

Blackworld

Published bi-weekly by students at SUNY Stony Brook



A SUNY STUDENT PUBLICATION—UNIVERSITY AT STONY BROOK Week of Sept. 11, 1989 Vol. XX No. 1

TIME FOR AN EXPLOSION?

Is it 1909? Have we returned to a time when the sentence for an African-American man's association with a white woman is death? It may sound untrue but this time has never really expired, it has just been uncovered again. I am referring to the cold blooded lynching of our brother Yusuf Hawkins. Maybe you did not think something like this could or would happen so soon after Howard Beach. Well, open your eyes, it has happened and will happen again unless some thing is done to protect ourselves from those out there who are students of racism.

We, the students of justice must make a positive change. Self-defense is the answer. There may not be any other choice, but it is very important that we use sensible self-defense. The racists want us to lose control so that they may have a reason to try to annihilate us.

Continued on page 3

WELCOME BACK TO REALITY

A new semester is upon us and we are all back in the safe confines of SUNY at Stony Brook. At least now that we are back in a college atmosphere we won't have to worry about getting killed in Bensonhurst by a wolfpack of whites or hit in the head with a golf club by a wolfpack in East Meadow or arrested for the Jones Beach shootout without any proof, right? Well, almost. Remember this fact: a university is a microcosm of the real world outside, and if the outside world is filled with racists so is our little world of SUSB. Readers who were here last year remember the Quincy Troupe case and how it opened many eyes to this fact. If you are not familiar with this case, Mr. Troupe was an African American student who was accused of a rape by a white female student. There was no evidence to support her claim, but Mr. Troupe was arrested. A long legal and emotional battle followed his arrest and the charges were eventually dropped against him. During the proceedings many minority students realized that the "system" does not work the way it is supposed to, especially if your skin is of a darker hue.

Those of you who are not familiar with this column will realize that I use this space to express my peevish and disappointments with organizations ranging from the police department to the Administration of this school. Over the summer, though, my list has grown longer. The biggest offenders to me this summer were the press and Donald Trump. The press, if you haven't noticed, is biased in their coverage of the news. When the kids from Harlem raped the jogger in Central Park the press got all over those kids calling them everything from savages to a wolfpack. Do not get me wrong, what those boys did was truly disgusting, but was it really necessary to be constant front page news. Minute details of their arrest were exposed, like them singing Tone Loc's "Wild Thing".

The press exploited these young men and even worse they capitalized on the already dormant fears of whites all over the city. Black youths are made out to be drug dealers and hoods but when those five white youths sexually abused a retarded girl in New Jersey, how long was that in the paper? The story took a month to become public and their crime was as sick as the Central Park rape. They abused her with a broom handle and a miniature bat while their friends watched and taunted her. What is worse is that one of the thugs that was watching is the son of a police lieutenant. People from the community were saying how these guys were such good kids and one even went as far as to say that the victim probably asked for it. Now if I would have gotten up and said that the jogger in Central Park deserved to get bashed the Mayor would have asked everyone from my mother

to the Reverend Calvin Butts to denounce me. None of this happened in New Jersey though, was it because they were rich and white?

Many of you are familiar with the shootout at Jones Beach, but I am familiar with the young men who were arrested for the crime. My high school football teammates and neighbors went to the beach (without me, thank God, because I had to go to work) and were arrested for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Chris Lorenzo, who was arrested, was arguing with his friend when some men in a white Mustang got out of their car to encourage a fight, when they were told to mind their business they got hostile. They went back to their car and pulled out bats and hit Chris' friend Sammy in his head. Sammy started bleeding from his head and Jason Munnerlyn (the other young man who was arrested) held Sammy up against his shirt to try to stop the bleeding. Meanwhile, the shooting was going on some 300 feet to the left of them. When the police arrived they asked my friends what happened and the story of the incident was told to the officers. The officer in charge on the scene told them to go to the hospital to take care of their wounds. When reinforcements arrived they immediately drew their handguns and shotguns and forced nine of my friends in addition to three other males who just happened to be walking by, to the ground. The evidence against the group was that Jason had Sammy's blood on his shirt and they felt that he must have had something to do with the shooting.

