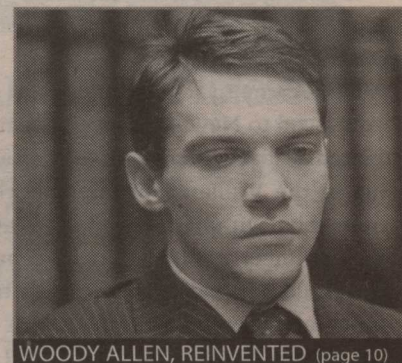


SEX, LOVE AND RELATIONSHIPS ISSUE

CUNY GRADUATE CENTER **Advocate**



WOODY ALLEN, REINVENTED (page 10)

The Newspaper for the CUNY GC Community

February 2006

<http://web.gc.cuny.edu/advocate>

Temporary Reprieve for GC Tuition Hikes

CUNY graduate students will be spared from tuition increases the 2006-07 school year, but should prepare for expected annual increases over the next four years.

According to GC President Bill Kelly, the current discussions about CUNY tuition increases in Albany for the 2006-07 year specifically exclude all graduate students, who were hit with an 18+% hike last year. CUNY undergraduates are looking at an annual \$300 increase, although nothing has been finalized.

Nonetheless, the rumor that GC students would be spared from the annual 2.5% tuition raises in 'The Compact' turned out to be unfounded. The Board of Trustees overwhelmingly approved 'The Compact' (the funding proposal for the CUNY Master Plan) on November 28, though USS Representative Carlos Sierra abstained. But while the funding scene has been given the Board's stamp of approval, the state legislature still needs to agree to it and vote the money into the budget. So students can plausibly expect it to go into effect in the 2007-08 school year, and run for four years.

The DSC denounced the tuition increases in November, although not



PHOTO BY SPENCER SUNSHINE

Elizabeth Bunn (center), secretary-treasurer for the UAW, speaks at a GSOC (the NYU grad student union) rally on Jan. 26. Flanking her are NYU students Amy LeClair, Sociology PhD student and grad teaching assistant, and Matt Osypowski, an MFA student in Creative Writing. Both received letters threatening their stipends for their participation in the GSOC strike.

the Compact as a whole (see correction, page 2), but at least one DSC representative told THE ADVOCATE that the DSC had not gone far enough in its condemnation. CUNY Professional Staff Congress President, Barbara Bowen, did denounce the full Compact, which calls for a renewed focus on private fundraising (which Bowen called the "privatization" of CUNY), increased efficiency standards for faculty and staff, and the tuition increases. In her testimony to the Chancellor on November 21, Bowen acknowledged the

difficult position the Chancellor is in considering the consistent decline in State funds to CUNY, calling on him demand that the State restore the funds and fight for parity between SUNY and CUNY.

Currently, according to Bowen, State funds for a full-time-equivalent student at CUNY amount to \$5,846, compared to \$10,677 for the same student at SUNY. Bowen called this disparity "unconscionable," noting that "it's hard to imagine that it doesn't have something to do with race."

Miguel Malo Gets Slap on the Wrist

At his sentencing, former Hostos Community College student Miguel Malo, convicted in October 2005 of third-degree reckless assault and disorderly conduct, received probation and community service, but no jail time. Malo, Vice President of the Hostos Student Senate at the time of his arrest, was convicted of charges that stemmed from a one-man protest against cuts in English as a Second Language funding at Hostos in August 2001.

At his sentencing in front of a packed courtroom of supporters on December 13, Judge Catherine Bartlett reportedly lectured Malo on violence, but only sentenced him to 10 days of community service, as well as three years probation (the legal minimum for his convictions). Malo was facing up to a year in jail.

Over 1,000 signatures from CUNY students and faculty were collected on a petition asking for Malo not to be sentenced to jail, and almost 100 letters were sent to the judge asking that he not be incarcerated, according to supporters. The University Faculty Senate also voted (60 to 1) that he not be imprisoned.

Malo's legal problems had dragged on for years, and created the activist phrase "I hope you don't get Malo-ed." According to the *Indypendent*, his 2003 trial ended in a mistrial when his attorney, Ronald McGuire, declared himself incompetent. His case was later put on hold after his next attorney, Lynne Stewart, was con-

victed of aiding terrorism in an unaffiliated case; ultimately Karen Funk unsuccessfully defended him. Malo's supporters held rallies and attracted a wide range of support throughout the duration of the case, claiming that he was innocent of the charges and that and security guards beat him during his arrest.

Carol Lang Case Still in Arbitration; Hearings Closed

Carol Lang's arbitration hearing, which was first held on November 29, still continues. Lang, the Theatre department secretary at City College, was involved in a March 2005 at a demonstration against military recruiters at CCNY. Two days after the incident she was arrested, but the charges were eventually reduced to an ACD (Adjournment in Contemplation of Dismissal, which is not an admission of guilt, but rather an agreement that if the charged is not arrested again in six months, all charges will be expunged from his or her records).

Nonetheless, the administration accused her of assaulting a CUNY Peace Officer, and she was suspended without

pay for 19 days. Lang is now facing an additional five weeks of unpaid suspension, pending on the results of the arbitration. (See "Interview with Carol Lang," *ADVOCATE*, October 2005.)

Although Lang asked that supporters attend her Nov. 29th hearing and wished them to be present, the American Arbitration Association representative barred them from the room. The second hearing was held on January 4, and the next is scheduled for March 1. Lang says that it is possible that the arbitration hearings will continue through April, as the prosecution is still presenting their witnesses, and her defense has not yet called their own.

A GC Bar? It's True

DAN SKINNER

Beginning February 23, at 5pm the GC Foundation Lounge, next to the 365 Express, will magically morph into a full service bar, selling alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages and "light snacks."

The bar will be open from 5-9 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays throughout the spring semester and, if business is good, may continue in the fall as well.

For better or worse, the Bar will be operated by Restaurant Associates, the food service conglomerate that has exclusive rights to catering in the building.

According to Paul McBreen, a DSC alternate rep involved in the process, "these will not be bargain-basement prices but the goal is to make it cheaper than bars in the neighborhood. No one is looking to make a huge profit; the goal now is to provide a sense of community in a relaxed atmosphere for students, faculty, staff, and foundation members."

Specific prices, according to McBreen, are still being discussed; so is entertainment, including the possibility of having GC students perform in the Lounge.

The bar plan has been floating around DSC for several years, and the current program was a collective effort of DSC, the administration and Restaurant Associates. Those with long memories, however, will recall that a similar plan was implemented a few years back in the 365 Express, but was aborted due to a lack of student interest and sustained cooperation between students and the administration on the effort.

To make this program succeed, DSC is hoping that programs with events on Tuesdays and Thursdays will consider decamping to the Foundation Lounge Bar, and that faculty and students alike will consider coming by after their classes to (as President Kelly put it) "unwind." Whether winding down or up, though, all GC students should come on down, have a cold one and give this new initiative some life.

THE CUNY GRADUATE CENTER AS BASTION OF CONSERVATISM

While David Horowitz may claim that CUNY is a hotbed of radicalism, I think that the GC is one of the more socially conservative institutions in New York City.

When I came to school here, I was shocked. I had moved to New York several years before, attracted to the city's reputation as a cultural and intellectual capital, and ended up living in the Williamsburg neighborhood of Brooklyn. I worked for a few years in various jobs, with bankers and bureaucrats, kids from the Bronx and ex-cops turned library bouncers. When I finally came to grad school here because of the affordable prices, I did not realize that it was a trap: unless you scab for the CUNY system as an adjunct (and thereby decreasing your own chance at getting a job when you graduate), there is zero funding for you until Level III. Compare this to other schools like NYU and Fordham, where (despite their price tags), they usually waive your tuition and give you a nice job while you study away. (Not that GC students who adjunct two classes – the bare minimum to make it in NYC – have any time to read the texts assigned in their GC classes.)

But this all dawned on me later. The first thing that hit me was how conservative everything here was, especially in comparison to the rest of this city. Now, in case you moved here directly from Peoria, let's be clear: despite its pretensions, New York City is as conservative as liberal gets. The content of its "radicalism" is mostly style and *chic*. The only place that I have been where feminism was less in effect was Russia. Having grown up in a small town in the Deep South, I find the racial segregation here truly appalling. And believe that Marxism continues to be prominent here (in NYC in general, but especially at CUNY) not so much because people are convinced about dialectics and materialism, but more because of the blatant class differences that are apparent to everyone in the city, especially in how they play out in racial terms.

And not just the GC – but New York City in general – is incredibly sexually conservative as well. Having lived on the West Coast for some years before coming here, I can't imagine what a pro-feminist, free sexuality could possibly look in this town.

From the Editor

As Wilhelm Reich suggests, those who are sexually repressed often turn to fascist authoritarianism for release.

the most ardent feminist probably feels compelled to shave her body hair: it's fit in or die. Or simply be isolated from what the lifeblood of the city has to offer, and live in a bubble of expatriates from whichever country, language or (sub)culture you emigrated from. But why do that when you can move back to Oregon?

So while it's absolutely drab to denounce capitalism at the GC, it is also clear (but always unstated) that substantive social change is never anything to be actually to be lived out in one's own everyday life. It's best savored dead and cold, especially as a foreclosed historical possibility that only exists now as critique. And if it must be contemporary, it should involve people very remote from our own everyday lives. The current hip spots to spend one's student loans to visit during the holidays are Latin America (Venezuela being the favorite, although Bolivia is now a possible contender for that #1 spot) or the Middle East (currently a tie between the occupations of the West Bank/Gaza Strip, and Iraq).

It's been rumored around the fifth floor hallways that members of the administration have been asking to reign THE ADVOCATE in. However, the most feedback I have received was related to an off-hand comment in my first editorial, about where the best place to have sex inside of the GC was (and no – to all the spurned contributors – I did not mean where the best place to masturbate was). Not that I personally ever had either defiled, (or consecrated, whichever the case may be) these premises. But in the aftermath, I was told several good suggestions as to where to go about doing that if one had the inclination. Please see the Student Forum for more details.

There are many wonderful ideas bouncing around the Graduate Center. Unfortunately, few of them seem related to concrete changes in everyday

lives. Although I personally find many of the articles in this issue to be problematic in their assumptions about gender and sexuality (especially in that almost all of them assume people to be either "straight" or "gay," or that all "men" are one way and all "women" are another), I am happy to provide a forum where people can express their sexual, romantic and marital concerns. (In Efthymiou's instance, I very much respect that, while she made a conservative cultural choice, she did so after thinking critically about these ideas and considering them in the context of her everyday life.) After all, as Wilhelm Reich suggests, those who are sexually repressed often turn to fascist authoritarianism for release. Better you find release in the pages of THE ADVOCATE. But, if you do (or have), please don't mistake that for a substitute in demanding and making radical changes in your own lives, as well as in the lives of those around you.

Advocate

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Could there even be such a thing in the capital of the patriarchal image factory? After a couple years, even

Academic Freedom Group Finds 'Climate of Fear' at Hunter

The following are excerpts from the Report of the Senate Select Committee on Academic Freedom at Hunter College, dated 14 December 2005. The complete text is available online at www.hunter.cuny.edu/senate.

On December 8, 2004, The Hunter College Senate voted to create a Select Committee on Academic Freedom. [...] [The Committee – hereafter CAF] convened early in the spring 2005, and met twelve times through December 2005. To accomplish its mission, the Committee reviewed the history and definitions of academic freedom and drafted a "Call to the Hunter College Community" ... that asked people to visit or write the committee to give testimony on their perceptions of problems related to academic freedom at the college.

Full confidentiality was guaranteed, and the committee has done all in its powers to uphold that trust. The report that follows offers a summary of general patterns discovered, but includes no details that might reveal the name or circumstances of anyone who has come before the committee or submitted written testimony. To date, the committee has heard testimony from 27 people, of whom 21 were tenured faculty, about 5% of the tenured faculty in the college. Several other faculty and staff discussed particular situations with a subcommittee of the whole, or with an individual committee member, and several offered telephone testimony. About a

dozen untenured faculty members told committee members that they chose not to meet with the committee to discuss their concerns for fear of retaliation. The committee also conferred with people outside the college and the university who had special expertise in the area of academic freedom. CAF invited members of the present Hunter administration to meet with us but this invitation has not thus far been accepted. The CAF hopes that when this initial report is issued, open and constructive conversations with administrators and other members of the Hunter College community will begin to take place.

In a recent message, CUNY Chancellor Matthew Goldstein reiterated the importance of academic freedom and the necessity of vigilance, a timely justification for the work of the CAF: *The principle of academic freedom is so essential to colleges and universities that it could be said to be part of the genetic code of higher education institutions. Indeed, it is a self-evident truth of a university's constitution.* [Message from the Chancellor on Academic Freedom, 10/11/2005 (Appendix B).]

FINDINGS

The CAF is mindful that its report is based on accounts from individuals. As the committee did not have investigatory powers, and as all who testified were guaranteed confidentiality, it was unable to verify all accounts or hear different perspectives on the reported incidents. The committee was established with the limited charge of ascertaining trends in possible violations of academic freedom, and not as a judicial body that would have the power to verify evidence or make judgments on individual cases. The Committee is also aware that it heard from only those individuals who chose to step forward and that others may have different perceptions. Finally, the necessity of protecting the confidentiality of those who testified prevents CAF from reporting the specific details that most concerned it.

Despite these limitations, the Committee noted patterns of problems that emerged from the testimony of different individuals in different situations. Even in the absence of full investigative powers, the committee found these patterns

Continued page 3

CORRECTION

The article "Proposal Will Raise Tuition 2.5% for Next Four Years" in the November 2005 ADVOCATE erroneously stated that the Doctoral Students' Council had denounced the Chancellor's Compact in its entirety. The denunciation, passed by resolution of the Doctoral Students' Council in plenary session on November 18, 2005, pertained only to potential tuition increases, including those contained in the Chancellor's Compact. THE ADVOCATE regrets the error and chalks it up to a case of wishful thinking (or hearing).

Additionally, DSC Steering Committee member Celia Braxton was incorrectly identified as the DSC Representative for the Theatre Department in the October 2005 issue. In truth, she is an At-Large Representative to the DSC. THE ADVOCATE is additionally apologetic for the delay in correcting this and begs Celia's forgiveness.

Academic Freedom

From page 2

particularly disturbing. CAF also notes that while it could not determine whether every reported allegation was true, even the perception of limitations on academic freedom has a profound effect on an institution and it was clear that many individuals perceived such problems.

With these caveats, we present five major findings.

