

**THE
STONY
BROOK**

PRESS

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WHAT ?!!!



READ THE DAMN PAPER THAT'S WHAT

DON'T END UP LIKE THIS MAN



HENRY LOUIS GATES

by Shari Nezami

If anyone saw the posters advertising the speech to be given by Dr. Henry Louis Gates, and then bothered to go, they might have noticed something a bit suspicious going on here. Why, you may ask, well I'll tell you. The posters all said that the topic of the lecture was to be "On Transforming the American Mind", now you tell me what do you expect too hear about? Now add to that the fact that Henry Louis Gates is the head of the African Studies Department at Harvard, hmm getting some ideas huh? What are you thinking multi-culturalism, or the like? Well surprise. Henry Louis Gates would much rather talk about himself than anything truly meaningful. Yes I myself was shocked, but about halfway through the lecture it hit me- this man is here to justify to us why we shouldn't go to Yale (where he got his B.A.) and why we shouldn't want to either go to nor teach at Harvard. Well, let me tell you I am so happy that I am poor.

But enough of my babble, let me tell you about the man. As I was saying I was expecting to hear something educational, and hoping it would also be interesting (after all the Provost has brought some fantastic speakers to Stony Brook) but alas, Henry Louis Gates started to speak and I knew that what many had whispered of in the Africana Studies Department here at Stony Brook (and I don't mean Amiri Baraka either so leave him alone) was all true- the guy was a sell out, and in the worst way. Instead of giving a lecture he told us a story called the Welcome Table. The story was about himself and his friend "Jimmy" a.k.a. James Baldwin. The story begins in London in 1973 where young Gates, a mere child at 22, is on assignment for the London Times. He has been assigned to write a story entitled "The Black Expatriate," so young Gates, full of ambition and pride, rents a car and drives to France. He picks up Josephine Baker and they go to James "Jimmy" Baldwin's house to chat... blah, blah, blah. And for the next hour Mr. Gates goes on to elaborately describe James Baldwin's home (always referring to him as Jimmy) and is basically thrilled with himself, as is most of the old

white crowd. Oh, did I forget to mention that Cecil Brown was also at "Jimmy's" home, I knew you were dying to know. Gates described the conversation between Baker and Baldwin as a type of reminiscing, observing that "they had both been hurt by America and they never forgot and never forgave." He babbled on some more about the meeting "they were both preparing a comeback, the best was yet to come we were given to understand," Gates continued in that condescending tone that only a Harvard professor can use oh so well.

Of course, Gates couldn't just stop there, or even continue on, no he had to tell us how it was that he actually was able to meet James Baldwin. This explanation took us all the way back to his underprivileged childhood which he was forced to spend in Christian Summer Camps in New England. While Black people were being slaughtered on the streets during the Watts Riots, Professor Gates was chatting with his church group in New England. Being one of the only Black people in the posh New England Camp, it was no wonder he felt a certain uneasiness during the riots. He commented that "I felt that strange feeling of power and powerlessness when a black person does something that you know will change your life." It was at this time that his minister gave him his first James Baldwin novel, "if blackness were a labyrinth, Baldwin was my Virgil." He goes on to comment that he even started to copy Baldwin's style. Lucky for us he even saved a piece of his writing from that time and read it to the audience, equally thrilling himself and the audience at his worthless forgery. My friends and I, however, were not impressed.

After completing his life story, Gates went to analyze all, or most of Baldwin's work. He stated that in the beginning Baldwin's work was too complex to meet the needs of society. From *Notes of A Native Son* he quoted, "the destiny of black Americans and white Americans were profoundly intertwined. I not only created a new black man, it created a new white man." Gates says that "these aren't the words to speed along a political-liberation movement. He (Baldwin) was

here to bear witness, not be a political spokesman - but who had time for such niceties in the 1960's.

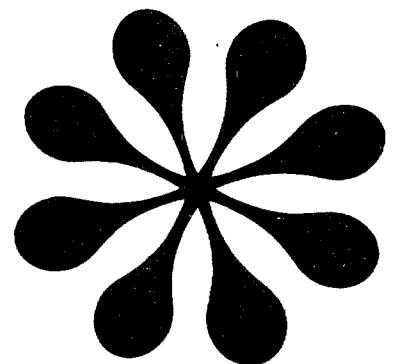
Gates then went on to critique much of Baldwin's work. He also explained why he felt that Baldwin was ostracized in America, basically because he was gay. "James Baldwin, who had once defined the cutting edge, was now being attacked by the cutting edge. Young militants referred to him as Martin Luther Queen... how many pictures of King and Baldwin have you ever see? Ding." Gates is convinced that this criticism of Baldwin forces him to change his style of writing and state things that he never really meant. In *No Name in the Streets*, (1972), for example, Baldwin states that "it is not necessary for a Black man to hate a white man or even feel anything for him in order to know that he must kill him." Baldwin wished for us to dismiss his old positions, taking on ones that he felt we would like better, "I was in those days the great Black hope of the great white father." Gates finds this new position utterly humorous, almost ridiculous. It almost as ridiculous in his mind as the statement that "blacks cannot be racists" or the one that claims that "women cannot be sexist". Both statements used by the two groups in order to "cover up... bigotry...and chauvinism..." Obviously Mr. Gates has a nasty habit of speaking about things which he doesn't understand too well. When ever you hear the term racist, for example, by definition that term must be accompanied by social, political, and economic power. It is said that black people can not be racists because in order to be a racist you need social, political, and economic power with which to enforce your views on society, there is no other way around it. Therefore, while black people can be prejudiced, they can not be racist because they don't control, neither individually nor collectively, any power (the same goes for women and sexism). But of course, Gates, as usual, missed the whole point.

Gates claims that, in fact, most of Baldwin's later works (except for his English essays), were nothing more than lies strung together in order to gain acceptance from such critics as Eldridge

Cleaver and Amiri Baraka. Dare we give the man a bit more credit than to make him out to be some brainless twit who was more concerned with what people thought than the expression of his own ideas and identity? I guess not. If this is how Gates treats the people he admires most, well then I sure am glad I am not one of them. Baldwin was "desperate to be one of us," exclaims Gates, and you almost believe him until... he reveals (later on during the Q&A period that he only met Baldwin "a dozen or two times" during his life). So where the hell does he get off making these strange assertions - "I am a scholar" he throws in our faces about every five minutes. He goes on to claim that Amiri Baraka's statement "a writer must have convictions, otherwise he cannot be a good writer... or he cannot be one of us" forced Baldwin to become "desperate to be one of us... an ideologue."

Of course, Gates never gave up on Baldwin, as a matter of fact he was convinced that "however erratic his later writings might have been, I still believed that his English essay could have saved him, but he no longer knew what he wanted or what we wanted of him..." How kind, but again missing the point. I felt like screaming "hey Gates aren't people aloud to change their minds about how they feel? I mean the guy moved to France to escape White oppression, don't you think he's entitled to write a couple of books blasting white people for things like lynching or slavery?" But I knew that there was a bigger lesson to be learned here. As my friend Judd had told me - "we come here to learn what not to end up like." And he was right. There was no hope for Gates, he was too busy playing footsie with the old white men who wished there were more black men like him and less like Malcolm X, or Marcus Garvey.

