

NOMMO

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NOMMO is a Dogan word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.

BLACK ON BLACK LOVE

What ever happened
to Black Love?
What ever happened to
Black Love?
What ever happened to Black
Love?
I love
Hip Hop and Jazz
I love
Rhythm and Rhyme
I love the Sun, Moon and Stars
I love
the poems of Amiri Baraka and Sonia Sanchez
I love
the Knowledge and Wisdom of Minister Farrakhan
I love Sisterhood shared
I love the bond of Brotherhood
I love Life Everlasting
I love the Mother Earth
I love the Divine ways of the one from the sea.
I love the GODS
All of this and more
is Black Love.
Whatever happened?

— Mecca C-Asia

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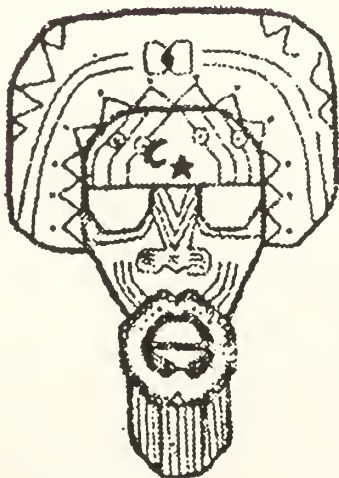
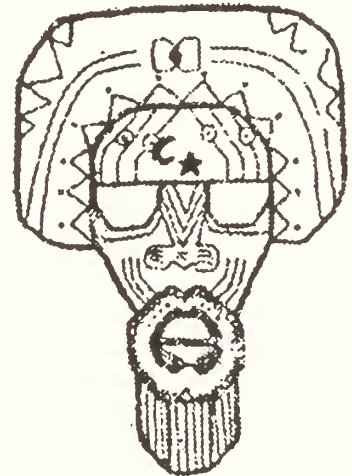
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SOMETHING ABOUT BLACKNESS

by Steven A. Champion

There is something
 about Blackness
 it's bronze,
 dusk,
 hue,
 and swarthinness
 Envious people
 have tried to curse it
 the less fortunate
 have tried do emulate it
 The Blacker
 the more Beautiful
 Isn't night Beautiful?

There is something
 about Blackness
 it is blessed
 by the fiery rays
 of the sun
 for the whole world
 to witness
 its pultritude.
 There is virtue
 in Blackness!
 There is vitality
 in Blackness!
 There is honor
 in Blackness!
 There is soul
 in Blackness!
 There is Black
 in Blackness!



There is something
 about Blackness
 that's stronger
 than strength
 firmer
 than gendeness
 Exuding its rythm
 and haughtiness
 Blackness is durable
 A trait found among
 noble People
 Blackness is Alpha
 and Omega
 and everything in
 between!

ALTERED STATES

by I-Serene Oasis

I just recovered from the
 "Why are we here?" stage
 You know "Who am I?"
 "Why can't I fuck the world?" syndrome
 So, of course, I went and fucked the world
 And at that time my world became
 Tall, slim, brown
 Over 21
 With a seducing, sexy car
 And a big black gun
 My favorite was Everlasting
 'Cause his mind was nimble
 With mad control
 Over his phallic symbol
 A world where your boyfriends
 Walked out on you
 And stole your lipstick
 A world where P.E. are Gods
 And Yo-Yo the Virgin Mary
 Denzel your dream
 And Wesley Snipes your fantasy
 And Malcolm Jamal Wamer
 And Al B. Sure! were okay
 So they were considered reality
 And if you couldn't get them
 Your best friend's man would do
 And if she smelled a rat
 Your answer was "WHO?"
 A world where we dance the limbo
 ('Cause we can't find heaven or hell)
 A world where love
 Gets caught at the bottom of your shoe
 A world where your existence
 Is solely based on vampires

That don't suck blood, but
 Most certainly can drain you
 Of your essence
 And your only alternative
 Is your only choice
 And you begin to realize
 You have no voice but
 Not because no one listens
 Its just that your English teacher
 Spoke white
 In a racist dialect
 And refused to let you articulate
 Your thoughts
 A world where your highs and enthusiasms
 Where caused by Snicker bars
 And your depressions stemmed from
 Your brother's warm blood
 Clearing the sidewalk of snow this morning
 Only making it easier
 For the next brother to get a few steps further
 A world were you're surrounded
 By four walls
 And no doors
 So even if you were to sweep the shit up
 You'd never get it out
 So you sit
 And rot
 With it
 A world that you try to elude yourself
 Because Wisdom before Knowledge
 Only leads to self destruction
 A world where the only beauty
 And art is sex
 So you fuck the world

THE YEAR IN BLACK MUSIC

by the Music Man

Foluke Robles approached me and asked me to write an article on the highlights of Black Music in 1993. She gave me the freedom to write about anything I want, but it had to be as short as possible. Obviously, everything won't be covered, so I'll just randomly spew out some of the notable trends and artists of '93.

