

BLACKWORLD

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ONE NATION

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In Love and Unity



We Return

BLACKWORLD

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THYSELF"**LAURISTINE GOMES
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**WE ARE
ONE
NATION!**

editorial

In love and unity we the staff of the BLACKWORLD newspaper return to serve the minority community of the Stony Brook campus. We are very excited about the new year, and the spring semester. We welcome back those who were with us last semester, and those students who were unable to attend school last fall. The theme of this issue and every BLACKWORLD issue is love and unity. Love is not reserved for that special day of the year known as Valentine's Day. The minority community as a whole need to show the much needed love and respect for each other, year round. Our small community on the Stony Brook campus needs to unite now more than ever because we face a dire economic situation that threatens the existence of all the minority students in the SUNY school system.

What we are not excited about in this new year is our new Governor George Pataki. We are severely disappointed with his vicious budget plans for the SUNY schools. His ruthless plans to cut TAP to \$500 maximum award, and eliminate graduate Tap completely is a clear attack on a state system of educating. His ideas include raising tuition \$1000 for SUNY colleges and \$1800 for University centers (Albany, Buffalo, Binghamton, and STONY BROOK). The buck does not stop there. We are in the process of building a new Student Union, among other renovations. Not only will many of those renovations stop, but if and when the new Union opens, many problems will arise. There are plans to open new dining areas in the new Union. The Union and dining areas are expected to be accompanied by a great drop in enrollment. What that

means is, with more dining areas and less students FSA will have to raise the prices of food. If what Pataki wants is a private exclusive University system he sure is implementing the right plans. Pataki also proposes to totally eliminate EOP, SEEK and other aid to minority students. We had a great big rally of unity for students on campus Wednesday, February 8th in the administration building. That was great for unity, except when I read another campus newspaper's editorial on the budget crisis, I wondered if it was all for nothing.

The Statesman editorial in the February 6th Volume XXXVIII, Number 33 edition stated that everything should be saved except for the EOP and SEEK programs. Is it me, or does it seem that many students would sacrifice the minority community to save their own ass? The editorial stated that cutting the EOP and SEEK programs would benefit the student community because they "find no reason to give financial aid to people who are academically lacking." The editorial goes on to claim that there are other worthy students who are suffering because of these programs. What many of these people do not realize is that many of the students in these programs do not only come from a poor economic environment, but also a poor academic environment. It is not their fault that they were in an environment which did not have the resources needed to attain educational success. It also does not mean that they are stupid or academically lacking individuals. What these students once lacked is support. The EOP and related programs are designed to give students who show a great deal of potential, but were never given a fair chance

to succeed, an equal and honest opportunity. I find it disgraceful that in a time where everyone wants to band together as one, the group of students who have always had to overcome the most, are used as bait. What most people who make such comments should know is that the graduation rates for EOP students compared to that of non EOP students are almost equal.

It was very amusing when last week I attended a meeting, along with the Editor-In-Chief of the Statesman, where a discussion of the budget crisis arose. He expressed such concern for the minority students on campus and the grave situation we faced. He said everyone should band together in unity and attack this head on. Now I feel like I have a sharp pain in my back.

In this issue we have our usual column, "To The Heart Of The Matter." Much to our disappointment, "Voices of a Sista" will no longer be in BLACKWORLD. We thank Ms. Ruschelle Reuben for writing it during Fall '94, and wish her much success in future endeavors. Also we have the debut of a new column written by our Editor-in-Chief, Lauristine Gomes. We also have a special Valentine's Day personals section where students sent some personal Valentine greetings. In the Creative Arts section, we have the column "L Session," which is now being written by Big Sha. Included are reviews of Ruby Dee in concert and The Urban Bush Women performance. In conclusion, BLACKWORLD wishes everyone a healthy and prosperous spring 95' semester. Peace and Love!

Carey Gray
Managing Editor

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A Rally for Change

We, as students at the State University of Stony Brook, have been given a slap in the face. The New York State Government, headed by Governor Pataki, thinks that they can cut funding to our school, raise tuition (which we can already barely pay), and cut essential programs for student who absolutely cannot pay the tuition at all.

On Wednesday, February 8 during campus lifetime, the Administration building was filled with students rallying for a change in the proposed budget cuts and tuition hikes recently proposed by Pataki. The turnout for the event seemed good, because the building was packed, but many felt that the turnout could have been much better. Of the approximately 11,000 or so students at USB, only about three to four hundred attended (and that is only the undergraduates !!!). What is happening to the other people who go to this school? Don't they care about what is going on right under their noses? Don't they care that they are being railroaded by a system and a government that we are busting our asses

to pay for?

As President Crystal Plati and Vice President Annette Hicks, tried to get the crowd warmed up the Administration building filled quickly. Banners could be seen in the middle of the crowd with statements like, "I might not be here next year" and "S.O.S-SAVE OUR SUNY". Meanwhile, Plati encouraged the crowd to chant the slogan, "S.O.S. SAVE OUR SUNY". As Plati and Hicks continued to lay down the cold harsh facts about Pataki's proposals to "tighten the budget gap", the crowd began to get more riled up. Plati talked about financial aid being cut, tuition being hiked, EOP and AIM being totally wiped out, loans being reduced, and aid to graduate students being cut. She informed the student body that it was time their voice was heard. She urged students to tell Albany how they felt about the outrageous idea to demolish their chances for a promising future. Her solutions were writing letters, sending postcards, going to SUNY Lobbying Day on February 13 and 27

,and by shouting "Education is our right, FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!"

Testimonies on financial difficulties were given by several EOP students. This view was illuminated by BLACKWORLD Editor-In-Chief, Lauristine Gomes. Ms. Gomes read a fiery poem which depicted typical University life. However, there was an unusual twist. The protagonist in the poem ended up graduating from Stony Brook, but also shooting up the graduation ceremony. The crowd of angry and emotionally charged students were spurred on by the welcomed rendition.

There were many people from the faculty and administration in attendance on Wednesday. The most important person, our very own President Kenny, was not present because she was in Albany lobbying for a change of these proposals. Also in attendance was Mark Newmark of the Alumni Association, who seemed as heated about the situation as the students themselves. In his address to the students, he urged them to

tell the "Ivy-league, ax-wielding governor" that we are not going to take it anymore.

Annette Hicks, when asked about her thoughts on the rally, said that she too was happy to see so many students in attendance, but at the same time, disappointed at the number of those who didn't show. She also stressed that there should have been more student leaders present at the rally. Annette believed this would have made it more of a success. She emphasized that this is a problem that is going to affect all communities, and that everyone should make the effort to work together to combat it.

All of these things ought to make you think long and hard about your immediate future at the Brook, or what there will be left of it if we don't do something. It is time for us to be heard and to be listened to. Just remember that without education and knowledge we are nothing, but with it we can take over the world.

by Ella Turenne

An Afro American Family Call For Unity & Struggle

The FBI's obvious and obscene entrapment of Qubilah Shabazz is an attempt to divide the Black Liberation Movement. This comes in the wake of attempts to organize a "black summit", and a March on Washington, the preface to the much needed Black United Front which would unify the various ideological tendencies in the Black Liberation Movement to collectively attack our enemies.

The division of the Black Liberation Movement is the continuing and long term purpose of this entrapment and framing of Malcolm's daughter. But we should also see very clearly that the point of these repressive forces controlling the fascist moving U.S. government is not only to isolate Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam, but to stop his proposed March on Washington!!!

This is a crucial and positive tactic of Minister Farrakhan's (though as a politically active Black family we wish that the entire family was include, Black women and men must fight together for our liberation. Neither the Black man nor Black woman can do it alone!)

One of the requirements for the continuing national oppression and super exploitation of the Afro American

people, is the maintenance of disunity and disorganization in our ranks. It is past time for Black people and other progressive peoples to become unerringly clear on this.

Certainly the racist & imperialist U.S. rulers have understood this for a long time. To continue our disunity into the present generation, our enemies have even used and distorted our history and culture. Witness the transformation of Rap into a form praising thugs and attacking black women. Spike Lee's vicious distortion of Malcolm's life and degrading swipe at Dr. King and the movement itself, (not only in X but in Do The Right Thing & Co.) furthers this.

Even before the Spike Lee film X came out, we predicted based on all his other films that it would be distortion of Malcolm's life, the Black Liberation Movement and a collaboration with the reactionary forces that rule the U.S., including the imperialist state itself.

The \$30,000,000 movie was made expressively to blame the Nation of Islam, and Louis Farrakhan for Malcolm X's assassination, thereby absolving the real murderers, the FBI & CIA (in collusion with black criminal elements inside the Nation of Islam and the

agents and agent provocateurs the state had inside the Nation, just as they had and have inside the SCLC (and against Dr. King), SNCC, Black Panther Party, Communist Party & Co. Just as they set up and entrapped Washington D.C., mayor Marion Barry.

Spike Lee is not only a vulgar opportunist, but a vicious and dangerous one. He even had as one of his "advisors" the notorious Captain Joseph who was expelled from the NOI's old Harlem Temple #7, and who was a sworn enemy of Malcolm X, who probably did have something to do with Malcolm's murder, carried out at the bidding of the U.S. government.

