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BLACKWORLD

Published Bi-Weekly by Students from the State University of New York at Stony Brook

November 20, 1997

ONE NATION

Volume 37, Number 2

What if you were...

RAPED

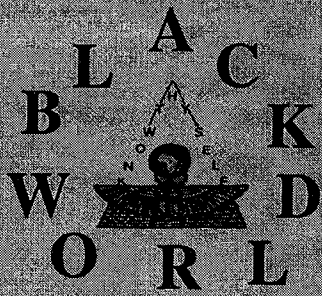


and no one was around to see, hear, or save you?

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"KNOW THYSELF"

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Don't Give Me No Broccoli and Tell Me It's Greens

Don't tell me a lie and then say its the truth. Don't bring me weeds and call them flowers. Don't play Kenny G and say its *A Love Supreme*. Don't say you "love Stony Brook" then clandestinely scheme and maneuver to leave this university in a chaotic state for greener pastures and Longhorns. And please, don't make any more speeches about the "wonderful diversity of the student body" and not acknowledge that this University is a bastion for racism and elitism.

The Presidential Series Celebrating Diversity kicked off in October, during Hispanic Heritage Month, with a Jim Crow mentality white man, Dr. Nathan Glazer, spreading Bell Curve pseudoscience. How could this "diverse university" even pay such a man to come here and echo white genetic superiority? President Kenny says that, "When you are having a Diversity Series, I think that it is important to have controversial speakers. I think that his

speech probably evoked more discussion than some of the other speakers will." No shit Shirley! How can someone who is insulting you NOT "evoke discussion." And as far as "controversial speakers" are concerned, I would love to see how fast, furious and vehemently the Hillel Foundation would be waving protest signs if "controversial speaker," Louis Farrakhan came to Stony Brook.

But even more disturbing than the fact that this racist-in-educated-clothing came to campus, he came on the same day as the Black Faculty and Staff Association held a reception in the Health Sciences Center! I think I saw President Kenny there with a plate of collard greens, dressed in her public relations facade, mingling with the "genetically inferior" Black folks before she exited to attend the diversity lecture across the street. Or maybe she left for the University of Texas already

and I just didn't notice yet as I stood there, with a piece of undercooked broccoli stuck in my throat, choking me to death. Funny, because I thought I asked for greens.

As people of color, we should all be astute observers of what is going on around us while at this institute of professed higher learning. Whenever the validity of our cultural organizations comes into question during the Polity Senate meeting, or a fifteen-year university employee like Robert Sells arrives to work, as he did on September 29th of this year, and finds racist graffiti ("Nigger Bob") written on his office door - remember, it was only last semester that someone had the audacity to vandalize the Africana Studies sign right outside the Chairman's office, or when the Uniti Cultural Center is threatened by Administrative whippers concerning it's, "validity and purpose" - there is something terribly wrong at this "diverse" University.

But who is to blame for these fucked-up conditions. We are! If we, especially as students of color, continue to let these issues persist without rising to challenge and defeat them, then we are hypocrites. We should stop bickering among ourselves and organize and unite and fight the powers-that-be together. Look around campus...our strength lies in our collective numbers, not our different organizations. Look at history. . . Marcus Garvey organized and They became afraid of him. A. Philip Randolph organized and They became afraid of him. Denmark Vessey organized and They became afraid of him. The Black Panther Party organized and They became afraid of them. Think about it, who benefits most from our lack of unity?

Soon, greens will not even be an item on the menu because we will be intravenously force fed a steady diet of raw broccoli.

Curtis Morris
Editor-In-Chief

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Rape: The Unreported Campus Crime

By Michael Wilson

The official annual report by University Police for 1996, documents only two reported rapes for the Stony Brook campus community. Two reported rapes, for an entire year, for a community of approximately thirty thousand. To say that this information is inaccurate, would not be entirely true; but rather, the number of reported rapes at Stony Brook in 1996 do reflect numbers which are realistically deceiving.

In 1996, there were 107 reported rapes for all of Suffolk County. As a county, Suffolk consists of nearly a million people. But, according to national surveys, 1 in 4 college women have experienced rape or attempted rape since age fourteen, while 9 out of 10 acquaintance rapes are **never** reported. So, while two rape in 1996 for the Stony Brook community may seem extremely small when first examined, they are in fact, on par with the rest of Suffolk County and the U.S. as a whole.

As a crime in America, rape is annually one of the most under reported crimes. In spite of *Rape Shield Laws* adopted by many states that are designed to protect the victims, many men and women are still reluctant to admit that they have been raped. Even more cause for concern than this is, that 1 in 12 college men

admit to acts which meet legal definitions of rape; yet, few of these men would identify themselves as rapists. The New York statutes define rape as, "the act of sexual intercourse with a person against ones will and consent, whether their will is overcome by force of fear resulting from the threat of force, or by drugs administered without consent, or when they are unconscious, intoxicated or otherwise physically unable to communicate willingness." There are no separate statutes for "date rape" or "acquaintance rape." Prior contact with the victim, whether intimate or not, does not lessen the heinous crime of rape in any way. No means no. Rape is a felony crime in New York and all cases will be treated as such.

However, when searching for a "definition" of rape, Rachel Bergeson, M.D., of the Student Infirmary says, "if you use the definition of unwanted sex, then there are probably a lot more rapes on campus." And this is where the complications begin. Rape is a crime about power, anger and control. In many instances, a man will rape to overpower or express anger at a woman - to get back at her and express his complete domination over her. For decades, rape victims in this society have not been totally treated as the hurt vic-

tims that they are. Often, their victimization has been turned against them and they have been wrongly coerced into believing that they have brought the rape on themselves. "A person may feel that they have been raped but may not feel that society, or the surrounding community will feel that they have been raped," says Dr. Bergeson. "Many times, a person will feel that they have been violated but will feel ashamed or embarrassed or like they brought it on themselves and do not report the crime for those reasons." These reasons for "not reporting" are especially poignant when considering that more than sixty percent of all reported rapes occur between acquaintances and four in ten rapes are committed in the home.

But even more revealing as a reason for not reporting a rape is, that over fifty percent of all rapes occur when either the victim or the perpetrator are under the influence of alcohol! Getting someone "drunk or high enough" to have sex is rape. Consenting sex requires sober, verbal communication without intimidation or threats. "If I could stress one thing to every one on campus," say Dr. Bergeson, "it would be, watch your alcohol intake because people

frequently get into scenarios that they should not be in based on alcohol consumption."

Although navigating the social dynamics of the crime is difficult, to say the least, there is an absolute, statistical certainty that a rapist will rape again. "While the key reason for anyone to report a rape is for the victim to receive the psychological, emotional and medical assistance that they need," says Public Safety Assistant Director, Doug Little, "reporting a rape crime may help authorities identify the offender and possibly prevent the victimization of other people." As a campus entity, Little stresses the fact that Public Safety "is willing to confidentially meet with any victim and assist them in any capacity." Pressing charges are optional and they can always be done days, or even weeks later.

But as Little points out, the paramount concern is that victims of rape receive the proper medical attention that they need. Issues of pregnancy, sexually transmitted diseases, AIDS or other health problems should be addressed by qualified medical personnel (please see page 23 for agency names phone numbers).

Affirmative Action Watch

University Found Guilty of Discrimination

By Curtis Morris

The Stony Brook Research Foundation, a recipient of over 104 million dollars in Federal funds during fiscal 1997, has been found in violation of Federal Affirmative Action guidelines.

In an audit conducted by the Office of Federal Contract Compliance (OFCCP), the Research Foundation at Stony Brook is guilty of non-compliance to Executive Order 11246, a government law which mandates federal contractors to adopt hiring policies that do not discriminate on the basis of race and gender.

Officially, the audit is still being conducted. The Research Foundation is now in the process of "negotiating" with the government concerning the violations. Or in other words, the Research Foundation is amending its policies which do not adhere the Federal guidelines

and submitting the revisions to OFCCP. But in addition to the negotiation process, as a result of already being found guilty of Affirmative Action violations, the Research Foundation will be closely monitored till the year 2000, with regular six month campus visits by a federal auditor. It is not known at this time how these Affirmative Action violations will affect Stony Brook's Brook Haven National lab bid.

During a recent interview with BLACKWORLD and En Accion, President Kenny denied any knowledge of the audit results; however, BLACKWORLD has since learned that she was officially notified of at least two Research Foundation violations, weeks ago but has been trying to suppress the information. The fact that these Research Foundation violations occurred under

the Kenny Occupation should not come as a surprise. With Kenny serving as president, there have been over 400 Affirmative Action waivers applied to hiring situations. And this has occurred with a steadily decreasing retention rate of Black and Hispanic faculty and staff.

Similarly, when contacted, the university Affirmative Action Office - which is still operating without a full-time Director and reports to George Meyer, Assistant Vice-President for Presidential Initiatives (read: Kenny watchdog), issued "no comment" concerning the on going investigation. But BLACKWORLD has solicited the audit findings from the U.S. Department of Labor under the *Freedom of Information Act*. As more details become available, BLACKWORLD will be the first to bring them to you.

Faculty Voice

Nathan Glazer's Shaky Argument

By Michael Collins

Professor Michael Collins has recently been hired to fill the Pan-African Literature in Africana Studies. Next semester, he will be teaching two courses: AFH 249 African American Literature and Music, and AFH 421 The Other and the Master's Language.

America's practitioners of socially divisive "hate speech," Dr. Nathan Glazer argued in the October fifteenth talk that launched SUNY Stony Brook's lecture series on diversity, create the confusion, consternation and institutional haplessness they do in part because "we have no agreed upon etiquette of speech," and in part because the First Amendment forbids laws like England's Race Relations Act—that would restrict their speech.

While Dr. Glazer hailed the death and burial of the old, pre-civil rights era "etiquette of race relations"—a code of separation and inequality that, he explained, had been enforced by "lynching and death"—he proposed that a new etiquette of *speaking* about race might be useful in today's combative climate.

Adoption of this new etiquette, Dr. Glazer explained, would mean examining controversial utterances with an eye to whether the pronouncements in question were intended to wound or to create understanding. Wounding remarks would be identified and discouraged not by legal judgments and the passage of laws but by informal consultations and social sanctions such as ostracism.

The new etiquette, Dr. Glazer argued, could prove to be a valuable fire retardant in the incendiary debates provoked by issues such as affirmative action. A new etiquette, in any case, may be indispensable, Dr. Glazer suggested, because the social and economic explanations of racial differences that policy makers have long worked with are being undermined by scientific discoveries. He cited, as an example, the discovery of correlations between genes and behavior—between genes and, for example, a predisposition to manic depressive illness.

"Science," Dr. Glazer concluded, "is coming to the support of [the concept of group differences.]"

As I listened to him explain it, it became increasingly clear to me that Dr. Glazer's new etiquette of race relations—in which a new species of politically correct speech and thought (reinforced by the odd scientific fact) would become the final arbiter of public disputes about race—would be the latest in the seemingly endless string of disasters to which racial thinking leads.

During the question-and-answer session that followed his talk several questioners pointed, with varying degrees of heat and plenty of audience approbation, to one of the obvious dangers of this species of thinking: that statistics, gathered by the light of no one knows what preconceptions, will be favored over individuals; and that individuals will be valued or despised strictly on the basis of their ability to fit the profile of some arbitrary, computer-generated multitude. "Armchair" researchers who write books on such multitudes, Africana Studies student Stacy Harris suggested to Dr. Glazer, should make an effort to learn something more about the populations

they prophesy over than the statistics their fellow scholars hand them.

The new etiquette Dr. Glazer wants would, if anything, reduce the incentive such scholars have to take a closer look at the lives they fix in their regressions and formulated phrases. A better idea, it seemed to me, would be to make the American debate on race larger, more free-wheeling and, above all, more rigorous, than it is at present. This is why, after he closed the formal question-and-answer period that followed his lecture, I could not resist making my way to Dr. Glazer and asking him to tell me his definition of race.

He sighed—sensing, I suppose, the critique of his talk that lay behind my request—but he graciously answered. He admitted that, in the United States, race is defined essentially by social convention and public opinion. He said, more specifically, that in practice, race is determined by the way people identify themselves on the census.

continued on next page

Reign of the Hyenas

By Joy Mahabir

.....the village made a whore of her and now she will turn the village into her whorehouse.....

If, instead of Senegal, the gifted Senegalese film-maker, Djibril Diop Mambety had chosen Stony Brook for the setting of his film, *Hyenas*, the comparison would have worked well.

Mambety's film, set in an African village, Colobane, centers around the return of a vengeful prostitute, Ramatou (the red bird of the dead in Egyptian mythology). After assembling all the villagers, Ramatou blatantly asks them to murder one of their own, a man called Dramaan, for a trillion dollars. At first the villagers are outraged, protesting the immorality and injustice of her request. But Ramatou is patient. Soon the villagers are seduced by her material gifts. She begins to "beautify" the village with huge buildings and fancy cars. Some of the weaker and greedier villagers are blinded by their surroundings, and begin to abandon their community values. Ramatou carefully divides the villagers to conquer them. The wealthier villagers begin to contemplate murder in order to preserve their wealth. As

Mambety points out at the end of the film, the wealth they kill for becomes the root of their own exploitation, and results in the death of their village.

Knowing this much, we can begin to draw the conceit between the village of Colobane and our university. The poorest villagers can be compared to the Stony Brook undergraduates, and to the departments that are now struggling. Like the poorest villagers in Colobane, these are responsible for the real success of the institution, but their alliances are to education and to their community: the things that are to be murdered. So their needs are neglected. Take, for instance, the distribution of wealth within Stony Brook. Finally, with the Wang millions, Asian Studies can be developed. The SB administration is setting up a graduate program in Asian Studies already, even though there is no undergraduate program in this field. Naturally, we are pleased with this development as with the Women's Studies Graduate Certificate program, but Africana Studies, in existence since 1969, has no graduate program, even though this department has possessed the infrastructure to accommodate such a

"quotable quotes" banners blowing in the wind? All courses in Africana Studies are filled to capacity, and always with at least fifty students on the waiting list. Students who want to continue to a more advanced degree can't even do it on this campus because of the disgraceful fact that the SB administration has never allowed Africana Studies to set up a graduate program. Like the village of Mambety's film, Stony Brook is becoming the epitome of a place where all that matters is money and outer appearance.

