marion Barry on videotape smoking that cocaine pipe, right?"

The day after his win, doubtless still recovering from one hell of a victory party, Barry responded to his critics:

"Get over whatever personal hang-ups you got. Get over it. I'm the best person for Washington. I know best how to balance this budget. I know best how to save our city from financial collapse. I know best how to get us moving. I know best how to get our government to be responsive. So to those white people who have whatever hang-ups they have, get over it.

So get over it, voters. Get over your civic pride. Get over your sense of justice, and throw away that natural aversion to lawbreaking. Join the Marion Barry campaign! The smoke-filled rooms will never be the same!



Teddy Roosevelt is
laughing because he
just read The Stony
Brook Press's new
comics section...
well he would be
if he wasn't dead!

Turn to the centerfold to find
Dilbert, Lehman, Kablooie,
Subconscious Comics, and Joe
Freshman

In addition to regular submissions,
we are now accepting story lines for
The Adventures of Joe Freshman
send your ideas to Rm. 060, Student Union

On Slaying TV monsters and other Tales

If you're at all like me, you occasionally park your butt in front of the television and go "channel surfing" around America's most popular media monster. If so, you may have noticed that on a certain local channel the programming is a wee bit dull. I noticed this and recently found myself wondering, "Why do we have our very own television station, an enormous expense, some of which is covered by the Student Activity Fee, simply so we can watch a silly logo while listening to W.U.S.B.?" It would be far more entertaining to listen to the radio and stare at one of those Magic Image things.

Occasionally I grow weary of aimless pontification and actually attempt to answer my own questions. Since SPA T.V.'s office is right next door to the Press, I decided it wouldn't be too straining to saunter over and do a little "investigative reporting." This I did and was not entirely surprised by what I found out.

The staff over at SPA T.V. has been earning their

stipends. I was introduced to stacks of video cassettes, heaping piles of show ideas, scripts, formats, etc., and wall to wall electronic equipment. I marvelled at the mound of paperwork and drooled at this tiny technical Mecca. "Wait a minute!" I thought, "With all this great equipment, why aren't we watching anything on the tube?" I was given a lengthy explanation for this. A prime reason was <Lack of Commitment.> For some odd reason students, and in particular faculty, find it difficult to make time consuming commitments to a T.V. station which, for all intents and purposes, does not yet exist. Another reason, not at all helped by the preceding one, is that <it is very very difficult to create a television station.> Especially, as I was told, when you have only one editing machine and very few people who know how to use it. The other reasons involved the moon and the stars, getting the phone and the fax on line, and the politics of sending out a signal

all over campus.

Finally I was assured that something would show up on the evening of Monday September 26. Although I was also told that debut broadcasting has been scheduled for every Monday since the dawn of time—oops! sorry I mean every Monday since the beginning of the semester.

Okay, so SPA T.V. will be doing something soon, but what? For starters, they're going to change their name. I'm glad SPA T.V. sounds like a show about fat and old people taking steambaths together. Unfortunately for now it's still called SPA T.V. There is also supposed to be some programming on the way; news, views, comedies, and documentaries. The main thrust is supposed to be student productions. One show scheduled for early release is called Cross Cultural Perspectives. It deals with the phenomenon no longer to be called "Multi-Culturalism." (Uh-oh "Multi-Culturalism" is one of President Kenny's favorite buzz-words!) So tune in or be tuned out!

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Along the Color Line:

Ben Chavis and the Crisis of Black Leadership

Part I of a Three Part Series

The recent firing of Ben Chavis as executive director of the NAACP culminated a campaign of vilification which lasted for nearly nine months. The NAACP's board voted overwhelmingly to dismiss Chavis, stating that he had failed adequately to explain the use of the organization's funds to settle a threatened lawsuit by a former employee, Mary E. Stansel. Abandoned by his principle supporter, NAACP president William Gibson, Chavis felt bitterly betrayed. Within days, he filed a lawsuit in the District of Columbia Superior Court, demanding his reinstatement as executive director. To the media, Chavis angrily blamed outside forces which had manipulated the board's vote, and described his ouster as "a crucifixion." Earl Shinhoster, the Association's field secretary, was selected by the board to replace Chavis temporarily.

All of us are familiar with the general outline of the political "Lynching" of Ben Chavis. But in truth, the ouster of Chavis as leader of the oldest civil rights organization in America had little to do with Mary Stansel, or the fact that Chavis was no wizard at financial management. The real question at issue is whether African-American people have the right to select their own leaders and make them accountable to our concerns and demands. Who speaks for black people in this country? And do we have the right to develop strategies which address our own concerns and advocate programs which advance our interests? The debate over Chavis represents a greater dilemma, the crisis of black leadership in America.

After the 1960's, the NAACP and the civil rights movement were confronted with four basic challenges, which they never fully understood or overcame. First, the economic crisis of America's central cities created profound problems for black leadership. Jobs disappeared in the ghetto, as thousands of plants and factories relocated; to the suburbs and the Sunbelt.

Second, the fiscal crisis of federal, state and local governments reduced funds for social programs. Reaganism represented a war against the cities and African-Americans and Latinos were the chief victims of that war. Civil rights organizations were challenged to shift their energies cooperating with the Federal government to obtain legal and political reforms, to pressuring Congress and the White House to reverse regressive and repressive social programs. As Republican administrations increasingly relied on expanding the prison system as the primary means of social control for the black community, the NAACP and other organizations were pushed by blacks from all social classes to become more militant and aggressive. Yet under the leadership of NAACP executive director Benjamin Hooks, the organization drifted without a clear political or ideological compass.

The third major challenge was the growth of class divisions within the African-American community itself. Since the late 1960's, the size of the black middle class increased by over four hundred percent. Millions of African-American moved from the inner cities to the suburbs. Those who were trapped in the worst neighborhoods of the urban ghettos tended to be the poor, the unemployed, the homeless, young women and children. In the 1980's, there was an explosion of gang violence connected with the economics of illegal drugs in the urban black communities. The NAACP made few efforts to understand or address the growing social crisis which we experienced by the oppressed African-Americans.