When it was time for them to go through a lineup the people who were called as witnesses were the same guys from the white mustang. They then identified Chris and Jason as the gunmen while the others, they said, had no part in the shooting. The problem with this whole incident is that the Nassau County Police Department paraded these young men through the press as if they were common criminals and had a flimsy case, at best, against them. One officer who was interviewed on Channel 7 Eyewitness News promised all of New York that they had the right guys. He was wrong. Jason and Chris had their charges dropped by the grand jury two weeks ago and their civil suits against the NCPD are pending. Both of their names were dragged through the mud when they were arrested, but where was the press when the charges were dropped. on vacation? I think not, do you think that just maybe this all occurred because they were Black?

Even though the Jones Beach incident hit me close to home, the incident that outraged me the most was Yusuf Hawkin's murder in Bensonhurst. Let us take the way the press handled the suspects with kid gloves. Sure they were front

Tones of Sediton A Column By

Dwayne
Andrews



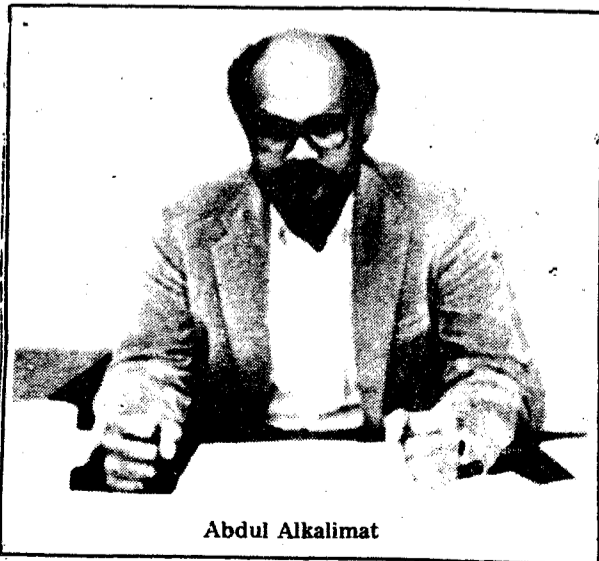
page news for a while but did the press call them savages or a wolfpack. I will tell you one thing, thirty white men with bats and a handgun surrounding four defenseless Black youths is not a wolfpack, it's the Klan. And when the hostile members of the Bensonhurst community, and I am not saying the whole neighborhood is such, heckled and abused the marchers who peacefully walked through their neighborhood, where was the press to call for white leaders to denounce this behavior. As a matter of fact where was Mr. Capitalism himself, Donald Trump? After the Central Park rape he took out a full page ad calling for the death penalty on the young men. Why is he so silent now after the most horrifying racial crime of this year? Maybe it is because that killing a Black youth from East New York is not as horrible a crime in this society as raping a white woman from Boston who worked on Wall Street.

With all of these things fresh in my mind a day before I left to return here, I asked myself why are things the way they are. I believed that society has cheapened Black life and this is directly reflected in the media. When the media is owned, controlled and run by a certain group of people only their views are going to be expressed. The world needs to stop having ignorant views of Blacks and get to know and understand us better. While you are here try to show the other man that we are just as smart as them, we don't all live in crack infested neighborhood and we are not all thieves. Also try to make them understand what it is to be Black. I always wonder if another person is intimidated by me because I have a flat-top style haircut or will I get a job even though I am Black or will the next drunk white man I see beat me senseless. Hopefully, I will do my part through this column and others will see that you should not believe the general press.

