

BLACK WORKED OUT

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ONE NATION

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BLACKWORLD "KNOW THYSELF"

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WE ARE ONE NATION!

editorial

This is a special edition of the BLACKWORLD newspaper. In light of the recent events that occurred in G and H Quad (Mendelson and H), we feel it is imperative that there be a special issue addressing the black out.

The black out began late Saturday night (April Fool's day) just after one . Power was not fully restored until late Tuesday afternoon. During the early hours of the black out, there was total mayhem. No candles or flash lights were handed out to the students. There was no major safety precautions taken to protect the students. An everyone fend for themselves attitude prevailed.

During the three days of cold water and candles, it appeared that the quad turned back the clock to the wild wild west. Rumors quickly spread across campus about the college students who quickly turned into crazed

criminals. Among the rumored crimes committed were robbery, rape, assault, looting, and even attempted murder. How much of this is true remains to be seen, hopefully we can help answer some of these questions.

What exactly was the cause of the black out? Approximately 2,000 people is wondering just that. Could this occurrence have been avoided? Was there any indications that there was a problem with the system? Will there be any reparations given to the victims? Is there any other dangers that the students will have to worry about? The flash light totting, light depraved citizens of G&H would like to know.

G&H Quad is often referred to as being the projects of Stony Brook. For three days it actually lived up to its nickname. What is also apparent is that many of the residents of the Quad have

bought into the "we live in the project" attitude. Therefore, there was not as much protest as there should have been. Many students simply said there was nothing they could do about the problem. Although there was nothing physical those students could have done. There is things that they can do to prevent this from happening again and to make sure they are properly repaid for their troubles.

In the aftermath of the G&H, outage it is easy to see that it affected more than just those living in the Quad. Those of us who had friends living in the quad, our rooms and suits became temporary motels for them. They used our bathroom, slept on our floors, and watched our televisions. So maybe all of us who live in Roth, Tabler, Kelly, and Roosevelt deserve some answers to.

Carey Gray
Managing Editor

IN THIS ISSUE

VISION OF HOPE

The Struggle of a Woman
Grownig Up

Page 4

FACT OR FICTION

What Really Happened During the
Blackout

Page 5

COLUMNS

-Diary of an Intelligent Black Man
- To the Heart of the Matter
- The Vocab
- Life Line

Page 4

RHAPSODIES

Poetry by Stony Brook
students

Page 6-7

CREATIVE ARTS

The L Session
Page 10

Lead or Be Led

Power outages, among other disasters, are difficult to predict. Such was the case with the recent blackout in G and H Quads. The first reaction for the students subjected to the blackout was: to find sources of light. Warmth and hot water ranked next on the list of essentials. One thing was clear, community efforts and organizing were the only sure fire ways to survive the cold, dark days ahead. However, few students actually got together and attempted to mobilize as sorts of blackout rescue squads. Most just sat in candle illuminated rooms sulking and complaining that Stony Brook sucked, and that everything had happened in G and H Quads. Others went out and purchased expensive flashlights, candles, and fast food for personal use. In the first stages of any crisis, minimal action directed only at self is

expected. But days after the blackout, students still did not take action. Instead they waited patiently for generators to be brought in to restore the power. This article explores what students should do when events like this one occur on campus.

When the blackout first happened, all Leg officials present should have taken actions for calling an emergency Leg meeting. Whether lit by candles or flashlights, the meeting would have been a valuable tool for organizing. All Resident Assistants present should have been told to inform their residents of the meeting, and the reasons for call-

ing it. The Hall Director should have also been asked to attend the Leg meeting. At the meeting, students should have been advised as to the problem. Then, the individual building Legislatures would have been able to allocate emergency monies for flashlights, candles, etc. Even if the only viable option was to reimburse residents for their costs incurred for blackout supplies, that could have been voted upon. Also at the meeting, students could have networked with other students to share blankets, batteries, matches or whatever. At least the wheels would have been set in motion. When the time came for demanding reparations from Campus Residences for days without heat and hot water, students would have been educated and confident in their cause. Furthermore, residents would have been advised on dos-and-don'ts (in case of fire), and provided with much needed assistance. Maybe residents would have decided to pool their money to purchase food for at least the first night. Whatever the outcome, at least an effort would have been made to organize.

Perhaps the Leg meetings would have led to widespread mobilization amongst the residents of G and H Quads. Word may have gotten around that the next move was to protest in Administration on Monday, the morning of April 3rd. Whatever building chosen, it could have been immobilized until the needs of the students were met. Not to say that the

power would have been restored any faster, but the time without it would have been more bearable.

Students could have been armed with a plan for emergency set-ups of study, sleep, bath, and food arrangements. Why did so many students have to leave their rooms in G and H Quads in order to secure their own studying, sleeping, or bathing arrangements? Most of these "arrangements" were in the rooms of friends who lived in the Quads unaffected by the power outage. So there they were, sleeping on the floor in rooms in Tabler, Kelly and Roosevelt, while the rooms they spent hundreds of dollars for lacked heat and light. Never mind those who were not on the meal plan. They had to clean their refrigerator and throw out food spoiled in the blackout. Then, they had the choice of begging someone to drive them off of campus to eat, or getting on the "free shuttles" provided to Kelly Cafeteria. There they could pay eight dollars to eat food that was likely to be high priced but low quality. And what of the cost of replacing their spoiled groceries? Most residents accepted their misfortune as the price of living in G and H Quads a.k.a. The Projects.