- **No reports of direct interferences of any faculty member's classroom teaching.** The CAF is pleased to report that we did not hear any allegations that individual faculty members were pressured to make changes in the content or form of their classroom teaching.
- **Problems in curriculum, teaching and research.** Several people reported that they perceived administrative pressure to offer or not offer certain courses based not on student need or academic criteria but administrative preference. Others reported that senior administrators sought to modify the academic direction of a department without full consultation with the faculty. Hunter and CUNY governance documents clearly mandate that faculty have authority on curricular issues. In another area, some testified about incidents in which Hunter's Institutional Review Board interfered with faculty research in ways that appeared to exceed the IRB's jurisdiction and others reported that senior administrators told them they could not pursue certain research opportunities for administrative reasons.
- **Problems in hiring, promotion and tenure.** Several faculty provided testimony on their perceptions that Department Chairs and P&B committees were pressured to make or reverse decisions on hiring, promotion, tenure and in the election of departmental leaders. In some cases, testifiers reported that in their view these administrative efforts were not based on the criteria in the various governance documents. A few reported what they described as administrators making private – and in their view inaccurate – allegations against individual faculty members in an effort to convince others to vote against these individuals. In some cases, faculty stated the administration played an inappropriate role in hiring decisions. If this is true, this violates the By-Laws of the Trustees of the City University of New York, Sections 8.9b and 8.14, and the Charter for a Governance of Hunter College, Article XI, Section 4.
- **Disrespect for governance structures.** Individuals described instances in which members of the administration had by-passed or sought to by-pass academic procedures for search committees, student grading and other matters; failed to provide requested information to other governance bodies; and disparaged Hunter's academic structures and governance bodies. Several individuals reported that their conclusions from these incidents were that some administrators viewed existing governance structures as obstacles to overcome.
- **Perceptions of climate of fear.** The most consistent – and disturbing – finding, heard from numerous testifiers discussing very different issues, was a perception that dissent could lead to retaliation. Many individuals described a climate of fear and the perception that the safest course at Hunter was "to keep your head down."

[...]

Whatever the particular facts of the many instances described to our Committee, it is apparent both from the testimony and the personal experiences of Committee members that the perception of a climate of fear has led a significant portion of Hunter faculty, staff and administrators to withdraw, at least in part, from public discussions about some of the most significant issues facing the College. In the Committee's estimation, this would be a devastating and unaffordable loss to any academic community.

Hunter College faces serious external and internal challenges – a long term trend in diminished support from New York State, ongoing increases in student tuition, increased pressure to raise more money from private sources, the need to find new space, a retention rate that all agree needs improvement, and increasing competition from other public and private universities, to name a few. Only a unified college community can face these challenges and determine how best to use the resources we have to maintain our mission and achieve excellence. The perception that faculty cannot freely speak out on important institutional and academic issues without fear of administrative reprisals or disapproval compromises Hunter's ability to achieve our common goals.

RECOMMENDATIONS

All members of the Hunter community have a responsibility to promote academic freedom. In order to remedy the problems that have been described to us, CAF makes the following recommendations.

- The Hunter College Administration and the College's governing bodies should acknowledge the dimensions of the problem of the perception of a climate of fear and engage in college-wide discussions to address and remediate this problem. The CAF believes that only a public discussion of these issues can lead to mutually satisfactory improvements.
- Maintaining and expanding academic freedom, creating an environment in which all members of the academic community feel welcome to participate, and fostering respect for a college's governance bodies are hallmarks of positive academic leadership. All administrators should provide guidance and feedback on these issues to those whom they supervise.
- In spite of the limits of our inquiry, the CAF is profoundly disturbed that the climate of fear described to us burdens the college with conflicts that fester and sap energy. We encourage the Senate, the Administration and the wider academic community to use existing channels of communication and governance structures to better address these issues.
- The AAUP is currently conducting an inquiry at CUNY, including Hunter College, and we recommend that the Senate encourage the entire Hunter community to cooperate with this effort.

'Dangerous' Academics

Right-Wing Distortions About Leftist Professors

ROBERT JENSEN

In an "urgent" email last week, right-wing activist David Horowitz hyped his latest book about threats to America's youth from leftist professors.

The ad for "The Professors – The 101 Most Dangerous Academics in America" describes me as: "Texas Journalism Professor Robert Jensen, who rabidly hates the United States, and recently told his students, 'The United States has lost the war in Iraq and that's a good thing.'"

I'm glad Horowitz got my name right (people often misspell it "Jenson"). But everything else is distortion, and that one sentence teaches much about the reactionary right's disingenuous rhetorical strategy.

First, I'm not rabid, in either personal or political style. I'm a sedate, non-descript middle-aged academic who tries to approach political and moral questions rationally. I articulate principles, provide evidence about how those principles are often undermined by powerful institutions, and offer logical conclusions about how citizens should respond. I encourage people to disagree with my principles, contest my evidence, and question my logic – all appropriate activities in a university where students are being trained to think for themselves, and in a nominally democratic society where citizens should do the same.

Second, I offer such critiques without hate. Sometimes my assessments are harsh, such as in evaluating George W. Bush's invasion of Iraq and concluding the attack was unlawful and, therefore, our president is guilty of crimes against peace and should be prosecuted. Similarly harsh was the judgment that Bill Clinton's insistence on maintaining the harsh economic embargo on Iraq in the 1990s resulted in the deaths of hundreds of thousands of innocents and, therefore, Clinton was a moral monster who was unfit to govern. None of this has to do with hating either man, but instead with assessments and judgments we should be making.

Third, these critiques are not of the United States, but of specific policies and policy-makers. No nation is a monolith with a single set of interests or political positions, and it's nonsensical to claim that harsh critique constitutes rejection of an entire nation.

Why would anyone suggest that I rabidly hate the United States? It's easier to defame opponents using emotionally charged language than engage on real issues. Accuse them of being irrational and hateful. Ignore the substance of the claims and just sling mud. By even minimal standards of intellectual or political discourse it's not terribly honorable, but it often works.

Beyond these junkyard dog tactics, Horowitz's email also makes one crucial factual error. I did write that the U.S. losing the Iraq war was a good thing – not in celebration of death and

Academic Repression

In the First Person



Robert Jensen

destruction, of course, but because the defeat temporarily restrains policy-makers in their dangerous attempts to extend the U.S. empire. But that was the first sentence of an opinion piece I published in various newspapers in 2004, not a statement to students. The distinction is important.

Horowitz and similar critics argue that professors like me inappropriately politicize the classroom, forcing captive student audiences to listen to radical rants. No doubt there are professors who rant – from the left, right and center; there's a lot of bad teaching in universities.

But I'm constantly attacked by people who have no knowledge of – and as far as I can tell, no interest in learning about – how I teach. Because they hear me express strong opinions at political rallies or read my newspaper opinion pieces, they assume I treat my classroom like a pulpit and students as targets for conversion.

I teach journalism, and in the course of that teaching I regularly discuss how journalists cover controversial topics; it's hard to imagine teaching responsibly without doing that. When appropriate, I have talked in class about how journalists cover war – explaining that many people around the world believe the U.S. invasion of Iraq violated international law, observing that U.S. journalists in the corporate commercial media rarely write about that, and suggesting reasons for the omission.

There's always a politics to teaching; the choices professors make about what readings to assign and how to approach a subject are influenced by their politics – left, right, or center. But that does not mean teaching is nothing but politics.

No one knows that better than professors who hold views challenging the conventional wisdom, those of us who don't rabidly hate the United States but do passionately love learning and the promise of an open, independent university.

Robert Jensen is a journalism professor at the University of Texas at Austin.



Rational Romance (or Systematic Sex)

RODERICK GRAHAM

I think its time we bring some order into all this mushy, vague, love and romance stuff. The whole process is way too random and unpredictable. While I'm currently taken, there was a time not too long ago when my dating life was riddled with anxiety. There were just too many unknowns out there, too much variation in who likes whom and why or who somebody is sleeping with. Somehow I got lucky, but I still think the whole process needs to be systematized and rationalized. Think about how much time and money could be saved if we invested our emotional dollars wisely.

Really, who needs all the guesswork? There has to be a strategy, a way to optimize the energy and time invested in the game of love. This is not so farfetched an idea if you compare this to other spheres of our lives. Most of our consumption options and opinions have been preplanned through intense market research, spin doctoring, and other forms of social engineering. I don't believe that the rational systemization of sexual consumption is too hard to believe. So, I went back into my old evolutionary psychology books to try and find some clues as to how we can streamline this whole process.

THERE IS A MARKET OUT THERE - A WHOLE LOT OF SEX IS WAITING TO BE CONSUMED

For one thing, humans were certainly meant to have sex on a fairly regular basis. Evolutionary psychologists claims to predict the amount of sexual frequency in a species by the size of the males' testicles. The bigger

ner at a time. In contrast, a male silverback gorilla—the alpha male—is 200% to 300% larger than the females. Silverback gorillas live in a highly polygynous society in which one male dominates a harem of females. Women readers may be thinking that this article is decidedly chauvinistic. But, believe it or not, polygyny actually harms - in a reproductive sense, on average - more men than women. In polygynous societies most women have access to the good genes of the alpha male, while numerous lesser males are left without a partner, and have to enjoy themselves by reading *Maxim* and *Playboy*.

WOMEN BY THE NUMBERS

So what is it about those alpha males that females like so much? Well, through various experiments and surveys (and just plain common sense) consistent themes appear. Women want men to show physical and social dominance: they like men who are three to four inches taller than they are with sturdy athletic builds, and are good in group situations at commanding attention and making people laugh. They also want men with mature, masculine features such as proportionately thin lips and eyes, wide face, square jaw. Personally, as a slouching loner, I was not happy when I first read this information.

But for those like me there is still hope. If you did not hit the Pick 6 in the genetic lottery (or, as in my case, you were left holding the short straw), you can still get by with the great equalizer - emotional investment. Women simply are not as sex crazed as us guys, and sur-

lips? ... gone. The rosy red cheeks? ... gone. The bright, clear skin that looks like sun is shining from beneath it? ... gone. There, in the naked light of PMS, you curse yourself and blame your stupidity (or your beer goggles). Trust me, I know. I have been there. But in actuality, your fate (and mine) was sealed by a collaboration between Samuel Adams and Mary Kay.

But I am getting off the subject. There is another, more profoundly interesting feature of men's attraction to women. Men want women with a hip-to-waist ratio, in which you divide the circumference of the hips into the circumference of the waist, of around 0.70 (a person with a ratio of 1 has hips the same size as her waist). This is even when controlling for body fat—whether you are big-boned or narrow-hipped, the hip to waist ratio can still predict attraction. So, when men with a healthy share of pigment in their skin (like myself) say that they want "a woman with meat on their bones", it does not mean we deviate from this 0.70 norm. Just check out the latest issue of *King* (the urban version of *Maxim*), and you will see what I mean. Those big booties are accompanied by relatively small waists.

Even though women are far more discriminating in their sexual and dating partners, men have developed a selection process of their own. They have a double standard when it comes to women: they prefer shyness and sexual inexperience in long-term partners, boldness, ostentation, and promiscuity in short-term partners.

Just like the men, women have some hope if they too find that they do not measure up to the pin-up models. Men also rate personality - kindness and humor - high on their attraction list. It looks like the women who did not get asked to the prom may get asked to the altar faster.

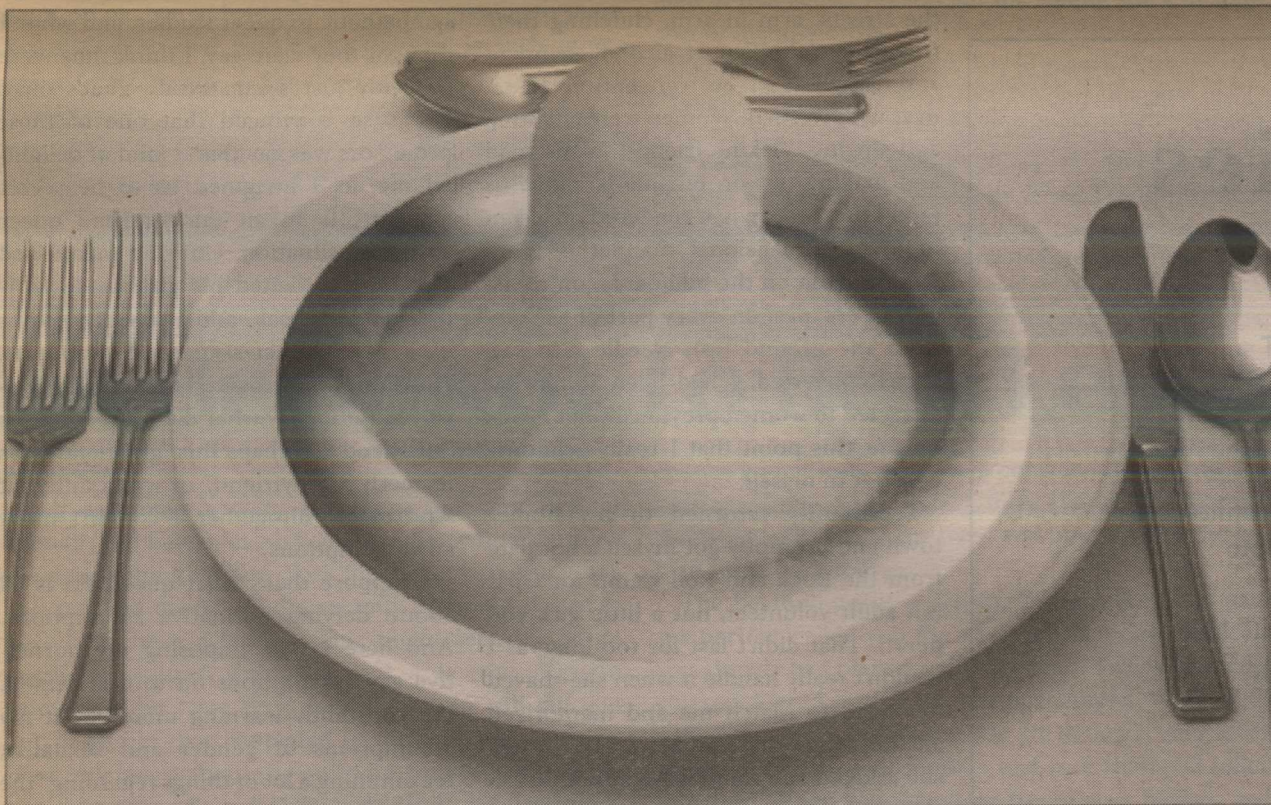
MORE NUMBERS

There is a very high 0.61 correlation for the length of the middle finger (a correlation of 0.0 would mean that there was no relation between the length of the man's middle finger and the woman's, and a man with a long middle finger would be equally likely to marry a woman with a short, medium, or long middle finger, while a correlation of 1 would mean that all women marry men with the same middle finger length as they). There are also correlations between length of earlobe, breadth of nose, and distance between eyes (though these are fairly low ... about 0.2).

So, what is the Equation? After reading all of this research and experimentation and theorizing, am I any closer to understand how to rationalize love? No. Not even close. Actually, if I were single, and took this research to heart, I would be paralyzed by thoughts of height differentials, middle finger sizes, and how much I can make people laugh in a crowd. It would be insane. I would be much worse off than I was in my past single life. At least back then I had a stable routine: I got rejected, had a few vodka tonics to forget, and prepared myself for another round of social self-flagellation.

My guess is that those who read this article were struck with feelings of incredulity and repulsion. Somehow, to all of us, the process of love, no matter how harrowing it is, is more appealing than the alternative I raised in the opening paragraphs. Why this uncertainty is more appealing is a question to be answered elsewhere. But my quick suggestion is that the incredulity and repulsion that may have been felt by reading this article speaks to our innate disdain for the systemization, and implied loss of liberty, of so many spheres of our life. Love is one of the few things in this world we cannot rationally control.