Dr. Alkalimat Chairs AFS

The noted Dr. Abdul Alkalimat who was a visiting professor in the Africana Studies Program at Stony Brook last year has now taken the position of Acting Director for the AFS Program. Professor Alkalimat is an African-American from Chicago. He has a Doctorate in Sociology from the University of Chicago. He has taught sociology at Fisk University, is a contributor to the "Black Scholar," "Black World," and other journals.

In the tradition of great black sociologists like W.E.B. Dubois, Charles Johnson and E. Franklin Frazier, Alkalimat is an activist. Since the 1960's, he has been ready to advance the cause of his African brothers and sisters. As the editor of "Arts and Black Culture; ABC, Chicago", he is seeking out UJAMMA (collective economics). Art and Black Culture is a directory of Black happenings, bookstores, clubs, galleries and publishers.



Abdul Alkalimat

**EXPRESS
YOUR
OPINIONS - SAY
SOMETHING IN
BLACKWORLD**

**SUBMIT YOUR
VIEWS TO CENTRAL
HALL - RM 031**

EDITORIAL

Time For An Explosion?

continued from front page

The NYCPD reported that threats have been made against the youths who are accused of taking part in Mr. Hawkins murder. These threats, whoever made them, are pointless and only serve to increase racial tensions.

There are four main points of self-defense we must learn. Call it the square of protection. First, we must receive the best education we can. We have to learn from our history and be smarter than our enemies. Next we have to rebuild our families, make them strong like they were in the days before slavery. Thirdly, we have to get the drugs out of our communities. Our enemies keep supplying the drugs because they know, that if we get rid of the poison and realize what we are capable of, we just might become too strong for them. Finally we have to give back to our communities, especially those of us that are able to reach higher levels in society than those from which we came from.

Of course, this square of protection can be much more detailed and it is nothing new. It is a simple way to protect and maintain our lives. Look at it like a fort, we are protected from all sides. It is not isolation, because it can be expanded whenever needed, but most important we can elevate ourselves once in this fort. The easiest and perhaps the most important way for us to move is up. We have to rise to the challenge that is upon us.

Violence is not the answer unless it is in self-defense. Think about this; Suppose you are being chased by a gang of whites with weapons, and you just happen to come across a gun on the ground, and suppose it just happens to be loaded; now this gang has you cornered and you have a gun, now they are moving in. What would you do in 1989?

Do the Right Thing, Read Blackworld!

Letters

A Letter To My Brother Yusuf

Yusuf Hawkins, I did not know you nor did you know me. I was not there when you died but, when I'm alone, I can hear the terrible roar of the gun's blasts, I can almost feel the wrench of twin harbingers of death biting hungrily into your beating chest, by now swollen with mortal fear, and I see life rush in a terrified scramble from your sparrow eyes. I watch the silver of smoke filter from the still-warm gun barrel, rising up to bear news of your passing to our ancestors. And they weep, not for your passing, but for the circumstance surrounding it. I see, hear, feel all of these things, when I'm alone, because of your death. I realize that, very easily, it could have been me. "There but for the grace of God go I."

You and I are linked, tragically trapped in the same net. I live with a mortal fear of being victimized, at any given moment, by senseless violence rooted in nothing more than ignorance and a disdain of my people. And you, my Brother, are, sadly, the fulfillment, manifestation, realization of my worst nightmares. Your death solidified in my mind the hopelessness of hoping for love and compassion to prevail over mindless hatred and racial violence. The abominable jeers and blank stares of the sick people in Bensonhurst, as well as the frightening silence of the good people, that met the first group of marchers protesting your murder are answer enough for me. Yours was a ruthless execution that I can not and, perhaps, will never understand. I can easily rationalize the climate that established the precedent for your death but, fundamentally, it still makes no sense. No excuse or reason can justify your death and no

penalty or manner of restitution can breathe life into your savaged breast again. I am confused and hurt, Yusuf, and I am writing to you because I don't know what else to do.