Up on the totem pole from the undergraduates are the graduate students, the faculty, and the administration, respectively. First, let's look at the graduate students. The graduate students, like the more privileged villagers of Colobane, often underestimate their power and end up settling for less. For instance, the GSEU (Graduate Student Employees Union) has won several benefits for graduate students on campus. We ratified our second contract, negotiated a bonus and pay raise, and won a PERB agreement which makes tuition waivers a benefit of employment for TA's and GA's. As soon as we won these, the administration at

SB began a campaign to undermine these benefits. Instead of coming to the aid of the GSEU to preserve our gains, graduate students at SB have surrendered to a self-defeating apathy. There is a small core of graduate students fighting for justice, in the same way that there is a small core of faculty and administrative personnel who are appalled at the administration's open agenda of murder.

The people in administration bear close resemblance to the elders of Colobane. When they finally decide to murder Dramaan, they all wear the same masks. As Mambety himself said at amurdered, his corpse is gone and only his clothes remain, as if he is consumed by a pack of hyenas. Ramatou realizes, too late, that power and money cannot substitute for love or true knowledge. As Dramaan dies, the soul of the village is destroyed, and gross capitalism, in the form of pretty facades, laser signs, tacky Marshall's suits, food vending machines, racism and elitism, rules.

The reign of the Hyenas has begun.

The President's Lecture Series: Is This Man SERIOUS?



Dr. Nathan Glazer



Shaky Argument (Continued from previous page)

This, I said, undermines the idea (repopularized by Richard J. Herrnstein and Charles Murray's 1994 book *The Bell Curve*) that we can look to genes for precise explanations of social differences. (No human gene, after all, was created in the 221-year eye-twitch of history in which white Americans and African Americans emerged as nominally distinct [though culturally symbiotic] groups. Nor have any genes been created by social convention, nor does self-identification for the census play a direct role in the way genes affect everyday life.)

Dr. Glazer stressed that he had not been making a genetic argument, but added that genetic predisposition - the predisposition to certain illnesses among Ashkenazi Jews, for instance - do seem to be correlated with specific groups. He noted, too, that although races are "fuzzy at the edges, we all know what they are."

From my layperson's perspective, it seems that a concept as fuzzy as race really has no edges and is fuzzy all the way through, "What we all know" are the stereotypes of racial appearance. But these stereotypes are quite unscientific, and are poor foundations for scientific arguments. Booker T. Washington, to choose a famous example, did not have the appearance of a man on the fuzzy

edge of what was known in his time as the *Negro* race. His features were typical of the people whose spokesman he was. Yet his father was "white." Charles Mingus, the great jazz musician, did not have the appearance of a man in the middle of what in his youth was called the "colored" race, yet—at least at the time of his birth—both his parents were "colored."

As for correlations between genes and physiological tendencies can be made, they provide no support for *Bell Curve*-style ideas about genetically-fixed intellectual gaps between classes and races. While genetic predisposition to certain ailments clearly does exist among certain groups, such predisposition does not correlate well with the cornerstone of all racial (and racist) theories—the notion of fixed differences in mental ability among different "races." The physicist Stephen Hawking appears to have had a genetic predisposition to Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS -the illness that forces him to use a motorized wheelchair and a voice synthesizer. But whatever genetic factors contribute to his brilliance are clearly independent of those that contribute to his illness.

Building races like custom cars—out of predispositions to selected ailments, and this of that smattering of other measurable characteristics—could

easily lead (were it not for established social and political conventions) to results more obviously absurd than the ones American society currently lives by.

Hawking, for instance, could be classified along with the late baseball player, Lou Gehrig and other ALS sufferers, in a race known for its tendency to motor neuron disease, awesome baseball skills and scientific genius. Mary Tyler Moore and Ella Fitzgerald could, similarly, be classified as part of a race made up of people predisposed to diabetes, public performance and lovable dispositions. Yo-Yo Ma, Franz Shubert and Wynton Marsalis could be placed in a race with a predisposition to myopia and musical brilliance.

The adjectives "white," "black" and "Asian," as they are used in everyday speech, refer to entities no more rigorously defined than the hypothetical Hawking-Gehrig or Moore-Fitzgerald or Ma-Shubert-Marsalis races. America's national obsession, in short, is a poorly defined and tragically unexamined idea.

The popular idea of race, in fact, is one of the survivals of the old lynching etiquette that Dr. Glazer quite properly condemned in his talk. All one needs to shatter it is a glance at the family tree of someone like Tiger Woods, who is more

biologically representative of the people of the Americas than many like to think (Even in Africa, which scientists have shown to be the homeland of the human race, there is great ethnic diversity and ethnic mixture, both north and south of the Sahara.)

Why Dr. Glazer should need a non scientist like me to remind him of all this is beyond my comprehension. He might have recalled the remarks on *The Bell Curve*—whose research he pronounced, "flawed but useful"—that were made in a review of the tome written by the renowned scientist and author Stephen Jay Gould.

Of the idea that there is a firm link between IQ and achievement—the idea that is the basis for most of the sweeping social conclusions the *Bell Curve* authors draw—Gould wrote, "How strange that we would let a single and false number divide us, when evolution has united all people in the recency of our common ancestry—thus undergirding with a shared humanity that infinite variety which custom can never stale. E pluribus unum."

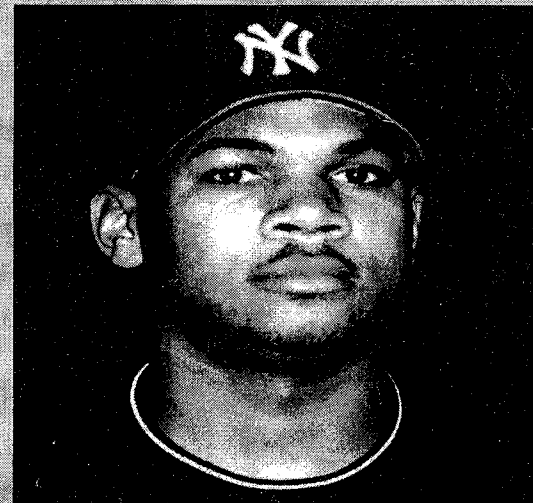
Gould should be brought to Stony Brook to provide the antidote to Glazer's well-intentioned but half-baked and ultimately poisonous ideas.

The BLACKWORLD Opinion Question

How do you Think Female Rappers Like Lil' Kim and Foxy Brown Affect the Image of Black Women?



Gilian Watson, Sr. Psychology major - I believe Lil' Kim & Foxy Brown play a role in how young Black girls look at themselves. When these young girls see female rappers in videos dressing in bikini's or dancing around in underwear to their favorite song, they mistake image for personal style and often try to imitate Lil' Kim or Foxy Brown because they think that their "image" is what real life is all about. Basically, I don't look at them as role models because I have my own personal style, I just like some of their music.



Jomah Williams Fr. Biology Major - I think Foxy Brown is kinda positive but her style of dress is a bit too revealing and that is not a positive depiction of Black women. As far as Lil' Kim is concerned, she's just nasty, no positivity at all.



Michelle Redman, Jr. Information Systems major - I don't think that rappers like Lil' Kim or Foxy Brown hurt the image of Black women, but they definitely do not help either. People who do not know anything about the music or culture, would probably falsely portray all Black women this way.



Nathalie Jackman, Jr. Multi Disciplinary Studies - I don't think Little Kim & Foxy Brown depict Black women in a negative way because if 11 or 12 year olds are listening to their music and watching their videos, then it is up to the children's parents to inform them that "music" is only their job and that all of it, is only entertainment.



James Burton, Fr. Pre Med - I feel that it depends on how you take it. For some people, rappers like Lil' Kim or Foxy Brown could portray Black women in a negative light but for some people, music or rapping is just an art form and they don't take it for anything more than that and they don't try to associate or make any generalizations about Black women based on people in entertainment.



Leye Akinrinade, Jr. Economics major - I see female rappers like Kim and Brown as a negative portrayal of Black females in general.

..... Connect the Dots

What is reality? What is fiction?

By Roberto Augustus Gayle

Rape is a frightening problem on college campuses across the nation. A recent national research study claims that one in eight college women will be the victim of rape during her college years; one in four will be the victims of attempted rape. The devastating effects of rape create emotional difficulties and disrupt the academic careers of many young women each year. It is important to take time to learn the facts about rape and what you can do to protect yourself. Myths about rape are prevalent in our culture. Victims are often discredited. Also, they are made to feel personally responsible for a situation and crime which was beyond their control. As a result, many rapes go unreported. Myths about rape can lead to people a false sense of security on college campuses. Replacing myths with facts is a step toward preventing conditions that can lead to rape.

Fact:

- * Rape victims come from all socio-economic classes and ethnic backgrounds.
- * Victims range in age from 3 months to

97 years.

- * It is estimated that about 80 % of all rapes are committed by someone the victim knows.

- * Rape can take place anywhere and any time of the day.

- * Many acquaintance rapes occur in the context of a dating relationship and typically take place on the man's turf.

- * The normal social environment for college women - a party where alcohol is used - involves more of a risk for sexual victimization than walking down a dark street.

- * 84 % knew the man who raped them; 57 % occurred on dates.

- * Rape is a crime of violence and aggression. Its intent is to overpower, degrade, and humiliate the victim.

Myth:

- * Most rapes are committed by strangers in a dark place or at night.

- * Rape is a sexual crime impulsively committed by a man for sexual gratification.

- * Rape can't happen to me or someone I know.

POINT It's Your Fault Woman!

By Julie Leslie

Many of the beliefs and myths about rape have been around for centuries. In fact, many of them stem from the English Common Law system. This system, surprisingly enough, reportedly had its roots in the Bible. In early history, rape was a ritualistic way by which a man would obtain his wife; this was called "bride capture." After a man raped a woman, he would then, "take her," as his wife. During this time, rape was only thought about in relation to marriage—and marriage was nothing more than an exchange of property.

Under Mosaic law, in ancient Babylonia, a ritual considered more "civilized" was adopted. In this system, women were considered property. They were first owned by their father then their husbands. In fact, potential brides were even given a price that was required to be paid to her father before a marriage would be allowed. This was commonly referred to as her, "bride price." However, in return, the woman's virginity had to be guaranteed. If a female was raped prior to her marriage it was considered a crime against her father and as a consequence, he would receive less money. As a measure of compensation though, the father and brothers of the victim were allowed to rape the women of the rapist's family in return.

"She wanted it, after all, she

didn't scream or fight." Ever wonder where that myth came from? In ancient times, cities were surrounded by walls. According to Hebrew Law, if a virgin was raped inside city walls; both the rapist and the victim were stoned to death. She was considered deserving of death because it was believed that she could have escaped or screamed if she wanted to. If she was raped outside city walls, it was believed that she screamed for help but no one heard her. In this situation, the father was compensated monetarily and the victim and the rapist were married. If the victim was promised to another man the rapist was stoned to death and the woman received a lower price. Supposed the victim was married she was considered damaged property and was charged with adultery. Consequently, both the rapist and the victim were stoned to death.

Although present day laws are not as extreme as the past, many of the beliefs that these laws are based on still exist. Often, women do not report the crime of rape because instead of being treated like the victims they are, they are inappropriately and unjustly treated like criminals. Rape is an act of anger, power and dominance of one person over another person. It is never "wanted, asked for or deserved" by any victim.

**R
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S. A. F. E. Sexual Assault Facts and Education

By Tischelle George

Of the many counseling services that are available to students on the Stony Brook campus, Sexual Assault Facts and Education is the only program that focuses on the assault survivors. S.A.F.E. is an internship jointly offered through the Women's Studies minor and the Langmuir Human Development minor. It is a 400 level, three credit course that meets on Wednesdays during campus lifetime.

"Sexual assault is not just a woman's issue. It is an issue that we need to be aware of and concerned about," said Scott Law, the S.A.F.E. internship coordinator. Along with providing counseling, S.A.F.E. is also known for its theatrical productions and video presentations. "The theater productions are interactive four-person plays that deal with the perception of victims of sexual assault. The plays are presented throughout the community and in high schools," Law said. "The video presentation deals with facts and information. Both have been received very well."

Jerry Stein, the Director of Residential Programs, was involved in creating the program 10 years ago. "S.A.F.E. was started to give students a voluntary opportunity to get involved with the seri-

ous issue of sexual assault, and to get the victims involved in the healing process by talking about it," Stein said.

S.A.F.E. interns have worked effectively to create a safer and more conscious environment at the University at Stony Brook. "Students in the internship had a positive change on university policy for the student body," Law said. "Sexual assault, stalking, etc. was considered as a personal offense. Now it is referred to as an abuse," Stein said. "They tried to make the conduct code more sensitive to victims."

In the University Student Conduct Code, sexual abuse and/or assault, rape and stalking are all under category, A. General Campus Regulations, 1. Respect for Persons. The language of the regulations specifies that no student shall engage in any form of non-consensual sexual conduct with another. It also specifies that an individual who is under the age of 17, physically helpless, mentally incapacitated, and or incapacitated because of drug or alcohol intoxication cannot give consent.

Moreover, the design of the conduct code takes the rape shield law into consideration. Prior sexual experiences

of the alleged victim of rape or sexual abuse and/or assault will not be considered in the determination of guilt to a charge of rape or sexual abuse and/or assault.