Fourthly, there was the political and social impact of Reaganism within the black community. True, more than ninety percent of all African-Americans voted against Reagan; nevertheless, like other Americans, they were affected by the administration's agenda in many more subtle ways. In the Sixties, blacks believed overwhelmingly that government was "on their side". The federal government was a bulwark against racial segregation, at least in the Johnson administration. But Reaganism undercut blacks' attitudes toward the role of

the federal government, and also eroded the belief in multiracial coalitions. Considering that two thirds of all whites voted for Reagan in 1984— and that in the New York mayoral election, that seventy eight percent of white New Yorkers cast ballots for Rudolph Giuliani — it became difficult to argue that multiracial coalitions were possible.

As white Americans moved right, the political culture of black America became fertile terrain for the reactionary agenda of conservative black nationalism and the resurgence of Louis Farrakhan. Black support for Farrakhan has less to do with his odious anti-Semitism or narrow and dogmatic sexism, than his unique ability to express the rage and frustration of broad sectors of the urban underclass. Thus African-Americans may reject the bigotry of the Nation of Islam, but nevertheless feel that Farrakhan expresses some important ideas reflecting the mood of the community.

Ben Chavis implicitly understood all of this. Chavis had been a political prisoner in North Carolina for nearly five years in the 1970's. I became friends with Ben when we both were leaders of the National Black Independent Political Party in the early 1980's. He had been an early critic of what became known as "environmental racism", and won praise as the director of the Commission of Racial Justice of the United Church of Christ. Chavis was an astute observer and participant in social protest politics. He understood that organizations like the NAACP had to radically redefine their mission in order to capture the support of the post-Civil Rights generation. This was the fundamental reason that Chavis inevitably came under attack by the white political establishment.

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

ARA: Was It Good For You? If You Have To Ask...



By Aaron Swartz

Photo: Aaron Swartz

Eager eyes and watering mouths filled the Union Ballroom at last Tuesday's first ARA Food Show. Over 1000 students poured in and out of the packed room to sample the food provided by vendors who supply our campus eateries. And yes, the food was free, so the mood in the room was easy. Everyone was chatting, bouncing about with plates they filled and re-filled. And if you listened closely, the hum above the crowd sounded something like this: "What is this, free food? What's the catch? - none! I'm in there! Free food, I'm liking this!"

This year ARA (USB Dining) is trying to change some of the negative conceptions USB student have

regarding campus food. Thus, the Food Show was created. "We want students to see that ARA provides brand name, quality products to the students," says Marketing Director for ARA, Naala Royale. "The customers don't get to see what's happening behind the scenes. We do use Perdue and Tyson products, not low grade, low quality [meats.]"

The event was not only to show students who provides them with their food, but also to attract student input on which foods they like and dislike. "We want to get the opinion of the students and show our products," says a Karpis manufacturer, Pricilla Hall, standing behind a table full of mini-muffins.

The collective student sentiment at the show was praise and approval. "It is a good way to show the campus what the food is like, without paying for it," says Junior Nichole Graves. Sophomore, Alicia Leonard says, "It's a nice gesture to bring these food organizers here. You can sample food you might not try at home." Alicia Leonard, a sophomore, was surprised that, "Even though it's free, the suppliers are still polite."

However if you listen a little longer to this positive collective voice, some confused dissatisfaction lives underneath. After Graves complimented the show she paused and added, "But it's a shame the food doesn't taste like this normally." She feels the food sits too long in the cafeteria and gets cold, whereas the food at the show is made on the spot while you wait. Nicole

Barrett, a sophomore, admits to not knowing why but still adds, "There is something missing between here and the cafeteria." But Isaac Addo does have an opinion why the food seems better at the Food Show. He feels the suppliers are presenting themselves well and doing a lot to win the approval of the students, which, he says, doesn't happen in the cafeteria.

The first ARA Food Show proved to be a success. Yet, the true test of student approval and satisfaction exists on the everyday level. While it is a good start, student voices still seem to say, "Keep trying."

