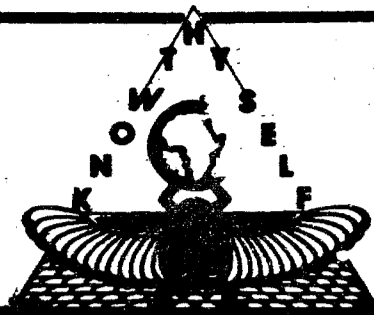


# BLACK WORLD



Feb. 7, 1984

UNIVERSITY AT STONY BROOK

FEBRUARY 8, 1984

VOL. IX No. 1

# FEBRUARY IS BLACK HISTORY MONTH

## **Look For Upcoming Issues:**

**The Return of 'Feature on the One'**

**(Is there someone you wish to see featured?! Let us know)**

**The Photo Page Makes a Comeback**

**Personals, personals, and more personals!**

**And Much More!**

# The Reverend Jesse Jackson

by Althia Barrow

The Reverend Jesse Jackson is the first nationally recognized black man to run for president at the Convention Center in Washington, D.C., "I am going to be running." He will join seven other announced democratic candidates. Jackson said that blacks "must form a new convent with the democratic party." He continued, "We never again should vote for an all-white slate. If blacks are going to get into bed with democrats, then when the ticket comes up it should be black and white. We want our respect." Jackson's speech was met with chants from the crowd, "Run, Jesse Run."

Jackson was born on October 8, 1941 in Greenville, South Carolina. He is the illegitimate son of Noah Robinson, a sharecropper, and Helen Burns. Jackson's mother later married Charles Jackson. Charles Jackson adopted Jesse when he was fifteen. Jackson grew up in the time of the Jim Crow laws. Even though Jackson was called to the ministry he was very active in the civil-rights movement. When Jackson was in college at North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University in Greensboro, he held a campaign of marches and sit-ins for almost a year.

He later met the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. when he was a student at the Chicago Theological Seminary. Jackson was picked by Rev. King to run a program which pressured Atlanta's businesses to end

discrimination against the hiring of blacks; the program was called Operation Breadbasket.

In 1971, Jackson founded People United to Serve Humanity [PUSH], an organization which advises young and poor people how to take advantage of education, governmental programs, and other self-help programs.

Jackson is for the notion of a Palestinian homeland and was involved in Middle East politics in 1979. He has referred to Zionism as 'a poisonous weed' and has also earned the hostility of many American Jews. Two members of the Jewish Defense League interrupted one of Jackson's campaign speeches screaming insults accusing him of being 'racist and an anti-semitic.'

Jackson is pledging to lead a rainbow collection of Blacks, Hispanics, Whites, Indians, Asians, Women, young people, old people, gay people, laborers, small farmers, small businesspersons, Peace-activists, and environmentalists.

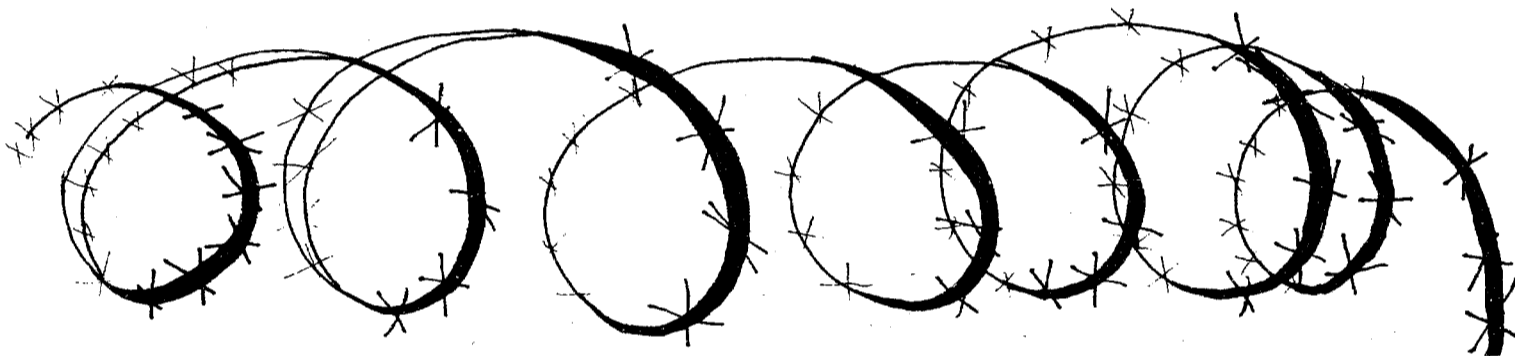
Some prominent black leaders, Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young and Coretta Scott King, said the democratic candidacy by Jackson will split the party and give victory to Reagan. Jackson said, "It will not split the party, since most of the black voters will be voting democratic; it will expand the party not split it."

Despite the lack of support from prominent blacks Jackson has the support of the National Baptist Convention who has pledged itself to a nationwide fundraising, voter registration and mobilization drive. Jackson also has the support of former New York Rep. Shirley Chisholm. Chisholm was the first black to seek presidential nomination in 1972 but withdrew because of lack of support.