This Joseph who changed his name to Yusef Shah, also supplied Lee with the lies he slandered Amiri Baraka with, in his book By Any Means Necessary. When Baraka tried to sue Shah and Lee, and asked, through his attorneys for an exculpatory investigation to find out what Shah had to do with the murder of Malcolm X, Shah was found dead in his sleep (a favorite CIA ploy) shortly thereafter.

Unfortunately, Malcolm's widow, Betty Shabazz, was also used by Mr. Lee and the forces of reaction, be-

cause she is completely out of touch with political reality, and in her continuing one sided attacks on the Nation of Islam is doing a grave disservice to the Black Liberation Movement and her husband's name by pushing a distorted version of Malcolm's assassination that demonstrates and justifies her alienation from the entire militant wing of the BLM.

What this tragedy also reveals is the objective collusion between the reactionary sector of the black petty bourgeoisie with the state, to divide the BLM and isolate the militant sector, hopefully to initiate division, disruption and even violence in the Black Liberation Movement.

It also demonstrates even more forcefully the critical need for a Black United Front in the Black Liberation Movement encompassing all the diverse ideological trends and organizations so that we can raise the Afro American struggle for democracy and self determination to an invincible political weapon.

As Mao Tse Tung said, "Unite, Don't Split; Be Open and Above Board, Don't Intrigue and Conspire" . . . "Cast Aside Illusion, Prepare to Struggle!"

by Amiri and Amina Baraka

Meet Carmen Vasquez,

Director of Student Union & Activities

BLACKWORLD: When did you first come to Stony Brook? How did you get involved with Student Union and Activities?

Carmen Vasquez: In 1978, I entered Stony Brook as a returning transfer student. I then completed my Undergraduate and Master's degree in Social Work. When I came to SU&A, I was hired as an acting Assistant Director for a year, then I was an Associate Director for four years. I am currently in my fourth year as Director.

BW: What sort of job related experiences have shaped the way you perform your job?

CV: I was a Resident Assistant as an undergrad. As I pursued my Masters in Social Work, I was hired as an RHD intern. I decided that I liked the University environment, and that I really enjoyed working with my peers. In 1981, I

was Quad Director, then an Area Director. I want to stress that I worked my way up; I took every step to get where I am today. This is more than just a job. I love what I do!

BW: Do you feel that you have a great responsibility to the Latino community at Stony Brook?

CV: I'm available to all students. Latino groups tend to come to me for advice and help more so than most. But, I definitely give all groups who come to me the same attention.

BW: What is it like being a Latina in power?

CV: As a woman and a person of color, I was often faced with the feeling of being "the only". I wanted people to know that I didn't represent the entire Latino community. Neither my culture, nor my gender are negative. I didn't have it easy for

more than just those reasons, but after I came to this position, I didn't use it as a power against anyone. I view my position as a responsibility.

BW: What are some of the ways in which Blacks and Latinos can become unified?

CV: In both areas women are the leaders. These women and the groups need to organize forums, lectures, etc.. This is very important because when these leaders are in the work force, they will have a network.

BW: Are there any special programs or projects that you are working on?

CV: There are two things which are very important. The major theme is for Stony Brook students in organizations to have more interaction (i.e.: cultural, sports, etc..) My first project is called World Games. I want to make it into a cultural fest. The program requires coordinators

to make a map of the world. About two hundred people would participate. The game is played by groups who must solve a problem of the given region by using the resources it possesses. The other project is the Uniti Cultural Center. I would like to help refocus the organization. I would like to help create new structures and programs.

BW: Would you like to leave the students with any words?

CV: You must get involved and take advantage of the opportunities. Become active. This is your community. Make sure you have fun, this is a great time in your life. And definitely go to graduate school. Many minorities don't generally pursue this, but it is important to do so. Getting your Masters and Doctorate Degrees will definitely open doors for you.

by Dorothy Jackson

BLACK WOMEN IN AMERICA:

The Long Walk Home (Part I)

My mother's face is sweet brown sugar. Her eyes leap. Her lips dance. Her voice carries and echoes. Her hips are wide from the eight children that have passed through them. And there are lines drawn in her cheeks and beneath her eyes, from lack of sleep or lack of peace. I have looked on that face. History is formed in its contours. I have kissed, caressed, yelled at and mourned that face. There are ancestral memories that unwind and rewind, fold and unfold in my mother's stare.

My mother was born Marsha Jefferson in Brooklyn on February 21, 1951. She was born to Dollye Mae and Roosevelt Jefferson. Her mother had been born and raised in North Carolina, her father in Virginia. But like so many Africans at the turn of the century and through World War II they came with their families to the North seeking better employment, better housing, a better political and social climate, a "better life." My mother lived in a tenement until the age of four. The ages of four to seventeen found her living in Redhook projects. My mother, her parents and five

siblings shared a three bedroom apartment. There were three daughters in one room, three sons in another and two parents in the last. The projects were new structures added to a very large and old complex. From what my mother recalls and claims, "they were not as bad then as they are now."

Her father, Roosevelt Jefferson, was a truck driver. Her mother, Dollye Mae Jefferson, was a young college-educated mother. She involved herself in clerical work, civil service and community activism. After taking a series of civil service exams and working as a clerical worker for the Board of Education, she got a job working in the Mayor's office, which she held until her retirement.

My mother's early childhood was shaped by music, church, and visits to Virginia in the summer. "I liked the South. It was beautiful. Everything was slow-paced. I had never known anything about the KKK when I was down there. I stayed with my uncle, and even though there were always rumors about the KKK, I didn't know anything about it

back then. It was very peaceful. It was like you could leave your door open and never worry about anything happening. Everyone was pleasant, always said 'good morning' to each other. Black people just seemed a lot closer down South than in the North." My mother smiles.

At the age of eight my mother was bussed to an elementary school in Flatbush. Her mother, a community activist, was determined that her children would receive an equitable education. Even though Jim Crowism, code name for segregation, was not the legal system in the North, it was a de facto reality. She vowed that her children would not suffer under America's hateful and racist oppression. Segregation had been one of the most painful aspects of Black American life. It exclaimed the second-class status of Africans in the United States. It planted in the very dreams, aspirations, spirits, and self-definitions of Black people that they did not belong in the country built on and by their own backs and blood. It likened Africans to animals, unfit to eat at the same table or urine in

the same toilets as their historical oppressors. My mother's own mother would not have her children educated and reared in the same system she had been educated and reared in. Thus she packed up her six children and set them on busses. They were going to integrated schools. My mother recalls forced integration as one of the cruelest experiences of her babyhood. "When I first got to my new school, I didn't know what a Jew was. They were just white to me. But the neighborhood that my school was in was Jewish. And they didn't want us there. It was horrible. We were children who were forced to be around people who for some reason hated us and didn't want us around. We didn't understand. We didn't learn anything about ourselves. We didn't see anything to validate our existence. The teachers and parents were very racist. We were punished harshly and unfairly. It's horrible being in a place where people don't want you, learning all sorts of stuff and nothing about you."

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THE MOVEMENT

On February 1st, 1995, during campus lifetime, students gathered together in the Fireside Lounge to "officially" declare the beginning of the celebration of Black History Month at Stony Brook. The event opened with Vaughn Furia welcoming the students and dignitaries which included the president of Stony Brook, the president of the Union Activities Board and a list of others.

After Furia's opening speech, which received much applause from those in attendance, we all had the privilege of viewing the Urban Bush Women, an African dance troop. They came from New York City to give us a taste of the performance that they would be giving later on that evening at the Staller Center for the Arts. Unfortunately, their excitement and spirituality was not reciprocated by the crowd. With blank faces we all looked on with no participation as the Bush women attempted to get all involved. This writer believes that this non-involvement was not a result of true apathy, but more along the lines of self-con-

sciousness. That is, as my friend put it "everyone was so conservative, we were to afraid to let ourselves loose." This fear of what others are going to is one that has always plagued this campus. Brothers and sisters don't realize that this fear is what keeps us from putting our heads together, and showing unity on a day which opens a celebration of our history. When a group of fine looking sisters scream to the crowd to chant "keep walking" after a verse, why can't we, a black student body dig deep down into own souls and repeat "keep walking." Unfortunately, the majority of us did see a problem because no one responded. We must realize that what we take out of here we put into the "real world". If we can't even take some culture from Stony Brook, what are we going to do when we are all out of college, and its up to us to remember that February 1st starts Black History Month?

After the Bush women performed, Curtis Luster, the Gospel Choir conductor, did a magnificent rendition of

the Black National Anthem which got some response from the audience (which consisted mainly of gospel choir members). It was the first time that I had heard Curtis. I was made aware of him by most of his adoring fans, and I must say that they were wrong; this brother is better than good, he is great! For one his voice is very powerful and two he managed to move a predominately apathetic crowd for a few minutes.

The reason that I'm harping on the crowd's reaction so much is that I was personally disappointed with our reaction, in that the event was geared for crowd participation. Look, after 4 to 6 years its going to be 40 hour weeks, 9 to 5 schedules and tedious work loads. This is the time that we are all here to enjoy ourselves and get involved in things that gives us some sense of culture. As the role models for our communities (and that is what we are) we must see college as a way to start networking amongst ourselves, and learning as much as possible

about who we are, where we came from and where we are going. There's more to college than just a diploma folks, cause as a lot of people have learned it is a stepping stone to show us how we are to conduct ourselves and what work ethics we are going to have. Case in point, if you are worried about what a few people on a 2,000 acre campus are going to think of you when you express yourself, what are you going to do when a billion acre world focuses its cold and hard stare on you?

