

BLACKWORLD

Fall 2000 – Spring 2001

BLACK WORLD

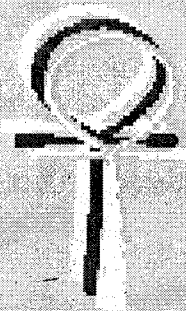
"KNOW THYSELF"
FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1974

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ONE NATION

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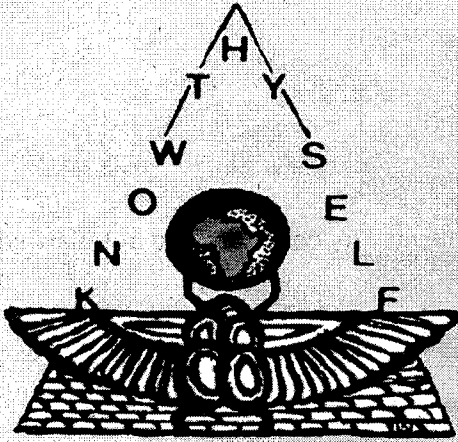
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ONE NATION



Celeberating Over 25 Years of Blackworld

BLACKWORLD



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First published in 1974, *Blackworld* is a newspaper created by the students of Stony Brook University. It is a club/organization that is part of the Student Polity Association. The purpose of *Blackworld* is to serve as an unbiased source of information to the campus community. Its goal is not only to address problems and concerns of other ethnic cultures, but to celebrate the accomplishments and aspirations of our brothers and sisters, to affirm ourselves, our culture, our Blackness. The opinions and views expressed are not necessarily those shared by the Editorial Staff. Articles, Viewpoints, Letters, Personals, Sports and Poetry should be submitted to STUDENT UNION Rm 072, or our Polity Mailbox located within the SAC. Some articles may be edited for length and for grammar. Advertising policy does not reflect editorial policy. Editorials are the opinions of the *Blackworld* staff.

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From The Helm

First published in 1974, *Blackworld*, has received its fair share of lumps. But through it all, one thing remained constant- We Are One Nation!

We, at *Blackworld*, are proud to celebrate with you, the campus community, over 25 years of the only black publication at the University at Stony Brook.

As the editor, taking the helm from Melvin Bennett, I am charged with the task of inviting our audience to "Know Thyself." Twenty-five years after its inaugural issue, the goals of *Blackworld* have remained the same, to reclaim our hallowed past.

The editorial board is anxious to get what hopes to be a gratifying year started. We acknowledge the need for a succinct brand of issues-based editorials which has the interests of the campus community in mind. In year 2000, *Blackworld* aims to do what the architects of the newspaper sought to embody over 25 years ago- mind, body and soul. In that spirit, we have revamped the paper to include *Blackworld Mind*, *Body and Soul*, three sections that seeks to affirm our blackness and faith in one another.

Blackworld Mind aims to nourish the senses through world, national and campus news. The end result, personifications of our unwavering purpose to serve as an unbiased source of information. Our next section, and by far the heart of the newspaper, is intended to run the spectrum of social and cultural enlightenment. As intelligent men and women, we feel that *Blackworld Body* identifies with our goal, not only to address problems and concerns, but also to celebrate the accomplishments and aspirations of our brothers and sisters. In celebrating the past, *Blackworld* will supplement its bi-weekly publication with issues from our archives. Finally, in *Blackworld Soul*, we come full circle, rounding out what was intended to voice our opinions and concerns. Rhapsodies and Creative Arts are simply a reflection of the dynamism we all cherish.

One.

Duane A. Bourne
"Thoth"

Leaps and Bounds

As if being named *Blackworld's* 1999 Woman of the Year was not enough, women's basketball head coach, Trish Roberts' etched her name into history with her induction into the Women's Basketball Hall of Fame this past summer. She was also chosen as Division I Coach of the Year by the Basketball Coaches Association of New York (BCANY).



After posing a 18-10 regular season record, a feat by most, in the move to Division I, Roberts' 29 years of experience laid the foundation for future success on the hardwood. Gone are the memories of just two years past when women's basketball was struggling to stay on the map. At the helm, Roberts' leadership made it possible for the Seawolves to break four school records and rank amongst the best first-year upstarts in Division I history. Roberts is poised to take women's basketball by storm.

We, at *Blackworld*, are proud of Coach Roberts as well as the accomplishments of her Seawolves. Women's basketball tips off their home schedule on Tuesday, November 14.

-Patrick Jean-Pierre
with D.A.B.

Ghetto No More

-Desiree W. Roberts

Long has images of H-Quad been that of dirty rooms with no closet doors, ancient analog dial-up networking, rodent infestation and disorderliness. With renovations underway, the oldest buildings on campus are back to proclaim, "we are ghetto no more."

Benedict, James and Langmuir Colleges, three buildings resurrected at Stony Brook in the late sixties, have been the subject of ridicule and criticism by the resident community in past years.

No more is this noticeable than during RA Training, a set of conferences before the school year, dedicated to instruction on the development of community. During roll call, a time when RAs get an opportunity to "big up" their quads. H-Quad has always gotten the raw end; being bashed in the process.