When asked why he is running for the presidency Jackson said, "I seek the presidency because I want to affirm my belief that leadership is colorless and genderless, and that the sole hallmark of a true leader is not the skin color he or she received from God, but the ability of the person to contribute competence, compassion and fairness.

Jackson's backers are convinced that Jackson is doing the right thing. They say, "you cannot achieve anything by playing it safe," and, "For the first time the democratic party is going to have to deal with the fact that black people had input in selecting a presidential candidate." Some see it as a championship in itself that a black man is running for the nomination for presidency. "Run! If you run, you may lose. But if you don't run, you are guaranteed to lose," said Jackson who also has the ability to get the crowd on its feet. Wherever Jackson goes 'Run, Jackson Run' is being chanted by his fans.

*Ed. Note: The writer is a SUSB undergraduate.*



## Life in War Torn Lebanon

by Brian K. McRae

While the war in Lebanon these days consists of on again, off again fighting, everyday life for its citizens remains at a constant low? amidst crumpled buildings, an inadequate water supply, and failing electricity, the people try to cope with "everyday" problems such as random violence, mentally scarred children (who are often orphaned), and their own high hopes for a normal existence. The effects that these circumstances have on Lebanon's population are understandably burdensome; it is the purpose of this article to discuss these effects.

To understand the effects which war has on its innocent victims, one may first look at the children of war: many Lebanese children have been left homeless because many of their parents have been murdered by ruthless soldiers in search of P.L.O. sympathizers. Understandably, these children feel vengeful -- most would like to "fight" and "kill" the men who have killed their parents.

While many children have lost their parents, many of these very same kids have actually witnessed their parents being murdered. Such an experience, say psychiatrists, is more disturbing to a child than being under direct fire himself. Experts also claim that it is this experience along with everyday violence that has made many children unruly, rude, and often violent themselves: teachers tell stories of young students coming into class with machine guns and demanding better grades! Unfortunately, with conditions as they are, violence may seem to be the

While it is very disturbing to see the effects of the war on the children, one must not forget that adults, as well, face many problems: many Beirut residents, who are obviously under great stress, have been complaining that strong, over-the-counter tranquilizers are no longer available; pharmacies, they say, are all sold out.

Many professionals, who would normally immerse themselves in their work to forget their troubles, are coincidentally out of work; numerously course for these children to take--therefore creating a generation of "shoot first, talk later" young offenders.

In studies on children in the Beirut area, it has been learned that nearly all children have been psychologically affected by the war: when given a crayon and a piece of paper, the average child will draw guns, planes, and a building being bombed...

Despite this, many psychiatrists believe that children are remarkably resilient and open-minded. One psychiatrist says, "Seeing a parent blown up right in front of the child isn't necessarily predictive of violent behavior, but it will certainly have lasting effects."

Many psychiatrists tell stories of children who have become withdrawn: one little girl, whose father was shelled when he stopped to pick up a bouquet of wildflowers she had dropped in a field, cried every night for two years, thinking that she had killed him. Many have spoken to children who have had nightmares and hallucinations. One child couldn't stop hearing what he called "the voice of the bomb."

ous professions have simply ceased to exist. Take, for instance, the law field: In a country where disputes are usually settled by bullets and bombs, lawyers are not in much demand. However, one profession is definitely "profiting" from the war--the window-making industry. Since nearly every bombed building or house needs its windows replaced after local fighting, this industry is therefore obviously thriving.

Surprisingly, the night club/entertainment industry still gets significant business: Restaurants, discotheques, and casinos stay open at night despite the 8 pm curfew because the owners know that people desperately need some entertainment. Nevertheless, most folks stay at home because, as one casino owner put it, "You know, in Beirut you don't have to come to a casino to gamble."

As opposed to the citizens who learn to cope with the war in their country, many folds prefer to just leave: the more fortunate are sometimes able to get a lift from Beirut to the southern border via the United Nations helicopter, which flies directly over the fighting; others must travel to the border along the coastal highway which is often backed up for days.

At the border, soldiers and customs officers open anything and everything, including tubes of toothpaste, cans of Crisco, and pressurized cans of tennis balls, shaking each ball.

"This is a special border," an Israeli soldier explains. "This is a war border." (*Wall Street Journal*, Nov. 16/Dec. 8, 1983)

*Ed. note: The writer is a SUSB undergraduate.*

# Black....Around Town

## The Genesis II Museum Still Survives!

The Genesis II Museum of International Black Culture acclaimed for its dogma to research, document and celebrate the influence of African culture and heritage upon ancient societies and contemporary civilizations is not defunct. Formerly a travelling gallery that began in 1972, Genesis II was a non-profit institution chartered by the State of New York, which sponsored a series of travelling exhibitions in Black art and culture throughout the New York State. In 1976 the founders of the gallery decided to establish a permanent residency for this Black art, culture, and history. Offered the choice of being housed at the United Nations building, the World Trade Center, and the Harlem community, the museum in 1981 accepted a museum-in-residency at City College of New York, in the John H. Finley center. The Board chose this location because they felt a strong need to be in the national capital of Black America-Harlem.