Start now people! Get involved to learn and grow strong as an individual and as a people. We need to support events that pay tribute to our history and our culture. Stop sitting and standing around and keeping our mouths shut. If we continue to take the spectator role some one else will do all of the talking, walking and thinking for us, when one of our objectives in coming here was to do these things on our own.

by Vronski Mesidor

FREE MUMIA ABU-JAMAL U.S. POLITICAL PRISONER ON DEATH ROW

Support to free Mumia Abu-Jamal is growing. He is a political prisoner on death row in Pennsylvania. Moves to get him a new trial are underway. Who is Mumia Abu-Jamal? He is a Black radical advocacy journalist from Philadelphia. Philadelphia is a city that has an ugly history of racist police violence and "law enforcement." From the bloody repression of labor unions with the use of Pinkerton thugs, to the 1960s and 70s that saw the rise of fascist-police-chief-turned-mayor Frank Rizzo (who once proclaimed he was going "to make Attila the Hun look like a faggot"), this trend has continued. In the late 1970's the Federal government sued the city over police brutality which was primarily aimed at the black population.

This was the city that Abu-Jamal grew up in and where he practiced his activism and journalism. In 1968 young Mumia Abu-Jamal (Wesley Cook) and a friend went to a George Wallace for President rally in Philadelphia. George Wallace was a segregationist Governor of Alabama, and a hero to right-wingers when he ran for President in 1968 and 1972. While in the audience Mumia and his friend gave the Black Power symbol, a clinched left fist in the air. They were taken out and beaten by a gang of middle

aged white men (some were off duty cops). While he was getting stomped on, Mumia signaled to a police officer, who then came over and kicked him right in the face. Mumia recalls in the book Still Black Still Strong, "...That cop kicked me right into the Black Panther party..."

Mumia became the minister of information of the Philadelphia Black Panther (BPP). He was a founding member of the Philadelphia BPP chapter and ran the newspaper. This was the late 60s-early 70s when the FBI, under J. Edgar Hoover, was running a terror campaign against the Civil Rights movement, the new left, and the Black Power movement in particular. The FBI did this through their counter-intelligence program (COINTELPRO). That program was set up to "discredit and otherwise neutralize" activist and leftist organizations. This terror campaign was instrumental in dividing the BPP. It attacked BPP offices and carried out 38 assassinations of BPP members as well.

After the demise of the BPP, Mumia became an up and coming journalist, writing for magazines and broadcast journalism. He was elected president of the Philadelphia chapter of the Association of Black Journalism 1980. He was cited in Philadelphia magazine

as one of the 81 people to watch in '81. Jamal became a supporter of MOVE (MOVE was a black back to nature movement). MOVE set up a commune in Philadelphia and held a philosophy that did not allow for eating meat and junk food, using tobacco or drinking alcohol. They also believed in the respect for animals and their rights. Mumia was intrigued by MOVE and their drive. He covered MOVE at the expense of his career, moving from station to station because of the attention he paid to MOVE. The police attacked MOVE in 1978. Fifteen MOVE members were convicted of killing one cop, who was actually killed by another cop in a case of "friendly fire". In the case of police brutality, the victim gets charged with assault. Mumia followed the story and interviewed MOVE in prison. This lead to a public threat from then Mayor Frank Rizzo aimed at Mumia Abu-Jamal.

MOVE was bombed in 1985. Of the twelve people were killed, 6 were children. The survivors were all sent to prison.

At 4a.m. December 9th, 1981 Bill Cook, Mumia's brother, was pulled over by the police and a fight broke out. Mumia intervened and was shot in the stomach. The police officer was shot and



killed and Mumia was found at the scene in a pool of his own blood. He was beaten by police and taken to the hospital where he was charged with killing Officer Faulkner. According to attorney Leonard Weinglass, four witnesses who don't know Mumia or his brother saw the man who fired the shots run away. The gun that was used was not found on the scene.

At the trial, Mumia was brought before a hanging judge Albert Sabo, who

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BLACK WOMEN IN AMERICA

My mother's first realization of being Black came through the experience of attending an all-white school. Integration was a terrible farce. It was a bandaid on a bullet wound. Africans were being bled to death and rather than allow them the sociopolitical power, the cultural and religious definition, the wholistic liberation needed for their survival, America allowed their babies to sit next to its babies, to be completely dominated by and acculturated into its oppressive culture. It put in plain view just how much Africans were denied in America. My mother had not know how poor her family was until she saw how whites in her neighboring town lived.

At approximately the same time my mother discovered what her race was and the implications of such, she also learned what her gender was and the implications of that. Society had invaded her home, and its misogynous tendencies crept into her existence. "My father made a distinction between the male and female children. He was harder on us. The girls had more chores. The boys didn't have to do anything. The girls were punished more and got worse spankings for the same bad behavior. The boys could go out when they wanted. The girls couldn't have boyfriends. We were expected to just get married. It was extremely difficult to grow up in such a close-knit family, and one group was treated so differently from the other." At a single-digit age my mother was forced to acknowledge a life of struggle. She was both Black and female. She, like her mothers before her and the daughters after her, would suffer under the lash of both racism and sexism. She would be hated, misjudged, downcast, excluded, marginalized, and mistreated for the crime of having a Black womb.

My mother entered high school in the Fall of 1962. Again she attended a school that was not in her neighborhood, that was not reflective of her cultural, ethnic, economic, sociopolitical realities. She went to Erasmus High School. Her political consciousness and awareness of the race- gender- class struggle had already taken form. Her father believed that a people's advancement was partially based on education, on self-

realization, on political analysis. Each day he sat with his children to watch the evening news and held nightly discussions on what had appeared on it. He had attended the March on Washington, considering it a milestone in his life. It was on my mother's 14 birthday that Malcolm X was assassinated. Recalling the riots and hateful sentiments in her high school, my mother pauses to think of her freshman year. Her face changes. She was 14 in her first high school year. "Malcolm X was killed on my 14th birthday," she reminds me. "I felt cheated as usual. I didn't understand. People were in so much conflict. A lot of people didn't understand Malcolm. He was for protecting yourself and your rights against tyranny. He was not about being an aggressor. But the government has always tried to undermine our leaders, no matter what the message. They make a concerted effort to control our thinking, our quality of life in terms of withholding whatever we need.... I had never really considered the Nation of Islam a religious group. They were more like a nationalist group or political organization. I had never heard Malcolm speak in person. I had seen him on the television and heard him on the radio. Black people really felt that the government was responsible for his murder." America is very efficient with disposing of Black leaders who articulate and struggle against the realities of African life in the United States. It infiltrates their organizations. It uses divide and conquer tactics. And it murderously stamps them out. "Black people were crying in the streets when Martin Luther King died. What an injustice! Martin Luther King was a very, very, educated man. He preached non-violence. He appealed to the higher ideals in human beings. He was a humanitarian. My whole family used to sit in the front of the television and listen to him on the news. Everybody was sad when he got killed. I think even more so than when Kennedy was killed. I was in school that day. And it was announced. I came home, and it was on the news. Nina Simone wrote such a beautiful song for him. I just cried." (She is shaking her head.)

by Aliyyah Abdur-Rahman

Editor's note:

"Due to the length of this article, the conclusion will be printed in the next issue of BLACKWORLD."

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FREE MUMIA ABU-JAMAL

has sent more people to death row than any other judge in America. At one time, he was also an under sheriff for 16 years, and a member of the Fraternal Order of Police, an organization that currently wants to see Mumia killed by the state.

Sabo first granted Mumia his right to represent himself, but rescinded that right during jury selection because he felt that Mumia was too gifted a speaker; it was unfair to the prosecution. He also denied him his right to his counsel choice, which was MOVE leader John Africa, Sabo saddled Mumia with an inexperienced unprepared counsel, who was later disbarred from practicing law. Mumia protested during the trial and was banished from the court room. He then spent most of his trial in a jail cell.

Joseph McGill, the prosecutor of the case once sent an innocent man, Matthew Connor, to prison by withholding evidence from the defense, that would prove the defendant innocent. Matthew Connor was released from jail 12 years later. In the Mumia case, McGill illegally told the jury that they did not have to feel responsible for handing out a death sentence because of the appeals process. He also used Mumia's membership in the Black Panthers to secure a death sentence, knowing it would have negative impact on the stacked jury. A jury that had a man who said he had already convicted Mumia before trial began, a woman who was the wife of a Philadelphia cop, and a man whose best friend was a cop who was shot on duty.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court amazingly refused to overturn Mumia's death sentence in spite of the cynical use of Mumia's association with the Black Panthers which were disbanded nearly twenty years before. That same

court overturned a death sentence of David Dawson because the prosecution used his membership in the White Supremacist Aryan Brotherhood after it prejudiced the jury.

Capitol case expenses run in the five to six figure range. The prosecution interviewed 125 witnesses while Mumia's attorney interviewed only four. Judge Sabo only allotted Mumia's imposed attorney 150 dollars to mount a defense.

Mumia Abu-Jamal was framed and railroaded into death row. For the past twelve years he has remained in a concrete 7 foot by 9 foot dungeon 23 hours a day. Under these conditions he has kept writing his "Voice of the Voiceless" radio broadcast. It recently has been censored by National Public Radio NPR due to pressure from the Fraternal Order of Police. On the U.S. Senate floor fascist dog Bob Dole threatened NPR funding over the issue.