Roderick Graham is a PhD student in the Sociology program.



the testicles, the more prone to sexual activity. The average weight of a man's testicles is about one-and-a-half ounces, or 0.079% of their body weight. By these numbers, this puts us ahead of orangutans and gorillas in predicted sexual frequency, but behind a chimpanzee (chimpanzees have big balls). Men, and by obvious implication women, have evolved to desire sex regularly. Thus, we have a good starting point. Our bodies are telling us we have to have it, so now we can work towards understanding who is most likely to have it with whom.


Also, humans are also meant to be slightly polygynous. Evolutionary biologists can predict the likelihood that a species is polygynous by comparing the size of the adult male to adult females—the bigger the male, the more polygynous the species. Adult men are 8% taller and about 20% heavier than adult women. Men would be slightly inclined to have more than one sexual part-

vey after survey has shown that they rate kindness and sincerity highest on their attraction list when considering a long-term partner. There is a reason why the guy looking like Cheech Marin is walking arm-in-arm with the Heidi Klum look-alike.

MEN BY THE NUMBERS

Well, what about men? This is easy. I know what I want, and I don't think I deviate too far away from the norm. Generally men want women who are 2.5 years younger. This is no surprise. Facially, they want women who exhibit the signs of youth: full lips, clear and smooth skin, and big, clear eyes. There is a reason why makeup works specifically on these areas - to mirror youth and fool men.

I think many men, the sober morning after, have experienced PMS - Post Makeup Stress. The bee-stung



SEX *Love* RELATIONSHIPS

An ADVOCATE Special Issue

Sex at the Graduate Center

(or, Where Have All the Condom Machines Gone?)

ANDREA SIEGEL

Sex at the Graduate Center. It does happen I've heard. I once walked into a room where several of the delightful young women with whom I've studied were discussing who had "lesbian potential." As each woman was named, one person would pipe up something like, "Oh she has a boyfriend," to which another would say, "But that doesn't MEAN anything." And another would say, "Well, in this case ..." And on and on. At some point, bemused, I interjected, "Do I have lesbian potential?" A young woman said to me, "Oh, no ... You're old." It's true. I'm forty-two – her parents' age. The idea of people my age having sex is, well, appalling.

Sex at the Graduate Center. An informal network discusses professors: Who hits on students? Who flirts but doesn't come through? Who harasses? Whom do you watch out for? I verified the accuracy of one of those reports at a gathering I once attended, when a professor hit on me. I felt grossed out. (I know, I know, I'm old ... how could he even think of it?) I didn't get his name until afterward ... Oh yeah. Him. Right, I'd heard rumors.

When I first arrived at the Graduate Center there were condom machines in all of the bathrooms I visited. This surprised me. I never had occasion to check the men's rooms. Was birth control dispensed equally? Wis-

er minds, or minds with penises and a longer tenure at GC can answer this question. These machines, as far as I could tell, were the Graduate Center's idea of health care. As you may have noticed, many, if not all of those machines seem to have been replaced by towel dispensers, usually close enough to the door so that one can be seriously injured by an open-swinging door while trying to get paper towel to dry one's hands. Maybe someone was injured while trying to retrieve a condom? What does the loss of these machines say about sex at the Graduate Center? Were they removed because no one used them? Were they removed for political reasons? A more intrepid chronicler than I would actually find this out. This would be news!

A Graduate Center friend had the misfortune of dating someone who neglected to mention that he was married. (Hint: if he says he only has a cell phone, and he can't talk in the evenings, and he doesn't invite one to see his home, find another lover.) Supporting her through her subsequent unraveling, I found out that there is a part-time nurse at the Graduate Center, a woman of stern mien and eminently sensible advice who could and would test one for all variety of sexually transmitted diseases, and do so at a price far more economical than that of the average doctor. After all, if the shtunk lied about his marital status, surely he also could

have lied about his HIV status, and etc. Fortunately, she tested negative, on everything. We went out and celebrated.

See the Wellness Center on the sixth floor for more information on getting tested. My friend expresses amazement about how many young men who pretend to be liberal, sensitive, caring people freak out if asked to wear a condom. She expresses disgust over the amount of guff she has been given when asking potential partners to show her the piece of paper with the HIV test results. She is willing to share her test results. "From now on, it's about respect and care," she says. "Fuck spontaneity, I want to see the goddamn piece of paper!"

Another young friend had occasion to inform me, that in the event that one's male partner was misinformed about his infertility, as hers had been ... well, Planned Parenthood in Greenwich Village is awfully good, too.

I imagine that sex at the Graduate Center is much like sex at other places. This being an educational setting, there are people at your level of powerlessness, and people with far more power than you have. Power is intoxicating, and people often eroticize intoxicants. And then they wake up. Of course, I wouldn't know about having sex at the Graduate Center. I'm too old.

Andrea Siegel is a PhD student in the Sociology program. She is the author of Women in Aikido (North Atlantic Books) and

Sex, Dating, and the Ph.D. Student

CHONG J. WOJTKOWSKI

Last year four British universities released their findings with regard to women, marriage and I.Q., revealing something I myself had suspected – a higher I.Q. increases a man's chance of finding a mate, while it decreases a woman's chance of finding one. Put simply, smart men marry dumb women, dumb women marry smarter men – and smart women are left to mope in the library while their lesser-read counterparts run about and snatch up available men.

But who's talking marriage? How about dating? And how about dating – at the GC? Although the times of attending university while hoping to obtain an MA as well as an MRS are hopefully past, the thought of meeting a potential mate during these five years – one who shares academic interests, intellectual vigor and cultural pursuits – is nothing if not appealing. Not to mention how cute "Dr" and "Dr" would look on your wedding invitations. At the GC however, I believe there is a horrifying dating discrepancy and so I begin with a strong, yet painfully true observation: straight girls get last picks here. Kind of like the vending machine on weekends, when all there's left is a package of Mallow Cups and a bag of no frills potato "crisps."

Woefully, as the female foray into graduate studies

grows deeper, the dating pool in general becomes shallower and shallower, for several reasons. First off, more women than men attend graduate school (56% vs. 44% according to the GC web site – and this does not break down further disparities such as in liberal arts programs). Secondly, a great many male graduate students are gay, married, or both. Lastly, many GC men do not otherwise appear to be dating material. I confess that the last few times I saw a cute guy wandering around our building, he was either (a) visiting and lost; (b) holding hands with his boyfriend; or (c) was here for some CUNY Honors college function and thereby was 19 years old.

As shallow as my last criterion may sound, please note that I categorize physical attractiveness under two headings: Things You Can Help, and Things You Cannot Help. At this stage in the game, most women realize that height, baldness, and big ears (I have floppy ones myself) fall into the second category, and can be overlooked. However, the first category is a must: clean clothing that can be distinguished from the wearer's pajamas; oft-brushed teeth; a smell that no one would describe as "musty" or "offensive," etc. Add to this simple attributes like punctuality; nice table manners; possession of a corkscrew, etc., and you have what I would

consider "attractive." (Bonus points for penguin buffs.)

In defense of straight male doctoral students – who, by the way, can hardly be painted with the same brush – I fully admit that rigorous course loads and work schedules can be restrictive and take a back seat to cultivating "player" status. Bad fluorescent lighting in the library casts a weird glow on skin, and clothes easily wrinkle when their wearer is seated 19 out of 24 hours. Like Chaucer's clerk, he likely spends most of his money on books and research, not gym memberships or a rockin' pad.

However, the scales are painfully tipped here at the GC, where outgoing, stylish and attractive female students seem to be numerous.

Straight men in graduate school have all the luck, which is why they tend to act aloof around their female counterparts. In a mathematically sound situation (60% of us, way less than 40% of them), there is virtually no competition with other men. Get on a treadmill? Nah. Come in contact with a razor this millennium? Why bother? In a roundabout way, these observations indeed support the Brits' findings. In order for refined Graduate Center women to meet their matches, they must search elsewhere than at graduate school.

Chong J. Wojtkowski is a PhD student in the French Program.



Straight Until Graduation

MEGAN BICYCleta

I'm sure you've met a fair amount of kids who are "queer until graduation" – people who test out the waters of queerness, seeing what it's like to hook up with folks of all sorts of sexes. These people are into opening up their dating pools, increasing their options, playing around, having fun, drinking until they're gay, etc. And, hey, there's no harm in that! I'm sure they've made a lot of queer folks happy between the sheets. However, upon graduating, they cut down on their pharmaceutical intakes, quit dropping acid on the weekends, look into getting a steady form of employment that offers societal credibility, and, well, they go straight. Hell, maybe they were straight all along.

Nobody knows.

I'm not one to impose labels on anyone, though – they might just enjoy vacillating all over the Kinsey scale, just to keep things interesting. That's fine. I've been through my own process with the whole question of sexuality and identity politics, and I've traversed the inverse road of most of these sexy college kids. In fact, I was straight until graduation.

In Portland, Oregon, I had a college boyfriend. If you saw me now, you might

laugh to hear that, but then if you saw him, it would all make sense. He was fairly faggy, and his somewhat aberrant gender presentation is what attracted me to him. Actually, when he broke up with me, a friend even chided for taking so long to realize that he was gay – some people just want to claim prior knowledge of this stuff. Well, then. Before I ever hooked up with this faggy college boyfriend, he turned to me and whispered, "but I thought you were gay ..." – I retorted, "I'm not, but are you gay?" (Everyone on campus thought I was queer for years, for some reason. I just couldn't figure that one out ...) It transpired that neither of us identified as totally gay at that point in time, so we had a fairly decent relationship for a year and a half, during which we'd talk about all of our library crushes on folks of all genders with each other. We also discussed gender and queer theory with each other at length. It was a very queer straight relationship. He expressed an admiration for dykes (as did I), and a frustration with gay boy culture – he found it vapid and superficial. He seemed to want to be a girl, and I thought that was pretty darned attractive. But all straight things must come to an end, and

so our relationship disintegrated into disappointment and miscommunications immediately after graduation.

Dejected by the break up, I went to Olympia to watch *The Transfused* (a queer rock opera) with some friends, moved into a big dilapidated house with a few transguys, and started washing dishes at the Roxy, a drag queen diner.

On a hot weekend in July, I stuffed myself into a tiny car with a bunch of folks and we headed down to San Francisco for Gay Pride. The sheer numbers of beautiful women blew my mind. Women in leather pants, women in crazy dresses, women wearing nothing but hotpants and duct tape on their tits, women on motorcycles, women

on bicycles, women with signs proclaiming "I'm vegan; eat me" and the like; in short, there were a lot of hot ladies at the dyke march. The women swarmed the streets, arm in arm, clutching their friends and bottles of alcohol, banners and flags. The streets were entirely taken over with women. Women were chanting and singing, making friends on the road and making out on billboards above us (and I don't mean just rendered on a sign in a one-dimensional manner – there were women on the billboards, on roofs, on fire escapes, on every part of the city from the ground up). Needless to say, I was converted. I had been somewhat attracted to women previously, but it was only at this point that I really acknowledged it to myself.

I promptly returned to my hometown and promptly got myself a hot date from the Rock and Roll Camp for Girls (an adult volunteer, not a little girl, you perv!). That didn't last for too long, as I couldn't really handle it when she shaved her head to match me and memorized all the songs that my band had. When she asked if she could leave a toothbrush at my house, I knew that it was time to get out. Prior to this, I had kissed a few girls years at our college's celebration of Coming Out Day/Week, as my then-band mate coerced me to kiss her housemate. "Aw, c'mon, Megan, just give it a shot; it's Coming Out Week!" – so I did give it a drunken ridiculous shot, which mostly just entailed us smashing our teeth up against one another in an inept manner while this girl told me about how she had a crush on my housemate. I responded, "Good luck – you and the rest of the college!" (my housemate was a pretty hot ticket on campus, and was, at this point, straight), and they (and not we) ended up hooking up.

Later, as a CUNY student, I recall hav-

ing my eye on a couple of the ladies in my classes. I think it turned out that these girls were either straight or not single, or both. At any rate, it wasn't meant to be. I also recall having one badass butch professor who taught Feminist Literary Theory and was tough as nails, having weathered traditional academia prior to the advent of Feminist Studies. She'd say

The sheer numbers of beautiful women blew my mind. Women in leather pants, women in crazy dresses, women wearing nothing but hotpants and duct tape on their tits ...

things in class such as "when I was talking with Audre Lorde one day in our reading group," and I would laugh incredulously, not believing that she had known any phenomenal queer feminist thinkers. But she did know a lot of great seminal feminist thinkers, and I was the asshole, interjecting my ignorant presumptions into the class. I think she's forgiven

me by now. She always pushed her students to think critically, which I certainly appreciated.

I also had professors who were very sympathetic to queer studies, and while I thought they were gay, I think they were probably just sympathetic. That's okay. I was so convinced that one of these professors was gay that it kind of delighted me, as I imagined us to be secret compatriots in an underground, queer academic situation. Until he mentioned that he had visited his girlfriend's family over the break, and I saw my visions of a gay brother-sisterhood evaporate. However, I interrogated my own preconceived notions – what did I know of this "girlfriend"? Perhaps this "girlfriend" was formerly a "boyfriend," or was a different kind of girl altogether. I couldn't make any assumptions.

I suppose that's what queerness is all about: defying normative assumptions. And here I was, imposing my normative gay assumptions on to this person. I'm constantly learning more about my assumptions of gender and sexuality, reexamining a lot of things regarding "the gay," and working on queering all of my previous notions of queer. Interrogating my previous ideas on gender and sexuality helps me not only resist normative standards of sexuality, but it also helps forever expand my notions of what and who I find hot in the world. While seeking to escape the heterosexual matrix, I also seek to carve out new definitions of the "hott," the "gay," the "queer," and have fun with the constant play of gender in the world. I hope you do, too. (Oh, and if you are one of those queers-until-graduating folks, I just hope you're not a heartbreaker, you heartbreaker!)

Megan Bicyclela recently completed her MA at CUNY and is currently an ESL teacher.

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The Value of a Name

ANDREA ROSSO EFTHYMIU

Prior to being engaged, it never occurred to me that I would face the question of whether or not to change my last name. As naïve as that may sound, taking on the name of a man as my own "new" name never struck me as a question. To do so was the customary practice in the culture I was raised in: not just as the only child of parents of European descent, but also in a family tradition which, while always respectful of both genders, was nonetheless patriarchal. When a woman marries, she changes her last name to that of her husband ... that's it.

So at the time, steeped in academia in 2005, I felt stunned when I was first asked by one of many colleagues, "You're keeping your last name, right?"

"Well, no? Maybe? Not exactly ... I don't know!" How could the question not have entered my mind before? I am an individual with my own identity. I have studied and presented to my undergraduates notions about the ways in which society constructs gender. How could I have never asked myself this question?

It turns out that something I once took for granted as a customary (but perhaps in the 21st Century has become a growingly unusual) cultural practice, was a very difficult question of identity for me. Did I want to change my last name? I could not fully answer "no." Generally any form of gender inequality is discomfiting; yet, somehow I could rationalize changing my name, not as a form of subservience or backing-down, but rather as a gesture towards joining two lives. After all, my husband and I were not becoming the same person; we were simply two individuals who were agreeing to share the rest of our lives with each other. Yet in such agreement, the changing of my name suddenly struck me as something of a concession. If I wanted to have the same last name as my future children, society dictated that I must possess the same last name as my husband.