This summer RAs in "the ghetto" decided that H would not continue to be the butt of everyone's jokes. In a sign of unity, RAs echoed during roll call:

***"H Quad united
and it feels so good,
unrenovated and
it's understood,
our community
here, is Benedict,
James, Langmuir.
Our residents have
fun, because we're
number one."***

Among H-Quad's many criticisms, the fact that the outwardly aging quad was the last to be renovated intensified the mockery. The quad once known for its amiable charm and social scene became recognized as a schantytown, while its residents soon were categorized in the same fashion.

RAs then decided to lose the disparaging title of "ghetto" altogether. "Ghetto no more" became the theme permeated through the residential staff. Even though, H-quad was one of the first quads to be built, it was the last to be renovated, its residents all contend that the best was saved for last.

Roberts, a Stony Brook senior has been a resident assistant in H-Quad for two years.

Polity Prez Resigns and Rumors Fly

-Yvonne Belizario

The sudden resignation of Calvin "Pots" Coleman as president of the Student Polity Association last week has circulated more than a few rumors around the Stony Brook community. What seems as an abrupt tenure, sparked several opinions as to the true reason behind his resignation and withdrawal from the University.

One such rumor alleges impeachment by the administration because he was "too ghetto" for the job; unable to wear a tie like former president, Andrez Carberry. Another identifies Coleman using too many "ums" in formal conversation and not maintaining a 3.5 grade point average. And a final, but far more extreme, was that he punched out Al DeVries, Director of Campus Residences.

Coleman was more than happy to accept our offer for an interview because "I don't care about rumors, I do want people to know the truth."

According to Coleman, there was no physical altercation with DeVries and the



administration did not ask for his resignation. Junior class standing is the only qualification

for the Polity presidency, not G.P.A. In addition, rumors about his speech are simply false. In short, the truth is that there is no substance in the rumors.

Coleman resigned as president for two entirely different reasons. One being issues at home. Problems with his mother worsened late this summer and resigning was a tough decision. The other, Coleman acknowledges, is that he did not register for the Fall semester on time. But when he did, he was only allowed to register for two classes, and just decided to continue as a fully matriculated student in the spring.

In resigning, Coleman has no bad feelings towards any member of the administration or the Polity Board. He felt that with what was going on at home and his G.P.A. not being as high as he expected, he would be unable to give "110%" as president. According to Coleman, he was doing what was best for his future and that of the students at Stony Brook.

Enrollment Booms, Triples Too.

-Kim Herrera

As 19,700 students returned to campus earlier this month, one thing remained constant—overcrowding. The beginning of the Fall semester marked the largest enrollment in school history, with that, the freshman class projected at 2,300 got their first taste of the Brook, in a room made for two.

Though, the University houses 7,000 residents in its 26 residence halls and two apartment complexes, tripling up would not accommodate the strangeness of new surroundings. A double-room crowded by three, a shared desk, dresser and closet make this matter worse; some in converted end-hall lounges.

Recently some students have received “detrupled letters” by the Division of Campus Residences. These letters indicate that one freshman has the opportunity to leave given available space at another location. With construction underway, some may jump on the soon to be renovated rooms in H-Quad. Still others do not get that opportunity, they will continue to live in a triple for the entire semester.

Shelley October, a freshman that lives in a permanent triple said, “I signed up to live with my best friend and now we met this other girl. When we first arrived here we had problems the first week because it was a very tight situation. There was not that much space for all of us.”

This nightmarish episode is costing Stony Brook money. Every three weeks, tripled students receive \$100 credit toward their future housing bills. Even though, the cap will not exceed \$500 per student, some students expect to detruple at the end of the semester.

To Anika Dietrich, a freshman who lives in a permanent triple, “girls are cool, but there is less privacy. Even though my room is big... I would prefer to live in a double room.”

Whatever the outcome the triple situation, the first college experience for some, highlights the Brook’s ambition to expand with it’s new Division I status. But a sad reality remains, enrollment may soon outgrow the campus’ capacity.

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White Supremacists Take Financial Hit

-Crystal-Joy Medina

A jury awarded a black woman and her son, Victoria and Jason Keenan, \$6.3 million in a racially motivated attack that took place outside the Aryan Nation’s headquarters in Kootenai County, Idaho. The decision rendered on September 7 comes in wake of congressional measures to curb racial intolerance.

Morris Dees, the plaintiff’s lawyer, vows “to take every single asset from the Aryan Nation now and forever.” The Alabama-based attorney has won several lawsuits against white supremacist organizations, including the Aryan Nation.

In a statement released by President Clinton on September 13, senseless acts of hate will not be tolerated. In direct response to his statement, the House voted in favor of a comprehensive hate-crime legislation, which will aid in equal rights treatment of minorities. Groups like the National Church Arson Task Force and the Hate Crimes Working Group are just some of the organizations the government has created to deter acts of hate against any particular group of people.

Richard Butler, leader of the Aryan Nation showed no remorse on the ruling and believes that “[they] can’t stop us.” Although Butler and the Aryan Nation’s corporate entity, Sapphire Inc., were found responsible for the attacks of the Keenans, Shane Wright remains the only fugitive among the group of three.

In My Opinion...

