

**THE
STONY
BROOK**

PRESS

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Abortion: *The Movie*

by Dean Markadakis

A group of pro-life demonstrators gathered at a table in the Union last Wednesday, using as their main attention-getter a gruesome 6-minute video called "The Hard Truth." This video masterpiece, which, incidentally, does not appear on the shelves of your local Blockbuster, attempts to portray the horror of abortion by showing taped footage of actual abortions being performed and aborted fetuses in jars and garbage cans. There was also literature aplenty available to all, whether they wanted to see more of this wonderful sideshow or not. All this senseless misogyny was really unavoidable since there were several representatives of the group accosting unsuspecting persons with a newsletter which would allegedly enlighten the average Stony Brook student. "Here, read about the abortion lie," claimed one sprightly young lassie as she oh-so-gracefully shoved the thing in my face.

Despite an explicit warning about the potentially offensive nature of the video that adorned a sheet of hot-pink poster paper skillfully affixed onto a card-

board box covering the television, most students watched in sordid amazement at the highly manipulated images flashing before them. These images, coupled with the heavenly ethereal choir tune playing in the background was enough to bring tears to the oculars of even the most avid pro-choice advocates.

As demonstrations go, there was also a small group of counter-demonstrators wielding signs like, "ABORTION SAVES, JESUS KILLS," and other less offensive slogans. This contingency was a bit rowdier than its counterparts, who were really not directly "bothering" anyone but were merely exercising their first ammendment rights by expressing their distaste for the medical profession. "Abortion is the fastest growing industry in the U.S. Alot of doctors are making alot of money off these poor women," professed an angelic looking woman with an utter look of digust strewn across her face. One young man who was watching the video turned to one of the pro-choicers and said, "Have you seen this?" in a way which obviously implied that that person should and change his stance on the issue. The pro-choice

demonstrator looked pensively at the young boy and issued a clever little response: "Have you ever seen a cow being slaughtered? Have you ever seen a cow's throat being sliced, its blood drained, beaten and skinned while it was still alive? I bet if you did, you'd never eat a hamburger again." As far as grossing me out, this illustration was more than adequate. It's true, though—just because something is not pleasing aesthetically, it is not necessarily morally wrong or sinful (or even bad for you). Open-heart surgery, when you think about it, is really gross. Does this mean we should make it illegal?

Many students watching the video in the Union last Wednesday thought that it was effective only because it showed the grossness factor of the abortion issue. I heard one woman say, "Why don't you show a video of all the women who died trying to perform their own abortions with coat hangers." Jared Nissim, a pro-life activist said, "We're just trying to show people the truth about abortion." Perhaps, but many people there felt there could have been a less exploitative method of presenting that truth.

Red Balloon Counters Life Chain

by Robert V. Gilheany

Over 300 religious organizations and churches organized a number of anti-abortion demonstrations across Long Island last Sunday (Oct 4th). These efforts turned out large numbers of followers to support their cause.

One site of the demonstrations, "Life Chain" was in front of the Smith Haven Mall on Rt. 347 in Lake Grove. Hundreds of Christians held mass-produced signs that read "Abortion Kills Children." Unfortunately for the Christens and their nice little demonstration, over 50 student counter demonstrators showed up from the University. Mostly lead by the Red Balloon Collective, they appeared in costume. This motley crew of counter demonstrators was lead by a guy dressed as the Pope with "Safe Sex" written on his hat.

Also in the counter-march was a Red Ballooner dressed like Jesus Christ, who donned a bed sheet, crown of thorns, and a nipple ring. Joining the Pope and Jesus were Uncle Sam along with women dressed as Roman slaves in togas with flowers in their hair. The women were chained to the Pope, Jesus, and Uncle Sam. Some of the signs read "keep your rosaries off my ovaries," "Dykes for reproductive rights," and a full sized American flag that read "U.S. OUT OF MY UTERUS."

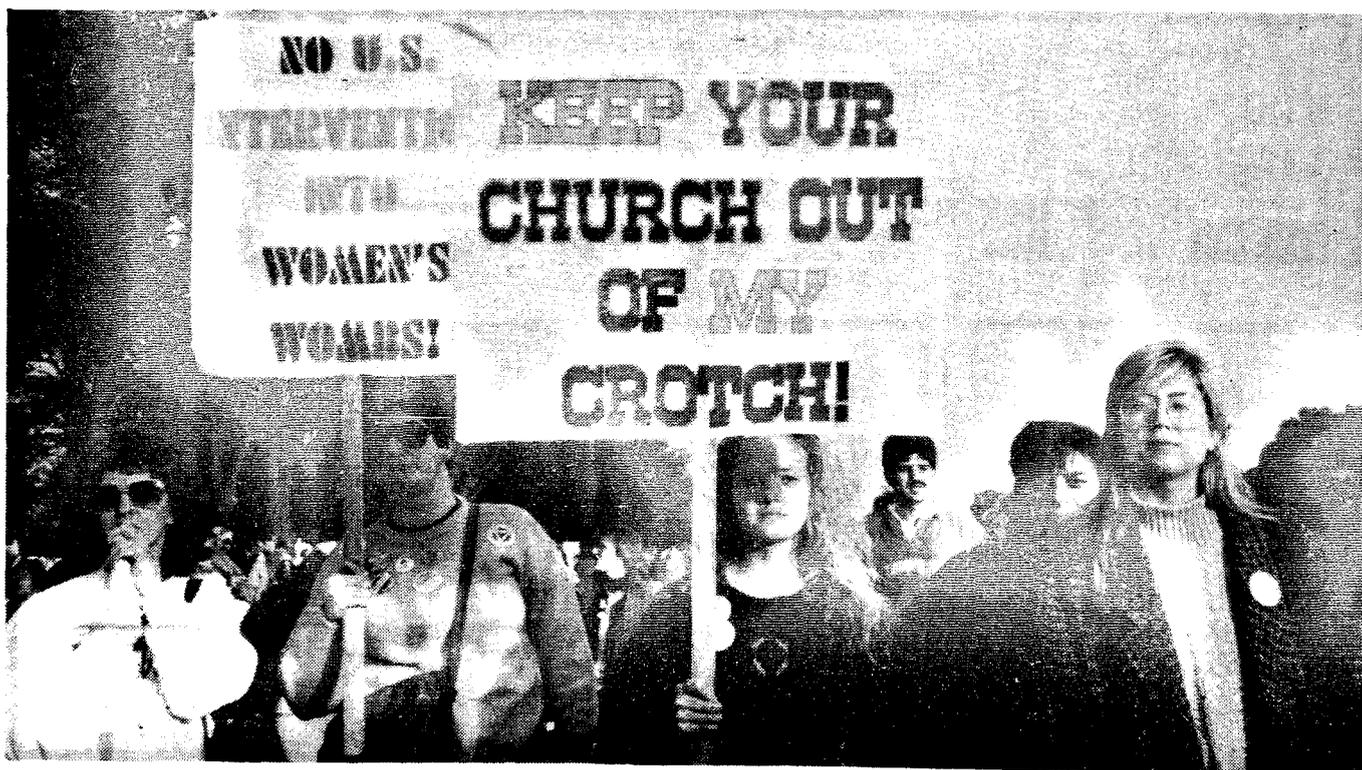
The Pro-Lifers tried to deal with these unwanted party crashers by singing hymns and saying prayers. Their reaction to the counter demonstrators varied from "that's bizarre" to emotional distress.

The Ballooners performed a skit at the demo—a mock sermon by the Pope. The routine borrowed heavily from "Monty Python." A jester proclaimed that a world with out love is hopeless, a world with

out Ivory bars is soap-less...without hemp is rope-less...and a world without marijuana is dope-less. The Pope proclaimed that the lord is "so huge so immense we are really impressed down here," then led a sing-a-long of "every sperm is sacred."

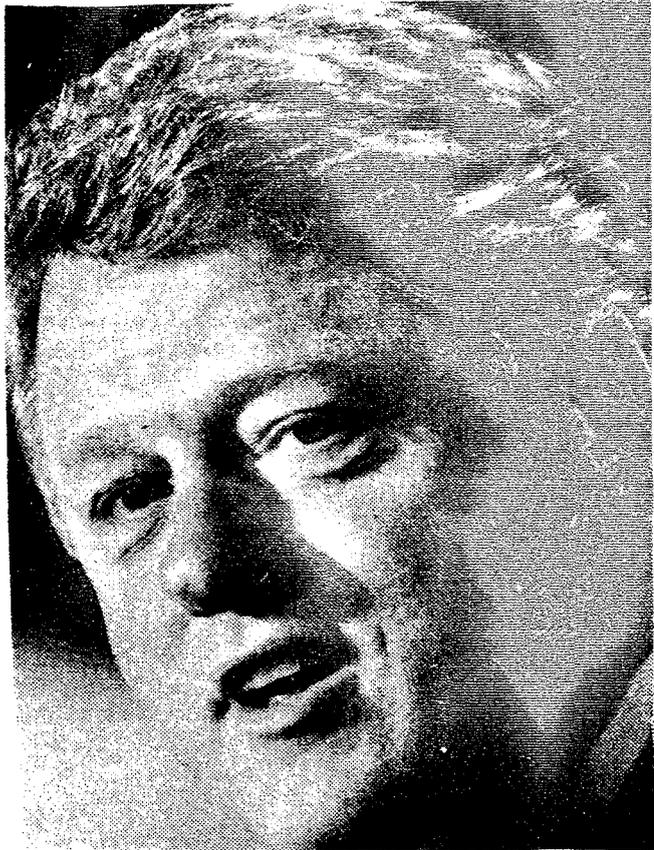
After the skit another song parody bellowed out "it's my body and I'll fuck if I want to, you would fuck too if it wasn't for to this heated discussions between Pro-Lifers and counter demonstrators almost came to blows. The fighting was also prompted by Jesus saying "Suck My Holy Dick," and "stop praying to me and get a life you assholes," to the same Pro-Lifer.

As the demonstration ended a group of ten young Christians gathered and started to lead a prayer session. Then about thirty Pro-Choice's made a human chain and ran and pranced around them chanting "ring around the rosaries-assholes, assholes all fall down." This went on until the police came, and then it broke up.



