

diatriba

PEOPLE OF COLOR NEWS COLLECTIVE



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Racism In Academia

Scholar Rodolfo Acuña denied position
at U.C. Santa Barbara

THE CENTER FOR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS filed a lawsuit against the Regents of the University of California on behalf of Dr. Rodolfo Acuña. The lawsuit, *Acuña v. the Regents of the University of California*, filed in Alameda Superior Court on September 25, 1992, alleges that the administrative reviewing committees of the University of California at Santa Barbara denied Dr. Acuña a position in the Chicano Studies Department at UC Santa Barbara due to discrimination based on

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Writer: Kim Furumoto

Artist: Jason Luz

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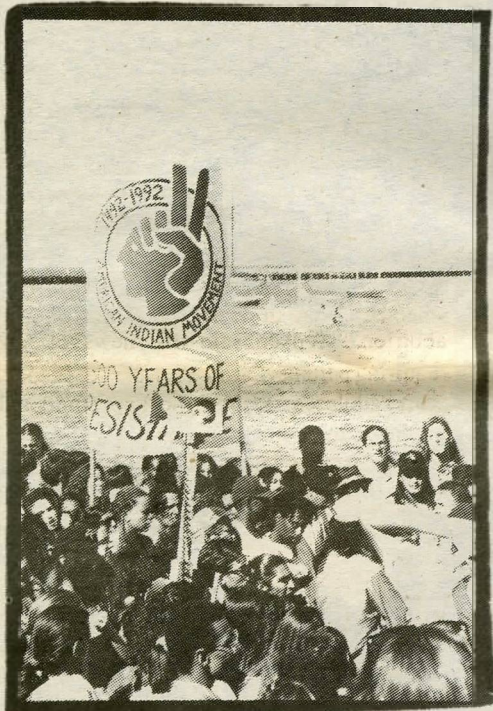
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The "Minor" Abortion Debate

The Legal Battle for the Control of Young Women's Bodies

BY JANE CHEN

For the first time since *Roe v. Wade* (1973), a conservative majority supporting anti-abortion regulations occupies the highest court in the nation. In order to undermine women's abortion rights, the U. S. Supreme Court may not have to explicitly overturn the 1973 precedent; rather, it can gradually chip away at those rights by upholding state laws which restrict access to abortion. At the forefront of the abortion rights controversy are parental involvement laws which block a minor's access to abortion.

Currently, forty-one states have passed parental involvement laws requiring either parental consent or notification before unmarried women under the age of eighteen may get an abortion; however, only twenty of these states actively enforce these laws. The remaining twenty-one states have defeated or are in the process of litigating the regulations. In 1990, the U.S. Supreme Court sustained Minnesota and Ohio parental notification laws (respectively in *Hodgson v. Minnesota* and *Ohio v. Akron Center for Reproductive Health*) but added the provision that the states give teenagers the option of judicial bypass, which allows minors to obtain permission from a judge rather than the parent. In effect, the high court ruled that the federal constitution does not protect minors from laws which burden access to abortion. Many anti-abortionists hope that the Supreme Court's upholding of parental notification regulations will encourage state courts to do the same.

California is one of the states in which parental involvement laws are still under litigation. Like many states, its constitution provides stronger, more explicit protection of the right to privacy and abortion than does the federal constitution. It is also a state in which parental consent laws, if enforced, could have enormous impacts: California performs ten percent of more than 400,000 teenage abortions conducted each year in the U.S. In 1987, the California legislature under Governor Deukmejian passed a bill which required unmarried women under eighteen to gain the written consent of one parent or to obtain the approval of a judge before getting an abortion. However, a preliminary injunction issued by San Francisco Superior Court Judge Colvin barred the law from taking effect as scheduled on January 1, 1988. The California Court of Appeals then affirmed the injunction, citing the California constitution's right to privacy provision (Article 1, Section 1). More recently, San Francisco Superior Court Judge Chesney ruled the law unconstitutional in 1991. The California State Attorney General, however, is now appealing the decision and has asked the state Supreme Court to overturn Chesney's ruling.

Supporters of the California parental consent law say that the regulations will protect parents' right to exercise care and control over their children. They point out that the law requires the consent of only one parent with no mandatory waiting period, and that if the minor



Opponents argue that parental consent laws infringe upon the state constitutional right of teenagers to privacy

chooses not to inform the parent, she may seek permission from a judge.

Opponents, including the California Medical Association, Planned Parenthood of

Alameda and San Francisco, and the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), argue that parental consent measures infringe upon the state constitutional rights of teenagers to privacy, and that they unduly burden a minor's access to abortion. They state that the law is founded on a single idealized model of family life which takes for granted openness in communication between teen and parent. Abortion rights advocates point out that the law does not adequately address such realities as physical or emotional abuse, incest, or an adolescent's need for autonomy in decision making.

Regarding the "alternative" to parental consent, judicial permission, opponents to the regulations emphasize the barriers and

humiliation the minor must face in the attempt to obtain judicial bypass. They argue that not only must young women deal with the inherent inefficiencies of the court system, but they also must contend with the class system which parental involvement laws creates. This system allows those with enough socio-economic resources to navigate through the judicial process and leaves those who are poorer or younger to become parents before they are ready or have illegal abortions. Moreover, the court alternative does not take into account the inaccessibility of the judicial system to those with language barriers. (Currently, the courts only provide interpreters for a few of the sixteen different languages recognized in California.) Even when a minor does get her day in court, the question of whether or not she may obtain an abortion is under the discretion of the judge, who rules on the teenager's ability to make mature decisions. Those opposing the state law point out that having to defend her personal decisions to a judge adds to the humiliation a young woman may already feel.

Furthermore, opponents of parental consent emphasize the adverse effects the implementation of the law would have on the health of pregnant teenagers in general. Theresa Wilson of Planned Parenthood for Alameda/San Francisco called parental notification or consent laws "access issues" which create "another barrier to [health] care, whether a woman does or does not want an abortion." Wilson said that news of laws requiring parental notification or consent often scares adolescents who do not know the details of the regulations concerning clinical care, adding that those who attempt to deal with the court system may be increasing health risks by delaying their abortions longer. Wilson also stated that many minors, fearing emotional or physical reprisal from parents, risk their health by delaying abortions or by inducing abortions themselves. She cited as an example a young woman named Becky Bell who, not wanting to disappoint her parents, tried an illegal abortion and died. In another case, thirteen year-old Spring Adams was murdered by her father when he found out that she was pregnant after he raped her.

Controversy over parental involvement laws and their impact continue. Virginia recently rejected its parental notification laws, and in many states, regulations restricting minors' access to abortion are currently under litigation. Even if the U.S. Supreme Court chooses not to overturn *Roe v. Wade*, mounting barriers to the accessibility of abortion may serve to undermine the right to abortion. ■

SOME FACTS ABOUT ABORTION:

*More than 50% of the pregnancies among American women are unintended—half of these are terminated by abortion. Among teenagers, 82% of pregnancies are unintended.

*The majority of women obtaining abortions are young: 61% are under age 25, and 26% are age 11-19; only 18% are over 30.

*Poor women are about three times more likely than women who are financially better off to have abortions. Nevertheless, 11% of abortions are obtained by women whose household incomes are \$50,000 or more.

*On average, women report more than three reasons that lead them to choose abortion: three-fourths say that having a baby would interfere with work, school, and other responsibilities; two-thirds say that they cannot afford to have a child; and one-half say that they do not want to be a single parent or have problems with their husband or partner.

*About 16,000 women have abortions each year because they become pregnant as a result of rape or incest.

*42% of pregnant teenagers choose abortion, while 58% continue their pregnancies to term.

*55% of women under 18 who get an abortion do so with their parents' knowledge—the younger the teenager, the more likely that her parents know.

*The younger the mother, the more likely she is to suffer from complications from pregnancy, including anemia, toxemia, and miscarriage.

*The maternal mortality rate for young mothers is more than twice that for mothers 20-24; the maternal mortality rate among young black mothers is double the rate for young white mothers (16.6% to 7.6%, respectively).

Facts cited from:
•The New York Times, •The Los Angeles Times, •The Christian Science Monitor
•"Facts in Brief" by Planned Parenthood in Alameda/San Francisco.

Interview with Ahmed Obafemi of the New Afrikan People's Organization

BY JULIAN CHOU AND
NORMAN ARELLENO

The New Afrikan People's Organization is one of the groups that organized the International Tribunal of Indigenous Peoples and Oppressed Nations in the United States, held in San Francisco during October 1992. Norman Arelleno and Julian Chou spoke with Mr. Obafemi at the AIM/International Tribunal office in San Francisco. The following is an excerpt of the interview with Mr. Obafemi in which he talks about the New Afrikan People's Organization and the current situation of New Afrikans, specifically the youth, in the United States.

Ahmed Obafemi: The New Afrikan People's Organization is an organization that believes that Black people in the United States have a right to self-determination, and that one of the ways in which self-determination is expressed is through independent nationhood.

We believe that in 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation was violated by the unilateral decision that the United States made in making Black people citizens of the United States. Our position is that we were freed as a people. We should have been given particular rights, and those rights should have been the right to go back home to Afrika, to be repatriated back to Afrika. We should have had the right to go to any other nation that would have accepted us. We should have had the right to make an informed decision to be citizens. The United States never asked us if we wanted to be citizens. They simply told us about a 14th Amendment; they simply told us that we were citizens. And we think that's a violation of our human rights and deprives us of our right to self-determination.

But we should have also been asking about the building of an independent nation as another form of self-determination. In the course of our history, there's been this duality of struggle. You have the history of Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, and Martin Luther King; and

on the other side, you have Denmark Vessey, Gabriel Prosser, Nat Turner, Malcolm X, Marcus Garvey and others who were talking concretely about the issue of self-determination, the issue of independence.

Basically, we see our existence here in the United States as parallel to that of the Native Americans. Five years after Columbus' invasion of the Americas, his partner in crime, Vasco da Gama, took a similar trip towards Afrika and Asia. This eventually opened up a market for Afrikan slaves, because they couldn't get the Indians. They were constantly fighting with the Indians; they were committing genocide on the Indians. So they brought in the Afrikan slaves to do the work that they wanted the Indians to do to build this country.

Part of our history of struggle is a very close relationship with the Native Americans. Look at certain nations like the Choctaw—that's fundamentally what we call a Black Indian nation—and our relationship with the Seminoles. There have been many instances where Afrikan peoples left the plantations and were welcomed in Indian communities. We

fought together; we had intermarriages. So when you look in Afrikan history, the history of the descendants of slaves, somewhere in there will be people who talk about their great-great-grandmother or grandfather who was a Native American.

We don't consider ourselves Americans. We don't consider ourselves African Americans. New Afrikan is our nationality. We use the term "New Afrikan" because we realize that we are Afrikan people—that

we come from Afrika, that we come from different nations, sometimes they like to use the term "tribe", in Afrika whether it be Ibo, Iruba, Shante, Zulu. And that here, we've been forged into a new kind of situation, a new development. And so, in keeping with our Afrikan identity, we just identify ourselves as New Afrikan.

We have identified the land mass that we would like to have as our national territory, the land mass that we have historically been on, fought and struggled to stay on. We buried our dead there. And those are the particular states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi. You may have heard about what they call the Black Belt

Nation, the Negro Nation. It's a concept that goes way back. We've made it into one contiguous land base. So those are the issues we're raising today. We're actually pushing, and have been since 1968, the petitioning of that area of the United States as an independent nation.

Norman Arelleno: You use the term New Afrikans. It seems to me that African American students are more focused on an integration into the system rather than becoming a separate nation. What are your feelings about that? How can you reach those students?

We don't consider ourselves Americans. We don't consider ourselves African Americans. New Afrikan is our nationality.

AO: The point is dealing with the objective, so we don't get into arguing over the name. People can call themselves what they want at this point. But we think that as white supremacy gets stronger, as people begin to see that the United States government is unable to do things in our interest, we'll all begin to see things in terms of how we survive as a people. When we see that the conditions of New Afrikans have become worse in the last 20 years, then people begin to see certain things.

I'm of the school that says, "I like to see things get bad." You know, I like it when the police expose themselves. I like it when the skinheads and the Nazis start becoming active, because they exist and they've been doing things on the sly, you know. There are numerous murders—we don't know who did them, but I think that they are responsible. I'm from Birmingham. When I was coming over here a couple of weeks ago, they had just killed a Black man. They just shot a young, Black man, you know. They say that they're going to take back Birmingham. So we're in a real struggle down there.

But I'm saying all of these things begin to expose themselves, showing that the Black leadership has no power. Jesse has no power. These mayors have no power. You know, these police chiefs have no power. People are beginning to understand. So, what you see is

this whole trend towards this Afrikan-centered education—or what they call "multicultural education"—that's going to have an impact. Because if they begin to tell the truth, if they begin to put the real history in there, people are going to become a little more conscious.

Look at young people. I'm talking about the people on the streets, the youth formations that they call gangs. What you see happening is very interesting if you remember the counter-intelligence program in 1967 that was led by Hoover. It killed Malcolm and Martin Luther King, destroyed the Black Panther Party and the

Young Lords and so forth. One of the key things in that five-point program was that it said to stop these nationalist organizations from building and organizing young people. And so you see the drugs come in. Then you see in Chicago, they give a local street gang a lot of money to fight Fred Hampton and the Panthers. They started

giving them dope. They started giving them weapons. And this began to stretch out and develop. Well, what you see now, particularly in South Central L.A. with the situation between the Bloods and the Crips, they're becoming quite conscious politically.

But I see the phenomena of young street formations not as something that should not have developed. It's a natural phenomena if you look in most cultures, because what young New Afrikans are going through when they join a gang is a period of initiation. It's a rite of passage. We, Afrikan people, no longer have our rites of passage. So that period comes when you get to a certain age, when you're becoming "a man," and you've got to express that. In Afrika, we used to take all the young people and send them out. They had to go out and kill a lion, or they had to do something that was considered dangerous. They would have to overcome that.

But the formation of these gangs is an interesting phenomena. For example, nations have common economics, language, name, land mass, and culture. They also have a government. When you look at the gangs, you see that they have

cont'd on pg. 16

An African American Artist

Breaking the Chains of Mainstream Culture

**Nancy Cato
deconstructs
Black stereotypes**

**BY KEVIN
CARTWRIGHT**

It is always refreshing to see new images emerging from the African American community, particularly those which challenge conventional ways of showing the nuances and variation within the community itself. It is most interesting to consider this insurgent expression of new images as travelling uncharted territory; it is the ability to create another language, one which everyone is not readily aware of but which is nevertheless a mode of recognition that reminds a community that it breathes, reproduces, and grows. Nancy Cato's work attempts to create this new language, to show the complexity of being human. What is ironic is that most people would take her for just another bicycle messenger in downtown San Francisco, which is what she does to make a buck. But she is quickly becoming a cartoon illustrator of great merit. Even without a major exhibition of her work, word is spreading like wildfire about her highly distinctive style.