The fact is this; if the power outage had occurred in any other Quad, the residents would have been outraged and demanding. But the residents of G and H Quads have been socialized into believing that they are actually living in

a housing project! So when their heat and hot water was lost, most residents shrugged it off as "Just another day in the projects! You know how it is in G and H!"

Recognize that you are paying \$1500 in room fees per semester, no matter what Quad you live in. That does not include the close to \$1000 dollars paid for meal plan (meals or declining balance), or the price of cooking fees. Not to mention that cooking fees are higher in G and H Quads than in others. So if the money being paid is equal, why are the living arrangements so drastically separate? All students should see a problem in what happened in G and H Quads. Why? Because the police were not stationed to help in case of trouble (instead they performed drive-through spot checks), the Domino's pizza deliverer was robbed (causing all off campus deliverers to refuse to serve G and H until power was restored), there were many rumors of women having been raped, all in an environment which is paid for by students.

Much is to be learned from this incident. Hopefully residents will wake up and realize that they are entitled to the same privileges as those in Gerstwin who live in condo-like-semi-apartment settings. Acceptance of project-like conditions only leads to a project mentality. And where exactly does that lead?

by Lauristine Gomes

"THEY CAN'T EVEN KEEP THE LIGHTS ON BUT, THEY WANT TO RAISE TUITION."

"At first I was worried, I was doing laundry downstairs in the laundry room all by myself. I can't even front, I was scared out of my mind. I could hear all of the commotion going on upstairs, the knocking on doors, screaming, and running. I had to wait until someone else came downstairs, in order to leave. I never again want to feel the way that I felt that night."

This monologue represents one story out of many that were experienced in the horrid, blackout. Safety, security, and trust, of the residents who had to live each night in fear, died with the electricity and heat. Students had to spend the first night cold and alone, faced with a blackout and no protection, "they should have increased security."

Rumors of rape, robbery, and gun fire were spreading. Many were scared to leave or return to their room from the library or visiting a friend, after dark. About the only thing working were the telephones, which were only good for seeking comfort from friends. Calling take out was out of the question, since a Dominoes man had been rumored to have been mugged during the blackouts. "I was very nervous when I found out about the attacks. I did not want to go anywhere by myself."

Inconvenienced for a little more than two days the students, at Stony Brook University, could not study, do homework, take a shower, and unless they had batteries, get up on time. Homework and tests were the last items on their

list of priorities, safety was number one.

"I felt like I was in jail. During the day you had light and during the night time you had complete darkness." Tisha Thompson, a third year Liberal Arts major, was quoted saying, "They should have at least, supplied us with batteries, flashlights, or candles."

No one cared enough to listen to the residents' needs and concerns. No one had any answers, no one showed any empathy, no one came to apologize. In other words, the residents were on their own. "They should have explained to us what happened and students should've been notified to when the problem was going to be rectified." "I paid a cooking fee and I want to be reimbursed for the money that I lost in groceries," stated

Nichola Frasier, a sophomore at Stony Brook.

Stony Brook proclaims, in the 1994/1995 Student Handbook: that it is nothing without it's students. That we create an environment that allows them to develop as individuals in a community devoted to learning. We are what makes it happen. Without us they would be just a collection of courses and requirements." If this is true then why weren't the residents of Mendelsohn Quad and H Quad treated much better? Why did students, in order, to feel safe, place their studies on the line. Stony Brook ought to learn to never "burn their bridges, before they cross."

by Monique Maylor

In VISION OF HOPE AND MOVING On

I feel strongly about allowing my inner and outer self to extinguish the "dys" mentality, I had in my teenage years. I have had a tragic life since the moment my mom announced my arrival. My Jamaican mother gave birth to me, alone in Jamaica without a man for her and a daddy for me. In order for my mom and myself to survive alone, my mother, when I was two, left me in Jamaica in the care of my uncle and his wife.

I came to America when I was eight to live with my mother. My life with my mother in America was so sheltered, so loving and caring I quickly forgot my "dys" life style in Jamaica.

It was when I was thirteen and I was spending a lot of my time alone, I remembered my past in Jamaica. I recalled being abused and I was very devastated. I also remembered coming to the realization, that my dad would never love me.

Around that time in my life, I constantly had dreams about climbing a huge rock in Jamaica and always falling off. Now

that I look back, I believe the rock was very symbolic. The rock represented the dark period in my life. The period of depression, confusion and abandonment. I was alone and could not tell my mother because I could not understand what I was remembering.

In result of these sudden memories. I became quiet and depressed. My mom began to get very worried but friends and family began reassuring her it was normal. She thought I was a typical teenager. I believe when I slit my wrist, my mom realized that this was not a normal teenage thing. I was frightened and afraid. I was petrified. My young mind did not have the strength and the endurance to fight the demons invading it.

When I entered the tenth grade in High School I began to see a psychologist. I hated the idea and at times refused to go. However if I did not go to my psychologist, I was punished and lectured. It was unbearable. Therefore I often went to avoid punishment. At that particular

time in my life, I was running literally back and forth from my mom's home to my godparents. I was running from myself. I was running from my demons.

There was absolutely nothing wrong in my moms home. In my mom's home there was only mom and myself. Mom was not home a lot because she was going to school to get her degree. My mother's rules were not strict at all. She herself grew up in a strict environment and did not want to raise me in that fashion.