Oh yes, the point of this whole drawn out affair was that it turns out that one day, Gates is hanging out with "Jimmy's" brother "Davie" and as he's telling Dave the story about how he first met Baldwin blah blah blah, Dave runs out and brings in a manuscript of the very same meeting. The play was entitled the Welcome Table, and supposedly Baldwin got a lot out of that meeting. So, Gates changed Baldwin's life and he's a scholar, and he teaches at Harvard, and he lives in a huge mansion - I'd still rather die than turn out like this guy.



To Whom It May Concern?

This means you, so wake up and take the blinders off, we're being screwed!

by Scott Mintzer

Now that I have your attention. I would like to address a problem that not only affects us here at Stony Brook, but all of our brother and sister S.U.N.Y. schools. The problem at hand is the outrageous budget proposal which Governor Cuomo has suggested to us. This proposal will cut the S.U.N.Y. budget by approximately \$143 million. If you don't think this will effect you, you are wrong. It already has in the form of less class choices and larger classes. If you are not familiar with what the state proposes to do about the loss of cash, let me tell you it's not a pretty solution. Their solution lies in the students pockets. What this means is by the fall of 1992 the tuition will go up by as much as \$800. But just to make things worse, Tap grants will be cut by about \$475 per student. What this means is that more students will either drop out, or take more loans, which will than have to be paid for after graduation. If these numbers don't move you, maybe these will: In the fall of 1990 tuition was

\$1350, in Fall 1991 it rose 37% to \$2150. Now hold on to your seat because by Fall 1992 it will be about \$2880, to over double that of 1990.

If you have read this far and have come to the conclusion that it doesn't concern you because the bill goes to your folks, then you are only fooling yourself. Although somebody else pays, you are the one here for the education not them. Therefore you should at least be concerned with the quality of education they are paying for. As far as the quality goes, it is slowly becoming less and less worth the the money we are paying now, never mind when the tuition goes up. Besides that their is no guarantee that any of that \$800 will come directly back to us, in the form of more class choices and smaller classes. But it even goes beyond that, with the cuts to classes, their are also maintenance cuts, which if you look around have forced this campus to look quite dumpy. All this effects you so please don't ignore it. Because if you don't care then you don't belong here.

If by chance anything you just read does concerns you, bothers you, or just

pisses you off, here's what you can do. You can contact the NYPIRG office at 2-6457 and ask to speak to Paja Charles, or SASU at 2-9278, and ask for Todd B. Stephens. For those really concerned you can call SASU Central at (518)465-2406, and ask for Randy Campbell, SASU President.

For those of you not familiar with either of these two groups, they are on campus for your benefit. NYPIRG is working right now on a Higher Education campaign, whose goal is to help find an alternative to the tuition increase, as well as to get as students involved as possible in the fight for our right to a quality education, or at least one which is worth the money we pay. SASU, the other group which I mention is stationed in Albany, and is the students direct voice to the legislature. They are responsible for Lobby Day which is taking place on Monday Feb. 24. They can't do it without your support, so call them and find out what you can do to help the fight for quality education at reasonable rate.

We as students must all ban

together in this fight. This means black, white, red, yellow, or what ever you may be. We need your help. The fight can't be won if students won't join hands and fight to save SUNY as a whole, and not depend on the strong convictions of a few. Please when you see signs for Lobby Day, and Town Meetings don't ignore them. They are created so that students first hand can voice their opinions and be heard. Many of your friends who are here now might not have the money to return next semester because of this tuition increase. So please if you are concerned don't hesitate to call one of the numbers given to you. These organizations were designed to help you so use them fully.

Until next time I bid peace, and urge you to get involved.

Bye, Joe D.

by Fiona MacLeod

So when they finally came for Joe Doherty they came in pretty much exactly the way you might have expected them to: At 4:30 AM, under cover of darkness, federal agents removed him from his cell in Lewisburg, PA, and bundled him up into a neat little package addressed to Long Kesh prison, Ireland, where, barring divine intervention, Mr. Doherty will spend the rest of his life. He won't have an easy time of it. The British government's treatment of suspected or actual IRA members it has captured has always been notoriously bad, to put it mildly- British prisons consistently make the cut for Amnesty International's shit-list- and they've been waiting to get their hands on Mr. Doherty for a long time. He can expect a daily routine of abuse, misery and torture until the day he dies, which he knows full well. He's up shit's creek without a paddle- or even a boat, for that matter, poor guy.

In case you're wondering: "Who the hell is Joe Doherty," well, here you go: He was born a Catholic 37 years ago in Belfast, which means he was born into one of the world's longest-running political, ethnic and religious sores this side of Croatia. Just by living, or trying to live in Northern Ireland means to be

involved in this struggle, to some extent, but Mr. Doherty fell into it deeper than most. He joined the IRA, and in 1980, during a gunfight with British troops, he shot and killed Herbert Westmacott, a captain in the British army. British authorities considered this to be a murder; therefore, they arrested him on that charge. Mr. Doherty considered the shooting an act of war and therefore escaped to the United States at the soonest possible opportunity, leaving the British government to convict him in absentia to life imprisonment. In 1983, FBI agents picked him up in New York, where he'd been attempting to blend in with the sizable Irish community here. There commenced a nine year, hotly contested courtroom battle about the legality of extraditing Mr. Doherty to the none too tender mercies of British justice. After no fewer than five lower courts supported his right to seek asylum on these shores, the federal government intervened- they wanted him deported in the interests of continued good will between the US and Britain. Just last month the Supreme Court handed down a 5-3 decision that cleared away the last obstacles blocking his return, and last Thursday, Mr. Doherty was removed from his cell and was on a military plane

Continued on page 6

UNIVERSITY
CONVOCATION

SPEAKER
TILDEN G. EDELSTEIN

"OVER THE RAINBOW:
FOSTERING
MULTICULTURALISM,
DIVERSITY AND
QUALITY"

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1992

NOON, RECITAL HALL
STALLER CENTER FOR THE ARTS

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

TURNING AGAINST THE POOR

Dr. Manning Marable is professor of History and Political Science, University of Colorado. "Along the Color Line" appears in over 200 publications.

The bitter recession of 1991-1992 has thrown several million middle income Americans into unemployment lines for the first time, increased personal bankruptcies and destroyed many lives. Democratic presidential candidates have attacked the Bush administration for its callous disregard for the problems of the "middle class." The media has projected hundreds of stories on the "economic squeeze" of middle income people, who are unable to pay their home mortgages and college tuition bills for their children. Bush responds that his administration "cares" about the interests of "middle class America."

Lost in all this rhetoric and politics are millions of Americans who are in the lowest fifth of all income earners. This group also includes millions of Female headed households with children who survive on Aid to Families with Dependent

Children (AFDC); ten million adults who are unemployed or who have stopped looking for work; millions of the elderly who rely on Supplement Security Income payments and small pensions to survive; and several million Americans who are either homeless or who are dependent on others to provide temporarily shelter. This is the "Other America" rarely depicted to the media and never talked about in politics of the 1992 presidential campaign.