From the very inception, the Genesis II museum established a goal to demonstrate not only the universality, continuity, and strength of Black culture, but also to inform the general public, with special emphasis on elementary, secondary, and college students, of the importance of the history and culture of persons of African descent. The cul-

tural exhibits and the performances the museum offered were designed for this purpose.

The museum was run by 2 unsalaried professionals, Mr. Andi Owens, director of the museum, and Mr. Donald Clayton, program director, who also set up and designed the exhibits for the museum. These men work on a voluntary basis because of the small museum funding. However, the contributions from visitors and tour groups, the support from the college community, and the time and dedication of Mr. Owens, and Mr. Clayton kept the museum going.

The museum offered various exhibits. One was titled, "The black presence in the Era of the American Revolution," a major exhibition of Black Americans dating back to the revolution; another, "The Black in Western Art," an exhibition of black and white photographs that traced the image of Blacks, as seen through the eyes of western artists from the time of the Pharos through the Middle Ages; and their last exhibit was entitled "A Decade of Struggle 1960-1970: Its Prelude and aftermath." It was an historical documentation of the civil rights movement and Black Liberation organizations, highlighting demagogues like Malcom X, Marcus Garvey, and Martin Luther King.

The museum had other functions.

One was participation in the Summer Youth Employment program, with various community councils such as the Greater Harlem Community Service Council, Community Board 10, etc. Last summer (the summer of '83) I worked with the SYEP as a supervisor, and was situated at the Genesis II museum. The museum conducted a summer training program for groups of Harlem High School students, who served as museum interns. They were sponsored by the community Service Council of Greater Harlem, Community Board 10, and the New York Urban League. They were trained in different aspects of the operation of a museum: research, hanging, cataloging collections, and giving tours. The aim of the program was to expose the youths to a professional training atmosphere, to emphasize teaching specific work, and just to increase the individual's ability to perform responsibly. The students were trained by the director and the program director of the museum. The experience was very enriching. The kids being Knighted "museum interns" transformed and became culturally aware, knowledgeable, and proud. Mothers came in to see their children excelling in knowledge and basking in pride. Everyday promised more education, more growth, until. Three days before the end of the

program, the students came to work. They were greeted by barred windows, chained doors, and security guards. The John H. Finley Center was being demolished to build a parking lot. The threat of this action was always in the air. It was petitioned by the students of City College who realized the value of having a Black museum-in-residence. However, with the threat there was hope of being reinstated at City College's new North Academic Complex. But, this was to no avail. It seemed that the Genesis II Museum was not included in the thought of space allocation in the NAC building. After 2 years of residency at City College, the Genesis II was gone, but not defunct. The museum is now operating out of their administrative office at 509 Cathedral Parkway, N.Y.C. It's developing a new building for their art, expanding their collection, and renting out their exhibits.

There is presently no institution in the United States that is designed to focus on the total complexity and richness of African culture," says Mr. Donald Clayton, "and while there are several institutions in New York City which exhibit one or another aspect of the African diaspora, none represents an integrative, holistic approach." Genesis II will survive.

by Annette Porter

## Faces In The News (Who Are These People?)



# Fiction Corner

## The End Justifies the Life

by Michael Grimes

Paul woke up annoyed. Something had disturbed his much needed sleep. He looked around searching in the dark for whatever woke him up. It was enough that he was hungry and he didn't like to feel the pain in his stomach. Sleep sometimes made him forget the gnawing in his stomach. He got up and felt his way to the door. His hands touched the switch. A little flash of blue light came from the switch as the room was flooded with light.

The sight that met his eyes could have been a scene from a horror movie, or maybe a cruel story told by an old man to frighten his grandchildren. Only what he was seeing was not on a screen or in a book, it was reality. A reality shared by a lot of people whose home is not a castle. A reality that certain people do not want to know about because it might disturb their sleep. His whole room was filled with big roaches averaging around three inches. There were hundreds on his bed, fighting for his cover. They seemed to be having a party. Some were flying all about the room in a drunken frenzy. Roaches were going in and out of the sink, under his clothes on the floor, traveling up and down the wall in parade, going anywhere their odd means of transportation would take them.

"What the hell, what the hell," Paul repeated over and over. The light was on and the roaches were running for cover. He was in the room and they were mindless of his presence. Paul could have used a can of roach spray but he didn't have one. He took up his fake pair of Addidas and started to hit roaches wildly. Every strike caused the crunching death of at least six roaches. Only then did the roaches start scurrying away. To Paul and many unemployed people like him, killing roaches had become a game. While most people pay twenty-five cents to play video games, Paul had his own. An unwanted roach game that he never wins.