Round 1

Presidential Debate



By David Yaseen

The first of three planned presidential debates took place last Sunday, October 11. In addition to Governor Bill Clinton and President George Bush, H. Ross Perot was given a podium as well. This was the first-ever presidential debate to feature three candidates. Jim Lehrer, of the McNeil-Lehrer News Hour, was the moderator. A panel of three journalists questioned the candidates. The format was as follows: One candidate, selected at random, was asked a question, for which he would be given two minutes to respond; the other two candidates would then be given one minute each for rebuttal. The exception to this was the first question, for which each candidate had two minutes to answer, and one minute to respond to the others. Finally, each would be given two minutes to make a closing statement.

It can safely be said that Ross Perot won the debate although by and large, it was a dry, passionless performance by all three participants. Perot scored several points against both of the other candidates, although for most of the debate, his aim was squarely at Bush, his record, and his policy proposals.

The first question went right to the heart of the confusion caused in the electorate by Ross Perot's presence in the presidential race. It asked, "What distinguishes you most from the other two candidates?" He responded that his candidacy did not spring from a pre-existing party organization, that his support was spontaneous and bottom up. "Their government doesn't come from the people, it comes *at* them," he said. He also said that his avoidance of attacking the other two candidates marked him as different.

For his answer, Clinton said that what distinguished him was that he was an agent of change, who would "depart from [both] trickle-down and tax-and-spend policies." He noted that Bush and his predecessor were in office for twelve years,

and that it obviously wasn't working. He said, "We must have the courage to change."

Bush responded to the question by saying that his experience in leadership was a crucial asset shared by neither Perot nor Clinton. He said also that his belief that "change for change's sake is wrong" is unique among the three.

Clinton, who rebutted first, said that experience wasn't everything, that values, judgment and record were also vitally

The second question, which went to President Bush, referred to the issue of character in a political campaign and the accusations against him of being like Sen. Joseph McCarthy by attacking the patriotism of political opponents. He responded by saying that it was not patriotism that he was attacking, but character. He said that he felt that "demonstrating, or organizing demonstrations, against your own country on foreign soil" was inexcusably wrong. He was evidently referring to the actions of Bill Clinton in England when he was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.

Perot was very sympathetic to Clinton and hostile to Bush in his rebuttal, saying that transgressions made when one was young were not very important, but that "mistakes made when one is an official of the government are on our ticket," and are subject to the people's approval.

Clinton scored a point for himself in his response to the president, saying that while Bush had called him unpatriotic, but that he honored the Republican's military ser-

and organization of demonstrations was a question of character, and that Clinton's actions were wrong. It seems that, by Bush's logic, some level of respect for the country or its policies is indispensable to one's good character.

Several economic questions were asked of the candidates, with Perot receiving the most enthusiastic response for his austere, budget-reduction plans, and his 'let's-sweep-away-all-the-crud-from-government' rhetoric. Clinton did well with the audience with his emphasis upon middle-class tax cuts and emphasis upon investment to help the economy. President Bush met largely with silence from the audience when he spoke of his economic agenda, including his "America 2000" plan. He made no memorable mistakes, though, and was not hurt by his performance in this subject area.

Perot was asked the questions "Now that the Cold War is over, what is the single biggest U.S. national interest?" and "What should be done to protect it?" He had three answers: First, we need a strong economy to be secure; second, we must help Russia and the rest of the former Soviet Union to "win its revolution;" and thirdly to neutralize the threat posed to the U.S. by the intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) that remain in those countries. He also said that our national security depends upon our manufacturing capabilities, because we may need to retool them in times of war.

Clinton's rebuttal was that we needed a smaller, more mobile military, and that we should "rebuild American strength at home," and "promote democracies" abroad. Bush's response was that the U.S. "is the envy of the world" both militarily and economically, and that he himself worked with Boris Yeltsin to draft an agreement to get rid of Soviet SS-18 ICBMs; that he *had* done something that would remove the threat of nuclear war.

However, in a later rebuttal Perot said

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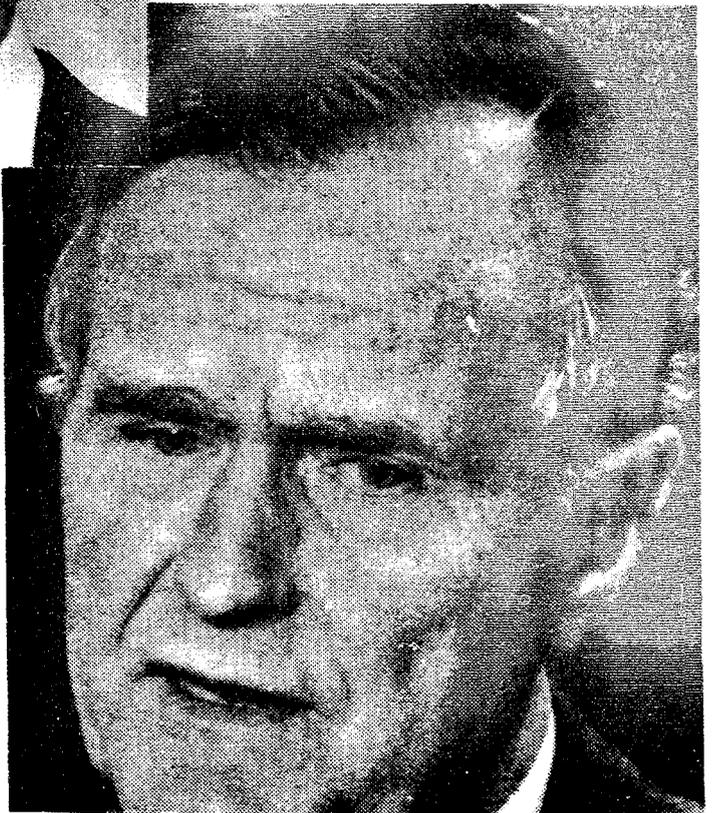
important characteristics for a leader to have. He also took the other side, referring to his 12-year tenure as Governor of Arkansas, and some of his accomplishments there. He mentioned that the current administration produced "twice as many bankruptcies as new jobs," and that we need investment for jobs and growth.

Bush quoted Clinton as having said, "The country's coming apart," and accused him of making the economy out to be worse than it actually is. His rationale for believing that the country's economic situation is not very bad was, "Hey, we're the U.S.A." He attributed the economy's current troubles to a "global slowdown," as opposed to federal fiscal mismanagement.

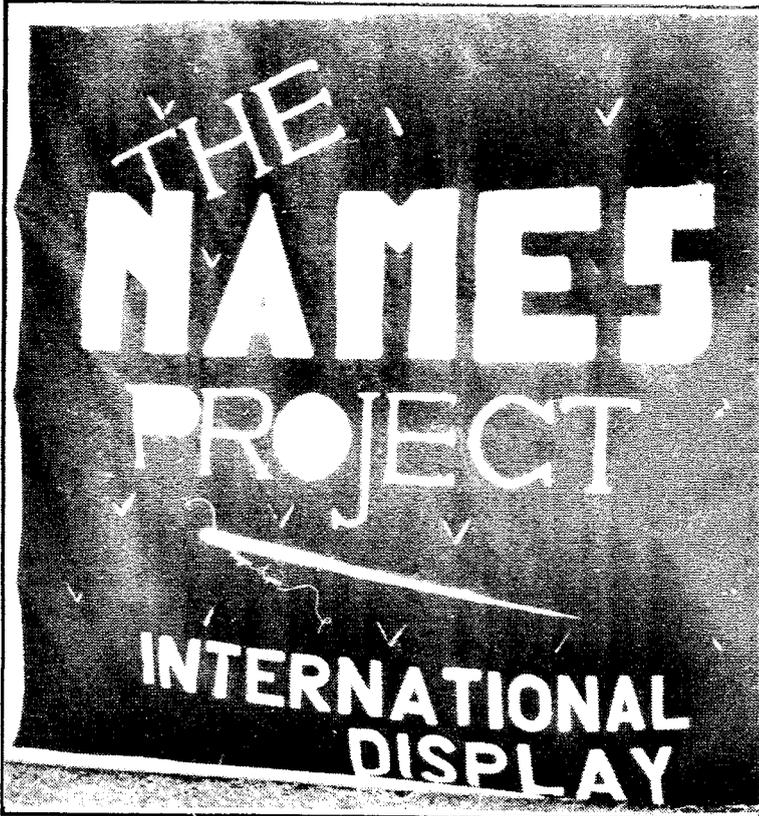
Perot scored his first point of the night with the quote in his rebuttal of the first question "Well, I don't have any experience in running up a \$4 trillion debt." The crowd roared.

vice, and that of all others who fought for the country. He went on to say that "McCarthy was wrong" to attack people's patriotism, but that "your father, Senator Prescott Bush, stood up against McCarthy."

Bush could not drop the subject, however. In a rebuttal to the next question, which was asked of Clinton on the subject of his tax plan, he repeated that his mention of Clinton's overseas demonstration



AIDS QUILT



By Dean Markadakis

It's been about six months since a portion of the Names Project AIDS Memorial Quilt was displayed at Stony Brook, and since then, something strange has been happening. The quilt has been growing — and rapidly. Actually, this is not an isolated phenomenon and certainly not Stony Brooks Fault, but a trend that has been occurring over the past several years. Let me explain: The Quilt is a memorial to lives lost to AIDS. It is composed of three-by-six-foot panels of fabric with various adornments and

usually the name of the person it memorializes sewn, stitched or painted onto it. The panels are the work of friends, families, and loved ones. They are sewn together to form larger 24-foot by 24-foot panels which are usually displayed adjacent to one another.

In 1987, when the entire quilt was displayed for the first time, it was composed of 1,920 panels. In 1988, this number grew to 8,288. By 1989, there were 10,800 panels. This past weekend, the quilt in its entirety was displayed on the National Mall in Washington, DC., with almost 21,000 panels that covered 361,000 square feet and, together with walkways, weigh about 30 tons. Though this number seems high, it is relatively insignificant considering it represents only about 12% of all US AIDS deaths, and only 3% of all AIDS deaths worldwide. There are approximately 2 million people currently infected with HIV (the virus that causes AIDS) and Long Island has more

people with HIV than any other suburban area in America. The panels come from all over the United States and the rest of the world. The Quilt was shipped to Washington from San Francisco, where it remains when it is not being displayed.