Law finds that assault survivors are more likely to talk about what has happened rather than to report the crime. "Studies show that talking helps in the healing process," Law said.

Law believes that clear and direct dialogue between couples is necessary to prevent sexual assaults from happening. "Men, especially need to work on their communication," Law said. "Men need to respect 'no' and not view it as a personal rejection."

S.A.F.E. encourages students to take advantage of the resources at the university and to talk with professors and residence hall staff, who can refer them to the proper authorities. Along with being aware and alert of everything in one's environment, Law suggests that students trust their own intuition. "If you feel that something doesn't feel quite right, act on it. It's better to feel a little awkward or embarrassed, than to feel the long range effects of sexual assault."

REALLY

Love Doesn't Have To Hurt

By Alicia Beckford

Penelope woke up in a cold sweat. Josephine, her roommate told her that she had been screaming while she was asleep. "What the hell were you dreaming about?" Josephine asked. Penelope shivered as she recalled her dream, but she refused to discuss it. "I don't remember," she replied. "Let's just forget about it and go back to sleep."

For the next three weeks Penelope and Josephine relived the same scene. Josephine knew that something wasn't right with Penelope, but Penelope refused to talk about it and that was that. Both women had been roommates for a year and Penelope's torturous nights were becoming a pattern. Sometimes when Rex, Penelope's man, would spend the weekend with her or she would spend the weekend with him, these nightmares would occur. Josephine had the distinct feeling that Rex was at the root of the problem. She even asked Penelope if Rex had ever hit or abused her in any way, but Penelope insisted that such a thing could never happen. After all, Penelope and Rex had been together for nearly three years and she would never tolerate abuse from him. Josephine decided that Penelope was either lying or in denial. Josephine felt that her hands were tied until Penelope came to her and asked for help.

Two weekends ago Josephine went home for the weekend because Rex was coming to see Penelope. When Josephine returned, Penelope was curled up in the corner of her bed, under the sheets. Penelope wouldn't say a word, no matter how much Josephine probed her to speak. When Josephine spoke to her suite mates to find out what the problem was, they only told her that some ill shit had taken place this weekend, but it wasn't their place to tell her. They suggested that she ask Penelope. Later on that night, the nightmare returned.

One evening later in the week, while the girls were hanging out and having a few drinks the topic of relationships came up. Everyone in the suite was cool with each other and they usually talked about everything. Camille had been going out with Trevor for about seven months now and they were deep in "like." Trevor was the type of man who would always bring flowers, buy cards for no special reason and hold the door open for his woman without having to be reminded.

Trevena and her man Ansil had been together for ten months so far and she had no complaints. "Ansil is not the greatest man in the world," Trevena began, "but he's ten times better than Andrew. Andrew seemed like he was going to turn out to be the possessive and abusive type. I remember one time when we were on the phone and I told him that I had to go because I was getting ready to hang out with the girls and he started to catch an attitude. He began asking me questions like where was I going and am I sure that I'm going out with my girls? Then he said that he didn't think that I

should be going anywhere because he didn't like the whole idea. Can you imagine that he was acting like that and we had only known each other for about two weeks? Imagine how he would have acted if we stayed together longer?"

"What's wrong with that?" Penelope asked. "Rex asks me questions like that, but I don't think that he does it because he's possessive. It's because he loves me and he cares about what I'm doing!"

Everyone gave each other the look. They didn't really want to touch on the subject of Penelope and Rex because they all saw the signs of abuse in that relationship. After a few more drinks, however, Sedequa decided that it was time to inquire about Penelope's relationship. Penelope was the type of person that tended to talk a little too much with the help of a little alcohol. Sedequa knew that something was wrong between Penelope and Rex, because whatever little bit that she did see, she told her man Jamal and he truly believed that Penelope was being abused in some form.

"So Penelope," Sedequa asked, recalling the events that occurred over the weekend, "Suppose you and your man were kissing and things were getting hot and heavy, but you didn't feel like actually having sex at the time, do you tell him no or do you have sex anyway?"

"Well, I would have to say based on experience, that I would have sex anyway," Penelope replied. "I wouldn't dare tell Rex no. Are you crazy? He would" Penelope wouldn't continue. She had a look of fear on her face.

"He would what?" demande Laura, one of her suite mates.

"Well," Penelope continued, "he would twist my arm until I gave in. But, I'm his girl and we've been together for so long. He should be able to have sex when he wants to and if I don't give it to him he might go somewhere else."

"Is that what happened this weekend? I mean one minute I hear the bed knocking against the wall, and the next thing I know I hear you arguing and crying," Laura said. "When I knocked on the door, you wouldn't answer and when you finally did, you didn't look too good; but you told me not to worry and that everything was fine."

"Something like that," Penelope said. "Rex and I had already had sex, but he wanted more, and I said no. Then he started twisting my arm and when I still wouldn't give in he"

Penelope stopped as tears swelled up in her eyes. Suddenly all of the things that he had done to her flashed through her mind. Everything that she thought she had blocked out was coming back to her; everything that she thought she deserved to get, because Rex had told her that she did.

"But he loves me," Penelope thought. "He said that it would never happen again and he cried when he realized what he had done. He said that he

This is a true story but the names and the events have been altered to protect the individuals involved.

loved me and that he was really, really sorry."

Penelope got up and ran into her room. She locked the door as all the memories flooded back into her mind. She thought back to the first time that Rex had ever mistreated her. It was about four months into their relationship and he was at her house. Penelope's friend Renee and Rex's friend Sean were there also. Sean and Renee were chillin' in the living room, while Penelope and Rex were upstairs in her bedroom. They were watching T.V. when he realized that Penelope's mom would be home from work soon.

Rex subtly suggested that he wanted to have sex, but Penelope said no. Rex ignored her response and began play fighting with her. Eventually Penelope ended up on top of him, and they started to kiss. Penelope suddenly raised up off of Rex when she decided that she didn't want to go any further. Even though they had already been having sex for a while, she just didn't want to that day. Rex would not take no for an answer. He slammed her down on the floor and forcefully had sex with her. She begged him to stop, but when he wouldn't she just decided to close her eyes and pretend that it wasn't really happening. She imagined that it was actually a loving act that she permitted to happen. Afterwards Rex told her that he was sorry that he couldn't control himself around her. He said that she aroused him more than any other girl had done before and he just had to have her.

From that day onward, things progressively worsened. Rex became so accustomed to Penelope always giving in to what he wanted, that when she didn't he viewed it as an act of defiance and would punish her by twisting her arm until she gave in. He would say things to her like, he was the quarter back in their relationship and that he called all of the plays and once she joined his team, she was supposed to listen to his plays and do what he wanted her to do.

Looking back on it now, it all seemed sick to her. Then suddenly she remembered what happened in its entirety on the weekend when he came to visit her at Stony Brook. He was so enraged when she declined to have sex with him again, that he actually hit her with a hammer. Rex was clever enough not to leave any bruises in easily noticeable areas on Penelope's body. He said that he felt that she had been cheating on him because she didn't want to have sex with him. She realized that she was a fool for believing him when he cried and said that it would never happen again, because he had threatened her many times in the past with the things that he would do to her if she ever left him or cheated on him.

What will Penelope do now? Will she gather the courage to leave Rex and seek help or will she stay with him and endure the abuse? Look for the remainder of this story in the next issue of BLACKWORLD.

Rape: A Sista's Perspective

This story is fictional. An actual rape did not occur, but assaults like this happen every day.

By Stephanie Dorga

I can remember the day very clearly. It still rings in my head when I least expect it. I hate it. I hate him. I hate what he has reduced me to. I just hate my life.

I wasn't always filled with so much hatred. I actually used to be a positive person. I was bubbly and full of energy. I was voted "Most Friendly" in high school. I had a great life with many great people in my life. My mother, a strong sister in my world, raised me to believe that there is always a positive light at the end of the road. I held onto that belief until that one day. That one particular day.

My first day of college was just like how it appears in all of the movies, complete with the hustle and bustle of moving on campus. Saying good-bye to my mother was the hardest. She was my best friend, my sister, my whole life. She raised me from the tender age of 18, by herself. I was her only child, her treasure. I'm sure she cried more than I did the day I left home.

I remember finding out about different clubs and meeting sistas who would later become my sorority sistas. I remember my white roommate and her alternative music. Freshman year was like a dream. I did well in my classes and I established a clique, "my girlz," ... and I met Chris.

Chris was a fine brotha. He had a chocolate colored complexion, low-cut hair and he dressed in all of the latest fashions. His style of dress was admired by many sistas on campus. I certainly found him to be attractive. I saw something in him that I had not seen in the brothas at home. He had class. He had a certain flair about him that made me blush, but Chris was one of those popular brothas. I would have to belong to a certain clique to be associated with him or to even have one conversation with him. Of course, me and my girlz thought we were all that, but we weren't a part of the clique that Chris ran with. I came to know Chris because he was in my calculus class and the only reason why I thought he knew me was because he had asked to copy my notes one day. I was so excited that he had actually spoken to me that I called my homegirl Sheila to share the news. "Guess what girl?" I said. "Chris Wilson talked to me in class today."

"Really, what'd he say?" Sheila asked.

"Can I see your notes?" I said.

"That's it?" Sheila asked.

"That's it," I said. And that was it. That was our relationship for the whole year. He would miss class and I wouldn't. He would ask to copy my notes and I would say o.k.

The first semester of my sophomore year, I didn't have much time to socialize because I was pledging to a sorority. In the second semester, however, I found myself in a whole new world. I was becoming a part of Chris' social circle. I didn't lose my friends (many of

the girlz had pledged with me), but I started to gain new friends, like Chris. Chris and I began talking to each other. Our brief hi's and byes turned into ten minute conversations between classes. That eventually progressed into three hour phone calls until 5 am. We talked about anything and everything. I really started to believe that this was a brotha I could imagine having in my world. I started to believe that he was the one. The one guy I could give it up to. My first.

We had never kissed or anything, but I felt myself falling in love with him. He would always say the right things; things I never heard before. He was a positive brotha who was always talking about changes that need to be made in the world. He was active on campus. I knew that I wanted him more than ever.

I remember the first time he asked me out. It was a Friday afternoon exactly. I remember that because we went out the next day on Saturday, March 15th at 8:00 p.m.. We went to the movies. It was an action flick, I think. That's not what was so significant about that day. Saturday, March 15. The date hurts my head when I think about it. It was the day. ... I was raped.

After the movie, he wanted to go back to his room to get something. He said he needed more money for dinner. I complied. I guess I was just excited at the thought of going into his room. I had never been inside a guy's room before. I remember the smell. It smelled like Egyptian Musk incense, like he was airing out the room or something. He wasn't a messy guy, but there were a few clothes lying around. He cleared off the bed so I could have a seat. I had no idea what was about to happen. I thought we were leaving. That was when the slow music came on. I think it was *Blackstreet*. He decided to sit on the bed beside me.

"What's that scent you got on?" Chris asked. "It smells real good."

"*Sunflowers*. My mother bought it for me," I said. Then he moved closer to me to sniff my neck. He kissed me there.

"You taste good too. Anybody ever tell you that?" Chris said.

"No," I replied. Then I started to giggle as he went to kiss my lips. I had only kissed one boy before in high school on the night of my senior prom. Chris' kisses were nice. Soft and tender.

"You ok?" he asked.

"Yeah. This is just unexpected," I said.

I couldn't believe I said that. I knew I was uncomfortable, but at the same time I liked it. I didn't want to be hurt. He proceeded to kiss my neck and then he pulled me down on the bed. I liked the kissing and touching. Then he started to unbutton my blouse. I didn't stop him, but I gently tried to push his hand away. He laughed and continued to unbutton my blouse, while kissing my chest. I softly said "No." He looked at me, smiled, and then continued undress-

ing me. Then he went for my panties and started to pull them down from underneath my skirt. Many things ran through my mind while he was doing this. "Was I ready? Did I really want this to happen? Was he the right one?" I finally decided that this was not for me. When my panties had reached my ankles, I tried to push Chris away and I said "No" strongly and firmly. He looked at me and said "What do you mean 'No'?" I know you're not sayin' this now when I'm already hard. Nah, you're just playin' hard to get." "No" I said. "I don't want to do this. I'm not feelin' this right now."

An angry look of rage covered Chris's face. I had never seen him that angry before. He totally took control of the situation. My panties stayed at my ankles and his pants and underwear came off. My repeated cries had become somewhat meaningless. I felt him rip inside of me with his penis. I had never felt pain like that before in my life. I couldn't scream or move or do anything, except cry. I was being raped. That was when I had been raped.

Saturday, March 15 rings in my head like a burning fire. Every other second of the day, every other day. After the rape, I made Chris drive me home and I never said anything to him again. I never called him or made any effort to see him. I also never reported it. I felt like it was my fault. I thought I was to blame for this. The positive brotha that I thought Chris was, turned out to be nothing but a rapist. A cold-hearted rapist.

Chris called me several times after the rape, but I never returned his calls. I was always conveniently at the library or hanging out with sorors. I talked to him once to see if he would admit that he had raped me. He didn't admit it and he called me a slut for thinking that he did. He told me if I ever reported him that he would tell everyone that I regularly "gave it up" to the whole campus. He would tell everybody I knew. I believed him and I kept silent.

The only person I ever told was my closest soror, my sands. She promised to keep it a secret only if I got help. Only if I took the initiative to seek help and I did.

It's been about two years since I was raped. Chris graduated that same year, so I never saw him again after my sophomore year. I'm preparing to graduate this year and I am still the same timid person I was then. I lost the effervescence, the positiveness, everything. My mother (who still does not know) asks me, to this day, if I am o.k. if there is something bothering me. Mothers know, but I don't plan on telling her. I try to be active on camps. I started a Women's Coalition Against Abuse. I especially wanted to reach black women because many are like me. They are afraid to report that they have been raped or abused. I hope my story appeals to all women, especially women of color.