There are many ways that women have negotiated this choice. Some have chosen the hyphen. Unfortunately, I believe Rosso-Efthymiou is phonic punishment for my

students, my colleagues, and myself.

I thought that perhaps the safest choice to ensure that I retain my identity as an individual was to keep the family name I was given at birth. As I leaned to one name over the other, I became more consumed with its value and envisioned my life ten years down the line. I talked to other women who kept their original surnames and had children in grade school who shared the surnames given by the children's fathers. The women complained of confusion during student-teacher conferences and their own personal sense of distance because their children shared the names of their fathers, not their own. One woman I spoke to was so bothered by not sharing the same last name as her children that she ended up taking her husband's name after twelve years of marriage, well into her own professional career as a psychologist. Would I ever regret the choice regardless of which name I favored? Suddenly, taking on my future husband's last name seemed harmless enough, as he had no preference in favor of either: "Do whatever you're comfortable with." It was wonderful that he was liberated in that sense, yet still left me feeling stuck in some sort of identity crisis.

Prior to getting married, I told myself that this was a decision I needed to make soon, as my goal was to one day create a name for myself in my field ... so what name would it be? Relinquishing my given surname seemed somehow like letting go of my family, my heritage, myself.

Irony lies in this tradition I have acquired from



my mother, grandmother, and the generations before them. Whatever the reason may be for why a man's name determines the identification of an entire family, the choice, at least recently, has been primarily the woman's. Had my mother not made the choice to take my father's last name, a name I will always associate with him and all that makes me proud to be his daughter, she would have had a separate way of identifying herself, a way which would have been disconnected from my father and I. My father's name had never made me feel less close to my mother's family; if anything, I grew up closer to my extended maternal family than my paternal side. In thinking through the naming process, I soon realized that, while so much rests on the choice of a name, identity is comprised of so much more.

Seven months after having married my husband, I have chosen to change my last name to Efthymiou. I have also decided to change my given middle name to my family name. If surnames change, certainly middle names can too. I no longer feel as if I conceded or compromised my identity in any way. Perhaps I have complied with social convention, but each day I make many choices that require me to rebel against or acquiesce to a variety of cultural practices in one way or another; this is just one of many. My husband supports my choice but has told me that if it weren't for his ultra-traditional family, he would have taken my surname because it's so much easier to spell.

Andrea Rosso Efthymiou is in the Comparative Literature program.

To Be or Not To Be a Lesbian

ANONYMOUS

Being a lesbian is very tempting. Ask any straight woman (and I mean in particular women who have done the dating thing in New York for more than one year), and you will quickly find a secretly harbored desire to have been born a lesbian. This might seem to be an overly generalized statement, but it is true. Straight women in the New York dating game in will tell you horror stories that happened to them or their friends. Have you heard about the guy who stood his friend up, and then called four days later to ask if her drop-dead gorgeous 22-year-old friend who he saw getting arrested on TV during the RNC convention is OK? (This is not an urban legend.) If you haven't, then you surely heard about the girl who slept with a guy who left 20 bucks on the dresser in the morning before he left? Or how about the guy who, after sleeping with my other friend, sent a message to the department email list that he is looking for an apartment with his girlfriend?

Stories are abundant, and if you are single, approaching 30, or already over the hill, you must have heard them, experienced horrors of your own, and at least once asked the question – are there any good men left out there for us to date? The answer, it seems, is a resounding "No."

This is when the lesbian dilemma presents itself. If you are still single, 30 or older, have faced the realization that there are no good men to date, are open to new experiences, and live in New York, there is a good

chance you at least once have considered entering into a lesbian relationship. In fact, most chances are that you threw your doubts to the wind and jumped into the lesbian waters, head first.

The beginning was a dream. You got laid, and your sex partner called you the next day. Not only that, but you already had plans for the weekend! Two-weeks later, you considered getting rid of your therapist. Who needs a therapist when the person you are dating is your lover, your best friend, your mother, and your therapist rolled together? When you introduce her to your friends, and they all love her. They encourage you and are happy for you. Finally, you are in a relationship! You start talking at work about queer bars and queer cinema, and plan your holiday vacation. "Who needs men?" you ask yourself. "Why didn't I discover that earlier?"

But alas: your newly discovered paradise is fleeting. You start to wonder where your free time is the time you had so valued on those care free days when you were dating men who only had time for you once a week (if you were "lucky"). You find yourself in the midst of a night-long marathon on the state of the relationship, and your feelings toward her as they reflect on your childhood experience. You start missing being alone, with thoughts and feelings that are only yours. You miss having no responsibility to share, unless you absolutely choose to. You remember with agony those happy days when you could say, "What are you doing tonight?" and that would be code words for "I want to get laid," with-

out feeling that you need to spell out every thought and feeling in the most blatant way possible. Oh, where are those days that a blowjob lasted five minutes and you could go to sleep? Now the foreplay is two hours, and you are always exhausted at work.

Lesbianism is great, but unfortunately, you have to be a lesbian to enjoy its ubiquitous advantages. If you are straight, you are likely to get bored and resentful – and quickly. Not only is it not fair, in particular to your girlfriend who is truly invested in the relationship, but if you have a heart, you are going to come out bruised as well. You might think that experimenting is harmless. But have you ever seen mice in the lab? They experiment on them. These mice, when they die, it's not an experiment any more. They really fuckin' die. When you get your heart broken to pieces, are you experimenting on how to get hurt in a lesbian relationship, or are you really hurt?

The conclusion is inconclusive. Being a woman and single and a graduate student in New York is hard enough. Lesbian relationships are as comforting as it can get. There is no way I can say that the advice should be to stay away. That would be the opposite of being human. Nor can I say that there are no healthy, empowering, fulfilling lesbian relationships. That goes without saying. But if you have read this far and you are still smiling ... shave your legs, you are back in the game!

The author is a GC student.



Power/Games: Notes on the Politics of Sexual Role-Playing

COOKIE ORLANDO

A stripper I used to know liked to wax poetic on themes of Bill Clinton's sexuality. His penis seemed to fly like an eternally burning Hindenburg through the cloudscapes of her imagination:

"Man, I'd love to get my hands on Bill Clinton's dick," she'd growl with animal lust. "I'll bet he's got a big, curved dick that gets all dark and purple when it's hard. I'd like to give that big, purple, curved dick a squeeze."

She would go on in this mode for as long as you would listen and the fantasies acquired a baroque intricacy as she got more into it. She once confessed to me that she sometimes imagined that she was with Clinton while she was having sex with her actual lovers.

A woman to whom I recently described this phenomenon exclaimed, "No one fantasizes like that about Bush's dick!" I can see why she said this and she may be right, although in the context of modern America's complex psychopathology it's easy to imagine some red-state soccer mom lost in reverie upon the USS Lincoln with a stern, Stalinesque George W., she in Ambercrombie and Fitch, he in flight suit complete with tumescent jock strap: "Mission Accomplished." How tight are the links between desire and images of decisive power? An opinion piece by Lisa Schiffren, published in *The Wall Street Journal* on May 9, 2003 provides us with one example of how such feelings might be articulated:

I had the most astonishing thought last Thursday. After a long day of hauling the kids to playdates and ballet, I turned on the news. And there was the president, landing on the deck of the USS Abraham Lincoln, stepping out of a fighter jet in that amazing uniform, looking – how to put it? – really hot. Also presidential, of course. Not to mention credible as commander in chief. But mostly "hot," as in virile, sexy and powerful.

Note that the president's sexual appeal is magnified by his military accoutrements ("that amazing uniform") and by his supposed ability command the troops. Whether it's a stripper lusting after Clinton or a neocon housewife, all wet for Bush, the intersection between the arenas of desire and power pose challenging questions to the anti-authoritarian Left. How tight are the links between desire and images of decisive (usually masculine) power? Do anti-authoritarians who get turned on by fascistic images cropping up in, say, industrial or punk music, need to do a stint at the political confessional? Can power be a fun and harmless sex toy, or is it a gateway drug casting us inevitably towards a military pornography of war?

The following examples reflect my own experiences of sexual desire. While I will try to make sense of them in a political context, they should not be read as generalizations about the sexuality of men, women, or anything in between. While I know there are others out there who've had similar experiences, there are also those with very different or opposite ones, which could also add important insights to the conversation.

I'll begin with a relatively impersonal one. During my teens my friends and I amassed a small stockpile of *Playboy* and *Hustler* magazines. I remember to this very day my surprise when, after gazing intensely at softly lit photos of the centerfold model sprawled across a pool table while a cue stick leaned suggestively against the wall, I turned the page to find a picture of a fighter jet arcing aggressively across a white-hot sky. The headline (I remember it word-for-word) – was "tomcat in heat" and then there was a little puff piece about the destruc-

tive power of the new jet shown in the picture. Although the juxtaposition was opaque to my adolescent consciousness, these days I would hazard a reading of the spread's message as something like, "Your masculine sexuality should be like this military vehicle: blazing of engines, capable of massive destruction without emotional consequences, and incorporated into sharply defined chains of hierarchical command."

Magazines like *Playboy* help to create the taste of their audiences. But they also speak its existent language. This suggests that many men today identify with a sexual language that speaks to them in terms of highly technologized manifestations of state and military power.

On a more personal level, I can say that most women I've "been involved with" have expected me to display a kind of decisive power, especially during sex. This does not necessarily mean that they expected me to play the part of the patriarch ordering his woman about from the television set – they would not have found that sexy (although one recently told me that she found extremely erotic the idea of performing fellatio while her man read the newspaper and puffed on a tobacco pipe). In general, what I'm pointing to is a more semiotic display of virility and power. Just a few nights ago my female partner was complaining about how long it was taking us to walk to a restaurant in Chinatown. Finally she burst out with "If I'm bitching like that and it's getting on your nerves, you should just tell me to shut up." She made it clear that such stern behavior, a semiotic representation of decisive masculinity, turned her on.

At other times the situation has gotten even more intense. One former girlfriend and I had a system in which, if an argument couldn't be resolved by consensus, I was expected to resolve it absolutely by using the phrase, "I command you." After I said this, she was expected to go along with it and answer, "Yes, master."

Let me state here that this system was just as much her creation as mine. She found it sexy and even a little bit occult-y/black magik-y. I only used it a few times, but each time I did, the sexiness of the ritualized use of power made both of us so hot that it inevitably led to eager, combative bouts of lovemaking. I often wondered, at the time, whether the power she (and other women) were granting me was real, or a mere sex toy. If it was real, was I guilty of a leftist neo-patriarchy? Then again, if it was a toy and got us off, who could complain about that? It didn't take a genius to see that something of our militaristic, imperialistic society had lodged itself in the parts of our minds that craved the touch of flesh. But it felt good and it seemed to be under control, so I went with it.

So far I've expressed anxiety about structures of desire that appear in personal patterns of domination and submission. But the aggressive, almost psychotic policies of the Bush Administration, such as pre-emptive war without any post-war plan, brutal treatment of prisoners, and illegal domestic spying aren't just semiotic games designed to get Laura B. breathing heavy: they're genuine acts of authoritarian state power designed to net control of resources and keep a panopticon eye out for signs of dissent to boot.

Bedroom power games are different from this in fundamental ways, one of the most important of which

is simply that the submissive partner engages consensually and therefore holds a form of power that is harder and more real than any semiotic displays of slapping, choking, spanking, et cetera. The submissive man or woman holds the power to continue the game or stop it. The domination performed by the dominant partner becomes a sort of submission, when we consider that the submissive desires it. In this way, even apparently violent acts of domination, performed consensually, are a service to the submissive partner, and the master, seen from this light, is the slave.

This is a drastically different situation from political domination. The people who are directly victimized by imperial wars and neoliberal economic scheming do not grant their explicit consent to the system. While the woman mentioned above (who demanded that I use the imperative when we disagreed) ceased to obey in the months before we broke up, the people on the receiving end of political power can't call off the game. It might be argued that they grant some form of consent in failing to revolt, but countless and increasing acts of resistance, from the furor over cartoons depicting the prophet Mohammed to the election of Evo Morales – a candidate who promised to be "a nightmare for the US" – suggest that the submissive is saying the magic word. They want the game to stop, and have wanted it for a long time.

In the David Cronenberg film *Videodrome*, soft-core porn TV executive Max Renn appears on a talk show in which the host asks him whether the blue movies he provides to the public contribute to social degeneration. Renn smiles boyishly and tells her that the films are "cathartic," and they allow an outlet for impulses that might otherwise manifest in truly destructive forms. Later in the film, as Renn's personality begins to dissolve in an acid bath of lust, sadism, and conspiracy theory, he's told more than once that his remarks on the show were superficial.

The movie asks whether we're strong enough to leave the often cruel and objectifying scripts of sadomasochistic porn on the screen without incorporating them into our most intimate narratives of desire and arousal. While I've noted a few differences between power games and real power above, I still believe it's worthwhile to consider the cryptic messages hidden in the symbols of our own flesh in the moment of pleasure. Can we learn about power by inhabiting it during sex? Why is power such an effective aphrodisiac? What other scripts might we play with, besides ones that depend on domination and submission?

It's easy enough for most of us here at CUNY to reject war, torture, the dismantling of the welfare state, and perhaps even the authority of the government in general. We can denounce the war and be activists against it. And yet, when the logic that one person shouldn't take control over another is extended to the bedroom, we are deprived of some of our most enjoyable sexual experiences. The very same politics that drive our politics of liberation in the public sphere can become instruments of repression and self-policing in the private.

All of this said, some of my sexual appetites make me uncomfortable at times. But the best conversations I've had about power have been with women who have shared it with me, who have brought it to life as an act, a movement, a logic made flesh.

Cookie Orlando is a GC student.



Sexual Addiction Is a 'Secret' Disorder

KIMORA

Many people don't know what sexual addiction is. Some people even deny that it exists. However, from my work as a prison educator and an adjunct associate professor at John Jay College, it is clear to me that sexual addiction not only does exist, but that it has destructive potentials, just as drug addiction does.