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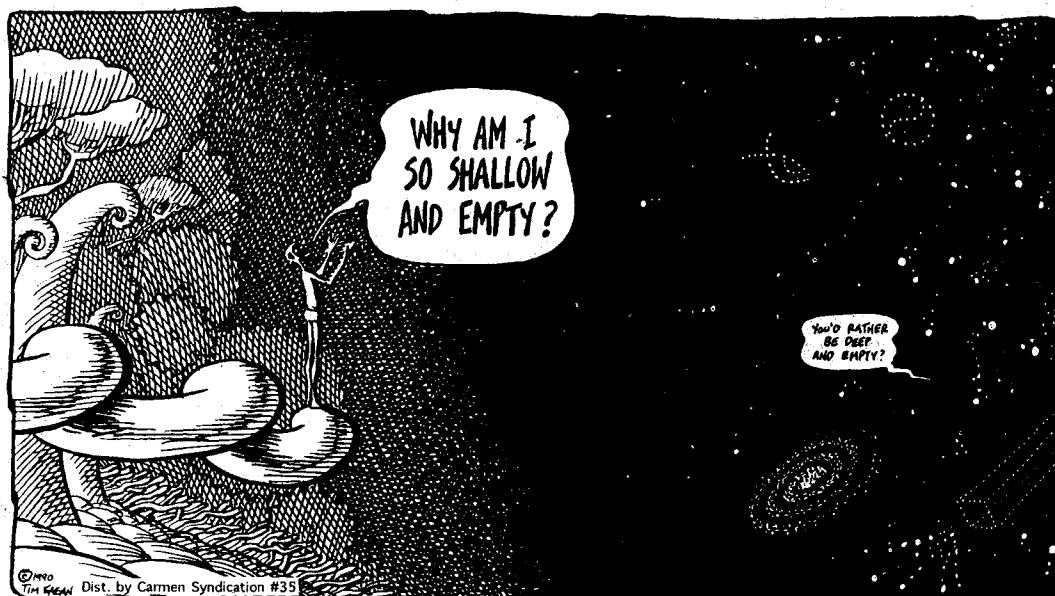
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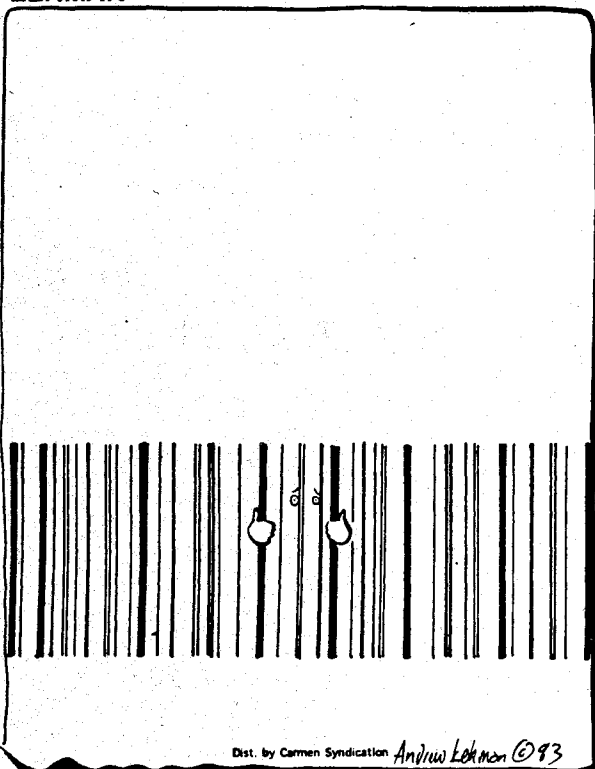
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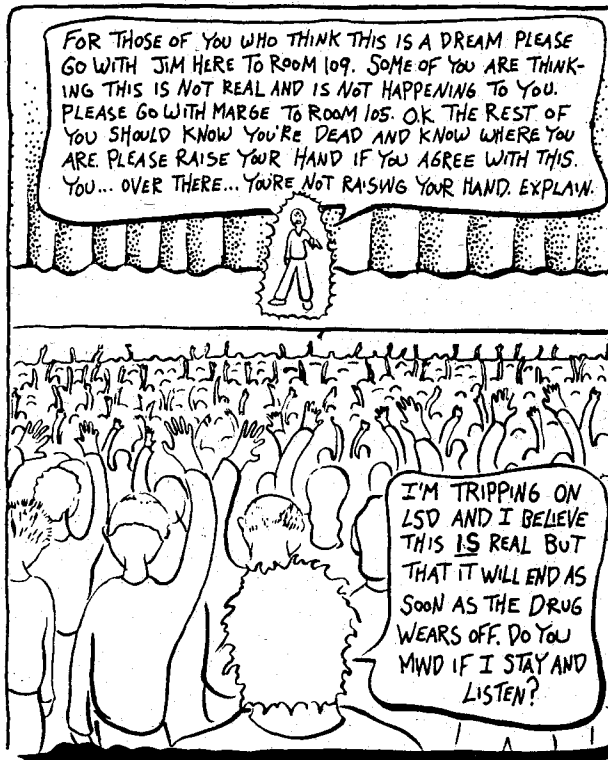
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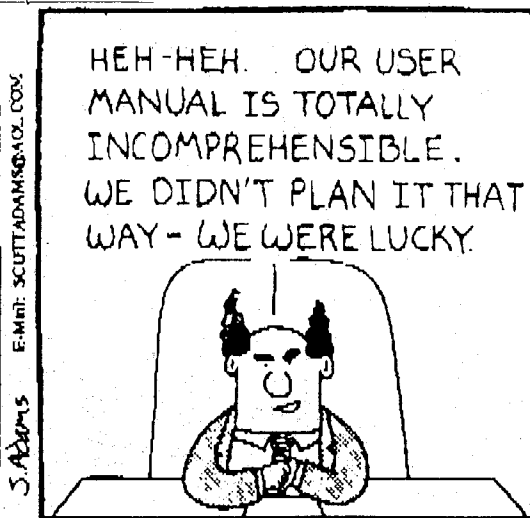
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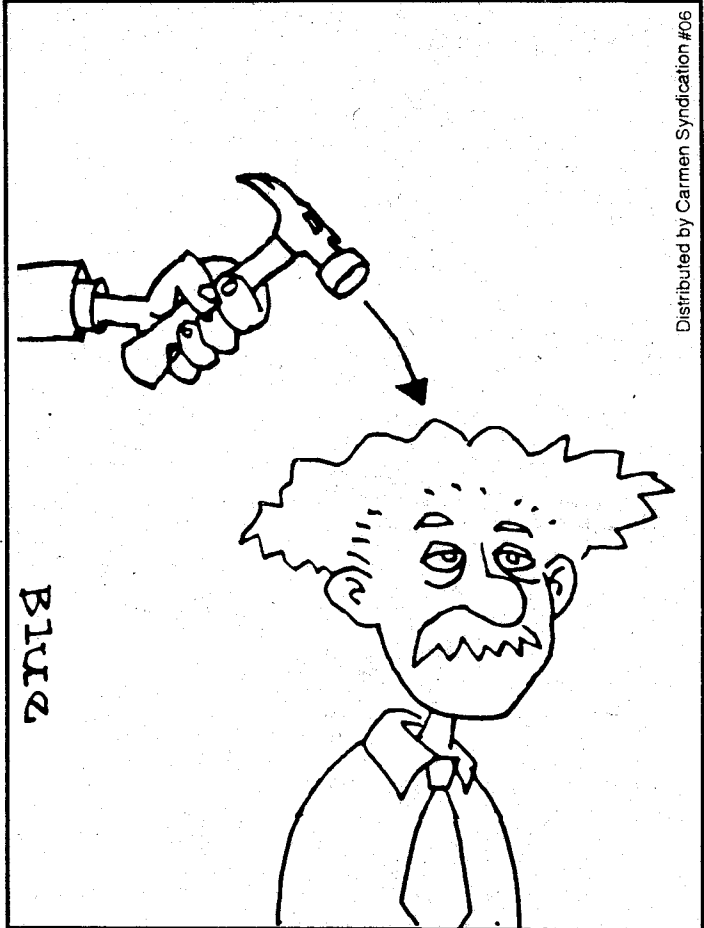
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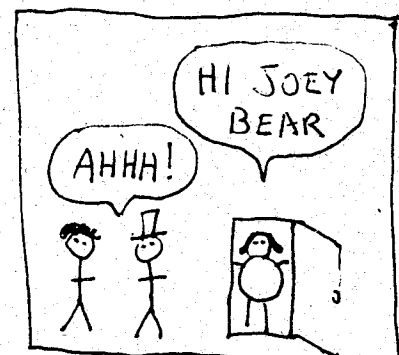
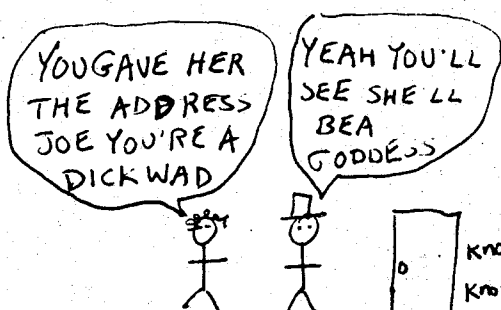
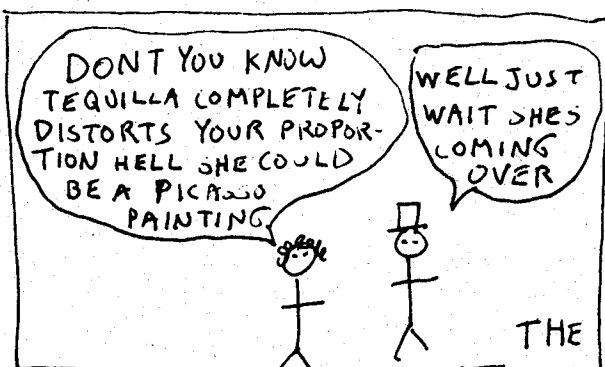
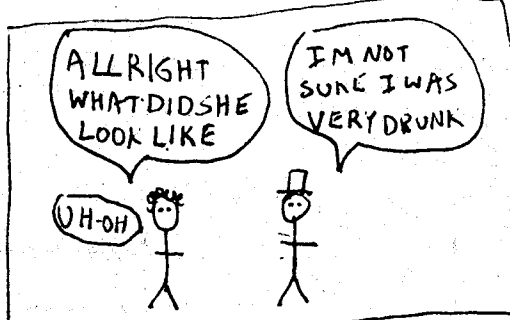
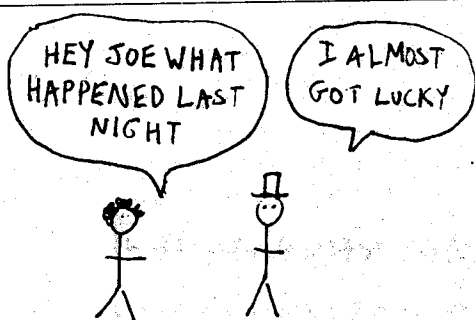


