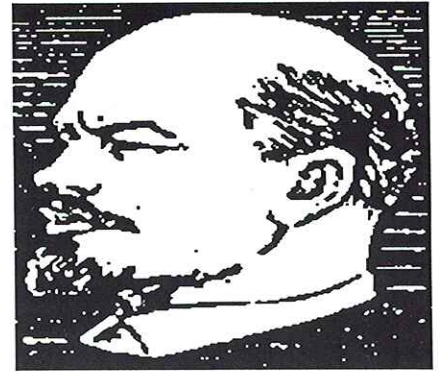


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**Box 315**  
Sarah Lawrence College  
Bronxville, NY 10708



## THE STORMING OF GARRISON D

by Galadrielle Allman

**T**he Garrison D "incident": what happened? There are many versions floating around. After talking to many people who were involved on both sides, I realized that there was little hope of untangling individual points of view, and forming one or even two neat versions of the event or what is significant about it.

On Monday night, November 6th, five women who live in the new dorms (and wish to be anonymous) decided to go to a Women's Alliance meeting. After sitting silently through the entire agenda, one of them asked if she could speak, apparently with some hesitation. She and several of her friends asked what could be done about "the situation" on Garrison D. They felt threatened by several quotes which had been hung up on the hall. Out of the 110 quotes, several were blatantly sexist, including: "I like her, Bush" and "Never needed no beer, never needed no cheeba, never needed no junk, just a good piece of beaver," as well as many allusions to the ever popular male genitalia including a re-definition of the initials GDP: Giant Dick Posse (rather than Garrison D Posse). It was said that there were other quotes which were "worse" (such as "I'll respect her if she swallows my load") which had been taken down, although some deny that it was ever up.

Twenty women from the Women's Alliance accompanied the women with the complaint up to Garrison D with cameras, to take pictures of the quote sheet and to talk to the guys who made it possible. The ever-alert Michael Rengers just happened to be strolling by and joined them. They knocked on each door and read the Statement of Behavior from the Student Handbook (see page 17 of your very own copy). The reactions they received were supposedly mixed. Some of the guys could immediately see their point, while others felt the quotes



were meant to be funny and shouldn't be taken seriously. Some say the confrontation was very calm and controlled, while others felt it was very "intense and embarrassing," and that at one point, someone just out of the shower was blocked from his room, and felt that that was unnecessary.

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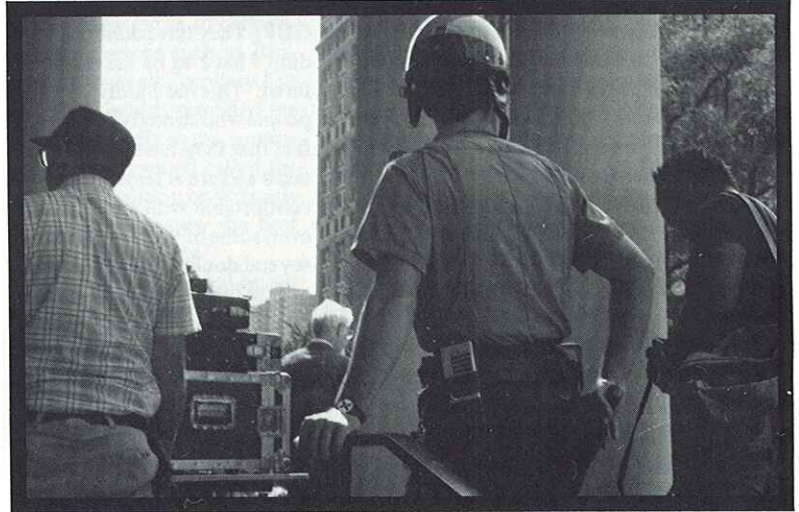


photo: ORCHID 89

"That's when I first reached for my revolver."  
—One New York's Finest at the post Primary  
Dinkins/Democratic victory rally, City Hall

## FEAR AND RACISM IN NEW YORK

**W** by ORCHID 89

hat tempts the cool hand of the NYPD to "rest" on the handle of cold steel? Fear of black leadership? Yes...and more.