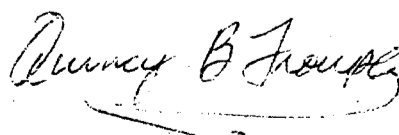
You were 16. I am now 23, but I was once 16, too. I shudder with a deep dread at the prospect of never having the hoots and hollers as my friends and I dazzled the spectators at the neighborhood basketball court; of never having run helter-skelter through Central Park, exploring the serene underbush that so fascinated me. At 16, I was high on life and I don't recall whether or not I even believed in death. A few more years of life, though, hipped me to just how real death is. Especially for you and me, us. Let's see: Michael Stewart died, Bernhard Goetz shot four teenagers (one twice), and I, and my closest friend, witnessed several acts of police brutality right across the street from my home on 116th and 7th Ave. in Harlem. It was then that I realized that all Black and Hispanic men, especially the young ones, are lifetime players in "Death Lotto" and I was gripped with a grave fear. Luckily, I haven't won, yet, but may very well be the un-lucky winner before I finish this letter. I write to you now, Yusuf, because I'm still able and may not be so able tomorrow. And, also, because I don't know what else to do.

I will tell my children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews of the young man struck down on a warm summer evening by a coward's wicked bullets; a coward who has neither the decency nor the conscience to come forward and admit to a horrible mistake. But, this is

the city we live in, isn't it? And I will add something else when I tell them of you: Ignorance is not bliss, it's dangerous. I write to you, Brother Yusuf, to reach out to you and your family and to express my grief at your passing. I've struggled to put your death into context and I've written here some things I've considered in the wake of your death. Maybe, you would think some of the same things and if you had lived to have memories of your childhood as the rest of us do, you might have answered some of those answer-less questions floating around. But, then, there is nothing to be said that hasn't been said already, a thousand times. So, I won't waste your time repeating all of it. And I am not going to eulogize you, that is beyond my abilities. Nor will I simply howl my rage and sorrow at your passing. Instead, I just want to write this letter to you, to tell you that I love you, and that I will never, ever forget. Or allow anyone else to. Godspeed.

P.S.

I must tell you, though, I still don't know the right answers but I do know the wrong ones. I do know that I have grown weary of watching my Brothers fall around me like ducks in a shooting gallery and there are a growing number of us who will not tolerate it anymore. Malcolm was right when he said self-defense is not violence, it's intelligence.



Quincy B. Troupe

Blackworld

"KNOW THYSELF"

C Sheldon Bassarath
Editor in Chief

Dwayne Andrews
Assistant Editor

Rolande Merisca
Managing Editor

Michelle Eubanks
Photo Editor

Racheal Boatwain
Typesetter

Gina Lynch
Advertising Editor

Please note that the authors of articles printed in Blackworld are solely responsible for the accuracy of their work and not the editor in chief. All articles, letters to the editor, viewpoints, personals and poetry should be submitted to Central Hall Rm 031 at the SUNY at Stony Brook. Some articles may be edited for length and/or grammar. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. Editorials are the opinions of the majority of the Blackworld staff.



1926 - 1989
In Memory Of
Lloyd Seargent
Founder of
S.A.I.N.T.S.

BLACK - 1989 WORLD



J. SAWYER 88

This issue
should be good
I hear the staff
this semester is
GREAT!

Dr. Duke received tenure at Evergreen
College in Washington State.

CONGRATULATIONS

Buy Blackworld's POETRY BOOK
"THE NEW REVOLUTION"

FOR INFO CALL
2-4199: SHELDON
2-3292: DWAYNE
2-3461: ROLANDE

HAITIAN ART: The Graham
Collection - Art Gallery
in the Staller Center for the Arts
Sept. 19 - Oct. 26
2-7240

FIGHT THE POWER
Take out a membership in the
NAACP

For info call
2-3301 Patrick Jenkins

Saints Open House
Cultural Center
September 20th
at 7:30 p.m.

AASO MEETING
Sept. 12, 1989 at the
Uniti Cultural Center
(Roth Cafeteria)
Call Thierry: 2-3067