In my opinion, it is about damn time that we become a more conscious race of people. How many times have we heard of some poor black man being beaten or even killed



by the hands of those that we look to for protection? How many times have you heard this story, yelled and screamed, about the unfairness of it all and how many times have you

turned off the television to return to your own life? Regardless of how much you may dislike this idea, we are all connected in one way or

another; whether by family, religion or nationality.

There is no such thing as being black / African / African-American...pick one. We are a race of people filled with a vast amount of culture and history. Yes, we have struggled and yes, we have not always been the victors. Yet, at the same time, we always manage to walk away with some lesson learned. That has made us a stronger people. Which is exactly why we must not let ourselves be broken down or defeated.

In my opinion, too many of us are merely interested in how the individual can benefit. What happened to that unity and that mighty fist that 'Big Mama' talked about? We have forgotten that the struggle has not yet ended. Many of you sit in your fairytale worlds and think that the fight is over. You think that black faces on Wall Street or black faces in hospitals

make it all right. IT DOES NOT! Nonetheless, we are still looked upon as inferior. The only difference is that they have found a subtler manner of calling you a "nigger". The downside to all of this is that we have learned to accept things as they are and, in turn, we aid them in the degradation of our race.

By knowing the laws of the land, by watching your streets, by being a community, we make that first step towards consciousness. Take heed of the issues in your neighborhood and/or on the world news. Look to see who is being mistreated and help your fellow brothers and sisters. Let our strength in numbers, our beautiful shades of black, and our unshakable faith in God be our guide.

When on the brink of violence or ignorance or insanity, just remember that the **"...killers are out there waiting for you to kill so they can come and kill you..."**
Wyclef Jean

-Millicent N. Ugo

"HOMELESS"

Have you ever noticed that most black Americans never just say that they are Americans? Most blacks are born in America, but if you ask them where they are from, they will give you an entire family history, including Kunta and Kizzy. They usually say things like: "since my father is from Trinidad and my mother is from Guyana, I'm half Trinidadian and half Guyanese." And, "although my mother is American, my father is Jamaican, I'm half Jamaican." I cannot front, I do it too. Somebody will ask me where I'm from, not my parents, and I'll say, "although my mother's American and my father was born in the Dominican Republic, that makes me half Dominican". When in reality, I am American because I was born here, so that is all that I am.

Then you'll come across those black Americans whose parents were born in America along with them, and they would say one of two things. They will either sadly admit that they are "just an American" or they will just

testify that "my grandmother was Cherokee, that's why I have soft hair, so I'm quarter Indian. We do this because we have no real pride in America. Black Americans do not feel like they have any true culture in America. Even though history books sustain that we have every right to call this our home, we choose not to. It is true that black people have pride in certain aspects of America, but that's based mainly along territorial lines. For instance, you could break it down into the "east coast/ west coast" rivalry. You could even break it down further into how people from Brooklyn think they are invincible and the other boroughs cannot compare.

When it comes to having pride in America as a whole, we simply don't have it. Sadly enough comedians on ComicView, poke fun at it all the time; not because it brings laughs, but because it's true. A black person will never be the first person to stand up and say, "I'll go to war

for my country," because what you are really saying is you are willing to die for that country- you aren't. Years ago, our black veterans went to war for a different reason. They did it, not because they were forced to, but because they wanted the same rights as other Americans. Today we have those rights and we do not exercise them. Maybe, it is because we are disgusted with our history in this country. Or maybe, it is something else?

In the end you are not going to willingly die for something you don't love, especially if that something doesn't love you. But that still leaves the original question unanswered, are black Americans homeless?

You know what it feels like when you go back to your parents' country, you so proudly claim your "real home", you feel out of place. Although those people are your family, that is not your "real home". Going there only makes you see just how much your not Jamaican or not Dominican, but that you are, yes, an American.

-Yvonne Belizario

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Blackworld

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BLACK AND POWERFUL!



by C Sheldon Bassarath

"Black love, not Black crime is what we want in '89," was one of the many positive sayings chanted by the marchers of Black Solidarity Day (Nov 6). The day's events were quite successful and the voices of Blacks were heard all over campus. Black armbands were worn throughout the day by many students. The activities included an African American vendor (Bric-n-Blac) who brought various African paraphernalia to the campus. Movies were shown from 10:30 to 4:30 in the Union Auditorium. They included films about the making of Spike Lee's "Do the Right Thing," by St Clair Bourne and rare footage of the 'Godfather of Soul' James Brown.

The atmosphere was one of excitement. The main part of the activities was the march, rally, and bonfire. It began at the UNITI Cultural Center with about 80 people. As the march progressed and spirits were high more and more people joined. The path of the march went through Tabler and Kelly quads and the Union to G quad where the Bonfire was. There were several speakers at the Bonfire who included Abdul Alkalimat, Charsee McIntyre, and Jitu Weusi, all Civil Rights activists. BLACKWORLD'S own C Sheldon Bassarath and Dwayne Andrews also gave inspirational speeches. The overall messages of the night were Unity, the future and how Black must prepare for it, and the importance of education. At the high point of the emotional night, there were about 250 people gathering around the warm fire. The rally concluded with everyone joining hands and singing the Black National Anthem, "Lift Every Voice and Sing."