People are fighting back. A legal defense fund has been established and has been taking depositions. Organizations backing Mumia in his struggle are: Equal Justice U.S.A., The Partisan Defense Committee, The Committee To Save Mumia Abu-Jamal, labor unions from all over the U.S., Canada, Europe, and Australia, Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, prominent individuals through out the entertainment world, and progressive politicians. The fight for Mumia has raised the issue of the death penalty and how racist it is in its application. If the State of Pennsylvania goes ahead and murders Mumia it will be the first explicitly political execution since the Rosenberg's in 1953 at the height of the McCarthy era.

by Robert V. Gilheany

LIKE TO TYPE???
NEED EXTRA \$\$\$?

**WELL IF YOU DO,
BLACKWORLD HAS
PAID POSITIONS FOR
TYPISTS. FOR MORE
INFORMATION, CALL
JACKIE AT 2-6494**

THE VOCAB

Vibes

by Lauristine V. Gomes

First, I want to hail up all the BLACKWORLD readers for supporting this newspaper. Second, I extend greetings and blessings to the Afrikan and Native population on campus. Whoever you be, whether from country or city--this column is for you. I'm not going to go into what this column will be about--just read it and see. Having said that, let's get into the topic for this edition: Vibes.

Everybody knows what vibes are, right? For those who don't know, vibes are those warm or cold new or old energies radiating from one's presence. They can draw people towards you, or away from you. As for me, I got a hot vibe. Right when you meet me, you know its love or hate, no in-betweens. Some people got cool, laid back vibes or no vibe at all. Either way, as people of the earth we do (or should) pick up on vibes. Now some of y'all are saying to yourselves, "What the hell is so important about vibes?" Let me tell you a story about vibes and what has happened to me because of them.

It was a warm day in spring last year, and I was walking to my class in the Union. The walk from Tabler Quad was just long enough for me to listen to my walkman playing my then favorite song. As the beat of Nas' "One Love" cascaded through my ears, I began feeling a strange prickly heat on the back of my neck. Ignoring the feeling, I continued on my journey to boredom. Negotiations went on in my head about what seat in class would be most comfortable to sleep in, interrupted only by momentary "What-ups" and "Hellos". As I neared the library, I glanced over my shoulder to see how high the sun was in the sky. After all, it was burning my neck up like some breakfast swine alongside eggs in a frying pan. Don't you know there was someone right directly behind me, giving me a mad-dog stare? "A'ight, so thas the cause of the radiation to the back of my neck," I thought. "Lets see how long they keep that shit up before I flip the script." Feeling into my pocket for my ever present blade, I prepared myself for any sudden attacks. Just as I opened the door to cut through the library, I heard a voice.

"Hi, um, my name is Pat. I live in your building and I've seen you around. What's your name?" Deciding whether or not it was a setup, I told her my name. With that, she told me that she was new and interested in getting involved in a campus group. As I continued walking and talking, I gave her all the information she needed on joining BLACKWORLD. I grinned to myself and thought, "Ha, Ha, a new recruit! So young, so innocent, so easily manipu-

lated! Pretty soon she'll be doing errands around the office and..." My thoughts were cut short as Pat told me of her feelings about Stony Brook. She, like myself, was a transfer student and her memories of her old school were vivid. According to Pat, Stony Brook was a haven for shady people who needed a place where they could let their shadiness flourish and grow. She had already been through a run-in with the gossip mongers on campus, which made her kind of leary about making friends. But I, she said, was different. Her exact words were, "You seem like you have a strong will and you know what you want. The first day I saw you I admired that and wanted to meet you. Your vibe was kind of pulling me towards you." That felt kind of weird coming from a total stranger. I was like, "I wonder if this girl is trying to kick it to me. Well, I'm gonna let her know from jump that I don't get down like that." Just as I was about to make clear my sexual orientation, she began asking if there were any cute guys on campus. Relieved, I told her who my first five draft picks would be if I was a scout for the "Stony Brook Fly Guys". I was nearing my destination so I prepared to bid Pat farewell. It turned out that she and I had the same class in the Union so we went together and sat alongside each other. She kept me awake by talking to me for the whole class period. I was glad I wasn't snoozing in class, but kind of disappointed that I wasn't taking any notes either.

At the end of class, Pat gave me her telephone number and we said goodbye to each other. I made a note to myself to call and tell her the time of BLACKWORLD's general body meetings. I was feeling kind of nice that I had met someone who was so straight-up with no pretenses. Before I could finish my mental evaluation of her persona, she hugged me. With that, she turned and walked away. Now, I don't mind hugs from my friends and people I care about but that hug was just too much. I didn't know her well and hadn't decided if I wanted to. Besides, she left her mystery vibe all over my jacket. All day long I felt uneasy and I just didn't know why.

When I returned to my room there was a message under my door. It read, "Thanks for being so nice to me, hope to see you soon. From, Pat." I felt bad for thinking that something was wrong with Pat and that I should avoid her. But there was something about her that I just didn't want around me. Maybe it was the burning intensity with which

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

Diary of an Intelligent Black Man

by Khalil Hayes

And they still ask, "Why are you so angry?" Even when they really want that warm, sweet, chocolate skin milk that is oh, so palatable. They want the "Good Times," the "Jeffersons" and the "Cosbys", but I refuse them. Their venomous guilt wants to be stroked and calmed like a baby's hot forehead during fever. Allow me to add wood to the fire.

See, we were alright as clowns and fools, and as the earth turned we became singers, dancers and comedians. Eventually they even allowed us to shed the criminal facade and become lawyers and doctors. We fulfilled "Their" American dream, their fantasy of "us" which could be easily digested. Allow me to stick fingers down throats so that warm bile fills every mouth. Spit out the truth, and one might find that little has changed.

Now they tell us you're the "king of the world", the phenomenal "nigger", only if you can slam like Mike or sing like Mike, or even rap (considering that their kids are really into that now). Today the gangsta bitch is "fine" and the hustler feeding off his people is the ideal black man. They fear the manifestation of their own creation. Their mind's scurry away from the ideas of the intellectual warrior, the black scholarly pugilist standing tall on the death ridden battlefields of the White, Blue, and the gushing Red.

So I laugh when they ask that question, "Why are you angry?" And I think of the blaring trumpets of the marching intelligent "Black" man leaving "their" colleges armed with the weapons of knowledge and shields of reflection, and I think, "Don't worry, you will be angry too."

To The Heart Of the Matter

by T.N.H.

I would like to welcome you to the first BLACKWORLD for the Spring '95 semester. If you are an active reader of this column you may notice I have abbreviated my name. I did this to drop any feelings of formality. I wanted this column to be as laid back and comfortable as possible.

So here we are again for another semester at Stony Brook. Tell me honestly how many stories have you heard of so far people creeping around campus? Personally I heard my share of intimate little tidbits.

There is a lot of sex on campus and there is nothing wrong with a sexually active campus, as long as those who are active are responsible. Being responsible about sex does not mean abstinence. Responsibility just means safer sex. To be blunt safer sex, and being responsible means having sex without contracting or spreading sexually transmitted diseases.

We all should know that STDs are diseases that are transmitted through sexual intercourse. A few of them are chlamydia, gonorrhea, genital herpes, and HIV to name a few. Many of these STDs such as chlamydia, and gonorrhea are preventable. But there is unfortunately no known cure for genital warts or HIV. All sexually active adults need to know how these diseases are spread, and what preventive measures to take. First of all, STDs are transmitted by microorganisms. These microorganisms travel through body fluids such as blood, semen, and vaginal fluids.

Unprotected sex increases your chances for body fluids to be in contact.

There are ways in which we can protect ourselves through condom usage. We have all heard about using latex condoms. Condoms are essential to the fight against STDs. Condoms act as a receptacle to keep sperm in, and a shield to keep vaginal fluids out. The usage of a condom, and a spermicide give you a greater reassurance to the prevention of STDs.

However the most important measure you have against the spread of STDs is to have respect for your body. Ladies there are brothers out there running around hitting every target in sight. If a brother tries to sweet talk you in bed, just imagine who else or what else he's been with. If someone is trying to manipulate you into not using a condom say "no!"

I am tired of hearing sob stories because a sister would not stand up for herself. What the hell is more important, your life or a cheap thrill? We are surrounded everyday by the reality of unsafe sex, and still for some reason we turn a deaf ear. Remember, he could look good, and still have more than lead in his pipe.