The weekend started on Friday with the unfolding and the opening ceremony. Throughout the weekend, volunteers read the names of 26,988 people who have died of AIDS. A candlelight vigil was held on Saturday evening at the Lincoln Memorial. Several celebrities attended including Liza Minelli, who was also leading the March. 50,000 people were expect-

ed to participate although it looked like almost 250,000 actually showed up. There were chants galore including, "3 more weeks," and, "Hate is not a family value," and several directed to the President and his wife directly like, "Hey hey, ho, ho, George Bush has got to go," and my personal favorite, "Free Barbara Bush," obviously referring to the fact that Mrs. Bush is a bit more compassionate than her husband but must warp her views publicly because of the upcoming election. The vigil was a success in every sense.

On Sunday, The AIDS Coalition To Unleash

"It represents only about 12% of all the US AIDS deaths, and only 3% of all AIDS deaths worldwide."

Power (ACT UP) sprinkled the ashes of people who have died of AIDS on the White House lawn as a final cry for help to the President. The weekend ended rather abruptly when rain began to fall at around 3:00 p.m. A Quilt coordinator asked that as many people as possible help to fold the panels and place them under plastic coverings that were close by for just this type of emergency. Within minutes, the quilt was folded, wrapped in plastic, and in the trucks waiting to be shipped back to San Francisco.

On Saturday, the Washington Area Gay/Lesbian Interfaith Alliance (WAGLIA) sponsored a day-long prayer vigil which represented nine different faiths. The first service sponsored by WAGLIA was held during Gay Pride day in 1985. This Saturday's vigil began at 7 a.m... and ended at 7 p.m. at Constitution Gardens at 17th street and Constitution Avenue across from the quilt display. There were services for gay Catholics, Jews, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Methodists, Orthodox Christians, and Quakers.

On Monday, ACT UP/DC sponsored a "Hands Across the White House" demonstration where about 4,000 people carried a red ribbon around the White House. Margaret Cantrell, a member of ACT UP/D.C. said, "We want everyone moved by the Quilt to bring their grief and anger directly to the White House." It was agreed upon beforehand that the demonstration would not include any civil disobedience, an activity which has made ACT UP notorious in New



Volunteers help protect Quilt panels from the rain.

COVERS D.C.



People of all ages, from every State and several countries went to see the Quilt this past weekend.

York and other parts of the country and the world.

Some people believe The Quilt is just propaganda which masks the real issues and prevents people from feeling the sort of compassion for the 2 million I actually think The Quilt is just the opposite. It gives names to the epidemic and makes the people who have died of AIDS human — not just statistics. It puts a value on each life that was lost and ensures that each person will be remembered for who he or she was and not just for the disease they died from.

There is not enough being done to help end this crisis, certainly not on this campus, and definitely not enough mention of the epidemic in this year's presidential election campaigns. There is not enough education in schools or in homes. Many schools refuse to teach sex and AIDS education and actually have the indecency to call it a moral problem and cite passages from The Bible in support of their arguments. Many people today still feel that AIDS is a "gay disease" and that somehow everyone else is immune to it. Still others believe it is God's punishment for an immoral society where homosexuality and fornication have run rampant. These people really can't be let off the hook, because the more mothers and fathers there are that feel this way, the more children there are that will grow up sharing these views.

What it comes down to is this: we know we have this epidemic on our hands, and we know it's killing people in ridiculous numbers. Why don't we all shut up, stop trying to figure out what it is, who sent it, why it's here, etc.. and actually try to do something constructive, like when we hear someone make a stupid comment about AIDS, stand up and say something! I walked into a quaint little gift shop in Austin, Texas this past summer and actually stumbled upon a bumper sticker that read, "AIDS CURES FAGS." Think about what we're doing to people. Think about how a PWA

(Person With AIDS) feels when he or she reads that bumper sticker. We can't let things like this pass us without saying anything. I regret not going back into that store and scolding (or killing — well, just maiming one of those nifty little stickers (no, I didn't give the bastards money, I stole it) and showed it to everyone I know making sure they realized the profanity of it.

The Quilt is a better way of achieving the goal, however. If you haven't seen it, SEE IT. If you can't see it, read about it. If you can't read, go to Blockbuster and rent a documentary about it. If you know someone who has died of AIDS, make a panel

for him or her. It's not just a way of memorializing that person, but also a way of coping with the loss. No matter what each of us decides to do or how we decide to contribute to the cause, the one thing we

SILENCE=DEATH



Friends and relatives sign the main panel.

Scare Tactics Don't Work

The abortion debate rages on. Both sides are coming out to fight for what they believe are their rights, their own or those of "unborn children." This battle finally found its way to the Stony Brook campus last week when pro-life demonstrators showed up in the Union with a film and other slightly distorted "facts" about abortion.

They used their usual scare tactics: they showed a film on what a "typical" abortion looks like, and fired off at will "facts" such as "they rip the baby's head off," "how'd you like to be torn limb from limb" and other such nonsensical ravings. The pro-life movement, along with bombing abortion clinics, another of their favorite hobbies, is good at trying to enforce its belief system, especially due to their much-emphasized ties to some Christian religions.

The reality behind abortion is that it is a personal choice. It should be the right of every woman to make the decision on

whether they choose to have an abortion, and not the decision of the federal government. It has nothing to do with life or death—that of a fetus or human being. An unborn child is a part of its mother's body, like an appendix or any other mass of tissue. We cannot judge what is right by what we see.

The problem with these scare tactics is not their effectiveness, which is slight, but the disgusting spectacle that they make of human beings in their actions. The idea of making abortion illegal is flawed; women who wish to have abortions will have them regardless of what anyone, including the law, says or does. Would the "pro-lifers" rather that women died in back allies while having un-safe, illegal, abortions as they did before Roe v. Wade? Or maybe those women deserved to die, like the women who died when bombs exploded in the abortion clinics? Is this God's will they are carrying out? Not only are they making the rest of us sick, but in the process they are making Christ and

Christianity look bad.

If one does not believe in abortion, that is fine. But they should not try to ban others from what they feel is perfectly normal. In this country one has the right to *not* have an abortion she does not want.

Church and state should always stay separate. If the church wants a voice in government, then they better start paying taxes.

Abortion is not a new invention. It has been practiced all over the world for thousands of years by countless women. They all had their reasons and their methods. The only things that have changed is that it happens to be safer now and more political than before.

Women have the right to control their own reproductive abilities. People on both sides of the issue should unite and begin to fight the power structure that is and has been oppressing them for countless centuries and leave abortion where it belongs—with women and their doctors.

Letters

Death by Bureaucracy



Dear Editor,

The Red Balloon Collective has been leading a drive to bring former Black Panther Dhuruba Bin Wahad to campus. Dhuruba was in the New York City Black Panther Party. At the time, the FBI and the NYPD went after the leadership

of the party. They trumped up charges against them, stating that they conspired to blow up department stores in New York. The trial became known as the Panther 21 trial. It was the longest criminal trial in NYC history. The jury took less than an hour to acquit all of the defendants.

Dhuruba was one of the acquitted defendants. Shortly afterwards, two cops defending the home of then Manhattan D.A. Frank Hogan, were shot at and wounded. The Black Liberation Army (BLA), claimed responsibility for the attack. The Authorities made Dhuruba a prime suspect because of his leadership in the Panthers, which made him a prime target for government neutralization. The police and the FBI coerced false testimony against Dhuruba and suppressed a 3000 page volume of evidence that exonerated Dhuruba from the shooting.

He was forced to spend 19 years in prison as a political prisoner in the United States. After a long legal battle he was finally released in 1990. In an unprecedented move, New York state's highest court, the Court of Appeals, changed a long standing legal precedent that states that convictions are automatically overturned if the prosecution withholds evidence. Now the New York courts reward D.A.'s for withholding evidence by placing the burden of proof on defendants to prove that there is a "reasonable possibility" that the withheld evidence would affect the verdict. "Reasonable responsibility" means whatever the pigs say it means.

Enter the odyssey that Red Balloon has been on due to the Bureaucrats from hell

that many Stony Brookers have become all-too-familiar with. We have had two fundraisers at the Fannie Brice theater canceled on us. I've been organizing events at the Fannie Brice Theater for 3 years and I have never had a problem getting that space for events. It's not just me that's having these problems. The Musicians Collective stopped having its meetings there because of the out-of-control bureaucrats. One person from the Lesbian Gay Bisexual Alliance (LGBA) said that the new Quad Director over there is a "real fuckin' bitch" and went on to say that LGBA has been a very good regular customer of the theater, and that now they're getting a bureaucratic hassle.

On the Student Activities side, a high-ranking official in the Faculty Student Association (FSA) told me that the people there are incompetent. Here is an episode that happened to us: We had a meeting with Cheryl Chambers to work out some problems. We received a call canceling the meeting. Afterward, Ms. Chambers was upset that we had stood her up. Someone is playing games with us.

Over the past few years, the Administration has been putting more and more red tape in the way of students who try to make things happen on this campus. It's at the point now that in order to organize an event on campus you need a lawyer. The result is that the campus has become more bureaucratic, colder and quieter. We need to view this as a battle between students and bureaucrats; we need to take back this campus (By any means necessary). We need a

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militant response to knock out these smug paper-pushers who are stifling this campus. And if they don't like it, they can suck my 7" hot throbbing cock. Maybe what we need is a bureaucratic neutron bomb that leaves the buildings and cool people intact.

Since two fundraisers for Dhuruba were cancelled, you can help raise the honorarium by sending checks or money orders to Dhuruba Bin Wahad or the Committee to Free Black Political Prisoners in the U.S. to Red Balloon Collective, 199 Rt. 25A, Setauket NY 11733

—Robert Garvey Markus

All
handwritten
letters
and
viewpoints
will
be
burned.

Along the Color Line...