The Republicans under the Reagan-Bush administration have always been little more than cheerleaders for the rich. Their great issue of compassion is to demand lower capital gains taxes for corporations. The Democrats have responded by ignoring part of their traditional base, especially blacks and the poor, and courting the votes of traditionally Republican, white middle income voters. The federal deficit has reduced federal expenditures in all social programs. The state governments facing their own deficits due to declining tax revenues caused by the recession, also cut programs. The chief victims in this political chain reaction are not white, upper middle income families in the suburbs, but the inner city and rural poor-Black, Latino,

Native American, Asian-American and white.

A recent study of the Washington-based Center on Budget and Policy Priorities found that of the thirty states which provide general assistance, a short term program for indigent adults who are not elderly or physically challenged, 14 cut funding and 13 froze the level of benefits. About 1.5 million Americans adults depend on general assistance just to survive. But in Michigan, 82,000 recipients of this program lost all cash and medical assistance. Illinois cut its general assistance program by curtaining coverage to six months beginning next year. Ohio slashed its general assistance program in half, cutting benefits to single adults to only \$100 a month.

During the recession, state after state has turned against the problems of the poor. Massachusetts threw ten thousand poor people off its general assistance program, and cut benefits by \$56 million. California reduced AFDC payments by 4.5 percent and froze funding levels for the next five years. Maine reduced funding for low-income housing by 90 percent. And the

District of Columbia slashed emergency housing assistance to the homeless by 43 percent.

The politics of turning against the poor is not only inhumane and anti-democratic, it is also extremely stupid. Pushing down the incomes and standard of living at the bottom of society inevitably reduces the wages and job prospects for people in the middle. By doubling the number and denying cash payments to indigent adults, we only make our streets less safe and our environment more hostile for everyone. When millions lack food for their children, or have no medical insurance, the fabric of the entire society is destroyed. Whether Bush and his corporate pals like it or not, our problems are all interconnected. When we turn against the poor, we ultimately turn against ourselves.

Later for Platzpitz

The Swiss Shut Down Needle Park

by Argyle Thompson

The Swiss Government and Zurich Police closed down what was widely known as Needle Park. Police cited that an increase in crime attributed to the park's opening three years ago.

The Platzpitz was one of several Swiss cities that experimented with the centralization of its drug users. Its slang name comes from the amount of intravenous drug users. By designating one area where drug users do not risk getting arrested, the spread of AIDS can be reduced. Health officials could freely distribute clean needles to addicts in exchange for used ones.

The experiment was successful. From the start of 1992, the new cases of AIDS has dropped from 50% to 5%. Health officials estimate that approximately 800 of the 4,000 or so of users are HIV positive. So why did the Swiss shut it down?

During the time of its opening, Zurich police overlooked any selling, purchasing or using of most any illegal narcotics. Although other drugs could be purchased such as cocaine and hashish, the drug of choice here was heroin. Dealers could openly buy and sell without worry of being arrested. Most of the dealers are small time. They deal solely for the purpose of supporting their habit, and not to make a profit. Eventually, Needle Park also started to

attract international drug gangs that were undercutting the local users price. The result was a violent price war.

With the park since closed, the price of heroin had doubled to 300 Fr. (approx. \$150) per gram. Health officials now say that it will be tougher to dispense needles to its users. While some users have disappeared into the city, others have

their are needles littered around walkways and benches. At one time, some residents were cutting the trees down to use as firewood. To see someone violently vomiting was also not uncommon. This is a side effect of heroin when taken sometimes. Most first time users vomit out heroin. It is usually the second time when the user feels its

hashish, dealers will weigh it in front of you and let the buyer handle and smell the hash. Hashish sells for approx. 50Fr. (\$35) for three grams.

With the park now closed, police and local residents are now concerned with where all its former residents will be heading. Not everything the Swiss do runs like clockwork, you know.



Local residents of the Platzpitz

been squatting in or near the central terminal, which is about 500 feet away from the park.

As you walk through some areas, it would not be uncommon to see people wind milling their arm around Pete Townsend style and then stopping and jamming a needle into their vein. Be careful where you step or walk because

effects.

Most of the residents seem to be young adults ages 20-30. However, not all of the residents stay in the park. Some users, will simply walk in to the parks boundaries, get their fix, and walk out again. Most of the dealers are very curious. You'll usually wind up speaking to more than one dealer. In buying



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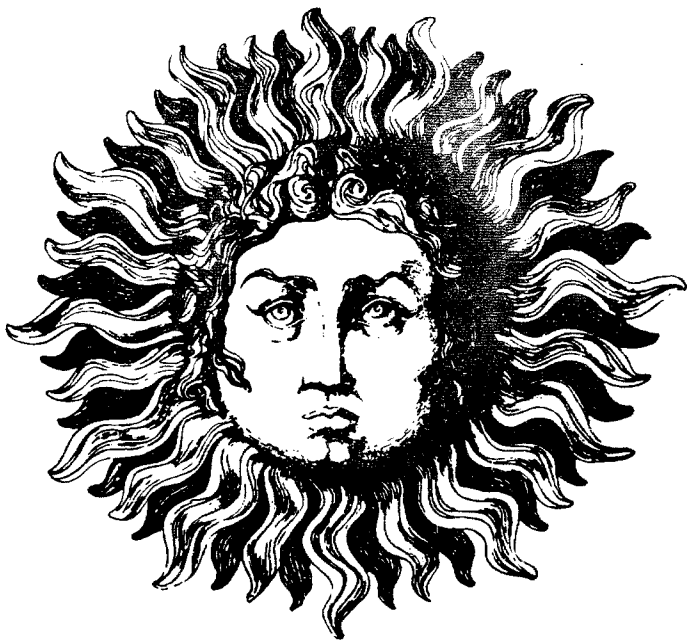
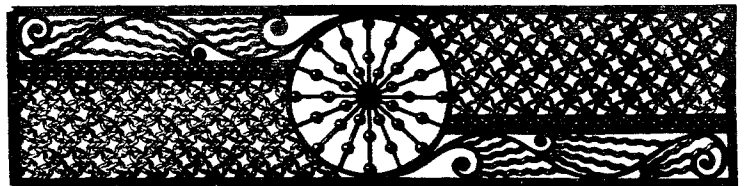
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**Meetings are held Every Wednesday during campus life in
Rm 205, Central Hall**

cont. from page 3

halfway across the Atlantic before anyone was aware of his removal. This occurred despite the fact that Mr. Doherty's attorneys, along with more than 75 members of Congress, had filed a formal request for an asylum hearing with the office of the Attorney General—a last-ditch effort for freedom.