Patrick Carnes, in *Don't Call It Love: Recovery From Sexual Addiction* (New York: Bantam, 1991), says that sexual addiction is a "secret" disorder that can wreak havoc in the areas of jobs, finances, family, and health. Carnes is one of the leading professional experts on sexual addiction, and for the last ten years I have designed courses on intimacy and sexuality based on his work. There is no doubt that education can help people overcome sexual addiction, and I have seen the wonderful results in my classes and seminars that tackle this subject. Carnes identifies ten indicators of sexual addiction:

1. **A pattern of out-of-control sexual behavior:** Sexual abuse, and the violence that accompanies that, is out-of-control sexual behavior. The person is definitely giving up their self-respect.
2. **Severe consequences due to sexual behavior:** Sexually-transmittable diseases are a severe consequence due to sexual behavior. Additionally, I have seen addicts lose the rights to their children, lose their marriages or relationships, as lose their jobs because they are enmeshed in countless affairs. It is not a pretty picture.
3. **Inability to stop despite adverse consequences:** Sex addicts let addiction run their lives – suddenly, they have lost control of their life. The person will know the adverse consequences of unsafe sex, for example, but will continue with their behavior.
4. **Persistent pursuit of self-destructive or high-risk behavior:** Here is another pattern in any form of addiction: The person doesn't stop the destructive behavior AND he or she actually pursues self-destructive or high-risk sexual behavior. If you have ever seen an addict in this stage, you feel helpless.
5. **Ongoing desire or effort to limit sexual behavior:** Addicts like to tell you that THIS TIME they will quit the behavior. Of course, they don't quit. By temporarily abstaining from sex, I have seen clients become more obsessed with destructive sexual behavior.
6. **Sexual obsession and fantasy as a primary coping strategy:** As Dr. Carnes reports, "Planning, thinking, searching, intriguing, and looking for opportunity become a way to get through each day. Sexual addiction presents special difficulties both diagnostically and in treatment, since the addict can escape into an altered state simply through obsession and fantasy." In addition, Carnes states that "Sex addicts use their sexuality as a medication for sleep, anxiety, pain, and family and life problems."
7. **Increasing amounts of sexual experience because the current level of activity is no longer sufficient:** When I work with drug addicts, I realize that more and more drugs are needed to maintain the same level of relief. The same logic holds for a sex addict. I have seen marriages destroyed by people who have affairs or become consumed by pornography.
8. **Severe mood changes around sexual activity:** People who are involved in sexual addiction will withdraw from other people out of guilt. Since the person is an addict, their emotions fluctuate wildly. Therapists talk about the "roller coaster effect." Shame is a large component of sex addiction. Shame causes anger.
9. **Inordinate amounts of time spent in obtaining sex, being sexual, or recovering from sexual experience:** Sex addicts get obsessed about sex. They live and breathe sex. Sex runs their life. In addition, sex addicts have to deal with some of the problems that go with being sex addicts: loss of money, loss of relationships, loss of a healthy lifestyle, loss of self-respect.
10. **Neglect of important social, occupational, or recreational activities because of sexual behavior:** I have seen sex addicts lose it all: family, friends,

hobbies, and careers, all because of their addiction to sex. Shame takes over the life of the sex addict. I have known people lose important promotions in life due to their sexual obsession.

If these are the signs of addiction, then what is a healthy sexuality? Carnes defines it as that which: adds to self-esteem; has no victims; deepens meaning; uses vulnerability for excitement; cultivates the sense of being an adult; furthers one's sense of self; expands reality; relies on safety; is mutual and intimate; takes responsibility for needs; may bring legitimate suffering; originates in integrity; presents challenges; integrates most authentic parts of self; is fun and playful; and accepts the imperfect.

As Carnes points out, each person must discover what healthy sexuality means to him- or herself. Addicts can "begin by looking at their own abstinence list and thinking about what did not work for them. A focus list then becomes an addict's first effort to articulate sexual health. This list doesn't just address sexual health, however. Addicts need to include all the ways they are going to nurture themselves back to health." I urge those of you who are interested in this subject to view the focus list (which begins on page 256) of the Carnes' text. The section emphasizes that sexual sobriety is the beginning of change. Change is integral if the person is to get control of their lives so that relationships can be rebuilt and family bonds can be restored.

I want to urge everyone to learn more about sexual addiction. It does exist, and is powerful, as all addictions are. I always tell my students and clients that it is so vital that THEY be in control of their lives. That will not happen if sex is running their lives.

For further reading see also: Carnes, Patrick. *The Betrayal Bond: Breaking Free of Exploitive Relationships* (Deerfield Beach, FL: Health Communications, Inc., 1997).

Dr. Kimora is a prison reformer/prison educator who is also an adjunct assistant professor of criminal justice at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, NYC. She has designed and taught courses on intimacy and sexuality for inmates, clients, and students. Feel free to contact her at kimora@jjay.cuny.edu.

Ivory Tower Sex in Film: It's a Joke

HARLAN D. WHATLEY

WALT: Dad, what's gradual school?

GARP: Gradual school?

WALT: Yeah, Mommy said that she teaches kids who go to gradual school.

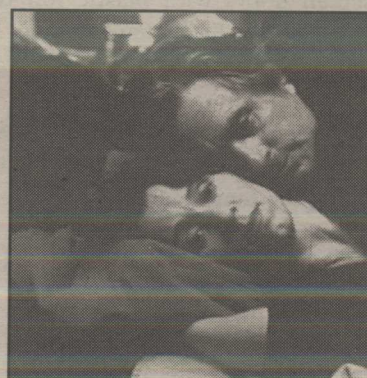
GARP: Oh! Well, gradual school is where kids go and then gradually realize that they don't want to go to school anymore ...

Films about the Ivory Tower and sex usually fall into the comedy genre. In *The World According to Garp* (1982), Mary Beth Hurt plays a New England graduate school professor, Helen Holm, who ends up performing fellatio on one of her graduate students while in the student's car, which is parked in her driveway. The end result is when Helen's husband, T.S. Garp, comes flying into the driveway in his car and rams into the back of the graduate student's car, en flagrante, causing the grad student to sever his penis while Helen ends up in a neck brace. John Lithgow's character, a transsexual, comments, "I mean, I had mine removed surgically under general anesthesia. But to have it bitten off in a Buick ..." This is one of the funnier sex scenes in American cinema.

Another example is when Donald Sutherland plays an English professor, Dave Jennings, who likes to smoke

pot with the students and have the random undergraduate try in *Animal House* (1978). In a similar vein, Michael Douglas portrays the weed-smoking writer and English professor, Grady Tripp; after getting divorced, he manages to get Chancellor Sara Gaskell (Frances McDormand) pregnant in *Wonder Boys* (2000). To make matters worse, the Chancellor's husband chairs Tripp's department.

In *The Paper Chase* (1973) a first year Harvard law student, James T. Hart (Timothy Bottoms) struggles under the larger-than-life Professor Kingsfield (John Houseman) while becoming romantically involved with a woman named Susan (Lindsay Wagner). At the end of the term, Hart learns that Susan's father is Prof. Kingsfield, complicating matters. Overall, it's more of a coming-of-age tale than a romantic celluloid romp. But yet another Harvard romance occurs in *A Small Circle of Friends* (1980) where three Harvard students (Brad Davis, Karen Allen and Jameson Parker) in the radical 1960's form a love triangle, and the three students eventually sleep together as part of their time of discovery in



Michael Douglas and Frances McDormand in *Wonder Boys*.

college. This film borders more on the serious with some witty, well-written dialogue.

Finally, we have the Ethan Hawke vehicle *Before Sunrise* (1995), where an American named Jesse is on a train from Budapest to Venice and meets Celine (Julie Delpy), a beautiful graduate student from the Sorbonne. Jesse and Celine spend fourteen hours together getting to know each other before Jesse catches his plane back to America. Their first kiss is on the same Ferris wheel used in the Carol Reed

classic, *The Third Man* (1949).

Overall, academic sex in film is either portrayed in a humorous or campy fashion or in a delicate, tender manner. There is a lot of room for other scenarios to pan out. Perhaps one could enhance the student/teacher dynamic or escalate the tension of departmental politics? If you're a budding screenwriter or filmmaker, this may be the perfect setting for your next big picture.

Harlan D. Whatley received his MFA in Integrated Media Arts from Hunter College, where is now an Adjunct Lecturer in the Film & Media Studies Program.

Getting in Shape: No More Excuses, Tubby!

CHONG J. WOJTKOWSKI

Fitness and graduate studies shouldn't be incompatible. Yet a glance at the student body reveals that Graduate Center students are overwhelmingly out of shape. Long hours of slogging through books, endless meetings and rigorous course loads leave little time to exercise – or so you think. I am writing to challenge common ideas about working out in hopes that Graduate Center students will leap to adopt healthier attitudes toward exercise. The excuses my friends and colleagues give for not exercising are astounding in their absurdity. Most of them wouldn't spew the same nonsense when it comes to schoolwork, but when it comes to their cardiovascular health, they proudly claim to be "too busy" to move faster than a shuffle or lift anything heavier than a fork. Here are some of the most common sorry excuses:

THE EXCUSES

I don't work out because ...

- "I don't have the time." The most prevalent excuse is really a cover-up for laziness and lack of motivation. World leaders have much busier lives than you, yet they still manage to schedule an occasional sweat session. Remember President Clinton's famous jogs? (Okay – to McDonald's – but it was still aerobic exercise). None of us is so busy that we cannot find a paltry twenty minutes here and there to jump some rope, do some crunches, or run up and down stairs. When you motivate yourself to do something, you will find you actually have time to do it.
- "I live in New York City. I get enough exercise by just walking." This excuse is foolish for several reasons, but it is likely influenced by the popular words of fitness "wisdom" seen in magazines, claiming that mundane activities like laughing, washing dishes, or clipping one's toenails burn just as many calories as working out (sure – if you're giggling for an hour and a half straight). The same goes for hoofing it, these studies insist. Yet it is false to think that one's daily amount of walking – to and from the subway, to class and back – can be considered exercise. If you break a sweat by merely walking from GC to the 34th street station, then you and your cardiologist have my condolences because you probably don't have much longer to live. Remember, you are a like a gazelle: you were born to run. Taking a few extra steps here and there is always a good thing, but will not tone you up enough.
- "I'm a vegetarian / naturally thin." Thinness is no automatic indicator of physical fitness, and while plant-based diets are beneficial to the body in many ways, you can still be an out of shape slug even though you'd never eat a plate of escargot.
- "I have bad knees/a bad back/X hurts when I work out." Of course, some people do have serious injuries, or have inherited problem body parts. But many students use this excuse as if it's a bum body part that keeps them on the couch in front of the TV instead of outside playing tennis with you. Unless you spend most of your life in a catcher's mask stopping fastballs, you do not have bad knees. Rather, everything hurts because your muscles and tendons have been lying dormant. If you go slowly, after a few sessions of light workouts, you should find that your so-called problem middle toes were never any real hindrance to a little exercise.
- "I get enough exercise by chasing after my 2 year old." I am hesitant to criticize the work-

out habits of new parents because I am not one myself. Their waistlines are the least of their worries. Checking their kid's rectal temperature and ransacking the house to find a misplaced stuffed animal is exhausting day in and day out. But while parenting is tiring, it should not be confused with aerobic exercise. Likewise, I can think of no worse example to set for one's own children than that essential house arrest (i.e., sitting stationary all day) is a way to live. While you might be unhealthily out of shape, don't let your kids be. Besides, working out will give you more energy to go hunt for that wayward stuffed aardvark.

- "I don't lift weights. I don't want to get too bulky." Women often say this, quite ignorant of how the body works. Fear not: adding ten pound weights to your routine will hardly morph you into a square-headed, burnt-to-a-crisp bleach blonde with Popeye-esque forearms. Those women work out as their full-time job, or are juiced up. Recreational weight training will tone your muscles, not add bulk, unless you train heavily for that purpose. All healthy women should add weights to their fitness routines for strong muscles and strong bones. Popping calcium pills in hopes of staving off the big "O" (osteoporosis) is silly if your muscles are flabby and saggy.

THE SOLUTIONS

Do any of these excuses sound familiar? Here are some tips for ways to maximize your fitness regime while mired in the rigors of doctoral study. (Remember, consult your physician or go to the Wellness Center before you start any workout program.)

1. Join the Baruch gym. Few graduate students can afford the steep monthly rates charged by most New York City gyms, not to mention their ball-and-chain three-year commitments. In contrast, Baruch College's fitness center costs a mere \$100 per year. It is just a few subway stops from the GC, and unlike some gyms I've belonged to, the environment is really relaxed – no intimidating muscleheads or

bikini models milling about – just students looking to get in shape.

2. "Run" your errands. For eight years now I have literally run my errands, a time-saving way to squeeze in some aerobic exercise. I put on the appropriate workout gear and a tight-fitting backpack that doesn't bounce around. Then I run around my neighborhood, hitting the bank, dropping off my dry cleaning, and returning videos. I save my grocery shopping for last, doing bicep curls with the resulting plastic bags. This is a great way to efficiently burn calories. (Of course, you could "bike" your errands too, but add a couple extra miles.)
3. Make efficient use of downtime. We grad students can't always frolic around outside. So buy an exercise ball and do crunches while you screen movies for your film class. Jump rope in place while you listen to your recorded interviews for your linguistics project. Do lunges across the biology lab while you wait for your fruit flies to mate. Stuck at the computer? Take ten-minute breaks every hour and do a set of triceps kickbacks in between.
4. Involve your friend/lover/spouse/child in your fitness routine. Tell everyone that you're turning over a new leaf, so you'll feel like a chump if you give up. Instead of meeting your colleagues for beers, get together in a park and jog or walk briskly together. Strap your kid in a runner's stroller and do laps. Challenge your roommate to a weight loss duel – whoever loses has to clean the toilet for a month.

As a lifelong exercise lover, I understand that the first step is the hardest. But you can either stop the silly excuses and get moving, or put yourself at further risk for physical woes later on in life. You spend so much time and resources working out your brain, why not do the same for your body?

And besides, do you really want to look like a professor when you eventually become one?

Chong J. Wojtkowski is a PhD student in the French program.

How to Use Your Vacuum to Save \$\$

MICHAEL D. WESTBROOK

Practical steps an individual can take to create an energy efficient apartment include: use reflection and thermal mass storage for passive solar applications, caulk-n-seal leaks to (and from) the exterior environment, install efficient lighting (fluorescent, LEDs, or low wattage), and replace old appliances with Energy-Star units.

In the 1960s winterizing our rural west Kentucky home meant: stockpiling firewood, covering single pane windows and screen doors with plastic (on the outside), using heavy curtains to insulating window interiors, and sealing inside seams of doors leading to the outside with overlapping cardboard strips.

Prior to these steps, in order to insulating the tenant farmhouse, three layers of cardboard were attached to interior walls to raise R-Value. The unattractive flat cardboard was covered with printed wallpaper using flour and water paste. My parents' practical sustainable solutions increased wood-heating efficiency of the brick lined stove by 40%. (My estimate is based on a before and after comparison of trips the author made outdoors to refill the indoor wood box, and mental images of sibling (7) and adult (3) distribution about the indoor environment.)

Today my domestic comfort, in a NY apartment, relies on more than economics and weather stripping. It entails air quality, water purity, and energy efficiency to protect, respectively, my health and the nation's security through US energy independence.

WATER SAFETY

To my sink and shower I've attached small dual-purpose particulate and organic filters that trap solids, excess chlorine, iron (rust), and other soluble contaminate found in the city's water mains. Average usage-life of each \$5 filters is ninety days (\$60 yearly).

To conserve water I take short showers, shave with a sink of hot water, rinse my toothbrush before and after use, and limit toilet flushing during evening and weekends.

BREATHING AIR QUALITY

Cloth and vacuum are used to manage endemic urban dust in this desert-like environment. I recommend electric air cleaners (like Oreck, or Ionic Breeze) for Northeast US residents.

To retard mold growth I wipe moisture droplets from my shower walls after use. I reduce frying to lower indoors aerosols. And reduce clutter because it hides dust which provides habitat for microbes and insects.