KABLOOEY by BLUE



EINSTEIN MADE SIMPLE

KABLOOEY by BLUE



THE ADVENTURES OF JOE FRESHMAN by Saint Alphonzo

HAITI CONTINUED

what Aristide will be able to do once reinstated. While in Washington, he was forced to sign secret agreements that will: force him to impose economic austerity measures, (i.e.: no subsidies on the cost of food, clothing, nor medicine), even though people there are starving; force him to keep the Haitian minimum wage at the equivalent of 50 cents per hour; keep half of the current army for re-deployment into the new Haitian police force (just in case people get tired of starving and decide to do something about it) which will mean continued repression in the form of death squads ; and have the cumulative effect of keeping Aristide at the level of mere figure head. Apparently the World Bank has offered Aristide a \$500 million loan which will have attached to it similar austerity measures as those listed above. Presumably the austerity measures would be a sort of guarantee payback of these loan. In reality however, austerity measures more often than not produce political instability, ensure perpetual poverty and facilitate the re-take over of the government by the military (case in point; Nigeria, Peru, Chile, Angola, etc.)

When the orders came from Washington for Cedras to step down from power, he ignored them, confident that the U.S. would do nothing to actually enforce those orders. But Clinton, ignoring public opinion against it, agreed to send troops to Haiti in order to ensure the removal from power of Cedras. There were Haitian people who saw this as an opportunity to come out from hiding, speak out and rally support for their elected president in exile. With the U.S. troops there, they were unafraid to manifest in public places and denounce Cedras. Hence the media portrayal of cap-

tured, joyous faces of dancing Haitians, happy to have Americans troops present. Yet, when the Haitian military openly slaughtered and arrested those dancing people, the American troops did nothing to stop them. It was after all a "peaceful occupation."

There are those who believe that Clinton should have asserted himself by sending U.S. troops to Haiti. But they forget the intimate ties this country has with the Haitian military. Others argue that Haitians should be left to solve Haiti's problems. They too forget the U.S.'s long involvement in funding, training, and creating the Haitian military, thus promoting and aggravating Haiti's problems. In my opinion, the only way to truly right U.S. created wrongs in Haiti is to follow the demands of the Haitian pro-democracy movement. These demands are as follows: 1. No U.S. military intervention. History has shown that no U.S. invasion has ever led to genuine peace, democracy or any improvements in the lives of the poor. U.S. military intervention must be actively opposed; 2. Support Haiti's elected government. Any democratic solution that does not include Aristide, or attempts to change the shape and composition of his government by including any unelected, corrupt, and anti-democratic forces will be met with sullen hostility by the majority of Haitians at home and abroad; 3. Offer safe haven to refugees. Haitian refugees are in many senses the victims of U.S. foreign policy and are obviously political refugees. They need to have their cases examined like other applicants for asylum rather than being granted "special treatment"; 4. End negotiations with coup leaders. The only thing that should be discussed with the military and Cedras is the exact date of their departure; 5. End any support, financial or moral of the Haitian military.