Rock and Roll was once again discarded by the black audience. The black audience needs to understand that rock and roll is as much our music as rap, new jack, R+B, and jazz. These brothers and sisters who are in the business need the support of those willing to listen. So support them, don't dis them and push them aside. They're out there. MTV won't show them. BET won't show them, so those blacks that are into it have to show their support. (The only exception to this rule I might add, is Lenny Kravitz, who received a lot of exposure this year). Living Colour's *Stain* was no doubt one of the best albums released this year. Dark and moody, but not negative. It was a powerful insightful look into the human psychology. Fishbone, the band whose manic music mix inspired many successful white bands such as Faith No More, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and Jane's Addiction, released an album this year, *Give A Monkey a Brain* and received no props from the alternative nation, even though they performed at Lollapalooza 3 this year. Why? Faith No More and those other bands listed are white. Fishbone is black. You be the judge. Other black rock bands with music in the stores right now are Eye+ I, Follow For Now, the Family Stand, 247 Spyz, Bad Brains, the Eric GalesBand and the Black Rock Coalition compilation.

1993 was also the year that sex took prestige in the slow jam area. Tongues were especially popular. These songs made Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On" and "Sexual Healing" sound like Barney's theme songs. For example: SWV- "Downtown", H-Town- "Knockin' Da Boots" and "Lick U Up", Silk- "Freak Me", and R.Kelly's "Sex Me (1+2)", and countless others.

The gansta image that rap has had over the years spilled over into the R+B arena. Prince had a microphone shaped as a gun, a while back, Jodeci had the nerve to walk on stage at an award show looking like they walked straight out of a horror movie, new R+B group P.O.V. released an album titled *Handin' Out Beatdowns*, and the most ridiculous image of the year went to new group D.R.S. (What does that stand for? Dumb and Really Stupid??), who are dubbed "the most scandalous singing group ever," and "really dangerous motherPckas," who dress like the Bloods and the Crips, carry weapons in their promotion shoots and drink 40 Oz in their video. Some people take things a little too far.

What a turn rap took this year, for the worse. Everyone wants to be a gansta, a real nigga or a ruffneck. Everybody wants to talk about hardcore and real rap. And if you were totally different groups like Arrested Development, PM Dawn or DJ. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, you were dismissed as being fake or soft. While I might not be crazy about everything they do, A.D., PM Dawn and the Fresh Prince are more real to me than some of these gangsta groups out there. They are doing something from the heart and soul, not only striving to get paid. I can listen to gansta rap, because I'm mature enough to know the difference between reality and someone falsifying an

image to make loot. Some people don't. Not everyone who raps about a gun owns one. Shame on the record companies and the trade magazines that showcase only these groups, and make it seem that this is the only thing that rap is about. We hear about the suffering of Black Men and Black Women everyday. It doesn't need to be perceived as "in fashion" or profitable.

Run-D.M.C. made a strong comeback in '93 with *Down With the King*. but then again, how hard is it not to come back when you've got hitmakers like Pete Rock, the Bomb Squad, and Tip backing you up? It's not hard. It was slammin', no doubt. Big Daddy Kane also returned from the land of the lost with *Looks Like A Job For* and regained lost respect. And even though *14 Shots to the Dome* wasn't as well received as his last album was, L.L. Cool J still proved he had the skills to pay the bills.

Michael Jackson was involved in a child molestation scandal, while his sister Janet got some new hair, new breasts, new stomach, starred in a less than average movie and sold millions of an awright album. Where's the justice??

It's funny how things are. When New Edition broke apart, Bobby Brown, BBD, and Johnny Gill all released hit multiplatinum albums while NE's lead singer Ralph Tresvant swam in the sea of mediocre sales. Now in 1993, Bobby Brown, BBD, and Johnny Gill all took a dive. Where ya at, Ralph?

