

COMMENTARY

Putting the bull before the matador

By George Andre Fields

Below is the story of the Grand Matador. It is meant to illustrate the similarities between animals and humans. It is really all I have to say, but the editors of the *Emerald* believe it is too short to stand on its own as a guest commentary.

Commentaries, I am told, must be at least 750 words long. Personally, I do not care for people who go on and on about nothing just for the sake of hearing themselves speak. Nevertheless, who am I to argue about the use of proper procedures. Because I play by the rules, I will expand my article by way of this preface.

For those of you who want to skip this section of the article, please feel free to do so. It is of little importance to my main topic, which is the way America treats her African-American sons. It's an important topic, and I will address it presently. Because this is my first, and probably last letter or commentary to the editor, you will have of forgive my intrusion — especially if you are one of those people who may be attempting to do two things at once, like reading this and attempting to achieve the perfect tan — dark but not offensively so.

Anyway, I should be at the 750 word limit soon. Please bear with me. I guess the closest I ever came to writing a letter to the editor was when the *Emerald* ran that blatantly racist cartoon about Clarence Thomas. I was going to tell the editors how offended I was, but at the time I was too busy with the day-to-day activities of law school.

I don't think I will ever be that busy again. I mean, was this the *Emerald* or the commentary? Let's see, where are we? We should be close to that magic number now. Well, I should say in all seriousness that the following story is not meant to be disrespectful of Latin American culture.

The Grand Matador

An interesting story appeared

on the network news Sunday after a review of the Rodney King verdict and subsequent killing of more than 50 individuals, and after all the talk about the riots being the worst since Watts.

The announcer warned the viewing audience that what they were about to see was not going to be pretty. With that, he showed a matador about to stab a bull to arouse its anger. The matador approached, but the bull's bulk belied its speed. In a matter of seconds, the bull had gored the man through the heart. The next day, the animal was put to death.

I hesitate to use this analogy because it casts the black man as a brutish bull. However, because that is the general perception ...

The bull's former address was a nice, green, open field — a beautiful, expansive area where he spent the long days with his family. The bull laughed and ate what grew until the matadors came to take him away. The bull did not understand why they took him from the field. He did not understand that the attendance equaled a large pecuniary return in terms of gross receipts. He failed to understand any of that, so the matadors declared him ignorant.

The bullfighters kept him in bondage, chains, to be exact, for some time. Then it came. It was the day of the bullfight. Some of the bullfighters jabbed him and pricked him before the bullfight to arouse his anger. Then they introduced him to the audience, and the audience cheered. The crowd roared at such a magnificent beast. As the bull looked into the stands, he finally understood he was going to die.

The other bullfighters teased him and made him sport for quite some time. The audience, comprised of the most respectable men and women the country had to offer, was astonished at the beast's stamina, strength and what appeared to be unusually large genitalia. As the bullfighters toyed with the

bloodied bull, the audience roared once more.

Finally, the show was at an end. The matador approached, but the bull's bulk belied its speed ...

Songs of sorrow were sung for the matador, and the history books never failed to mention how much of a hero the man truly was.

George Andre Fields is a graduate of the University School of Law.

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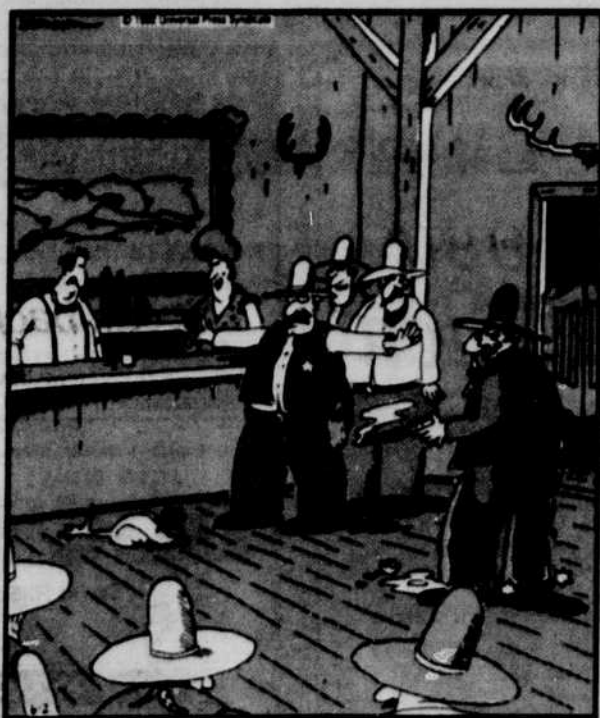
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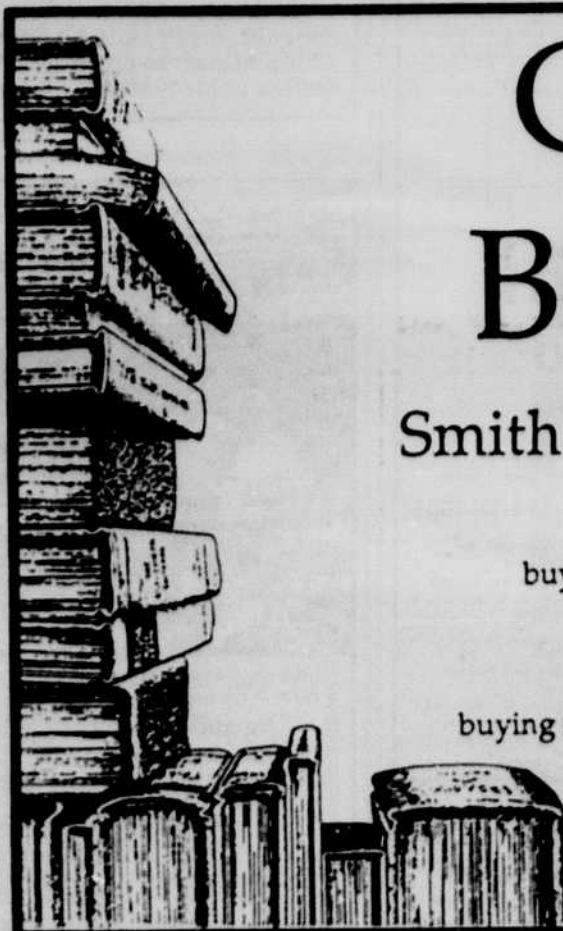
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THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"OK, everyone just stand back! ... Anyone see what happened here?"



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