Since it was created in 1915, the Haitian army has had only one enemy, the Haitian people. CIA funding of the Haitian military should be investigated and ended and the U.S. School for the Americas from which Cedras and other members of the military elite emerged, should be closed. Enforce sanctions regarding oil, guns, and drug trafficking. The poor majority of Haiti have been under an embargo for over a century and have yet to benefit from electricity and gasoline. Guns have only been used against them; 6. Reform or abolish US AID and other international agencies including the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. These agencies do more to take apart democracy than to promote it.

In the final analysis, if Americans are really interested in helping Haiti, they should begin by changing their own foreign policy objectives, which have been the deciding factor of who lives and dies in Haiti along with the rest of the third world..



AP Press

**IF COLUMBUS HAD WAITED ONE MORE DAY
TO DISCOVER THE AMERICAS, HIS CREW
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**THE 1994 PRESS
COLUMBUS DAY
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**

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Dysfunctional Fables

THE SNOW MONKEY AND THE SWEET POTATO

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

for Mom, who always told me to eat my vegetables

The sweet potato comes from warm, damp places like the southeastern United States, southern Asia and western Africa. Sweet potatoes soak up all the nutrients from the soil, which gives their flesh a distinctive orange-yellow color. They outdo carrots as a rich source of vitamin A, and tie with broccoli for the position of most nutritious vegetable. Many cultures have an anthropomorphized sweet potato in their folklores. It usually creates mischief and grants wishes, as it symbolizes fertility and good health.

Japanese macaques, otherwise known as snow monkeys, did not know sweet potatoes for a long time. They live in regions either too cold or too mountainous to cultivate these sacred tubers, and they had to make do with whatever grew wild in the forest. Many starved during the winter, as there wasn't enough food for all of them, and human scientists observing the monkeys decided to leave them "care packages" of cracked wheat and raw sweet potatoes.

During that same year, the human scientists discovered how intelligent the snow monkeys actually are. They know how to wash their food, separate the sand from the wheat and play games with stones. Of course, it took a clever young female monkey named Emo to start these fads, but that's another story.

On the same island as Emo's group there was a band of rebel snow monkeys who came to appreciate the true worth of a sweet potato. The human scientists did not bother to write too many notes about this group, or even name the leader. These were dishonorable mon-



keys who stole the scientists' pencils, shoved the other monkeys around and bellowed Tarzan howls whenever they were on the prowl.

This group was the last to find out about the sweet potatoes, but once the leader noticed them he motioned for his band to stand back—sweet potatoes could be a trap. Carefully he picked up one of the yams and sniffed it, then tossed it like a football to one of his buddies.

After exploring every possibility for how to use a sweet potato, Fearless Leader pulled the yam from a monkey orifice and decided that now was the time to eat it. Unfortunately raw sweet potatoes are extremely hard, and the old leader did not have many teeth left. He whimpered longingly for this new treat which smelled so good as his comrades tried to make it edible. They dropped it on the rocks, pounded it into the ground and gnawed it with their own teeth, but to no avail. What was to be done?

Reluctantly the old leader told his son to fetch Emo from the other side of the island. She was so clever;

perhaps she would be able to make heads or tails of this diamond in the rough. When Emo arrived, the old leader showed her the sweet potato and held his mouth. "Unh, unh," he moaned, as if he had a toothache.

Emo understood, jumped in the air excitedly to acknowledge Fearless Leader's request, and ran to get a stick. She knew from past experience that if you beat something with a stick, it would get squashed and soft. For a few anxious minutes Emo beat the sweet potato with all the spirit she could muster, but nothing happened. It was still hard like a rock. All the snow monkeys sighed and looked particularly sad for a moment, but Emo would not give up. She began to rub the stick against the sweet potato's rough skin, and summoned a god of smoke...

From that day on, Fearless Leader's group worshipped the sweet potato in front of a roaring campfire every day. Sometimes Emo's group joined the fun, but the human scientists were never invited.

MORAL: If someone brings a tiger a can of tuna, make sure they also bring a can opener.

MORE IMPORTANTLY: Intelligence cannot be evaluated—it just has fun.

MOST OF ALL: Don't believe everything you see on nature documentaries—the wildest beasties party at the human's expense

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

Arcane Answers

(an advice column of diabolic origin)

Dearest Azazel,

This is the Vampire Mother Goose talking, the mother and murderer of Innocence. I laugh at the petty and idle dialogue between you and that mortal/immortal wannabe, Isabella Noddaba. Have you really nothing better to do in your immortal life except argue with humans? If so... then maybe I should have my own column in **The Stony Brook Press**! After all, in case you didn't know, I am an immortal giant in the literary world (and in the outside world too!) Thanks to the laudatory reviews I've received in the past, particularly on my works of nursery rhymes...

"Ah...suffer the little children," as Pat Benator [sic] once said, for I am different. Very different.

Really, Azazel! Why don't you learn from an immortal master such as myself. You have the potential. Let me sink my incisors into your throat and show you it! Tell the tales you were meant to tell and... if you promise to be BAD, maybe I'll tell mine.

With Blood,
The Vampire M.G.

Poor, deluded reader;

In the history of man's creative endeavors, he has created many monsters, not all of which have been

convincing in their roles as banes of human welfare. In particular, the idea of a matriarchal nosferatu waterfowl, a Vampire Mother Goose,



or quite simply: an undead duck, is not even amusing in its pathos. You may as well have claimed to be the Thanksgiving Turkey chastising me for a high cholesterol diet. "Murderer of Innocence"

indeed— as if you deserved such an epithet. Have you really nothing better to do in your meager existence but run about claiming to be some belligerent archetypal fowl? As regards your literary renown, I judge from this letter that you are hardly quali-

fied to compose a list of ingredients for the side panel of a box of cereal.