"Fuck tha Police!" you say? Yes! Yes! But while he, the cop in the picture, feels the trigger, what are you feeling?

At the moment, Dinkins is ahead of Giuliani, and by the looks of things—Jackie Mason's stupid not funny big mouth fat pastrami ass pickle head; Giuliani so afraid of blacks too in love with Donald Trump—Dinkins is in. HOWEVER, let the image you see above reveal a possible vision of the future knee-jerk reaction(ary)s to Black/Democratic Leadership/Without Koch=Corruption=Cops=Selling=Crack=To=Kids=No=Questions=Asked. Δ

## A MAYOR FOR NEW YORK?

**T** by Francis B. Randall

This is not a happy question. Would we be forgiven if we voted for either candidate?

Obviously we should not vote for Mr. Giuliani. Obviously we should not vote for the candidate of the party of big business and big armaments, the party that is against the poor, blacks, women and nature itself. If I committed the sin of voting Republican, how could I ever look my students and my children in the face again?

But whether to vote for Mr. Dinkins or not is a terrible question, which tears the moral core of our being apart.

On the one hand, we should not vote for a crook, least of all a crook on our side. (If you are thinking that Mr.

continued on page 3

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## A LITTLE REVOLUTION IS A GOOD THING

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# D-SCUSSION: INTERVIEW WITH GILBERTO PEREZ

by David Netto

*If I were to venture that certain of the faculty here at SLC are the objects, however unwittingly, of a sort of cult adulation, would you disagree?*

*I thought not.*

*If I then were to propose that foremost among this distillation was film professor Gilberto Perez, what would be your reaction? "You never said a truer word," you might say. And there it is. Icon of sagacity or giant among pygmies, Gil Perez has attained the sort of status that transcends frivolous dismissal. Our man from Havana is beloved and held in intellectual reverence by so many of our community as to warrant a more substantial investigation of the ontology of his presence here than mere speculation can afford. The realization of this is timely, for Gil is on the eve of a sabbatical which will commence next term and keep him at something more than arm's length until the fall of 1990. A bitter blow, but the rested and refreshed Gil of the 90's will doubtless be still more compelling.*

*"Not possible," you say. Well, let's find out.*

## Part One: The Early Years

**D:** Gil, what did you used to do for fun at night in Havana?

**G:** Well, I was pretty young...I missed out on all the wicked fun of Havana at night. Or most of it, anyway. My family was middle-class, my father was a doctor and my mother was a teacher. We went to this beach club not far from our house; I hung out there a lot: all through the year I could swim in the sea. Only in the three months of winter was it really too cold to swim, though it wasn't too cold for the American tourists who would come down then. I would swim and play sports and hang out with my friends, and of course go to the movies all year round. Havana in the Fifties was a great town to go to the movies. We got all the American movies as well as a lot of European, Japanese...international movies. They were all subtitled because Cuba was too small a country to financially warrant the dubbing into Cuban. Not

that Cuban is that different from Spanish from other parts of the world, it was perfectly comprehensible, but it would have sounded funny to hear, say, John Wayne dubbed into Castilian. In Spain, John Wayne is dubbed into Castilian, but in Cuba we heard him in his original voice, with subtitles, which I think is much better. In those days I would go to double bills regularly, sometimes triple bills.

**D:** Did you ever take a girl?

**G:** To the movies? Sometimes, yes, but I was a shy and awkward boy, and I only occasionally dated in High School. I felt ill-at-ease in the company of women in those days.

**D:** Did you ever meet Batista?

**G:** ...

**D:** Guess that says it.

**G:** Ah, why would I have met Batista? I would see him on television and things like that.

Another thing I did for fun and profit in Havana was drawing caricatures and cartoons. I did drawings

*"I felt ill-at-ease in the company of women in those days."*

for fun at first, but then I won a national prize in a grown-up competition with all the leading caricaturists. I won the prize at the age of thirteen, and after that I was offered a job as a caricaturist at a national magazine, and then another magazine, as well, and so I was gainfully employed.