Rich Schools vs. Poor Schools

By Dr. Manning Marable

Four years ago, George Bush promised the American people that he would become "the education president." Bush's Education Secretary Lamar Alexander likes to boast that the U.S. spends a "significant" amount of its national wealth on public schools. Yet in reality, for twelve years the Reagan-Bush administrations have waged warfare against the promise of educational equality. The chief casualties in this assault against public schools are minorities and the poor.

First, let's separate Bush's educational polemics from actual programs. According to a recent report of the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, U.S. spending for education lags behind the majority of Western industrial nations. Out of twenty industrial countries, the U.S. ranks only thirteenth in its per capita public spending for education. Smaller countries like The Netherlands, Norway, and Denmark invest far more in their schools than we do. Children in Japan attend school nearly sixty more days each year than their American counterparts, and score much higher than American young people at all ages in math and science. Japanese schools have a dropout rate of only 10 percent, compared to 27 percent in the U.S.

The deepest chasm of educational inequality separates America's largest urban school systems from the more privileged, elitist schools in the suburbs. According to a recent study by the Council for Great City Schools, the forty-seven largest urban school districts spend about \$5,200 per pupil, which is nearly one

thousand dollars less than suburban schools spend per student. But what's even more significant than the difference in funding levels, is how these monies are allocated and the racial and class profile of the students who are being served.

These forty-seven large school systems are all located in cities with more than 250,000 people. These school systems have disproportionately large populations of color, and many students with special needs. These schools are responsible for only 13 percent of the nation's total school enrollment, but they have 32 percent of all Latino children and 37 percent of all African-American students. They also have 25 percent of all children living below the federal government's poverty line, and 32 percent of all students with limited English ability. Such schools must siphon greater funds for health services, instruction in the English language, and remedial educational programs than suburban schools. Less money is left over for teachers' salaries, textbooks, libraries, new equipment, and computers.

By contrast, suburban schools not only have more money to spend, but they are able to allocate their resources more generously for the tools which make learning possible. They spend \$506 per student more than large city schools on classroom instruction, and especially on books and reference works.

Why has the Bush administration done so little to close the fiscal disparity between struggling urban schools with deteriorating tax bases, and the comfortable suburban schools, which draw their students from the middle and upper classes? There's no question that

race is a major reason for these differences. Less than one in four students who currently attend large urban school districts are white. The forty seven largest city schools only educate five percent of the country's white children. Perhaps this is the reason that Bush can ignore the fact that less than 40 percent of urban students who now enter junior year have passed basic algebra. If one's racial politics include Willie Horton and bashing affirmative action, it is not surprising that the Bush agenda is "color blind" to the educational difficulties of the inner city.

Education is one of the few bridges which exists that can help to lead people from poverty, homelessness and illiteracy to the promise of a better life. We need to broaden that bridge with massive federal initiatives, which can improve the quality of ghetto schools, giving millions of Black, Latino, and Asian-American youth a better chance for opportunity and equality.

Dr. Manning Marable is Professor of Political Science and History at the University of Colorado, Boulder. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 250 publications, and is broadcast by more than 60 radio stations internationally.

Viewpoint

Olympic Politics

By William J. Muller III

I am a fan of professional sports who has been deprived of expressing paramount patriotic pride. I have been prevented from basking in a red, white, and blue afterglow of nation-state supremacy in the greatest of corporation-created nationalistic Super Bowls, namely the Olympics.

Now some romantics are naive enough to argue that the Olympics are not for the glory of the country, but then why, dear readers, are athletes considered representatives of their homelands? Thankfully the original Greek tradition of athletes competing for individual honor and nobility has been exterminated.

I have been denied the pleasure of seeing our sneaker-company-supported athletes vanquish in immortal athletic combat the athletes of rival nations. Who is most responsible for this grotesque situation, you ask? Why it has been the collective foreign policy of our last two presidents, Ronald Reagan and George Bush. These two men, or should I say fiends, being intoxicated with hubris, have selfishly removed American antagonists by diplomatic initiatives rather than by the beauty of using the battlefield on the playing field.

Who doesn't remember with instant gratification how in 1980 our hockey team looked directly into the eyes of those wearing the initials C.C.C.P. on

their uniforms only to have those Soviet Reds blink. What could have been an everlasting and honorable rivalry between the free West and the oppressed East, in the spirit and tradition of those ancient adversaries Athens and Sparta, was squashed by the stubborn shortsightedness of both Reagan and Bush.

When they arrived in office twelve years ago, they correctly perceived the inequality, in the favor of the Soviets, of the comprehensive medal total of each country. They cavalierly ignored this situation and addressed a supposed military imbalance. Not only did this not solve the problem of the gargantuan gold medal gap, but the increased military spending led directly to the elimination of a prestigious Olympic rival. Sure the Smithsonian received a chunk of the Berlin Wall, but we are precluded from watching with rapture Michael Jordan slam-dunking in the face of Robert Russian.

There are those apologists who absolve Reagan and Bush from blame for their role in the downfall of the Soviet empire. They argue that the end was an inevitability and that Reagan and Bush are not at fault. To them I will prove then that it was George Bush's incompetence that prevented the rise of a successor to the Soviet Bloc. He alone had a chance to ensure a successful Olympiad for a millennium and he alone let it slip through his fingers.

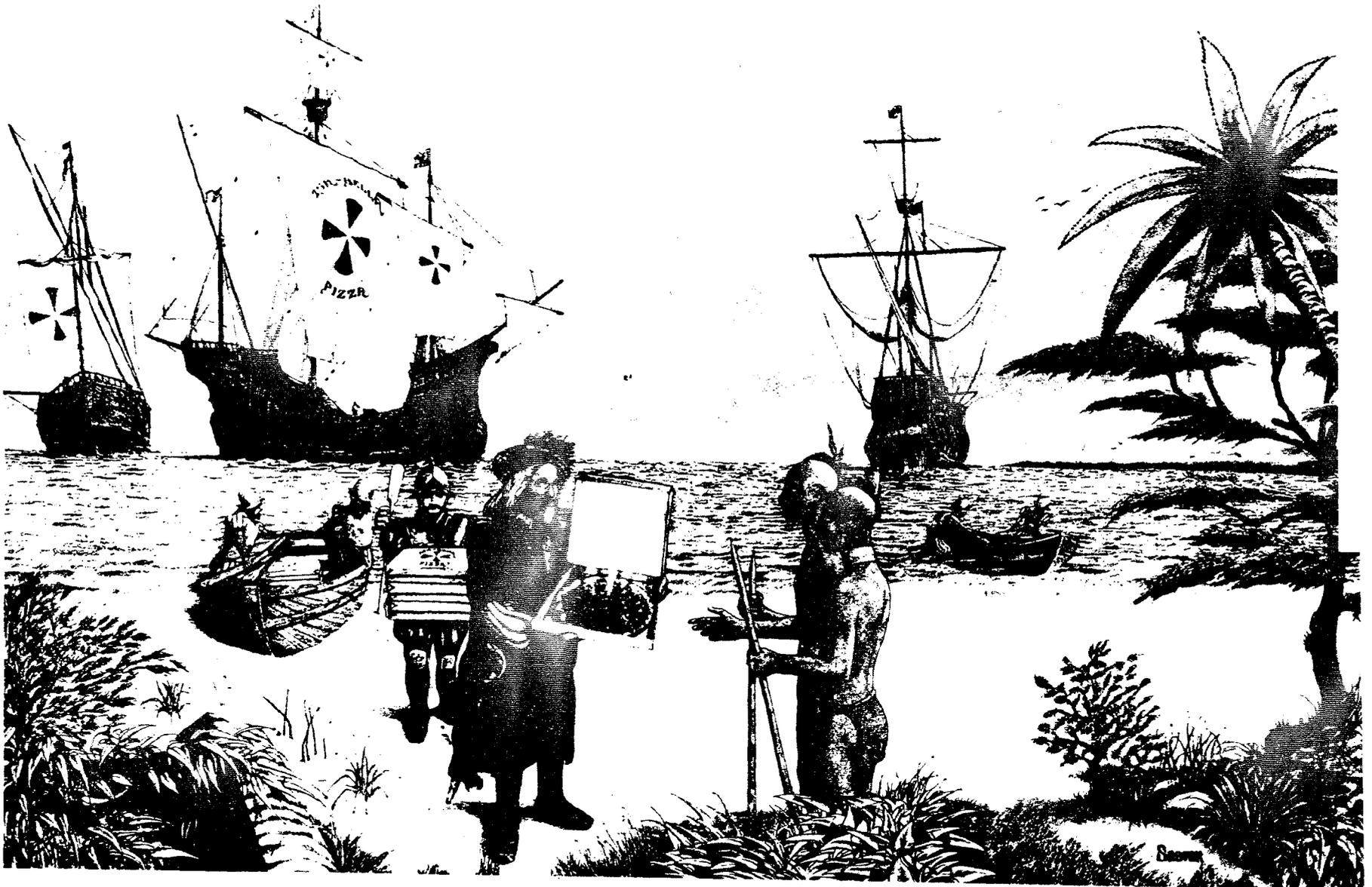
George Bush refused to allow Iraq's invasion of Kuwait to stand. An incredible opportunity lost!! Imagine if Iraq controlled 40% of the world's oil supply. This would have allowed them to cause the price of oil to rise beyond market levels. Not only would this result in an increase in resentment toward Iraq on the part of Americans paying two dollars for a gallon of gas while waiting in long lines for the privilege, but the profits received would have allowed Iraq to expand its military and Olympic athletic training. So in one country we have the three essential elements necessary to be an Olympic rival: money to train competent athletes, American insecurity, and American resentment. But all this was prevented by George Bush's egotism and superciliousness which caused him to organize a successful allied invasion.

Now that we have demonstrated the

problem and also proved the guilt of those responsible, we must now present a solution. That is to elect Bill Clinton. First of all, I am sure that he will take a personal interest in our female athletes. Secondly, he has supported the bombing of Yugoslavia which would eventually plunge the United States into a civil war which it cannot win. This is important because it will allow the Yugoslavians to become an Olympic rival since they already have training facilities and we will resent them because we spilled our blood on their soil for naught. Finally, Clinton is a Democrat, and if they were in charge of foreign policy for the last twelve years we would still have the Soviet Bloc intact and the emergence of another superpower in the form of Iraq. A vote for Clinton is a vote for the future possibility of a glorious Olympic moment.