These are the simple facts in the case, but, as with all things Irish, the simple facts are only the visible part of a much more complicated whole that can be open to any number of disparate interpretations. Chief among these, of course, is the question of whether Mr. Doherty is a "soldier"—the viewpoint of the IRA, the Irish-American community in general and of Irish nationalists everywhere—or if he is a "terrorist"—the viewpoint of the British government, Ulster Protestants and Unionists, and, now, the view of the American government as well. This argument has its roots deep in Irish history, dating back, perhaps, to the days of Henry II and the first significant British presence on Irish soil. The Irish War for Independence of 1919-20 was not so much a war as a protracted guerrilla

campaign, and the modern-day IRA looks back on this as an example of what can be accomplished by snipers and car-bombs—they feel they are carrying on a long tradition of Irish "freedom-fighters." But then again, they are undoubtedly "terrorists", using dubious and probably fruitless methods to achieve their ends: lobbing mortar shells at 10 Downing Street, for example, or blowing up van loads of non belligerent Protestant workers. A war is underway, but it's an ugly, dirty little war that isn't really designed to arrive at a peaceful end; all it's really about is a constant tradeoff of bombs for bullets for no better reasons than frustration and revenge.

So where does this leave Mr. Doherty? Well, I can't presume to pass judgment on the morality of his actions—I'm not qualified. Nor am I willing to adopt the position of the Irish-American community, who back Mr. Doherty unreservedly. The IRA gets most of its money from Irish-Americans, and I've met far too many Irish-Americans who do not seem to realize, as one of my professors once remarked, that "a dollar in Brooklyn buys a bomb in Belfast." But what does appear as very clear to me

is that the American government has acted very badly in its treatment of someone who came here in search of freedom. Five courts found in favor of his right to seek asylum—would a member of the US-supported Contras, say, have had to seek assistance from even one? Any time it looked as if Mr. Doherty would go free, the federal government exerted direct pressure to have him extradited; this explains why he was in prison for nine years despite never having committed a single crime in America. And to secretly take him from his cell in the dead of night while a formal request for an asylum hearing was pending is unconscionable.

Mr. Doherty had two great tragedies in his life: One, to grow up in a land where his chances to lead a free life were limited by the circumstances of his birth; and worse still, to have his second chance for freedom stolen away by getting himself caught up in the pressures of international politics. Just in case we needed any further evidence that the present administration doesn't give a damn about individual rights, we need look no further than the example of Joe Doherty.

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From SUNY to PUNY:

The Privatization of the State University of New York

By
Eric F. Coppelino
Student Leader News Service

Gov. Mario Cuomo's proposed 1992-93 budget, which calls for cutting SUNY tuition increases of about 83 million, proves the age-old point that a tuition hike and a budget cut are really the same thing.

It seems like consumer fraud; the governor is asking SUNY students to cough up 83 million more for at least 60 million less. The final amounts of the tuition hike and the budget cut will be decided by the state legislature, but the bottom line is that the individual SUNY student or family can expect to shell out at least \$500 more tuition next year, and \$800 more for SUNY's university center campuses (Albany, Binghamton, Buffalo and Stony Brook).

The net effect, in addition to making students and their families pay a lot more for a lot less, is shifting the greater portion of funding the State University from the state treasurer and directly onto the people. In essence, each year that tuition is increased and the budget is cut, the SUNY becomes less the State University of New York and more the Private University of New York (PUNY).

Add to that the fact that SUNY now has private parking lots, which are paid for by the parking fee and not the state; private health service, which is paid for

through the health fee and not the state; private graduation ceremonies, which are paid for through the graduation fee and not the state; and private dormitories, which are "self-sufficient" and not supported by the state.

Add to that fees for everything else on campus from NCAA athletics to cable television, and you can hardly name anything except for chalk that's actually paid for by the state.

Thanks to increased tuition and fees, students today pay more than twice as large share of their educational costs as did students just two years ago. In the 1989-90 academic year, students started the year by paying about 15% of their educational costs. If the governor's proposal goes through, students will be paying closer to a third of the costs of their education. Meanwhile, individual SUNY campuses are contemplating raising existing fees.

In a very real sense, this makes Suny less a public institution, because it is funded at a lower level by the public, and as a result, less accessible to the general public. Yet SUNY is for the *general* public, not the elite public, the rich, or the advantaged. And clearly, by expecting users of the system to pay more and more, the state is restricting who can attend the university on the basis of their financial status.

This is especially true of the differential tuition plan, which would essentially create a \$300 per year

"university center fee". While SUNY says it costs more to educate a student at a university center, it doesn't say at least two other things.

One is that much of the costs are the result of research, graduate studies, and other facilities that undergrads don't see, use, or even hear about.

The other is that at many of SUNY's smaller colleges, the quality of education is often significantly better than at a university center. For example, at SUNY Geneseo, it's rare to take a course taught by a teaching assistant; most students take their basic and their advanced courses from professors. At SUNY Stony Brook, on the other hand, 40% of the courses in some departments are taught by teaching assistants.

While teaching assistants arguably do a better job at teaching many classes than do professors, the student to faculty ratio is traditionally one of the strongest indicators of a quality of a college.

Privatization is a convenient situation for CUNY Chancellor Bruce Johnstone, who strongly advocates all forms of privatization of the university. He's admitted that his five-year goal for the university was raising tuition every year for those five years. Privatization is convenient for Johnstone because the more he relies on the students and their parents for money, the more stable the cash flow; and the less he's at the mercy of the state, and the more he's in control of SUNY.

And of course, it's convenient for the state because SUNY, despite being one of the states most valuable resources, can take hefty budget cuts, yet the blow is softened by people who have, in some way, linked staying in SUNY with their own economic survival.

Yet at the same time, it erodes SUNY's crucial mission of "access" and sends a message to legislators that it's okay for the state to have only a limited role in funding state education.

Johnstone, despite doing little other than support higher tuition and creating a raft of new fees in his short tenure as chancellor, also favors any other plan or idea that allows SUNY to move steadily towards privatization.

He thinks financial aid should be private, that is, funded by banks in the form of student loans, rather than direct grants to students.

And he's the author of the plan, recently approved by the Board of Trustees, that would separate SUNY's three teaching hospitals from the state and create a \$1 billion a year "public benefit corporation", which would allow them to go around state fiscal procedures.

The corporation would be virtually privately controlled. Its board of directors would include himself, three members of the Board of Trustees, and the three hospital presidents.

"Unspeakable Things Unspoken:

Ghosts and Memories

In African-American Women's Identity"



A Lecture by

Elizabeth Fox-Genovese

Director of Women's Studies, Professor of History,
Emory University; author, *Feminism Without Illusions*

Tuesday, March 10, 1992 at 8 PM
Staller Center for the Arts, Recital Hall

PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC WHITE BOY...

STONY BROOK MUSICIANS COLLECTIVE FORMED

MUSICIANS OF ALL TYPES ON THE CAMPUS ARE FORMING A MUSICIANS COLLECTIVE. THE STYLES OF MUSIC REPRESENTED RANGE FROM JAZZ AND ROCK TO CLASSICAL.