- Tones
- Black Women
- Solidarity
- Poetry
- Hazing
- Party Line
- Miss America

The Meaning of our Darkness

by Tracy M. King

Saturday, I decided to go over to one of my good friends' room and chill with him. While sitting there we struck up a conversation. Here is what was said:

A Sister: The word Black, what of it?

An Ebony Man: I like the word EBONY much better.

A Sister: Why the word Ebony, why not the word black?

An Ebony Man: It's a nickname, that's all.

A Sister: It's a nickname, it's not any other reason why you don't like the word black?

An Ebony Man: The word black? You see we wouldn't have to have the word black if the world was an equal place, because then there would be no negative stigma associated with the word black. And plus black was a term given to us, from my knowledge anyway, because there was no distinction,

particularly in races, in Africa. There were no white people therefore there was no separation and Black people were Africans, were content with being themselves and their own religion and whatever. Then the Europeans came over and made a distinction. Think about it this way, some things that we take for granted now, like the globe, why is Africa on the bottom of the globe and not on the top of the globe.

A Sister: That's very interesting I've never thought about it that way before. You opened my eyes to something new. Also the separation of Africa and Asia, in my eyes should not exist. They are the same people.

An Ebony Man: I think it's also cultural... Any town, any place in the world, it's usual a cultural difference that separates them, so that builds.

A Sister: Sometimes it's a separation that is done on purpose. Just like South Africa is separated from the rest of

Africa... Because when the British came in and conquered and brought their way of life to the people, and the rest of Africa did not want to accept it, he had to make a separation.

An Ebony Man: Well, I can agree with that to some extent. But it's the ... I think the biggest problem in separation would be what is called the middle east from Africa. Any accomplishments made in Northern Africa are just totally attributed to the Middle East. Many youngsters today who take history don't even consider Egypt in Africa, you have to look at a map. When I was growing up, it was like, Egypt, "oh that's the Middle East, it's a Muslim country".

A Sister: Well, when I was growing up, or what I learned in school, I didn't think that Egypt was Middle East or Africa. I just thought that it was an all mighty place and the Egyptians were white faced people.

An Ebony Man: Well, if you watched the movies, you'll see a lot of white men with the tans and Elizabeth Taylor playing Cleopatra.

A Sister: Let's get back to the matter at hand. What is black?

An Ebony Man: Well, I don't know if I know. But I can tell you the experience. I think for me there's two parts to that question. What makes up a Black person and what is the meaning of Black in the United States today. Being Black is more than just a skin color, 'cause as more and more blacks get into the high economic structure, they are forced... let me not even say forced, many of them leave their communities. See, a Black person that is successful he will not live in the same neighborhood because his economic status is more. So he will move to another neighborhood which will probably have less Blacks in it. Which a White person who is more successful, if he moves he will still be with White people. So

continued on page 4

UNITY ALL ABOUT US

To My Brothers and Sisters:

It fills me with great pride to see so many of us involved in the unification of our community. Being a realist, I am impressed by the number of us who realistically see that our community is not unified. Identification of a problem is the first step to solving a problem, so we're on the right track. Unification results from communication and dedication. We have to be more in touch with each other. We do not know each other, and many times have developed apathetic attitudes towards those outside of their "clique". We pass each other daily, and I am amazed myself by the number of people who do not say hello first (including people that I know). Our apathetic attitudes have cost us Prof. Dube, almost cost us Quincy Troupe, and is probably responsible for the leaves taken by Prof. Owens and Prof. Baraka. When people are divided, they are easily oppressed. This divide and conquer tactic has been utilized by our oppressors historically, and we must strive to always be cognizant of how they perceive us and how we perceive ourselves. We are being battered by Administration because of our lack of communication with one another. Our Student Activities Fees are not benefiting us, but we can't tackle that issue because we're too busy getting heated over he say she say. Anyway, the first step is communication. Dedication is crucial because you have to be dedicated to a cause to get what you believe you deserve.

Many of us now are into the "pro-Black thing". We go to meetings, listen to students and speakers, get fired up, then do nothing until the next meeting. I have a term for those people, fashionably Black. They are the ones wearing the Africa necklaces, quoting Malcolm X and Huey Newton (but never read them), and going the whole nine yards on the Black thing-until it's time to act. These were the people who did not show up to the rally for Quincy (at all) when he was a victim of blatant racial discrimination, because they probably feared that they would get into trouble if they did. We have to mean business. Life at Stony Brook is Disneyland compared to what's out there waiting for us. Twenty years ago, Black college students were raising hell! They did not go to college to get a fifty-thousand dollar a year job. We have lost sight of our main goal-the improvement of the BLACK community. We are in school, because our families bled and died

so we could go to school. Now here we are. We cannot attend a town meeting, but could damn sure attend a party. Outside of Stony Brook, the Black community is losing to junkies and sellouts. We are supposed to be the future. We have to get our shit together. We have to be more than just fashionably Black, we have to be Black minded. History shows that we only have ourselves to look to for help, so we have to begin reestablishing that bond that centered around Black pride.

