











## EDITORIAL

# Solidarity through participation

The black voice on this campus is powerful. Although the struggle for equality seems to be a perennial battle for black Americans, the SUNYA black community has continued to exhibit a mature and steadfast attack on racial discrimination.

"We must never forget how far we've come, nor how far we've yet to go," wrote Laurie B. Midgette, Editor-in-Chief of Unity News, a publication of the Albany State University Black Alliance.

The black students here have indeed come far. The NAACP College Chapter was recently founded and among other things, it has kept the public aware of adverse effects of racial discrimination. Of course, ASUBA has continued to serve as the social and political hub for black students. The Office of Minority Student Services created by the

university, and the Minority Affairs Coordinator and Task Force created by Student Association, are two more recent moves which have shown the proper respect and representation of our diverse community.

And just this Monday there was Black Solidarity Day. It was a day in which blacks united to remind themselves of their continuing struggle for basic human equality. Furthermore, blacks divorced themselves from the rest of the community in order to demonstrate their essential role in the functioning of society.

What's the next step? There is certainly no single answer as to where the black community should concentrate its efforts next; attempting a grandiose answer would be futile. Yet there is an area that does deserve some attention.

Throughout this past semester and during last summer

the Albany Student Press has made notable progress in working toward the goal of multiculturalism. The ASP has finally experienced a concrete increase in the number of minorities on staff, and has continued its solid coverage of minority events and issues on campus.

In addition, minority group leaders received a letter which invited all minority students to become involved and educated in the working of our school newspaper. The letter stressed that it is extremely important to understand that in creating a more diverse university community we all must contribute.

Our door is open. The ASP is the perfect medium for those who are trying to bring about awareness and education for the people of this university. More participation is needed for even better representation.

## COLUMN

# A dangerous precedent

'Tiger' Joe Smith of the Waverly 'Daily News' was excited about covering the first big invasion since Vietnam. As soon as word of the invasion broke, he and some other reporters rented a boat and headed to Grenada so that they could be among the first with the big stories.

"This boat is great, guys. We got a good view of Grenada, and the Cubans will never stop us. We'll be there in no more than an hour."

### Bill Brewster

Just then a Navy F-14 buzzed close-by. It seemed strange, but Smith was used to the realities of war.

"Hey, great action, eh? Haven't seen anything like it since the Beirut air strikes last summer. Nothing like combat to get the old blood pumping."

Jim Jackson, a TV cameraman, agreed. "Yep. Almost as exciting as that ambush down in El Salvador a few months back."

"Yeah, hah." The two combat reporters chuckled. Just then a Navy patrol cruised up to their boat. A few U.S. marines and sailors were on board. They were not overly-friendly looking.

"No press allowed," said a young sailor. "The island's closed."

Smith was shocked. "What? Are you kidding? Get lost, kid!"

"No press allowed!" The young sailor took out an M-16. In the distance, gun shots were heard as fighting near Point Salinas Airport was apparently fierce.

"Come on, kid," said Jackson. "Who are you trying to fool? I was in Nam. I've seen more real combat than you've

seen episodes of M.A.S.H! You can't keep the press away from war when the U.S. is involved. People have to know what's going on in a democracy!"

"Go back! We don't want any press to get hurt."

"Since when? What, are you a Cuban?"

The sailor flicked the safety switch on his rifle to shoot. Another F-14 buzzed overhead. In front of the two small boats appeared a Navy destroyer with its guns pointed right at Smith. Through the P.A. speaker a sailor on board sent the ominous warning: "Go back to Barbados! You can go no further! You cannot go to Grenada! Go back!"

"Oh, I see," said Smith to the armed sailor, "look, we're Americans. See? We're not Russians. What's the deal?"

"Yeah," said Jackson, "where do you guys get this from? The Brits and their Falklands thing? What happened to free press?"

"National security, sir," said the sailor, still pointing his rifle. "We're proving to all the Communists that we mean business."

"Yeah, well how are the American people supposed to find out what's happening? There hasn't been any objective coverage of this war since it started!"

"We will tell them what they need to know," said the sailor proudly. "It's much easier to be a world power when no one is distorting our heroics and criticizing our every move."

Another sailor, the C.O., tall and distinguished, poked his head out from the patrol boat cabin door and walked up next to the young sailor who, it seemed, was talking too much.

"Look guys," he said, "don't you realize Grenada was being groomed as a Cuban and Soviet bastion for the export of terrorism to undermine freedom and democracy?"

This is no island paradise for tourism anymore! Don't you listen to our Commander in Chief?"

"So how do we ever get on the island? Won't the press ever be allowed to see any action?" Smith felt helpless.

"Oh sure," answered the C.O. proudly. "Once we're through mopping up." Gunshots and exploding ordnance were heard in the distance.

"Then can we go and ask questions of the civilians and Cuban prisoners?"