Nancy Cato was raised in New Haven, Connecticut, where, at an early age, she took up drawing when she chanced upon an uncle's drawing book lying around the house. She began to see the magic of image when her replications of such stalwarts as Beetle Bailey, Disney, and other animated characters won her praise as champion artist of her neighborhood. Art became her lone obsession. She would routinely refuse to go on her lunch break, preferring instead to remain in the art room at school and construct new characters. In high school, taking available art classes was a priority



**There is so much expression in graffiti. It's
an expression for the youth to scream out
against injustices or for personal things or
even egotistical things.**

and adding college prep courses was an afterthought. She eventually attended Western Connecticut State University's newly-established graphic design program, which provided nothing more than ancient equipment and many inexperienced instructors. During this time, the University was taking a "fiscally responsible" approach to administering the school, which, to Cato, translated into more money for the business program and more cuts for the arts and humanities. Despite these limitations, Cato forged ahead and developed

her own style. The graphic design program, despite its marginalized status, still inculcated students with the standard education of great, white, male, classical artists. Though Cato respected the art, it did not have much of an appeal for her, and it was clear to Cato that her world view was unrepresented in the curriculum. To this day, Cato refuses to finish the three units needed for graduation because of this colonizing methodology.

Cato is a prolific combination of intensity, determination, prankster, and visionary. She does much to explore beyond superficial or binary limitations of society. She is influenced by a number of elements: the written word, movement, Black people, group dynamics, underlying reasons for internal violence, and how communities can work to better themselves. Moreover, she is in touch with what is happening in the streets. Heavily influenced by rap music and culture, her designs carry an ambiance which directly communicates to Black youth and others who have been bound and gagged by mainstream culture. Graffiti is yet another form Cato sees as a means of stretching beyond conventional artistic parameters. It opens a reservoir of possibilities for an artist, since, according to Cato, "There is so much expression in graffiti. It's an expression for the youth to scream out against injustices or for personal things or even egotistical things. The people who can't understand it are the people, who for that same reason can't understand [that] it's not for them! I respect graffiti because it is art, and

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Homeless Women

*Center provides window into
lives of the marginalized*

BY FRANKIE MARIE MORRIS

Rosebud Denovo is dead. This statement has been pounded into our skulls by the media, protesters, and the brightly colored "Rosebud" displays spray-painted on the streets of the People's Park area. Everyone knows that Rosebud died after breaking into the home of Chancellor Tien with a machete. One would think that the death of a homeless activist, which occurred as a direct result of a "protest," would cause attention to be at least temporarily focused on the issue at hand: homelessness. But it hasn't turned out that way. I didn't know Rosebud, but I understand that, in her mind, she was doing a noble deed. It is in this spirit that I dedicate my article to her cause, not her actions. No one should die in vain.

Several women casually chat in a living room that might be located in any modest home. By appearances these women might be your mother, your neighbor, or yourself. Nothing tangible eludes to the fact that this is a special type of homeless center and that the women are its clients.

"I'll tell you what we need: sleep. People don't realize how important it is that you get enough sleep. If you are sleeping on the streets, or in the shelters, then you can't ever relax. You're always worried, scared, and watching out for trouble. You can't go look for a job if you are always tired." The woman who is speaking stares into my eyes for a trace of understanding. I nod, feigning comprehension.

The concept of this woman suffering from serious emotional problems is barely within my psychological grasp. I am afflicted with the conditioning that causes me to see her as a representative of the homeless, a non-person. I think that her only desires should be for food and shelter, and I fail to see the homeless as having any emotions. According to my distorted definition, she is more a domestic animal than a human being.

Living in Berkeley conditions us to see the homeless not as distinctive individuals, but

**Living in Berkeley
conditions us to
see the homeless
not as distinctive
individuals, but
as a bothersome
class of people
that must be
tolerated**

cont'd on pg. 16

THIRD WORLD WEANING

MY MOTHER The Socialist

ONE AFTERNOON COMING HOME FROM THE MARKET PLACE.



TENET FOR THE DAY: ALL CAPITALIST STRUCTURES MUST BE DESTROYED, BE THEY POLITICAL MACHINES OR HAIRDOS

BY JASON LUZ

City of Alameda to Ban Dancing?

Dance club faces pressure from city because it attracts the "wrong crowd"

BY FRANKIE MORRIS

The Twilight Zone, a dance club in the city of Alameda, has been an issue of much controversy since 1990. The owner of the club, Ray Jordan, asserts that racial discrimination is the reason Friday night activities at the club have been the subject of intense police scrutiny and the reason the city has revoked the club's permit. On Friday nights the club plays hip-hop and rhythm and blues music, attracting a large number of Black youths from neighboring Oakland. Alameda's 70% white population has not welcomed its 6.7% Black population or any minorities who come into the city.

Last November Jordan filed a federal lawsuit against the city, alleging that the police falsified crime

this year at the club; one of these was a 15 year-old Black boy who was carrying a gun. This was a major source of fear to Alameda's anti-dance community, which parallels the religious fundamentalists in the movie *Footloose*, who banned dancing because it was a "big city evil."

The police department denies any racial motives. However, in 1990, five officers received unpaid suspensions, ranging from one to thirty days, for making derogatory comments about Blacks on police computers. Some of these statements related to the Twilight Zone and the Ku Klux Klan. Residents, both white and Black, complain of harassment from the police. Some white Alameda residents have had private parties interrupted because there were

The owner of the club, Ray Jordan, was told to "stop catering to Blacks."

reports, then demanded that his club play rock music instead of the music it currently plays. He was also told to "stop catering to Blacks."

The police, city council, and residents say that the Twilight Zone attracts the wrong kind of youth, those who bring drugs, guns, and rowdiness into their "sleepy town." Vice Mayor Karin Lucas proposed revoking the club's dance permit as a possible solution to the city's problems. Lucas later extended the proposal to ban dance permits for all public dancing.

The proposed ban on dancing in all commercial establishments would affect more than just the targeted youth. Saturday and Sunday nights at the Twilight Zone are for hard-rockers and ballroom dancers, respectively. There are bars in Alameda which feature dancing and dance classes which would also have to be stopped.

There have been five arrests

Blacks present.

The Twilight Zone was operating on a temporary permit. City council had asked the police to give it reports on any problems. On Tuesday, October 28, 1992, the club suddenly lost its lease, just one day after the news of the proposed ban. It will have to shut down on January 1, 1993, if Jordan can not convince the owners of the Alameda Theater, the building which houses the Twilight Zone and other businesses, to change their minds. Property owners say that the decision has nothing to do with politics; they allege that they have found a better use of the property. The plan is to renovate the building back into a theater, starting with the space used for the Twilight Zone, yet there are no proposed plans for completion of the renovation, and there is a lack of funds to do the job. No other businesses in the building have lost their leases. ■



photo by Julian Chou

Supporters of Chinese garment workers demonstrate at Jessica McClintock, Inc. in San Francisco on October 13

Workers Protest McClintock, Inc.

Asian Immigrant Women's Advocates holds company accountable for subcontractor's abuse of workers

BY GEENE GONZALES AND JULIAN CHOU

Carrying signs that read "Jessica, Our Fingers Bleed For You," and chanting "No wages, no peace," over 100 people demonstrated Tuesday, October 13, in front of the headquarters of Jessica McClintock, Inc., a San Francisco-based garment manufacturer. They picketed again one week later in front of the McClintock boutique in downtown San Francisco. Demonstrators rallied in support of twelve garment workers, all Chinese immigrant women, who were left with bad checks when the Oakland based Lucky Sewing Company, a subcontractor for Jessica McClintock, went bankrupt in January.

Asian Immigrant Women's Advocates (AIWA), an Oakland community agency, organized both rallies. AIWA, which seeks to empower low-income Asian immigrant women through education and organizing, are demanding, along with the garment workers, \$15,000 in back pay and a two-year contract with Jessica McClintock. AIWA contends that women are victims of a contracting system that allows large, profitable clothing manufacturers to shirk their responsibility to workers.

Although Jessica McClintock is not legally liable for the contractor's wage bills, protestors insist McClintock has a moral obligation to ensure decent wages for the workers who make their gowns and dresses. In a letter to the group, Jessica McClintock stated that her company ceased doing business with Lucky Sewing Company over a year ago. While defending her company's commitment to contractors' employees, she denied any responsibility for the laid-off workers.

Young Shin, executive director of AIWA, disagrees. "Their [the workers'] sweat and blood labor made her corporation gross \$145 million in sales in 1991. She must be accountable to the women who make her clothes."

According to the workers' attorney Lora Jo Foo of the Asian Law Caucus, manufacturers often do not pay contractors enough to allow them to pay workers the minimum wage and compensate them for overtime hours.

The workers have been left with bad checks from April 1991 to February 1992. Typical of the conditions in the "sweatshops" of the garment industry, the women at Lucky Sewing Company worked ten

hours a day, six days per week, earning an hourly wage far below the \$4.25 federal minimum wage. They were not allowed to talk during work hours. Moreover, when the company was cited for violations, the workers were forced to pay fines.

The fear of losing their jobs, unfamiliarity with workers' rights, language barriers and other factors make it difficult for immigrant women in the garment industry to advocate their interests. The Jessica McClintock rallies were intended by organizers to kick off a nationwide campaign to focus attention on the low wages and substandard working conditions of garment workers.

AIWA is calling for a national boycott of Jessica McClintock and for the formation of support committees for the garment workers in cities across the country. Pickets will be held every Saturday between 11am and 2pm at Jessica McClintock boutiques or in front of various retail stores which carry her line. Several pickets are already set for the Bay Area, including the South Bay, as well as Los Angeles, Denver, Chicago, New York, Minnesota, Houston, and Portland. ■

**For more information, contact:
The Asian Immigrant Women's
Advocates**

**310 Eighth Street
Oakland, CA 94607
(510) 268-0192**

Caravan Challenges U.S. Blockade of Cuba

The U.S.-Cuba Friendshipment protests the thirty-year blockade of Cuba and the recently-passed Toricelli Bill

BY VISALAYA HIRUNPIDOK

Various national and local groups in over thirty cities are organized to protest the recently-signed "Cuban Democracy Act," also known as the Toricelli Bill, which tightens the United States' thirty-year old economic blockade of Cuba. The U.S.-Cuba Friendshipment is a caravan that protested the bill and challenged the morality and legality of the U.S. economic blockade.

The Toricelli Bill was signed by President Bush during a campaign rally with a Cuban American

crowd in Florida. The bill tightens the restrictions on U.S. trade with Cuba, even restricting the sale of food and medical supplies to the country. These restrictions in particular have been criticized by human rights groups as immoral.

The bill also attempts to influence U.S. allies into restricting their trade with Cuba. U.S. aid to foreign countries will be contingent on the country's observance of the U.S. blockade of Cuba. This aspect of the

The U.S.-Cuba Friendshipment affirms our right as U.S. citizens to answer the pressing needs of the Cuban people, and to relate to our brothers and sisters in Cuba

bill will have particular impact on Latin American nations which depend on U.S. economic support.

Among the organizations that joined in the caravan are the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization (IFCO), Pastors for Peace, Venceremos Brigade, National Network on Cuba, and Inter-

national Peace for Cuba Appeal. Medicine, food, bicycles and bibles were collected from 110 cities in different parts of the U.S. and delivered to Cuba.

Such a mass protest and organized effort to aid Cuba is unprecedented. More than 100 vehicles and

200 drivers traveled eight U.S. routes, leaving from northern U.S. cities on November 6. They converged in southern Texas November 17 and crossed the border to the Mexican port of Tampico, where materials and goods were loaded onto a Cuban freighter and shipped to Havana, Cuba. The drivers will return to

Tampico after a week in Cuba. They will return with a number of Cuban import items to be distributed or sold in the U.S. as a further challenge to the U.S. embargo. "There are thirty drivers from the Bay Area but we're short on trucks right now," says Gloria La Riva, who is working to organize the U.S./Cuba Friendshipment in the Bay Area.

Another important goal for the Friendshipment is education. The organizers hope to heighten people's awareness of the bill and the thirty-year blockade. According to La Riva, the caravan "is an act of international solidarity. Hundreds of groups have issued support for Cuba. That

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"Lynching or Suicide?"

UC Berkeley Organization of African Students questions police and media handling of apparent suicide

BY CHRISTOPHER ROSS AND STACY PYLES

UC Berkeley police are continuing their investigation into the mysterious circumstances surrounding the death of 31 year-old San Francisco resident, Nigel Sanders.

On Saturday, October 10, the UC Berkeley police received a call from a hiker who said he had seen the body of an African American male hanging from a tree in the steep, brush-covered ravine south of the Foothill parking lot. Two African American officers, Sergeant Michael

ately closed off so that the investigation could continue.

On Thursday, October 22, at the general body meeting of the UC Berkeley Organization of African Students (OAS), Shipman and Victorian were present to answer questions and to dispel all false rumors that had been circulating.

Many of the students present accused the UC police of trying to hide or cover up information. Shipman stated that, "My police department was and is not hiding anything from Cal students. All information on Sanders' death is public information. Right now, all evidence is pointing to suicide, but we have not ruled anything out. We are expecting the coroner's autopsy report soon, and that will finally determine the cause of death."

Other students were concerned with rumors that Sanders' hands and feet were bound. Victorian said, "Sanders' hands and feet were not bound; he was fully clothed, shoes included, and his mouth was not gagged." Shipman continued, "There were no signs of struggle on Sanders' body or on the ground around his body. There were no cuts or bruises on him and no broken branches beneath his body."

When asked how the police could be so sure it was a suicide, Victorian responded, "We are not sure it is a suicide, but all information so far points to suicide. Sanders' car and car keys were there with him. He's from Delancy Street Project, a skid-row rehab where either you make it or you don't, and he tried to kill himself once before in 1988 by carbon monoxide poisoning. Again, the investigation is still pending."

This article was reprinted with permission from Truth, a product of OAS.

"My police department was and is not hiding anything from Cal students. All information on Sanders' death is public information."

Shipman and officer Tanya Victorian, responded to the call.

Upon arriving to the scene, Victorian said, "Being a Black woman, and seeing a Black man hanging, [the thought that this was a] lynching entered my mind. But all preliminary investigations point to suicide." The initial coroner's report lists Sanders' cause of death as asphyxiation, caused by hanging.

Shipman continued, "We publicly announced Sanders' death as an unattended death, and we had control of how the media publicized it." The Foothill ravine was immedi-

PETE Gives Back to the Community

BY CRISTINA GASTELU

On March 17, 1992, a killing spree in Oakland broke out and Robert "Pete" was murdered for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. While walking in his neighborhood with some friends, a car drove by, shooting randomly. "He was everybody's friend," reminisces best friend Mark DuBois.

That incident triggered an active desire in DuBois to stop the violence in Oakland, particularly those crimes committed by youth. He has established a program to prove to the youth that education and leadership are options and that, "success and results do not necessarily have to be quick, tangible materials, such as money." He founded PETE, People Educating Teens for Self-Empowerment.

