

THE BRONX
Journal

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Editorial

GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT. In Pakistan this seems to be the law, at least for women in cases of rape or sexual misconduct. An illiterate peasant woman from a village northwest of Pakistan was raped by her brother-in-law when her husband was serving time for murder. She reported the assault to her husband's parents, but they ignored her complaints. She became pregnant and her newborn baby became the evidence that she had committed the crime of adultery, which in accordance with the Pakistani zani law is punishable by death by stoning.

What can be done about it? Apparently, nothing. Human rights groups are powerless to exert any influence in the matter. As the media have been reporting since this case came to international attention a few months ago, men in Pakistan can lock up their wives, beat them, burn them, rape them; even girls as young as 12 have been found guilty of engaging "forbidden sexual relations." On the other hand, a man who is accused of rape can simply state that his victim, whatever her age, consented to the act, and he goes home free.

And so, a woman named Zafra Bibi will be executed; she will leave behind a child destined to live his life bearing the stigma of being the illegitimate son of a "perverted woman." As the millennium moves forward amid international terrorism and threats of global nuclear war, it seems many of us are still back in the stone age, a stone which will kill an obscure woman in an obscure village of this planet.



Jim Carney is Executive Director of Bronxnet

It was our own version of 3Com Stadium and I was a six-year-old Barry Bonds. (Although we didn't know who Barry Bonds was back in the 1960's.) With the right pitch speed, the perfect swing, a gust of wind from across the railroad tracks - and a little luck - the ball would soar over the left field fence and splash among the boats leisurely enjoying a summer day on the water. The difference was that instead of San Francisco Bay, my 4-bagger would sail into the Harlem River. As a left fielder (with all that implies) on the University Heights Senators, I played many innings on the small field at the foot of the Fordham Road Bridge. Regrettably, I am not now, nor ever have been Barry Bonds and I never actually witnessed a ball being hit into the river.

That particular field of dreams has seen many transitions over the years, from lum-

ber yard to gravel pit to junk yard. But if you look carefully, the remnants of the dugouts are still visible amidst the rubble. The University Heights Little League Field has seen better days, as has the sport that we all aspired to play as children.

Being a Mets fan, I could gloat over the current situation Yankee fans find themselves in - no access to the vast majority of televised games. For those unaware, a new cable TV network owned by the NY Yankees has taken back the broadcast rights on the majority of NY Yankee games this season. Time Warner, Comcast and other area cable television operators have reached agreements with the new YES network - despite

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a hefty price being charged for the games. Cablevision with its 1.3 million subscribers throughout the NY City area (including all of the Bronx) has refused to pay the price and meet the terms demanded by the YES Network, saying they will not force all their subscribers to subsidize overpriced Yankee games. This battle is a fascinating story of modern media, corporate greed, dueling lawsuits and egos. With the names Dolan on the Cablevision side and Steinbrenner on the other, the saga of the Yankee games will go down in the annals of media as an example of where the medium has replaced the message. Barring a breakthrough, it is unlikely that an agreement will be reached before the end of this season. While Major

League Baseball, like all other professional sports, has long ago fallen prey to the almighty dollar, the YES/Cablevision feud has brought home to NY baseball fans the sobering reality of just how much the game has changed. The sport, so dear to the hearts and minds of Americans that Congress deemed it exempt from antitrust regulations lies tarnished and buried beneath commercial and capitalist debris.

Each time Barry Bonds hits one over the right field fence into the waters of San Francisco Bay, I recall aspirations I held as a boy playing the same game on the banks of the Harlem River. The joy of the game can still occasionally transcend the years of abuse and greed that bury baseball today. Like the remnants of the dugouts peeking through the debris at the foot of the Fordham Road Bridge, the spirit of the game will transcend even this crisis.

Letters to the Editor

Livia Bitton-Jackson meets with students

Thank you for inviting Professor Livia Bitton-Jackson to our class. Her accounts of her experience in the Holocaust were extraordinary and of great value not only for our knowledge of world history, but also for the strengthening of our values and the appreciation of our civil and human rights.

I studied human rights and the Holocaust; I read and viewed many documents and films on the subject, but I never had the chance to meet anyone who had actually lived the Holocaust. Professor Bitton-Jackson not only survived but succeeded as an extraordinary woman.

María Castro

It wasn't until Ms. Bitton-Jackson's visit that I began to understand the horror of the Nazi regime in Germany during World War II.

As I listened to her, many times I became teary-eyed. She told us that we would be able to tell our grandchildren that we heard the story of the Holocaust from an actual survivor.

I happened to glance up at the very moment she casually raised the left sleeve of her shirt, which revealed a numerical tattoo on the lower part of her left arm. I wondered how and why one human being could do this to another human being. Humans are the only mammals who kill for pleasure. Frightening...

Miquelont Jolivette

People have survived car crashes, shootings, and other near death experiences. To survive a horrible accident is something extraordinary, but to meet a survivor like Livia Bitton-Jackson is both a pleasure and a blessing.

Professor Bitton-Jackson's account of her experience make you wonder how could one live the rest of one's life with such memories.

It was such an honor to have her in front of the class, learning things about the Holocaust that you can't really get from a history book. She was there, on the train that was taking her to her doom, the concentration camp. She told us she owes her life to the "Angel of Death".

I learned a lot from her; she is the perfect example that life goes on no

matter what tragedies appeared in your way. She found the way to survive and live a fruitful life.

Maurice Mercado.

"The Angel of Death saved my life," said Livia Bitton-Jackson, a survivor of the Holocaust. Although I have studied and seen many documentaries about the Holocaust, I never met one of its survivor. She put a human face on the subject. I felt her pain in reliving the memories of Auschwitz. She is a remarkable woman and I will never forget her. I am pleased to have met her and honored that she decided to share her thoughts with us.

Thomas Franco

Comments from students of MLJ/Mass Communication

Letters to the Editor must include your name, address, and telephone number so we can verify your comments. The letters may be edited to conform to space limitations. Readers may also send comments via e-mail to: tbj@lehman.cuny.edu



SCHRANK, SUNDAY BUSINESS POST, IRELAND; THE ECONOMIST, LONDON; INDEPENDANT ON SUNDAY, LONDON

Commentary

It's Only a Game