POSITIVE "HO" MODELS

assuming lyrical consent

2 HOT 2 HANDLE
2 HEAVY 2 CONTAIN
2 SMALL 2 GAIN
A BLACK WOMAN'S
SHAME

- - - an excerpt from the poem, "JOYGASM"

Images: Lil' Kim and Foxy Brown

By Joyal Miasia McNeil

Pardon me, but in the title of this article, I meant to write, "positive role models." Although, in the age of platinum selling recording artists (platinum status is attained by selling over a million albums), "driving in their Mitsubishi, admiring their shoes by Gucci while playing with their pussy (actual lyrics from the song, "Get Money" by rapper, Lil' Kim), my mistake is an easy one to make. Now, a question for the campus community to ponder: Are female icons who belong to the hip hop culture obligated to establish and uphold positive female images, as well as, record platinum selling hits? Just a little something to ruminate on while chewing the cud in the Bleacher Club.

The hip hop culture has had an unexpected and unparalleled influence on gender roles in this present day and age. Men are often perceived as "players," a 1990's caricature of Superfly or the Mack who has, "extensive hoes with expensive clothes (actual lyrics from the song, "Who Ya Wit" by rapper, Jay-Z)." While on the other hand, poultry parts (chicken heads to be precise) are a common reference in hip-hop to describe a woman. "Give me all the *chicken-heads* from Pasadena to Medina, bet Big get in-between ya," the late Notorious B.I.G. on the Total remix, "Can't You See."

But regardless of perceptions and representations that stem from the hip-hop culture, what is imperative is, that the true definition of any individual should only be a reflection of that individual. Or in other words, just because a Black woman is in a short leather mini-skirt and wearing

a pair of Channell sunglasses, that doesn't make her a Foxy Brown wanna-be. Clothes do not make the woman! It is only when women wake up in the morning and go to bed at night with a personal definition of self, will men respect them for what and who they are, as opposed to disrespecting them for what they are attempting to emulate. This personal definition of the self should involve an overdose of self-esteem, self-respect, self-awareness, and self-knowledge.

Yet still, some women complain that male and female discourse in hip-hop reeks of misogyny. One possible remedy for relief from such a stench would be for these women to ask themselves, "WHY DO I COME WHEN I'M NOT BEING CALLED?" Remember, men disrespect those who disrespect themselves, as well as, those who allow themselves to be disrespected.

Some women, on the other hand, have acquired an immunity to sexist lyrics. But is this a display of weakness or a show of their own inner power? In order to answer that question, it is important to realize that there are many different types of women in the music industry and the world. From Queen Latifah to the Queen Bitch and from Leena Horne to Millie Jackson and everyone else in-between that represents the general listening audience. With the rise of sexually-explicit lyrics in hip-hop by female rappers, some women feel that they are finally being spoken to. These are the women out on the dance floor who accept these lyrics as personal truths. They, in turn, play the gardening tool role and accept the

Academy Award of pseudo acclamation. Not only do these women have a sense of humor but a sense of pride that they are finally being recognized. After all, hip hop must recognize all its fans.

The black experience and existence coexists with creativity and freedom of language. Without these aspects of life, which can appear detrimental, black thought would suffocate at the hands of white censorship. The media allows for sexual exploitation because sex sells. That is a fact of life and all the banter about it will never cease. More importantly, neither will the dollars that support it. One can either relate or rebel. Hopefully, that decision is an informed one. Only when women no longer feel the need to be bound by self-conscious sexism can men feel obliged

to seek the real woman behind the silhouette.

In the celebration of our bodies we promote free eroticism and not lyrical consent. What B.I.G. says about women is not gospel but jest and what Foxy Brown or Lil' Kim may allude to is their own personal definition of self and not necessarily true for all women. We, as Black women and men, need to realize that we are not slaves bound to hip-hop's representations. But until we can learn how to relate to our bodies and come to terms with our sexuality, we will never be able to create new and different sexual representations of ourselves. There are 69 ways to disrespect a black woman and assuming lyrical content as consent to disrespect is number one.



STOP POLICE BRUTALITY FORUM

By Andre English

On Tuesday, October 22 nd, 1997 at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, a powerful, and enlightening program was held. The program, a forum on stopping police brutality, was held in the Uniti Cultural Center. Organized by student leaders from the Black Caucus, the program was designed to prepare the audience for the events to be held on October 22, 1997; the National Day Against Police Brutality, Repression and the Criminalization of a Generation. Special Guest Speakers were Iris Baez, and Carl Dix. The Program started out with a welcome by the host, Andre English, followed by a stirring rendition of Billy Holiday's Strange Fruit sung by Izola Miller. This song, provided the perfect opening for the event. As Ms. Miller sang the words, it seemed as if her voice carried you back to the not so distant past. A time when Lynching, and horrible acts of violence committed against black people were the norm. As you heard Izola's beautiful voice begin to fade, you were suddenly thrust back to reality, and you were left with a question. Do these inhumane acts of violence and terror against blacks, and people of color still exist? You didn't have to wait long for the answer.

The host quickly moved to introduce the woman everyone was there to see and hear. As Mrs. Baez, the mother of Anthony Baez (29) who was killed in December 1994; he died from an illegal choke hold used by the police. Officer Francis Livoti

harassed the Baez brothers in response to a football accidentally hitting Livoti's parked police car. With silent elegance, Mrs. Baez began to tell her story. Questions of inhumane acts of violence committed against people of color came back a resounding yes. It became evident that police brutality was the same type of inhumane, degenerate, and racist behavior that Lynching was, and still is in the south. As Mrs. Baez ended her story, the courage and strength of this woman seemed to reverberate through the room. No one in the room was unmoved, and many were on the verge of tears, as Mrs. Baez ended her talk by saying, "We as a nation must stand up and say no more!"

The next speaker was Carl Dix, National spokesperson for the Revolutionary Communist Party, and a member of the National Coordinating Committee for the October 22 nd Coalition. Mr. Dix started his discussion by again recognizing the courage of Mrs. Baez. He then went on to describe the events that took place in the 70th precinct this past summer involving the torture and sodomizing of brother Abner Louima. Again the question: "Do terrible and inhumane acts of violence still take place against the black community?" This question was painfully answered with a resounding "Yes". Mr. Dix went on to discuss many other issues affecting our communities.

However, there are two

points that I really want to stress. First, Mr. Dix made it clear that the problem of police brutality is only a piece of the puzzle of problems plaguing the black community. He said quit simply, "There are many problems facing our community. But right now I'm working on the problem of police brutality because people are dying." This is all to true. Police in New York have one of the highest rates of killing civilians in the country over the past two years.

The second point stated by Mr. Dix was that he feels that the problem of police brutality is systemic. Therefore, the police are only doing their job. The purpose of the police is to protect and serve. Mr. Dix believes that's exactly what they do. They protect and serve the rich white capitalists, and the system of white supremacy. I would tend to agree. The Police Officers within our communities act as Huey Newton said, "occupying armies." There purpose is really to terrorize, and make us fear them. Just as the overseer on the slave plantation kept the slaves under control through fear and terror. Plantation overseers did this in order to maintain control over the slaves. As a result, the political system of slavery was maintained. This is what the modern day overseers do as well; they protect their system.

The audience was then given the opportunity to ask questions, give testimony, or just participate in the group discussion with the guests.

The group dialogue proved fruitful. Many great points and issues were raised. We can't stop with just this forum. We must continue to champion the crusade for justice, and an end to police brutality.

The Forum closed with a few announcements. Some of them being; the Day of Atonement on October 16, the Afrikans United For Sanity Conference on Saturday October 18, at the Wyandanch library from 10 - 2p.m., the Million Women's March on Saturday October 25, in Philadelphia, and of course the National Day Against Police Brutality on October 22, 1997. As Nathaniel Hendricks led us in our closing prayer, I couldn't help but feel as if we must continue to struggle, and fight. We must put an end to the brutality, harassment, violence, and murder that black people have endured; since we were kidnapped and brought here to North America 400 years ago. That is exactly what the Black Caucus, the organization responsible for the event, is working towards. We need to stand up and fight against the atrocities of police brutality. Then, we will invariably start to put a crack in that barbaric system of white supremacy. This one step will put our people on the path to having the power to determine our own destiny. If you would like more information on the Black Caucus, or the events taking place on the Stony Brook campus, feel free to contact Andre at (516)216 - 2439.



IRIS BAEZ

Mother of Anthony Baez,
A victim of police brutality



CARL DIX

National Coordinating
Committee member for the
October 22nd Coalition

The
Indigo
Experience

Uniti
Cultural
Center

October
8th
1997



AFRICAN
AMERICAN
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MINORITY
PLANNING
BOARD

LATIN
AMERICAN
STUDENTS
ORGANIZATION

Jessica Care Moore



SISTERHOOD

November 20, 1997

ONE NATION

Volume 37, Supplement 1

Words and Images from the Million Woman March



October 25, 1997 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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Special Editorial

By Tischelle George

Over one million women and supporters of women gathered on Benjamin Franklin Parkway on a cold, damp day to celebrate the black woman. The skies were gray and the breeze was bitter but the spirits of the women were high and electrified.

Women trekked across the country to commune, network and interact with other women who shared a common goal. It was apparent that the Million Woman March would be an historic event and everyone in attendance wanted to be a part of it.

The agenda of the march attempted to address social, political and economic issues concerning women and their role in the world. Speeches about the development and completion of black independent schools, the release of black women from jails and the further development of black women professionals,

entrepreneurs and politicians all sought to inspire women to implement positive changes once they returned to their communities.

Now, three weeks after the march, some are questioning whether the goals of the march are being met. Prior to the march comments were posted on some web sites saying that a march would be ineffective and a waste of time, because a day of marching would not improve destitute conditions in many African-American communities.

Although it is true that one march will not miraculously correct the ills of the African-American race, a gathering where people with common goals can listen, learn and share their thoughts will improve the individual. And since individuals interact with their community, there will be a gradual, positive progression in communities throughout the country.

The success of the march can be determined by whether each person's expectations were met. Everyone who attended the march hoped to get something out of it that they could take back home with them. Some women went to the march to learn about how they can better their communities, other women went to see and hear speakers such as Winnie Mandela and Sister Souljah. If these women got what they expected and more, then the march was successful.

Sharing ideas is the first step to solving a problem on such a large scale. The second step is to devise a plan and to then put it into action. Three weeks is a little premature to expect instant results, because many are still in the planning stages. Possibly by the time the Million Family March comes around the plans will have gone into affect.

The Million Woman March: At A Glance

By Simcael Mason

There is indeed a true whiteout of the dissemination of information when it comes to anything knowledgeable, positive, and active for our communities. It is no surprise that there has not been any mention of this historic event by Stony Brook bureaucrats. Our, let us call them, adversaries would love nothing more than to not have any sisters from this campus attend the march.

The Million Woman March, much like the Million Man March, seeks to aid our communities within the United States through panoramic awareness. On October 16, 1995, a vast amount of information on the esoteric sciences underlying America's historical foundation, was conveyed through the march. It focused on revealing the obvious that was hidden to the unaware mind. The Million Woman March, however, is far more practical or rather exotelic in its outlook.

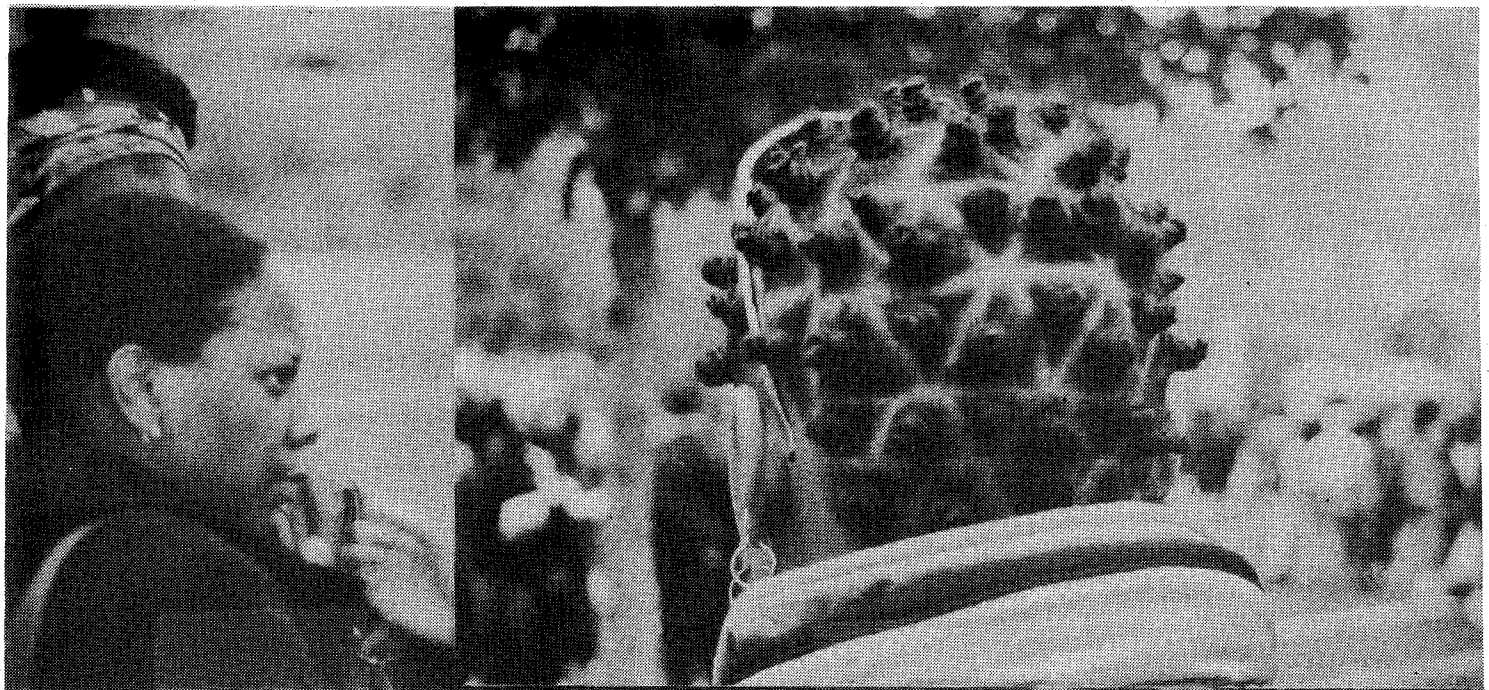
According to their mission statement "Women of African descent who reside, struggle and interact in grassroots communities have analyzed and assessed unlimited issues and problems . . . The Million Woman March is capable and ready to create and implement strategic methods of resolving such matters." The sisters who have coordinated the march are distinctly focused on collectively dealing with statements such as "we no longer bond as a family unit . . ." and questions such as who is responsible for teaching the morals and values of womanhood?" Thus, it would appear that their mission is very clear.