Please understand I am not promoting long term relationships. The length of time you have been with someone should not be an issue when it comes to protection. Neither am I trying to scare anyone. I just want to show you the reality behind getting your "groove on". Sex is something to be enjoyed. There is nothing wrong with finding pleasure in sex. However, sex is also something that could cause you to go to your grave if you do not protect yourself and your partner.

rhapsodies

I Remember You

*I remember you
Each day
I'd walk past.
Hair all matted,
Clothes all dirty,
Sittin' there
In your own mess
Smokin' a cigarette
Rewarded to you
By Pity.*

*Same time
Same place
"Any change, any change,
Extra quarter."*

*I remember you
Every other day
I'd see you.
Nappy gray hair,
Somewhat hidden
By a moth-eaten
Navy knit hat.
Ashy black skin,
No legs
Sittin' in a wheelchair
Holdin' a cardboard sign
And a tin coffee can
With change
Already in it.*

*You'd shake it
Vigorously
To get attention,
"I'm homeless
God will bless you"*

*Different times
Different corners
Same sign
But never a voice
Just "changing"
From your coffee can.*

*And I remember you
Twice a day
I'd notice.
White as the sky
During a blizzard storm,
Tan as an island guide
In the summer days.
Different colored Converse
On each foot
Ripped denim jeans
Barely fitted
Past your calves*

*Angry at the world
Loud as can be
Askin' for pennies
Sittin' on a milk carton
Playin' a Harmonica
A mean Irish voice
Sweetly
Singin' the Blues*

*Not afraid to beg!
Not afraid to yell!
Not afraid to blame!
Not afraid to cry...*

*I remember all of you.
I too gave you change.
Never because*

*I wanted to;
Only because
You asked.
I gave you conversation,
I gave you smiles,
I pushed your wheelchair
Down the block.
I've out of pity
Only out of fear,*

*And I remember you
Still.*

--- Joanne Johnson

*Era un día como otro cualquiera
con nubes en forma de embrión
que en la tierra dibujaban
sombras desnudas
casi muertas de vergüenza.*

*It was a day like any other
with clouds in the shape of embryos
drawing on the earth
naked shadows
almost dying of embarrassment.*

--- Charlie Gómez Castro

*The heart is touched
Whose face is flushed
No, we cannot but look away
To make us see
The fantasy
For two,
For this
They pray.
They may not seem what lies ahead
But for now curiosity has fed
Hopefully their wants without dismay.*

*The lovin' that's shared
The feelings compared
To no one we dare to remember*

*This yearning that's felt
Makes inhibitions melt
On a cold day in December*

*It was created
For two
It was fated
But will
It last forever?*

--- Tahra Daniels

PROPS DUE

**LET'S TALK DEDICATION
LET'S GET SCUBA DIVING DEEP
BLACK WOMEN'S DEVOTION TO BLACK MEN HAS ROOTS THAT IS
STEMMED IN SLAVERY;
FOR WHO WAS IT THAT TENDED MASSA'S WOUNDS?
WAS IT NOT US
WHO RAISED THE KIDS AND REMAINED STRONG UNTIL YOU RETURNED
FROM THE "SPACE YOU NEEDED,
STILL WELCOMING YOU HOME WITH OPEN ARMS?
WAS IT NOT US
WHO GOT UP IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING TO MAKE THE
JOURNEY TO THE JAIL, WHEN NO ONE ELSE WOULD?
WAS IT NOT US
WHO UNDERSTANDS YOUR WORLD IN WHICH, THE "POWERS THAT BE",
DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO KEEP A BLACK MAN DOWN?
WHO, IN YOUR EMOTIONAL DESPAIR, SUPPORTED YOU EMOTIONALLY, MENTALLY AND FINANCIALLY?
WAS IT NOT US
WE'VE BEEN THERE FROM BEGINNING TO END, THROUGH THICK AND THIN
SO DON'T WONDER WHY WE PUT YOU DOWN FOR DATING
SOMEONE OTHER THAN BLACK WOMEN
YOU'RE PUTTING US DOWN BY NOT PUTTING US UP ON THE
SAME PEDESTAL YOU PUT WHITE WOMEN.**

--- MONIFA HEAVEN WILSON

Oslyn Baird

**You live your life as gently as the world would allow you
obstacles prevent you from being always happy, mood
swings befriend you against your will.**

**You've kept your sexuality tamed for sometime,
Trying to follow the Lord's commandment
Then love strikes, fires blaze, arrows fly,
hearts melt, confusion drunks you.**

So your human flesh opens its pores and absorbs sin for a time.

**You take a sip of young love got your heart broken
Regained your faith with Christ professing His name
Only, you're born again**

**You go to school during the day to become that nurse
You've always wanted to be**

**At night you barely sleep, because you
work during the day as well**

It's a struggle for you

Your body is tired and so is your mind.

You are numb in your body

You need rest but the world needed your bill payments

Yet the world goes on even when you can't

Even when little by little you're dying

No time to worry

No time to cry

No time to rest body or mind

Only time to die, to go to heaven, to be world free.

And yes you were young, a good human being

Yet still death came and framed you into a grave.

And I, your friend, your peer, wonders when death

Will want to frame me too into a g

r

a

v

e...

**Dedicated to Oslyn Baird who passed away
last summer. I love you friend, forever. I won't
forget you, I won't let myself.**

--- Julie-Ann Rodgers

Sweet
dreams, plums, love and him
they are all the same
he's my dream, my love, my plum
(sweet thang)

when I close my eyes,
take a bite, and embrace
I forget the names of all these things
and remember only one word
sweet

it's destiny
unfortunately

dreams turn nightmares
plums turn prunes
love turns memories
and him
they are all the same

how can I overcome the inevitable
keep one eye open
take a nibble, take a grasp
hope it will last a little longer
pray it will last forever
please!

so what if it doesn't
I dreamt, I tasted, I touched
it was sweet
until next time
that's my sweetness

--- J.N.S.



RAGE

**THE STORM RAGES
ARCHING, PRESSING, YEARNING
DEVOURING EACH OTHER WITH A LOOK, A KISS, A MOTION.**

SKIN TO SKIN, FLESH TO FLESH.

**GRIPPING, CARESSING, CAN'T GET ENOUGH
OUR BODIES BURN AS WE SUCCUMB TO UNCONSCIOUS NEED
DESIRE TAKES OVER.**

TOUCH TO TOUCH.

**TENDERLY WE CLING- HOLDING ON
WANTING TO STAY- ONE SHEATHED IN THE OTHER
PROTECTED AGAINST ALL OBSTACLES
SHELTERED FROM THE STORM...**

MOMENTARILY

PROMISING SOON

TO RAGE AGAIN.

--- KAREN DEVI KUNJBEHARI

Creative Arts

The L Session

by Big SHA

I would like to welcome you to the first edition of BLACKWORLD and also the L Session for the semester. In this column we deal with underground Hip Hop music as you know it. '95 has some brand new flavor for your ear, and this has nothing to do with Craig Mack. We're talking about new artists such as The Roots. The group includes Black Thought, Malik B, and Question, who, while performing, have a live band consisting of a drummer, a bassist and two crazy live MC's. Before the album was released, two singles came out, "Distortion of Static" and "The Lesson Part One", which are now debuted on the album *Do You Want More?* Off the album, they released a new single called "Silent Treatment". It speaks about intimate relationships, and how women sometimes shut men out. The Roots have a unique style of rap, mixed with jazz and bebop, which is becoming more prevalent amongst other artists. This group keeps it real unlike other artists who just rhyme

for props.

Listen out for the D&D Project coming soon which is bound to blow up the spot. The East Coast will release an All Star album including "Fat Cat" Vega, Dres of Black Sheep, Guru of Gang Starr, Mark the 45 King, The Beatminerz, Nikki Nicole and Diamond D. The album features twelve songs: eleven with new unsigned talents meeting established producers, and a grand finale executed by DJ Premier with lyrics by the D&D All Stars, a super group featuring Fat Joe the Gangsta, KRS-One, Mad Lion, Doug E. Fresh, Jeru the Damaja, and Smif n Wessun. The D&D Project will be an on going series, and future releases will be strictly Hip Hop.

Bad Boy entertainment has released many new artists this previous year, but they are about to launch a new tour featuring artists such as Craig Mack, the Notorious B.I.G. a.k.a. Biggie Smalls, Mary J. Blige, and Busta Rhymes. Now signed to Bad Boy is LL Cool J, who has

a new single out called "No Air Play". This is definitely going to be one of the biggest events of the year.

Out on the underground label called Fortress are L. Swift and Mr. Voodoo, two of the up and coming artists with crazy lyrics and originality. The sound track from the motion picture movie *Street Fighter*, features "Come Widdit". On this track are Ahmad/Ras Kass/Saffir from the West Coast. Ras Kass has released a single called "Remain Anonymous". Saffir has an album out called *Box Car Session* with phat tracks, like "Playa Hater", "Battle Drill", "Real Circus", and "Light Sleeper". Nasty Nas has a cut from the sound track as well, named "One on One", which is definitely something to look into.

Stay tuned for Ill Sounds, WUSB 90.1 F.M., for underground Hip Hop. It's on alternating Thursdays from 3:30-6:30 a.m. Keeping it real for you, this is Big Sha signing off for this session.

RUBY DEE:

DESCRIBING THE ESSENCE OF KING

Ruby Dee kicked off Black History Month at the Staller Center for the Arts on the evening of January 26. The night was called "An Evening with Ruby Dee: In Honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr." She enchanted her audience with entertaining lines such as "Love is when you sink into his arms, and wind up with your arms in his sink." Her performance lasted approximately forty-five minutes, and within that time she gave a glimpse of what Dr. Martin Luther King was like behind and without the pulpit.

She called him a "preacher-teacher", a "visionary", a "revolutionary", an "agitator", a "man who let his Godness shine through". She remembered his passion throughout the evening and said, "He epitomized the spirit for which this country was founded."

For most of the audience the performance was too brief. She could continue for another hour and no one would have squirmed in their seat.

She was introduced by a former graduate of USB, the Honorable Joan B. Johnson, Town Clerk for the town of Islip. She is an elected Black official, who is a community activist and staunch volunteer for the Town of Islip, Suffolk County, and New York State.