**D:** What was the political orientation of the magazine?

**G:** This was a satirical magazine, a weekly, and it was against Batista. In so far as one could be against Batista without getting into trouble with the censors. It was full of a sort of double entendre, but not so much sexual as political double entendre. There would be lots of jokes that could be read as being against Batista, but that was sort of a hidden subtext. In fact the magazine thrived under Batista's censorship, because they could get away with making those veiled comments. I think, on the whole, the censorship was good for that particular magazine, because it enabled that kind of political double entendre. I did a weekly caricature of some show-biz person in Cuba,

you know, television or nightclub or theater person.

**D:** Were they especially vicious cartoons?

**G:** No, my caricatures were funny but they were not mean-spirited. Today, for example, the caricatures David Levine does for the New York Review of Books...I find his stuff mean-spirited, and I don't really like his stuff that much. My stuff wasn't nasty, it was satirical. Anyway, I did one a week, at home, and my father was my critic. I relied on him to tell me whether they were good or not; I would show my caricatures to my father and if he approved I was happy, and if not I would go back to the drawing board and do them again. Once he approved I would take them to the magazine.

**D:** How much did you get paid for that work?

**G:** I got paid ten pesos per caricature. This is the Fifties we're talking about, and in those days the peso was one-on-one with the dollar, but it bought more than a dollar did in the U.S. It was pretty good for a kid to be making ten pesos a week.

Let me tell you a story in connection with this that was, I think, my first major political lesson. I usually would pick these show-biz figures to caricature myself, and since I picked people who were in the news or well-known, I almost never got turned down. So I did the caricature of a certain actor who was of Cuban television and theater.

**D:** Ricky Ricardo?

**G:** No, Ricky Ricardo was on American television. Now, I had been working for the magazine for about a year or two, and it was then bought by this man called Angel Cambo, who was a rich man who had owned a T.V. station in Havana. He had been involved with show-biz, and Cambo was a Philistine who had a lot of money and became the publisher of the magazine. He renovated the magazine, moved it to better quarters and so forth. One week I picked a Cuban singer named Barbarito Diez, who's a very good singer in my opinion, a black man. I thought it was very good, he was one of my best caricatures, and I loved Barbarito Diez' singing and his music. I showed it to the editor, the same one

who hired me, and he loved it too and was going to publish it. He wrote the instructions for the printer to print it and put it on his pile of drawings. When the publisher, Cambo, walked in, he looked at the drawing and says: "Who is that?" And I, naive boy that I was, said: "That is Barbarito Diez. He is a singer." And Cambo then says loudly to this office full of editors and cartoonists and writers, all of whom had seen the caricature and admired it: "And who is Barbarito Diez? Who here has heard of Barbarito Diez?" And nobody answered, not even the editor whose handwriting was under this.

*"I was shocked and hurt and upset. That was my first political lesson."*

I was too young to realize what had happened; obviously Cambo had had some sort of feud with Diez in the past, having to do with show-biz, I don't know, and Cambo did not want to have this caricature printed. But being the sort of a son of a bitch that he was, he wasn't even honest about this. He could have said, "Look, Gil, this is a nice caricature, but I don't like this man, I would rather not print a caricature of this man." Instead of making this ridiculous show, asking rhetorically: "Has anybody heard of this man?" and then having nobody answering anything, they were all cowards, they were all cowed by this man. Not a word was heard except mine, naively trying to explain who this man was. Then he gave me back the caricature and said: "In the future, you should do drawings of people who deserve it." I was shocked and hurt and upset. That was my first political lesson, about the workings of power, and how people are cowards before power, and how power manipulates,





corrupts and so forth. Since then, of course, I have been witness to many similar events in which people behave just that way when faced by power.

I think this man was really thoroughly despicable, because if he didn't want to publish the caricature he could have been up front about it, and told me, I would have understood and that would have been the end of it. Instead of humiliating me, making this public display...or not even mainly me. I think he was in fact humiliating the whole office; everybody was sort of bowing to his power. He made everybody bow to his power. It was disgusting.

D: *Do you think behavior like that might have had something to do with penis size? Because I have a theory—*

G: Ah, you mean he had a small penis and was trying to compensate for it?

D: *Yes, yes, the Napoleonic compensator complex.*

G: It's possible, yes.