The train rolled into Nevins Street station. Paul sat between two overweight women. They stunk of fresh sardines. This morning each of them had two cans of sardines, six slices of Wonder bread and the drowned that with a quart of no-frills orange juice. Paul tried to keep down the two slices of bread and butter which he had eaten with water this morning. It seemed as if they were ready to take the short route out of his stomach. He couldn't take the smell of the ladies anymore so he stood up and offered his seat to an old lady dressed in a black dress, black hat and black shoes. She sat down without saying a word to



Paul and people say that kindness is rewarding. Now he was standing next to a white man dressed in a grey business suit with a black briefcase. The man's name was Sam Dobson, He works on Wall Street and he was infested with the disease AIDS. Today he would pass it on to six other people.

The first person to catch the disease would be a prostitute who called herself Mary Delight. He picked her up on Forty-Second Street then went to the stairway of an abandoned building to carry out business. She would pass it on to two other Johns in the space of thirty minutes for a discount price of forty dollars each for a half-way around the world. They in turn would give it to their wives. One John's wife is having an affair with a man who rents their upstairs apartment. She would give him as he is working to reduce his rent in one of their honey-sex numbers.

Mr. Dobson got off at Wall Street. He slightly brushed Paul as he went out. "14th street next, change for the . . . ." said the conductor in his highly squeaky mechanical voice. Paul slapped himself awake and straightened his tie. He had to get a job in one of the stores. He had been looking for months.

There was no where else for him to look. And he was tired of scaling the train because he didn't have any tokens. He had also been caught twice and had received a summons to appear in court. Paul had gone to all the agencies on Wall Street. They all gave him fileing and math tests, then they promised that they would call him if they found anything. He had also gone to all the restaurants, stores and shops; always asking for anything but getting nothing.

As Paul walked to the last store he had not tried, he remembered his girlfriend Sandra. They used to go to the movies and Paul eyes would be on the screen while his hands went to work. Going to the park and holding hands while they watched the sun go down was also one of their favorite pastimes. He remembered one day while they were going to a Broadway play they saw a bum on the street. The bum was dressed in dirty rags and he had two brown paper bags by his side. Folded in a thin blanket, he was sleeping in the doorway of a store. Sandra felt sorry for him and asked Paul to give him a dollar so that he might get something hot to drink. It was thirty degrees outside. Paul put the dollar in the bum's deep pockets. The bum

didn't even stir.

Sandra was gone now and with her went the happy moments. Paul walked into the store. He was standing in front of a middle age woman dressed in a business suit begging her for a job. No, she did not have a job for him. "I will do anything," said Paul. An old man who was mopping up the floor looked up for a second, then continued mopping with renewed strength and energy. The lady told Paul to leave his name and number and she would call if anything comes up. "Fuck you," Paul said and walked out.

Paul made mindless steps down the street not hearing nor seeing the honking cars and shouting people around him. He had a job to do. A job that would end all his worries. It would take him to an unknown but peaceful place. He did not know how he got home, but somehow he did. He did not notice there weren't any roaches in the room. Neither did he see the third eviction notice on the floor. The only thing he felt was the coldness of the rope against his neck, then it started to burn him. He tried half heartedly to pull it from his neck but his efforts were useless. In the room opposite Paul's, a lady sat with her two children watching President Reagan on television. He was talking about putting an extra two billion into the defense budget. On the second floor the cry of a newborn baby brought tears of joy or pain the time was not now to tell. The body of Paul Valentino was discovered by his landlord who was about to throw Paul out of his apartment. The New York Post headline the next day read, "Boy Kills Himself Over Eviction Notice." Over ten million people read the paper and they all believed that Paul killed himself over the eviction notice.