THE FUNCTION OF THE COLLECTIVE IS TO PROMOTE LOCAL MUSICIANS AND TO ORGANIZE SHOWS ON AND OFF THE CAMPUS. RIGHT NOW THEY ARE TRYING TO OBTAIN SPACE ON CAMPUS TO STORE INSTRUMENTS AND TO PRACTICE IN. THEY ARE ALSO INTERESTED IN TEACHING PEOPLE HOW TO PLAY.

THE STONY BROOK MUSICIANS COLLECTIVE MEETS MONDAYS AT 6:30 PM IN CENTRAL HALL ROOM 201. TO CONTACT THEM CALL GARY HALUDDA AT 928-FISH.



What's the Solution?

The other day we received a memo outlining the budget options for the entire SUNY system. It outlined five proposed options to ease the budget crunch, and to prevent SUNY from filling for Chapter 11. Out of the five proposed budget options, not one of them was easy to swallow. Even though we were not to thrilled about them, basically they all suck, here they are for your reading enjoyment:

Option 1) "Hold the course size down all campuses, presumably only temporarily maintaining as much enrollment and current program configuration as is possible." So what does this mean to you, the SUNY student? Well, it means that all the campuses would be cut, in other words "increased class sizes, increased advising and counseling loads, reduction in administration staff..." Wow, what a proposal!

Option 2) "Downsize permanently..." What's the difference between this proposal and the first one you may ask? Nothing except that the first one presumes that New York State will give us more money once they recover, dream on.

Option 3) "Downsize permanently by closing a campus or two or three or ..." Well that's nothing new. Just shut down a couple of campuses, kick some kids out of school, increase the unemployment and welfare rolls, etc...

Option 4) Another downsize deal, except this time we'd maintain enrollment levels. Is it just me or do all these proposals sound the same to you too?

Option 5) "Make up for lost General Fund support with much higher tuitions for those can afford to pay." What the hell does "those who can

afford to pay" mean? It means everybody that the financial aid office chooses to screw over due to... whatever reason they give for screwing people.

So the point is, we are going to get screwed one way or another. They can't see over their noses to figure out that SUNY should not be cut! Let them tax the rich people who don't even know what the word recession (or depression for that matter) means. But the powers that be are a bunch of total assholes who don't care about the students or the poor folks. What should we do? Two solutions: either blow them all away; or vote them out of office. Wait third option- have all the students barge into Marburger's office and start screaming till you get your point across. Either way, I think they'll get the picture.

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LETTERS

NIGHT OF 100 PARTIES

Dear Editor,

On the night of Saturday, March 7, 1992, thousands of people all across the state will join together to send a signal to the legislature in Albany, a signal that says the time is now for the pending lesbian and gay civil rights bill to pass in New York State.

From Buffalo to Binghamton, New York City to Nassau, people will be simultaneously hosting parties to raise money for the Empire State Pride Agenda, New York's most visible and dynamic gay and lesbian political organization.

I'm sure you'll agree that the matter of equal opportunity and fair treatment for all people, especially in a community as diverse and demanding as New York, is a pertinent issue. People will want to know that the hundreds of thousands of gays and lesbians across the state are speaking out on behalf of their rights.

We will be in touch shortly to discuss this very important issue and the role of "NIGHT OF 100 PARTIES" will play in bringing it to people.

Best Regards,

David Stroud Kim Becker
ROGERS & COWAN MEMBER,
ESPA

(212) 779-3500

(212) 727-1291

EATING MEAT - GUILT FREE

Dear Press,

In regard to your piece entitled "Mystery Meat" you will be happy to know that there are places where one can purchase clean, fresh meat and poultry that has been slaughtered painlessly. Halal meat is grown and slaughtered in accordance to Islamic Law. The meat and poultry meets FDA standards and then some. The same of course can be said for Kosher meat, as the Hebrew National commercial jokes, "we answer to a higher authority [than the FDA]." All animals including chickens slaughtered for Halal meat are anesthetized before their jugular vein and trachea are cut, clearly an ethical alternative to the electric cattle prod (animals for Kosher meat are not anesthetized, but the animal dies instantly). Thus not only is the meat and poultry clean, and as I have heard hormone and antibiotic free, but one may rest easy that the animals were handled ethically.

It is interesting to note that in the Hebrew Bible, before the flood, God had higher expectations for humankind, animals were not meant for food. It seems though that we were always up to some trouble and God in a fit of fury set about to drown every last one of us. He spared the pious Noah

hoping perhaps that piety runs in the family and the new race springing up from Noah's loins would be less irksome than those He had drowned. But, after the flood God had to admit that despite His efforts we would always be a troublesome race. He thus made certain concessions to us, one of which was sanctioning our desire to eat the flesh of animals. God knew better than to trust us (just look at what the FDA has done) and so He made clear and extensive laws concerning the slaughter and handling of meat.

So I guess if you can't handle being a vegetarian you might as well eat meat sanctioned by God. Faith aside, at least you know the meat is clean and was killed painlessly. My friends and I eat Halal meat; the butcher is close, located in a Pakistani grocery store where we pick up our 11 pound bags of basmati rice and spices. I went in one day to get some lamb and the fellow behind the counter told me to come back tomorrow, explaining "we slaughter the lamb in the morning." Well, they said it would be fresh.

from a conscientious meat eater

For Halal meat contact Seklon House of Spices on route 25. For Kosher meat ask around the Interfaith center in the humanities bld., someone there should know.

+++++

TO THE EDITOR,

I don't usually send in corrections, but since Robert Gilheany's article, "Beer and Thronging in Boston," treated a group called Fairness & Accuracy in Reoprinting (F.A.I.R.), I thought the record should be set straight.

It is certainly true that AT&T sponsors the McNeil-Lehrer Newshour, but the mutinational corporation involved in the overthrow of Chilean President Allende in 1973 was I.T.T. (International Telephone and Telegraph), a separate company.

As for the Red Stocking's observation that Gloria Steinem worked for the CIA and one of the (other?) founders of Ms. magazine was involved in the Kennedy assassination, I can only say that I am aghast that Oliver Stone missed this one.

Sincerely,
Michael A. Barnhart
Associate Professor

MALCOLM X REVISITED

by Frieda Long

I remember the first time I ever read Malcolm X. I was probably around 18 or 19, and I remember getting mad, I mean really mad - angry. Not the kind of anger that makes you want to break dishes (or somebody's face) or anything destructive like that, but the kind of angry that makes you want to get out on a street corner somewhere holding a copy of the Autobiography of Malcolm X and read it out loud for everybody to hear. Kind of like those people you see in Manhattan reading the Bible through a bullhorn telling everyone that the end is coming and what they should do in order to save themselves from the fires of hell. Well, I never actually read Malcolm over a bullhorn, but I did call everybody I knew and read excerpts of his speeches to them, always ending with the words "it's time for the revolution." I guess most of them thought I was crazy, and maybe I was. However, I know for sure that Malcolm X's words changed my life forever.