However in my godparent's home, rules were not lenient. They are very strict and religious. I did not stay long under their roof. I was not brought up strict so therefore I could not follow their rules. I believe the only reason I left my moms home was only because my mom went to school at nights. I was lonely, so lonely. I loved being in my moms home because she always gave me her respect and trust.

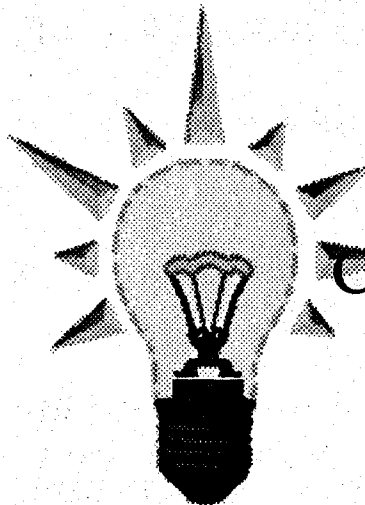
In college I finally started to put

in perspective my whole self. I began to accept and love myself. I began to cherish and forgive myself. I also started to pray and go to church on my own. I realized I had to forgive my mother and hope she in return would forgive me. I began to confront the lack of love I received from my dad. I released the pain I felt for my dad in letters and poetry. I allowed friendship in my life and tears from my eyes. I began to heed my inner voice. I allowed love to surround me and allow hate to flow away from me. In college I found James Langston Hughes, and there I found me.

I hope my life has a purpose. I must at all times remember to have hope when I'm alone and depressed. I'm still quite and reserved. I am a thinker and sometimes my mind leads me to different places. Although I may at times get very sad and feel alone, I have hope within myself, I didn't come this far to turn back now!!!!

by Julie-Ann Rodgers

BLACKWORLD Executive Board positions are up for election for the 95-96 school year and are as follows:



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MANAGING EDITOR
BUSINESS MANAGER
SECRETARY

COMPUTER / ASSOCIATE COMPUTER LAYOUT EDITORS

COPY / CO-COPY EDITORS

OFFICE MANAGER

PRODUCTION MANAGER

PHOTO / CO-PHOTO EDITOR



ELECTIONS WILL TAKE PLACE ON WED. 5/2/95 IN SU RM. 072

FROM 12:40 - 2:00PM

COME OUT AND VOTE, OR RUN FOR A POSITION!

SPRING UNION CRAFTS CENTER COURSES ANNOUNCED:

The Union Crafts Center at the State University of New York at Stony Brook is pleased to announce its Spring program of courses and membership.

Excellent low-cost courses in Basic Photography, Modeling Portrait Bust from Life, Your Face in Clay, Beginner's pottery Making, Form and Shape in Clay, Floor Loom Weaving I, Intensive Rag Weaving Workshop, Drawing for All, Watercolor, will begin in June. Leisure classes in Kayaking, Bartending, Kayaking Trip, Self Defense, Wine Appreciation, Yoga, T'ai-Chi Qi-Gong are also offered through the Center. Children's classes in Mixed Media Arts Working and Clay Workshop will be offered on Saturday mornings. Preregistration is necessary so call today for a brochure and more information: 632-6822 or 632-6828.

The Crafts Center also offers membership to people who'd like to work on their own in the Center's excellent ceramics, weaving or photography facilities. Like all Crafts Center activities, memberships are available to people, young and old, from both the University community and community audiences.

Most Crafts Center courses meet in the evenings and free parking is convenient. The Crafts Center is a fine place to learn and practice a variety of arts, crafts and personal enrichment activities. Think about registering for a course or membership, and call the Crafts Center for additional information at 632-6822 or 632-6828.

If special accommodations are required as a result of a disability, please contact the Department of Student Union and Activities at 632-6822.

THE UNION CRAFTS CENTER IS OPERATED AS A PROGRAM OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STUDENT UNION AND ACTIVITIES, STUDENT AFFAIRS EXECUTIVE AREA AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY AT STONY BROOK.

"The University at Stony Brook is an Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Educator and Employer."

T'AI-CHI-QI-GONG & KAYAKING CLASSES

GIVE YOURSELF OR SOMEONE SPECIAL A GIFT OF A LIFETIME OF FUN

The Crafts Center at the University at Stony Brook, Stony Brook New York announces new sessions in T'AI-CHI-QI-GONG, and KAYAKING.

T'AI-CHI-QI-GONG will begin on Monday, June 10, 1995 for six Mondays, from 7-8:30pm. An introduction to Chinese techniques to promote good health, strength, and peace of mind. T'ai-Chi, an exercise which has been described as "meditation-in-motion", teaches graceful movements. Qi Gong trains the mind to prevent and cure disease and to achieve mental and spiritual balance.

KAYAKING will begin on Tuesday, June 13, 1995, for three Tuesdays from 7-9pm. Participants will learn basic skills plus rescue and survival techniques. All classes will be held in the Gym on the campus using the Stony Brook pool for all sessions.

For information and registration call 632-6822 or 632-6828.

If special accommodations are required as a result of a disability, please contact the Department of Student Union and Activities at 632-6828.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER ARTS AND CRAFTS WORKSHOPS:

The Union Crafts Center is presenting expanded Saturday morning Children's Workshops beginning on July 5, and continuing for four weeks from 10:00am - 12:00pm.

A Mixed Media class will focus on painting, drawing, collage, and printing for ages 5 - 7. All materials are included in \$60.00 fee.