**THE  
BLACK  
MAN  
MUST  
DO  
FOR  
SELF**



# BLACK HISTORY MONTH FEBRUARY 1984

## State University of New York at Stony Brook

Theme: "Without struggle there is no progress...." Frederick Douglass

Week 1	Week 2	Week 3	Week 4	Week 5
<p><b>February 1</b> 12 noon Black History Month Inaugural Parade—Route is from Stage XII to Fine Arts Plaza</p> <p><b>February 1</b> 2 p.m. International Food Bazaar Union Lounge</p> <p><b>February 1</b> 7:30 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* <b>Abdennour Abrous</b>, Chief of Branch, Publicity, Assistance and Promotion of International Action Branch, Centre Against Apartheid, will speak on "Apartheid?"</p> <p><b>February 1,2</b> 6 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* Films on Africa</p> <p><b>February 1,2,3</b> Union Fireside Lounge Cultural Exhibit—Student Art Works</p> <p><b>February 2</b> 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* <b>Dr. O.O. Fafowara</b>, Permanent Representative, Mission of Nigeria to the United Nations, will speak on "The African Struggle Today"</p> <p><b>February 2</b> 8 p.m. Union Auditorium U.N.I.T.I.* African Dance Troupe</p> <p><b>February 4</b> 4 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* African Story Telling</p>	<p><b>February 6</b> 2 and 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* "Blacks in Latin America: Cuba, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and the Spanish Caribbean" Films to be shown</p> <p><b>February 7</b> 8 p.m. Main Stage Fine Arts Center <b>Eleanor Holmes Norton</b> (Distinguished Lecture Series)</p> <p><b>February 8</b> 4 p.m. 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* "U.S. Foreign Policy and the Caribbean" Film to be shown Panel discussion <b>Palmira Rios</b>, Lehman College; <b>George Priestley</b>, Queens College; <b>Alfred Sears</b>, Hunter College; <b>Archie Singham</b>, Brooklyn College</p> <p><b>February 9</b> 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* "African Heritage of Surinam" Film and lecture <b>Arnold Nieuwendam</b></p> <p><b>February 10</b> 4 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* "The Graduation Dilemma: Can We Go Home?" Caribbean Student Panel Discussion</p> <p><b>February 11</b> 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* Caribbean National Culture: An Evening of Dance, Poetry, Music</p>	<p><b>February 15</b> 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* <b>Amina and Amiri Baraka</b> Poetry Reading</p> <p><b>February 16</b> 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* "Caribbean and Social Change" Panel discussion and film <b>Peter Boyle</b> <b>Dennis Warren</b></p> <p><b>February 14</b> 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* "Bitter Cane" Documentary Film on Haiti; Lecture on "The Political Status of Haitians Abroad" by <b>Lyonel Paquin</b></p>	<p><b>February 22</b> 4-7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.* Film Festival Films about or by black women</p> <p><b>February 24</b> 7 p.m. Fine Arts Center <b>Ms. Angela Davis</b> <i>-tentative-</i></p> <p><b>February 25</b> 6 p.m. Union Ballroom Dinner and Inner Attainment NYU Dance Troupe; Traditional Fashion Show; Poetry; Full-course meal; Performance by <b>Djimo Kouyate</b></p>	<p><b>February 28</b> 7 p.m. Main Stage Fine Arts Center <b>Rev. Jesse Jackson</b> <i>-tentative date-</i></p> <p><b>February 29</b> 7 p.m. Theatre III Fine Arts Center Opening of "Dutchman" by <b>Amiri Baraka</b> (20th anniversary) directed by <b>Prof. Glenda Dickerson</b> Symposium to follow</p>

\*U.N.I.T.I. Cultural Center, Stage XII Quad Office Building

Voter Registration is a related theme of Black History Month 1984, and registration will be taking place at all events.

For information regarding Black History Month, call Africana Studies at (516) 246-6737 or 4015.



Please Post

# POETRY

## THREE WOMEN OF SUBSTANCE

Women of many faces I have seen,  
but only three was impressive to me,  
they were the ones who stood up,  
and said here I am, count me among the strong.

The first women of quiet nature,  
born of fairness, she was,  
master of her destiny she became,  
though many troubles block her way,  
she was built to win them all,  
never did she push up to the forefront,  
yet there she was using her intelligence and strength,  
to build and create was her ever finding goal,  
if you see her you will know,  
she stands short but tall on the horizon.

The second I must tell,  
outspoken in every way, she was,  
demanding that something be done for the unjust,  
her work she neglected, but failed never,  
because a smart one she was, And a beauty to see,  
of many times I was honored,  
to speak and read many tales of her,  
impress I was over and over again, of  
of her deep understanding and her wisdom transforming,  
to this a poet dare say, keep it up  
and you will get every your way.

The third I now speak of,  
for many times a wild one I came upon,  
but this one of which I speak is much more,  
outspoken too she stands in every form,  
a fighter for her beliefs she was firm,  
not adapting her way to suit theirs,  
like a tiger she roars whenever her place is threatened,  
making sure the intruder knows on what ground,  
the fire burns, not of a gentle tone she tries to be,  
that she stays is expected of femininity,  
like a storm she would go,  
a chance nothing will have that stands in her way.

Three women in my mind made me write,  
but if to you too it fits take up your way,  
a poet watches and he always sees.

by Michael Grimes  
(Ed. Note: the writer is an SUSB undergraduate)

## Who Feels It

by Michael Grimes

All those lonely night,  
when you are not there,  
to hold,  
to touch,  
to comfort,  
who feels it?  
Knowing that you are in,  
someone elses house,  
someone elses bed,  
someone elses arms,  
while I toss and turn,  
in my empty bed thinking of you,  
who feels it?  
When I am tired and depressed  
and I need your chest,  
so I can rest,  
who feels it?  
When I stare at your beautiful,  
picture on the wall,  
thinking of your warmth,  
your beauty that you extoll,  
looking at the rain fall,  
and knowing that I never shall,  
be with you at all,  
who feels it?