I don't remember the first time that I actually heard the name Malcolm X. I certainly know it wasn't in school. Sure we had Black History Month and we talked about Frederick Douglas and Martin Luther King and Civil Rights, but Malcolm X never! Malcolm was just too strong. He said what was on his mind whenever and wherever he wanted to. New York City's public schools had enough problems (and still do) without a bunch of "militant revolutionaries" on their hands. So instead, every February we had Martin Luther King and his "I have a dream..." speech shoved down our throats until every night our dreams began and ended with the words "I'm having a dream..." Okay, sorry I shouldn't be downing King, but really the guy is all over the place. Is it just me or do you too find it just a bit weird having Martin Luther King be the spokesman for McDonalds? I mean, alright the guy had a dream but let's face it. It didn't come true and it's not about to either. This is not to say, of course that Martin Luther King wasn't a great leader, nor is it to say that he wasn't a major force in the Civil Rights

Movement, but what about Malcolm? Must he remain a shadow in background, looked down upon by the majority (who are always wrong anyway but...) as an icon of the uneducated and hating, when we know that is untrue? We don't need niceness, we need a revolution, not a march on Washington (or as Malcolm put it a "Farce on Washington"). We need a plan and that's exactly what Malcolm had (and here I refer to his own plans after his departure from Elijah Muhammad's Nation). Best of all, Malcolm's plans made sense. If you can successfully organize African-American people, then rally support, internationally and nationally, from Asians, Latinos, and Native people, etc., you can't possibly lose. Now I'm not talking about a race war here, which we would definitely lose, I'm talking about a revolution, a mental revolution. Let us come together and realize that we are only going to be able to survive if we learn to cooperate, otherwise we will remain oppressed forever. Before we get together though, we all have to admit one thing - this is a struggle for power... not power in the sense of having control over other people's lives, but power to control our own lives - self-determination. The problem is that right now, a few white men have all the power. Now that wouldn't even be a problem except for the fact that they tend to use that power to oppress the rest of us. In order to stop the oppression, we need to get power. How do we do this? Well, I think that if we use Malcolm as a positive role model and then try to model our lives after his, maybe we can get somewhere. No, this doesn't mean run out and convert to Islam (even though I guess it can't hurt considering what it did for him), be whatever you are and believe in it. Look at Malcolm X's life. What's the first thing that strikes you? For me, it's that he wasn't afraid to change. From the years on the streets and in prisons to his joining Elijah Muhammad's Nation, and then to his final break with it, we see that Malcolm made some huge changes, changes that took a lot of courage. Take for example his return to the U.S. after going on Hajj (the Muslim pilgrimage) to Mecca, Saudi Arabia. In Mecca, as well as the rest of the

Middle East, Malcolm noticed that Muslim people came in all sizes and colors - not just Black. He also saw that these people got along regardless of race - it just wasn't an issue. On Hajj, Malcolm reported that everyone was utterly and completely equal. The Hajj clothing is made up of a uniform white cotton "robe-type thing", and everybody has to wear it, so whether you're a prince or a pauper when you go on Hajj nobody knows who you are (in the societal sense) and nobody cares. For the first time in his life, Malcolm was looked at as a human being, not a color, and he came to realize that racism was not a universal and that all white people were not devils or even evil. He also realized that that (sic) concept had absolutely nothing to do with Islam, for if it did, what were so many white people doing on Hajj (only Muslims are allowed within the city of Mecca)? This experience changed the rest of his life. Malcolm returned to America with a new attitude and outlook. This new attitude coupled with his previous finding out that Elijah Muhammad had committed adultery (a sin punishable in Islam by death) led Malcolm to go so far as publicly denouncing the Nation and Elijah on the Mike Wallace Show. Can you imagine that? Here was Malcolm, the same person who had practically been the official spokesman for the Nation for over a decade, telling everyone that "Guess what guys, I was wrong." That's something I will never forget. My point here is not to judge Elijah Muhammad or the Nation. My point is that Malcolm believed in something and he wasn't afraid to stand up for it, even if it would cost him his life.

After his break with the Nation, Malcolm went on to establish his own organizations. His principles were now radically changed but his goal was still the same - to end the oppression of African-American people. The new Malcolm (now known as Malik Shabazz) didn't care anymore about interracial relationships or the question of who's white and who's not. His loyalties remained only to his people and their struggle. To Malik Shabazz, everyone was equal and created by God. Had Malcolm become a pacifist or a "turn the other cheek" man? By no means. He had

however realized that what Elijah Muhammad and the Nation said were universals were not. Yes, it was still true that "when you mix the coffee with the cream, not only do you weaken the coffee but you also lose the cream," but this no longer meant no inter-racial marriages. After some research, I found that this ideology is rooted in Islamic principles that were established 1400 years before Malcolm ever said those words. The phrase wishes to convey a message - be yourself and be proud of it. In the book *Islamization of Knowledge*, the author states that no group of people should give up their culture and heritage in order to assimilate to another people's ways, even if they believe them superior. Why? Because assimilation doesn't work. Not only do you lose your own identity, but you can never fully become part of the group that you seek to imitate. Therefore, not only do you lose your own sense of self-respect and self-worth, but the people you have imitated don't accept and neither do they respect you. Put simply, if a black person in America tried as hard as they could to become white, not only would they never become white, but in the process, they would lose their self-respect and become the object of ridicule both by white and black people (case in point Michael Jackson).

So, what's the point? - Be yourself! There are far too many people out there who are trying to be somebody else. No matter what you do, how many times you perm your hair or how much make-up you put on you're still black. All that fake stuff does is let everybody know that you don't like who you are. Besides, it makes your hair fall out and your skin break out. (Besides, anybody who's ever read Malcolm's conk story in the autobiography is just having a good old time laughing at you.) One more time, what's the lesson? - be yourself, be honest.

Well, there are a couple of other thousand lessons that can be learned from Malcolm, but the number one lesson is to educate yourself. Knowledge is discernment and revolutions are only going to work if they start in the mind. - peace

ARE YOU FEELLING PARANOID TOO?

It is just me, or am I the only one who sees the destruction of civilization as we know just around the corner? Did anyone else hear the recent news about the ozone layer depletion? On the news the other day, I heard that NASA researchers have found that the ozone is thinning at a much more rapid rate than previously expected. But, the newscaster said, not to worry because there is a worldwide ban on CFCs by 1999. Oh good, just in time.

Didn't it snow in Jerusalem recently? I don't know about you, but when that Bible apocalypse shit starts happening, I start to freak out. Maybe I have been watching too much Pat Robertson on the 700 Club. I mean, you know, I first started to watch it

to see what those goofy fundamentalists were up to. Sure enough, there is Pat interpreting the daily news according to apocalyptic prophesy. Oh, I know that in the Gospels even Jesus admits he doesn't know when it's going to come, so how the hell could Pat know? But the guy plays into your worst fears, so the next thing I know I'm thinking "oh, shit, what if he's right?" If he could do this to me, and I'm not even a christian, it's not hard to see how he rakes in so much money... except that giving money to Pat seems kind of stupid if the end is coming. I mean, shouldn't we all be investing in huge bags of grain, barrels of water, and bullets. Maybe I should give my money to Pat.