WINTERIZATION

To winterize my apartment I close the screen, the double windows, and seal the seam below my foyer door with a towel. People with wood doors can added a \$20 attachment that automatically creates a bottom seal when closing a door. I may insulate with drapes.

ENERGY EFFICIENCY

Because I object to US energy vulnera-

bility from domestic refiners and foreign suppliers, efficiency is my main domestic energy goal.

Therefore my white apartment walls maximize dispersal of the sunlight entering through north facing windows. All light bulbs are fluorescent and power cost 25% less.

A new Energy-Star refrigerator saves another \$7 each month (\$84 yr).

An ancient in place air conditioner is no longer used because it costs about \$50 per month to operate. A 40% more efficient \$200 Energy-Star replacement would pay for itself in three years based on usage cost savings.

BENEFITS

Quality of life benefits like clean water and air cannot be easily measured. But the estimated annual energy cost savings from my modest efficiency effort is:

= 12 months/yr * (\$10/month Lighting + \$7/month Refrigeration)
x 3 months (\$20/month future net Air Conditioner Savings)
= \$264 annually.

If we assume NYC has 200,000 similar apartments, then the potential annual energy savings from an equivalent (modest) efficiency effort is:

= \$264 Yr * 200,000 NYC Apartments
= \$ 53,000,000 each year.

Not bad for a middle aged moderate retraining for an alternative sustainable future!

Michael P. Westbrook is a DSC Communications Representative and PhD student in the Earth and Environmental Sciences program.

A QUIET INJUSTICE IN CHINA

RODERICK GRAHAM

I had known Maryann [*the interviewee's name has been changed*] before, but decided to interview her so I could tell her story. Maryann recently immigrated to the United States. She is a member of a group of people living in a land blessed with energy resources. Because of her Muslim religion she and those like her have always been at odds with the dominant power. Some in her group – those who have been outspoken about the injustice of the occupying power – have been labeled terrorists. Consequently, all who look like the terrorists (which mean all who look like her), are thought suspicious.

I could be talking about the United States' relations with the Iraqi people – but obviously I am not because I would have made that clear from the outset. I want to make a connection between the Iraqi people and Maryann's people as a hook, to build suspense and interest. It is my little attempt to compete for space in a world full of injustices. Maryann's people, the Uyghurs, have the same problem on a much grander, graver scale.

WHO AND WHERE ARE THE UYGHURS?

The Uyghurs (pronounced *we-gar*), are an ethnic group genetically and culturally descended from the nomadic Turkic tribes from Mongolia – which is why I did a double take when Maryann told me she was from China. Their native language is Uyghur. Around 8 million Uyghurs live in the northwestern region of China commonly known as Xinjiang Province, or officially the Xinjiang Uyghur Autonomous Region. The Uyghurs still call this region East Turkestan. Geographically, East Turkestan is China's largest province, but it is sparsely populated.

There is much debate as to how autonomous the regions really are, but ostensibly the Chinese government allows them some latitude in economic and civic planning. Also, they can execute affirmative action policies to promote ethnic diversity with the Han Chinese (the major ethnic group in China), and institute cultural projects to preserve their ethnic identity. Ostensibly. Supposedly.

SAME OLD STORY

Maryann tells me that before she came to the United States, she knew very little of the cultural history of the Uyghurs. The Uyghur people were not discussed in her childhood years in China. Even at her university, Maryann says, there was no discussion of Uyghur history. I thought this was a little harsh, and maybe Maryann's personal views may

not be representative of other Uyghurs. But after our interview, I browsed the various pro-Uyghur websites, and found that a common theme was the repression of Uyghurs – to the point where calling Xinjian province East Turkestan can be cause for arrest. Or, as Maryann said, "If we talk about the truth, there is going to be a problem."

So what is the truth for Maryann? As we spoke, she directed me to various websites developed by the Uyghur Diaspora, showing me Uyghur professors and intellectuals sympathetic to the cause. As she mentioned earlier, knowledge of Uyghur history and social conditions are suppressed in China. The knowledge that she is relaying to me was probably learned here on these websites.

"People from the south [Han Chinese] get jobs with less education than quali-

Ramadan. And then she said something that made me listen with renewed interest:

"After February 6th and 7th of 1997, things changed ..."

I tried to probe deeper, but Maryann could not tell me exactly what happened on those days. She mentioned kids, and arguments with authority, but nothing definite. I wrote down the dates to research later.

THE SIMILARITIES ARE UNCANNY

On the 6th and 7th of February, 1997 in Yining City, Xinjiang, 1,000 young people took to the streets and began attacking Han Chinese. Ten Han Chinese were reportedly killed and their bodies burned. A few days later, on the 10th, 30 Uyghurs were reportedly killed by gunfire. The following day, the 11th, the



fied Uyghur people," she said.

"Language was a problem," she continued, arguing that all of the formal business transactions and politics are done in Chinese, practically barring many Uyghurs who speak only their language.

I betrayed my ignorance when I asked, "But I thought that education was free in China?"

"No, you have to pay," she said, as we looked at pictures on a Uyghur website, Meshrep.com. "These kids," she points to a picture of a few smiling children, "they cannot pay for education so they just know their own language."

It is sad that as Maryann told me these things, I was thinking in my cynical head: same old story, a racial or ethnic majority dominating the minority ... nothing new here. The conversation drifted somewhat into the creators of the website, and the Uyghur festival signaling the end of

Chinese arrested 18,000 Uyghurs, calling them Muslim separatists. This was "like 9/11" Maryann said.

How true ... in more ways than Maryann realized. The relationship of Beijing to the Uyghurs is very close to that of the US and Iraq: because of the actions that February of 1997, Beijing has undertaken a vigorous campaign against Uyghurs in general, and specifically against any outspoken Uyghur groups who advocate secession from China. The events of 9/11 here in the US has given the Chinese government an even stronger license by the global community to pursue "Muslim terrorists." In 2002, former US Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage met with Chinese leaders and told them the US had added an Uyghur minority separatist group, East Turkestan Islamic Movement (ETIM), to their list of terrorist organizations. Later that year, in

November, Beijing's small Uyghur neighborhood was ordered demolished with no further explanation. In January of this year, a 30-year old ethnic Uyghur writer named Nurmehemmet Yasin was arrested for inciting "racial hatred" for writing a short story advocating Uyghur freedom.

The similarities continue: the Uyghur people practice a religion that the Chinese government is ideologically opposed to. In theory the Uyghur people have some degree of self-determination, but in fact they are beholden to the military and economic power of Beijing. The Uyghurs are allowed to practice their religion, but because membership in the atheist Communist Party is required for many high level careers and posts, Muslims who practice openly are barred from holding prominent positions.

Finally, the biggest similarity of all: the geographical region is blessed with oil – a veritable oasis for energy starved China.

WHERE IS RICHARD GERE WHEN YOU NEED HIM?

I am not optimistic about the Uyghur's chances of being awarded independence. Unlike another autonomous region of China, Tibet, there is no Richard Gere around to drum up support for the Uyghur people. There is no charismatic leader of the caliber of the Dalai Lama to be their spokesperson, nor does their religion have influence over important cultural figures and intellectuals in western countries. Amongst the myriad instances of global injustice, such as Sudan, Iraq, and neighboring Tibet, the Uyghur's complaints will fail to catch the attention of the global community.

But who can predict the future? There is a tremendous social transformation underway in China now. With these changes in the social structure, anything can happen. Who could have been optimistic about African-Americans and South Africans asking for – and, eventually, demanding – equal rights in the name of the law? Or who was optimistic about a small man in India gaining independence for his people without raising so much as a shovel in aggression? The seeds for all of these movements were sowed at a time when no one thought they would grow. But somehow they did. Maybe a seed can be planted with this article.

A good website to learn more about the Uyghurs is <http://uyghuramerican.org>.

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Far from Manhattan, Woody Allen Unbends

AJAY GEHLAWAT

"If the four of us are walking home over the bridge and then there was a person drowning in the water, would we have the nerve, would one of us have the nerve to dive into the icy water and save the person from drowning?"

A Turing Test of sorts: without watching the opening credits (and even in this case, with *Una furtiva lagrima* rather than the usual jazz, it is the old, scratchy recording that makes it immediately identifiable, along with the standard font of the credits), one would not know *Match Point* was a Woody Allen film. Naturally there are moments, again generally relating to the use of music (i.e., non-diegetic), though not as many as usual, and even more specifically, music and editing (e.g., the abrupt cut from Mahler's 9th in *Husbands and Wives* – in that case, diegetic – to a conversation, in a different setting, between characters), that may give the viewer familiar with Allen's oeuvre an inkling of recognition. Yet even these moments – particularly without the benefit of the opening credits sequence – are not enough to conclusively determine the auteur.

A Turing Test, then: arriving just a minute after the film has begun – that is, at the film story's actual beginning (the presentation of the first images) – could one tell that this was a Woody Allen film? (One might put this latter phrase in quotes, so as to denote the series of connotations associated with it, e.g., Manhattan settings, cast of actors – the so-called 'usual suspects' – as well as, perhaps more recognizably 'Woody Allen,' the palaver.)

It is no coincidence that this is Allen's first film set in London, employing an almost entirely British cast of actors. The characters are devoid of the (by now) all-too-familiar 'Woody Allen' New York patois and shtick – this film, *Match Point*, has an anonymous quality. These missing elements, furthermore, dramatically enhance the pacing of the film so that

Film Review

• *Match Point*. Directed by Woody Allen.

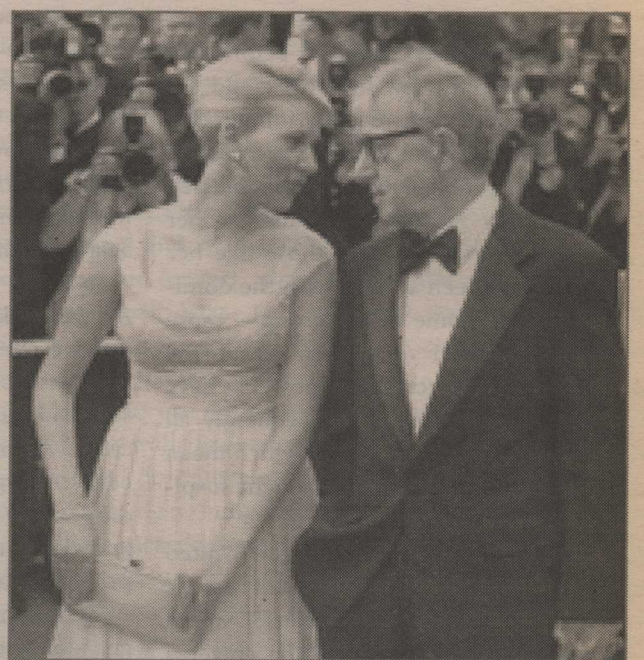
one becomes aware of being in the hands of an effective storyteller, one whose tale unfolds rapidly through the briefest series of tableaux, without – again – the usual banter so commonly associated with the 'Woody Allen film.'

No – instead one gets a story almost breathtaking in its alacrity, as well as in its concision. Here, the story unfolds as discourse takes a back seat, never interrupting its partner in the driver's seat from moving forward. Gone are those rosy tableaux having nothing to do with moving the plot forward but rather with providing 'ambiance.' Here, rather, we are given the most skeletal filling out of scenes – just enough to make them plausible but no more – so that the story rapidly unfolds and one is only aware of perhaps being in the hands of a master storyteller – yet (therefore) not Woody Allen. Add to this the generally younger cast of performers and the lack of either Woody himself or the typical surrogate Woody character (e.g., John Cusack, Kenneth Brannagh) and what one gets is precisely what one had given up hoping to get in a Woody Allen film – namely, a well-told story devoid of authorial interventions.

With *Match Point* Allen's style becomes defined precisely through the absence of what was previously considered his style, and also what arguably turned so many off from his films (including perhaps even a fairly large number of his so-called fans). Here, then, is a new style – the absence of authorial intervention or vicarious commentary – that makes for pleasurable viewing. In fact, given the absence of these previously stultifying moments and elements, the filmic pace literally keeps one's eyes glued to the screen, watching pure story unfold. As with Bresson, the actors' lack of any particular charac-

teristics, other than those of their roles (themselves almost reduced to 'types'), allows again for the bypassing of 'identification' and, instead, purely detached viewing: one watches these actors without the kind of pleasure so typical to the Woody Allen film, that blend of 'knowingness' and subsequent titillation in which characters speak not so much to each other as to their familiar (knowing) viewer.

Here, instead, we have the interaction of types and, perhaps in a manner akin to Bresson (e.g., in *Pickpocket*, a film that also shares Dostoyevskian parallels with *Match Point*), the allowing of pleasure through the development of plot, of elements, rather than characters or ideas. The ideas are formalized and played out in a series of interactions strictly adhering to the duty of moving forward the plot. One would have to go back almost twenty years, to *Crimes and Misdemeanors*, in fact, to find a film by Woody Allen so effectively made. And immediately one sees the crucial differences, the crucial absences: gone are the 'misdemeanors,' that is, those diversionary elements (featuring Allen and Alan Alda and Mia Farrow), the subplots. Similarly, even though one still has the essential existential dilemma as that which Martin Landau faced (no longer the jeune homme of *North by Northwest*), one no longer has the 'wedding cake ending' (to paraphrase Propp) nor the meta-commentary of the focus of Woody's documentary (within the film), the old philosopher whose bon mots provide the closure of the film, along with the final images of the now-blind Sam Waterston's daughter's wedding (the two accentuating either's ultimately uplifting subtext – or, at least, to paraphrase the former figure, the ability to understand more).



Scarlett Johansson and Woody Allen at Cannes.

With *Match Point*, rather, one gets sheer cynicism – *Crime and Punishment* turned on its head. We have here the cool Bressonian precision in style but in the place of Bressonian faith, a nihilistic utilitarianism. Gone is the Christian cycle of confession-redemption-salvation – instead of Raskolnikov falling to his knees we have the talented Mr. Rhys-Meyers gazing coolly out an upstairs room with a view – a character, indeed, more akin to Highsmith's Ripley (and, indeed, more indebted to him) than either Dostoyevsky's or Bresson's protagonists. (Indeed, more akin to Ripley than either Montgomery Clift or Martin Landau – something closer to Delon in *Plein Soleil*, Hopper in *The American Friend*, or even Damon in *Ripley*.)

In fact, particularly in comparison to the latter parenthetical (and more recent incarnation) we see the further development (or regression) of this type – though, like Damon, Rhys-Meyers cries, it is not at the end – by that point the latter has moved beyond this stage (the interminable fourth stage of Aristotelian drama, when things could still go either way). Only, to come full circle, in the music accompanying the closing credits of *Match Point* – the earlier *Furtiva*

lagrima – do we get something akin to that wavering romanticism and, as with the premise to the opening Turing Test, without this latter bookend, the film's auteurship (as decidedly 'Woody Allen,' a category earlier more easily identifiable as precisely the style of sentimentality that has now been overcome) is indecipherable – or more precisely, more of the order/ing of Gaspar Noe's *Irreversible*, itself (along with Carax's *Pola X*, itself a 'remaking' of an earlier text contemporary to *Crime and Punishment*) a further development of cynicism: not that "talent is luck" but, rather, that luck only benefits nihilists.