## SHOW ME THE WAY

This sickness must go away  
If life has to go on  
It must go away, the way it came upon me  
A visitor unannounced, unwelcomed, asking to be known  
And with the first chance, overcame my soul

I am hurting deep in my heart  
The days have gone dimmer  
My mind knows only the memeoery of you  
I have no strength to pretend that your love does not nourish my soul  
I have no will to rationalize that you don't deserve to exist at all  
I have no wisdom to know, what other choice is left for me  
I have realized how a fool is born to be  
I have concluded that there's nothing else I could do to be free

But I still have the many lonely days that will come along  
Oh, dear Lord, perhaps, in one of those many days  
He has left my soul  
He has killed every nerve cell which yearns for only him  
He has become a scar in my heart, lifeless, not able to help the heart  
beat, that otherwise would only be beating for him

And the sun will soon be in sight  
To shine again and give me life light  
Though not as clear  
Though not as bright  
It will be coming from Above  
Where there is hope, where there is Love  
The same love that overcame my soul  
Though this time it's right and pure.

Ruth G. Diaz MD

## Desire

by Lancelot Walker

She is perfect, incomparable, flawless, unique,  
She is by far the best product of her kind that these  
eyes have ever seen.  
The very best that's what she is.  
She is the finest that many eyes have beheld, that is

no doubt,  
And she has quickened the rates of many hearts.  
As I penetrate the view, and with every critical  
breath I take.

If she does anything that gives me the slightest  
invitation,  
I am well prepared to be all over her like a young  
babe

Clinging to its mother's breast.  
She evokes every drop of desire in me,  
She stimulates not jsut desire in me but naked lust.  
Just the thought of holding her, caressing her, and  
kissing her

drives me insane.  
Can she not lead me just by chance or mere accident  
to persue her  
Then again I fear she shouldn't, as I may totally  
devour her the

minute I lay hands on her.  
The intensity of my desire is metered well above the  
normal

limits of my physical control.  
And I am almost sure if she dare be mind for one  
magic moment  
I would do everything in my powers to keep her  
forever.

It is no secret that as long as she remains in the field  
of  
my view,

To provoke and elevate the level of my tolerance,  
I will make sure that she remains the most active  
most creative,  
Most manipulative part of my unlimited imagination.  
She is my absolute desire.

Ed. Note: The writer is a SUSB undergraduate.



IF  
If, one day, you will find me, in the abbeys of your mind  
Set aside your worldly pleasure, and lead me into your heart  
Make me see in your eyes the love that we used to know  
And let me kiss your lips again, one more time

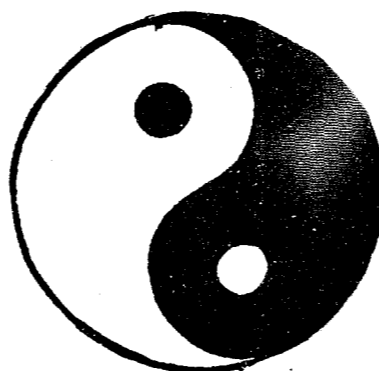
If, in some distant future, you will come to realize  
That our love would have made our wishes come true  
And would have overcome any fear  
Then, let this love come and be with us, once more  
Be with me, in me, in love  
One more time

If, you will find that you need someone  
Because your friends have not been near  
Think of the treasure that you once owned  
A true love that is eternity  
So, reach for me, in my dimension  
And with this love, I will comfort you

If, only you will give me your hand  
So I can take you to our home  
Iris flowers waiting in the garden  
Our home dressed in pressed and fresh flowers, and in rainbow colors  
that we have sought  
A kitchen warm from cooking, especially being prepared for you  
Touch our children born from love, giving joy and life to everything  
Think of me being always there, waiting to be in your arms again

If, one day, you will be tired and weary  
And my name will soothe your soul  
Say it with all the love, that our essence has inspired  
The longing and the embrace  
The flower and the kiss  
The rainbow and our hopes  
And love as life itself  
As I leave the abbeys of your mind  
Feel the presence of my love in your heart  
If, you will still know me, after I am long gone  
Make these precious mementos of my dream  
Be our moments of love

Ruth G. Diaz, MD



## I TAKE IT BACK

When I was a sophomore  
my English professor once said (in reference to a novel):  
"Yeah - my wife and I read it to each other."

My response was  
a snide expression  
and the thought:  
How corny(!).  
Picture that - a grown man and woman  
reading a book to  
each other  
Wow - how exciting . . . . .

But  
now I think:  
Damn-  
what I wouldn't do /give  
to have a man who  
I could share that kind of  
pastime/interest/passion  
with.

May 18 1983  
By Theresa Day



## THOSE LATE LAYOUT NIGHTS

Here we are in the middle of the night  
Toiling and worried until broad day light.  
Sleep in our eyes, but the work must go on.  
Without a paper today is no fun.  
Cutting and clipping,  
Redoing and patching,  
Side by side the lines have to be matching.  
Damn! when will be we be through  
Here we are with the midnight blues  
Pass the scissors and some glue  
The front page must be brand new  
This ain't time for no joke  
Someone at the layout table just done broke.  
Looking in back issues to find a missing word  
But end up just saying something absurd.  
Finish this page and announce the time  
Boy this equipment is a modern day crime  
Give the pages the finishing touch  
Find some graphics but not too much.  
Proofread, typeset, layout and pasteup.  
Everything submitted nothing we madeup.  
Get the copy off to the printer  
Blackworld must come out - just a reminder.