Ms. Johnson read Ruby Dee's bio which included her recent Emmy for her role in "Decoration Day: A Hallmark

Hall of Fame Presentation"; acclaimed as author and player in "Zora Is My Name" at the American Playhouse; with her husband Ossie Davis, in Spike Lee's "Do the Right Thing" and "Jungle Fever"; on Broadway in Woody King, Jr. production of Ron Milner's "Checkmates"; and as Amanda in Tennessee Williams' "Glass Menagerie"; as well as many roles in theater and films.

Ms. Dee is also a writer. A compilation of some of her short stories and poetry are included in *My One Good Nerve* (Third World Press). She has written children's books based on two African folk tales: *Two Ways to Count to Ten*, illustrated by Susan Meddaugh, and won the Literary Guild award in 1989; and *Tower to Heaven*, illustrated by Jennifer Bent (Henry Holt & Co.). *Glowchild* (Third World Press) is a compilation of poetry for young people.

In 1988 Ms. Dee was introduced into the Theater Hall of Fame, and in 1989 into the NAACP Image Award Hall of Fame. She has a B.A. from Hunter College, is product of Harlem and the American Negro Theater, and she studied acting with Paul Mann, Hoyd Richards, and Morris Carnovsky.

Ms. Dee and her husband own Emmalyn Enterprises through which they produce with PBS works like "Martin

Luther King: The Dream and the Drum", "A Walk Through the 20th Century with Bill Moyer", and for three seasons the critically acclaimed "With Ossie and Ruby", which they co-produced with Kera/Dallas and WHMM/Washington D.C. In addition, they also co-produced the film "Countdown at the Kusini" in Nigeria with the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, and for DBS, "Today is Ours", a program for young people based on Ms. Dee's book *Glowchild*.

Recently Emmalyn Enterprises co-produced with the Correction Connection Inc. (CCI) of Philadelphia, the audio tape presentation of *The King James Version of the New Testament*, and *Hands Upon the Heart*, a collection of some of their best performances for PBS.

Also accompany "An Evening with Ruby Dee" was the Stony Brook Gospel Choir singing "Lift Every Voice and Sing" along with other selection, and the presentation of The Dr. Martin Luther King Scholarship to two of Stony Brook's students Norvis Huezo and Natasha Payne.

After the performance Malika Batachie, a student, presented Ms. Dee with a bouquet of roses on the behalf of the school and the Delta Sigma Theta sorority.

by Joanne Johnson

Together They Rise: Urban Bush Women

There stood six vibrant, spiritual, energized, and totally gifted, strong black women. Their movements are sensuous with a dash of soft and subconscious body movements that teases the eye. These women are different shades of black but together they rise as the Urban Bush Women.

On February 1st, in celebration of Black History Month, the Urban Bush Women helped kick off our celebration with their spectacular performance with excerpts titled *Lipstick*, *Girlfriends*, and *Shelter*. A crowd pleasure was *Batty Moves* which was composed by Junior "Gabu" Wedderburn, a native of Jamaica who has been with The Company since 1990. Wedderburn helps to create and develop music for the dance troop.

Lipstick and *Girlfriend* were two excerpts which left the crowd astonished, while evoking laughter at the same time. The Urban Bush Women brought to the surface topics concerning first loves, sweethearts, boyfriends, and violent topics like incest. They brought to life how women pull together as a whole. They exhibited through their dance how lipstick plays its role in a girl's life, that being one of the first steps to womanhood.

The last excerpt for the night was *Shelter*. This scene was touching and powerful. This brought out the rhythmic beats, movements, and the actualization of fear which most people possess concerning the homeless. These six women showed how life can be on the

street, on a cold winter's night, huddled in the fetal position like a helpless infant. The blue light on the stage helped illuminate the despair and desolation until the point where one's soul shivered. They addressed the view that most homeless people are crazy. At one point in the piece, the dancers pointed to the audience, as the narrator told them that homelessness could happen to them and to anyone. The narrator of *Shelter* was none other than Jawole Willa Jo Zollar, the artistic director and creator of the Urban Bush Women. *Shelter* ended with live, vicarious movement enhanced by the pulsating live drums and a cappella vocals. It was the strong bond of strength and love that these women carried as they

performed. They received two standing ovations with hollers, whistles and cries from their adoring fans.

The Urban Bush women ended the night by paying a round of thanks to their lighting designer Kristabelle Munson, who will be leaving The Company shortly. After presenting her with roses and champagne, the performers danced and sung for Munson.

The Urban Bush Women displayed a strong sense of pleasure, and spiritual traditions. They explore the struggle, growth, transformation and survival of the human spirit- a powerful sense of community that speaks around on stage and in the audience.

by Michelle Boyce

The Black Arts Movement

by Amiri Baraka

By the late 50's the U.S. civil rights movement has reached a new height of intensity with the victory of the Montgomery Bus Boycott, the emergence of Dr. King and the formation of the S.C.L.C. The Cuban Revolution brought the 50's to a roaring climax with yet another popular democratic victory. By 1960 the Black Student Movement had formed out of the Greensboro black student "sit-ins" and soon S.N.C.C. would step onto the stage of Black peoples' struggle. And now at the beginning of the 60's we welcomed the move into the leadership of Malcolm X.

Clearly, this was the era when, as Mao Tse Tung said, "Countries want Independence, Nations want Liberation and The People want Revolution!" And as we used to quote him often often, "Revolution Is The Main Trend In The World Today!"

The African Liberation Movements, from the earlier Mau Mau insurrection in Kenya, were likewise gaining worldwide recognition. And the names Kenyatta, Azikiwe, Toure, Nyerere, Nasser were becoming familiar. In 1961, I 1st met Askia Toure, along with other life long comrades, in front of the U.S. Mission to the U.N. where we were gathered with hundreds of other people, including Aishah Rahman and Mae Mallory and Calvin Hicks to protest the murder of Patrice Lumumba by the U.S., Belgium and the traitorous scum who still sits in the seat of power of Zaire, Joe Mobutu.

For many of us who lived in the "village" in New York, the political dimensions of the times were always muted by the petty bourgeois anarchy of the largely white so distant arts community we lived in. But as the whole society heated up with struggle and rebellion and revolution, I suppose the most politically sensitive of us began to pull away from the bourgeois rubric that art and politics were separate and exclusive entities.

So that by the beginning of the 60's not only had I already gone to Cuba to witness the beginnings of the revolution Fidel Castro and the people of Cuba had brought into the world, but when I returned I became quickly involved in helping put together political organizations like Organization of Young Men, a political newspaper, In /Formation, and became a member of the left organization On Guard, headed by Calvin Hicks, along with Archie Shepp.

In a few months I had also become the New York chairman of the Fair Play for Cuba organization. I had gone to Cuba with Harold Cruse, Sarah Wright, Julian Mayfield, Ed Clark, among others, and there had met the great Robert Williams, of Monroe, North Carolina, who had most recently excommunicated from the NAACP for not only stating openly that Black people had the right to self defense against the attacks of the Klan, Williams even led his unique branch of the NAACP to ambush the Klan and remove their hoods and guns.

I'm saying all this to set the stage for the coming together of the

young Black people who would put forth the concept and the organization called The Black Arts Repertory Theater/School.

Not only was the struggle for democracy raging at higher and higher levels, but when Malcolm X stepped into center stage, there came also a wave of black nationalist agitation and propaganda unlike many of us had never heard before. Many of us were not familiar with the Nation of Islam, especially if we were living outside Black communities. Elijah Muhammad was unknown, but Malcolm X put words to the volcanic torrent of anger and frustration many of us felt with the civil rights movement.

The "turn the other cheek", "non-violent" approach to the struggle for democracy we rejected. We did not understand why we must continue to let crazed ignorant hooligans attack us to show we were noble or that we deserved to be citizens. The endless television horror shows of Black people being water hosed, boated, dogged by two and four legged dogs, lynched, jailed, got our jaws tight not only at the scum who did this but the negroes who accepted it.

That's why the Cuban revolution was so heavy in our sensibility. That's why Robert Williams was our hero. That's why we demonstrated for Lumumba and wrestled in those streets with the police despite Ralph Bunche telling us he was embarrassed that were in public acting like niggaz.

So when Malcolm stepped for-

ward and began to teach Self

Determination, Self Respect and Self Defense, it struck a chord deep within the soul of a wide spectrum of Black people, particularly Black youth. And for those of us living outside the community his impact was deeply profound and life changing.

In some respects it was like Fanon says about the native intellectuals in colonial societies who have become so integrated into the petty bourgeois superstructure and even marginal social life of the oppressor nation that when we first receive that degree of self consciousness that makes us aware of how deeply we have joined with our own inferiorization we are deeply mortified.

Fanon says such intellectuals next become blacker than Black or Super African to cover and dismiss their double consciousness, as DuBois calls it. I think there is very obviously some of this over compensation in some of the interior and public manifestations of the Black Arts Movement. Fanon also said that if such an intellectual continues to struggle in the day to day practical revolutionary movement then there is a chance that they might become authentic revolutionaries rather than compensating poseurs.