It has taken Allen nearly twenty years to make a masterpiece – the proof is that you can't tell it was he – and not some fresh and new auteur – who made it.

Ajay Gehlawat is PhD student in the Theatre department.



Jonathan Rhys Meyers in *Match Point*.

KING SHLONG ON BAREBACK MOUNTAIN

TONY MONCHINSKI

Two movies came out at the end of 2005 that a lot of people wanted to like. Peter Jackson was following up his smashing success with the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and his fans were wondering, what next? After all, his pre-*Lord* oeuvre, including such forgettables as *Dead Alive* and *The Frighteners*, were nothing to brag about. When word came down that Jackson was directing a remake of *King Kong*, a lot of us who have sat through innumerable *Kong-Mighty Joe Young-March of the Wooden Soldiers* Thanksgiving Day marathons were delighted, yet worried. What if Jackson dropped the proverbial ape? Then there was Ang Lee, who was supposed to be springing back off the ropes from *The Hulk* with "the gay cowboy movie," *Brokeback Mountain*. Here we would have two "manly men" – Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal – playing lovers, victims of their times and circumstances who could not be together. One movie rocked, the other flopped.

First the flop. White liberal guy that I am, I so wanted to like *Brokeback*. Here we would have two "straight" actors playing gay. If their fan bases are any indication, you don't get much hunkier than Heath and Bubbleboy Jake. My wife and I were expecting *Brokeback Mountain* to be like *Six Feet Under* but with two super-hunky Keiths instead of Keith and his effeminate partner David. What we got was Jake Gyllenhaal as bottom and Heath Ledger as top, licking his fingers and lubing himself up before mounting the former in doggie anal one freezing Wyoming night in a pup tent.

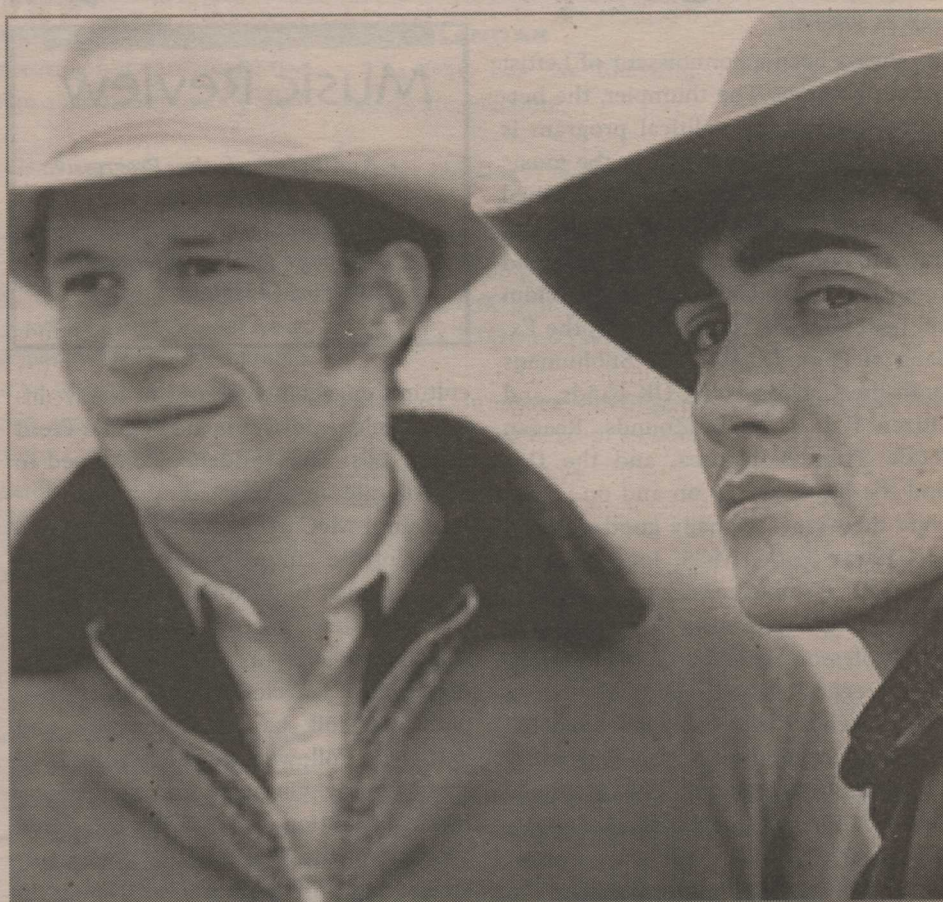
You probably know the story by now. Two young cowboys work together one summer herding sheep, fall in love, consummate their love, and then go their separate ways. They marry, have kids and over the next thirty years meet one another for "fishing trips" where they handle each other's poles and catch trouser trout. Gyllenhaal's Jack Twist wants to commit, to go off and live on a farm with Ledger's Ennis Del Mar. But Ennis, never forgetting the sight of a slaughtered gay man lying castrated in a ditch that his dear old dad dragged him off to see, cannot make the commitment, although we suspect it is the one thing he so desperately longs for. The ending has been called "tragic." Here's a spoiler: basically Jake's character dies either changing a

tire on his car (his wife's story to Ennis) or is the victim of a hate crime (is that Ennis' vision or a flashback to the event? Ang Lee seems to want us to believe it was the latter).

I want to be very clear that my disdain for this film does not stem from homophobia. My spouse and I walked into this movie knowing what it was about and expecting (from the reviews) a tremendous film. The argument can be made that the film is subtle, taking its time to unfold like the vast Wyoming mountains and grasslands that serve as most of its backdrop. But I have to take issue with the majority of the rave critical reviews, which I felt overinflated the film, probably out of motives stemming from the same reason why I wanted to enjoy the movie. And quite honestly, it did not help the movie one iota that Ledger mumbled his lines in what was supposed to be a drawl but sounded more like Billy Bob Thornton's *Swingblade* character Karl's long-lost younger, more handsome brother.

Acceptance of homosexuals and the gay lifestyle is the big civil rights issue of our day. Today people will at least pay lip service to the idea that you shouldn't discriminate against someone because of their race, gender, disability or creed. But it's open season on homosexuals in our culture. People who will no longer say "nigger" out loud feel no such compunction about dismissing "fags." As a school teacher, I have to hear "gay" used as a derogatory term time after time, correcting students and explaining why it's inappropriate. What I liked about shows like *Six Feet Under* was the fact that it had characters who were cool dudes who just happened to be gay. Sure, sometimes their sexuality was the main focus of the hour, but by and large their sexuality was part of the background, just as the sexuality of the heterosexuals on the show wasn't center stage as such.

Here's what would be cool and help the gay rights movement immeasurably: if a character in a movie or TV show, say like Keifer Sutherland's Jack Bauer on *24* just happened to be gay. Can't you just see it? "Listen, Kim," Jack would explain to his daughter as the clock ticked, "I never told you this but I'm gay. Now let's go find those terrorists and torture them until they tell us what we need to know!" Mediocre films like *Brokeback Mountain*



Oscar nominees Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal in *Brokeback Mountain*.

do nothing to advance the cause.

On to *Kong*. If you read the newspapers you might think this movie was some kind of failure because a Liam Neeson-voiced lion named Aslan surpassed it in box office receipts. But are box office receipts alone the be-all and end-all of what constitutes a great film? Not to the discerning cineophile. Furthermore, *Kong* clocks in at over three hours long, limiting the number of showings it can have per day. And perhaps equally as important, *Kong* is, as the *Daily News'* Jamie Bernard puts it, an "artsy flick" and a "chick flick," which may have disappointed some who thought it was just going to be a hundred and eighty minute monkey stomp.

The twenty second synopsis: ambitious filmmaker Carl Denham (Jack Black) leads an expedition to the mysterious Skull Island where they encounter prehistoric beasts and a 25 foot tall ape who takes a liking to Naomi Watts' Ann Driscoll. *Kong* falls and falls hard, plummeting to his death at the end of the film from the top of the Empire State Building.

Some people had reasons to expect the worst from *Kong*. The first film depicted the black natives of Skull Island in a demeaning matter. Jackson's natives are Polynesians, not Africans. They bare more of a resemblance to *Lord of the Rings'* Orcs than to any minstrel show depiction of black people. In the first movie, the dialogue between Bruce Cabot's ship captain Driscoll and Faye Wray's Ann is sexist, with Driscoll telling Ann he doesn't think women should be aboard ships because they're a "cock-eyed nuisance." Jackson

Film Review

- *King Kong*. Directed by Peter Jackson.
- *Brokeback Mountain*. Directed by Ang Lee.

makes fun of this by having the same lines repeated by Denham's actors aboard ship in the film Denham is making. The Boondocks' Uncle Ruckus told readers of Aaron McGruder's syndicated column that *Kong* is a cautionary tale about what happens when a black man loves a white woman. I don't buy this criticism: black men aren't apes, any more than Aslan is really Liam Neeson or Jesus Christ. It's fiction, dammit!

Look, if you're going to have a story about a crew of mostly white people sailing off to an unknown, traditional society, you're going to have people freak out. Jackson has one character aboard the ship reading Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. Depending on who you listen to, *Heart of Darkness* is either a cautionary tale about European imperialism; an example of European imperialist attitudes itself (viz the late, great Edward Said); or the inspiration for Nicolas Cage's uncle Francis' *Apocalypse Now*.

Both *Kong* and *Bareback* are love stories. Both end in tragedy, which seems to be the way a lot of our favorite love stories end. Why is this so? Is it because more often than not those initial head-over-heels I'd-gladly-get-shot-off-the-Empire-State-Building-by-byplanes-for-you feelings give way to routine and, in some cases, judging by rates of divorce and infidelity, to ennui? Should we embrace films that teach us that the best loves are the ones that never get a chance to be, the ones that die early? As you ponder these questions this Valentine's Day, get yourself to the theater if you haven't already to see *Kong*. Wait to see *Brokeback* on DVD.

Tony Monchinski is a PhD student in the Political Science program.



King Kong and friends in Peter Jackson's latest special effects smorgasbord.

The Progressive Labor Party Takes the Agit-Prop Challenge

SPENCER SUNSHINE

I've always been a connoisseur of Leftist agit-prop bands. The thumpier, the better, as long as the political program is in their lyrics, and not just in the music (John Cage) or politics of the individual members (U2's Bono). Mostly, I have been drawn to punk bands, including the Dead Kennedys, Crass, Chumbawamba, Bikini Kill (and later Le Tigre), D.O.A., the Ex, Gang of Four, D.I.R.T., the Subhumans (both the Canadian and UK bands, and Citizen Fish as well), Zounds, Reagan Youth, Tribe 8, Nausea, and the Dils (and the list could go on and on.). And while there's occasionally good political rock (Steve Earle, MC5, John Lennon, Stereolab), it's much easier to find a worthy reggae group (Linton Kwesi Johnson, Mad Professor, Sister Carol and the 'conscious reggae' genre – and, of course, Bob himself). I also like the occasional industrial or hip-hop act, in particular Tchung!, Consolidated, Public Enemy and the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy (pre-Spearhead), as well as Afrobeat bands like Fela Kuti and Antibalas. I'm aware of the "Red Folk" tradition, as well as the feminist (Roches, Ani DiFranco) and environmental (David Rovics, Casey Neill) folkies, but neither ever particularly moved me. Nor did the "alternative rock" of Rage Against the Machine (an ex once quipped: "I lean towards their politics and away from their music") or their progeny, System of A Down. Since seeing the Infernal Noise Brigade (INB) in Seattle in 1999, I have been an active groupie of the "anarchist" marching bands, especially NYC's own Hungry March Band (HMB) and Rude Mechanical Orchestra (RMO). You can dance your booty off and, more importantly, refer to them by their acronyms! But their non-linguistic ontology makes them non-agit-prop almost by definition.

Politically, the punk bands almost all leaned towards, or were activists in, the anarchist tradition. Crass are the best example; they even forged their own unique ideological brand of ethical pacifist (but militantly atheist), individualist, feminist, pro-animal rights anarchism. Gerry Hannah, the original bassist of the Canadian Subhumans, was jailed in the early '80s for his participation in Direct Action, the group that bombed a Canadian company that made weapons components for cruise missiles. The hip-hop and reggae bands tend towards a Lefty Black nationalism or pan-Africanism. The marching bands are "anarchist" in an aesthetic more than a political sense; nonetheless many are active anarchists or sympathizers, and they frequently participate in the contemporary mass protest scene (both the RMO and INB were arrested *en masse* at Union Square during the protests against the Republican National Convention).

But the question that presents itself is this: can the Communists hold their own in the field of agit-prop music? In the past, the US Communists had extensive

Music Review

• 3 Albums of the Progressive Labor Party: *Power to the Working Class – A World To Win – Songs for the International Working Class*

cultural engagements, and in many different fields, mostly via the Popular Front in the '30s. That influence continued to reverberate in American popular culture until McCarthy and HUAC burned it out of the culture industries through their Spanish Inquisition methodologies (unfortunately, not an option on your social science exams). There were also the "Fellow Traveler" (Communist sympathizers) folk bands of the '50s and '60s, who followed in the tradition of both Woody Guthrie and the strong musical tradition of the earlier Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), who collected many of their political songs in the Little Red Songbook. The "Red Folk" bands – the best known of which was the Weavers (featuring Pete Seeger) – kept the Lefty folk tradition alive as "protest music," which was then picked up by Beat Generation musicians in the early '60s, including Joan Baez, Bob Dylan and Phil Ochs. This was also one of the many traditions that fed into the '60s countercultural explosion later in that decade.



In the '70s and '80s, despite being the main Leftist faction, the various Communist groups were not on the forefront of Left musical culture. A few bands that come to mind, mostly Europeans like Billy Bragg (a founding member of the cultural-political organization Red Wedge, who were aligned with the UK Labour Party), the Redskins (two-tone skinheads affiliated with a Trotskyist party, the UK ISO), and the hardcore band ManLiftingBanner. The Clash were populist Leftists (and named their albums things like *Sandinista!*) but they were unaligned with any faction and in the end were far more into the rebel pose than serious politics (even while they made smashing records – Joe

Strummer RIP). Stateside, several bands have affiliated with the Maoist outfit, the Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP), including the '70s rock band Prairie Fire, and hip-hop groups like 2 Black 2 Strong and Ozomatli. But none of them ever moved me. So we ask the question: can the Progressive Labor Party (PLP) do better?

The PLP was one of, if not the, largest Communist parties active in the American New Left of the '60s and '70s. They split from the Communist Party USA in 1961, and endorsed Maoist China (albeit with reservations), and in doing so received great credibility after domestic radicals (mistakenly) saw the Cultural Revolution as a parallel to the '60s cultural revolution happening in western industrialized nations. The PLP was active in the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), the largest group of the student Left at the time, and the Party's attempt to take over the SDS was one of the main factors in its demise. The PLP had endorsed nationalist movements by minority ethnic groups as progressive, and when it reversed its stance in 1969, this caused a fall out with the Black Panther Party and other organizations. Nonetheless, the party survives to this day, promoting international revolution. They distinguish themselves from the myriad of other Marxist-Leninist sects (like the Workers World Party, who founded A.N.S.W.E.R. as their front group) by refusing to endorse

national liberation movements without criticism. They downplay Stalin's multi-million murders, and proclaim that a Communist revolution should proceed immediately from capitalism into communism, without an intervening socialist stage, as happened in China and the Soviet Union. Nonetheless, the PLP maintain an orientation towards issues affecting people of color and focus on recruiting from that

demographic.