D: *Gil, what is your impression of the political consciousness of Sarah Lawrence as it's developed in the past year or two? Both the faculty and students' sides of it.*

G: Well, my impression is that the students have gained in political consciousness in recent years at Sarah Lawrence. When I first started teaching here, I think the students were politically indifferent. They have grown in political awareness in the time that I've been here, and I think that it's good.

*"SLC is a very conservative institution, by which I don't mean Reaganite..."*

D: *Has their input into the functioning of the school grown with it?*

G: Sarah Lawrence is a very conservative institution, by which I don't mean Reaganite, I mean that it wants to stay as it is as much as possible. It fights change very hard; it's very hard to change anything at Sarah Lawrence, even slightly. So I don't think there's been much change at Sarah Lawrence, no, as a result of that, but one can always hope that there will be.

D: *How about sex, Gil? Tell us about how you lost your virginity.*

G: Ah, I'm not going to tell you how I lost my virginity. I can tell you it happened rather late. I think there's a Philip Larkin poem that begins

something like: "Sexual intercourse began in 1963/Which was rather late for me." I think I lost my virginity in 1963, actually, which was when I was a junior in college, 'which was rather late for me.' I won't go into details.

D: *Is it someone you're still in touch with?*

G: No.

D: *Memorable event?*

G: Yes.

D: *Glad to hear it.*

G: Yes, it was a sweet and memorable event, yes, yes, I think it was nice for, ah, both parties involved.

D: *And you're glad you waited as long as you did?*

G: Ah, I don't know that I'm glad or not glad. I don't know what it would have been like otherwise. This is the way it was.

D: *Do you have advice for kids at SLC, sexually disoriented and yearning for guidance, who might benefit from your sage-like wisdom? Do you think kids today have sex too soon?*

G: If I said yes, I would sound like an old fogey, and even though I may be an old fogey, I'd rather not sound like one. I don't really know. I think if I have

any advice in these delicate matters, it's that I don't think you should rush into these things. I don't think you should be nervous about not having done it at whatever age you are, or not having done enough of it...

D: *Or not being good at it.*

G: Or not being good at it, I don't think you should be nervous about it, but this advice is useless because everybody's nervous about it. Sex, and in this respect at least, Sigmund Freud was right, is a weak aspect of the psyche of every human being. Everybody's vulnerable, more vulnerable when it comes to sex than most other things. Maybe the only consolation is the realization that everybody's nervous and anxious, and in this you are in the same boat as the rest of the human race.

D: *Would you say that SLC is a sexually healthy community?*

G: I have no opinion because I don't

have enough knowledge...

D: *You couldn't infer from your donees or the students you know as to whether or not the vibes are good? Because I've heard people speculate that SLC is a very high-strung place, riddled with tension, mistrust, premature ejaculation...*

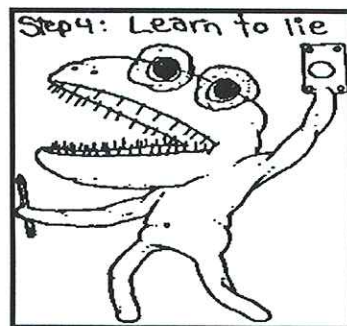
G: I don't have an opinion about this. What I know about sex life at SLC is what my donees tell me; some tell me some things and others don't tell me anything. I don't think I have the pulse of the student body that way, and I also don't have a very good standard of comparison. It seems all right to me. I don't think there's anything alarmingly high-strung about sex life at SLC that I can tell, but I really don't know.

D: *Tell us about what you used to do in the summer when you were an undergraduate in college.*

G: The summer after my freshman year I spent in Philadelphia, from which I don't have fond memories. I got a job selling "Great Books of the Western World," an overpriced and mostly useless collection of books. These were put together under the direction of Mortimer J. Adler of the

University of Chicago who thought of himself as some kind of modern-day Aristotle. And this was his organ—"The Great Books of the Western World," which unfortunately sold very poorly at first. When I started working for them, I was sold on the idea that the "Great Books" were great, and at this stage the hard sell had started. Mortimer J. Adler's books had not been selling, and at this time they were going door-to-door, and I became part of that campaign. I was hired with seven other college students to sell "Great Books" in the Philadelphia area.