We were group of Black intellectuals living mostly downtown New York, Greenwich Village, or the Lower East

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THE VOCAB

her eyes looked at everything. Or it could have been the way she tapped me slightly every time she got to an important point in her story. I just felt like my personal space was invaded when she was around and worse yet, she knew where my room was! I was just about to call her up and ask her how she knew where I lived, when I heard a low rap at the door. It was Pat, with a bag slung over her shoulder. I opened the door. "Hi!", Pat said and hugged me. I stood there frozen, tripping off how she had shown up just as I was looking for her number to call her. Before I could get a word out, Pat dug into her bag and pulled out a thin black book. It was a book of poems by Alice Walker. She presented the book to me and insisted that I read it. I didn't have a chance to say, "no", "yes", or "thank you" before Pat started walking into my room and touching everything that interested her. "Oh this is so beautiful!", she said as she smoothed her hand over the Mexican blanket on my bed. She spun around sharply and arched her neck to one side, straining to see something on top of my dresser. "You are so pretty. Is that your boyfriend in that picture with you? He must be the bomb if he's with you. . . your room looks so comfortable and warm, I just know I'll be spending lots of time here."

"Alright Pat, I don't want to be rude but I'm really very busy now and I have to study. So, I'll see you later, a'ight?" Pat looked disappointed as she got up and left. As I closed the door behind her, I wondered how I had got myself into another sticky situation. Speaking of sticky, her vibe was just that. It was like an overpowering dark mysterious cloud. Worse yet, it was in my room, and all over my belongings. It seemed like she had been locked in my room for three hours, and had touched everything in it during that time. I lit several sticks of incense at once and began smoking her vibe out of my room. I didn't have any quarters to wash my jacket or bedspread, and I hoped that the incense would suffice.

That night, I took a long time to fall asleep. I kept feeling like I was not in my own room, or like someone was there with me. After several tosses and turns, I fell back into a light sleep. Soon I was dreaming. I was at a funeral, in the front row. I couldn't tell who was in the coffin, and I was desperately trying to see

who it was. Just then, a figure wearing a hooded robe sat next to me. I was so full of grief that I barely noticed the person sit down. As I turned slowly to my right to see who the person was, I felt a pain on my neck as though I had been burned. Despite the pain, I managed to turn my head as far right as it would go. The figure stood up slowly, walked directly in front of me, and stopped. When I recognized the face, it was too late. I was being brutally bludgeoned with a blunt object and blood was everywhere. I screamed and screamed until I woke up, crying. I had a terrible headache and my mouth felt dry. I didn't know what to do, I was so scared. I was remembering that the blunt object in my dream was a book. And then the phone rang. It was Pat. She wanted to come over and pick up her book. I was glad that she was getting her book because then she would have no excuse to come back to my room. I looked at the clock. It was 4:35 am. I never did give Pat that book. When she got to my room I had already ripped the pages out of it, lit them with matches, and threw them out of my window, on fire.

When Pat asked me for her book, I slapped her. She stood there amazed, and never saw me reach for the baseball bat behind my door. I had only whacked her with it once when my suite mate, the RA, came out of her room to see what the ruckus was all about. As Pat held her head in pain, I explained the situation to my RA. Pat was taken to University Hospital and I was taken by the University Police. My story sounded crazy and no one would believe me. It didn't matter that Pat was at my door when the altercation occurred. All that seemed to matter to everyone was that I was Black, crazy (according to them) and kept talking about some "vibes". I was kicked off of campus and charged with assault.

It was by the grace of God that my case was dismissed. Apparently, the Police had left out some technicality in my arrest procedure. Today, I have been reinstated into the University and will graduate in May of this year. I was lucky, but all I can think sometimes is, "If I had just paid more attention to her vibe, I would have never even let her get so far into my room, or my mind." Take my advice, heed the vibes, and stay unharmed!

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THE BLACK ARTS MOVEMENT

Side. Our day to day social life was, for the most part, joined directly, or marginally, with the petty bourgeois arts and intellectual community or at least was their and our presumption. Except that whatever else the most sensitive of us was doing, what remained is what was the deepest hunger in our souls, the urge to democracy to self determination, the understanding that no matter how much we might be "recognized" or "accepted" or even lionized as artists &c., we were still somehow burdened with the disorienting realization of alienation.

On the surface, as we grew more conscious we knew that as we demanded an art of struggle, an art that related to the reality of our history and the real life of the world, particularly of the Afro American people, it became clearer and clearer that the standard bourgeois aesthetic of separation of arts and politics was stupid and becoming more and more openly bankrupt.

In a deep sense the music, jazz, blues, new music, these were sustaining elements of our lives. We could feel ourselves, we could become truly self conscious inside it. And as the 60's moved on, a significant sector of Black artists downtown became more and more isolated from that so called "mainstream" by the growing need to fully express our soul and mind connection with Black struggle in our art and in the street. When I met Askia I didn't even know he was a poet. Ditto Larry Neal, Max Stanford. We were in the struggle to liberate Black people, to liberate ourselves.

We began to come together to discuss the movement. We were in different organizations. On Guard, RAM, Umbra, some even in the CP and SWP. Black intellectuals and artists seeking true self consciousness. We hit upon the idea of circulating propaganda and agitation among the down town Blacks to involve ourselves directly in the liberation struggle. When Robert Williams was struggling with the Klan we discussed sending him guns. One of our group was even busted in a set up by the FBI where he was framed for trying to blow up the statue of liberty, just like the Muslims framed by FBI

and Mossad today for the World Trade Center Reichstag explosion.

We spent much time now traveling back and forth between the Village and Harlem. Working politically in Harlem, that became the badge of our sincerity. No matter we still lived down-

town for the most part, some in integrated marriages or what have you.

The explosive transformation of our quantitative frustration, built and genuine desire for liberation into the qualitative persona who must be wholly militant activist in the liberation struggle was Malcolm's murder. His murder by the FBI, the federal government through native agents, Spike Lee, not by the Nation of Islam, was what sent us hurtling out of those various downtowns across the country steeling our "Blackness" like Faust trying to reclaim his soul.

The month after Malcolm's assassination a group of us arrived in Harlem, this time to seek permanent residence and to avenge Malcolm's murder. We had held fund raisers downtown. Just before we left, we had a fund raiser at the old St. Marks Theater, where my plays, The Toilet, and Experimental Death Unit #1, featuring Barbara Ann Teer, Charles Patterson's Black Ice and The Black Tramp by Nat White (who we never heard from again)

were performed to raise money to go uptown.

We rented a brownstone on W. 130th St. near Lennox, tore down the 1st floor walls and began our work. The announcement of our arrival in Harlem was a parade, with the small group of young Black artists, led by the great genius Sun Ra and his then Myth Science Arkestra. We still have photos of that. What the people of Harlem thought of that we would find out in various ways as we travailed. But that was the opening. The weird, interplanetary, the heliocentric world of Sun Ra, our synco-pated point and I carried a brand new flag, designed by painter, William White, the tragic / comic (like the earth, the south the smile of joy, the north the frown of sadness, dig it) dialectical mask of drama, fashioned into an African shield in black and gold. We walked all the way determined to make a revolution.

The name Black Arts had come in one in one of our meetings downtown where we gave each other military rank and made a commitment to any means, even armed revolution. We said what should we call this, then, secret Black organization of artists and intellectuals. I remember Larry Neal, Max Stanford, Cornelius Suares, Clarence Franklin, Askia Toure, William White, Charles and William Patterson (the last two from Umbra, our in-house trouble makers). And it came to me out of the black hole, I said, The Black Arts!

Join BLACKWORLD!

For more information call 2-6494

Editor's Note:

"Due to the length of this article, the conclusion will be printed in the next issue of BLACKWORLD."

Noises

To my sweetheart who always
cares, who cooks for me, washes
my hair,
I love you so much words can't
express, the extent of our happi-
ness.
Love, Pookie

Ronie-Rone,
Thanks for everything. Your
friendship means the world to
me. Happy Valentine's Day!
Love always, Margaret

To Sanger 322A
Even though I'm not sure how I
feel, thank you for keeping it
real. For remaining true, staying
you, and giving me oh . . .so
much.
U Touch Me

To Jackie,
Happy Valentines Day
From the Old School Masse

To Vronski,
You're more than just a neighbor,
you're like family. Keep it real
in '95.
From, Suite 224

To Freckles,
Thinking of May makes me cry.
I love you so much, in these next
3 months I'll show you that.
From, Joe

To Alvin & Lapido,
We try to get with you all in
those late night hours, but all you
want to do is stay in bed.
From, Neighbors

To Femi,
. What size did you say those
boots were again???
(just kidding)
Happy Valentines Day! And don't
worry, I won't forget to give you
your red things
From your Valentine

To C-Man,
Don't be so presumptuous-- your
style is alright by me. HAPPY
VALENTINES.
From, You Know Who

To Mr. Lips (Wagner),
It's simple. The eyes, the
clothes, the hair, the dimple. I
need to know... all of you.
Remember Me

Skee-Wee to my Neo's, enjoy it
while you can.
Love, Cookie Monster

To My Caramel,
Let me wrap my chocolate arms
around you and make a candy
bar; Always remember, Never
forget, I Love You!

To Muscle Butt,
SWEET THANG is T.B.J.O.S.B.
I hope you caught that.