The PLP made three albums, all of which have been reissued as a double CD by the Party. By far the best is the first, *Power to the Working Class* (1970). At the height of their political influence, the musical references are completely contemporary. While many of the songs on all three albums are covers, *Power to the Working Class* contains several funk and soul songs based on the music of popular songs, but with lyrics inciting "students and workers" to "smash the bosses" and make a Communist revolution. They lie somewhere between parody, detournement and imitation, and I enjoyed singing along with much of it (and I'm pretty sure that I could get away with spinning some of these tracks at a Williamsburg

dance party). The other songs are mostly folk tunes, thereby creating the somewhat odd feeling of racial segregation on the album, the best of which is the banjo-driven "Challenge The Communist Paper." A sickeningly catchy song about selling the party paper, I woke up for three days straight with it in my head. Notably lacking are rock songs (the party line spurned the counterculture), even though bands like the MC5 were creating musically-powerful and politically charged proto-punk at the same time.

1977's *A World to Win*, while not bad, is condemned by history. In 1977 (the prophetic year when "Two Sevens Clash") two rebel musics – punk rock and dub reggae – were in full bloom. But instead of embracing these new aesthetic forms (as the RCP band Prairie Fire at least tried to do by aping the Clash), *A World to Win* is already looking backwards. The first album had contained versions of both "Bella Ciao" and "The International" (indeed, the two songs appear on all three records), and at least one traditional Left folk song ("Smash the Banks of Marble"). But *A World to Win* spends even more time looking back to the Left folk traditions of the IWW, including two Joe Hill songs (the IWW member was executed in 1915) as well as Woody Guthrie and Bob Dylan numbers. "They Shall Rule the Earth" brought me back to being a child sitting in a post-Vatican II Roman Catholic Church, filled with acoustic guitars for musical accompaniment. And there are two mediocre Spanish-language songs in the style of cantonuevo, a Latin American protest folk form. Nonetheless, there are still moments (such as "Kellogg Mine Disaster (Sunshine Mine)" and "Clifford Glover") which hold up well.

By *Songs of the International Working Class* (1987), the slow de-evolution continues. There are five Latin American derived numbers in here (sung in Spanish), only one of which moves me, and a couple cutesy socialist-feminist folk songs, originally by Peggy Seeger and Tom Paxton, about how women enjoy working in factories. "March on May Day," which is a period piece of VH1 acoustic music, causes cognitive dissonance by calling for armed, multi-racial revolution. Even "Bella Ciao" and "The International" are starting to sound flat this time around under Reagan, which is probably how many of the Party members who had joined at the height of the tumult were starting to feel. Still, "South Africa Means Fight Back" and the anti-war "Hymn #9" are catchy and can get a Leftist heart (or fist) pumping.

Overall, I'd give Progressive Labor a B for their attempt at agit-prop cultural intervention. The first album by itself would get a B+, while the last merely a C. The PLP clearly never found their own contemporary aesthetic form to express their politics, and after the first album they were reduced to simple photocopying of the past, or creating uninspired political chants. But maybe I shouldn't be too hard on them, though: Communists, at least in America, have rarely even made the attempt to engage in the cultural realm in the post-60s era. For that I give the Party an A.

3 Albums of the Progressive Labor Party is \$11ppd from: PLP Cultural Committee, GPO 808, Brooklyn NY 11202.

New Quorum Rules Spell Trouble for Grad Council

Are you a member of Graduate Council? Are you a member of a Grad Council Committee? Of the College Association or Auxiliary Enterprise Board? You may not be so for long, and you may be the last student to hold that position, if you don't act now.

A recent decision of the New York State Court of Appeals (*Perez v. CUNY*, 2005) held that CUNY college councils and faculty councils are public bodies, subject to the Open Meetings Law and General Construction Law. As a result, quorum rules for these bodies have been revised. According to the General Construction Law, quorum consists of a majority of the membership, including vacant positions. But it goes even further, stating that even when quorum has been attained, only a majority of the eligible membership can approve a motion.

What this means for academic bodies, where attendance is spotty at best, is that motions have just become very, very difficult to pass. For the Grad Council, approximately 71 "aye" votes will now be required to pass a motion, while the typical attendance tends to be between 50 and 60 (and many attendees may not even be voting members).

So what is Grad Council and why is it important? From the Provost's website: "Graduate Council is the academic governing body of The Graduate School and University Center ... Graduate Council is concerned with such matters as curriculum, degree requirements, standards of admission, academic performance, and program governance." Committees include Curriculum and Degree Requirements, Research, Student Services, Information Technology, Library, Student Academic Appeals, and others. The importance of student membership on these committees and on the full council should be self-explanatory.

Presently, faculty attendance at Grad Council is bad, but student attendance is worse. The committees, which are smaller, tend to be better attended, but no decisions of committees can take effect until ratified by the full council.

To solve this looming problem, one prominent faculty member of Grad Council has suggested the removal from college governance of "constituencies other than faculty." More explicitly, this professor states, "the governance bodies need reformation - trimming. And the main thing to be trimmed is significant representation of students, and others who routinely do not attend. Their non-attendance [sic] will now make the bodies difficult to operate."¹

On the one hand, this is scapegoating; faculty attendance is nearly as bad as that of students; but on the other hand, if we want to fight this, then we will need to start attending. So let's talk about student attendance.

If you are on Grad Council or a committee, the most important thing you can do is show up. This year's two remaining meetings of Grad Council are March 2 and May 11, both at 3:00 p.m. and both in room GC 9206/07 (committees set their own schedules). If you can't make the March meeting, you should resign now by informing your APO and push your program's Elections

Committee for the quick designation of a replacement. If you will be at the March meeting but can't make the May meeting, you should resign as soon as possible after the March meeting.

If you are not currently on Grad Council, you can help in one of three ways:

- **Push your Rep(s) to Attend.** A list of the departmental reps appears below.
- **Run for Grad Council.** The student body needs committed reps who can attend meetings. Ask your APO for the names of the members of your program's Elections Committee and let them know you're interested in running the next time there's a vacancy. Often the program Elections Committee will simply name replacements to fill in until the next regular elections cycle, and that replacement could be you!
- **Press for the Naming of Alternates to Represent Your Program in the Absence of the Member.** In some programs this will require an amendment to the program's governance document; in others it may be as simple as the Elections Committee giving names of alternates to the APO.
- **Just Show Up.** Your presence will help show that students are interested in retaining representation in college governance. The remaining meetings this year will be held on March 2 and May 11, both at 3:00 p.m. and both in room GC 9206/07. Both are open to the public.

GRADUATE COUNCIL STUDENT REPS

- Anthropology: not represented
- Art History: not represented
- Biochemistry: Shi Ming
- Biology: James Lysles, Ulyana Munoz-Acuna
- Business: David Prottas
- Chemistry: Gerson Aguirre, Francois LaForge
- Classics: Gisela Rivera-Figueroa
- Comparative Literature: Joanna Giuttari
- Computer Science: Jinzhong Niu
- Criminal Justice: Rebecca Bucht
- Earth and Environmental Sciences: Michael Porter
- Economics: Jennifer Tennant
- Educational Psychology: Tara Twiste
- Engineering: Stewart Russell, Huapei Wan
- English: Lise Esdaile, Karin Kohlmeier
- French: Paula Delbonis-Platt
- Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Literatures and Languages: Ricardo Fernandez
- History: Sheryl Gordon, Joseph Sramek
- Liberal Studies: James Horne
- Linguistics: Lydia Tornyova, Niesha White
- Mathematics: Terence Swaine
- Music: Stephanie Jensen-Moulton, Dan Partridge
- Philosophy: Victor Crome, Keota Fields
- Physics: Samil Ogun
- Political Science: Robin Harper, Aleta Styers
- Psychology: Angela Grotto, Henry Park, Sarah Weinberger, Yannie ten Broeke, Jason Birnbaum
- Social Welfare: Raquel Warley
- Sociology: Martine Hackett, Richard Ocejó
- Speech and Hearing Sciences: Hia Datta
- Theatre: Katherine Wilson
- Urban Education: Daniel Walsh

DSC CALENDAR

The DSC has the following meetings scheduled. Guests are welcome.

Plenary Meetings (all plenary meetings are held in room GC 5414)

- March 24, 6:00 p.m.
- April 28, 6:00 p.m.
- May 12, 5:00 p.m. (2005-6 reps)
- May 12, 6:00 p.m. (2006-7 reps)

Steering Committee Meetings (all SC meetings are held in room GC 5489 except as noted)

- March 10, 6:00 p.m.
- April 7, 6:00 p.m.
- May 5, 5:00 p.m.
- May 19, 6:00 p.m., room 5409 (2005-6 and 2006-7 Steering Committee members)

Media Board Meeting

- March 3, 6:00 p.m., room GC 5489

Other dates, including the Spring DSC party and meetings of the Health Issues Committee, will appear on the website as they are announced.

STEERING COMMITTEE OFFICE HOURS

Come visit us for all your student government needs. Buy discounted movie tickets, make a room reservation, or just chew the fat about grad student life.

- Stephanie Domenici (Co-Chair for Student Affairs), Thursdays, 1:00-4:00 & 6:30-8:30, room 5493.
- Dave Golland (Co-Chair for Communications), Tuesdays, 2:30-5:00 & Fridays, 12:45-3:15, room 5491.
- Tina Lee (Co-Chair for Business), Tuesdays, 1:00-4:00 & Fridays, 2:00-4:00, room 5499.
- Celia Braxton (Office Coordinator and Health Committee Co-Chair), Mondays, 6:00-9:00, room 5495.
- Ericka Calton (Health Committee Co-Chair), Mondays, 3:00-6:00, room 5495.
- Lee Hachadoorian (Campus Outreach Coordinator), Tuesdays, 12:00-3:00, room 5495.
- Adriana Tomasino, Fridays, 4:00-7:00.
- Brenda Vollman (Disabled Students Coordinator), Thursdays, 10:00-1:00, room 5495.
- Chong Wojtkowski (International Students Coordinator), Tuesdays, 4:00-5:00 & Wednesdays, 2:00-4:00, room 5495.

Please visit us on the web at <http://www.dsc.gc.cuny.edu>, on the phone at (212)817-7888, via e-mail at dsc.steering.committee@gmail.com, or in person in rooms GC 5491, 5493, 5495, and 5499.

¹Prof. Stephan Baumrin, Chair, Graduate Council Committee on Structure, Re: Perez Decision, 12/20/05 e-mail to the University Faculty Senate listserv.

The Seventh Annual CUNY-SUNY-NYU Mini-Conference on Theoretical and Applied Linguistics

Saturday, March 4, 2006
in the Martin Segal Theater
10:15 am - 5:45 pm
Reception to follow, rooms 5414/5409

Sponsored by the DSC
For more information, please visit: <http://web.gc.cuny.edu/Linguistics/events/CSN/index.html>

GRAD STUDENT ASTROLOGY

What do the stars hold in store for you?

HEATHER ROYCE-ROLL

ARIES

March 21 to April 20

Oh, fiery one, it's time for you to do like the third little pig and make a home no one can blow down. Go beyond brick and go to a luxurious extreme, one that reflects whatever made your childhood safe and magical.

TAURUS

April 21 to May 21

In spite of your deathly fear of change, the best action you can take now is using your stubborn self-determination to break out of old habits. Don't think out of control disaster. Think organized, steady work that creates liberation.

GEMINI

May 22 to June 21

All that windy air circulating in your life is best caught in some sails. The breeze of

destiny is behind you, ready to effortlessly carry you onto the stability and success you've desired (whatever stability means to floaty folk like you).

CANCER

June 22 to July 22

It absolutely breaks my heart to reaffirm your deepest fears. There is money trouble afoot. I'm sorry. I don't mean to add to your worry, I'd rather gather you all up to my bosom, but I just can't. I'm sorry. I know security is your greatest need and here I am warning you to pinch some pennies. Did I say how sorry I am?

LEO

July 23 to August 23

While your romantic, dreamy, artsy side is indulged, I must caution you against hoarding. Play nice and share, OK? Of course, you should defend what is rightfully yours, but remember that not

everything is rightfully yours.

VIRGO

August 24 to September 22

Your mission if you choose to accept it? Get the hell away from addictions, illnesses, and that personal isolation which is creating paranoia and stagnation. Your tools are mighty: meet some people who share your joy for the simple pleasures in life. Use sincerity, use openness, use dreams, use mysticism, and use your favorite: ethics.

LIBRA

September 23 to October 23

It cannot possibly be a better time to be you, the genius of justice. Your karmic reward for integrity and honesty is coming home. Absorb yourself in your work, your studies, your craft, and gloat secretly about how right you were about everything after all.

SCORPIO

October 24 to November 22

Get up right now and walk

straight into a new start, one filled with playfulness and covered by spiritual protection. The happily-ever-after has begun and you have every reason to smugly enjoy satisfaction.

SAGITTARIUS

November 23 to December 21

You must you must shake off that rust. Go to the mirror and promise yourself you will let go of all dreams that do not reflect what your heart hopes for now. Then enjoy the popularity and advancement that now have room to enter your life.

CAPRICORN

December 22 to January 20

Well, ya sure screwed up. Something you did to get to the top, cheating, lying to yourself or others, listening to advice you knew was bad — something has created self-sabotage. Lovely. The good news is the battle is over, even though you probably didn't

win. I invite you to take this time to seek out where you learned to let fear of losing make you do stupid things that stop you from winning. My guess? Kindergarten.

AQUARIUS

January 21 to February 19

Although the project you are beginning may have opposition, the fire currently running in your veins will blast past it. As the project is yours, I am sure it is innovative and ambitious. But don't go it alone: accept the help of that enthusiastic, loyal one with a strength for publicity.

PISCES

February 20 to March 20

You are so good right now. Let me join the multitudes in congratulating you on all the hard work you did on your own. And you didn't even have to sacrifice your ideals or dreams. I am truly proud of you.

Heather Royce-Roll is a Tarot reader, astrologer and freelance writer living in Toronto. Visit her site at www.earthless.com/tarot.

Where's the best place to have sex in the Graduate Center?



Dave Navarro,
French Comparative Lit

"The Mina Rees Library reference section. Which is good because if you get bored, there's stuff to read."



Lorne Ippsum,
History of Lent

"Anywhere on C level. But that's late hours only. Trust me, I know."



Archibal McLeighsh,
Interdisciplinary
Monocollaboration

"The freight elevator. No, I'm not elaborating."



Stevie Toots,
Philosophy of
Marketing

"Don't you know, there's the cutest little backstage area at the Martin E. Segal Theater. Gosh, the missus and me have used it dozens of times. It's our special place. That and the Maui Taco."



Wrentham K. Hughenot,
Culinary Defense

"Room 6396. That's all I can tell you. Except — whatever you do, don't bring candles."



Trudy Valdez,
Typing

"Hello! *The Advocate* office. I mean, duh!"