Haven't you ever seen those bumper stickers on fundamentalist's cars that say: WARNING IN EVENT OF RAPTURE THIS CAR WILL BE UNMANNED.

Or maybe I am a victim of fear of the coming millenium? No, like a good paranoid, I know that I am actually seeing things quite clearly, too clearly perhaps. It hasn't escaped me that the number 23, one of the most important numbers indicating a Masonic conspiracy, has been showing up everywhere. You don't believe me, just try it. Pick out a control number and then count how many times the number 23 and your control number come up. You will be amazed. For example, the time it takes for a scud to travel from Iraq to Israel is

approximately 23 minutes. Spike Lee's movie "Malcolm X" is being made 23 years after his death. An exercise program on T.V. is being advertised for 23 dollars. It pervades every aspect of society, for God's sake this country was founded by Masons and they put their symbol on the dollar bill!

Thanks, I feel much better for having shared that with you. Oh, as my Italian Mama says with a shrug, "What're gonna do?"

**SHOWER WITH
A FRIEND**

Big Nick Hits the Brook

by Joe DiStefano

Jazz veteran Big Nick Nicholas brought his quartet to the Poetry Center on February 19 in celebration of Black History Month. As I was listening to Billie Holliday and looking around the packed room I thought that the Poetry Center was a most unlikely venue for a jazz show on campus because of its somewhat bookish air of academia, not to mention the fact that there were classes in session during the show. A broad range of the USB community turned out for the free show among them a sizable number of students and professors from the English Department.

When Big Nick and the quartet came on the center seemed transformed into an intimate jazz club, sans bourbon (alas) and smoke. The quartet opened the evening with the tune "Relativity" which featured Big Nick on horn and vocals. Hearing the quartet playing this tune my thoughts of the Poetry Center being an incongruous setting were dispelled. Big Nick and his quartet had as much rhythm, lyrical quality, and poetic fire as the the library of poets whose books were shelved behind them. "Relativity" had a great classic jazz groove to it and I loved the chorus, "Black is white but who am I to say, It might be grey." Not only were Nick's playing and singing sweet beyond belief, he played up to the crowd with all the tender humor of a seasoned artist who loves his work. A friend of mine once called Dizzy Gillespie the Jerry Garcia of jazz, I think Big Nick rates a close second. He rolled his eyes and made such funny faces in

during the show that I thought the full moon must have influenced his stage presence that night. In terms of volume the quartets playing itself was in keeping with Big Nick's name and physical stature, their sound more than filled the Poetry Center.

Big Nick Nicholas has had a wide variety of playing experience with jazz greats, among them bop pioneers Charlie Bird Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. Legendary tenor sax man John Coltrane honored him by naming a tune after him. Today he is a mentor to both Wynton and Branford Mersalis who are involved with the keeping the classic jazz tradition alive. The other members of the quartet have also earned their stripes as seasoned veterans in the jazz world. Pianist John Miller was the musical director for Stanley Turrentine. Drummer Al Harewood has played with the late great tenor man Stan Getz. Bassist Leonard "Born Again" Gaskin has played with Bird, Big Joe Turner, and, of all people Bob Dylan.

After the first number Big Nick greeted the audience saying, "We're going to play our heart out for you and we want everyone to dance." I really think that if the set up of the room didn't prevent it people would have danced, since a good number bopped in their seats during the show. The second tune was the soulful "Georgia On My Mind". Nick's singing had such an expressive lyrical quality that I almost forgot about his terrific horn playing, that is until he took it up for several mournful solos between choruses of the song.

Big Nick sat out on the next number, "Lednam", a piece composed by pianist John Miller in honor of Nelson Mandela, leader of the African National Congress of South Africa. Miller laid down a danceable funky Afro-Cuban groove as dense and fragrant as a tropical forest on

electric piano. Several rows in front of me a young mother rocked her daughter to the music.

Big Nick introduced the next tune, "Autumn in New York" with an anecdote about bop king Charlie Bird Parker. Nick characterized him with the same humor that colored his own stage presence, "He was the type of guy who would steal your eyeballs out and make you think he was doing you a favor." One night the two men were hanging out at an afterhours club when Big Nick got up to play an a capella version of the jazz standard "Autumn in New York". Nick liked it so much that he decided he would record it, but Bird liked it so much that the next day he was downtown at a studio recording his own version. Nick's playing on the tune had as much emotion and soft lyricism as Billie Holliday's classic recording of the tune.

"Life would not be complete unless we did some blues," Big Nick quipped as he launched into an old time jazz blues jam. During the this free style jam it was clear that blues shouters such as Big Joe Turner have had an influence on his vocal style. Once again his effervescent clownish stage presence sparkled as he sang about his, "TV mama with a great big wide screen." Of course he sang the standard blues laments about women among, "Woman you *must* be crazy." Although Nick said that blues was appropriate for the rainy Wednesday evening the music was anything but sad, in the tradition of all good boogie blues music it transcended whatever sorrows lay at the music's roots to invoke a joyous feeling that was like a rainbow breaking through clouds.

Big Nick Nicholas closed out the evening's all too short set with the blues classic "Corrine Corrina" urging the audience to clap along which they did

enthusiastically. Who cares if some of the senior members of the English department who were present couldn't keep the beat, they looked like they were having a helluva time anyway. Big Nick then went into an improvised vocal or scat singing in the tradition of Ella Fitzgerald, introduced by his singing, "Ella Fitzgerald come on in to the house." And into the house she came, albeit with a voice several octaves lower than Ella and a wacky head shaking cheek flapping style that reminded me of a cartoon character.

After the show I spoke to a friend of mine who had a night class down the hall from the Poetry Center. He said that the lecturer did her best to speak over the concert which was still heard. "It was great, I got to listen to her and hear jazz that night," he told me that night. The Big Nick Nicholas quartet is a living jazz classic which has the ability to conjure up the atmosphere of the heyday of jazz.

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Poetry page

Mirror Image

Can you seem to get it through
your unbreakable shell you call a brain
that what you see is not exactly
what you get?

What we do have here is
a failure to communicate with me,
admit it, because we really do.
It is me, your self, the thing that looks
like stained glass on the wall of hope.

The prisoners of hate are slowly drawing
closer, anxiously closer to
confess to the minister of fear.
I'm not speaking to you
from the great beyond.
I am merely opening your inner soul
so that you can visualize
your own pain, sorrow, and dread.

Ask yourself, "What is it about the subject,
namely you, that fills the halls of your flesh
with so much worry and uncertainty?"
Sure your peers drop tons upon tons of
discrepancies on your person, because
you're missing the strength of
a hundred mighty warriors of self-indulgence
Mirrors that reflect on the true you
should reflect goodness and total loyalty
to what is supposed to be me; your self
Look at me and look at what
your outlook is going to be...

If you keep the gift of despair and solitude
you will enter and be imprisoned
in a world of dishonesty and hatred.
If you acquire the gifts that I may bring you,
your world will change slightly, because
your wit, charm of charms, and personality
will lift up the innocence of many intruders.