Contrary to the "Me Generation", you are your brother's and sister's keeper. When one falls, we all fall. When one makes it, we all make it. We have to eradicate all of these cliques, and establish just one-the Black community. Black faculty and staff is here for us, but they are not here to hold our hands and lead us; we have to do that on our own. We are supposed to be adults, and many will say in a minute "I'm a grown man" or "I'm a grown woman". Black faculty and staff cannot help us if we do not take the steps to get ourselves together. The problem with Black people, in general, is that we are always looking for a leader who will take us to that place where we can live in peace and harmony. We don't need a leader, what we need is a program: A strategy to organize our community and push us progressively forward. We need to dispel the "welfare mentality", which is simply expecting something from nothing. As Frederick Douglass said: "Without struggle, there is no progress." If you want something, you do not sit on your ass and wait for it to hit you in the head, you go out and get it. The Black community here at Stony Brook is talking about unity, and a few people are doing something about it; but a few are not at all.

Action speaks louder than words. Those people who are making strides are being called leaders, and are already expected to do much of the work. These people are not leaders, they are just some brothers and sisters who got fed up. They are not doing anything impossible, they are just doing. Anyone shocked or not pitching in is in my opinion Fashionably Black. The Last Poets had a saying in one of their pieces: "Niggers are scared of revolution." To those who don't know what a nigger is (and contrary to Mr. Webster's definition), it's an ignorant person. Those "ignorant" people are not aware of how important unity is to the fate of the Black community. Many of the events that led to change in the world, were initiated

by students- the new blood. As students, we have an obligation to contribute to the social, political, economic, and cultural status of our community. After all, it is where we live, and hopefully will continue to live. You don't solve a problem by running away from it. One of the biggest problems, if not the biggest problem we face, is the division of Black and Latino communities. I understand the Latino need for an environment geared towards their cultural expression, but I feel that this does not mean that this environment to exist outside of our community. It seems to me that the Black experience, historically, has been parallel to the Latino experience, and we all experienced America's racism and discrimination on all levels. We need to unite as "people of color" to fight racism and discrimination that has systematically been woven into the very fabric of this society.

Our community is a conglomeration of cultures, and all need to be expressed equally. In order for us to unite, we need to understand each other's cultures, for thorough understanding comes respect. Self division leads to self destruction. A lot of attention has been paid to the freshmen, for they are the ones that will be here, and will have carry the torch and eventually pass it on when they graduate. I agree, but I don't think that all of the responsibility should be put on the freshmen. We all are responsible, and many of us (upper classmen) are directly responsible for our present state. None of us are so set in our ways that we cannot change. Honestly, we don't have a choice. After nine years of republican politics in the White House, we have seen many of the programs geared towards our community drastically reduced or cut altogether. If we do not act, who knows what will happen. It's sink or swim time. I don't know about many of you, but I'm with those few who started swimming. It's not hard to do; in fact, the first stroke is as simple as looking at a brother or sister you don't know, and saying "hello."

Peace and Love

Michel Z. Draper
(Lucky)

P.S. What you can perceive, you can achieve.

Meaning of Our Darkness

can't from front page

a Black child brought up in this White neighborhood is that child Black? Skin color wise, yes, but then again it would be very difficult for that child to have any, you know, connection. See what I mean?

A Sister: I understand clearly. Now what is the second part to that question?

An Ebony Man: The second would be a cultural thing. Not that a White person growing up in a Black neighborhood would be Black. Say that someone not Black always hung out in a Black neighborhood, they would be aware of all the same things. However when they go home their parents are still the same color. You see it's the people you hang out with. Like if you grew up in an all White neighborhood, you would think yourself different from other Blacks. You would say "Well my parents got this and that and were economically well off." You would not find the connection. So if you see a Black spokesman on T.V. talking about issues of poor people you're like, "that don't effect me."

A Sister: I agree with you. But nowadays I think it's just more than growing up in a Black neighborhood. It's education that makes them feel that they are different from each other.

An Ebony Man: But from a young age, I think it's who you see around you, and as you get older High School level.

A Sister: I see what you are saying, but let me give you an example. I live in Brooklyn, East N.Y. section, I lived there most of my life and right next door there is a family which feels that they are above everyone else that is Black. Mind you, there are no White people walking around in the neighborhood that I live in. A lot of the times it is an economic status that Blacks want to gain. I understand what you are saying about it's not where you live, but it's also the money, economics and education factors.

An Ebony Man: That goes back to being successful equal being White. Now me, I plan to be very successful and I have a lot of friends who plan to be very successful. You can't associate being successful with being White. Getting money does not mean White. You associate all good things with being White.

A Sister: Well, many of our people who do get money and do become successful, do not come back and share their experiences with their Black brothers and sisters. It's bad because where ever you go what ever you do you

will always be Black. You're going to wake up, you're going to look in the mirror and you are going to be Black and people are always going to look at you as Black. Regardless you are still a Black person.

An Ebony Man: I saw someplace, when you step outside nobody knows your face, all you have is gold American Express in your pocket that's your only difference between any other Black person. You step outside to get a taxi, you walk pass somebody, all they see a brother, they see a sister, so reality hits you real fast.

A Sister: But no it doesn't hit us fast enough. Because if it did those who rise to the top would come back into the community and help us out.