If I were you, I would immediately seek out a qualified mental health professional and begin intensive daily therapy sessions. Some Lithium or Prozac probably wouldn't hurt either. On the other hand, if fairy tales are truly your passion, address your next letter either to *Dysfunctional Fables* or *Statesman*. And one final piece of advice, you will have an easier time getting people to take you seriously if you stop quoting Pat Benatar.

-Azazel

Please send all correspondence to:
The Stony Brook Press
Rooms 060 & 061 Student Union
Stony Brook, New York 11794-2790

Toby Buonagurio's *Hungry For Love Party Shoes*:

Therapeutic Cultural Effigy

By Bruce Baldwin

There is a lot going on in Toby Buonagurio's ceramic sculpture titled *Hungry for Love Party Shoes*. Even the title is pregnant with meaning: implicit is our "culture's" insatiable hunger for "love" as if it were a glamorous commodity to be purchased and consumed. "Love," devalued like so many other once precious institutions, is today clichéd and commodified for public dissemination. I can't help but remember the "America Film Star's" (Anita Ekberg) answer to the question "What do you love most?" in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*: "Three things," she declares, "amore, amore, and amore." She loves love? When your glamorous people will believe such statements.

In any case, Buonagurio's *Party Shoes* are an explosion of voluptuousness, excess, and appear to celebrate poor taste; all of which read like a mirror image of popular culture. And shoes are the perfect ironic vehicle for such commentary because *Hungry for Love Party Shoes* take one's feet nowhere. In fact, I can almost feel tomorrow's hangover while just looking at them. Wine, women, money, and jewels bust forth from the shoes like food from the horn of plenty; perhaps they are the "horn of too much."

The two naked female figures who spill forth from wine glasses and ride the shoes as if it were a Rose Bowl float. Their wine-red hair pours onto their heads and alludes to menses, which when interrupted, signals the end of any party. But

menses has not been interrupted so the party continues; the party can't stop. I am reminded once again of *La Dolce Vita* when Marcello exclaims: "This party must never end!"

The platform shoes elevate the party to a sublime public event. Events need to be public now-



days, or else they did not really happen. "If I had just had my video camera!" people often exclaim when, for example, a small child does something only a small child would do. The tape could have then been sent to America's Funniest Home

where it could be confirmed nationally that little Johnny Smith had, indeed, fallen into the family's commode.

The garish colors which radiate from the sculpture underscore the fact that taste is constructed through hype, so that taste, *per se*, becomes out of style. What is taste anyway? It is what you are told it is, what society says it is. The costume diamonds on the sculpture recall such conditioned tastes as "diamonds are a girl's best friend." Oh yeah? Try to get them to drive you to the train station on a rainy day.

In this age of hyper-ambivalence toward sex we have been taught that "sex kills." Accordingly, the female figures act out in unison, as if mechanized, both promiscuity and chaste. They throw their arms up exposing their nubile breasts, but then turn their lock-kneed legs to the side. This displaying of breasts is perfectly consistent with the piece's theme: you are a consumer, and even more, you are a dependent. Breasts are, after all, the most emblematic symbol for dependency.

Hungry For Love Party Shoes acts as a cultural effigy, ambiguously celebrating and mocking the banality of glamour. The fragmentary manner in which these statements are made - the part-objects, as it were - manifest the artist's - and indeed the public's - feelings of victimization by an unfeeling, uncaring, society. We consume images, chew them up and spit them out. That these statements are made with humor, - it is ostensibly a light hearted sculpture - suggest a therapeutic quality in the work which allows one to laugh and not to cry.

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ALL WELCOME

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Double Shot

Extra Special Treat for the Faithful

by Scott J. Lusby

As you've probably guessed from the title's subtle hint, you're not going to get only one review this week. Oh, no- that's child's play. This issue, you get two for the price of one! How 'bout that? And, as a really special treat (you guys have been sooooo good lately), one of the reviews is for an album that hasn't even been released yet!

First up, however, is *File Under: Easy Listening*, Sugar's follow-up to their 1992 debut, *Copper Blue*. On this latest effort, Bob Mould (of both solo and Husker Du fame) returns as guitarist/vocalist/songwriter, as does bassist David Barbe and drummer Malcolm Travis. However, anyone familiar with Mould's previous efforts (*Copper Blue*, *Black Sheets of Rain*, *Workbench*, *Zen Arcade*) will immediately recognize his unmistakable style and structure upon first listen.

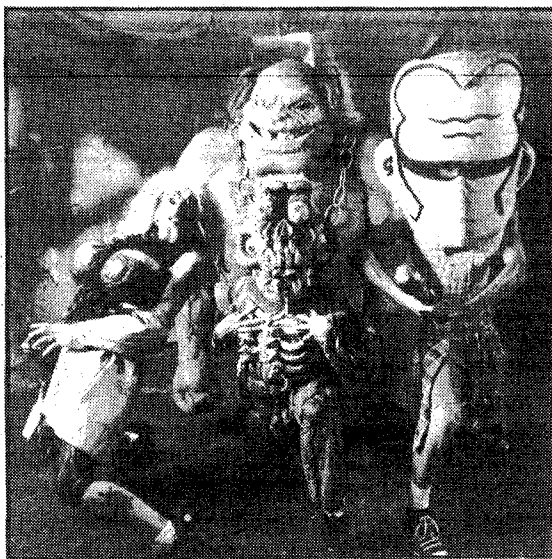
Easy Listening starts off with a bang, beginning with three rockin' songs, "Gift," "Company Book," and the album's first single "Your Favorite Thing." These three songs represent Mould and Co. at their best: straight-forward, power-chord rock, the kind that leaves a buzzing in your ears after they've ended.

The album's fourth song, "What You Want to Be," shifts to a much darker, more melancholy arrangement, reminding the listener of early Smithereens' works. Unfortunately, it is after this track that Mould falls back into his old, nasty habit of "lightening up."