by Lancelot Walker

# BLACK HISTORY MONTH FEBRUARY 1984

## State University of New York at Stony Brook

Theme: "Without struggle there is no progress...." Frederick Douglass

Week 1		Week 2		Week 3		Week 4		Week 5	
February 1 12 noon	Black History Month Inaugural Parade—Route is from Stage XII to Fine Arts Plaza	February 6 2 and 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	"Blacks in Latin America: Cuba, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and the Spanish Caribbean" Films to be shown	February 15 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	Amina and Amiri Baraka Poetry Reading	February 22 4-7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	Film Festival Films about or by black women	February 28 7 p.m. Main Stage Fine Arts Center	Rev. Jesse Jackson <i>- tentative date -</i>
February 1 2 p.m. Union Lounge	International Food Bazaar	February 7 8 p.m. Main Stage Fine Arts Center	Eleanor Holmes Norton (Distinguished Lecture Series)	February 16 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	"Caribbean and Social Change" Panel discussion and film Peter Boyle Dennis Warren	February 24 7 p.m. Fine Arts Center	Ms. Angela Davis <i>- tentative -</i>	February 29 7 p.m. Theatre III Fine Arts Center	Opening of "Dutchman" by Amiri Baraka (20th anniversary) directed by Prof. Glenda Dickerson Symposium to follow
February 1 7:30 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	Abdennour Abrous, Chief of Branch, Publicity, Assistance and Promotion of International Action Branch, Centre Against Apartheid, will speak on "Apartheid?"	February 8 4 p.m. 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	"U.S. Foreign Policy and the Caribbean" Film to be shown Panel discussion Palmira Rios, Lehman College; George Priestley, Queens College; Alfred Sears, Hunter College; Archie Singham, Brooklyn College	February 14 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	"Bitter Cane" Documentary Film on Haiti; Lecture on "The Political Status of Haitians Abroad" by Lyonel Paquin	February 25 6 p.m. Union Ballroom	Dinner and Inner Attainment NYU Dance Troupe; Traditional Fashion Show; Poetry; Full-course meal; Performance by Djimo Kouyate		
February 1,2 6 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	Films on Africa	February 9 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	"African Heritage of Surinam" Film and lecture Arnold Nieuwendam						
February 1,2,3 Union Fireside Lounge	Cultural Exhibit—Student Art Works	February 10 4 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	"The Graduation Dilemma: Can We Go Home?" Caribbean Student Panel Discussion						
February 2 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	Dr. O.O. Fafowora, Permanent Representative, Mission of Nigeria to the United Nations, will speak on "The African Struggle Today"	February 11 7 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	Caribbean National Culture: An Evening of Dance, Poetry, Music.						
February 2 8 p.m. Union Auditorium U.N.I.T.I.	African Dance Troupe								
February 4 4 p.m. U.N.I.T.I.*	African Story Telling								

\*U.N.I.T.I. Cultural Center, Stage XII Quad Office Building

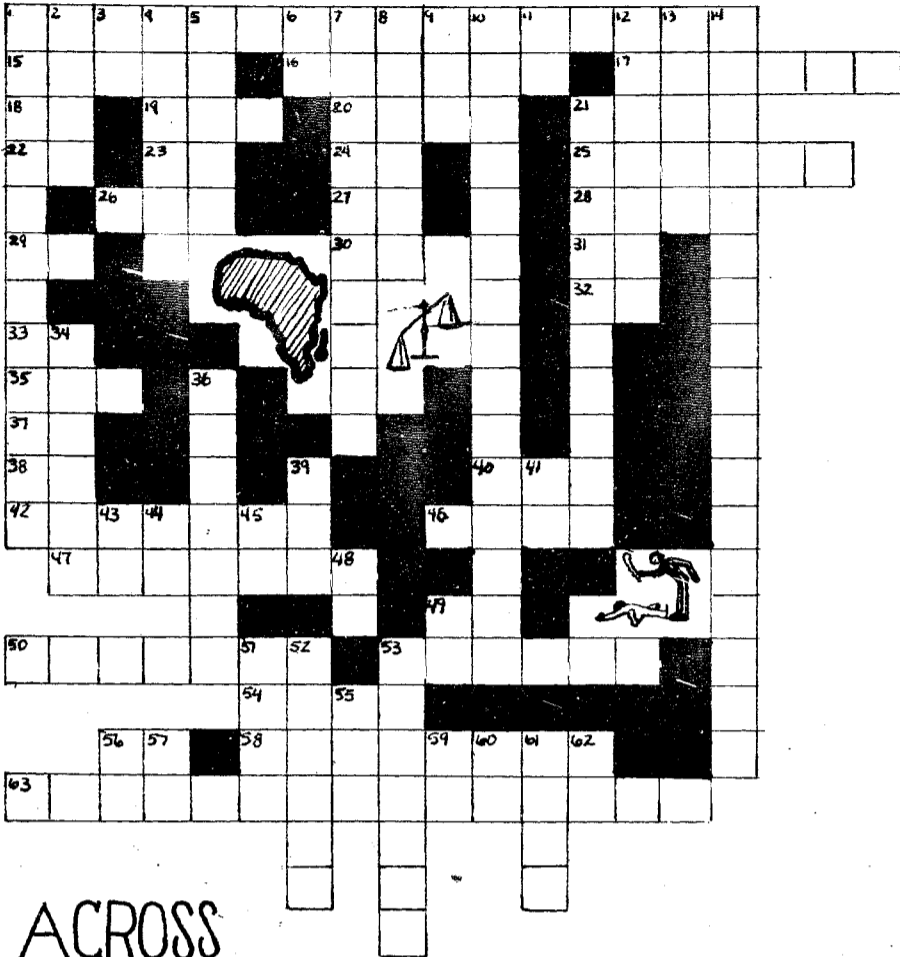
Voter Registration is a related theme of Black History Month 1984, and registration will be taking place at all events.