A Clay Workshop will include various methods of handbuilding, clay sculpture and glazes and firing for ages 7-10. All materials are included. The fee is \$65.00.

Arts Working class will focus on drawing, painting, paper making and paper casting for ages 7-10. All materials are included in \$65.00 fee.

If special accommodations are required as a result of a disability, please contact the Department of Student Union and Activities at 632-6828.

The workshops will be held at the Union Crafts Center on the lower level of the Student Union Building, SUNY at Stony Brook. Preregistration is required. For additional information call 632-6822.

FACT OR FICTION

On Sunday April 2, many students returned to Stony Brook's "illustrious" campus to find their room's in darkness. Here it was, the day after April Fool's day, and this was no joke. Many were upset to find that they had no electricity, heat or of course, hot water.

The Stony Brook Administration offered no real solutions. In the mean time many a scandal was spread, but the question is, what is fact, and what is fiction? Will we ever really know the truth?

- The Blackout was caused when a Pipe burst.

Fact: The Blackout was caused by a leak in a hot water pipe outside of Mendelsohn Quad, between Mendelsohn and the Stu-

dent Union.

- There were random acts of violence committed, assault, robbery and looting?

Fact: As of Wednesday April 5, there were no incidents reported to the Office of Student Affairs, University Counseling Center, Residence Life or Campus Police.

--- The school will reimburse those inconvenienced by the unfortunate circumstances.

Fact: Residence Life will reimburse the student's \$25, yes I said \$25, for your three days of inconvenience. Not \$25 per day, but \$25 total. For those of you that

have an outstanding balance, your \$25 will be credited to it.

--- There was a Dominoes Pizza delivery man assaulted.

Fact: There was a delivery man robbed of pizza, and there were no more deliveries made to Mendelsohn and H Quad until light was restored.

--- There were random gun shots fired.

Fact: The random gun shots were actually firecrackers.

--- There were any number from 3 to 12 rapes committed between Ammann and O'Neill.

Fact: As of Wednesday April 5, there

were no rapes reported to Campus Residences, Campus Police, the Counseling Center or Student Affairs. But, this is not to say that no rapes were committed, as far as the Administration knows there were none reported.

I also strongly urge anyone that was attacked to come forward and report it. If you don't wish to notify campus police at least go to the Counseling Center. I leave you with something to think about. There were no rapes reported to the University Counseling Center as of Wednesday April 5. But how could any have been reported if the Center was closed due to power outage? Huh?

SISTER

Sister, my little sister
Was he worth losing
a soul?
Did his touch control your
body as well as your mind?
What a little girl you are,
trying to be a woman.
A woman would have been true
to herself
as well as to her
sister.
She would have been honest,
and strong to overcome the storms
that would have arose between her blood,
between her
and her sister.
But instead your true color came oozing
out your soul . . . red
Because now you're dead.
You're dead in my eyes
as well
as my heart. →
BANG!!!!
You're dead little sister
and I pulled the trigger.

Farah Joseph

Maybe it will do some good.

Winged descendant of ancient reptiles
You glide down among the others
to the remains of the feast
tossed there by the mistress

You hop and peck, hop and peck
You hop over each other, peck each other
Until the crumbs are gone.

You hop, hop...hop.
You see a bird laying fallen in the cold.
Others are there pecking it now.
There must be some reward, you think maybe
you will join them.

High above, the eagle circles,
his cruel heart smiles.
You will not see his talons until
they are upon you.

Stop fighting over crumbs
Flock colonies, tribes, union
The eagles are hungry.
Hurry little sparrows.

--- Waiting

Hard days, Nightmare eves

I woke up this blue morning
after a night of turns and twists
I got up and out of bed
sent my child off to school
with a kiss

Prepared for my 12 hour day
that was mandatory
its the same old story
peanut butter ass broke
with no glory

And all through the sweaty minutes
that turned into long hard hours
my purpose kept me afloat
so I wasn't too sour
to everybody, anyway

The end of another day
same way, same how
And now as I nod through my
train ride
I'm dreaming of food cooked
inside my apartment waiting
patient-like just for me

Newkirk, its my stop
So I pop the ill delusions
And momentarily I'm cruisin
on these sore and swollen feet
holdin my sack of yams body
from fallin out in the street

Home bitter home
and I kick off my shoes
just watchin as the blues
run up out of them
and over me too

Ain't much to do
but the same routine
hot water soak and some
cream rubbing over cracked
feet w/ corns leaving the
tell-tale signs of neglect & toil

Quick meal then I'll
resign myself to the idiot box
the one that rocks my soul
to sleep every night in the
absence of something true

"No, take me not my boo!"
I'm screaming like clockwork at 3AM
and Lil Man's saying "Mommy, are you okay?"

Just the nightmare again
the one about daddy
where I can't stop the bullet or time
Cause since when was it ever a
crime to steal my husband,
baby's father,
tender lover and hard worker
w/ one automated death-thrust machine?