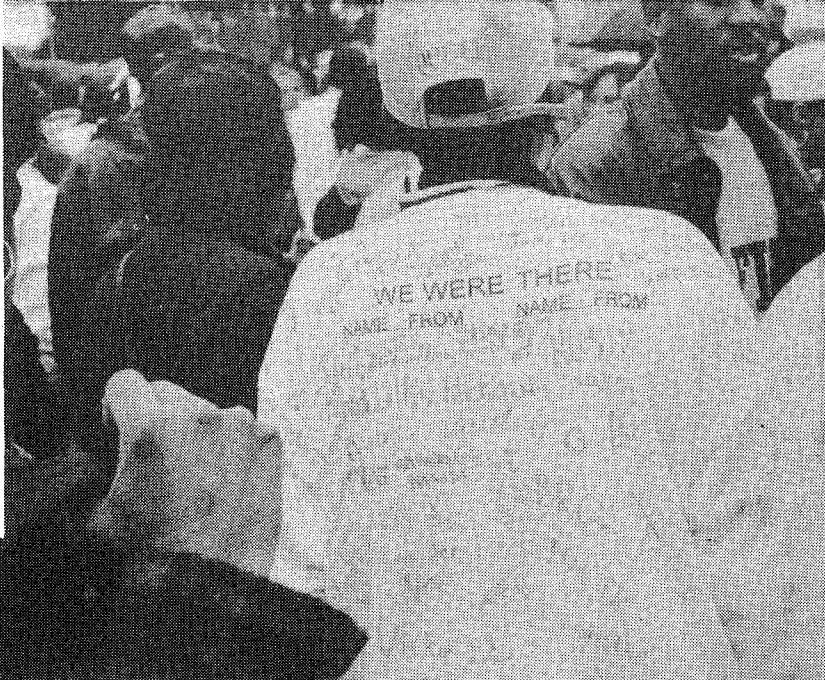
Their purpose, however, is intertwined with their mission, but has particular implications that not only affect Black women, but the entire Black nation as well. "Black people will never be the same because from this event (MWM) the lives of Black men, women, and children will be set in motion to obtain further upliftment and qualitative change," articulated on page one of their purpose. The purpose is expressly dedicated to addressing, and conclusively dealing with issues regarding women of African descent. Since, the spiritual state of the Black woman is the very source of our nation, every issue regarding women of African descent is directly linked to the nation as a whole.

Among the respected heroines and leaders that will be present, two of the prominent women are Congresswoman Maxine Waters and Winnie Mandela. Maxine Waters has endlessly supported the Black community in California, but is not limited to only that location. She is known nationally as an activist for all of our communities throughout the United States. Waters, specifically, will be addressing the need to probe "into the CIA's participation and its relationship to the influx of drugs into the African American community." The CIA's surreptitious role in collaborating with local enforcement agencies (FBI, NSA, etc.) in the destruction of all Black communities is common knowledge for some and a well established fact for others.

Sister Mandela's legacy of revolutionary activity in counteraction to apartheid, and Afrikaner injustice is renowned. She supported her husband, Nelson Mandela throughout the 27 years of his unjust imprisonment and continued the struggle of counteracting Afrikaner injustice. Presently Nelson Mandela has converted his counteracting of apartheid/Afrikaner (European) injustice into unforgivably counteracting sister Mandela's struggle to fight against apartheid and (Afrikaner) European injustice. However unfortunate, though, it is a circumstance of reality that must be critically studied afrocetrically.

Throughout it all, the "platform issues" that will be addressed concern the Black nation, in relation to the Black woman. Black women, as the natural mothers of the nation and next generation of children, are duly expected to perform their innate matriarchal duties, and implement, as well as apply, them at this most appropriate time. With the ending of the current educational system as we know it, the spiritual African consciousness that is on the rise, the increase of local military (police force), criminality in expressing inhumanity, and the subtle implementation of technocratic and technological enslavement, the Million Woman March could not have come at a better time.





Why a Million Woman March?

By Monique Maylor

On October 25, 1997 at 6 am, I boarded a school bus to Philadelphia for the Million Woman March. I did not know what to expect or whether I should expect anything at all. What I did know, was that the day belonged to me. I was finally having my time—to be uplifted, to be inspired, and to atone, learn, bond, and feel loved, by sisters.

There was a trail of coach buses, mini-vans, and car-pools full of Black women going in the same direction. When we got off the exit for Pennsylvania I felt powerful and my heart began to race. Due to the lack of attendance by many women on campus and the lack of television advertisement, I figured that only a few thousand women would show. I was wrong. When we entered the official parking lot for the March, Black women were everywhere. Black women represented well that Saturday; Old, young, tall, short, heavy, slim, in groups of two, or in groups of two hundred. I felt like a little kid on Christmas Eve counting down the hours.

On our way to the march site itself, we had to take a Philadelphia public bus and the driver (a brother) gave about thirty of us a free ride, for seventeen blocks. At that moment, I did not believe that I could have been anymore 'ampted'. There was love to the left of me, to the right of me, in front of me, behind me, holding my hand, and love

staring at me from every direction. Oh yeah, I was definitely feeling it.

As I got closer to the march my heart started to pound a mile a minute. I was there, in Philadelphia, at the Million Woman March with my sisters. Seven of us, holding onto each other by book bags or jacket collars, began to walk through the crowd to make our way to the front.

"Excuse me, sister. Young sisters coming through."

"I am sorry."

"Don't worry about it."

"Can I get through?"

"Here go this way." With the help of our sisters, we made it and our day began.

Faith Evans came out to show her support. She sang, "His Eye is on the Sparrow," a gospel song, to tell us the reason why she sings. "I sing because I'm happy. I sing because I'm free. His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches over me." Jada Pinkett gave us suggested reading list of books, so that we may start to educate ourselves about our history and strength. On several occasion's she exclaimed, "I love you" to all of us and we responded with the same. Jada had us, "raising the roof" (and we were outside).

A beautiful eleven year old sister dedicated her voice and powerful words in front of 1.3-2 million women. "We can make it," she said. Sister Souljah simply told us how it was. She reiterated the fact that sisters don't have to sell p#∞!!*y and be vulgar for

record sales. She told us to love ourselves, because if we don't love ourselves we can't expect any man to.

Maxine Waters, Congresswoman from California, told the CIA that we were not going to be annihilated by their hands and that we knew what they had done and are still doing to the Black community. She gave names of oppressors, such as NIKE, that own sweatshops in third world countries and consequently put her job on the line. Then Winnie Mandela spoke to us. She said that she understood our battle of being African-Americans in the United States and accepted us. She called us Africans, who were born and raised in America

and proclaimed her love for us all. "You are African. You are American. How hard it must be living in two worlds."

Why a Million Woman March? When I was hungry, a woman, around my mother's age, turned to me with an apple. When I turned around to look at her, she was standing behind me with an open duffel bag full of food. "I've got sandwiches, apples, crackers and cookies. If you're hungry help yourself...that's why I brought it with me." How she knew I was hungry, I don't know, but it felt good to have someone not know me and want to help. SISTERHOOD.

Somewhere behind me, a young woman was hurt and we heard a call for 911. In unison, when the music

shut off, the middle section through the front started to yell, "911, 911, 911, 911, 911..." After about 2-3 minutes of yelling, the mistress of ceremonies heard our call and informed the crowd that EMS would be on their way. Who the sister was and what was wrong with her did not make a difference. We knew that she needed help and wanted to assist in the process. SISTERHOOD.

Again, in unison, we yelled, "Umbrellas down. Umbrellas down," because the women behind could not see. Within minutes, the women put their umbrellas down. SISTERHOOD.

Two million women came together in solidarity. It was a day for sisters to treat one another as friends instead of enemies. It allowed us to face each other without shame, animosity, or jealousy. We were able to call each other 'sisters' and mean it.

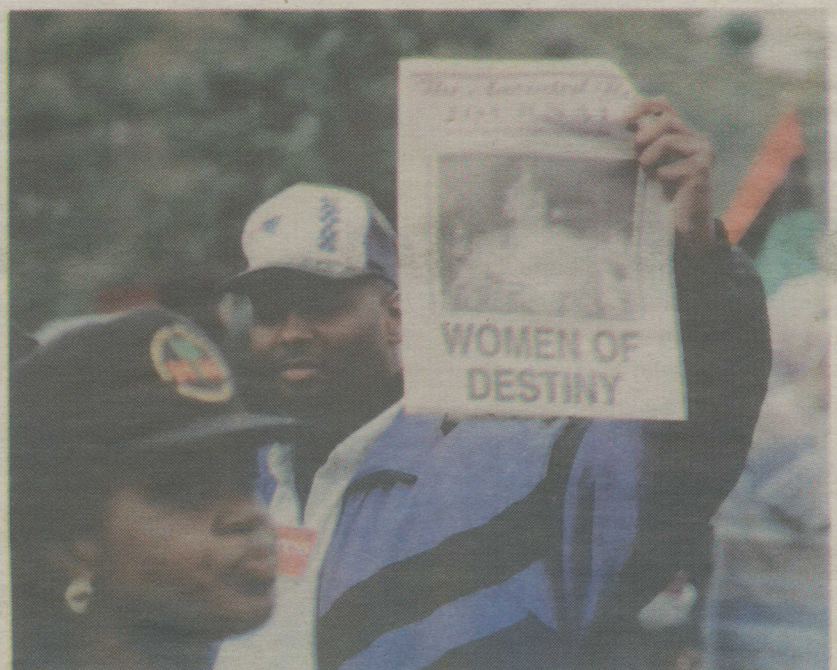
Why a Million Woman March? To show that we are not each others enemy. The Million Woman March was about my grandmother and all of the hardship she faced, my mother and all of the misery she faces, my aunts' and their daughters and all of the troubles they face, and my sisters and myself and all of the heartaches we are facing. The March represented all the Black women who have fought and died to make sure that I was better off. Why a Million Woman March? Because 'Black women united can never be defeated.'

Phenomenal Women

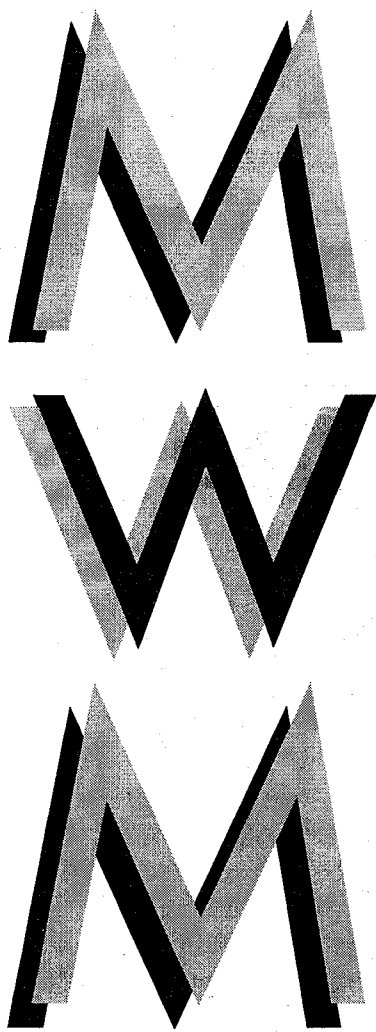
They arrived in the cold, predawn darkness. Through the rain and chilling wind. In spite of the early hour. One by one, or in groups. Many were with their friends. They were walking. Riding. Some were dropped off. All of them uniting together for one day. Each one was prepared to make history...the fulfillment of a destiny generations old. From great-grandmother to grandmother to mother to them and from them, in the tradition of wisdom, passed on to their own children.

Strength, sisterhood and unity surged beneath their coffee, mocha, light brown, yellow, hazel, and onyx skins. Determination emanated from their silky smooth, jet black or chestnut-brown perms and their soft, glistening wet Afros. Faith blew through braids which flowed down their arched backs like royalty and resonated in their spiral twists, or their bouncing, just-rolled-and-wrapped-last-night curls.





Each One Teach One



By Alicia Beckford

Brooklyn. Chicago. Baltimore. Texas. The amount of people present now, at this point in time, is 1 and 1/4 million people. Detroit. California. Washington D.C. Florida. Georgia. Banners waved high in the air announcing the state of origin. The amount of people present now, over two million. Everywhere you looked, you were looking into a sea of beautiful, strong, ambitious, black women. There were black enterprises, such as *Essence Magazine*, there to show their support and a multitude of black sorority colors everywhere.

The Benjamin Franklin Parkway, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania was full of people walking and admiring the African culture being exhibited by the vendors. You could see and feel the unity as people who didn't know each other introduced themselves and hugged. In order not to forget this great experience, many people were taking pictures while some signed each others Million Woman March T-shirts.