For information regarding Black History Month, call Africana Studies at (516) 246-6737 or 4015.



Please Post

# AN UPDATE

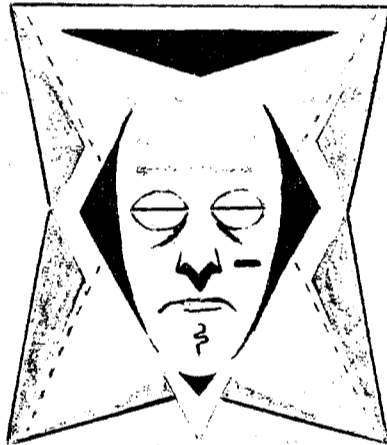


## DOWN

1. Area of study frequently under attack.
2. Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> issue of Black World had an article by Lancelot Walker, warning... "This maybe the — issue of Black World."
3. Stonybrook — Law.
4. Nonentity.
5. Understood.
6. Opposite. - Abbr.
7. Africa.
8. "The bouquet." - Spn.
- 9.
10. Pre-law Society at SUSB.
11. Suffix meaning a making or forming into.
12. Jessal Jackson is
13. To become joined.
14. — escalated the "Duke Controversy".
21. U.S. military base in Cuba.
34. Academic Freedom is under —.
36. Isle of Spice.
39. Hat with a tassel.
41. So go. - Spn.
43. — of the World. - Abbr.
44. See 38 across.
45. Credit note. - Abbr.
48. Article.
51. Popular grain.
52. Stupid, insane.
53. The — Standard.
55. Tender Loving Respect. - Abbr.
56. Article. - Spn.
57. If. - Spn.
59. United Terror. - Abbr.
60. Residence Assistant. - Abbr.
61. Tall. - Spn.
62. Propriety. - Chinese.

## ACROSS

1. Campus organization of "Third World" Women.
15. — American Stud's Org. commonly referred to as "LASB".
16. Who allocates funds?
17. The — Front.
18. " — around the sun, the earth just keeps revolving..!" - Stevie Wonder.
19. He wrote "The Raven".
20. A set of three.
21. To produce musical sounds with the voice. - backwards.
22. North Eastern state. - Abbr.
23. Professors give this often.
24. laugh.
25. Undone.
26. Fowl. - fem.
27. Unit of measure.
28. Foreign, strange. - (the "l" is missing).
29. I Know. - Spn.
30. Root (measure). - Abbr.
31. 14<sup>th</sup> letter of the English alphabet. - repeat.
32. " — its Friday" - Abbr.
33. United Artists. - Abbr.
35. Late symptoms of alcoholism.
37. Neuter
38. Vowels
40. advance. on Individual Merit.
42. SUSB, a school of math + —.
46. Other. - Spn.
47. Seven day celebration from December 26<sup>th</sup> - January 1<sup>st</sup>.
49. Form of "to go". - Spn.
50. — ever, backward never!
53. "Many are called but — chosen".
54. A very small amount.
56. Form of Spn. verb, to be.
58. Center located in Stage 2 old cafeteria.
63. What a peaceful campus demonstration ended with.



Yaa Serwaa Opore

Answers Will Be In The Next Issue



## BLACKWORLD

### "KNOW THYSELF"

Theresa Day .....Editor-in-Chief  
 Gregory Smith .....Managing Editor  
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AFRICAN AMERICAN  
STUDENTS ORGANIZATION  
CELEBRATES  
**BLACK HISTORY MONTH**

WITH A TRIBUTE TO:

**MALCOLM X**

AND

**REV. DR. MARTIN L. KING**

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 17, UNION AUDITORIUM

AT 7 P.M.

All WELCOME

# BLACKWORLD

## NEEDS

### YOU !

MEETINGS ON WED.  
AT 8:00 P.M.  
UNION BASEMENT  
RM. 060

Answers To The Faces From Page 3

VANESSA WILLIAMS  
MARTIN L. KING  
CHARLEY TAYLOR  
MALCOM  
MALCOM  
MALCOLM X  
FANNIE LOU HAMER  
MICHAEL JACKSON  
DIANA ROSS  
MAURICE BISHOP  
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