I love you you have no choice
in this life time but to love me as well.
Myself, me
your Mirror Image.

Kendrace

At what point does the song

of tuning a guitar become the song
and when the band stops
and someone sneezes is that
also part of the song and the paintings
drying in the garden where does the art
end and the garden begin
I mean did the artist intend for the grass
curling around the easels to be
part of the art and the poet
giving her reading when she talks about
writing the poem is that already the poem
and when she says thank you for coming
is that the last line of the poem
or what

Erik Pihel

fit to print

Reading the Times,
I am depressed:
By bankruptcies
Moral and fiscal
By death and catastrophe.

I fold up section A
Road map,
of a strange and terrible land,
Whose reality I disown
I find cerebral solace
In the crossword.

Rising from my seat
Proud at the completion
Of my intellectual feat
I notice black ink
Has soiled my trousers
Like ashes from faraway funeral pyres.

Joe DiStefano

Barbie's Tragedy

It's dismal being here,
Where all sounds sound like diphthongs,
I'm so bored I want to hurl
Myself from this dull tragedy
Into a comedy featuring Them,
With Barbara Bush as heroine,

Not the usual kind of heroine,
She doesn't come to my aid here,
Her concern is blazen with the hopes of them
Who speak in dismantled tongues--unusual
diphthongs--
Indifference masking concern is the tragedy
Into reality I wish her to be hurled.

Barbara's acting forces us to hurl
Needles into myself of heroine,
Seems the only escape from this tragedy,
So I will not have to hear
The sickening sounds of diphthongs
Pouring out of them.

Looking for fish and finding them,
I took them to the door to hurl
At my neighbors saying scratch my diphthong
And as a drugged prude I shoot the heroin(e)
Into my vas deferens.
And it is here

That I feel the sunburn of splendid tragedy.

This is without a doubt a tragedy
Faced with the prospect of going before them
I fear the words I'm about to hear
To the lions I will be hurled
But from the jaws of death my heroine
Will save me, stripped of her thong.

Noise frozen in sedentary diphthong,
Echoes of endless tragedy,
Hidden in the calm of heroin
In paranoid seclusion from them,
The mind caught in a hurl,
We still listen to hear.

Posh Krow

Self-Portrait in Neon Green

I've seen the smoky breath of horses in the
morning air
birds sitting on branches,
and shady clouds hanging
over distant hills like burnt
marshmallows—
but I don't care about that

I like the Quincy Troupe cut and the June Jordan
jazz,
hand-slapped congas and steel-stringed guitars
strumming the rhythms of a rock-hopping river
and singing thank you,
thank you for the rhythm—

The rhythm of uncontrollable laughter,
the rhythm of a Bim Skala Bim on the box,
the rhythm of cleats digging dirt
down the line a quick cut inside
side steps the sweeper
fakes out the keeper
and kicks the leather bullet
off the post and into the net,
the rhythm of the planets spinning around the sun,
the rhythm of Charlie Parker on the saxophone,
the rhythm of a flip flap under the dollar snap
that crays and nays to the foo foo smack,
the rhythm of beer bottles hitting
the counter no place to sit
so what's your major
you got any change for
the juke box another Rolling Rock
and you know that you

are
it,

the rhythm of clothes spinning in a drier,
the rhythm of a straight night razor burning in a
blaze or
getting it lost in the lemonade chaser,
and the rhythm of skates cutting the ice,
speeds foot over foot slides
turns pushes over glides
then scrapes to a stop—lifting snow
then falls to the frozen lake like sifted
sugar.

Erik Pihel

Book Review:

Ole Doc Methuselah

by L. Ron Hubbard

by J.A. Madonia

Knowing that L. Ron Hubbard had passed away back in 1986, it was a surprise to discover a new book, *Ole Doc Methuselah*, was being released from beyond the grave. Of course, it wouldn't be the first time a long lost manuscript by an author had come to light. Curious about Hubbard's post-mortem appearance, I used the book detective's method of skipping to Hubbard's biography at the end of *Ole Doc Methuselah*, which cleared up the mystery of the book's origin. *Ole Doc Methuselah* is comprised of a series of stories about the title character that Hubbard had written under, a pseudonym for the 'pulp' fiction magazines just after World War II.

Now there is nothing wrong with classic stories published during the 30's and 40's, a number of them had an innocent "Star Wars" feel to them. However *Ole Doc Methuselah* does not fall into this category. Instead it is an example of pulp fiction at it's worst. It is unlike the thoughtful exploratory works of authors such as Stanley Weinbaum or Ray Gallun; where alien life was examined in a positive light and differences between humans and aliens did not determine that one or the other was better—just different.

In *Ole Doc Methuselah* the title character, or "Ole Doc" as he is called, is a member of the Seven Hundred Soldiers of Light, also known as the members of the Universal Medical Society, which provides or withholds medical care as they see fit. In addition Ole Doc, owns an alien slave called Hippocrates who looks upon Ole Doc as a god. Ole Doc also describes in various stories how "the bread has gone enough to seed", and the nobleness of characters by their "high forehead" and other stereotypical jargon. Other characters in the story sometimes act as though they were rejects from a road show tour of *GRAPES OF*

WRATH. For example, a character delivers the immortal line "you got nothing to be afraid of", and this is a Martian.

One of the most offensive scenes described has Hippocrates acting like an alien 'Steppenfetchit', where the alien has "spread out the finest lunch



ever set up for the finest master of the happiest and most-won back slave of the galaxy." And Hippocrates is singing no less. The only thing missing is Ole Doc strumming "Camptown Races" on a banjo in the background.

Other character flaws include the fact that while

Ole Doc is supposed to be 905 years old, his reaction to women is strictly juvenile. No longer are women judged solely on the basis of appearance by Ole Doc, he barley stops short of salivating and urinating in his pants every time an attractive woman shows up. In addition, Ole Doc wears ostentatious clothing in the same vein Liberace would have worn in he had been a space doctor. This is particularly tasteful attire when administering to the poor and downtrodden. As for the "seven hundred Soldiers of Light", they ring too much like another "thousand Points of Light" — too few who can do too little at best.

Not only is Hubbard's writing offensive in *O.D.M.*, his writing style is stiffer than a dead opossum in the road. Other problems include characters and planets with names like "Sir Pudno" or "Dorcon", which stop whatever small flow of story that may occur. *O.D.M.*, and it would come as no surprise Hubbard's *Ole Doc Methuselah* stories have not been reprinted before. Apparently though the late Hubbard's connection to Bridge Publications, publishers of his book *Dianetics*, plans are progressing to reprint all 330 of Hubbard's novels, novelties, and short stories. Hubbard's other work may very well not be of the same poor calibre of *O.D.M.*, and it would make sense for Bridge to publish Hubbard's better writing, and leave the poorly written material by the wayside. *O.D.M.* is the kind of stuff that gave Science Fiction a bad name, so why reprint it? In summation *O.D.M.* stinks. And more work in the same styles as *OLE DOC METHUSELAH* is anticipated with the same joy as falling down a very long flight of stairs.

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Presstoons