Recognizing that their own voice is valid is a primary objective in increasing the self-esteem of youth, believes PETE member Archie Sims. Sims also believes that people need to get involved to remedy the prolonged neglect of youth by the community. Often, assumptions about the youths' capabilities depend on stereotypes. These stereotypes, often negative, dictate

the treatment given to and received by youth. "Lazy," "unambitious," and "violent" are a few labels forced upon them. In reaction, they often strike out and, in more tragic cases, become these stereotypes.

In addressing this problem, PETE's motto is, "to influence and educate youth to become self-

Using a "start at the bottom" emphasis for elementary and junior high students, PETE hopes to instill values, pride, and self-respect.

empowered and to have self-determination so that they will be free, fulfill their ambitions, and become leaders." Tackling this mission are eight volunteers, aged 20-34, including students, parents, and professionals. Their job is to have rap sessions with the youth on issues they face daily, such as sexuality, drug abuse, and racism.

An offshoot of the Oakland School Volunteer Program, PETE targets elementary through high school students in Oakland. Using a "start at the bottom" emphasis for elementary and junior high students, PETE hopes to instill values, pride, and self-respect. These same goals

also apply to high school students. High school students may be promoted to the position of facilitator.

PETE had its first rap session with Haven Elementary, Santa Fe Junior High, and Oakland High School on Oct. 21, 1992. Although the attendance was not as high as hoped, the enthusiasm and curiosity expressed by the students was very encouraging to PETE volunteers. Confidence and a sense of respect was established between volunteers and youth, as well as ground rules. "To see the light bulb go on, and watch them say, 'Oh yeah,'" is a fulfilling reward for DuBois.

Other than having rap sessions, PETE's agenda also includes field trips to promote cultural awareness and provide community service. Field trips provide a good opportunity for the youth to see places outside of Oakland, an opportunity not often available to them. Having the youth engaged in community service teaches interactive and cooperative skills.

By not relying on the negative images of youth, PETE credits youth with a voice and intelligence not often heard. PETE empowers them with self-esteem and ambition, making an education or a profession realistic objectives. ■

Caravan Challenges U.S. blockade of Cuba

cont'd from pg. 6

support has helped put pressure on their governments. People in the U.S. have a big responsibility since the blockade emanates from our country. The objective is to challenge U.S. policy. The general public doesn't even know about the blockade. [We] hope to educate people on policy, challenge people. [We're] tired of sneaking to Cuba. It's time we stood up for our right to free travel."

With current U.S. law, it is illegal for U.S. citizens to travel to Cuba; doing so would be a violation of the Trading with the Enemy Act. The participants in the caravan could be risking a \$250,000 fine per individual, punishable by up to ten years in jail. Usually in order for private donations and goods to go to Cuba, an organization or company must first apply for trade licenses from the Treasury Department. This is the first time in the movement that trade and travel is being done illegally, according to La Riva. "The caravan has always been done legally. We want to show the U.S. that people are against the U.S. law against going to Cuba," she said.

Furthermore, the revised bill's stipulation that medicine be allowed to enter Cuba only under the condition that U.S. inspectors accompany it is seen as a great injustice and violation of Cuba's sovereignty. This stipulation is just short of saying that Cuba will not get any medicine at all, according to La Riva, since Cubans

will not allow their sovereignty to be violated. "It's a cruel form of blackmail and coercion to change a country like Cuba with free medicine. What about U.S. health care?" questioned La Riva.

"The U.S.-Cuba Friendshipment affirms our right as U.S. citizens to answer the pressing needs of the Cuban people, and to relate to our brothers and sisters in Cuba. We will send a material aid caravan... as representatives of the vast majority of U.S. citizens who have no quarrel with Cuba. We call on our government to follow our lead and end this inhumane and immoral embargo against Cuba," according to a statement released by IFCO and Pastors

medicine."

Along with the 23 groups nationally that support the U.S.-Cuba Friendshipment caravan are prominent individuals such as attorney Mario Obledo (former U.S. secretary of Health, Education and Welfare), Bay Area congressman Ron Dellums, several archbishops, and writer Alice Walker," according to La Riva.

Mike Chávez contributed to this article.

Diatribe note: At press time, new developments continued to unfold concerning the U.S.-Cuba Friendshipment caravan. On November 20, the United States government

AIM Drum Ceremony at the International Tribunal

From October 2 to 4, over 1000 people gathered at Mission High School in San Francisco for the "International Tribunal of Indigenous Peoples and Oppressed Nations in the USA." Members from Native American nations, the New Afrikan, Mexican and Puerto Rican communities testified against the U.S. Federal Government, which was charged with committing international crimes ranging from genocide to human rights violations to the incarceration of political prisoners. The international panel of judges included Native American law professor Rory Snow-Arrow Fawcett of U.C. Berkeley; poet and author Mitsue Yamada, a former member of the National Board of Directors on Amnesty International USA; and Francisca Villalba Merino, attorney and expert on International Law and Political Prisoners from Spain.

People in the U.S. have a big responsibility since the blockade emanates from our country. The objective is to challenge U.S. policy.

for Peace.

The caravan is prepared for any of numerous possible government responses. "The government could ignore it, could impose a \$50,000 penalty without jury trial, seize the vehicles, seize property, or jail us five to ten years" said La Riva. "Our best defense is political mobilization of the people. One to two hundred people can't be arrested easily. We can show the absurdity and outrage of the law by being together. You can't deny people of food and

capitulated, and allowed the Caravan to leave the United States without an export license. Five members of the Caravan were arrested, and then later released. The Caravan reached Cuba with their 15 tons of cargo, with the exception of \$2,000 worth of cancer, gynecological and asthma medicines that were confiscated by customs officials. Due to the seizure, the United Nations passed a resolution to condemn the 30-year U.S.-sponsored blockade of Cuba.

News Briefs--

Western Shoshone Nation Struggles with U.S. Government

Crescent Valley, Nevada. The Western Shoshone National Council is calling for political and material support for the Western Shoshone Nation's struggle against the U.S. Bureau of Land Management (BLM), the Department of the Interior, and other federal and local Nevada state government agencies. The conflict is over the sovereign nation land rights of the Western Shoshone.

On November 19 the BLM began to round-up and impound Shoshone livestock, along with wild mustangs, in and around the Dann Ranch in Crescent Valley, Nevada. The BLM claims that the Shoshone's grazing permits have expired, but there is serious speculation that the U.S. government's actions are in violation of the Wild Horse and Bull Act of 1971, and the 1863 "Peace and Freedom" Treaty of Ruby Valley between the U.S. and the Western Shoshone.

According to the 1863 treaty, U.S. citizens can travel on Western Shoshone lands for peaceful purposes. In accordance with this treaty the Western Shoshone's Dann Defense Project resistors are escorting neighboring ranchers to grazing areas to insure safe access to their herds. These herds are in the area established as the Western Shoshone National Security Zone around Dann Ranch in Crescent Valley. The Dann family has lived on the land for several generations.

The Western Shoshone say that they have honored their end of the treaty. According to a Western Shoshone spokesperson, the BLM has used expired grazing permit laws, which were established in the 1930's, as their excuse to violate current laws and avoid meaningful negotiations.

An armed struggle has ensued. Vehicles carrying supplies to the Western Shoshone security zone have been detained at gun-point by U.S. agents. Several U.S. law enforcement vehicles left the security zone with flattened tires.

"We are not here to be violent," stated Chief Raymond Yowell, "We are here to protect our land."

The Western Shoshone National Council is calling all indigenous people to "come and support their Sovereign Rights." They say that they will maintain the security encampment as long as necessary. The Defense Project is in need of supplies and support.

To get involved people can call the Western Shoshone Defense Project: (702) 468-0230. To begin local involvement call American Peace Test: (702) 386-9834. The Defense Project also requests that concerned persons contact their local congress people about the issue.

—Robert Bustamante

Fuerza Unida Protests Levi Strauss, Inc.

Twenty Fuerza Unida members and their supporters went on a five-day hunger strike from November 9 to 13 at the Levi Strauss, Inc. world headquarters in San Francisco. Fuerza Unida, an organization founded by employees of the San Antonio Levi's plant, struck in protest of the company's lay-off of 1,150 Latina seamstresses when production moved to Costa Rica (where the company employed cheaper labor) in 1989.

Levi's fired employees without notice and eradicated the pension plans and stocks held by laid-off workers without compensation. Moreover, the company has not indemnified seamstresses with health problems caused by the factory's poor working conditions.

In conjunction with the hunger strike, Fuerza Unida sponsored a tribunal on Nov. 11 at the Life on the Water Theater in San Francisco. Speakers included former presidential candidate, Rev. Jesse Jackson and Elizabeth Martínez, author and journalist. Jackson emphasized the impacts of North American "Free Trade" on American jobs, and Martínez addressed sexism in the workplace.

In addition to the hunger strike and tribunal, Fuerza Unida has adopted boycotts and lawsuits as methods of calling attention to labor issues, including job retraining, fair compensation, and corporate responsibility. Thus far, Levi's refuses to engage in any form of discussion or bargaining with the organization.

—Jane Chen

UC Berkeley Ethnic Studies Struggle Continues

In response to the May 1992 Review of the Department of Ethnic Studies, the UC Berkeley administration currently stands ready to decide the future of university's ethnic studies program. As recommendations from the Berkeley division of the University of California Academic Senate are presented to the chancellor, the administration prepares to make decisions concerning the budget and location of the Department of Ethnic Studies in the University structure.

Professor Ling-chi Wang, chair of the Department of Ethnic Studies, has said that the administration's announcements may possibly be made during the coming winter break. He and others who are cynical about the administration's intents think that the announcements will be made during the break because the university wants to avoid an organized student reaction to the decisions.

The administration has reason to expect such a reaction from the students. Students have demanded that the administration and faculty listen to their concerns about the future of the department, and have hinted at further actions in response to decisions which would hurt the department.

The Associated Students of the University of California (ASUC) Presidential Commission for the Advancement of Ethnic Studies has represented undergraduate interests in the process. On the graduate end, the Graduate Union of Ethnic Studies Students (GUESS) has represented students in the Ethnic Studies Ph.D. program.

Student members of the Academic Senate Committee on Educational Policy (CEP) worked hard to include student desires in the list of recommendations that the committee would be sending to the university administration. On Wednesday, October 28, ASUC President Margaret Fortune, and Vice President, Tim Yeung spoke to the CEP body about ethnic studies. According to Fortune and Yeung, chairperson Steven Schwarz said that the committee was planning to recommend that ethnic studies be upgraded to a division.

On November 9, members of GUESS and a representative from the undergraduate Commission for Ethnic Studies addressed the Graduate Council, another Academic Senate committee.

Students have also been working to coordinate their efforts with ethnic studies faculty. The ASUC Commission organized a meeting on November 4 with faculty, graduate and undergraduate students. Approximately half of the ethnic studies faculty attended the meeting.

Many students felt that the dialogue with faculty was long overdue. They were encouraged by the fact that faculty members suggested continuing the discussion, even suggesting that a day-long retreat might be organized to discuss the issues.

However, no follow-up meetings have yet taken place. Allyson Tintiangco, chairperson of the ASUC commission, said that part of the reason for this is the current strike by the Association of Graduate Student Employees, which has preoccupied the faculty. Tintiangco said that she would like to organize a meeting during the winter break to prepare for the coming semester.

—Mike Chávez

Leonard Peltier Appeals Case Update

American Indian Movement (AIM) leader Leonard Peltier has been incarcerated at Leavenworth, Kansas for the last 17 years. In 1975, he was convicted of killing two FBI agents on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Peltier's lawyers contend that his constitutional right to a fair trial was violated by outrageous government misconduct during the trial.

In an unsuccessful 1986 appeal, Peltier's lawyers brought forth new ballistics evidence which, they claimed, proved that Peltier did not fire the shots that killed the agents. The prosecution then changed the theoretical basis of their case against Peltier and argued that the convic-

Rigoberta Menchú Wins Nobel Peace Prize

On October 16, Rigoberta Menchú, Quiche Indian leader and renowned author from Guatemala, won the 1992 Nobel Peace Prize.

The Nobel Peace Prize awarded to Menchú represents a symbolic victory of long-overdue recognition for indigenous people worldwide. The Norwegian Nobel Prize Committee, when announcing the award in Oslo, praised Menchú, saying that "[she] stands out as a vivid symbol of peace and reconciliation across ethnic, cultural and social dividing lines." (AP)

Guatemala, Menchú's native land, has been ravaged by civil war since 1954. The human rights violations committed by the government against the indigenous people hit a bloody zenith in the 1970's and 1980's; the indigenous population suffered forcible relocation, forced army service, and wide-spread extermination.

Menchú, leader of a populist indigenous people's movement, was a victim of the government horror.

—Dolores Garay



graphic by Nancy Calo

Guatemala, has won acclaim as a chronicle of everyday life of indigenous people.

tion should stand because Peltier aided and abetted in the killings.

In October 1992, the 8th Circuit Court of Appeals decided to take another look at Leonard Peltier's case and consider whether Peltier's constitutional right to a fair trial had been violated. The following is a legal update from the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee.

November 9, 1992:

Leonard Peltier's third appeal was heard in St. Paul Minnesota before an Eighth Circuit panel of judges. Two issues were argued: Leonard's right to due process being violated by the government's change of theory and the governmental misconduct in investigating and trying Leonard's case.

The hearing opened with law professor Dianne Martin presenting an amicus concerning Leonard's illegal extradition from Canada. The amicus had been signed by 55 members of the Canadian Parliament. This was the first time members of Parliament have intervened in a criminal appeal in a U.S. court.

Former U.S. Attorney General, Ramsey Clark then presented Leonard's side in historical terms, citing the significance of unequal applications of the law over the last 500 years. Unfortunately, his time was shorter than he had anticipated, as the amicus argument had gone well over its time limit, and he was forced to fasten loose ends rather quickly.

Prosecutor, Lynn Crooks' argument was much the same as it had been since time began. Constant citing of the trial transcript was his strategy. He hardly dared mention the appeals record, where most of what he has to say has been dismissed. The highlight of his argument was the unexpected and total admittance that his original state-

ment "We don't know who killed those agents" was accurate. An exchange then took place between Crooks and Judge Daniel Friedman:

CROOKS "We had numerous shooters. We didn't know who fired which killing shots."

FRIEDMAN "What do you mean by know?"

CROOKS "We lacked an eyewitness."

FRIEDMAN "That seems to me quite significant."

Ramsey Clark with less than five minutes left in which to reply, read to the court Mr. Crooks' closing argument to the jury, clearly outlining the government's contention that Leonard was the "executioner."

The court is expected to render a decision in 30 to 60 days.

—Julian Chou

Boalt Hall Affirmative Action Attacked

According to the U.S. Department of Education's Office for Civil Rights (OCR), the admissions policy of U.C. Berkeley's Boalt Hall Law School is in violation of Title IV of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The OCR investigation stated that the Boalt Hall plan to diversify the student body is an infringement of the Civil Rights Act.

The law school had been categorizing its people of color ap-

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Military recruiting, page 12

Cops and Cappuccinos

A First Person Account of the Anti-Columbus Protests in North Beach

BY JASON LUZ

I have always hated North Beach. What was once the hip hangout of Jack Kerouac and his generation has become yet another casualty of gentrification, relegated to tourist trap status; just another in a franchise of Yuppie fairgrounds. Then again, maybe the beatniks were just more of the same, privileged white folks, bohemian subculture, relishing in the pretenses of self-degradation.