--- Lauristine Gomes

I walked and watched
 the worlds go by
 And I saw at least a
 thousand pair of eyes
 Much like my own
 Sitting alone in a place
 Reading face after face
 Like the contents of envelopes
 Manila and brown
 And all around
 I watch pupils fall down
 To gaze upon the same path
 I have walked
 So we haven't talked in the past
 You can't acknowledge me
 Just for being one of your own
 Not even because of skin tone
 But the experiences and lessons
 we have sown
 Take a gentle tone
 to relax a brother unknown
 to your conscience
 And with our newly found
 familiarity
 make steps
 towards unity
 However in this community
 there are no ties
 and the only thing people
 hear or see in unity is "I"
 Hi's and Bye's
 Don't mean a damn thing
 My body speaks
 My mind shouts
 My heart screams
 But without caring ears to hear
 it means
 nothing
 Which is mad suck
 But I don't give a fuck
 "c'mon guys
 there's no "I" in team"
 Help fulfill the dream
 Cause there is power in numbers
 And if ignoring your own is stupid
 Then you carey dumber farther than dumb
 Actually
 You are something
 which is worse than that
 nothing

--- Daniel LeClair Hartley

Stashed away somewhere
 in the depths of my soul
 in the corners of my heart
 is an image
 an image of you
 an image of me
 together
 it was happy, playful, loving,
 lusting
 it no longer exists in reality
 it only exists in me
 it burns,
 it tears,
 it rips at my very being
 it erases all passion
 and leaves me empty
 empty
 but with the cruel feeling
 that in the corner of
 my heart
 in the depths of my soul
 there lingers an image
 of you
 of me
 together
 stashed away somewhere

--- Ella Turrene

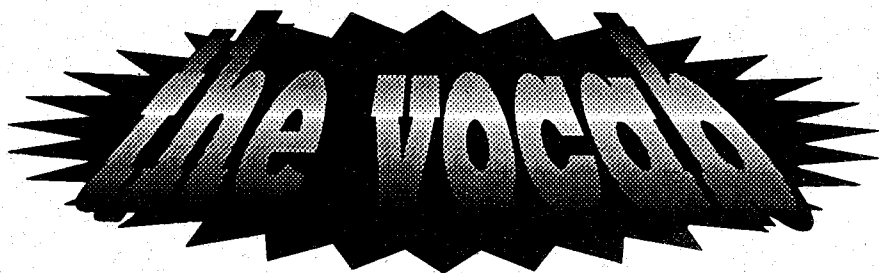
Dear U,
 Once again I implore
 2 B understood is more than I
 should hope 4
 I know the situation is out of my
 hands - u r 2
 But I still must express
 how unfair it is we never fought
 and made up together
 Cried & made love 4 never
 Doesn't it seem like all the people
 Who don't know the meaning of -
 R the very ones blessed with the gift of love?
 Whether u know it or not, u r mine
 it's just a matter of circumstance
 that she came first in line
 Perhaps with romantic notions like mine,
 I'm better suited 4 a different time
 One where you'd be my rescuer and I
 your rescuee
 the other way around if need be -
 if at times u awaken
 My mind could serve as your beacon
 if n a crowd u feel emptiness & desolation
 Reach out 2 me, my arms could be your haven
 Snapped back from a momentary lapse
 of what life would be like
 if there was a "we"
 - departed from reality
 and dissolved in fantasy

From,
ME

--- Monifa Heaven Wilson

Rhapsodies





"Friends, How Many of Us Have Them?"

by Lauristine Gomes

Whaddup to the readers of the only column that is true to life! Just kidding, those other BLACKWORLD columnists are okay too. Anyway, enough conceit and self-praise. On to another edition of The Vocab. Rah! Rah! Sis-boom-bah! The crowd goes wild!

Throughout life, we meet many people. Some are classified as acquaintances, others as friends. Whether it's a friend who listens when you need them to, or gives you advice in hard times, mostly everyone of us has friends. When someone comes into your life that you classify as a friend, some basic ground rules should be set. After all, most people just take up space in your Rolodex, without really contributing to your life at all. To avoid such goings-ons, follow the five simple steps outlined below.

1. Question prospective friends. Simple questions like "Do you have...?" and "Have you ever had...?", can really clue you in to what kind of people/losers you are dealing with. For example, someone who has never had a... bath is not exactly the type of character you want to be friends with. Also, the young and transportationless, off-the-meal-plan-type, can become very costly to your personal food supply. Beware of those who come around only when you have a freshly made salad chilling in your refrigerator. They usually come prepared with the bare essentials: an empty stomach, a sad face, and a spoonful of dressing for their share only.

2. Inquire as to the living arrangements of your prospect. Here is where you ask questions like, "So, where did you say you lived? How far is it from here? Are you going there soon?" All of these inquiries will lead you to the information you most need; whether or not you will have to flip out your chairbed to accommodate your guest/uninvited smoocher. Or maybe, these questions will tip you off as to the perfect time to make excuses like, "Hey, I've gotta go wash my bicycle, see you later!" or "Gotta go put change in the bike rack, before I get a parking ticket." Whatever the storyline, as long as it keeps you from supplying room and board for hungry campers, then run with it!

3. State your position on borrowing/lending. Say to your would-be friend, "Prospective friend, I will be borrowing your stuff and lending you

none of mine. Can you handle that arrangement?" Be clear, and stand your ground. Imagine, some people actually believe that they can borrow things like CD's and books from you! Let them know from day one that the only loans they are eligible for are Guaranteed Student ones. And these days, even the chances of that are slim!

4. Never introduce prospective friends to those in your inner circle. Here is where the matter gets serious. You don't want to scare away interested parties by having them see your real friends. They probably will expose your deepest darkest secrets and, embarrass you with reminders of your latest noxious gaseousemission. Your best bet is to act as if you have no friends, this way the conflict is kept down to a minimum. If you are unable to avoid disclosing the identity of your real friends, follow rule number five listed below.