I was very happy to see that there were so many young women there to support this event and to hear them responding and relating to the words of the speakers. There were many powerful speakers at the March who really opened your mind and your eyes to issues that not only related to females, but to

the entire black race.

Jada Pinkett, a talented Black actress who has starred in the movies *Set it Off* and *Jason's Lyric*, host this historic event. She really represented wonderfully for the two million plus black women in attendance. Faith Evans sang beautifully. The words of many of the speakers such as Rosa Parks, were inspiring; however, one speaker who really grabbed my attention was Sister Souljah.

Sister Souljah broke down the definition of true sisterhood. It wasn't just about everyone "calling each other their sister on this day," there was much more to it than that. She spoke about when people say, "Look at the Black race, especially their men." She said that it is up to us as black women to raise our men properly so that they don't grow up the wrong way. If women continue to drink Alize and smoke while they are pregnant, then it is going to effect the child in a negative way. If you are pregnant and you continue to argue with your man, then that too will effect the way your child turns out. It is important for black women to carry themselves properly and to guide their children in the right way. We need to understand just how important this responsibility is we carry because mankind emerged from the womb of the black woman.

There was an important and powerful slogan at this march that women need to know and understand: Great Grandmother taught Grandmother — Grandmother taught Mother — Mother taught me — I will teach YOU!!! I believe that this ties into what Sister Souljah said because it is up to us to teach the next generation. We have a responsibility to do the right things in life and to teach the right things to our children and our younger siblings, in order to change the way that this world is in a positive manner. That is why I was so proud to see so many young women out there on October 25th in Philadelphia. I pray that each and everyone of them will take something positive that they learned and spread that knowledge among their fellow youth.

As Sister Souljah mentioned, it wasn't just about going to the Million Woman March and listening to the words of the speakers and saying, "Amen!" or "Yes I agree!" Only to then go out to the club that night dressed half-naked in something too revealing, and have some man disrespect you. It was about learning from this experience and changing your bad ways and helping others to live the right way as well. **Each one needs to teach one! ! ! ! ! !**

Phenomenal Women

And echoing underneath the kinte cloth of their head wraps or scarfs, were the voices of those who had come before them...Nazinga, Hatesphut, "Lucy," Nanny, Tubman, Fannie Lou, Terrell, Ida B., Rosa, and Sojourner Truth because, "I could work as much and eat as much as a man - when I could get it - and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have born thirteen children and seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?"

On this day, October 25, 1997, the Black women of today had gathered to pay respect to the former nurturers and planters in the tribe on the Mother Continent. The former slaves of the United States and the Caribbean. The former mistresses that lived in the back of Master's mansion who bore his bastard children.

These sisters had gathered at Benjamin Franklin Parkway to pay homage to the former maids and domestics, honest and hard-working women, yet perpetually stereotyped as Butterfly McQueen in someone's very wrong choice as, "the greatest movie of all-time." Respectfully, they had come to remember the words and deeds of Wheatley, Hurston, Davis, Cleaver, Chisolm, Mary-Macleod, Giovanni, Lady Day and Maya because they were all "phenomenal women."



IMAGES:
CURTIS MORRIS
d l hartley



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An Inside View

By Simcael Mason

The Million Woman March was one of the most prolific and successful spiritual gatherings in 1997. It was distinctly solid in its approach, and well organized. The march not only addressed and focused on issues that affected/effected Black women, but the global nation as well. This is important to understand because underlying the gatherings' purpose was the essence of quotes such as "A nation is only as strong as its women; You judge the character of a nation by the way it treats its women, and a quote of my own: "The degree of civility, or lack thereof, can be determined by how a society conceives its women." These quotes, not feminism, guided the gathering's overall demeanor.

Though it is called a march, it was far from being just. It was a spiritual gathering not only because the motives were spiritual, but because Black women were not the only ones in attendance. There were a large numbers of brothers who were present. Some were vendors others were not, and an increasing number of sisters brought their entire families! Families of boys, girls, and adult men could be seen everywhere. There were so many that it got to the point in which, more than once, coordinators had to stop any and all events that were going on in the gathering to announce the names of missing children. Not that the children were in any danger, but it showed where the sisters' priorities lied: not in the political parameters of the gathering, but in the dedication and commitment toward the re-

sponsibility of raising a future nation in order to stabilize another.

The speakers, guests, and political figures all reflected the many different aspects of Black women throughout the Diaspora. It bridged the gap between age, ideology, philosophy, political culture etc . . . and made dealing with the problems of our collective nation the number one priority. Among the many important sisters present was Maxine Waters, Sister Souljah, Winnie Mandela, Iya Olakunle S. Oludina, Martiarch Ohviah Yisrael, Ava Muhammad, Betty Mae Jumper, Ramona Africa, Faith Evans and the list could go on forever. All of these sisters contributed powerfully toward the purpose of the gathering in their own way. However, three sisters in particular, Winnie Mandela, Maxine Waters, and Sister Souljah, deeply moved the majority of the crowds with what they had to say.

Maxine Waters dropped the real truth behind the CIA's involvement and distribution of crack and cocaine throughout our neighborhoods back in the 80's. However, this came as no surprise to many who listened. She also dealt with many other issues such as the Black family unit. Winnie Mandela focused on sisterhood and attaining justice through a process of humanitarianism. Sister Souljah, however, took a more definitive approach to addressing the needs of the Black woman. This is not to take away from sister Waters' and Mandela's speech, but the outlook wasn't political or

social, it was internal. Sister Souljah focused on the concept of a woman as conceived by men and them. She unobjectified black women and compelled them to critically assess themselves in questioning their purpose in the world. Are they to be spiritual beings or sex-objects? Yet, Sister Souljah put the icing on the cake when she conclusively, referring to Black women stated, "You are the most powerful force in the universe and existence!" As the finality of the essence of her speech, it truly gave Black women, and men something to ponder.

The Million Woman March was a gathering unto itself. It is incomparable to any other march. Though many having tried to compare it to the Million Man March - especially the mainstream media, it had fundamental differences. One in particular was the fact that it was organized and coordinated by many ordinary sisters who were fed up with the way things are going and wanted change; while conversely, the Million Man March was organized and coordinated by the Honorable Louis Farrakhan, Jesse Jackson etc . . . Another is the fact that the Million Man March dealt with many knowledgeable issues of an esoteric nature, while the Million Woman March dealt with the opposite. Nevertheless, throughout it all, Black women in America and throughout the Diaspora have yet again made their mark in world history as proclaiming and taking on the responsibility of being leaders for a collective global nation.

Phenomenal Women

After all these years, Black women have been the glue which has collectively held us together. The bearers of burdens and responsibilities which often go unnoticed, unappreciated and without anyone ever saying, "thank you Mama, Auntie, Sister, Friend, strong woman of color." But on this cold, rainy day in October, over two million showed their appreciation and did indeed, give thanks.

Two Million Strong

By Stacy Harris

The million women march was a significant event in my life. As a black female who enthusiastically watched on CNN as our men marched on Washington, D.C. on October 1 6th, 1995, it was now our turn and there was no way in hell I would have missed it.

On the way to the march and even weeks before, there was a lot of negative energy and comments being thrown-out concerning the march. Many felt that the march was unorganized that it lacked purpose and direction and that only something short of a miracle would actually bring one million women to Philadelphia. Well, they were wrong. Not only did one million woman show up, but it exceeded the count by another million plus. I was not to be deterred by this negative energy. This was the same rhetoric that was spouted for the Million Man March and the brothers proved them wrong. I had every faith in my sisters that we would deliver. Our community has always depended on us and it was depending on us now and like always, we did not let the community down.

October 25, 1997 was a very cold and wet Fall day. Sixty-one sisters, sprinkled here-and-there with a few brothers left from Stony Brook University, for Philadelphia, more specifically, Ben Franklin Parkway. It was 5:00 a.m. in the morning and heads were groggy and tired. But as the day and ride progressed the temperatures outside lowered and the once frigid temperature on the bus, slowly began to increase.

Camden, NJ approximately 10:30 a.m. We have arrived. The excitement and energy begins to build in myself and others who had come to partake in the day's events. This excitement is making us impatient and as we wait to be counted and given our passes to take the ferry across to Philadelphia, we can only imagine what awaits us on the other side of the river.

When we get into Philly, we see no signs that a march of a million women is even taking place, the city appears to be business as usual. We flag a city transit bus down and are given a free ride by a brother who is contributing to the march by supporting the sisters. As the bus speeds along Market Street to the site of the march, the anticipation builds in me. The bus stops at Market and 6th and some older sisters from Ohio join us. They welcome us with cheers of, "The sisters are in the house." About this time, the bus doesn't even need gasoline to operate; the energy emanating from all of us could have gotten it to Carolina and back!

We exit the bus at Market and 23rd street and we walk the few blocks to the Ben Franklin Parkway. As we walk towards the march, we see many sisters walking away from our desired destination. Considering we were 5 hours late, since the march began at 5:45 a.m., we began to panic, fearing the worse...that we had missed what we wanted so badly to be a part of. But all our fears were quieted because as we rounded the corner we saw a sea of sisters chilling and enjoying each other's company. Of course, you know I made my way to the front because I was determined to catch every word that fell from the lips of the sisters who were there as our representatives.

As I made my way to the front, I ignored the many vendors that lined the streets selling T-shirts and food and various other ethnic items. They did not even faze me because I was not there to support them. I was there to become revitalized and re-energized by the spirit of sisterhood.

When I finally got to the spot where I was to spend the rest of the day, Jada Pinkett, the master of ceremonies, was introducing Faith Evans. As I waited for her to come to the stage, I wondered "what" she was coming to the stage with. At that one moment I went against the very essence of the march by judging the sister before she even came to do her presentation. And of course, when you prejudge the person, as is the case most often, you end-up being proved wrong. I was truly surprised as Faith's melodious voice belted out her own private, accapella rendition of an old time gospel favorite, "His Eyes Are on the Sparrow." The emotion she put into the song spoke of the pain she has felt in recent months - her husband's untimely death and of losing him in a most violent and brutal way. Her presentation set the tone for the speakers that followed.

The stage was again turned over to the master of ceremonies, Jada Pinkett, who attacked her role with ferocity. She had us "raising roofs" and belting out with our two million voices, chants like, "Go sister." And of course, you know we had to sing 'We are family,' and boy did we sing it. We were turning to each other and hugging and kissing because at that moment, we felt like we were just that, a family. All my mothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, grand and great-grandmothers were there and we were all sharing in each other's love.

Sister Souljah came on stage and she told us about ourselves, or as she put it, she was going to, "get up in your personal business." She told what some of us already knew but sometimes ignored, that we should act like ladies and respect ourselves. We should raise our sons to be good men if we want to have good black men, and something you will never hear on C-SPAN, that it's not all about our pussies. And then, sisters came dropping bombs... Sister Ava Muhammed, Tynita Muhammed, Maxine Waters, Attilah Shabazz (daughter of Malcolm X), and of course the Queen Mother of the revolution, Winnie Mandela. I can't even begin to tell you what was said, you had to be there.

The most shocking statistics for the day was that sisters comprise 50 % of the prison population, while comprising only 7% of the general population. In addition to that, the prison population for sisters is increasing at a rate of 225%. This means that if we keep on our current course, you may one day be a part of this fast growing sub-culture.

We left the march at approximately 4:00 p.m. to make our 6:15 p.m. rendezvous with the other *BLACKWORLD* bus riders. As we turned to make our way towards Market Street, the sight that greeted us was breathtaking. As far as, your eyes could see and beyond, to your left and to your right were sisters. I had been in the front for so long that I could not conceptualize two million sisters. But when I turned around, it hit me full force, and it was beautiful. It took us about 45 minutes to make our way through the crowd. During this time I encountered the vendors that many complained about, but by this time I was on a natural high, so once again, they didn't faze me, for I was revitalized and re-energized from the spirit of sister hood I received from the day. My companions and I came in numbering seven but we left as a strong and bonded eleven, for our sisters at Brown University had joined us.

We never made our 6:15 rendezvous. We were 20 minutes late because unlike New York, buses in Philly don't run as frequently and we waited a whole 45 minutes to take a moonlight- bus ride. But we all made it home in one piece thanks to the Creator.

Many were critical of the day, complaining about the vendors and the lack of directions offered to sisters at the end of the day. To these sisters, I say, if you came just for the Tee - shirt and the souvenirs, then I would be pissed at the vendors too because I agree, some of them were very rude. But the day was not about them, it was about us and the vendors should not have disgusted you to the point where you gave up on the day. To the other sisters who were looking for direction from the march, the march was about support, you were supposed to come focused, and if you weren't, by seeing all the sisters who go through what you go through, you should have gotten some direction. It comes from you, if you wait for all two million women to mobilize before you do something, you will wait forever. You are your own person. Too much depends on us sisters for you to be a follower. Blaze your own path. Listening up sisters, today is a new day...

Peace, 1 in 2 million

Shades of Indigo . . .



a blue shade production

MUSIC

The Cornerstone of the Soul

By Brenza Bradford

For generations, music has been the sustaining force for our people. Evolving from the beat of ancestral drums to today's hip-hop and rhythm and blues, music has brought us through all of the trials and tribulations that we as a collective have suffered. But there have also been negative effects felt by our brand of song. (Ex. - The deaths of Tupac Shakur and Christopher "Notorious B.I.G." Wallace). Instead of focusing on the talent and creativity that are commonplace among us, the general public has mostly chosen to dwell on the adverse lyrics that they hear and possibly (often) misinterpret. The media doesn't help either. They add to the misrepresentation and emphasize the misinformation that is put out there. It is up to the record-buying public and the artists to help dispense the myths to keep the innovative continuity that binds our music together.