On October 11, my aversion towards North Beach went beyond historical contexts. It surpassed the mere scrutiny of overpriced cafes and overrated restaurants. I came to despise North Beach because of what happened there that day.

On October 11, the Sunday before Columbus Day, I was in the city along with several thousand other souls, marching with the American Indian Movement (AIM). However, instead of following the AIM parade to the Civic Center, I took a detour. A faction of over 200 young activists, including members of Roots Against War (RAW) and Black Bloc, a San Francisco anarchist group, parted from the AIM parade early and stormed towards North Beach, planning to completely shut down the Columbus Day parade.

We haphazardly made our way over Russian Hill towards Columbus Avenue, the main parade route. Along the way, nearly every intersection was teeming with police, and before long, the protesters that lagged behind were separated from the rest of the group. Like a

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Skinheads, Hate, and My Summer in Poland

BY PENN LOH

Victim of Hate Crime Speaks Out



art by Jason Luz

The recent media highlight of the "new fascists" in Germany has drawn attention to the worldwide growth of skinhead groups. More alarming is the growth of violence towards people of color, foreigners, and lesbians and gays perpetrated by these groups. The attacks against foreign workers in Hoyerswerda and elsewhere in Germany are now infamous. Less heard of are the 80 or so skinhead attacks on African, Asian, and Arab students in Budapest, Hungary last year. However, we don't have to look far to find neo-nazi hate crimes. Ten skinheads from Orange County, California were convicted last year for beating three Asian American teenagers, one until he was unconscious. There was the videotaping of an 17-year-old skinhead beating his gay neighbor. Now, four skinheads are being held in connection with the firebomb murders of a Black lesbian woman and gay man in Salem, Oregon.

The following is a true story of my experiences this past summer in Poland. It is not meant to be dramatized or sanitized—just simply my experiences and my thoughts. I write this not to stereotype the Poles or the Europeans in any way, nor to deflect attention from America, but to let people know how it feels to get beat up simply because you're different.

It happened on the evening of July 4th—American Independence day. We were in Warszawa (better known to us as Warsaw),

the capital and megalopolis of Poland. About sixty young Americans were brought together for one week of training and lectures to help us prepare for a summer of teaching English in other parts of Poland. We were a mixed lot; some were recent college grads eager for adventure and perhaps a job in Poland, some were of Polish descent trying to get back to their roots, while others were just trying to get out of the country and away from parents for a summer. Few of us were actually prepared for the realities we were to face.

On the morning of Saturday, July 4th,

Hate and rage became my most intense emotions. I began to understand how hate begets hate.

we heard our last lecture on Polish culture given by Miroslaw Peczak, a professor at Warsaw University. He was speaking to a tired and thinned crowd, the result of several days of partying and adjusting to the new time zone. More of us should have listened, however, because he talked about the skinhead movement in Poland.

There are three main groupings, he

said. They are still a relatively small presence in Poland compared to the movement in Germany. They are primarily made up of young men aged 17 to 25 who believe in "Poland for Poles." They are a fascist movement in that they want a strong leader/dictator, a strong national defense, and traditional gender roles. Except for one group whose leader believes that the Pope is Jewish, they believe in the traditional role of the Catholic Church. Peczak, who has interviewed some of these young men, characterized them as usually being from poor families, often with no father, and having little sexual experience.

Knowing these things didn't prevent what was to happen that night.

The Incident

Eight of us, three men and five women, gathered to go out for dinner that evening. With several Asian Americans and one African American in our group, we probably looked like a UN entourage. We were thoroughly American. At that point in our trip, we were just beginning to realize that the Poles acted differently in public than we did. They did not talk much, and when they did, it was in hushed voices. Few smiled or laughed in public. It was our last night in Warsaw before being shipped off to another town to begin our teaching assignments. We were talking loudly, in English, and laughing away.

We were at the center of the city and were waiting for a tram to take us to one of the few Chinese restaurants in Poland. Warsaw's center is marked by the huge, gothic, former Ministry of Culture which we were told was donated by Stalin now houses a casino and is surrounded by open air markets. The tram came, and we got on the second car.

The next few minutes were somewhat a blur. As soon as the doors closed, we realized that the only other people on the tram were six to eight punkish-looking youths, dressed in combat boots and shiny bomber jackets. They included one or two women. As we walked through the aisle between them, they began singing a song—sort of like an anthem or drinking song. I was the last in our group to pass between them.

I was grabbed from behind by the neck and turned around to see a young man with short blond hair and aggression in his eyes. While trying to pull away, I was hit and kicked a few times. I managed to lunge forward on the ground and protect my head in a fetal position as he kept hitting me.

The other two men in my group had come back to try to help. Afterwards, I found out that they had each been kicked, one in the head and the other in the back, by some of the other members of the gang. The others in my group were yelling for the tram to stop and the doors to open and pleading with the attackers to stop.

The hitting stopped for a few seconds, and I tried to get up to move towards the door. One of my friends later told me that the blonde who seemed to be flipping out was stopped by a friend of his who had dark brown hair. My friend thought that he was

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Back to the Motherland

BY DELL EVEREST
Intro by Patrick Howell

African American (Hmmm? Ah.): a reflection... a mirrored image of where we are today.

African: A vision of where we need to go and a memory of things which used to be.

The distinction made between the two tribes is only one of orientation and self-perception. The poet Countee Cullen pondered the nuanced significance between the imaginary polar extremes:

*What is Africa to me:
Copper Sun or scarlet sea,
Jungle star or jungle track
Strong bronzed men, or regal black
Women from whose loins I sprang
When the birds of Eden sang...*

Africa has long been considered as the Dark Continent. Stoop down low enough and you might hear the children and child-like adults say, "...jungle continent with a bunch of starving babies and jungle bunnies running around in lion skins and bones in their noses." If one stays up late into the night or into the early morning, the "give-to-Africa" specials put on by Christian- and conscious-minded groups fuel this myth. Media coverage of South Africa and political unrest on the continent adds to this myth. This biased coverage perpetuates historically ignorant perceptions.

However, in the last few years, the revitalized quest for truth within academia and young African minds has worked to discard this one-dimensional and farcical image. What has been found is The Motherland. Aside from academia, the general public must understand the significance and practicality of this finding,

lest it be discarded simply as moot.

Perhaps the best way a people alienated from their homeland have of experiencing such a discovery—or rather, a re-realization of that which has always been—is through their sons and daughters: curious and open-minded children who have traversed the physical distances of land and oceans as well as those mental distances of socialization and ignorance to bring back the truth.

I write with the sincere hope that what I share will reach the heart of all my brothers and sisters who read this, particularly those who feel an unmistakable prodding toward the Motherland. Herein is my self quest. I call it Operation Discovery: In Search of Me.

In essence, this was my search for what my Ancestors embraced before they were abducted and enslaved, a search for that physical and spiritual place where their souls

were at rest: namely, home. In my mama land I found my home, my genesis, the womb within which I was reborn.

For now, let us go to my physical home and temporarily put aside the journey I willingly endured to arrive at

my spiritual home. To get there we must go into the main city, Nairobi; yet we must go beyond it, for home is not in the city which was founded on European imposition, infiltration, and barbarism ("civilization") and built on the dehumanizing colonization of our people, our blood, sweat, and toil. No, home is in the cradle of nature, in the rural areas (what Europeans termed "a barbaric milieu"). For you see, my home is what Europeans belittlingly called a hut.

Imagine, if you will, my home. Made directly from the land, from pure materials (fertile red soil, wood, and thatch), it is in harmony with nature, uninhibited, welcoming, personal, and full of substance. Simple, like love, my home in its natural subtleties gave me what city life in all its drama, magnified complexities, and externalities could never give me: meaning in life, wholeness, groundedness, and peace from inner conflict; moreover, a sense of belonging.

This particular vision of home comes from my experience in Muranga, or what is also called Kikuyu land—the ancestral home of the Kikuyu people. I recall the night clearly. I had just arrived with my friend, Muiru, at his parents' compound, a communal housing unit composed of members of the immediate and extended family. The night was alive with the sounds of nature, and the stars were shin-

cont'd on pg. 14

Skinheads in Poland cont'd from pg. 9

trying to keep him from hurting me more, but as I got up in a daze, he helped his friend by giving me a few more blows. These hits seemed to be more for a show of power than to hurt me.

The tram finally arrived at the next stop—the only McDonald's in Poland. I had never been happier to see those golden arches. We scrambled out and ran across the street. Two or three of the skinheads got out behind us but didn't follow. At the crowded intersection, we looked for help but no one stopped to help, even though I was bleeding all over.

We got some napkins and ice in the McDonald's. Fortunately, there were two American Mormon missionaries who had heard us screaming in English and came over to help. They knew enough Polish to get us to a hospital.

Reflections on Hate and Fear

I remember feeling rather calm immediately after the incident. I think the victim is usually spared the sight of senseless violence. I didn't think that I was really hurt until after I got to the hospital and found that I had a broken nose and injured finger. I was just glad that I wasn't hurt more.

It wasn't until the next day that hate and rage became my most intense emotions. I found myself playing through scenarios in my head about how I would fight back if I ever saw any skinheads again. I don't like to feel weak, but when I was attacked, I didn't fight back and was basically helpless. I began to understand how hate begets hate.

Now, I'm still trying to figure out why I was the main victim. Was it because I am American? or Asian American? or simply because I was the smallest and last in line in my group? It was probably a combination of all those things. We found out later that the women were not touched because the skinheads felt some sense of chivalric honor.

Whatever the reason was, I found that the next feeling I had was fear. Once I began to recognize that all skinheads do not literally have "skin heads," any young man with short hair and paramilitary clothing was a skinhead in my book, and there were a handful around. The feeling of fear on the street is one that I've never had to deal with, having been brought up in suburbia, USA. But now, I kept my distance from anyone who I thought looked threatening, kept silent in public, and never went out alone. The rest of my trip made my visit to Poland worthwhile, but even in the small city that I was in, there was a skinhead presence in the form of graffiti ("white power"). Every other city that we visited throughout Poland had this presence. The fear was kept alive everywhere I visited. After the beating, I avoided going out, but eventually I learned to live with the fear.

In dealing with my newly-given perspective on life, I realized that what I was experiencing is a common occurrence everywhere, including the U.S. Women live with the knowledge that they can be physically and sexually attacked simply for being female. Likewise, young African American males in L.A. and other cities must fear the police no matter what they've been doing. Gays and lesbians live day-to-day knowing that for simply showing affection for someone of their own sex, they could be attacked or killed. Sure, there are differences between all these examples, but the fear is the same. You could be the victim of violence simply for being who you are.

Indigenous Peoples' Day Came and Went

BY PALOMA MARTÍNEZ-CRUZ

I was at the protest in San Francisco on Sunday, October 11. We marched against the absurdity of celebrating Christopher Columbus and his legacy of genocide and historical amnesia. We probably succeeded in raising a little bit of dust.

On October 12, 1992, the City of Berkeley recognized Indigenous Peoples Day, the first of its kind in all of the United States. I listened to the Native American speakers who shared their perspective on the 500 Years of Intercontinental Resistance. One of the speakers asked the crowd how they were feeling. One member of the crowd, a Native American Cal student, muttered "shitty" in response to the question.

I asked a friend how he felt about the noon Anti-Columbus Day rally on Sproul.

He said that it was kind of boring. He was carrying a backpack of text books on his shoulders. He memorizes and regurgitates official knowledge for his classes from readings that are as boring

as they are deceitful, and I wonder if he demands that his university professors be entertaining. I guess he doesn't want to bother educating himself for the sake of actually knowing something that he will not be tested on. I can only assume that we have been taught how to fol-

low rules so well by The Master that we feel it is a waste of time to think about the land, our freedom, our self-determination, our children, our parents....

Indigenous Peoples Day came and went in the City of Berkeley. Many Christians think about Jesus once a year, and we elect

Remarks on the Columbus Day Protests and the Future of Our Resistance

Advertise in *Diatribes*!

The Urge:

An Editorial on the Tre Styles Syndrome

BY PATRICK A. HOWELL
(with special thanks to J. Chan)

A typical weekday night. I have an O-Chem midterm coming up soon and a math problem set due tomorrow. Damn. Did you hear about the brother hung out behind Bowles Hall? Police reports say it's a suicide, but there are some crying out, and oh, so loud, "LYNCHING!" I dunno man, Berkeley's a trip. A trip. Public Enemy booms on the sound system...

No. No, there's nothing typical about tonight and I've got Public Enemy lyrics burning in my veins. I realize the Urge—a force so potent and pressing in its quest for justice and ultimate truth that it scorches. I wear. Swear things will change. I calm down. With furrowed brow in open palms, my being becomes a divine ensemble: my intellect is clean; my soul is clear with intention; my heart beats triumphant amidst all adversity; and my love is so potent. This is the Urge, a moment of consciousness. The Urge is that moment where a given incident sets off a mental reaction in which one's purpose is made clear.

To most, this "excitement" is an adolescent hormone-induced tantrum. To others—"Yo man, funky beat, huh?" Yet to a few, revolution has just erupted, and they are washed over with raw quantum emotion.

Now pause: reflect, think, and then act.

Tre Styles, the protagonist of John Singleton's epic *Boyz n the Hood*, came home to find comfort in his girlfriend's arms after he had been harassed and mentally charged by a police officer for no reason in particular other than *r a c i s m*.

The scene was so true—too true—to life that what was feature to a feature film was real. Tre stood in the aftermath of his assault and attacked the enemy, throwing shadow jabs in the air as tears paved paths; the Urge turned negative. And born of the Urge is the Tre Style Syndrome: empty frustration. The Tre Styles Syndrome manifests itself as a useless course of action which culminates in nil—tearing a hole in a wall, raising your voice to loved ones, cry-

ing or just lying down.