I didn't really ponder too much on the fact that the people we were trying to get to buy "Great Books" were not educated families, but rather the lower middle-class families in the outskirts of Philadelphia. Every day at around 5:30 we would be driven out to the working-class sub-



urbs and go door to door. The idea was to really impress the lower middle class people, make them feel guilty that their children were not getting enough education.

We were to convince them that the best thing to do for the future of their kids would be to buy a set of these books and have them around the house, so that the kid coming home from school would pick up this fat thick volume of St. Thomas Aquinas, and peruse casually the pages of this, and thereby imbibe

*"I was told not to pull out a pen, because it might be intimidating, but to use this tiny pencil..."*

this priceless knowledge. The "Great Books" were really way overpriced, most of them were really good books, but many of them nobody would want to read, at that age anyway. They included Newton's "Principia Mathematica" because they thought they should be scientific, you see, so they put that in. Nobody reads Newton except historians of science, you know, because it's been outmoded, or recast in a modern way. So, it's really a perfectly useless book to have around in a lower middle-class family in Philadelphia for your kids to peruse. Mortimer J. Adler, as I said, thought he was Aristotle, who wrote a book on physics, so Mortimer had to have his book on physics, so he had Newton's in there. They had Shakespeare in this sort of double-columned edition with small print, that nobody would casually read; it looked forbidding. The books that you would want your kids to read would cost you far less if you bought them in paperback editions, much easier to handle and easier to read.

I was taught techniques of salesmanship; the people would say "oh, no, this is much too expensive, we can't afford it," and I would say "oh, you could take ten years to pay, it would cost you a quarter a day, don't

*continued on page 11*



# D-FILE: BLACK BART

From 1877 to 1883, Charles E. Boles, a.k.a. Black Bart, robbed innumerable stage coaches in Northern California. One account reports that a daily mail stage left Fort Ross on the morning of August 3rd, 1877. No passengers were aboard, just the driver and a Wells Fargo guard. On the road along the Russian River, it was held up by a man with a flour sack mask and a shotgun, who politely asked the guard to throw down the strong box and the mail bag, and then waved the stage on. When the stagecoach reached Guerneville, the driver reported the hold-up and the sheriff mounted a posse (no relation). They found the empty strong box and mail sack near the scene of the robbery. On the back of a way bill inside the box, they found a note:

*"I've labored long and hard for bread  
For honor and for riches—  
But on my corns too long you've tread,  
You fine haired sons of bitches."*

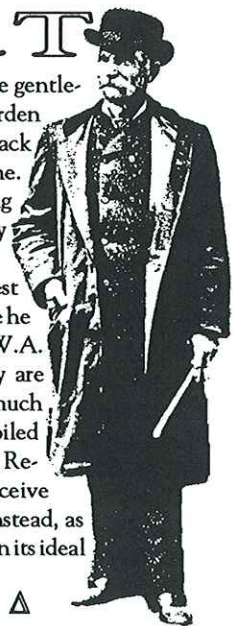
*Black Bart*

Black Bart made six hundred dollars from that hold-up, and went on to rob a total of twenty-eight Wells Fargo stagecoaches, always working alone and usually leaving a choice rhyme. Finally he was arrested and sent to San

Quentin. Having served his five year sentence, the gentlemanly, well-mannered bandit was asked by the warden if he were going to rob any more stage coaches. Black Bart replied that he was through with his life of crime. When asked if he were going to continue writing poetry, he said: "I repeat, sir. I am through with my life of crime."

Black Bart was a romantic figure of in Old West history; the gentleman bandit. But at the same time he in some way pre-dates present poets like rappers N.W.A. and Ice-T; criminals for whom crime and poetry are inextricably linked. For Black Bart, poetry was as much a necessity for committing a crime as a well-oiled shotgun. There was no New Yorker or Quarterly Review in 1877 for Bart to submit his verses to and receive payment, so he sold them to Wells Fargo posses instead, as it were. Truly a man who represents the Desthetic in its ideal form: Crime N' Poetry.