If there's one problem I have with all of Mould's projects, it is his failure to put together the total album. Of the remaining six tracks on *Easy Listening*, the bulk of them are acoustically oriented. Not that this is necessarily a bad thing, but clearly Mould's strength lies in the power generated from works saturated with distortion. Neither "Panama City Motel," "Believe What You're Saying" nor "Granny Cool" have much punch to them; in fact, they sound like they really belong on Mould's mostly-acoustic *Workbench* effort.

The one aspect of Mould's song writing that continues to interest me are his lyrics. Mould continues to write "genderless" lyrics (as Melissa Etheridge

does); in other words, Mould-written lyrics never contain "he" or "she" in them, but rather replaces them with "you." This is something Mould has always done, and has also taken a bit of heat over (speculations about his sexuality continue to circulate, not unlike the furor surrounding Etheridge's sexual orientation.) Be that as it may, Mould's approach to writing is different...and it works, regardless of his sexuality.



In the end, however, there isn't much that's fresh on *Easy Listening*. Only if you're a die-hard Sugar/Bob Mould fan will you enjoy this work. If you're not, then skip this disc over. It's not completely fulfilling.

Now, for that extra-special surprise I promised you...Green Jelly's back! Yes, those masters of the seemingly ridiculous have returned, this time armed with a CD first (their first CD followed a videotape release), entitled 333. Their first release, *The Cereal Killer Soundtrack*, was pretty much lambasted by critics, calling them everything from being "light on talent" (*People* magazine) to being "1993's musical low point" (*Rolling Stone*.) But, if you happen to take their ludicrous, silly (and sometimes grotesque)

approach to rock for what its worth- its entertainment value- then 333 is for you.

Every manner in which Green Jelly approach music is different. For starters, their albums are conceptual; that is, they tell a story, as Queensryche's *Operation: mindcrime* and Pink Floyd's *The Wall* do. In both 333's and *The Cereal Killer Soundtrack*'s case, however, they happen to tell stories as a comic book would.

Also interesting is the method in which Green Jelly writes their music. They don't write a song, and then produce a video. That would be too commercially mainstream of them. Instead, they create all sorts of fictional characters (such as *Cereal Killer*'s Shitman, Cow God and Pumkihn, as well as 333's Orange Krunch, Pinata Head and Super Elastic), and then write music about these characters and their exploits. This approach, aside from explaining why they released the *Cereal Killer* video before the disc, makes for a very interesting listen.

333's story line revolves around...well, it's just plain outlandish. Pick up the album for yourself and you try to figure it out. What I can tell you, however, is that aside from creating a comical story line, their songs also parody the styles of popular artists; such as "Pinata Head" (which sounds like a bad Tool), "Flight" (which happens to sound like Ministry), "Jump" (a catchy Pearl Jam take-off), and "Slave Boy" (which is reminiscent of early Madonna or B-52's works.)

Basically, if you like bizarre stuff, or if you enjoy music with a strange twist to it, pick up Green Jelly's 333. It's a bargain at twice the price.

Notes: Pearl Jam's November release has been tentatively titled *Vitalogy*. All they need now is a new drummer...I hear Dave Grohl (Nirvana) is available...Hot singles for the past two weeks: Magnapop's "Slowly, Slowly," Lucas' "Lucas With the Lid Off"- not exactly my preference, but nonetheless a cool tune; Liz Phair's new one, "Super Nova," and Sugar's "Your Favorite Thing"...Well, that's it for now...Next Issue: Another double shot, this time of R.E.M.'s *Monster* and Liz Phair's *Whip-Smart*. And also look for a guide on how to become musically cultured.

Re-Review: CD's Worth A Second Listen

by Louis M. Moran

There's a lot of good (great) music out there. If you listen to the radio you may have noticed that the safest way to go these days is to play fairly established "rock" (rock, for our purpose, shall encompass every stupid tag we've come to stick on the various bands and sounds so that we could become more comfortable with them. For you music majors, all things I-IV-V and Common Time inclusive.)

Is it because nothing new has come out in the past year that's worth listening to that local radio stations insist on playing "American Band" three times a day? Or perhaps that the Baby Boomers are so advertisement that we must all bow under their hideous, bloated weight? Well, perhaps a little of each. Ace of Base is not worth listening to, and college students neither make up most of the country nor do they have as much expendable income as a fortysomething. But onward...

A disc much maligned, even by 'Boomers, as trite and silly because of its affiliation with a movie that was such, is *Magical Mystery Tour* by the Beatles. *MMT* is in all actuality an incredible disc that should be listened to, even in the face of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. The greatness of *Sgt. Pepper's* in no way diminishes *MMT's*.

Although *MMT* can have, at times, a "campy" feel to it ("Your Mother Should Know", "Baby You're a Rich Man"), it is also brilliant. "I Am the Walrus" is in the top of Lennon's work, as is "Strawberry Fields Forever". "Penny Lane", "Hello Goodbye" and "All

You Need is Love" round out a disc that is indispensable in grasping at the "feel" of the times...without vomiting or having any nasty flashbacks to contend with in your fifties.

R.E.M., who may be both rock's Most Underrated and Most Overrated Band ever, released an album in 1986 called *Life's Rich Pageant*, which contains their college radio breakthrough song "Superman", the best song on the disc. *Life's Rich Pageant* also contains "Fall On Me", the song that very nearly broke them into the big time. "Hyena", "Swan Song", and "Just a Touch" also deserve careful listenings, just to see where the band was going (as well as how they got there.)

One of the most interesting discs of the late '80's is *Nothing's Shocking* by Jane's Addiction, who became the icon for all who became 'Alternative Rock.' They accomplished this by being essentially a straight-ahead rock band, not all that much different from the Stones, The Beatles or Zep. There isn't a real 'throw away' song on this disc. "Up the Beach" intros nicely, and "Ocean Size" absolutely kicks! A jet explodes when this song starts, slamming into full blown, pocket mosh, fist slamming, head flailing, scream along with Uncle Perry, turn it up 'till it distorts rock. "Pigs in Zen", the last song on the disc, leaves off where it began in heavy-heavy land. "Mountain Song" will relieve you of all motor functions and is the top candidate for "Song Most Likely to Leave You With an Aneurysm" (or at least an icky bump.) From the opening base line (which you will sway to) until the insane solo section (during which you will hurt your friends), you will not be in control.