The Tre Styles Syndrome revealed itself in my reaction to the Bowles Hall incident. The realistic spectre of a lynching provided for volatile chemistry and rap served as a catalyst. Chuck D, leader of the day, trumpeted his diatribe—a bitter denunciation of the status quo:

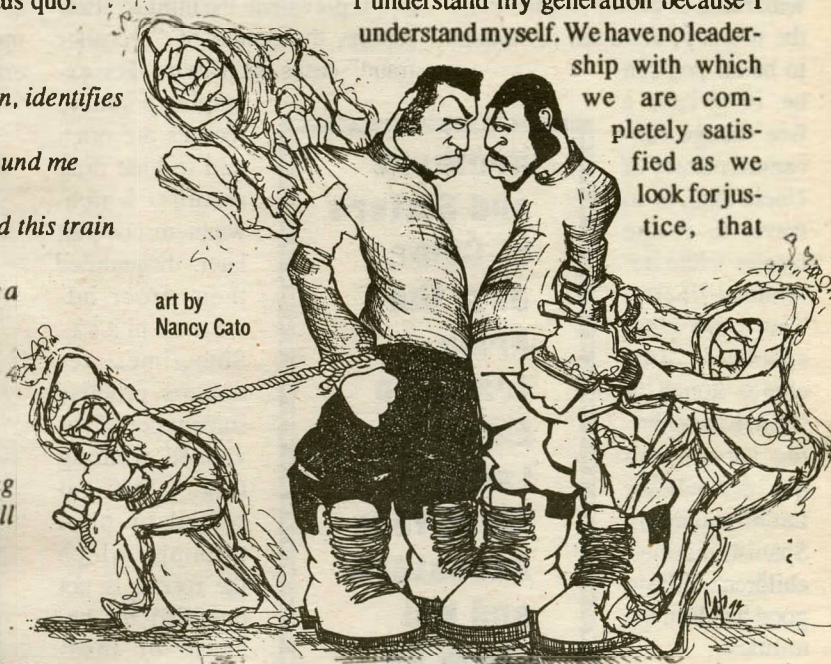
Land of the free
But the skin I'm in, identifies me
so the people around me
Energize me
Callin' all aboard this train

I don't claim to be a preacher
But I'm grown
I try to be a leader to the bone...
Then I sing a song about what the hell is going wrong... these days
You can't see who's in cahoots
'Cause now the KKK Wears three-piece suits
It's like that y'all, It's like that y'all
In fact you know it's like that y'all

Tears scathed my heart and clinched my mind. Rage consumed. A nearby wall

heard well my complaints as I buried my fists into its cheap plaster. I fell victim to the Tre Styles Syndrome. I know at least eight others who did the same thing...countless others who agonized, but shared their grief with no one but themselves.

I understand my generation because I understand myself. We have no leadership with which we are completely satisfied as we look for justice, that



which is simply right and due. Perhaps Rap culture best fills this gap because it serves as an arena for complaints about the abuse of civil and human rights. Ice Cube, Public Enemy, KRS-1 and company have a grass roots appeal because they dare to speak the truth and speak in a voice which is as inventive and candid as it is powerful. Spike Lee and John Singleton have mass appeal with their films which bring to public consciousness those problems inherent in American society. Why the shift to a forum so impractical as the arts from the more fitting one of politics to address these grievances?

The answer is moot: complacency—> apathetic populous—> apathetic leadership—> complacency.... In this election year, a record number of voters were spurred from their apathy to the polls as they elected "the lesser of three evils." My generation waits anxiously and shrugs bitterly. We demand reform, but the problems are too large to target; frustration adds to futility, and futility to complacency.

The frustration is understandable. It is a fact that racial discord in this country has not been given the attention of a genuine national agenda. Case in point: The Cold War vs. The Fight for Equality and Racial Harmony. In 1949, at the end of World War II, the Cold War broke out, and the American government swore they would win this war. Nearly forty years later, after world-wide military build-up and nuclear armament, social consensus of the American people, thousands of lives lost, and trillions of dollars spent, this objective was met. Historians and politicians alike hailed this period of change as the most dramatic period of world change since 1949.

Yet in 1776, more than 200 years ago, American forefathers stated in the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness..." It is 1992, and people are still fussing over affirmative action, interracial dating, Wesley Snipes sucking Anabelle Sciorro's finger, multiculturalism, the legitimacy of Ethnic Studies, melting pots and Benneton posters on the sides of buses.

Clearly, those words of the Declaration of Independence were not given the priority of: "We shall win the Cold War." During the Reagan and Bush administrations, major civil rights legislation (bills dealing with quotas and affirmative action) were vetoed—the first legislation of this type to be vetoed since the Andrew Jackson Administration

Health Service Not Serving Us

Women of Color are excluded from the health care system

BY CECILIA OREGON AND XIMENA MORGAN

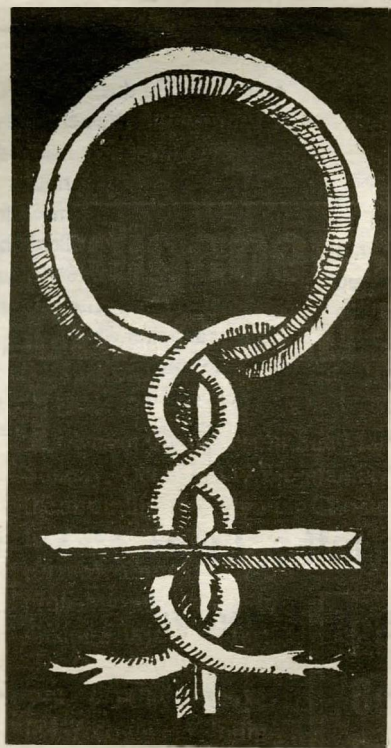
Mainstream American culture excludes people of color from participating in many social systems. The health care system has long overlooked people of color. Alienated and excluded from proper health care, their very livelihoods are threatened.

Illness and diagnosis can be linked to race, class, and gender. Illness is the social-psychological state caused by disease (disease being the physical/biological malfunctions of the body). Diagnosis is the result of what the illness is perceived to be. Thus, illness relates to culture.

The focus of this article is how stigmas and stereotypes affect women of color in terms of health care. The consequences of stigmatization endangers the health of the whole population, especially women of color. The stigmas that have been attached to women and to people of color are hard to combat. As an expression of culture—the culture of society, gender, class, and race—the role of women in this society greatly affects a physician's perception of a woman's illness and, consequently, the physician's diagnosis. Women of color are doubly stigmatized in a way that affects their access to many basic services, one of which is health care.

It is difficult to accept, but the fact is that physicians often do not properly treat the ailments of their patients. Instead, they treat the ailments they believe that the patient should have in accordance with their appearance and social attributes. Julius A. Roth, in his article "Some Contingencies of the Moral Evaluation and Control of Clientele: The Case of the Hospital Emergency Service," states that it has been found that, "from a woman's dress, speech, and manner, or in the explicit form of a welfare card," treatment and behavior are often predetermined by stigmas and stereotypes. Physicians categorize these patients as deserving or undeserving of care, and from then determine if services will be rendered at all.

Historically, people of color and women have been left out of the medical establishment. The American medical profession is deeply rooted in racism and sexism. The medical profession was established by white males for white men and women. This establishment was "made official" with the establishment of the American Medical Association (AMA). Experiments were per-



formed on people of color, particularly women of color. There are hideous instances of African slaves being tortured in the name of medical advancement. Today, other than the fact that discrimination is less blatant, little has changed.

There is an automatic difference between what a physician assumes when treating a white woman and when treating a woman of color. According to Roth, "if a woman of color is young, unmarried, lower class in appearance and speech... doctors

frequently make the assumption that they have before them the end results of a dissolute sex life, unwanted pregnancy, and perhaps venereal disease, illegal abortion, and consequent infection of the reproductive organs." Frequently, these assumptions are made regardless of the personal beliefs of the physician. Physicians are trained to consider and analyze the patient's history, via criteria learned in medical school. This training is a direct result of the guidelines set by dominant medical organizations (like the AMA) established by white males.

It has been the experience of many women who seek Emergency Room treatment for abdominal pains to be questioned in regards to their sex life, to be tested for venereal diseases, and given a "routine" pelvic exam. According to Roth, a common negative evaluation for women is Pelvic Inflammatory Disease (PID). This is not just a medical diagnostic category, but, by implication, a "moral judgment." Because of misconceptions about women of color and their culture, physicians will assume such things as promiscuity in order to diagnose and prescribe treatment without considering information that the woman might offer regarding her ailment. On many occasions, she receives treatment for venereal diseases that she does not have; consequently, she does not receive treatment for the problem that she actually has.

It is important for us to know the origin and history of the health care system. We must learn how the establishment affects us. As women of color, we need to recognize the inequalities existing in the health care system.

We must understand the roots of these inequalities and become aware of the possible violations that can and do occur. We should be active participants throughout the whole medical and health care process, not just passive patients. We must get involved in the decisions affecting our bodies: diagnosis, treatment, and care. We must learn to understand what is happening to our bodies, what is being done to our bodies, and how our bodies work. We must take control.

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Recruiters, Realities, and the New World Order

BY GIANPAOLO BAIocchi

The halls of the administrative wing of Richmond High are lined with racks of glossy brochures for the military; there are invitations to be all you can be, or to have a free college education courtesy of Uncle Sam, or to travel to exotic locales while defending liberty. There are even specific brochures aimed at women considering service and one that advises Latino parents, in Spanish, that their children will be in good hands in the military.

In stark contrast, there are no racks with brochures for universities or job training services and only a handful of posters for state schools. The "college advisor," during the entire duration of my last visit to the high school, had his feet up on his desk and was talking on the phone with someone about his car.

Military recruiters, on the other hand, make regular classroom visits and very actively outreach to the student population. For example, recruiters have a hundred dollar a week allowance to take out "potential recruits."

Military recruitment is still, surprisingly enough, big business in this "post-cold war era." Two billion dollars were spent last year to convince young people to join the services. These efforts were disproportionately aimed at Latinos and African Americans. Junior

ROTC, which exists almost exclusively in inner city high schools, is due for an increase of 500 units by the end of next year.

Recruitment is as fraudulent as it is prevalent; the military itself reports thousands of "recruiter fraud" cases each year. For example, potential recruits are often told to hide drug records, which, when discovered later, disqualifies them from advancement. Sometimes recruiters promise some types of advanced training (e.g. electrical school or pilot training) which the recruit is not qualified for because of inadequate high school education.

Many of the youth who join will experience rampant racism in the services. Someone coming out of an underfunded inner city high school, for example, has little opportunity in the military tracking scheme besides auxiliary, low-ranking services. A telling indicator of this is that in the military, people of color make up a third of all enlisted, but only a tenth of the officers. A Black man is also several times more likely to receive a dishonorable discharge by the military courts than a white man. Once out of the service, veterans actually have a much higher unemployment rate than civilians, promises of job training notwithstanding. It is absolutely important that "potential recruits" know these realities.

But our activism has to be different than that of the traditional

"peace movement." What these figures only hint at and what the "peace movement" has all but ignored are the reasons for this recruitment. The question remains of why there is need for such an immense military and whose interests it represents. And more im-

perspective does not understand is the set of conditions and material incentives that entice thousands of underprivileged Latinos, Blacks, and Native Americans to join the services. On one hand, this ignorance has engendered the sort of "peace activism" that is devoid of

work done in the name of "counter-recruitment." On the other hand, this obfuscates the exploitative nature of military service. People who serve do not choose to be "pro-war" or even to believe in defending American corporate interests abroad; people who serve

are drawn into complicity with the status quo and put their lives on the line for what are, ultimately, the interests of others.

For this reason, pointing fingers at those who eventually join the military does little more than betray the fact that we ourselves are privileged. Disenfranchised people of color in the military are as much victims of U.S. imperialism as anyone else. We need to, instead, look at those who benefit from these relations, the people whose sons and daughters will never fight in a war. We need to ask why it is that the only prominent federally-funded "vocational" program

in inner city high schools is military recruitment. And we must make an effort to protect youth from various communities, understanding the conditions that predispose them to join. ■

Brothers and Sisters of Color, Join the Army, Travel to Exotic Lands, Meet Your Ancestors and Kill Them All



A Black man is several times more likely to receive a dishonorable discharge by the military courts than a white man.

portantly, why does the military seem appealing to so many, and why does it capitalize on the situation of the inner cities? We must address these questions explicitly if our efforts are to be legitimate.

What the privileged liberal

all but the most amorphous notions of economic justice; talking about "peace and militarism" issues to people who need to survive, first of all, is useless and paternalistic. Unfortunately, this has been the thrust of much of the

Race and Crime on Telegraph Avenue

Is Telegraph Avenue Turning into Berkeley's Mean Street?

BY JOEL ALDAPE

In the past two months, the Berkeley Police has re-routed traffic eastbound on Dwight Way at Telegraph Avenue. The closing of Telegraph to thru-traffic is a familiar sight, for it has occurred periodically since 1987. This measure strictly enforces 24-hour parking regulations on Telegraph and Durant Avenues. According to Lieutenant Tom Grant, the street is closed upon the discretion of the lieutenant on duty whenever traffic is congested at the Durant and Telegraph intersection. In a telephone interview, Grant stated that the goal of this measure is to prevent an "explosion" similar to that experienced on Labor Day Weekend, when U.C. Berkeley graduate student Art Drisko was attacked by a group of rioters.

The riots of September 5th and 6th proved to be disastrous for the "tranquillity" of Southside, according to Grant. The Labor Day disturbances only exacerbated fears already in the minds of students, business owners, and tourists; a reminder of the violence which erupted in

Berkeley during the Los Angeles riots. Rioting on these days damaged nineteen buildings and resulted in eight assaults. One of these assaults was on Art Drisko, whose bloodied face appeared on the front page of the Daily Cal. Witnesses stated that Drisko was attacked by approximately two dozen looters who beat and kicked him to the ground. As difficult as it may be to comprehend such a crime, it is oftentimes too easy to generalize similar situations into racial contexts. This isolated violence represents ills which are integrated into our society.

Art Drisko represents the violence we all fear. One incident such as this can spark paranoia and fear in the minds of many. One riot, one encounter engenders so much prejudice. For example, in May, three friends and I were walking down Telegraph Ave. at approximately 1am after a dance at the Bear's Lair. Considering we were a group of four, and other groups of students were walking sporadically down the street, we decided it would be safe to walk home. As we passed Moe's Books, a

20 year-old male approached us and asked me if I "appreciated what Rodney King did..." Confused and afraid, I answered "No." He then asked me for a dollar and before I could reply, he punched me on the neck, then punched me again. After that, he sucker punched one of my friends above his eye; his right

For several months, I was afraid to walk Telegraph. However, I have realized that I can easily be assaulted on any street, in any city.

brow immediately bled.

All of us were scared and puzzled at what had just happened. None of us knew how to react, nor could we scream for help, for it seemed that the street was suddenly desolate. All we did was yell at our attacker with outrage and plead for him to "leave us fucking alone." We walked towards my

house, and on the way we saw two police officers. We nervously filed a police report as we listened to the police radio report another assault on Bancroft. With tense stomachs we went home and talked about our experience until the early morning.

What I have failed to mention is that our attacker was African American. He appeared to be under the influence of drugs and I believe that his attack was racially motivated. What I have also failed to mention is

realized that I can easily be assaulted on any street, in any city. For these months when I detoured onto Bowditch to get home, I felt secure. Now I have realized that this security was false and was based on fear. I also realized how easy it is to stereotype a certain group of people when incidents like this affect you directly. Nevertheless, the most important thing I realized was that fear is embedded in ignorance.

On a simplistic level, the closing of Telegraph to thru-traffic can be seen as a way to alleviate traffic congestion. However, on a deeper level, this measure can be attributed to the fear, paranoia, and ignorance which we all must overcome. Sealing off our streets, isolating ourselves in suburban enclaves, and instigating curfews are all short-term panaceas for problems that have long-term effects. We must devise solutions that will mitigate our social ills and have positive long-term effects. More importantly, we must change our attitudes toward race and crime. The first step to solving these problems is to re-educate ourselves about the stereotypes created by the media and institutions regarding race and crime. Let us come out from our guarded havens and remove this veil of ignorance. ■

that my friends and I are people of color, although none of us are Black. Although these facts may seem irrelevant, I believe it is important to write about them. Nevertheless, just as Drisko's attack was one incident of violence, so, too, was our attack.