I am what you would call a "musical historian." I love all types of music. From the Motown sound of the 1960s through the Techno and Pop of to-

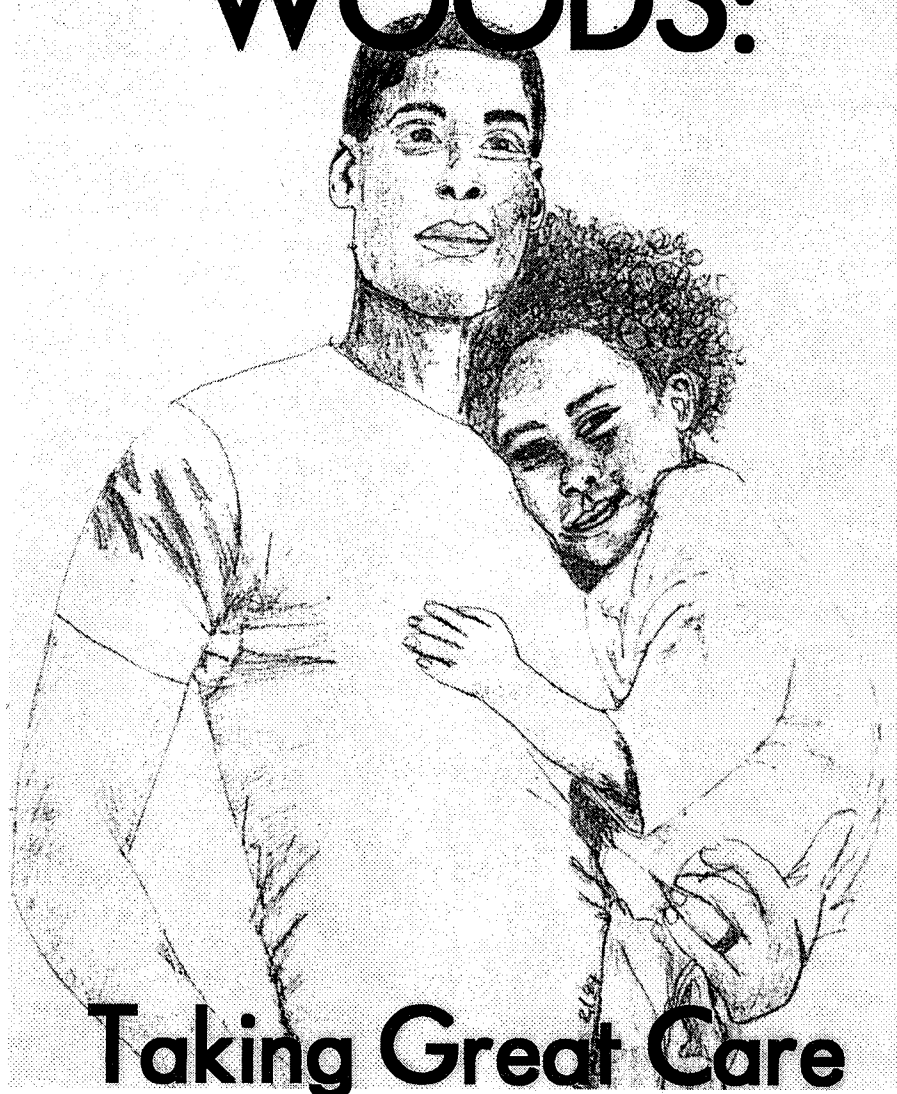
day, and everything in between. I love hearing the stories of how songs came about. The real life situations that give each song its own special meaning. Some are good, some are bad and some are just plain "real." For example, The Queen of Soul, Aretha Franklin, wrote her first album in 1966 from her life experience: her relationships, her first marriage and her quest leave gospel music and become a pop artist. The result - a number one album that included the number one hit, "Respect" in 1967. Her album was reviewed by Billboard Magazine as the "Best Soul Album Ever Released." Nothing recorded in the last 30 years has topped it yet. Don't worry, that point is debatable. The song "Respect" is used today as a woman's anthem world-wide for equality and respect. All of this came from an innovative and creative black woman! That makes me proud. This is the reason why I know that I or others can create something just as good or even better. Some of today's singing groups and divas credit music and musicians

from the past as their inspiration for their music today. Someone has said that the highest compliment that one artist can pay to another is to sample their music. If that is the case, then artists from every genre of music is paying extreme homage to them. Rap and hip-hop are the most common genre that utilize sampling. So, I guess that I am not the only one that loves and respects our musical history.

O.k. I didn't forget music from our culture. Latin, Haitian, Brazilian, West and East Indian, African, and other national brands of song and music. I love that too. These are all pieces of my heritage. It completes me as a whole, so it has to be included. It tells the story of our people, as kings and queens, as slaves and as creators. Even gospel and old Negro spirituals are part of the cornerstone. In short, everything written here is part of everyone's cornerstone. No matter what it may be.

So what is the cornerstone of your soul?

IN THE WOODS:



Taking Great Care

By Louis Woods

My job is the best, because I have learned so much from it. Each summer I work at the infant day care center. I work with children from the ages of 4 months to 3 years old. Two of the most significant things that I have learned while working there are 1) that it is difficult to raise children, and that birth planning should be thoroughly thought out and 2) I realized how receptive children are, and how careful one must be in their presence.

My job is both very rewarding and exhausting. For those who have not worked with infants, please know that it is a very tough job. Children demand undivided attention all of the time. The physical aspect of my job and the taxing effect it has on my energy level, has given me a new respect for parenting. Before working at the day care center, I foolishly believed that I would have at least four children, but after a month of working with infants and toddlers, my views have radically changed.

This change did not make me love children any less, instead it made me take parenting more seriously. As a result I have become much more practical about many issues pertaining to parenting. It is a sobering thought to come home totally exhausted after working with toddlers for eight hours, and then that "if I were a parent I would not be able to rest."

The parents of the children who I help to care for, tell me that they have to adjust their schedule according to their children. So if a child doesn't sleep through the night neither will his parents. For this and other reasons, I think parents deserve all of the credit in the world.

This job has also given me new insight into human behavior. Observing children behavior has given me a better understanding of general human behavior. Most children come into the world as powerful, confident, energetic, excited, proud, intelligent, charismatic individuals. Unfortunately, as they grow older the innate qualities that they possess are systematically beaten out of them.

This is a simple but significant realization because, all children come into the world equally as powerful, proud and confident regardless of their gender, ethnicity, social class, religious affiliation, sexual preference, etc. A child is taught racism, sexism, classism, homophobia and an infinite amount of other discriminative beliefs and values throughout the course of their lives.

These previously mentioned "ism's" are learned behaviors, because they are not present in age groups of 1 to 3. Depending on what side the child happens to be born on they will either internalize the "ism's" or become part of the external force that promotes that "ism's". A child has no control over internalized "ism's," regardless of whether he is born privileged or not.

Children are very influential. Most parents do not realize how much their actions effect their children. Children pick up on everything, every action, every word, every expression. Parents can really damage their children by transferring negative pathology to them, because any internalized "ism" that a parent has is usually passed on to their children.

QUOTABLE

If Black women bore the terrible burden of equality in oppression, if they enjoyed equality with their men in their domestic environment, then they also asserted their equality aggressively in challenging the inhumane institution of slavery. They resisted the sexual assaults of white men, defended their families and participated in work stoppages and revolts...they poisoned their masters, committed other acts of sabotage, and like their men, joined maroon communities and frequently fled northward to freedom. From the numerous accounts of the violent repression overseers inflicted on women, it must be inferred that she who passively accepted her lot as a slave was the exception rather than the rule.

Angela Y. Davis
from her book, *Women, Race & Class*

Meeting with the Minds:

Reintroducing Dr. Dorothy Hurley

As the new Director of Stony Brook's EOP/AIM Program, Dr. Dorothy Hurley brings clarity and stabilization to the position that is derived from both her personal and professional backgrounds.

"My passion for the EOP Program comes from the fact that I am someone who was historically disadvantaged while growing up in Philadelphia," says Hurley. "As a high school student, I became depressed because I did not see school as necessary. I only saw myself then, as working for the rest of my life because that was what you had to do and it was what you were supposed to do. So I left school."

But after leaving school, Dr. Hurley gained valuable insight about herself. She became a participant in the Neighborhood Youth Core, a Federally funded program for the disadvantaged. It was there that she first learned that she could actually go on to college and receive an education. After enrolling in a private prep school, Dr. Hurley completed her studies and was awarded a scholarship to Cheyney University of Pennsylvania, the first historically Black institution of higher learning in America.

"Cheyney was a special, life changing place for me. It was the place where my professors took an

interest in me. It was the place where I had gone not thinking that I was very bright, only to find out, that I was indeed very capable. It was the place where I got my identity after arriving with low self-esteem and not being very grounded. There were people there who actually celebrated my successes. It was at Cheyney, that I received the experience that I mattered and what I did mattered to someone else." With this type of nurturing experience as a part of her background, it is not surprising that Dr. Hurley wants to turn EOP/AIM into that same kind of experience for students here at Stony Brook. "When I look at the kinds of things we try to do here at EOP, I think back to the type of nurturing I received at Cheyney, and then look for ways in which to facilitate that process for the students that we serve here at EOP."

As an educator for over twenty-five years, Dr. Hurley has achieved many professional accomplishments. After her undergraduate career at Cheyney, Dr. Hurley has diligently worked as a school teacher, a guidance counselor for disadvantaged girls, a certified school administrator, and a management consultant, to list only a brief few of her endeavors. Dr. Hurley obtained her Doctorate degree from Temple University.

Although Dr. Hurley has only been a part of the Stony Brook community since last December, her transition has been relatively smooth and easy. "As a leader, I really try to operate on the basis that what is most important here is that we carry out the mission of the program for the students that this program was designed to serve." But obviously, there have been transitional "growing pains." Dr. Hurley acknowledges, "that whenever you have new leadership, in any kind of organization, at any level, what you are almost certain to have, is a resistance to change."

One of the changes in the EOP program, locally referred to as Advancement through Individual Merit, AIM, that Dr. Hurley and her staff are trying to implement, is the destruction of the myth that EOP is only an advising program. "Academic advising is only one part of the program. The EOP program is holistic in nature, with the purpose of the program explicitly designed to serve the historically disadvantaged population. The EOP program was designed to give access and opportunity to people who would have been traditionally by-passed by higher education." Additionally, Dr. Hurley says, "more than access and opportunity, the program was de-



signed to provide all the tools for success that are needed to be successful at the various campuses throughout the state. Personal and career counseling, financial aid counseling, workshops, computer instruction, etc...In many ways, the program attempts to model itself after the small, nurturing environment of one of the historically black colleges."

Confident in the program as a whole and the institutional support she requires to be successful, Dr. Hurley would like to see the EOP program grow and be able to serve more students and offer them even more services. Dr. Hurley fully understands many of the complex issues that some of our students come here with, but her philosophy as EOP Director, is that no issue is too big or small which can not be resolved by working together.

Feedback

All letters to the editor should be addressed as such. Please submit any and all letters to **BLACKWORLD**, located in Room 072 in the Student Union Basement. **BLACKWORLD** also has a mailbox in the Student Polity Office, Suite 202 in the Student Activities Center.

This Way for Black Empowerment

GETTING BEYOND RACISM REQUIRES GETTING BEYOND RACE

By Dr. Lenora Fulani

I recently had the pleasure of having Dr. Kwame Anthony Appiah on my weekly cable TV show. Dr. Appiah is professor of African American Studies and Philosophy at Harvard University. His recent works include *In My Father's House: Africa in the Philosophy of Culture*. The *Dictionary of Global Culture* written with Henry Lewis Gates, and *Color Conscious: The Political Morality of Race* co-authored with Amy Gutman.

Like many other scholars, Dr. Appiah argues that there is no such thing as race. Going beyond showing that there is no biological evidence for racial differences he claims that race is not cultural either. The move to identify racial differences as cultural, he says, falsely suggests that people in one cultural grouping are the same as each other and different from people in other cultural groupings. Racism is then understood as stemming from cultural misunderstandings. But, Dr. Appiah points out (and I agree with him), Black and White Americans understand each other just fine. Racism isn't a matter of cultural differences and misunder-

standings; it's a matter of political power.

Dr. Appiah speaks of the need to get beyond what the French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre identified as anti-racist racism — as exemplified, for example, in Black pride and Pan-Africanism. The establishment of this kind of racial identity, Dr. Appiah says, is a stage in a people's demand to be recognized. But there are problems with identity: it becomes categorical; it becomes defining and rigid, signaling association with particular political or social agendas and particular beliefs. Dr. Appiah writes persuasively of the destructive effects of identity politics as identity-defined interest groups compete with each other for legislative initiatives and social policy on the basis of presumed shared characteristics and on their own behalf. Dr. Appiah recommends that we engage in "identity play" — that we step back from our identities, see that they are not always that important, and not all of who we are — and move on to post racial identities. He describes this "moving on" as "the ... imagina-

tive work of constructing collective identities for a democratic nation in a world of democratic nations, work that must go hand in hand with cultivating democracy here and encouraging it everywhere."

While I agree with much of what Dr. Appiah says, I do take issue with his view that the establishment of racial identity (and thereby, identity politics) is a necessary stage in the process of challenging identity, and his claim that first we have to establish our identity and then we can challenge it. I see nothing natural or inevitable about this. In fact, that this is what has happened historically is more a issue of a mistaken political tactic — identity politics — than the proof for an abstract stagist theory of human history. In my work as both a developmental psychologist and a political activist I have come to believe that the African American community must challenge both the theoretical and tactical frameworks that are based on racial identity in order to truly deal with the issue of racism and political power.

Test of a Friendship

By Tischelle George

The effects of sexual assault are far reaching and indirectly impact the lives of those intimately connected to the survivor. Friends and family bear the weight of comforting the survivor and trying to reestablish a sense of stability and security, but their emotional needs sometimes go unnoticed because the survivor is usually the focus of attention.