An Ebony Man: Well, it all depends on how you mean come back into the community. Well, I believe being successful, and coming back and giving something to the community. Not necessarily you've got to go there every weekend but somehow putting some influence in.

A Sister: But where are you going to live in a White neighborhood and then on weekends drive up into the neighborhoods in your fancy BMW and do what you have

to do, then go home to the other side and forget about what you have seen.

An Ebony Man: I believe a person can move any place that they want. If you figure this way, you want a nice house. You want a nice yard, you know. See I plan to be a doctor, I will be a doctor. Now, I'll be making a sufficient amount of money. Now, this is my philosophy, I can live in an all right neighborhood with a nice house, not necessarily a mansion or a super big house. Because if you get a big house you are most likely going to have to live amongst Whites. The only thing about that is that the children are going to suffer. It's not that White people have nothing to offer, but you are not going to have the same experience. For instance, if you watch any integrated commercial, it all ways seems like if the Black kid is hanging out with the White kids. So that's a subtle message right there. I would have to live in a community where at least some Black people live.

A Sister: I understand what you are saying. But my reasoning behind that is that, if you are a person who says they are willing to help the community my community that I grew up in continued on page

WHEN I SAY

I love you.
 Now, I know that line has been slipped through your mind before
 by canines
 posing as men.
 But when I say, "I love you" my words transcend those past
 painful lessons.
 My design is for your quality time.
 And that can't be earned with deception.
 When I say, "I love you," that means
 when you and your girls hit the club my cousin won't
 "just happen to be there."
 But I'll leave my cell on so if shit go down I'll be there.
 When I say, "I love you" that means
 I won't call you at 4 in the morning for some ass
 if you got to be at work at nine.
 But as soon as your shift is over that ass is mine.
 When I say "I love you" that means
 I'll go to church with you even though you're Catholic and I'm
 Baptist.
 When I say "I love you" that means
 starting tomorrow I'm going to hit the gym because it's only sexy
 if one of
 us is thick.
 If I say I'll call you back in two minutes, then I'll call you back
 in two.
 If your last man barely made an hour, then it's my duty to make
 two.
 When I say, "I love you," that means
 when we speak the things I say won't be "game", because "game"
 implies
 that I'm trying to defeat you-
 when I really want you to win.
 When you break I'll mend. Where you dip I'll bend.
 When I say "I love you" that means
 you should expect roses "just because."
 Expect me to be there for your "will be's", "is", and "was".
 Some womyn say they want a good man but then fall in love with
 Tupac.
 Just because say "I love you" don't make me a bitch.
 So if another man disrespects you he will get his shit knocked.
 I am man.
 I am your man.
 So when I say, "I love you" baby I hope you understand.

-Birthed by Hassan Abdul Baqi

Against All Odds

I too endure the pain of a love one lost, not dead but no longer
 together
 For the rain as it shows the tears that flow in me
 I have lost my soulmate, my destiny, and as look upon humanity
 I look at this issue as a catastrophe, for hell has conquered another
 victory
 I live a life of misery, and where is God when I needed of thee
 As I twist and turn in my own puddle of sweat
 I wake up to this awful reality, for all I have is memories
 And when I think of her the only thing I see
 As I wander in sky is our deepest fantasies
 But I am now lonely, as I cry when I think of my past one and only
 So as the moment past as I think of my lady
 I pray to God not only to say that I am sorry
 But thank him for being there when my mind, body and soul was in
 despair
 And as I look through my problems, I know it's going to be okay
 For only you was aware of this dilemma that I also fear
 And when I try to compare, I still cannot bare
 What has happen to me...

-Andre Rawle

RHAP

BROKEN

MY ARMS ARE BROKEN
 I NO LONGER CAN TAKE YOUR
 HEART PUMPING IN MY HANDS
 CRINGING LIKE A BABY
 YOU WISH FOR A TREASURE, A
 TREASURE I GENTLY GIVE TO YOU
 TEARS FLOW DOWN MY BACK
 TRACED OF SCARS AND WAILS
 TURBULENT WINDS ESCAPE MY
 LIPS
 THOUGHT I KNEW YOUR BLISS
 RIPPING APART THE COMPOSURE
 OF MY EYES
 STARING INTO NOTHINGNESS
 BLINK INTO THE PAST
 FLYING HEAD FIRST INTO YOUR
 FISTS
 I TASTE THEIR POISON
 A SMILE ESCAPES YOUR LIPS
 I DOVE HEAD AND MOUTH INTO
 THESE TREASURE CHESTS
 TREASURE CHESTS ABOUNDING IN
 PLAYFUL LIES
 TEARS FALL INTO THE CRACK
 WISHING YOU DID NOT STAB MY
 SOUL WITH YOUR PIERCED
 TONGUE
 I LIVE ON...
 TEMPTATIONS KISS MY LIPS
 CLOSED EYES
 DREAM-LIKE STUPOR
 MOVEMENT OF A MECHANICAL
 BEAST
 I RUST BY A WET TOUCH
 CONVULSIONS TREMBLE THE
 GARDEN
 RED, WHITE ROSES REVEAL THE
 COMPASSION
 PETALS THROWN ON THE FLOOR
 SLIGHTLY WHITERED, SLIGHTLY
 DRY
 MOISTEN BY THE FRESH MORNING
 DEW
 DEW SPARKLING LIKE DIAMONDS
 DRIP DOWN THE LEAVES
 LEAVES SO GREEN.
 SICKENED BY THE STENCH.
 I LOVE IT!
 I CRAVE IT!
 BROKEN INTO NOTHING...I LIVE
 AS NOTHING!