—Matt Freidson Δ



# D-SCUSSION: GILBERTO PEREZ

you think that it's worth it for your children's future?" This was a pure lie. Then I would hand them a contract. I was told not to pull out a pen, because it might be intimidating, but to use this tiny pencil so that they thought what they were signing was really nothing. So they would sign, not knowing that they couldn't really take ten years to pay. The next step after they signed was to convince them to take two years to pay instead of ten...

D: So you knew that the contract was bogus?

G: Yes, it was bogus. If they didn't agree to two years, they would discover it wasn't really a contract but an application to purchase "Great Books," which would be declined in the mail because Encyclopedia Britannica didn't want these bills stretched out over ten years.

I was glad that neither I nor my cohorts sold a single set. After two weeks they fired us all. This was a very good salesman job because they paid a flat salary of \$333 a month, whether you sold anything or not. Most others worked on commission; you could work for a month and get paid nothing if you sold nothing.

So, they fired us under very deceitful circumstances. One night they did not pick us up at 9:30 as they usually did, and we waited for about forty-five minutes. One of the others had a car and he gave us a ride back to the office. We reported that

we had not been picked up, and the next day we were all fired for breach of professional duty for not waiting. This was totally bogus, and they weren't going to pay us our half a month's pay, either. So my cousin and I went to the police and filed a complaint stating that we had not been paid, and the manager of this branch office was summoned to the station. I enjoyed that, he got very nervous, he was a very fat man who drove a Lincoln Continental. He had trouble getting out of his big car because he was so fat, and this sergeant was obviously enjoying putting him on the spot, and made him pay us what we were owed.

*"You know that I love  
white linen suits..."*

We got paid, but I feel guilty in retrospect because they made us promise not to get in touch with the other six college kids, so I don't think any of them ever got their money. I justified it to myself at the time by saying, well, we took the trouble of going to the police and they should have, too. But I don't think that's right. We should have gotten in touch with them and we should not have agreed to the terms of keeping this hushed.

D: Were you ever part of the beat scene?

G: That's before my time, David; I know you think I'm old but I'm not

that old. Well, you could say I was a premature beat in Havana...

D: Wearing white instead of black.

G: Well, yes, but wearing white in Havana did not make me stand out. You know that I love white linen suits; I didn't often wear them but sometimes I did. But that was definitely not beat, not a beat mode of dress in Havana.

D: Did you ever make an effort to enjoy the society of the literary scene down there, Hemingway and so forth?

G: Well, I never met Hemingway, but my father's friends were mainly artists and writers. And so from an early age I was attracted to the bohemian scene, and I guess you could say that the beats were the last bohemians, couldn't you say that?

D: I would say that. I have said it often.

G: In any case, Havana still had a bohemian scene, it wasn't dispersing into the suburbs, there was a bohemia. I was influenced through my father's friends, so I guess I was sort of a beat baby as a teenage kid in Havana. But this was pre-beat, really, I was into an older kind of bohemia that still survived in Havana in those days, yes.

D: What kind of music did you listen to?

G: Well, I liked Elvis, and Bill Haley and the Comets, and Nat King Cole. Of course I haven't mentioned Cuban music, my favorite was Benny

Moray, 'El Barbaro del Rhythmo,' 'the Barbarian of the Rhythm' would be a literal translation. But 'barbarian' in Cuban Spanish in those days meant 'tremendous' or 'terrific'; and Benny Moray was terrific, I still have his records. Celia Cruz I also loved, she's big now, she's old but she's still big. She's in New York in exile. I also liked La Lupe, and then I would sometimes listen to classical music, too.

D: Is it true that you lived with David

*"The Barbarian of the Rhythm"  
would be a literal translation."*

Bowie in Berlin for two years in the late '70s, and the concept of the 'Thin White Duke' has been attributed to your Svengali-like influence on him?

G: There is no truth to that rumor.

D: So it's unconfirmed?

G: No, there's no truth to that. I've never met David Bowie. Δ

To be concluded next issue; be here for Part Two of D's exclusive look at SLC's 'El Barbaro del Cinema'