Another disc that is genuinely good but looked down upon is the 4 Non Blondes' debut album, *Bigger, Better, Faster, More!*. In a nut-shell, it's a really good disk...yeah it has "What's Up?" (a 4:55 song that could be 2:05 and achieve the same results); but it also has "Superfly" (under the heading "Cool Funky Music"), "Old Mr. Heffer," "Pleasantly Blue" (see "Rippin' Blues Stuff"), "Calling All the People" and "No Place Like Home" (see "Surprisingly Annoying San Fran Hippie Rock"). Good stuff...and man, can this girl sing!

Finally, we get to Green Day's *Dookie*...the trick here is to get it while it's still kind of cool to buy. Don't be one of the mindless sheep who get it after they have another big hit off of it- get it now while there's still time to say "Oh yeah, that disk, I had it months ago!"

You all probably know "Longview" and "Basket Case", and these songs are pretty cool. However, "F.O.D.", "Welcome to Paradise" and "Pulling Teeth" are better by a shot. They are obviously too cool for the radio and too weird for MTV (a la "Rape Me" by Nirvana.)

You should be checking these discs out- there's nothing unmanly about getting them from used disc bins or CD clubs. I recommend all of them strongly but, uh, if you've only got cash for one...Jane's Addiction.

Note: I have to put my two cents in here. While I agree with most of this stuff, I would have chosen *Dookie* if I could only afford one disc. -Ed.

The Only Game In Town

By Ted Swedalla

On Sunday night September 18th, Channel 13 began to run Ken Burns' film *Baseball*. This epic documentary about the national pastime is over 18 hours long, subdivided into 9 'innings', each about 2 hours long. Each 'inning' covers a different decade, except for the first and last, which cover a longer time period. This monstrous TV event began on Sunday and ran through Thursday the 22nd, (innings 1 to 5) and then continued this Sunday, the 25th, though Wednesday (innings 6 to 9).

Burns', who also did the acclaimed *Civil War* documentary, directs this history of the 'national pastime' wonderfully. Using live celebrity spots, with Billy Crystal, Bob Costas and Governor Cuomo, who relate their experiences with the game, to split up the panning shots of old photos. The best spot came from Gerald Early, a writer, who said that in 2000 years, the only thing that the American culture will be remembered for will be "the Constitution, jazz music and baseball." With company like that baseball can't go wrong.

The amount of press this undertaking has received has been enormous. Covers of every TV publication and baseball magazine, with coverage by all television critics, all with varying views on this work's worth and its appeal. Some said even hardcore baseball freaks are going to have trouble digesting all 18+ hours of a game that has recently let us down. Whether *Baseball* turns

out to be a Joe Carter homerun or a Bill Buckner error remains to be seen, but it is an amazing film, covering a more amazing game.

The live action footage and old photos that dominate the screen are wonderful. They capture the essence of each era, especially the very early footage, though which the game has gone. Many photos are accompanied by a quotes from a player or poet of that era, spoken by other celebrities. These include George Carlin, George Plimpton and Gregory Peck quoting such writers as Walt

Whitman and Carl Sandberg and baseball's fathering figures Alexander Cartwright and Charles Comiskey. While the rest of the time John Chancellor narrates the film.

Each 'inning' begins with a recap of world events for that decade or era. For example, the second inning 1900-1909, spoke about the revolutions in Central America, the Russo-Japanese war and the assassination of William McKinley. Then it men-



tions the important baseball figures that were born or died during the decade, and then finally a brief recap of the baseball events of that decade. The fourth inning, 1920-1929, included the births of Roy Campanella and Yogi Berra and the deaths of Christy Mathewson and Ray Chapman, the only man to die in a game.

The common thread running throughout is the segregation issue. This gives the film a line to tread while it wavers back and forth across the eras and players. The very earliest of teams did include

African-American players, but stories told of how opposing players would slow down and refuse to take the extra base so they could intentional spike them. Or how many teams refused to play teams with 'niggers'. The owners solved this problem by a 'gentleman's agreement', which stood for over 60 years, never to hire African-Americans to play baseball. Burns does an excellent job by giving the Negro League teams ample time, as they contained

excellent players who played in virtual obscurity, but who many professional players and historians considered them the equal or where flattered by comparisons to them. In the 1930's the players were polled, and 80% of them said they had no objection to allowing African-Americans play, but the owners still refused.

The first 'inning' also introduces a hero into the mix, Branch Rickey. Although he does not make a large baseball splash in this era (he was a catcher for a brief time), it wouldn't be until 1947, when he would become a major impactor on the game. [Rickey is the man who signed Jackie Robinson to a major league contract, thereby breaking the color barrier that had existed since the 1880's.]

Burns could have turned this into a statistic filled film, throwing around homerun totals and batting average, giving you 'best ofs' for each year. But he brings out the underside, and sometimes seedier elements, of the game. Talking about the rise and fall of competing leagues, the strangleholds the early owners had on the game, and the immense love the fans had for the game and its players.

Overall *Baseball* is a wonderful film, capturing the essence of America's Pastime. Nothing is more American than baseball, nothing bridges generations

like baseball, spurning debates over who is better, Ted Williams or Frank Thomas, which team is better the '27 Yankees or the '86 Mets. As Billy Crystal said in *City Slickers*, "When I couldn't talk to my dad, we could still talk about baseball...That was real." For most fans, *Baseball* couldn't have come at a better time, mired in a strike that could end the game forever. Reminding us of better times, whether they be 100 years or 100 days ago, when it was just a game with a bat, a ball and a couple of kids with a love for the sport.