"Oh, heavens No! We have guides who will show you all the chief attractions and military hot spots. Please, don't worry. Our fine military machine has the whole situation under control. Now just go on back to Barbados and we'll call you and lead you around when it's safe."

"Why the continued fighting anyhow?" asked Smith.

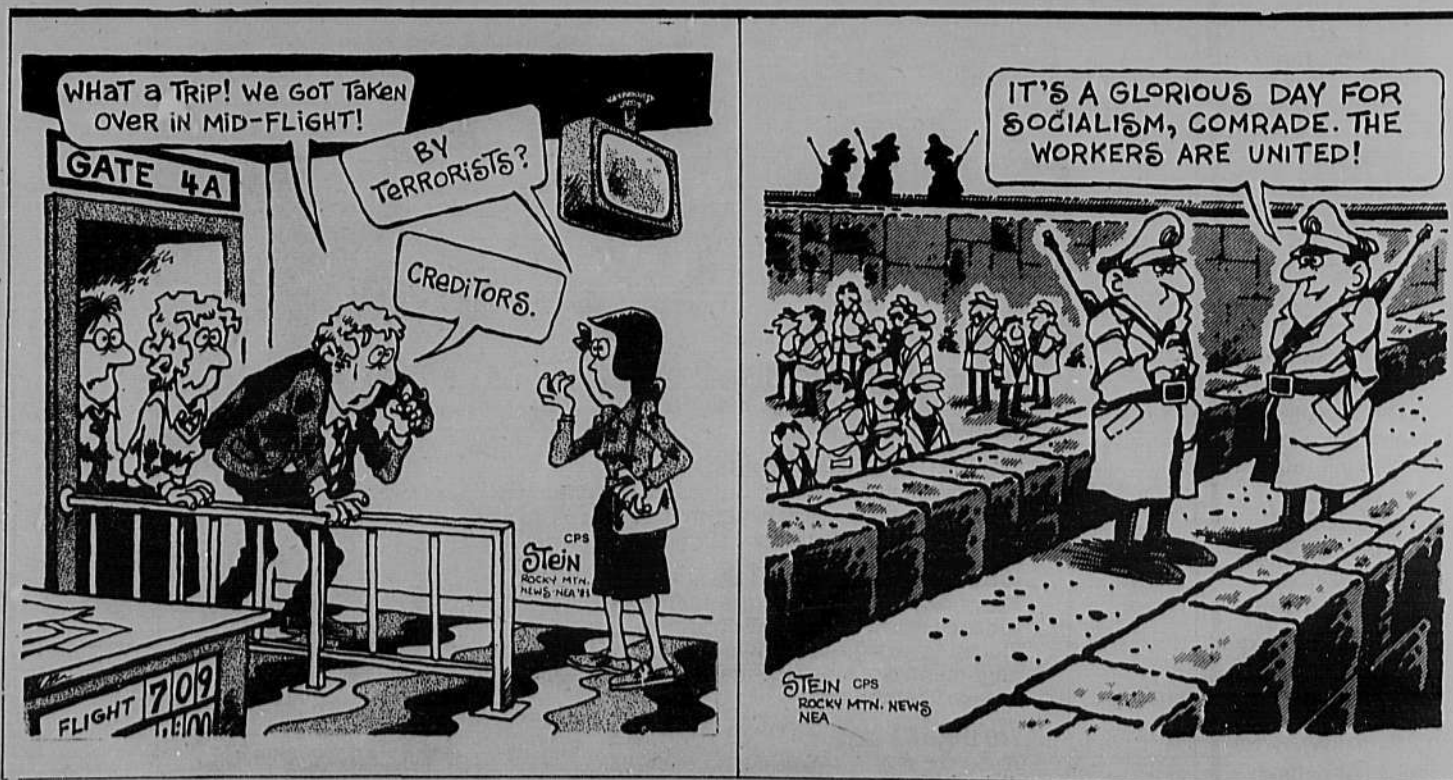
"6,000 troops for a rescue mission? Half the med students at St. George's were evacuated already and the rest want to stay don't they? What's going on?"

The officer thought for a second and looked up to the patrol boat's American flag blowing steadily in the breeze. He sighed deeply.

"Look. We have to make the island safe for democracy and freedom. It's in everybody's best interests. Can't you in the press understand? We'll let you know when you can come back, and in the meantime, we'll be sure to let you know if anything important happens."

The reporters grudgingly turned their boat around and headed back to Barbados.

"Please don't worry!" shouted the C.O. "We're doing an incredibly heroic job saving this island, and we'll show you, once it's safe enough. We know what we're doing. Why do you doubt us?"



# Aspects

Wednesday, November 9, 1983



I was being methodically reduced by my society to mere ovaries, womb and vagina. Even taken all together, those parts make a very small, very limited, very stunted and very partial woman.

No wonder I was miserable.

— Sonia Johnson

