For several months, I was afraid to walk Telegraph. However, I have

Cops & Cappuccino cont'd from pg. 9

frenzied mob, we bypassed a line of riot police, yelling and knocking over metal barricades. Fortunately, the riot police did not chase after us; they had to contend with a second wave of protesters who had resorted to using Molotov cocktails.

When we finally reached the forefront of the parade route, where the floats and participants were queued, our original group had been reduced to less than two-thirds of its original number. A military youth group watched blankly as several protesters tore apart a cardboard replica of a Spanish ship. With the police even closer behind us, we scattered onto Columbus Avenue, weaving past floats in a flurry of bodies. We took refuge in Washington Square, where we hid among the many picnickers.

There clearly were not enough protesters to shut down the parade, so the group disbanded and dispersed throughout North Beach, chanting slogans and heckling the parade participants. As we strolled through North Beach, we encountered increasing hostility from the crowd.

"Why don't you take your smelly tie-dyes back to Berkeley!" several of them taunted. Debates between parade-goers and activists over Columbus' repudiation quickly transgressed into physical confrontations. In one instance, the anger in one man's face materialized in a convulsion of violent fits. Incensed almost to the point of fighting, he pushed the protester away muttering, "You don't know anything."

In front of a sidewalk cafe, a scuffle ensued between activists and the cafe's proprietors. A window was broken. A woman sitting at a nearby table went into hysterics. She stood up with one hand in the air and her eyes closed as if in supplication, screaming repeatedly at the protesters, "Go away! Go away! Leave the children alone!" Meanwhile, a protester was jumped by people in the crowd for no apparent reason. Maybe the fact that he was in the

vicinity, was anti-Columbus, and happened to be a person of color meant that he was belligerent and should be subdued. When the police finally arrived on the scene, the crowd cheered.

An older man of about 50, wearing an anti-Columbus T-shirt, was sitting at the cafe when he was apparently asked to leave by the proprietors. When he did not comply quickly enough they broke glass on his face, despite his frightened pleas.

As another shoddy float rolled by, a teenage activist tossed an apple. A man in his late 30's, who had already instigated several confrontations, grabbed the boy from behind and would not let him go. Other protesters struggled to release him, but the man held on maniacally. Just as the police arrived, the boy managed to slip from his grasp and ran away. "Go after him! Go get 'em!" the man yelled, pointing fervently.

Even the police were resentful towards the activists. When one spectator complained about the parade delays due to the preponderance of law enforcement, a policeman replied, "We wouldn't be here if it wasn't for them!"

Parade revelers drank ignorance by the cupfuls and activists gave in to callow tactics.

The rest of the afternoon, nothing transpired beyond pointless arguments, shoving matches, racial slurs, and angry glares. No mutual conclusions were reached concerning Columbus' navigational expertise or his genocidal tendencies. The only shared experience was more alienation. Parade revelers drank ignorance by the cupfuls and activists gave in to callow tactics. What did we accomplish? A blurb in the morning paper about Molotov cocktails and general unruliness in North Beach.

What is even more maddening is the fact that so many of the protests have been reduced to nothing more than PC bickering. The protests are not about Columbus. They never were about Columbus. People have lost sight of this fact. Never mind the revisionist history and hackneyed slogans; disregard the heroic fanfare. The only truth that matters is the existence of a racist and classist



art by Jason Luz

hierarchy that no one is willing to rectify or even acknowledge. That is the reality of 500 years of "humanity."

While symbolic scapegoatism may be cathartic, only enlightened action and genuine purpose can even begin to bring change. While I may not know all the dynamics and strategy behind riot tactics, I do know one thing: brash determinism solves nothing. Even if we did have enough people to completely close

down the parade, what would that have accomplished?

I hope it is a long time before I find myself in North Beach again. It will take more than a parade to drag me there, even a Columbus Day parade. The true villains are alive and well in the guise of government and corporations, and in the herds that so passively consume their tried and tired rhetoric. Columbus is dead. Let us leave exhuming corpses to the anthropologists. ■

A Reflection on Black Stereotypes

BY SIDNEY HALL

I found an advertisement, "The Napping Negro," in the September 1992 issue of *Thrasher* magazine, endorsing an oil painting available through *World Industries Mint*. This satirical piece portrays a Black slave sleeping in a watermelon patch next to a gardening hoe, dreaming of a chicken leg. The person in the painting is stereotypically endowed with the exaggerated physical attributes found on only some Black individuals, such as extremely big lips and uncombed hair. The setting also implies character stereotypes: that Blacks are lazy, love watermelon, and dream about chicken legs all the time. The caption reinforces the racist attitudes that Blacks once had to endure (and to some extent, still do) with such phrases as, "Negroes have always shared a bright and colorful history with white people.... Then, in 1954, they were allowed to drink

from the same water fountains and that pretty much took the fun out of everything." The caption continues with "...the *World Industries Mint* can bring back some of those great memories through the magic of this marvelous commemorative oil painting entitled, 'The Napping Negro.'"

Upon reading this ad, my first inclination was to seek revenge on every white person that I saw. In fact, when I happened upon this advertisement while skimming through *Thrasher*, I attempted just that. Storming out of *Waldenbooks* as if slapped in the face for absolutely no reason, I Bogarted down *Telegraph Avenue*, assuring myself that my path would cross that of every white man, woman, and child. Why? So I could simply give THEM a friendly bump, a courteous nudge, or a thankful shove. A friendly bump for giving Blacks the honor and pleasure of voting rights so that we could also contribute to the never-ending sequels

of racism by electing political officials who claim to stand up for our rights and needs, but who actually enact more laws that are blind to everything except white domination; a courteous nudge for offering us seating next to the kindred

tirely unwarranted.

I began to revel in the "civil unrest" (P.C. for a riot that took surprisingly this long to occur, given all the racial imbalance in this country) on April 29, 1992. How quaint it is that whites are

How quaint it is that whites are scared to death of a group of Brothas merely conversing on a street corner or walking down Durant, headed towards a party.

of racists on public transportation, with the option of being able to drink from the same water fountain, too, as if this were a big enough band-aid for a severed limb; and a thankful shove for all the Blacks who endured 400 years of perpetual racist bullshit that was en-

scared to death of a group of Brothas merely conversing on a street corner or walking down Durant, headed towards a party.

But then I thought: is it valid to assume that all whites act the same just because they share the same skin color? Just because the

annual income of most white households exceeds far beyond that of Black families? Just because whites as a whole are at an advantage in virtually every aspect of American society? Naw, it couldn't be. In fact, I know it isn't. But sometimes it's quite difficult to find (or try to find) distinction within a particular group. Not every Black male is a drug dealer, even though we are portrayed as such every Saturday evening on "Cops." Similarly, every white person we see may not be a perpetrator of racism, but rather an integral part of the process of eradicating it.

I suppose what I'm really trying to get at is this: how frustrated I feel to think that people can have such an utter disregard for acts as hateful, disrespectful, and immoral as racial discrimination by characterizing it as acceptable. The advertisement in *Thrasher* magazine serves as the epitome of stupidity

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plicants into a set of "special consideration files," that further group the applications into race or national origin classifications. The applicants were only compared to others within the group, and not to the rest of the applicant pool.

Also under fire was the special consideration policy given to people of color applicants on the wait-list. If certain groups were felt to be underrepresented, the director of admissions would by-pass other applicants until he reached an applicant that was part of the under-represented group. Boalt Hall responded to the charges by agreeing to stop the procedure of separately considering applicants based on their race, ethnicity or national origin, but refuted the claim that it was in violation of Title IV.

On the most part, students of Boalt Hall fully support the law school and Dean Kaye, according to law student Lori Grange. "It is ironic that the government civil rights branch is spending it's time prosecuting a law school that is making progress for traditionally under-represented groups. We stand by Boalt's efforts to recruit more students of color into law school, into the legal profession."

—Dolores Garay

UC Berkeley Student Senate Conflict

On December 3, ASUC President Margaret Fortune issued an executive order establishing a \$1000

scholarship for "UC Berkeley registered students who have demonstrated a high caliber of community service in the spirit of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s philosophy." The proposed scholarship would draw money from the ASUC Store.

The ASUC Senate, however, voted the night before to reject an identical bill proposed by Fortune and various members of the senate. Sixteen of the twenty-four senators in attendance voted to pass the bill, falling four short of the 20 votes needed.

According to *The Daily Californian*, David Karasik, the ASUC attorney general, said that Fortune does not have the power to countermand a senate decision. Calling Fortune's action a "breach of constitutional power," Karasik said he plans to file suit with the ASUC Judicial Council to block her order.

According to one former Judicial Council member who asked not to be identified, the executive does not have legislative power and therefore cannot make decisions affecting the budget.

Article VII of the ASUC Constitution states, "The Senate has sole authority over the ASUC funded budgets of student government operations . . . and is responsible for approving the overall ASUC budget each year."

The President, however, can issue executive orders to take actions which are "urgent and necessary to maintain the functioning of the ASUC until the Senate can meet again." One senator, who asked not to be identified, said it is unclear whether the president can ever use

an executive order to override a senate decision.

Fortune argues that in light of past actions taken by the ASUC to honor the civil rights leader, the student body has an obligation to affirm its commitment to "preserving and furthering both the memory and ideals of Martin Luther King, Jr." In 1985 the ASUC re-dedicated the Student Union, and in 1990 the Senate directed the ASUC Store to fund "social and educational events" celebrating his national holiday.

Fortune argues that funding the scholarship is essential to the functioning of the ASUC. In her executive order, Fortune states, "The Association is dysfunctional if it fails to remain consistent with the student approved doctrines that provide the foundation for the organization's existence."

In an interview with *The Daily Californian*, ASUC Senator Scott Kamena said, "I think it's pretty obvious that the ASUC is going to function just fine whether or not we give \$1000 to some student."

Fortune, however, argues the ASUC Store is not simply a business, but represents the "pragmatic methods by which the Association exercises its philosophy."

Fortune says, "A corporate mentality should never make us lose sight of the purpose of the ASUC."

According to the ASUC Constitution, an executive order expires at the third senate meeting after the order is issued. An executive order can also be terminated by a majority vote of the senate. The senate will reconvene at the beginning of next semester.

—Julian Chou and Edward Wang

URGE cont'd from pg. 11

way back when. Why does the power structure of this nation jump more readily into Panama and Grenada, and agonize so much over Eastern Europe's present unrest and future, rather than focus on the circumstances which spurred the L.A. riots? The answer should be apparent.

The frustration is more than understandable.

However, complacency, apathy, and contraction of the Tre Style's Syndrome are inexcusable. Remember Frederick Douglass? Sojourner Truth? W.E.B. Dubois? Mary Mcleod Bethune? Marcus Garvey? Martin Luther King? And Malcolm X? Your parents? We have a legacy to honor and a promise to fulfill. The promise our parents knew—prayed we would uphold, if they only put forth all of their intellect, hearts, and bodies—is the essence of the task of truth and freedom for us, their children.

I remember. I remember when our great great grand-daddy Frederick Douglass said:

If there is no struggle there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground, they want rain without thunder and lightning.... Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did, it never will.... Men will not get all they pay for in this world, but they must certainly pay for all they get.

The Civil Rights Movement of the 60's was not intended as an end in and of itself. There would not be freedom and justice for all as soon as the legislation born of this struggle was put into effect. Rather, it signaled the advent of the legitimate "Birth of a Nation." One of its primary purposes was to establish a base from which we might generate power. This base was not established without a price. They, our parents, faced police dogs and armored police tanks. They were clubbed, bombed, stoned, and murdered.

We must work to empower ourselves. There are no Great White Hopes, only ourselves and what we make of ourselves. Even in this year of election, after a Democratic, forty-something president and vice president are put into the Oval Office, a new Congress is installed, and a mere four women are voted into the Senate, we must still power the fight. We must be doctors, engineers, writers, presidents, historians, economists, athletes, computer scientists, entertainers, politicians, and most importantly, mothers and fathers. We must build our society as we see fit. There are no more physical barriers to prevent us from reaching our objectives except ourselves. That is what the Civil Rights struggle was about.

When you hear of the Rodney King verdict or the "suicide" behind Bowles Hall, or experience subtle racism in the workplace or in the classroom, do your homework, write an article, develop a strategy, remember your roots.... Be wary of the Tre Style's Syndrome. Maximize your Urge. ■

A Personal Account of Africa cont'd from pg. 10

ing brilliantly.

We entered into the traditional kitchen and greeted all who were present. Momma Muiru was preparing the meal, and as I sat around the fire, I felt like an observer of the scene, not really a part of it. Then I began to feel the love which added to the warmth of the kitchen and the peace which emanated from those present. No gunshots fired out, no ambulances sped by. Life was full of life. Not full of death.

I listened to the conversation spoken in Kikuyu, and though I could not understand what was being said, I felt my spirit come down from its aloof position and settle within me, allowing me to feel no longer a guest, but as a member of the family. I was alive for the first time in my life. Not living dead. Then, as Muiru translated for me what had been spoken, I was to understand why. He said, "They were just saying how they would like to bring all the Dells home who were displaced because of slavery." I realized then that my soul was content because it was home. I had been returned home and my rebirth was complete.

But let there be no illusion created: for every destination reached, there is a trail of tears. My journey through the birth canal of my mother's womb was as long as my conception was hard; I could have no life without experiencing the pain of birth. I battled against

the notion that I was a "Black American" (or "American" for that matter), which to me, attempts to fatally sever me from my roots, my life-giving essence, and fatally shackle me to a place of bondage that belongs to the indigenous people of this land: the Cherokee, Choktaw, Lakota, Apache, and others—not to the Europeans who infiltrated it and called it "America." Nor, for that matter, to the men, women, and children who came to be on this land as a result of captivity and enslavement.

I am an African—a word used to identify the daughters and sons of Africa, to describe the cultural-spiritual connectedness that pulls us together despite clan and nomenclature (i.e. Nubian, Kikuyu, Samburu, Maasai, Mijikenda, Hutu, Tutsi, Twa...African-Brazilian, Jamaican, Haitian...and "African-American"), language, and place of birth.

Oh, I poured forth many a tear in response to the education I was getting, I unleashed rivers which cleansed my heart and renewed my mind; but after the pains passed, the sweetness of understanding came.

For those who ask, then, "What is Africa to me?" and respond, "Blackness, deep, deep fathomless Darkness...diseased with a chronic illness, choking with black ignorance, chained to the rock of poverty...Stuck in the stagnant

mud of superstitions..." (Song of Lawino & Song of Ocol by Okot p'Bitek), I invite you to come to my mother's house. For those who subscribe to the warped images of the African as the Sambo, the Minstrel, the primate only fit for labor and exhibition, who have fully bought into the European-made distortions of our milieu...I beckon you to COME WITH ME TO OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE. And for those among you who would rather close your eyes and not see the "blackness of the past from which [we] came reflected in [us]..."; who, given the opportunity, would deny or even endeavor to erase that which attests to your African-ness, with love I welcome you to...