Reflecting on the experience of having a "close personal friend who was assaulted," Jason Vera, a senior, recalls learning about the news, how he handled it, and the effects the assault had on their friendship.

"It happened about four years ago. She told me what happened, but sometimes I wish she didn't tell me," Jason said. "How I was on the outside, wasn't how I was on the inside. I was in a state of shock, but I put on a front to look strong for her, because she trusted me."

Jason, a sensitive young man, tried to be supportive to his

friend, while keeping his true feelings of rage and sadness hidden inside. He was like "a brother figure." "I listened to her. I devoted endless amounts of time to her. I tried to help her to get counseling and I didn't see her any differently," Jason said.

As fundamental as Jason was, however, the sexual assault violated more than just his friend's physical being; her mind and her sense of peace were intruded upon. Her mental and emotional state were very fragile; this put a strain on their friendship. "The way she was towards me was different because of what happened. She didn't have any trust in men," Jason said. "She's at a point in her life where she hates men. It feels uncomfortable to go out with her to a movie and see a rape scene or a very aggressive sex scene."

Learning such an ugly truth about what had happened to his close friend was difficult for Jason to deal with. It is only now, four years later, that he can comfortably talk about it

without being choked up with tears. Initially he felt that he always had to appear strong and secure for his friend, but he had no idea of how to handle all of the pain, anger and bitterness that he felt. "The first year I was lost. I think I dealt with it in the wrong way," said Jason. "I doubted her sometimes to make it easier for me to understand."

Eventually Jason opened up and spoke with close friends about his feelings. He also released his pain by writing songs and poetry. This was the most comfortable medium for him. He aims to go into the entertainment industry or the theatrical circuit as a profession.

Although much time has elapsed since his friend was attacked, Jason said "to this day I still deal with it. That's why I'm in S.A.F.E. Hopefully S.A.F.E. is what is really going to help me."

Sexual Assault Facts and Education, (S.A.F.E.) is an internship/course that deals primarily with the survivors of sexual assault. In

S.A.F.E. Jason is "learning how to be a peer educator." He's learning that "rape happens to men and women," and he's learning how to be supportive, because "a lot of people may think it's their fault," said Jason. "S.A.F.E. is an outlet to help myself and the campus. Black and Latino students on campus need to be aware of the services available to them."

Currently there are 32 students enrolled in the S.A.F.E. internship, five or six who are men. This is the largest number of men that have ever been enrolled in the internship. Jason explained that it takes a certain type of man to become a sexual assault peer educator. One who will not be easily offended by the negative comments that assault survivors may have about men, and one who will not regard sexual assault as solely a woman's problem. Jason said he would not have gotten involved if his friend had not been assaulted. "For a man it won't be an issue until it happens to someone close to them."

BLACKWORLD SPORTS

LEAPS AND BOUNDS

Diversity and Perseverance: A Winning Combination

By Grace Courbis

Another physically and emotionally challenging season has ended for the Women's Tennis team. It was a season full of long hours of training, a lot of personal effort and desire to give 100 percent on the court, while still meeting the demands of academics and college life.

The element of diversity could have added to the hardships that this tough group of athletes encountered throughout the season, but fortunately it didn't. The diverse make-up of this team has contributed to the great bond that they share.

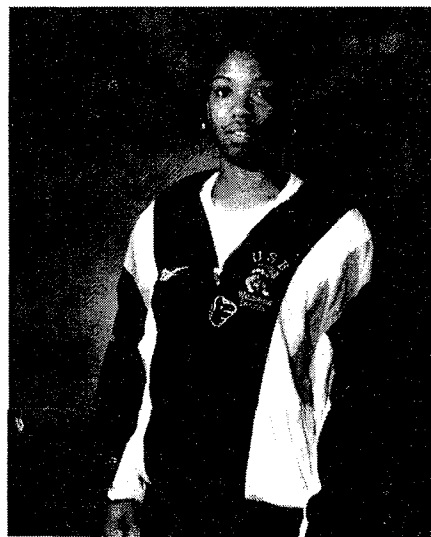
Nine of the twelve players are international or have international origins. These countries include Greece, Southern China, Hong Kong, Burma, the Philippines and Poland.

As individuals, every athlete gives back to the team, as they create a culturally rich environment. The team works together for one common goal: to represent the University at Stony Brook to the best of their ability.

It is the power of one that makes it happen. After all, that is what this nation is all about.

SEAWOLVES TENNIS:

The Makings of a Captain



By Jarvis Watson

At the University at Stony Brook, where the volleyball, football and lacrosse teams dominate, smaller, yet successful teams are sometimes overlooked. The women's tennis team has lurked in the shadows of more popular teams on campus, but now they are stepping up to the forefront, fast and strong.

Paralleling the rise of the women's tennis team, is Karen Wright, a junior who will be one of two captains next semester.

Wright a veteran athlete, who excelled in tennis, basketball and volleyball at Clara Barton High School in Brooklyn, N.Y., says she was nervous about becoming a team captain, but she feels more comfortable with the idea now. "I felt skeptical about being a leader, but I started getting stronger after I met the team," Wright said.

Although the women's tennis team is ethnically diverse, Wright is the only African-American woman on the team. Coming from a predominantly Black high school and neighborhood, Wright didn't find immediate comfort on the Stony Brook campus. "The diversity of ethnicity in Stony Brook makes me feel out of place. At times, I need to go into another world. I look toward African-Americans on opposing teams to feel like I belong," Wright said.

Wright does not think that being the only African-American on the team will have any negative effects on her leadership abilities. She has realized that what her team needs most is to focus on the progression of the team instead of on individual issues.

Head coach, Nell Lee and Wright plan to put an end to the constant whining and complaining when things go wrong, by team members. Wright plans to accomplish this by following the phrase, "Tennis is a stepping stone." She believes that tennis allows the members to be individuals, even though the strength and support come from a team effort.

Wright stresses that there is no "I" in "TEAM," to relay to her teammates that a "me-first" attitude is not going to benefit the team. Wright feels the only way that the team will grow is by learning to respect one another as individuals and combine their differences into a cohesive relationship.

Although she is at a lower level on the team, Wright feels she is steadily improving every day because she listens to her coach and implements her coaches critiques into her game. She thinks she can bring the team together, because she is open minded and easygoing. Wright positively concludes, "I'm ready."

Interested in writing for BLACKWORLD SPORTS?

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WANTED

General Body
Meets
Wednesdays
One o'clock
Student Union
Basement
Room 072

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article/issue ideas.
Bring all materials
to the Student
Union
Room 072. Let
your voice be heard.

BALLA

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"...the limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress."

Frederick Douglass

S.T.A.C.

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A LOCAL CHAPTER OF
NATIONAL SOCIETY OF BLACK ENGINEERS

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GENERAL BODY MEETING
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"WE'RE NOT JUST ENGINEERS"

COMING SOON



THE STONY BROOK GOSPEL CHOIR CONCERT

NOVEMBER 22, 1997

7:00 PM

STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER



DOES SHE KNOW?

There she is again
 Does she know I'm watching her every move?
 Yo, she is crazy smooth.
 Look at how she smiles
 her alluring style
 the way she walks
 how she stresses her S's
 when she talks
 Her assertive stance
 she got me in a trance
 one quick glance Damn!
 She caught me staring.
 But look at what she's wearing
 not even caring
 she's so bold and daring. . .and smart
 4.0 from the start she gets A's for both parts.
 Doesn't get caught with one liners
 winners and diners after the .. you know.
 Means she got a man, Damn!
 Does she know how I crave her?
 Dream in class about her perfect ass
 then think of the question she asked
 Professor Cash. Wish I thought of that.
 Does she know what I'm thinking?
 Probably not. Then why is she coming over here?
 What do I do? For this moment I've waited all year.
 There's too much fear. I should move.
 She shouts "don't you dare."
 Look at her eyes, her lips. . .dummy! Don't stare
 she's looking me over. I think she likes what she sees.
 She's about to speak. I feel dizzy and weak.
 Says she's had a crush for weeks but thought I was taken,
 ... see what I get for move faking.

--- Christopher Grant



POESY

SEXUAL CHOCOLATE (HE SAID)

HE SAID HE WANTED SOMETHING SWEET
 LIGHT ON HIS LIPS BUT HEAVY ON HIS MIND.
 HE SAID HE WANTED MIDNIGHT TREATS
 TO STIMULATE HIS LOVE MUSCLE
 AN ORGAN HARD TO FIND.

AND IF I FOUND THIS SECRET TREASURE
 STUCK BETWEEN TWO JEWELS OF SKIN.
 I'D SALIVATE AT ITS MEASURE
 AND THEN BEG HIM TO COME IN.

YOU SEE, I ADMIRER HIS CONFIDENCE
 BECAUSE HIS SIZE WAS FAR FROM BIG.
 AND HE HATED MY RESISTANCE
 BECAUSE MY GRAVE HE COULD NOT DIG.

HIS FIRST BITE WAS TEMPTING
 BUT THE SECOND REEKED OF DEATH.
 THE THIRD SCRATCH WAS SCATHING
 AND THE FOURTH ONE TOOK MY BREATH.

HE SAID MY TEARS WERE LIKE CHOCOLATE
 BECAUSE THEY STAINED HIS SATIN SHEETS.
 AND THEY STOOD OUT LIKE SHOOTING TARGETS
 LIKE A BLACK MAN IN THE STREETS.

HE SAID MY SWEETNESS HAD TURNED SOUR
 BECAUSE I DIDN'T TELL HIM "YES".
 AND MY "NO" LASTED AN HOUR
 SO HE MADE MY TEMPLE A MESS.

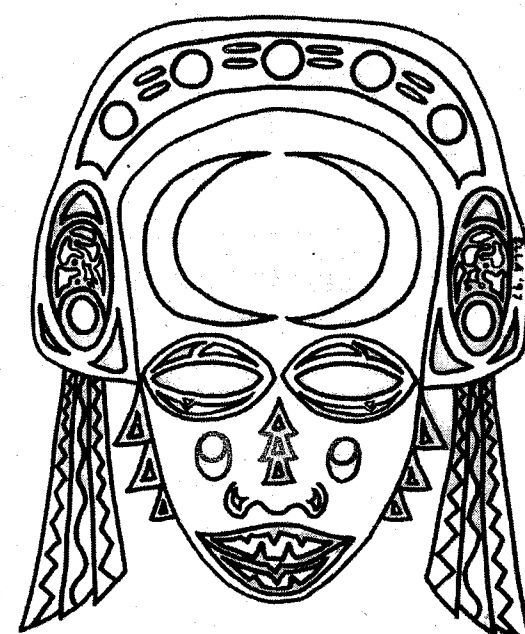
HE SAID HE WANTED SOMETHING SWEET
 LIGHT ON HIS LIPS AND HEAVY ON HIS MIND.
 HE SAID HE WANTED MIDNIGHT TREATS
 TO STIMULATE A WOMAN WHOSE CONSENT
 HE COULD NOT FIND.

--- JOYAL MIASIA MCNEIL
 "JOYGASM"

sullied silence
 disturbed by loud rooster cries
 and cacophonous buzzing
 life, in a word
 ends

with haphazard movement
 in steamy wetness
 or early morning ritual of dance
 experienced by ancestors before
 upon sultry surfaces

split sideways
 my whirling, battered soul,
 whipped, whisked,
 broken along its equator
 brutally beaten to a bubbly,
 jaundiced, gelatinous gob
 exposed unspoken secrets
 saltily seasoned like slippery sidewalks
 liberally sprinkled with snow
 sizzling membrane upon a scorching
 shallow skillet
 my glowing belly reaching for the dawning sky
 --- d l hartley



On Campus:

- Avoid working, studying, or being alone in buildings, residence halls, or isolated areas of the campus.
- Do not shower in a deserted gym or residence hall shower.
- Be cautious about dating someone you do not know well. Obtain information from a mutual acquaintance or try to arrange a double date or group activity.
- Avoid excessive use of alcohol, and do not use illicit drugs; they interfere with clear thinking and effective communication.
- Know your sexual desires and limits. Communicate them clearly.

If you find yourself in an unwanted sexual situation, be assertive. Just say no. If you are told no when you make sexual advances, accept it. No means no!

If you are assaulted:

1. Don't wash, change clothes, or douche before calling or going for help.
2. Don't touch any evidence of struggle even if the assault took place in your room or home.
3. Go to a safe place. Ask a friend to stay with you. Call University Police at 333.

If you feel you are the victim of a sexual assault on campus, report the incident so that trained University staff members can provide prompt and supportive assistance. University Police will keep all calls confidential and respond in the following ways:

Meet with you privately at a place of your choice to take a complaint report.

- Refuse to release your name to the public and the press.
- Treat you and your particular case with courtesy, sensitivity, dignity, understanding, and professionalism.
- Try to accommodate your wish to speak to either a male or female officer.
- Assist you in arranging for any hospital treatment or other medical care.
- Assist you in privately contacting counseling and other available resources.
- Fully investigate your case. This may lead to the arrest and full prosecution of a suspect. You will be kept up to date on the progress of the investigation and prosecution.
- Continue to be available to answer your questions and explain systems and legal processes involved.

Consider your case seriously regardless of your gender.

Remember, sexual assault is a crime committed against you, not by you. Do not blame yourself. This Community Belongs to All of Us!

Useful Names and Numbers:

University Health Service (Infirmary): 2-6740

The University Hospital Emergency Room: 4-2465

Sexual Assault Hotline: 4-2465

The Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps: 2-888

University Counseling Center: 2-6720

Victims Information Bureau of Suffolk (VIBS) provides 24-hour counseling, advocacy and referral services: 360-3606

RESPONSE, a crisis hotline, provides 24-hour crisis information services: 751-7500

**Reprinted from the following University Guides:
-Personal Safety
-Sexual Assault Protocol and Prevention**

National Day Against Police Brutality

October 22, 1997....the Stony Brook Union