5. Don't mix friends. Every now and then, it is inevitable that some of your friends/prospectives meet each other. To come out the least harmed party in the equation, remember a few simple things. Keep in mind that they are your friends first. If two of your friends are getting too close for you to be comfortable, do something about it! Don't whine and cry that, "She was my friend first!" Instead create a scheme which will end any potential friendships amongst your friends. Here is a sample plan just for starters. Invite both of your "friends" to an outing with you. Don't inform them that the other has been invited. Stay home or at the meeting place, and wait for the fun to start. When the first friend shows up, welcome him and ask her to have a seat. Then, proceed to falsify a story about your other invited guest (who is not present). Something along the lines of how your friend stole your first boyfriend years ago, and has been competing with you ever since. Sound effects and tears are useful here, for they have a lasting effect. Soon the other friend will arrive, and you can observe the effects of your mischief. Most likely, the best idea is to spread propaganda at least three days before the encounter, so that both parties have "information" about each other. Believe me, this is a highly effective technique with surefire outcomes. Just don't forget to never let them speak alone with each other, for they might be able to compare notes on you and your antics.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Life Line

by Prof. Elof Carlson

Hermaphrodites appeal to our curiosity more than almost any other birth defect. Perhaps it is the deeply entrenched belief that we come, anatomically, in two separate sexes. There are two types of hermaphrodites- true hermaphrodites who have both ovarian and testicular tissue, and pseudo hermaphrodites who have gonads of one sex and genitalia of the other such as a person with ovaries who has a penis and scrotum. For me the most interesting of true hermaphrodites (there are several types) are chimeras. In Greek mythology a chimera had the body of a lion and the head of an eagle. In humans sometimes a fertilized egg that should produce a female (with XX sex chromosomes) collides with a fertilized egg that should produce a male (with XY sex chromosomes. For reasons no one knows this condition is more frequently found among Africans and those of African ancestry. While African Americans may have a two or three fold higher incidence, it is still a very rare condition (about 1 in 50,000 births) world wide. The result of the collision and fusion of two fertilized eggs yields the opposite of twinning. What should have been non-identical twins have become one potential person. This raises some very disturbing philosophic or ethical thoughts. Is this one person or two? Does this person have one soul or two? I personally consider these individuals as a single person. They can do what most of us can do, including go to college and get an education.

At birth a true hermaphrodite usually looks female because they have a vagina but the clitoris may be enlarged and look something like a smaller than average penis. They are usually raised as females. There is quite a range for these hermaphrodites. Some look male at birth (a penis and scrotum is present) so they are raised as males. A few are functional as both males and females. About ten

have become mothers and one is alleged to have fathered a child. Most are sterile.

I met a hermaphrodite several years ago. He was a student in one of my classes and he asked me for advice because he thought he was sterile. His mother had told him so and he was very upset. When I asked him what his mother told him, he said he had been taken to a doctor after he occasionally urinated blood when he turned 13. I did not tell him he had ovaries and was menstruating through his penis because he was not emotionally ready for such news. He was still in grief over the death of his sister and her child from AIDS. He was an African American who grew up in poverty and felt isolated by his other siblings because he went to college.

Most hermaphrodites are diagnosed at birth and parents often make a decision about what sex they will give the child. Surgery and hormones for such infants usually allow such children normal lives (usually as females) including the potential to become pregnant. I read a recent criticism of this long standing policy. The author, Anne Fausto-Sterling, argued for letting such children alone growing up hermaphroditic. She cited one person who was married as a woman to a male but who occasionally had a sexual relation in the male mode with a woman she met. The hermaphrodite told Dr. Fausto-Sterling that it would have been a disappointment if his/her parents had removed his penis at birth. I suspect more hermaphrodites would be troubled than pleased that their parents did not act promptly to give them a single sex. The best advice I can give parents who are told their baby has a mixed genital condition is to get the child thoroughly studied by specialists in this field. University hospitals are your best bet.

Elof Carlson is Distinguished Teaching Professor of Biochemistry and Cell Biology and Master of the Honors College.

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Diary of an Intelligent Black Man

Dolla' Bill Y'all"

by Khalil Hayes

In the past, I have written columns which expressed some of my views on America. My perceptions are critical, and my crimson rage is, in my opinion, justifiable. A patriot I cannot call myself, nor am I a "America Hater." I see myself more as a scientist, who through his experiments is trying to uncover the true nature of the beast.

As a child I used to believe a lot of things. I used to believe that the Egyptians were white. Does that sound ridiculous to you? The history books given to me in public school told me a biased untruth. The movies show fair-skinned actresses playing Nefertiti. It all seemed to make sense. I didn't realize until my later years in high school that Egypt was actually in Africa. I guess I was a dumb kid. If Egypt is in fact in Africa, then white Africans illustrated in history books and encyclopedias don't really exist. Can this be America's "house of myths" created using liquid untruths to cement its foundation? These myths surely would have been acceptable if I had been a little white boy, but catching a glimpse of myself provided an unfortunate monkey wrench. No, Egyptians are not white and the Great Pyramids were not created by beings from outer space. Pyramids were constructed by Egyptians, Black Africans who called their land Kemet, not Egypt (which is the name the Greeks called it). Most people watch T.V. and see segments about how the pyramids were created by some lost underwater civilization or something. Programs like these are broadcasted on national television, while the average anthropologist possesses the very documentation proving otherwise. Why did I have to wait until college to be taught some resonance of the truth?