C o m e... come with me into our mother's house! "Pause a bit by the door, let me show you our mother's house" (Ibid). For in our mother's traditional abode is food for self-empowerment. There is spiritual nourishment, love, strength, and liberation from the shackles of mental slavery. Cross the threshold of fear created by WHITE LIES and myths and enter your African essence. Embrace it in love and never let it go. ■

Dell Everest is a senior at U.C. Berkeley majoring in a social science field (Interdepartmental Studies). She travelled to Nairobi, Kenya during her third year with the Education Abroad Program.

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Black Stereotypes cont'd from pg. 13

because, even in jest, it classifies Blacks as a subhuman culture, when in fact OUR people have made some of the most remarkable and ingenious contributions to this country. It is also very frustrating to think that no matter how civil, humble, or obedient I try to act, there's still a strong chance that I will be looked upon as inferior, not because of irresponsibility or a lack of knowledge, but because of my skin color.

This truly hurts. It hurts every time some white lady clutches her purse a tad bit tighter or quickens her pace a wee bit faster simply because I'm walking behind her in the same parking lot to the car I worked hard to pay for; it hurts every time the police pull me or my friends over, under the pretense that we may be carrying firearms,

have drugs, or be in possession of stolen merchandise; and it hurts to think that I have to be twice as smart, work twice as hard, and be twice as convincing just to be considered equal.

So I stop my vengeful rampage at Lower Sproul and begin to think. What would it really prove to be just as hateful, just as spiteful, and just as ignorant as a racist? This is a question that I still wrestle with to this day. And to be honest, I see no immediate solution to the racial tensions existing today. In the Sixties, at least racism was obvious; nowadays I feel that things are worse because the problem is drowned in a whole slew of rhetorical jargon. So, once again, I extinguish the embers in me that no more than twenty minutes ago raged like an inferno. Funny thing is, they are still smoldering... ■

Color Page

No está en mis manos

Maritza Penagos

Where do you go after you've mocked your people
turned your back
on your color
disregarded their need for vindication and the truth?

Qué le dices a tu gente?
How do you explain to the people whose lives you delegitimized
like was done to your mother
to your great grandfather Like they'll
do to your children?

What do you reply when the people from the old country de tu tierra
say how easily
you forgot
what it was like How it continues to be even though you don't feel it. . .

I could call you a traitor
Make you see how wrong you are
How painful it becomes to understand.
But I just want to know:
What do you
tell your people in the streets?

Do you scream:
"Get a job!"
I succeeded by pulling myself up by
my own bootstraps."
what do you proclaim to the children with no
shoes
their hands tied
behind their backs so they can't even keep from falling when they're
pushed?

Do you just want to shout from the mountain tops that it's simply
that way sometimes?

Or do you throw your hands in the air
And decide
It's just not worth fighting for

If we can be told lies, we can believe them— Is that what you know?

Or is it not in your hands to decide such things?
"No está en mis manos"
But if it's not, and it's not in the children's whose hands you've
helped to tie
Who did you give our power our history our knowledge to?

Was it in exchange for precious lies that you hold on so tight you
can't let go you won't let go that now have a hold on you so tight
that you've suffocated?

Perhaps you thought it would all be in safe-keeping to be used at
a later date when it's more convenient to be
black
brown
rojo
amarillo?

That when the time is right we shall have our knowledge our history
your pride that was taken
That you gave away

Right now, you say is not that time
we must be patient for now
for tomorrow

forever

But see you don't understand that they've taken my patience too
That YOU have taken my patience
and there simply is no explanation

There is no glory
in your self subjugation

Untitled

Paloma Martinez-Cruz

Grandma forgive me, Grandma forgive me
I feel a fever
I feel a fever
On your knees you would crawl to the altar,
once each day and twice on the seventh
on your knees you would pay for the house,
penny by penny
on your knees God would hear your prayer
"Where two or more are gathered on my
name
I am there"
you told us these things
on your knees
until the red blood
stained your dresses through.

Grandma forgive me
Grandma forgive me
I feel a fever
I feel a fever
the mirror shakes with blasphemy
the mission flowers
whisper fornication,
the solemn songs tell me
I am not worthy
I am not worthy
they drench my dresses,
and I have thrown them off,
I have ripped them to pieces.

Grandma forgive me
Grandma forgive me
I feel a fever
I feel a fever
In your sickbed on your knees
Two thousand lives,
two million lives,
in your deathbed on your knees
singing praises in a language
that should make the Devil mad.
God wanted you to bleed through these
tubes?
God rejoices in the cries,
the lacerations
of our baby girls?

Grandma forgive me
Grandma forgive me
I feel a fever
I feel a fever
My head sways with the weight
of the thorns. With the weight on
my knees. With the weight of
my silence. With the weight of my
obedience. With the weight of
these songs which glorify my shame.

Grandma rejoice me.
Grandma rejoice me.
I feel a fever
I feel a fever
I cannot remain on my knees
because I hear a call to dance.
I hear a call to
wake up the wild things
wake up the wild things
I was alone on my knees,
but I stand, and I am
befriended by the universe,
connected to all things,
my Gods are in the
clover, the monkey, the hooker,
the drunk.

Rejoice me, Grandma
Rejoice me, Grandma.
So your dust is the home
of pregnant acorns, and your
knees are the pollen for the bees.
So you will never look down on me
from up high with a crown of gold
and jewels,
but your crawling has survived you,
it has manifested itself
in my dance,
in my lovers,
in the maromas I turn in the grass
with the brujas who wake the
wild things up
and change the seasons.

It's a perfect world, Grandma.
Perfect today. Perfect with change. Perfect
in the grits of the Mission Indians,
escaping to fornicate like the wild flowers
in moments of bliss that make
the heart beat and the spheres
spin round.

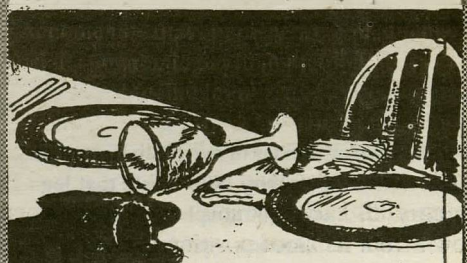
Bedtime stories for disaffected children.

MAYBE IT WAS THOSE GODDAMN
BANK OF AMERICA BILLBOARDS
THAT MADE ME SNAP.



YOU KNOW THE ONES. A DIFFERENT MINORITY
GROUP EVERY MONTH FUCK THAT SHIT.
I'M NOT ANYONE'S MODEL MINORITY.

THE PEOPLE AT THE RESTAURANT I HELD UP
WERE REALLY CORDIAL, REAL COOP-
ERATIVE. I GUESS POWER REALLY



DOES CHANGE YOUR IMAGE,
BUT, THEN THE COPS CAME.
ONE OF THEM SHOT ME IN THE CHEST.

WHEN I PULLED THE TRIGGER,
IT WAS OF MY OWN ACCORD. NOTHING
CONTROLLED ME, NOT T.V. NOT ANYTHING.
I SHOT THE COP IN THE BALLS AND HE



SQUEELED LIKE A STUCK PIG.
WHEN I DIED, I COULD HAVE
SWORN, I HEARD CANNED LAUGHTER.

J. Bulason

cont'd from pg. 4

Ahmed Obafemi Interview

presidents and vice-presidents, and minister-of-this and minister-of-that—that's a government structure. They also have an army. When you go and do something to one of the gang or if you come into their turf or territory, or when you do something to one of the women or the children, then this army is going to come after you. It protects its citizenship.

They have a common culture—what we now call a hip-hop culture. They have a common language, a language which a lot of people, even some Black people, don't understand—the language that these Black youth use, you know, "wassup, G" and all that.

They have a common economic base, right? Whether they get it through drugs, or robbing, or however they do it, it comes into a communal pot and all of them benefit. So if you're in a gang and you don't have a place to stay, they put you up.

But there's a common thing that runs through all gangs, everywhere, and that's turf. Land. The control of land. If you look at the United States and at the things that compose these groups of gangs, then the United States would be a gang, too. Other places would be a gang. Because turfs are marked off. If you go outside of the United States, what's going to happen? You've got to have a passport. So there is a turf.

People say they shouldn't fight over colors, they shouldn't fight over a blue rag or a red rag. But what do nations fight over? Their flags. Their flag is the most important thing. Everywhere they go they're planting flags and they will kill you over their flag. You know what I mean? So we're telling the Bloods and the Crips, "No, you shouldn't be fighting over the red, white, and blue. You should be fighting for the Red, Black and Green."

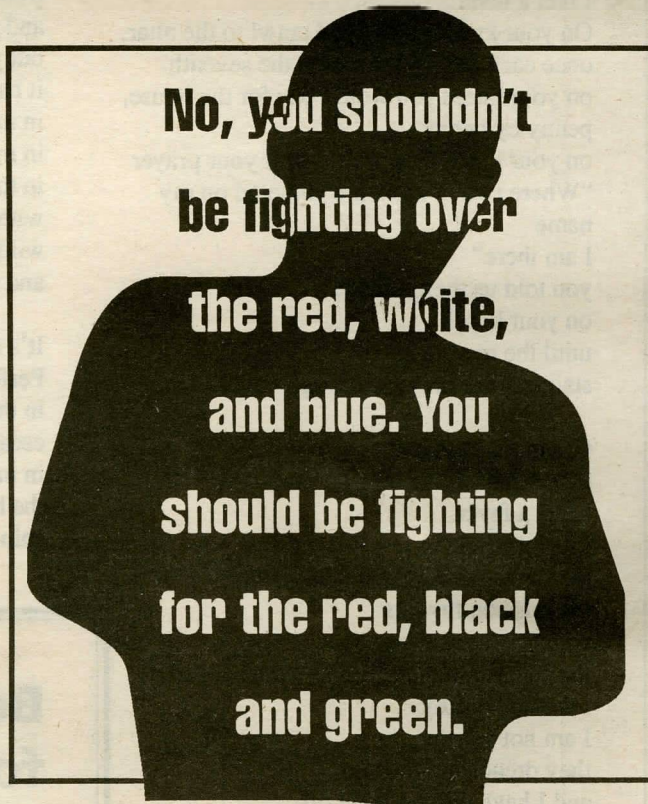
But the real reason that the United States is scared of these gangs is because they're being politicized. Many are coming out of these prisons where they've been sitting with political prisoners, P.O.W.s; they're coming back out on the streets, trying to go back and organize their crew.

Julian Chou: How do you see the U.S. society developing in the next decade or two?

AO: Our situation is going to get worse, I say. We've got more people in prison than we've got in college and people dropping out of college. So how are they

going to get jobs? Society is moving toward more service-oriented and technical things. So if you don't know how to operate a computer, you're not going to get no job. Then the question becomes, what are they going to do with us?

This is where we cut into this whole process of genocide. We know that the United States is a part of a conspiracy to take the world population down, down, down,



down. The drugs, AIDS, and a number of things, are forms of genocide. A lot of times, people think that genocide is when they kill people. But they don't have to kill you. Genocide means the destruction of a people in whole or in part. When they incarcerate our political prisoners and P.O.W.s, they are destroying a very important part of us. They are trying to destroy our leadership. That is trying to destroy a people in whole or in part when you have a conspiracy to destroy a leadership.

Not only are they assassinating people like Martin and Malcolm and Fred Hampton and George Jackson, they are also

incarcerating people. They have literally led a military war. In the sixties, people just talked about counter-intelligence—I mean, it was a military war: military operations where they would come to our offices at 6:30 in the morning and have these shoot-outs. So that's a part of the whole question of genocide.

And you can see that the Democratic party is moving further to the right, trying to keep things in perspective. It's a little less conservative than the Republicans. But as Malcolm X told us many, many years ago: "There's neither a Democratic Party or a Republican Party. It's a capitalist party." And those two so-called parties act like one's the wolf and one's the fox. In other words, one is just vicious, it comes at you. The fox is more slick, that's the Democratic Party.

But year after year, you see no benefits. When you look at health: what's happening to the elderly people who don't even have enough money to pay their rent in the wintertime in some places? It's either heat or eat. You've got a lot of them in places where nobody even checks on them. Nobody cares about them. So it's just a whole dynamic. In a culture with as much money as they have and as much money as they spend, the citizens or people within its borders should be getting a lot more.

So people are going to be clear on this question of self-determination. Over the last ten years, you can see

that a lot of us [the oppressed nations in the United States] have come closer together, and we recognize the common enemy. It's a good period. By the year 2000, I'm expecting some good things. Either we'll be moving along very rapidly, or we'll be living under a fascist state. That's how I see it.

IC: What would you like to say to the youth?

AO: Well, I would like to say to the youth that Columbus and the whole issue of Columbus is a straight out lie. Columbus was not a discoverer. He was an invader. Malcolm said that young people should learn for themselves, see and study for themselves, to be able to learn and define things for themselves. And basically what he meant by that was that the youth are going to be the leaders of the future. They have to have a truthful foundation if they're going to be good leaders. ■



action without thought
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as a bothersome class of people that must be tolerated because they help create that legendary "Berkeley atmosphere." And besides, this is America—people choose to live in public if they want.

Someone else speaks. "We need more transitional housing programs. Once someone has been homeless for an extended period of time they lose familiarity with traditional ways of life. There is a need for programs that will re-teach people that they need to do basic tasks like laundry, make appointments, go grocery shopping, and pay bills." She looks around, and I avert my eyes. I can't relate to her even though I, too, am a young African American woman, and I have a homeless sister.

Next, I hear that once a person finds housing they have to readjust to living indoors. A few of the clients are in this transitional phase and use the center as more of a social outlet. People have told me that they don't regret having been homeless because of all they have learned; but given the choice to do it over again, they would opt not to relive the experience.

Every week I step out of my world of

schoolwork into harsh reality. I am no longer awed when I realize that "I am having a conversation

with a homeless woman!" Conversations are many and varied each time I do my three hour, once-a-week shift at the Women's Daytime Drop-In Center (WDDC) in Berkeley. As a volunteer, my duty is to help keep the peace. Basically, I talk or listen. Sometimes listening makes a world of difference to a person who feels that her voice will always go unheard.

The clients represent a myriad of people. Women of every race, age, sexual orientation, and ethnicity use the center's services. Education levels vary from no formal education to women with graduate degrees. (I've met two women who graduated from Cal.) Clients are women who have fallen on hard times because of divorce, drugs, mental and/or physical disabilities, or sexual orientation conflicts. Of course, there are numerous other ways someone can end up on the streets.

Few people realize the intelligence and ingenuity it takes to live on the streets and

cont'd from pg. 5 HOMELESS WOMEN

maintain one's sanity. Survival requires quick thinking and street knowledge, and silence is the

Golden Rule on the streets: "You don't talk too loud about things that aren't your business." Several times I have found myself in casual discussions about whether people become homeless because they are mentally ill or if they become mentally ill because they are homeless. The clients agree with the latter explanation: dehumanization deteriorates the very core of a person. There are also similar discussions about drug use—are drugs the cause or result of the condition? No one has an answer to that question.