The next issue of
The Press will
be on October 28

Rediscovering Columbus



COLUMBUS LANDING

Yahoo Fo' Columbus by Mised Youth On A Horse

Was Columbus a Jew,
or was he a gnu-
nobody knows 'bout Columbus.
Was he a white god
or just a white dog,
did he smell like Dan Quayle to those Indians?
Indians-there's an error in geography.
Go west, young man-
if you hit China, let me know.
Yahoo fo' Columbus-
he had three ships,
more than I got,
and sailed the ocean blue.
He didn't prove the Earth was round,
didn't like a face that was brown'd,
wasn't quite the Renaissance man...
nobody knows 'bout Columbus.
I know Columbus.
I saw him the other day in his three-piece suit
and Aryan profile,
buying up homes in Harlem and grabbing Alaskan
hunting grounds-
new frontier for him,
places of memory for them.
Our friends.
Yahoo fo' Columbus.

The Lord Of The Plains

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

The plains...the plains.
Wide and infinite flat rolling grasslands rippling green and
gold
so beautiful, once there were buffalo here.
The shaggy brown bounty, a forever moving carpet of moo
and ma,
beef on the hoof, motherfucking buffalo,
the plains not big enough for you and the Commanche, Lord
Of The Plains.
We take you with arrows, we honor your spirit.
We live in your skins and internalize your hearts;
we are the Commanche, the Sioux, the Kiowa and the Cree,
the Crow, the Blackfoot, Lakota and all brave warriors
we shall live forever as The Plains, the buffalo and the cry
of the wolf.
Then we saw one white stranger, then two, then twenty-
motherfucking white men, the plains aren't big enough for
the both of us
but somehow you got them
you didn't play fair
You dirtied the plains with your cities, your waste dumps,
your nuclear testing sites that you make us work on.
It's too hot for you, white man.
We shall stay here while you die off from cancers
and the plains will be forever flat
due to The Lord Of The Plains.

Re(dis)cover America: A Multi-Ethnic Point Of View In 1992



An essay by Xilao Li

The fact is that it is a myth that Columbus discovered America. To describe his landing on the West Indies as "discovery" rendered the Native Americans invisible. Nevertheless the historic event is celebrated year after year and now the quincentennial is here. It is time for people inhabiting the continent, both the descendants of the invaders and invaded, the enslavers and the enslaved, the aborigines, pioneers and late arrivals of both European and non-European racial and cultural origins to mark this 500th anniversary in a different way than the stereotyped triumphalist fanfare and probe the real meaning of the epochal event from a pluralistic perspective.

Since the American Revolution, in American literature Columbus has been looked upon as a heroic figure of significance, heroic and visionary. America proudly and poetically identifies herself with him as "Columbia". Yet a different voice of protest was also heard from time to time, a voice coming from American ethnic groups. They tried to tell the other side of the story of Columbus' "discovery" of the New World, calling for a need to rediscover and recover a multi-ethnic and multi-cultural America. In her famous novel *Ceremony*, Leslie Marmon Silko expresses the native people's feelings about the wrongs and injustices done to them subsequent of the arrival of the Europeans: "Indians wake up every morning of their lives to see that land which was stolen, still there within reach, its theft being flaunted. And the desire is strong to make things right, to take back what was stolen and to stop them from destroying what they have taken."

Another Native American poet Wendy Rose reminds us that for Native Americans this is a time of mourning because, among other reasons, the new diseases alone which had been brought by the Europeans such as smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, etc., destroyed almost all the native human life on the islands of Columbus' landfall within one generation!-and accounted for over 70% of the depopulation of the native people in North America by the beginning of this century.

Alice Walker's heroines of the novel *The Color Purple* understand best what it meant to be a slave and the connection of the subjugation of the native peoples to Columbus. Celie wrote in her letter to God, "The way you know who discover America, Nettie say, is think about cucumbers. That's what Columbus sounds like. I learned all about Columbus in first grade, but it looks like he's the first thing I forgot. She say's Columbus came here in boats called the Neater, the Peter, and the Santomareater. Indians were so nice to him he forced a bunch of 'em back home with him to wait on the queen." There was a Black poet, though, who could only parrot what he had been taught in school. Paul Lawrence Dunbar so sang the trite "Columbian Ode": "The place that nurtured men of savage mien/ now teems with men of Nature's noblest types; / Where moved the forest-foilage banner green, / Now flutters in the breeze the stars and stripes!" But Black people cannot forget the linkage of Columbus to the forcible capture of the Africans to serve as substitute slave labor for the former native population. They cannot forget the linkage of Columbus' voyages to the notorious, horrendous, Middle Passage travail. Looking at a map of America on the wall, Ralph Ellison's



Invisible Man cannot help laughing at Columbus. All his curses are expressed in his utterance "What an India he'd found!" Ishmael Reed vehemently condemned the destruction of native civilizations as a result of this "discovery". He said when European soldiers, their Christian front men and "explorers" entered South America, the Inca and Aztec nations were divided and conquered. Interestingly, while Ellison believed that a real democratic America "remains to be discovered", Ishmael Reed insisted that the presence of Africans predated Columbus. He told us that the ancestors of the Black people engaged in trade and cultural exchange as evidenced by ancient African vases unearthed in the Virgin Islands in 1976. Reed proclaimed that the Olmec Negro people were in South America "at least three thousand years". Small wonder that Reed established the Before Columbus Foundation. His vision of America, and American literature is one that is Native American, Anglo-Saxon, African-American, Chicano, Chinese, Yiddish, multicolored, multivocal, and multicultural. To him America is "unique in the world: the world is here."

Leo Romero, a Chicano poet wrote "I Too,

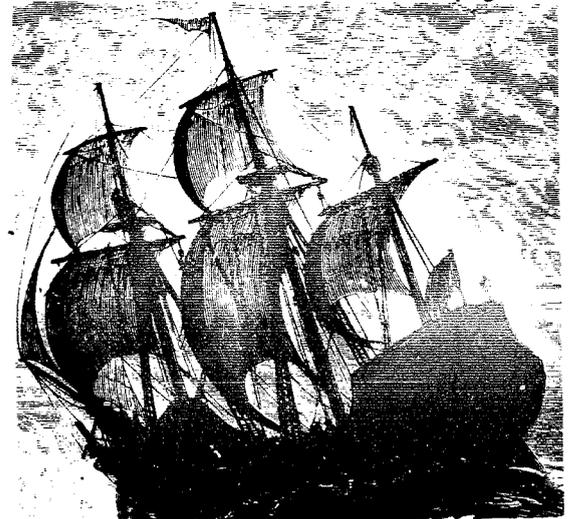
America." The poem contends that America does not mean only "blue eyes and blond hair...America from England...Protestant America...pilgrims...and Lincoln on every penny," it also belongs to the Chicanos: "America I too/ live on this continent/ and in this country/ I too am an American/ and my eyes are brown and my hair/ obsidian black."

Asian-Americans seemed to be latecomers to the New World, but Maxine Hong Kingston's *China Men* begins with a story about a Chinese named Tang Ao who visited America long before Columbus. Some sinologists believed a Chinese monk had voyaged to North America in the 5th century(!) What Kingston tried to do in her work is to recapture in an imaginative way the history of the Chinese American experience since the 1840's. The Chinese pioneers crossed the Pacific Ocean to come to the "Land of Gold Mountains," and made monumental contributions to the development of the American West, building the first transcontinental railroad, reclaiming farmlands and so on. However, they were always discriminated against as eternal "pagans," and unassimilable "aliens." By projecting the presence of the Chinese in America a millenium ahead of Columbus, Kingston lends legitimacy to the Chinese-American's claim to a Chinese America.

The hero of her novel *Tripmaster Monkey*, a fifth generation Chinese-American, argues, "We've been here all this time, before Columbus," and announces, "I am deeply, indigenously here. And my mother and father are indigenous, and most of my grandparents and great-grandparents, indigenous. Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden state...more than California, the entire U.S.A.—ours."

Jewish Americans have all the reasons to lay claim to America, as early as Columbus, as much as any Christian Americans. From the very beginning of his preparations for the voyage in Spain, Columbus was helped by Jews. Some converted (from Judaism to Christianity) courtiers were instrumental in procuring for him support from King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. It was said that Columbus used maps produced by a Jewish professor at the University of Salamanca, and by his Almanac. Some even suspected that Columbus himself might have been of distant converted Jewish descent. Actually, there were conversos in the Admiral's successive crews and among the conquistadores. Despite the Queen's decree to bar the Jews from immigrating to the Spanish Indies, an unknown number of Jews and conversos followed in

Continued on page 10



'Debate' continued from page 3

that, as long as any ICBMs are still in existence, and there was the potential for them to be sold or used, the agreements made by the Bush Administration are worthless.

President Bush was asked about Magic Johnson's resignation from his National AIDS Task Force, and about the criticism his administration has received for its performance on the AIDS issue in general. His answer was that "we've doubled the AIDS budget," and that the Bush Administration has done much to get treatment to the sick and to find a cure. It was as if he did not recognize that many people feel that his actions have been insufficient, or that they could be improved at all. He then referred to the fact that Mary Fisher, the HIV-positive woman who had passionately addressed the Republican National Convention, had taken Johnson's place, and that we would see some action out of her.

One of the big features of the debate was the rekindling in this presidential campaign of the drug issue. The question was put to Bush: Since the war on drugs seems

not to be working too well, and there have been proposals (most notably from William F. Buckley, Jr.) to legalize illicit drugs, could U.S. policy benefit from the enactment of such a proposal, or from a shift in that direction? The president gave his usual unequivocal "no," and listed all of the things he was doing to win the war on drugs through "better" interdiction and increased funding for anti-drug programs.