-CRYSTAL-JOY MEDINA

SODIES

TO MAMA

My dear Mama,
 Where have you been for all these years?
 So far from me
 Almost halfway across the sea.
 We have this bond, you see
 A bond as strong as life.
 The connection between mother and child
 That can't ever be replaced.
 How can I love you this much?
 We've hardly even ever met.
 I see you standing in front of me.
 Is it you
 Or just a reflection of me
 In my future years to come?
 As I stare into your piercing eyes,
 I ask myself
 Why?
 Why was I the one who had to be
 Ripped away from you?
 So many years have past
 We meet like two strangers from
 Two different worlds
 How did this happen?
 When we use to be One.
 The more I sneak a peak
 At your unforgettable face,
 I see you and me
 Back when I use to be you.
 Wearing your dresses
 Trying on your shoes
 Putting on your make-up.
 Sometimes I could have fooled myself.
 But all that passed.

I no longer wear YOUR dresses
 Try on YOUR shoes
 Put on YOUR make-up
 Now it is different face I see
 One so foreign to me.
 I could never image you out of my life,
 But now my world is at One with another.
 Before we meet for the second time in our
 lives.
 I was just a curious little girl.
 But slowly,
 The pieces of the puzzle
 Collapsed together.
 I see in a different light,
 A light that shines brighter.
 I use to feel that life
 Was squeezing me so tight
 That I could hardly breathe
 And everytime I tried to be
 What someone expected of me
 I was too caught up
 That I wasn't able to achieve.
 I could hear myself cry for help.
 But instead, I searched outside myself
 And I know Now that
 Your strength lives within me.
 What you did for me
 Was an act of grace, you see.
 Now that I know my past
 Though, too young to understand some,
 I Thank You, Mama
 Because you've let me
 BREATHE AGAIN.

-Ayaan Nduli

Pity For Love

He looks at her truly,
 for the first time, longing
 She is the perfection that he believes that she embodies
 From afar, he memorizes the contours of her face
 From afar, he asks for her hand in marriage and prays that she might
 hear him
 But there is no hope
 She is out of his league
 He is everything that she was taught to pity
 Perhaps they could have been something beautiful
 Perhaps he is the man of her dreams
 But she will never know and he will never know her touch because
 where there is pity,
 there is no room for love

-Millicent N. Ugo

Creative Arts

HIP HOP ALIVE IN BROOKLYN

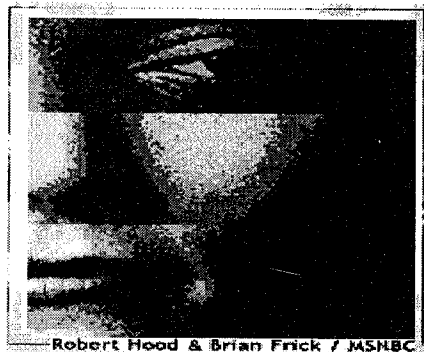
The Brooklyn Museum of Art will host "Hip-Hop Nation: Roots, Rhymes, and Rage" from September 22 through December 31. The multimedia exhibition will bring to life hip-hop from its birth in the seventies to the present featuring fashion and videos. Among the highlights, clothing from Tupac, manuscripts from lyrics by Public Enemy as well as the controversial letter from the FBI to Priority Records expressing concern over lyrics by N.W.A and the late, Easy E. For more information, call 718-638-5000 or www.brooklynart.org.

-BLACKWORLD STAFF

AFRICAN VS. AFRICAN-AMERICAN

Recently, a conversation among my peers sparked a debate on the conflict between the African and African-American community, especially at Stony Brook. Surprisingly as it may seem, black Americans are unaware of the fact that many in the African community resent the classification of 'African-American'.

Before a revolution ensues, here is the argument. To many of true African descent, it takes more than a dashiki, a head wrap, and recitation of an African parable to claim a whole race of people. The problem with this is the lack of knowledge, or more so, the effort to learn. The Soweto uprising in 1976 and the Nigerian Civil War (Biafra War) from 1967-70 are the events in African history 'African-Americans' should be



Robert Hood & Brian Frick / MSHBC

made aware of. And for the accomplishments of the African peoples, are 'African-Americans' truly aware? How many 'African-Americans' have traced their roots; that may be an eye opening experience.

To Stacy Bunbury, an African-American sophomore who was asked of the validity of the African point of view,

"I think Africans are valid because that's like an American saying 'oh, I'm Jamaican-American' but they don't know anything about it...they just know the music. They don't know the real concept of the country."

There are those on campus who do not share the same feelings. According to an African student who wanted to be identified as A.T., "As an African, I do not feel that we resent African-Americans for that...I personally would not look at an African-American and say that you're not African."

For the record, I do not speak for all Africans. But we do live in a society in which many forget their culture and adopt the American way of life. How fair is that? When it all ends, Africans have a land to go home to. Where will African-Americans go?