Love to the Queens tricks:
Bubbles, Haitian Creation, Big
Mugs, Lil Nea, China. Bronx
tricks: Nat, Boriqua. Other
tricks: Back up off us!
The Last American

To the Brothers of Sigma
Lambda Beta,
Big Valentine's Day Shout out.
To those of the powerful P,
Coronas tonight!!
Inca (#1 Spring '94)

To crew,
Givin mad shout-outs and re-
member, keep it real.

To Ralphie,
Happy Valentines Day
I still have that thing to give you
Dont Forget!!!
From ???

To Tracy,
Happy Valentine's Day
Anonymous

Happy Valentine's Day! I know
we won't be able to spend this
day together, but I just wanted
you to know that I am thinking of
you anyway.
Love, Stinky

Happy Valentines Day
to all the GO's people
From Rafael

Dee, Bubbles, Nea, Mugsy,
Boriqua, Nat, China:
I know how to keep a man!
Happy Valentine's Day, tricks.
Love, Big Mahjwa

To Mahogany,
Stay true to your love and re-
member, time waits for no man.
Love, Big Poppa

To Hollis and Will,
Love that phone mail greeting!
Don't change it.

To Crew and Fishes,
Even though one has a personal-
ity complex, and the other's like
her grandma, I love you more
than tub-o-butter.
From, Hot

"Come on and go with me, come
on over to my place."
Stinky

To Lopez,
True say you're gone but you
definitely ain't forgotten. Whas
up with these Optimos and some
Alizé? Come through!
The Original Dred

Big Up to Keller 210 Big Ben

Happy Valentine's Day. . .
I'm so happy that I can spend
today with such a wonderful
person like you.
Forever, Bookey

To Hunny Bunny,
There are many reasons why I
love you, your sweetness is one
of them. Everyday is Valentines
with you.
I love you, I Love You, I LOVE
YOU!
C.M.

To My Man from the Motherland
via Tobago,
Two more months to go and then
you in for life!
Justice

Happy Valentines Day Mayra!!!
From Rafael

Aliyyah, Tamara, Melissa, Maria,
Arthie, Karen, Aneu, and the rest:
Bring it on for the next girls
night out. Strictly classics,
rockers, and live entertainment
conversations!
Big L

To my peeps up in Polity,
I love you all, but I met Ms. Reid
first!
The Guilt Trip Girl
Boo,

What's it gonna be... Wifey or
me? Thought I was gonna be
your girlfriend. Happy
Valentine's Day!
Shady

To my Ethiopian/Eritrean peeps
from Mount to Dreiser,
Stay Black, stay sweet, and put
all that charm to use today!
L.G.

Big Up to room 240 in Keller.
You know you RULE!

This one goes out to the man
with the biggest heart on cam-
pus-Hartley. The name fits you
baby.
Michelle

To anybody and everybody who
complained about the sunglasses,
THEY'RE OFF!!! HAPPY
NOW???
Shades

To Rhonda,
You mean everything to me.
Thank You for the good times
and the bad times
Love Always, Boobi

Edwin,
No matter what day it is I'll
always love you.
Happy Valentines Day
Love Ronnie

To Tori,
I always get what I want and I
want you.
Happy Valentines.
Love Big Boss

Quotable

"...know that unless there is a balance between your spiritual, mental and physical and mine too, your sexy body is no more to me than a dead corpse moving inevitably, exhausting its last breath."

*excerpt from the poem "Let It Be Known",
by Joette Harland-Watts*

¿QUÉ PASA?

2/14/95 - Tuesday - Double-Feature. Only You/Love Affair, in Javits 100

- Tuesday - SB Union Fireside Lounge. Cultural Food Fest. Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority. 11am- 4:00pm.

- Tuesday - "Cuba and Haiti - Relations". 7-10pm. Javits 110. Call 632-6822 for more Info.

2/15/95 - Wednesday - SB Union Fireside Lounge. "Israel Opportunity Fest". Photo Exhibit. 12:40-2:20pm.

- Wednesday - Douglass Main Lounge. "Fade to Black" Cultural Event to celebrate Black History Month. 8:30pm.

- Wednesday - Langmuir Main Lounge. "Racism ... What does it mean to you?" Panel Discussion. 9:15pm.

2/16/95 - Thursday - Film. "Bitter Cane". 12-2pm.

- Thursday - SB Union Fireside Lounge. Family Feud. Sponsored by MPB Board. 632-6460.

2/18/95 - Saturday - The Bronx Museum of the Arts. Celebration of the African-Diaspora Tours from 1:00 - 6:00pm. Admission \$4 for Adults, \$2 for Children. 718-681-6000 Ext.41

2/20/95 - Monday - Keller Classroom. "Colloquium: The Cuban American Experience" 7:30pm.

2/21/95 - Tuesday - SB Union Fireside Lounge. African-American Arts & Crafts Fair, 10 am.-5 pm. 632-6828.

- Tuesday - Javits 110. Forum: "The Bell Curve and the New World Or-

der" 7-10 pm.

2/22/95 - Wednesday - SB Union Fireside Lounge. African-American Arts & Crafts Fair. 10am. - 5pm.

- Wednesday - African Studies Library. Forum: "The Condition of Black and Latino Workers on Long Island; The Struggle for a Fair Social Policy" 12:40-2:10pm.

- Wednesday - Kelly Quad Conference Room. "The African Experience" 7 pm.

- Wednesday - Peace Center, Old Chemistry. "The Origins of African Christianity" 7-9 pm 632-2768.

- Wednesday - James Fireside Lounge. "How The West Was Won" The movie "Posse" 8 pm.

- Wednesday - Staller Center Recital Hall, Shirley Verrett, Opera Singer 8 pm. 632-7230.

2/23/95 - Thursday - Keller Main Lounge. "Black History Month Dialogue" 8 pm.

2/25/95 - Saturday - SB Union Ballroom, Black History Month Semi-Formal, "Black Man and Black Woman: The Pillars Used to Support Their Union" 8 pm-3 am. 632-6460.

2/26/95 - Sunday - SB Union Auditorium, The Black Teachers Forum 12-5 pm.

2/27/95 - Monday - Javits, "The Liberators: Fighting on Two Fronts in World War II." Film Documentary 8 pm. 632-6565.

BLACKWORLD HAS GENERAL BODY MEETINGS MONDAYS FROM 2:30-3:30 AND THURSDAYS FROM 1:00-1:50 IN THE STUDENT UNION ROOM 072.

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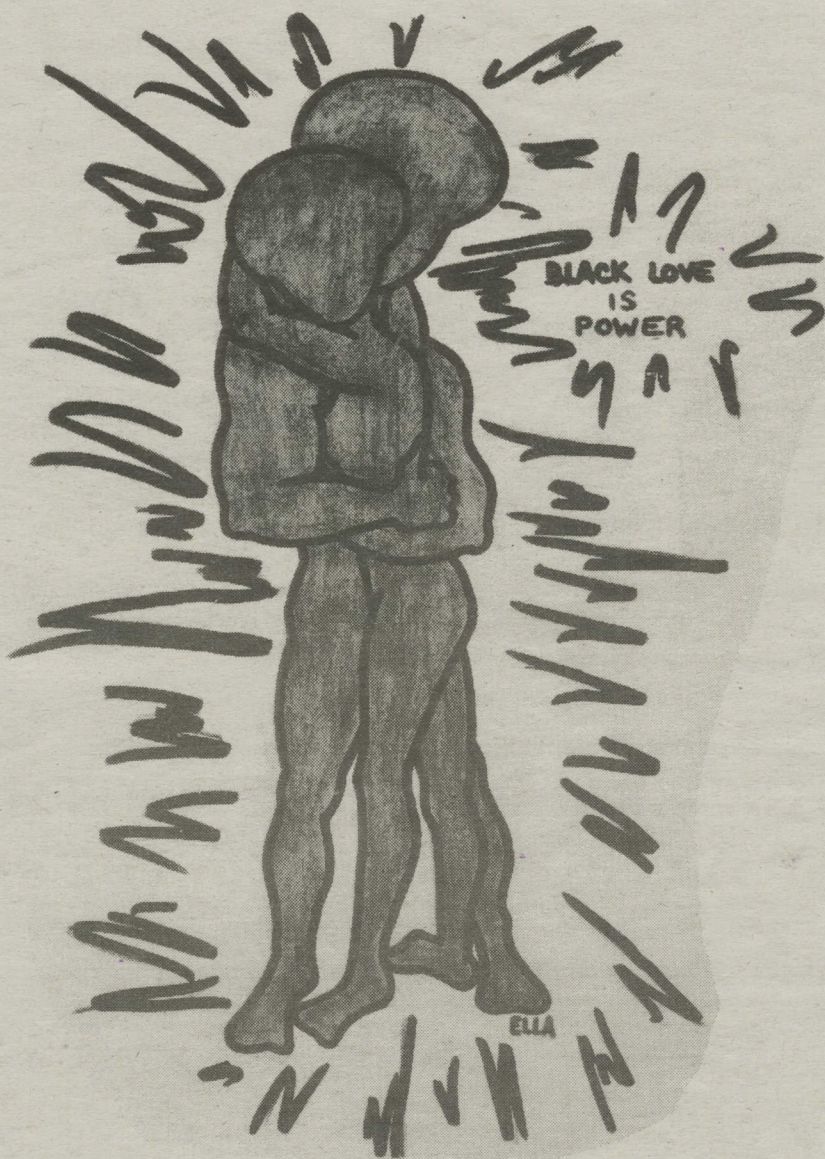
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