In his rebuttal, Perot's "no" was even more unequivocal, and in his speech, he hinted that some pretty draconian measures may be necessary to win against the "chemical warfare" waged upon us by drugs. Clinton also responded strongly in the negative. He mentioned having held crack babies and the fact that his brother is a recovering addict. He said that if drugs had been legal his brother would have died by now. He also proposed some form of "boot camp for first-time nonviolent offenders," and said that a crime bill would be among his first priorities as President.

Probably the most difficult question was given to President Bush: "How can you watch [the events] in Bosnia...and

Somalia, and not use U.S. military force" to help the citizens of those countries?" He did not handle it very well, especially for an incumbent who is campaigning on a foreign-policy record that includes two major military commitments on foreign soil. He said he had learned a lesson from Vietnam, and that was not to commit the military to any endeavor in which victory was not certain. He mentioned all of the things he had done with the cooperation of Europe to get humanitarian aid to both countries, and the lobbying the U.S. had done in the United Nations. It is common knowledge, however, that very little has been done by the federal government to help these countries. The quote that epitomizes Bush's response, and which was repeated often in the debate is "I'm concerned."

Perot's closing statement came first. He said that he loves this country, and does not want to see it in bad shape because Washington has "lost touch with the American people." He continued that the economic situation here was such that "time is not our friend," and that it is now time to do something about it. "I'm doing

this for your children," he said. He said that we (the government) owe something to the old people that lived through the Depression and fought World War II, and that the greatest repayment would be to recreate the American dream for their descendants.

Clinton followed with a curious speech that was reminiscent more of an Academy Awards speech than a presidential debate. It thanked everyone imaginable, from working people to the military, as if he had already won the election. He said that we had to "bring this country together again," and repeated the mantra, "we need the courage to change."

Bush's closing speech came last, and in it he emphasized the fact of his presidency, saying that it is difficult to know what it is like to be President, because one must make "tough calls" and not waver in one's resolution. He mentioned the 'winning' of the Cold War, saying that now everyone in the former Communist Bloc is free, that we won in the Persian Gulf, and that there were peace talks taking place in the Middle East. He ended with "I hope I've earned your trust."

'Columbus' continued from page 9

the explorer's wake.

Emma Lazarus, the Jewish-American poet immortalized by her verse lines inscribed on the Statue of Liberty, wrote the poem "1492" to commemorate a fateful year which witnessed both the persecution of Jews in Spain and the unveiling of a "virgin" world that would nourish the downtrodden. Hundreds of thousands of Jews were expelled from Spain. The New World naturally appealed to them for emancipation, freedom, wealth, and glory. But Columbus' "discovery" did not provide ready deliverance. A "secret" Jew who had been accused of practicing Judaism was burned at the stake in the New World in 1528 and a number of other burnings followed in the 17th century. As early as 1654, some fugitive Jews from Brazil audaciously braved the waters and ventured north into Manhattan Island and formed the nucleus of the first Jewish community in North America among the Dutch community. For a long time, however, Jews were denied franchise and public office.

Large numbers of Jews migrated to America since the 19th century. Poverty-stricken and persecuted in Russia and Europe, the newly-arrived Jews imagined themselves to be latter-day Columbus'. Levinsky, the protagonist of Abraham Cahan's novel describes their ecstatic experience: "When the discoverers of America saw land at last they fell on their knees and a hymn of thanksgiving burst from their souls." Quite soon they became disillusioned and demoralized, however. The anger and frustration were frequently found in an old Yiddish curse: *A klug tsu Kalumbusn* (A curse on Columbus!). Michael Gold, author of *Jews Without Money*, recorded the complaint of his father who had dreamed of a golden American life but found himself a wretched fruit peddler:

"A curse on Columbus! A curse on America, the thief! It is the land where the lice make fortunes, and the good men starve!" In Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*, Genya, the wife, upon her arrival on the "vast incredible land, the land of freedom, of immense opportunity, that Golden Land," to rejoin her husband Albert, knew immediately that America had changed Albert, "You must have suffered in this land. You never wrote me. You're thin. Ach! Then here in the new land is the same old poverty. You've gone without food. I can see it. You've changed." And it is with a double-edged meaning that Philip Roth used for the title of his novel, *Goodbye, Columbus* (1959).

"A curse on Columbus" thus became a motif in Jewish-American literature as well as in immigrant and ethnic literature in general. That curse will not be lifted unless the satirical yet clairvoyant lesson of Washington Irving's be heeded. Nearly two hundred years ago, in his *A History of New York*, the ostensibly eccentric historian Diedrich Knickerbocker was one day struck by a mighty question: "What right had the first discoverers to land, and take possession of a country, without asking the consent of its inhabitants, or yielding them an adequate compensation for their territory?" His troubled conscience seemed to be calmed by the logic of eurocentrism and American chauvinism: by right of discovery which was inhabited not by human beings but by a "two-legged race of animals" whose color of skin was a "hideous copper complexion"—"all the same is if they were negro, and negroes are black, and black is the color of the Devil!" By right of cultivation, that is introducing them to "rum, gin, and brandy, and the smallpox," and "knowledge, refinement, knavery, debauchery," so they "learned to cheat, to lie, to swear, to

gamble, to quarrel, to cut each other's throat;" to induce these "infidel savages" to embrace the Christian faith for "temporal comfort and eternal salvation;" lastly by right of might, "the RIGHT BY EXTERMINATION...the RIGHT BY GUNPOWDER" (caps mine).

No sooner had this question been put to the rout than the historian was overwhelmed by the prospect by the prospect of "a parallel case." He supposed that the inhabitants of the moon, somehow, by astonishing advancement in science, in the course of an aerial voyage of discovery among the stars, should chance to alight upon this outlandish planet of ours, and use the same means as the European explorers used on the Indians to "civilize" the globe. The visitors from the moon are abhorred by the "utter heretics, ignoramuses and barbarians of the earth who are totally destitute of the common attributes of humanity." The accusations are, among other things, that we carry their heads upon our shoulders instead of under arms, we have two eyes instead of one, we are utterly destitute of tails, and have a variety of unseemly complexions, particularly of a horrible whiteness, whereas all the inhabitants of the moon are pea green—we the miserable savages have sunk ourselves into a state of the utmost ignorance and depravity because every man lives shamelessly with his own wife and rears his own children, instead of indulging in the community of wives enjoined by the law of nature. So the super race is authorized and commanded by their "puissant man" to seize upon our fertile territories, scourge us from our rightful possession, introduce among us "the light of reason, [and] the comforts of the moon," treat us to "mouthfuls of moonshine and draughts of nitrous oxide, to instill in us the precepts of lunar Philosophy." They

would force us to renounce "the contemptible shackles of religion and common sense." Should we dare complain or refuse to accept their terms, they shall resort to their superior powers of argument—to transfix us with concentrated sunbeams and demolish our cities with moonstones, or drive us to exist in the deserts and frozen regions there (on the moon) to "enjoy the blessings of civilization and the charms of lunar philosophy!"

This is no laughing matter at all. If we, as the inhabitants on this earth do not wish to let those "superlunatics" discover our planet and entitle themselves to our domination, we'd better hurry. We must adopt a pluralistic New World View and rediscover the meaning of living on this tiny globe and work out our common destiny. "Columbia" will be glorified only when America becomes America again as Langston Hughes appealed to all Americans in his poem: "I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,/ I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars./ I am the red man driven from the land,/ I am the immigrant.../ Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—/ Let it be that great strong land of love."

Such an America was also envisioned by Walt Whitman, who sailed a spiritual voyage to the ultimate truth in his poem "Passage to India," and wished that Columbus' dream would be eventually verified with the continents joining hands, and people of different races becoming sisters and brothers. A real America, multi-ethnic, multicultural, a "nation of teeming nations" will be rediscovered and recovered.

Xilao Li is a graduate student in the English Department at the University at Stony Brook.

A Review Of Alternate Presidents, As Well As A Review Of Guernica Night

by John "JAM" Madonia

Another presidential election is drawing close, and the excitement of who is going to be our next president is drawing to its inevitable conclusion. But what if, in fact, it wasn't inevitable? Imagine if we could go back to a presidential race and see Abraham Lincoln lose to Stephen A. Douglas. What effect would this have had on our country? What would have happened to these men?

In an anthology edited by Mike Resnick called Alternate Presidents, we are given just that opportunity. To start off we see George Washington losing out to Benjamin Franklin in a story called "The Father Of His Country", by Jody Lynn Nye. The tale is told as it would have been recorded by the rather dry John Adams regarding the activities of the older, yet more vivacious and spirited, Ben Franklin.

This is only the first of twenty-eight such stories that take a look at a particular election year and follow days, weeks, years, or sometimes even decades later to see what would have happened if the other presidential candidates had won. Another interesting story was called "Bull Moose At Bay" (by the anthology's editor, Mike Resnick) which looks at the 1912 presidential election. During that election Theodore Roosevelt, dissatisfied with the way William Howard Taft was running the country (Taft being his successor picked by the Republican Party after Roosevelt left office in 1908), decided to run as the candidate for the Bull Moose Party in 1912. Roosevelt was shot and injured during the campaign, and by the time he recovered it was already too late. What if the bullet had missed? In "Bull Moose At Bay", Mike Resnick looks at Roosevelt's last days in office during his second presidency. Roosevelt considers how he would probably lose his next election because he could not receive the votes of the people he went out of his way to protect the most, since women and minorities were not allowed to vote.

In 1860 with "Lincoln's Charge" by Bill Fawcett, Lincoln loses to Stephan Douglas and must become a general to serve the Union. The melancholy that struck the actual Lincoln in life is present and manifests itself upon the battlefield where Lincoln must witness the men under his command falling to the Confederate troops' bullets. As with a number of the other stories, there is a look at the strengths and weaknesses of the men made into legends by the presidency.

Other stories look at what might have happened if John F. Kennedy had lost to Richard Nixon in 1960. In real life Kennedy only won by 120,000 votes out of a total of 69,000,000 votes cast. Writer Barry Malzberg looks at what might have cost JFK the election in a look at the seamier side of politics in "Heavy Metal".

What if JFK's brother Bobby had made it to the Democratic National Convention in 1968, probably one of the more explosive periods in recent U.S. history? Pat Cadigan's "Dispatches From The Revolution" describes more literal explosions in very paranoid times, from Lyndon Johnson holed up in the White House to the brutality of Mayor Daley's police. This is one of the more extreme stories, because once the events unfold the presidency as we know it no longer exists.