At this point if you are wondering where I am going with all of this, just take a dollar bill out of your pocket. Look closely and you might find something very interesting. Do you see the pyramid? One of the great symbols of my African ancestry, twisted and distorted to serve their God, whom I don't trust. America enslaves Africans, steals one of their most powerful symbols, and mass produces it as their own. Does this process sound familiar? Look at our Blues or what they coined Jazz. Look at Rock N' Roll and Elvis Presley. Do you check

the vibe? White Pharaohs, M.C. Search and Vanilla Ice. Are you catching my drift? Not yet? What about minstrels or black face, you know when white singers and dancers in early American cinema painted their faces with burnt cork, and in an act of exaggerated mockery tried to "be" black. This tabooed admiration is at the heart of American culture and society. Even the Civil Rights Movement became trendy, taking the sting out of its purpose. The march on Washington was equated with hustling down the Soul Train line.

The point I am trying to make is that it is safer to feed the masses images of Africans as savages in Tarzan movies, than to tell little black boys that people, like himself, established empires, created the first alphabet and pioneered in math and the sciences. This would be too dangerous. Instead they say we're criminals and pimps, heroes a child really wants to emulate. Where are my heroes then? They didn't even give us a brown skinned, kinky-haired Supernegro, leaping over project buildings in a single bound! And to the creators of that recent sci-fi adventure film "Stargate," sorry but aliens did not build the pyramids at Giza, Africans did! With the use of the technology they created. Now that idea is really "out of this world." I am so fucking angry because we didn't have to wait for Martin Luther King Jr. or Malcolm X. Although these men "were" great heroes, others existed way before their time. These heroes would've had too powerful of an influence on little black boys and girls. Instead they would rather have us walking around believing we have bad hair! In my opinion there are many ways to oppress a people, and who needs whips and shackles if they already have chains on your mind? Open your mind, for further information on Ancient Kemet and its peoples, read The Nile Valley Contributions to Civilization by Anthony T. Browder. It's just a start, but now you can read and write, so the only slavery you can be a part of is one which you allow for yourself.

"To be black and an intellectual in America is to live in a box.... On the box is a label, not of my own choosing."

—Stephen Carter

To The Heart Of The Matter

by Tracey N. Heddad

Hello, welcome again to another column of, "To The Heart Of 'The Matter.'" In this edition I would like to discuss interracial dating. To some of us dating outside of our race, is just the same as dating inside of our race. While for others dating outside of our race is a omen for future disaster.

I was prompted to write about interracial dating by a conversation I had with one of my friends. She told me one weekend she was traveling home on the train; and a fine looking brother stepped on the train with a white girl on his arm. Seeing this black man with this white women angered my friend. She was disgusted by the fact he would look over his beautiful black sisters who come in all different shades, for this white woman.

When my friend was telling her story I found myself nodding in agreement with her anger. But later when I thought about the situation, I was bothered by my own reaction. Did I feel that these two people should not be together, because they were an interracial couple?

I questioned the notion of interracial dating to find out why this bothered my friend, and vast other black sisters. I think black women are disturbed to see a black man with a white women when that man has reached some kind of financial, social or political attainment. For example let us look at O.J. Simpson, Michael Jackson, and Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas. These men have achieved great heights as African American men, and all three men have, or have had white women by their sides.

Many black women feel when black

men have things such as money, fame, glory, or power, that they need a white women by their sides for the "icing on the cake. Also many black women feel that they are over looked by their male counterparts in higher circles.

But the message I want to get out to you black women is, be true to yourself, don't let interracial relationships bother you. If you see a black man don't regard him as being, "the most beautiful thing in this world," or "just decent looking with a woman of another race." Try not to think about these things and you won't get mad or jealous.

If you read my articles frequently, I recently wrote about personal preferences. In that article I relayed the point that we as individuals have particular preferences, and maybe we can't explain why we prefer a particular type of person over another, although we may. Well that principle holds true for the brothers that choose to have interracial relationships. Brothers who we see with Hispanic girls, Asian girls, or white girls should not bother us as black, educated women. We should be so in tune with ourselves to realize, "to each his own."

What I learned from being at Stony Brook these past years are, you can not infringe your own personal preferences on any one else. We all are our own individuals, and we should be respected for the decisions we make. Regardless if they may be different from the ones others make.

The bottom line is if you care about someone, and want to get to know them better, don't let other peoples ignorance, or your own, influence you.

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Creative Arts

the L Session

by Sudani Kai Martin

Let's start! To rhyme is a feigning desire to express your most inner thoughts on a rhythmical plane. In the nineties decade, fellow lyricists choose to send a positive message through the eyes of the street. Some choose to uplift the party scene with chillin' vibes. Others fulfill the seat of comic relief. I'll choose to forget the senseless horror/hardcore music because its time is over. "Now black music is black music and it's all good!" The gamut of styles define rhyming in its entirety and also lays a great foundation for the hip-hop culture. To keep it real through words that fit each genre is the key to survive in the world of hip-hop.

Columbia records will soon be releasing Big L's "Lifestylez Ov Da Poor And Dangerous" which displayed the hardships of New York's Harlem streets. Especially on the cut "Street Struck", where Big L spoke of brothers he knew choosing to fall into the crack selling game, instead of following their dreams of becoming basketball players, rappers, and boxers. I was extremely impressed with L's positive message that fast money just doesn't pay. Other cuts like "Put It On" and "M.V.P." fit my fancy because of their phat tracks. Also clever metaphors burned my ears which are present through Big L's lyrical style on the album. The

rest of the tracks were a bit simple and could possibly be revived by a beat master like Pete Rock. Something to think about.