The great majority of the clients who frequent the WDDC would never appear homeless to you or me. We all have our images of the "bag lady" and the "bum." These women, however, take great care to look their best (I am often more casually dressed than they are). They have more reason than just wanting to look good: looking "normal" works to their ultimate advantage. They can then sit in a café,

as many people do, and sip a cup of coffee for an hour. Some of the clients are forced to prostitute themselves and therefore require at least a clean, healthy image. Perhaps the most important benefit is that they are not stared at as they walk down the streets or across campus.

Volunteering to work with these women has enhanced my life. I have a much deeper understanding of the people and the conditions of homelessness. I did not directly quote the women I talked with because I must not break their trust. Hopefully, my goal has been achieved: to make you realize that the people you see lining Telegraph Avenue didn't choose to be so needy that they must depend on the guilt-based kindness of strangers.

The political and economic system in this country has failed everyone except the super-rich. As time progresses, more and more people will find themselves out on the streets. It could be you or me. My advice is to do all you can to make the world a better place and to take heed to the old cliché: "Be kind to people on your way up because you never know who you'll meet on your way down." ■



African American Artist

cont'd from pg. 5

the people who are in it spend a lot of time, countless hours sitting there coming up with ideas, trying to figure out color, composition, perspective, etc.... You have all those elements, so it doesn't mean that because those who are in the mainstream, because they've spent \$50,000-plus on college, have the right to call their stuff art and call the other 'street art.' To me, that's offensive!

Ultimately, it is her style that causes a stir. It is a provocative, unsettling style that refuses to let one comfortably glaze over the image as if it were a chore; rather, it allows one the pleasure and challenge of sharing its movement and rhythms, of listening to its sound — an articulation of purpose and being. The images have lives of their own. Since these images are alive, they are fluid and uncompromising, not fraught with

lapses in self-confidence because they have some sense of contrived balance. This is the central attraction of her work. The images of African Americans as strong, resilient, and probing are for Cato the things that make an otherwise incoherent world, coherent.

Unfortunately, everything has not been entirely pleasant for Cato. There are the daily struggles of trying to do art while working a thankless ten-hour job for a living—a dilemma for many artists in this society. There is also the problem of being an anomaly of sorts: an African American woman cartoon illustrator attempting to deconstruct negative Black stereotypes within the mainstream genre society. The number of women in the field are minuscule, and the types of illustrations made do not get to the core of issues as Cato would like them to. Yet, at the same time, she has committed to attacking the industry that distorts anything and everything, particularly people of color.

At a time in her own history, the internal struggle over identity raged in her as well. While in college, the question of why there were never images of Black people in her work was posed to Cato by friends who noticed a tendency on her part to draw little white children in safe, sanitary environs. Thus began a process of introspection and reflection that at times caused great pain and confusion, but which allowed her space to critically assess her development as an African American and as an artist. What did it mean to be "of

African descent," a Black woman in this country which is home, but is not home? How would art play a part in her development, her quest for community? What were the paradoxes and contradictions? Her process was further exacerbated by her moving to San Francisco in 1989. After hearing how wonderful the city was culturally and artistically, she thought she would give it a try. What she found was a place rife with contradictions, particularly with respect

to racial issues. She noted how Blacks and Latinos, just as in many cities across the country, were doomed to live in the projects.

One of Cato's first empowering acts was to read the autobiography of Malcolm X. The book, as a testimonial to the transformative powers of Malcolm Little, had the greatest impact on her, because it suggested that one, if willing, could always come

back to the drum. It also told her that her work must take on new dimensions, those that are effective and powerful, those that could evoke the African experience and spirit. Not only did the autobiography provide Cato with a new outlook, but it also gave her a memory that had been buried under the predominate cultural pressures of Euro-American society. "I was in limbo. I never even felt us as a vibe, as a group of people uniting, a community. You take that kind of stuff for granted when you're there. You don't think about how great that is [being with Black people] until you're thrown into a world of white people. You don't have that community, and you want it again. You want to be around it, you want support."

Nancy Cato, in many ways, exemplifies the struggle many of us experience with our lives, our identities, and the imposition of European-American culture. What she has done, however, is utilize what is available as "tools" for her deconstructing work. She is better able to deal with a plethora of issues that before were unimportant, and she injects a new, more powerful deterrent against the dominate cultural need to form and control image. Cato's images do not deny humanity or color or imagination; they exude all of these. Her images are free to create their own realities in your mind, in their own way. This is the power of her work, and this is what she will offer as a gift to the twenty-first century. ■

Yet, at the same time, she has committed to attacking the industry that distorts anything and everything, particularly people of color.

Racism In Academia

cont'd from pg. 1

his political work, race, and age.

Dr. Acuña is a highly respected scholar in the field of Chicano Studies. He has written several books on Chicano and Mexican history, including *Occupied America*, in which he argued that the United States acquisition of the Southwest from Mexico was an act of imperialism. Acuña has been a professor of Chicano Studies at California State University, Northridge (CSUN) for 23 years and received the Distinguished Scholar Award from the National Association of Chicano Studies. He was a founder of the CSUN Chicano Studies Department, which is now the largest Chicano Studies Department in the United States. Acuña has been active in numerous political causes, and as a Chicano Studies professor, has advocated political awareness and community change.

In 1990, a delegation of UC Santa Barbara students approached Acuña and asked him to apply for a position in the Chicano Studies Department at UCSB, suggesting that he could establish a doctoral program. Acuña eventually sent his application to the department as a candidate for the position, and became the only remaining candidate after the university immediately eliminated the other applicants from the reviewing process. The Committee on Academic Personnel (CAP) at UCSB received Acuña's application and recommended that the chancellor appoint a "secret committee," composed of four administrators and faculty members, who had no affiliation with the Chicano Studies Department, to review Acuña's file. The committee proceeded to attack Acuña's work without mentioning his contributions to the CSUN Chicano Studies Department. Documents obtained by the plaintiff of the suit from the UCSB reviewing committee attacked the political nature of Acuña's work, calling him an "inveterate polemicist, pamphleteer, and cult professor." The committee characterized Chicano Studies as "an inchoate field, lacking in firm intellectual identity."

A secret committee who had no affiliation with the Chicano Studies Department called Dr. Acuña an "inveterate polemicist, pamphleteer, and cult professor."

ommended that the chancellor appoint a "secret committee," composed of four administrators and faculty members, who had no affiliation with the Chicano Studies Department, to review Acuña's file. The committee proceeded to attack Acuña's work without mentioning his contributions to the CSUN Chicano Studies Department. Documents obtained by the plaintiff of the suit from the UCSB reviewing committee attacked the political nature of Acuña's work, calling him an "inveterate polemicist, pamphleteer, and cult professor." The committee characterized Chicano Studies as "an inchoate field, lacking in firm intellectual identity."

After the review, UCSB refused to hire Acuña, citing concern over Acuña's pro-active approach to teaching as the reason. The UCSB chancellor offered no public response to the review. Many students, members of the Latino community, and others have raised their voices in protest of the UCSB decision. Demonstrations organized at the Santa Barbara campus on October 17, 1990 and February 1, 1991 drew over 1,000 protestors.

Although Acuña felt that the UCSB decision warranted some form of reparation, he initially felt reluctant to file a lawsuit (especially in this period of financial crisis) because a court case would result in squandered money on both sides. Acuña attempted to negotiate with UCSB, offering to forgo filing a lawsuit if the university met certain conditions. These conditions included a public letter of apology to Acuña, and the establishment of the Centro at UCSB, which offers many social services to Chicano students, as a permanent Chicano cultural center on campus. The other conditions, concerning long range planning, requested that a core appointment of fifteen professors be established in the Chicano Studies Department by the year 2000, and that the university administration meet with faculty, staff, students, and community members to develop a vision for future policies of the university in relation to Chicano Studies.

UCSB completely ignored Acuña's offer, leaving a lawsuit as the only remaining course of action. Acuña commented, "The University of California is pursuing a course followed in countless of other equal employment cases, squandering tens of millions of dollars in protecting the biases of its elite few. It has chosen to litigate rather than to check its illegal actions." Acuña contacted Leonard Minsky, who is the current head of the National Coalition for University Public Interests, an organization founded in 1983 by Ralph Nader for the purpose of protecting expert trial witnesses from being disqualified by right-wing forces.

Minsky then recommended the case to the Center for Constitutional Rights (CCR), a legal collective which has provided legal representation for political cases, such as the Leonard Peltier case. CCR agreed to represent the Acuña case, considering it another example of political persecution. The UCSB reviewing committees had devaluated Dr. Acuña's work, using criteria appropriate for

an historian, not for a Chicano Studies professor. Chicano Studies professors, unlike historians, have the charge of advocating community change. Also, CCR noted that certain personnel on the reviewing bodies had a history of discriminatory practices. The head of UCSB CAP, who has stated, "We have to defend the superiority of Western civilization," also led CAP when it denied two women academic positions on the suspected basis of gender bias. Additionally, the head of the secret committee which reviewed Acuña's file has been openly opposed to the ethnic studies requirement for three years.

Acuña v. the Regents of the University of California contends that UCSB based the refusal to hire on political, racial, and age discrimination, and not on scholarship, as the university maintains. CCR filed the lawsuit in Alameda County because it is the location of the offices of the UC Regents, and because an Alameda County jury is more likely to be ethnically diverse and socially conscious. The defendants named in the suit include the members of the Board of UC Regents, the President of UCSB, the UCSB Chancellor, the two Vice-chancellors of UCSB, the eight members of CAP, and three members of the secret reviewing committee. Currently, those named have been summoned to appear in court and have thirty days to respond. The implications of the UCSB decision and the Acuña case extend beyond a mere individual battle. Acuña emphasized, "Chicano Studies has the right to review its own discipline," and added, "What is also highly distressing is that this action is more than a personal attack; it disregards Chicano Studies and could place the future of this field in serious jeopardy." ■

Photo Essay



The Quincentennial Protest: (top left) on the eve of so-called Columbus Day, protesters march to the San Francisco Civic Center; (top right) Chicana activist Gloria La Riva speaks at the Civic Center; (left) the man of the hour looms in effigy; (center) police confront protester; (right) massive protest prevents the reenactment of Columbus' invasion.

Nothing to Celebrate

Photography: Maritza Penagos

Article: Kim Furumoto and Jane Chen



APPROXIMATELY 5,000 DEMONSTRATORS GATHERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO Aquatic Park on Sunday, October 11, to protest the quincentennial celebration of Columbus' arrival.

The American Indian Movement (AIM) organized a civil disobedience to prevent a ship, sponsored by the San Francisco Quincentennial Jubilee Committee and San Francisco Columbus Day Celebration, Inc., from re-enacting the landing of Columbus. In support of the AIM effort, the Peace Navy deployed several ships to deter the Columbus boat from coming to shore.

During the civil disobedience, AIM member Bobby Castillo addressed the public law issued by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), which mandates vaccinations for hepatitis-B on reservations. Some Native Americans residing on the reservations where the BIA enforced this mandate have been diagnosed as HIV positive.

Opponents of the law attribute the outbreak of the HIV virus to poor vaccination procedures and contaminated needles. The BIA still requires these inoculations today in such locations as the Lakota reservation. Castillo said, "[Native Americans] cannot survive another five hundred years with legislation and the apathy of politicians working against us." He urged people to ask their political representatives where they stand on public laws, such as those mandating vaccinations, and on the Leonard Peltier case.

Richard Mosecamp, spiritual leader of AIM, called for a renewed pledge to represent indigenous people in an exemplary light. He emphasized the importance of teaching children the truth about the history of Native Americans. The demonstration continued with prayers by spiritual leaders and songs by intertribal singers.

The police situated themselves throughout the vicinity during the protest. At one point, they tried to mislead protesters by giving them false information; police told demonstrators that the Columbus landing reenactment had been cancelled. Nevertheless, the demonstrators remained at the park and deterred the Columbus ship from landing.

The crowd, led by AIM spiritual leaders, then marched down Van Ness Avenue towards the Civic Center, the location of the concluding rally. At Greenwich Avenue, demonstrators split into two groups. One proceeded to stop a Columbus Day parade occurring a few blocks away on Columbus Avenue; the other continued to the Civic Center.

The peaceful march to the Columbus Day parade ended abruptly when three individuals acting without endorsement from AIM threw Molotov cocktails at nearby police cars. Following this action, police arrested forty protesters.

The second group of marchers (approximately 3,000 in number) arrived at the Civic



Center rally, where guest speakers included representatives from the South African International Student Congress and African National Congress, the All People's Congress, and the Pilipino American Collegiate Endeavor.

When later asked to comment on the October 11 demonstration and rally, Bobby Castillo stated that thousands of people joined together to protest the "shameful portrayal of the re-enactment of Columbus." He characterized the media portrayal of the march as an "unfortunate sensationalization of the event" and said that the actions of a few protesters allowed the media to depict the day's events negatively. Overall, he called the protest a success, because it called attention to issues of the indigenous people.

DIATRIBE CALENDAR

for listings call Dolores @ (510) 601-8171

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THUR 10

Demonstration: Torchlight March and Candlelight Vigil
Update on political prisoners and POW's in the USA,
5:30 pm @ 24th & Mission St.
(415) 552-1992

THUR 10

International Human Rights Day
Celebration in honor of Rigoberta Menchu
Donation \$5-10 (415) 566-0251
or (415) 550-9225

FRI 11

Picket at the Salvadoran Consulate
Demonstration against Salvadoran govt's inaction on military atrocities places the peace accord in danger
12:00 noon @ 870 Market St.
(near Powell Station) SF
CISPES (415) 648-8222; Pledge (510) 655-1177; SAICA (510) 843-2718

SAT 12

Chicana/Latina Perspectives (Artshow)
Fort Mason Center,
Hearst Pavilion
Reception 4 - 7 pm
Exhibit thru January 9

TUE 15

The International Indian Treaty Council Monthly Update 7:30 pm
@ La Peña, 3105 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley
(415) 566-0251 donations

TUE 15 - WED 30

Women's Peace Delegation to Palestine & Israel
Meet with Palestinian women's cooperatives & with Israeli women activists
Middle East Children's Alliance
(510) 548-0542



HAPPY HOLIDAYS
from
diatribe

Next General Meeting January 27
515 Eshleman Hall 6:00 pm

smell this

Images and writings by and about women of color in coalition. **smell this** is a 150-300 pg. book that continues to facilitate the need to define women of color's experiences, empower ourselves, and provide a voice for ourselves through our images and words. Join the coalition to continue the fight for a creative, critical, and analytical space for your voice...Submissions must be typed and only black and white photographs of artwork will be accepted, and please send a short description of yourself and your work...For subscriptions and submissions, please write to: **smell this**, 700 Eshelman Hall, Berkeley, CA 94704. Include your name/organization, address, and phone number...To order issues, please send \$7.00 + \$2.00 shipping/handling for each volume. Make checks payable to ASUC Publications. Do not send cash. Allow 4 weeks for delivery...Volume 1: sold out. Volume 2: available now. Volume 3: available February '93. Always remember to smell it first.