There are twenty-eight stories, some with positive outcomes and some with negative ones, so most attitudes and views are covered. While sold as a science fiction collection, only the final story in the anthology, "Dukakis And The Aliens" by I-CON XI guest Robert Shekley, has the funny and strange trappings of science fiction.

There is even a surrealistic story, "Fellow American" by Eileen Gunn, where Barry Goldwater wins the election in 1964 and people are watching a show with Richard Nixon and Ed McMahon called "Tricky Dicky" instead of Johnny Carson. The scene where Nixon (who never goes beyond Eisenhower's vice president in the story) is sitting in a hot tub nude with

Dan and Marilyn Quayle presents a pretty good example of how far into fantasy this story goes. Is it all fantasy? Who knows—maybe there are alternate dimensions where Richard Nixon is a television star and um—well—um...(to paraphrase Dan Quayle).

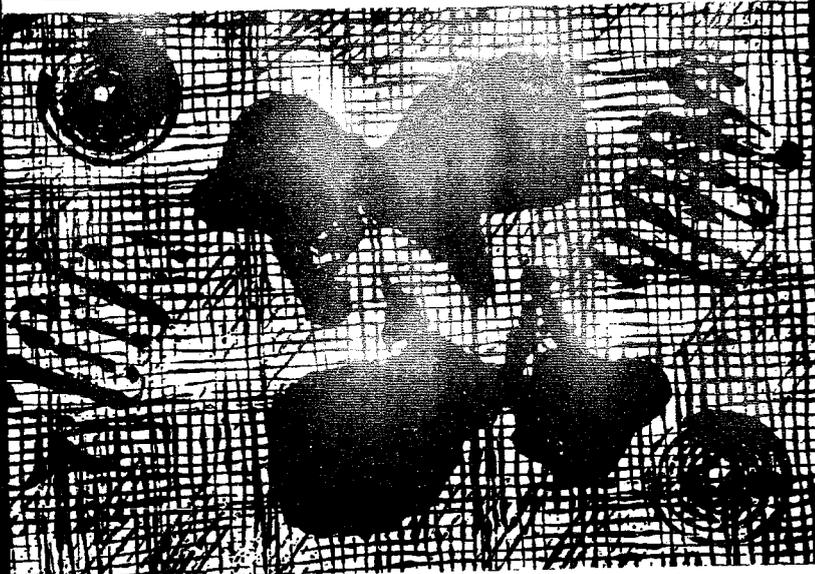
Alternate Presidents, in paperback from TOR books, is a serious, funny and sad set of stories, well worth reading before those of you who bother get ready to vote. By the way, have YOU registered?

A quick follow-up to this week's review: only one author had two stories published in Alternate Presidents, and that was Barry Malzberg. In a look at an outstanding work of fiction, it is recommended that you look for Malzberg's Guernica Night, originally written in 1974. Malzberg's characters and story presage the style of cyberpunk authors, like William Gibson, in this story dealing with a rash of suicides in a futuristic tightly organized society.

In style, Guernica Night is also reminiscent of the best works by Harlan Ellison and Phillip K. Dick, with one character who suffers from visions where he has conversations with famous dead folks like Beethoven and JFK. All told, Guernica Night is a disturbing, yet powerful look at the cost of too much organization. Find it, read it. Unfortunately, Malzberg has switched from writing novels to short stories nowadays. The good news is that they're good stories.

John "JAM" Madonia is writer coordinator for I-CON, Librarian for The Science Fiction Forum and co-producer of "Faster Than Light Radio", heard on WUSB, 90.1. He is also a member of the Militant Literacy Movement, which physically pushes people's noses into books.

DAVID ALLEN



ART ABSORBS NORMAL UNHAPPINESS

OCTOBER 19 - 30

MAIN LIBRARY ART GALLERY

Gallery Hours: Mon 2-4 pm; Tues 10:15-11 am, 1-3 pm; Wed 1-3 pm;
Thurs 10:15-11 am, 2-3 pm, 4-5 pm; Fri 11:30-2 pm

UNIVERSITY AT STONY BROOK

"GETTING REAL:
THE NEW CAPITALISM
AND OUR EMOTIONAL ROLE"



Native American author of *Tracks*, *Love Medicine*
and co-author with Michael Dorris of *The Crown of Columbus*

Thursday, October 22, 1992 8 p.m.

Staller Center for the Arts, Recital Hall

jazz
bee boppin
hip hoppin
foot stompin
and oh so *smoooth*
for a white boy he shore do got some rhythm in him
i hope so man
is math really all that counts milo
has it really always been here
like God ?
ornette colemena
sun-ra
and miles
is every good jazz musician
afflicted
and do they s'i die so young
and why you
will i ever see those
blue eyes
or run my fingers through your hair
and would you hold
me
like you held that bass
and the wall
can I ever sit there again
are these tears for you milo
or for me
and is your dying
just reminding me of
my own mortality
and am i sorry that you're gone
for you
or for me ?
you came like a shadow
in the morning
but you left before the sun ever went down
were thursday nights at first and first
really that bad
was it that good
is your going away make me want you
more now than i did when you were here
did i take you for granted
would you always be here
what did i see in him
why didn't i see it in you
is that what you really wanted to know
i saw a lot in you
i still do
but it's only a memory now
and i miss you milo
i want you to come back
i don't care about miles or ornette
i wanna see you play again
i wanna see your bass
play it for me milo
play it for me
did you want to be a stock broker
and will people ever understand music
the way you did
will people ever understand you
or me
the way you did

in my solitude you'll haunt me
like billie sang it
in my solitude you better
haunt me.

-S.N.

*This issue is dedicated to Milo Misut. Milo
slipped away from us over the weekend. We
will miss him.*

If you have plans for **October 15-21,**

CANCEL THEM !

The Student Polity cordially invites every member of the campus community to

"The Polity Pride Series"

This will be one week that you will not soon forget. There will be cash prizes, lots of free food, music, competition, you name it.

Let's pump some life back into
THE BROOK !

Thursday, October 15

Polity Reception, Polity Suite 1-4pm

Friday, October 16

"Cultural Fest: Fireside Lounge 12-5 pm

Saturday, October 17

"Step Aerobic Class", Prichard Gym 12-1 pm

Sunday, October 18

"Cultural Film Series", Ur. on Auditorium 12-4 pm

Monday, October 19

"Polity Bus Shuttle", 2-10 pm

Tuesday, October 20 - "Commuter Day"

Welcome Breakfast, The Loop 8:30-10:00 am

Comedian, Union Ballroom 12:30-1:30 pm

Commuter Discount on ARA, Cafeteria 4:30 7 pm

Spend the Night, Toscanini College

Wednesday, October 21

PEP Rally, Prichard Gym 12:30-3 pm

Don't let the week go by. If you're not "Down" it with the SPA!

**STUDENT POLITY
ASSOCIATION**

SPA

STUDENT
POLITY
ASSOCIATION

**CSA has 2 open
senate seats.
Anyone interest-
ed apply in the
CSA lounge,
080 Student
Union,
ASAP**

**Student Band
Contest
October 19,
1992
Anyone interest-
ed
in participating
contact
Richard Cole
at 2-6456**

Student Polity Association

The Possum And The Gator

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

In the Oogeepatchoogee swamp somewhere-down South lived a 'possum who had constant stress-related ulcers. Now this might sound strange, for everyone knows about the legendary therapeutic properties of the easygoing Southern lifestyle, but this 'possum was released into the wild by a well-meaning environmentalist who believed that there was a shortage of 'possums in this particular region. This particular 'possum had spent all of his life in a small cage by the side of a gas station, and he had been happy there. Now he had to make his own decisions.

Imagine if some well-meaning philosophy professor stripped you butt naked in the middle of a field, took all of your money and personal belongings and told you, "Fly high, little friend-be free!" This is exactly what happened to this poor 'possum. Out of sheer terror the 'possum spent most of his freedom playing dead, for he could not even decide what berries to eat in the morning for fear of not getting enough nutrition. At least at the gas station he was given Twinkies and bananas, which are chock full of vitamins.

One day he decided that he no longer wanted to play dead. He finally accepted the fact that he would live in this swamp for the rest of his life and it was time to have some breakfast. However, when he tried to snap out of his self-induced

unconsciousness he could not do it, and his state of terror resumed. What am I going to do NOW? he panicked. I decided, I decided, I decided... I just want some persimmons...

Suddenly a 'gator surfaced from the green muck of the swamp. He had only found an old can

undead?"

Growling, the 'gator turned around and gazed into the glazed eyes of the 'possum. There was an unwritten code of honor in the South where a gentleman could not devour the insane, but the 'gator did not believe in tradition. "Tell you what,"

proposed the toothy one. "I'll put ya on the tip of my nose and I'll swim ya across to someone who can make ya undead." The 'possum moaned in agreement, and the 'gator waddled over and shoveled him on to his broad nose. As they reached the middle of the swamp the putrid fumes of rotting vegetation, raw sewage and the like filled the 'possum's nostrils and he woke up with a jump, landing in the muck and attempting to make a swim for it. Without warning fifty 'gators splashed out of their sleep and took up the chase, scaring the 'possum back on to land up into the persimmon tree for breakfast.

Needless to say his ulcers were cured. From then on the 'possum enjoyed his freedom, and he established a clinic for maladjusted wayward city critters.

MORAL: Only when a person gains consciousness can he or



for breakfast and he was very, very hungry! Upon seeing the 'possum he nudged him with his nose and, thinking that he was already dead, was about to go back into the muck but the 'possum whispered, "Please help me. I don't wanna be dead no more and I just want some breakfast...how do I get

she escape death.

MORE IMPORTANTLY: All decisions are decisions to survive. Torpor is death, and a person only gets one chance for life.

Funnies



COMING SOON

TUNE OUT!