I'm always looking for someone to make me laugh and Ol' Dirty Bastard definitely does the job. O.D.B. had heads bopping to his first single "Brooklyn Zoo" from his solo album "Return To The 36 Chambers" distributed by Elektra records. I pressed the rewind button for such cuts like: "Raw Hide" featuring Meth (Method Man) and Raekwon, "Damage", "Protect Your Neck 2 -The Zoo", "Dirty Dancing" featuring Meth, and "Cuttin' Headz". Props are due to the Rza for maintaining that underground sound for butta tracks. I really couldn't pinpoint one concept that was particularly projected from these songs. However any real M.C.s could appreciate these songs because O.D.B.'s lyrics speak of M.C. greatness. O.D.B.'s words sound incredibly raw. I wouldn't be surprised if some of his songs were freestyle. Ol' Dirty Bastard's cover for the record is a picture of his food coupon identification card. Rumor has it that O.D.B. might have some legal troubles with the government concerning food coupons. I heard the government is aware that O.D.B. has a considerable income from his record just released while still excepting food stamps. If this rumor

holds any truth, "Old Dirty Bastard, PAY UP!! That's MY tax money!" I guess I'll recommend buying the record because it is openly raw. But after a while, I don't know how amusing it will be.

"Poverty's Paradise" was Naughty By Nature's third album release by Tommy Boy Records. The single now getting air play on the radio is "craziest" which bigs up New Jersey heads all the way. I really wish I could break down more songs but that's impossible because I haven't heard the rest. However, I've read that on this album Trench is vocal of his neighborhood's pains, hardships, and successes. Fortunately, he brings a voice of hope to the black communities' everyday struggles. In the past I've enjoyed "O.P.P." and other songs that have hit the charts. Naughty By Nature has always made hot singles that surfaced into the main stream. However, I question their foundation in the Hip-Hop community, because their underground connections rooted to the mic are not present. The party scene has definitely appreciated their music and looks forward for more to come.

Now that you've heard all of the styles, we can rejoice and celebrate our community's creativity. To all artists who are out and who are struggling to come out, I say rock on!

Vocab

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

By now you are either tickled or appalled by my guidelines for finding friends. If you have at least the intelligence of a lab rat, you can figure out that I'm being sarcastic. Friendship is not a joke to be played on an unsuspecting party. Many times people come into your life without having a clue as to the effect they will have on you. Worse, they aren't sure of what effect they would like to have. Therefore, you must be careful. Don't lock up to the point where you close yourself completely and lose out on people who could really be good for you. Nonetheless, you should realize that who your friends are will shape your view on the stages in your life process. Most people who are spiritually, culturally, and politically aware of their lives and destinies are around people who feel the same. If not, their views are strengthened (or weakened in some cases) by the company they keep. Constant disagreement leads to debate where learning takes place. Acceptance or rejection of other theories follows. But at least there is debate.

Many of us are so used to the group we are with, it no longer has a positive role in our lives. Nothing we do or say is questioned by or evaluated by the group. It becomes a sort of refuge from the "cold, hard world". But the world will continue to be cold and hard, so we must learn to adjust and survive in it. Our friends must be our allies as well as the ones who tell us to "check ourselves". And we have to recognize them as such, and value their advice. If someone is telling you something that you may not want to hear, it could be because it is true. If a friend didn't care about you, they wouldn't be in your circle. So don't shun comments that are coming from your family of friends. Part of the road to greatness, is the ability to be humble in the presence of personal want to do otherwise. We must humble ourselves to elders, those who have more knowledge, and ultimately to our Creator. In no way does this mean that you are less of a person, or that you are the herb. The herb is the one who doesn't listen to the voice of others, makes rash decisions based on so-called self knowl-

edge, and fails because of it.

Being humble comes before learning, because you must admit that you do not know something in order for someone to teach it to you. No one wants to share their knowledge with someone who acts like they know it all. Humility has its place, and should be used as such. That does not mean that in the face of adversity, you will back down because you are humble. Instead, you will use your humility to learn the techniques that will propel your mind and actions into that of a warrior. Recognize your role in your own life, and think about who you would like to be at the end of your journey. Anyone can beat their chest and toot their own horn of wisdom and rightful actions. But it is truly a great person who can look at their inequities from a personal and public standpoint, and then succeed in spite of them. Black people (and all Native people who are included in that term), stop the infighting and backbiting, represent on uniting, cause: its the nine@fever, shit is mad real, and it's on! i know who i am and what i must do, do you?

Quotable

"White racism and imperialism poses serious, difficult challenges and in many instances, life-threatening problems for Blacks. White imperialistic and racist propaganda undermines the self-confidence of Blacks in their full humanity, intelligence, creativity... Because Afrikan Americans and Afrikans have allowed Eurocentric disinformation campaigns to convince them that science, mathematics, technology, and general academic excellence are not originally and inherently 'Afrikan,' and can be independently comprehended and applied to any other people. . . They have been duped into thinking that to pursue intellectual excellence is to pursue a 'white' prerogative; is to 'act white,' to pursue a hopeless dream since 'niggers don't know nothing about math and science anyway,' . . ."

pp. 104,105

*Awakening the Natural Genius in Black Children
by Amos N. Wilson*



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