-Millicent N. Ugo

Student Insights on: "Homeless"

-continued from page 5

"Anonymous": "I agree with the article because when I go to visit my father's family in Trinidad I want to go home because their lifestyles are totally different than ours over here. I spend more time with my aunt's monkey than I do with my father's family. I feel so out of place. I don't understand what they are saying and I get so tired of the simple lifestyle. But when I am over here I'll be the first one to get upset if someone tries to talk about Trinidadians, because that's what I am when I'm over here- a "Trini".

Drusilla Campo is half American and half Cuban, but born in the United States. She disagrees with the article because she says that it has nothing to do with your birthplace, you can classify yourself in the culture you were brought up in.

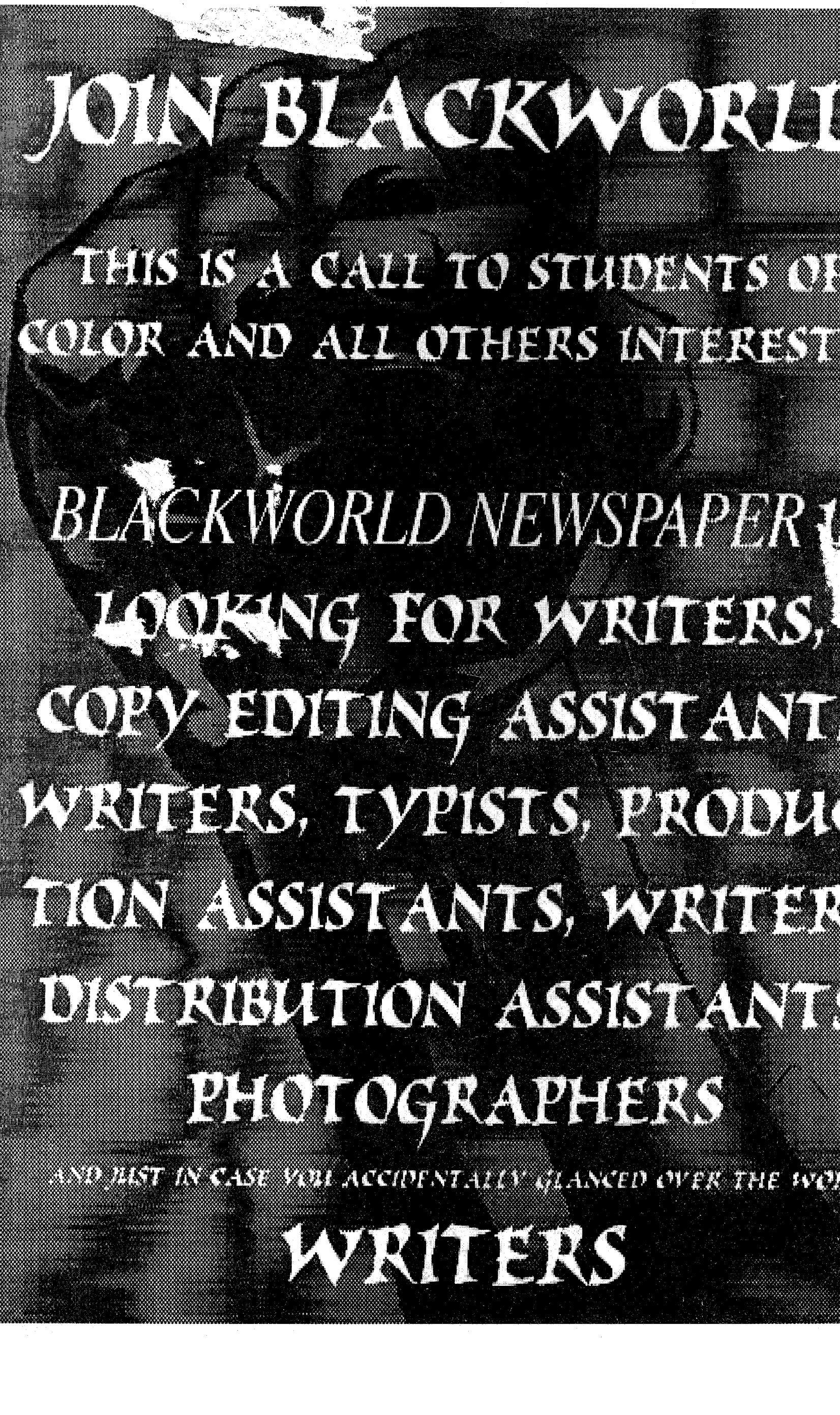
Richard Elizee: "Personally, I don't think that saying I am American describes me well enough. I believe I need to speak of my Haitian roots to describe my full cultural influence."

Natasha Delby: "If a cat gives birth to her kittens in an oven, what would they be, bread or kittens? Simply meaning, if a Trinidadian has her babies in America, they will still be Trinidadians."

Quotable:

**In all things that are purely
social we can be as
separate as the fingers, yet
one as the hand in all
things essential to mutual
progress...**

- Booker T. Washington



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AND JUST IN CASE YOU ACCIDENTALLY GLANCED OVER THE WORD

WRITERS