Expose Yourself To Northern Delights

by Catherine Krupski

The music world is hitting its seasonal-transition lull. Sure "Achy Breaky Heart" was fun in the summer, but it's time to get on with reality. As much as I like "Even Better Than The Real Thing", it is beginning to sound a little warped. Now is the time to add to your musical collection things that will enhance its flavor. The soundtrack to the series "Twin Peaks" is such an example. It was written by Angelo Badalamenti and David Lynch and was the recipient of two Grammys. Unfortunately, the movie was horrible and the new soundtrack was almost as disappointing. However, the show that was once compared to "Twin Peaks" now has something to offer to its viewers. The soundtrack to "Northern Exposure" is in the stores. The theme song should be reason enough to purchase it. I bought it and bopped around to the theme for a good fifteen minutes before I put the remote control to the CD player down and listened to the rest of it. The songs on the album are ones that were either used as background music, written solely for the show and arranged by the musical coordinator, or they are played on KBHR, the local radio station on the show.

The soundtrack obviously starts out with the theme. This is the one song where you can effectively utilize all those goofy moves you know so well, but wouldn't DARE attempt to apopular song on the radio, unless you were dead drunk and didn't care. The part you hear on TV is just a thirty second sample of a three minute song, written by David Schwartz. It features solos with not only the harmonica, but steel drums, which make you think of the Caribbean, not Alaska. There is also a clarinet solo which, by the style and sound, will make you forget about any standard set by Benny Goodman and makes me yearn for that sheet music. This song is like an overview of the characters on the show; there are many different individuals, but all together they comprise a unique combination. His three other songs are scattered throughout the album, but you can tell his style, which is to compliment the characters' personalities and set a mood. One is a medley of three different ethnic sounds. I only wish they

weren't medleys but three complete tunes. The first is like a Jewish polka, if they have such a thing. I see Joel Fleischman as Franz Kafka in that one episode about the founding of Cicely. "Woody The Indian" is about Ed, the half white and half Indian boy, who wants to be like Woody Allen. The jazzy clarinet sounds are most prevalent, but the underlying Indian percussion beats through, symbolizing that although he may have talent for modern entertainment, there is no loss of his heritage. "Tellakutans" is the final piece of the medley and has a serious Indian-influenced sound. It is very chilling and leaves you with an eerie feeling of loneliness. I think it is from the episode where they find the frozen Indian and were about to utilize him for capitalistic gains when members of his tribe claimed his body. It clearly demonstrates what some people will do for a buck, no matter who it may affect or offend. Schwartz's other piece is "Alaskan Nights" and you can just see Joel Fleischman reading or Maggie O'Connell driving her truck through town. It is a soft, slow swing featuring, again, the clarinet. It is definitely relaxing, it makes you feel grateful if you live in a small town and wish you had if you didn't.

"Everybody Be Yoself" (no, that's not a typo) is another song, which, like the theme, that will get you to bop. However, I feel it lacks originality because if you listen carefully you'll hear "Aiko Aiko". The lyrics fit precisely. "Emabhaceni" musically explores the African roots addressed on the show. Even though you probably won't understand it, the combination of sounds is amazing.

There are also some old standards on here that I had never heard of. Etta James, an inductee to this year's Rock'n Roll Hall Of Fame, sings "At Last", a slow, sensuous love song that makes you appreciate being in love (even if it made mangled road-kill out of your heart).

I see Maggie O'Connell walking with the dog that was really her reincarnated dead boyfriend Rick who was hit by a satellite (you had to see the episode). Nat "King" Cole croons "When I Grow Too Old To Dream." It's nice to know that our generation is exposed to more of Nat's work, and not just that

deplorable "Unforgettable". I see Chris gazing out of the window of the radio station about to complete a thought provoking, inspiring monologue.

There are always a few songs you hear only once, and that is enough. "Don Quixote" is that song. It is like some weird abstract that doesn't fit with the show in any realistic way—it is similar to placing an amoeba in a group shot with fish; sure they require a fluid environment, but that's where the resemblance ends. "Bailero" from "Chants D'Auvergne" is wonderful, but if you don't understand opera and don't want to try, then fast forward it. "Jolie Louise" is another song that, while I had more tolerance for it, I wasn't moved by it. It's your basic country song where a guy marries the woman of his dreams, has kids, loses his job, becomes an alcoholic then loses his wife and kids in the process with some French lyrics to throw you off. Another song which makes me grateful for my remote control is "Hip Hug-Her", which sounds like a funky, offbeat version of the theme to "Sanford And Son". Maybe instead of a junkyard, Fred has an antique store.

"Gimme Three Steps" by Lynyrd Skynyrd is also on the album. Aside from the theme, that was the first time I ever payed attention to the music on this show. Now I am constant-ly aware of it. The producers of "Northern Exposure" do take this seriously and also said that some of the songs aren't listed in the credits because by the time the selections have been made, it's too late to add in. This show does not recycle the same songs like "Twin Peaks". Instead, it always has fresh songs to help mold the style of the show, which can be difficult to describe. At the recent Emmy awards, "Northern Exposure" received the award for Best Drama Series. When accepting the award, the producers finally declared the category: a comedy. This soundtrack also has a style like the show; difficult to describe, but absolutely enjoyable. If you are a constant viewer, the songs will remind you of the characters. If you aren't, it will present you with an exotic mixture to listen to.

COCA

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- October 2 - 4: *Far and Away.*
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- October 16 - 18: *Basic Instinct.*
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- October 30 - November 1: *Aliens 3.*
- November 6 - 8: *Batman Returns.*
- November 13 - 15: *Patriot Games.*
- November 20 - 22: *Wayne's World.*
- December 4 - 6: *White Men Can't Jump.*
- December 11 - 13: *A League of Their Own.*



FILM

A Review Of M. Butterfly

Hate Not The Woman In The Man Fear Not The Man In The Woman

by Rachel S. Wexelbaum

"Oh my God, look at him!" gasped a girl behind me in a choking whisper. "It's a GUY."

"What beautiful hair," sighed an older woman in admiration.

Such were the audiences' reactions to Patrick Aro as Song Liling, the homosexual Peking Opera star who stole our hearts—not to mention the heart of awkward Rene Gallimard, played by John Cameron. Aro, who proved himself a highly talented and versatile actor last semester in campus productions of *The Unclean, Roosters* and *Hair*, was a beautiful woman—ethereal and graceful with a touch of the pixie in his eyes and the potential to be an evil bastard, just like all men and women. Kudos also to John Cameron, assistant professor and Director of Undergraduate Studies of the Department of Theater Arts, who was just like a pudgy Tony Randall (from the original Broadway production of *M. Butterfly*)—afraid of women and more of a pansy than the "fags" because he fears his own sexuality.

M. Butterfly was not written for shock value. It is not as much about homosexuality as it is about the racial relation-

ships between whites and Asians during the Vietnam War era, where the oppressed were emasculated because they had no power over their European or Maoist oppressors. However, the white male imperialists were slaves as well; they had to maintain a potent image of authority, even if it caused them discomfort. They created stereotypes of Asians: the dutiful houseboy, the inscrutable detective, the treacherous "Dragon Lady", the submissive "China Doll" and the all knowing mystic sage—to make them "exotic" and less human, therefore easier to control in Eurocentric minds. David Henry Hwang, creator of *M. Butterfly*, turned every Asian stereotype upside down by making Song Liling an actor whose main goal was to protect his identity by using those characters for his own advantage. By blinding Gallimard, the French diplomat who can only see him as the faithful, fragile Madame Butterfly, Song Liling can help the Communists by getting information about the French and American forces going to Viet Nam. It is the actor's only defense for his own identity as an artist and a homosexual, neither of which were tolerated under the cult of Chairman Mao. Although the Red Guard eventual-

ly captures him, Song Liling fares better than Gallimard, who is charged with treason and sent back to France wifeless and with a tarnished image. Song Liling had nothing to lose, as the only thing he had was pure arrogant confidence in himself.

So, what is all this babble? People who have only heard of *M. Butterfly* confuse it with the famous opera *Madame Butterfly*, but they're not far off the mark. A simple plot summary to whet your interest: Rene Gallimard, ineffectual ex-French diplomat who served in China during the Viet Nam era, narrates the story of his twenty year relationship with a lovely Peking Opera star (whom he mistook for a woman) from his jail cell in Paris. Gallimard is ashamed of his folly, but he insists that Song Liling was "the perfect woman" because for him she looked and acted like Madame Butterfly, the fragile, submissive and faithful Oriental woman of Italian invention who was his fantasy woman. Real women (lusciously played by Jennifer Pecoraro) intimidate the bashful, clumsy Frenchman because he is impotent and not confident about his masculinity; he is married to a prudish shrew (played by Elena Miliareisis, who

made old ladies come to life in *Elymosinary*) to keep up appearances. He longs to handle the opposite sex like his college buddy Marc (played by Donald Graham), the ultimate womanizing jock who appears in his dreams and approves of his affair with "the Oriental love goddess". (Ironically, womanizers are also unconfident about their sexuality.) The French ambassador Toulon (played by Basil Muir) also approves, thus giving Gallimard more encouragement and making him feel adequate

as a man. It is unclear whether Song Liling is truly in love with Gallimard or not, but the Frenchman is willing to sacrifice everything for their relationship. Song Liling convincingly plays along, acting as devoted lover and servant, even producing a male child (do I smell Immaculate Conception?)—but she/he refuses to strip for him, insisting, "I am a shy Chinese girl." Gallimard, in awe of Song Liling's beauty and intelligence, accepts this because it falls in with the Madame Butterfly pattern. However, one sees who the true Butterfly is in the end.

M. Butterfly is a tragedy, a comedy, and a romance rolled up in one show. The supporting actors added a light touch to serious moments, especially Bethany Sandor who played Comrade Chin (and Suzuki, Butterfly's maid, when Gallimard describes scenes in his favorite opera), the Red Guard who gathered information from Song Liling and finally arrested him. When the actor points to her and tells the audience that this is China's poor excuse for a woman, she snaps back, "Well, what's your excuse? I got a man!" There are many other funny scenes like that scattered throughout the play, plus some other things that will surprise an innocent audience, but those you will have to see to believe. *M. Butterfly* gets five stars for its actors and its message not to stay in your cocoon or let the little boys pull off your wings.

M. Butterfly