Other notable events I didn't have room to cover: the urbanization of pop radio stations; the birth of the Ruffneck and Gansta Bitch, the EPMD breakup, Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre, the birth of jazz/rap, R+B/rap, and alternative rock/rap collaborations, the ridiculous rumors, the ridiculous marriages of pop stars (we know who they are), the legal troubles of 2PAC and others, dancehall, the return of the Old School, Gangsta rap goes Top 40, the "death" of "defn (Yeah, right), and many others (You fill in the blanks).

New LPs on the horizon to look for in 1994: Jodeci, Shai, Mary J. Blige, Prince, Arrested Development, Slick Rick, Doug E. Fresh, Boyz II Men, Dr.Dre/Ice Cube, Public Enemy, Flavor-Flav, Terminator X, Black Sheep, Vanessa Williams, The New Edition Reunion (maybe), Stetsasonic, and others.

Moral of the year: If you ain't got nuttin' good to rap about, keep ya yap shut.

Keep Ya Head Up!

CCEBMS provides tutors for CCEBMS students. If you need a tutor, fill out and submit a "Tutor Request" form at CCEBMS, then check back with Mary Custard, the Tutorial coordinator, for your tutor assignment

HERE WE GO AGAIN

(D.C. al Coda)

by Ayo Shesheni

"That your husband out there?"

"Yes. Yes. . . I don't know what to do. I don't even know what to say."

"Well, is it alright if I come in? I want to talk to him."

"Oh, please. I mean, do. He—Well, you see We lost our little girl."

"Yeah, I know. I heard. She just stopped breathin, dint she?"

"Yes. Infant Death Syndrome. . . But he's blaming himself—he hadn't checked on her for a couple hours and he was playing poker, drinking and everything. . . He thinks it's his fault."

"Yeah. Yo, man! I had a little girl once. I lost her, too. Actually, I had more than one. . . But I never got too attached to the first one. What I mean is, when my first one was born, I was only seventeen an my mother dint like that. She didn't go for that stuff, sex before marriage. Her whole policy was, no ring no thing, know what I mean? Just listen, ma'am. So as soon as she was born, the social worker came an told me I had to sign these papers to have her checked out an next thing I knew she was gone. I tried to get her back but when I went down to the community center, the lawyer, he said I was better off without her, an she was better off without me, that she had a good family takin care-a her an that no judge would take her back from them to give her to me. So I just said my good-byes an moved on.

"I don't really think this is the time—"

"No, ma'am, it's not. But no time is really the time is it? An I'm tryin to tell the man about my daughter, sec? The one who was *really* mine. I had her for almost three years before she passed on. She was real close to my heart. You know that happens quick, cause your baby wadn't but six, eight months old, was she? So I know you feelin some serious pain. Cause it's right about then you really startin to feel like they yours, like they come to stay, not just some alien what dropped in on you an its people comin for it soon. So you know how I musta felt when my little girl was three, right?"

"Yes, I guess I can imagine, but—"

"Yeah, well. What happened was that I was out, tryin to relax. You know drinkin a little at Dahomey's there—tryin to drown my sorrows cause her father just done left me. An my sister's husband's daughter was sposed to be watchin her. Course I don't fault her, cause she was only thirteen years old, an startin to get interested in boys an evrythin. You remember bein that age, dontchu?"

"Look, I don't really know how this makes any sense right now. . ."

"Listen, ma'am, I'm tryin to tell your husband a story, an I'd really appreciate it if you'd just kinda keep quiet til I'm through, cause this is real important to me. Cause I think that the man needs to hear it right about now, sittin out there, just like I need to tell it."

"But can't you see—"

"Allegra?"

"Darling, please. . ."

"Allegra! I think I want to hear it."

"Yeah, I think you do. What I was sayin was that she—the babysitter—was real young and not payin too close attention, an my baby went in the bathroom an got in the closet there where I keep all the cleaning stuff an she liked that blue color, you know that blue dye they put in the ammonia to make it look pretty? Only to her it looked like Smurf cool-aid. That's what she always told me. She'd say, "mama, gimme summa that cool-aid." I told her it wadn't no cool-aid, but she was a hard-headed lil girl. Just like her mama. So anyways, she finally gets a chance to drink some what with Keisha up there gossiping on the phone, an she comes back outta there spittin cause it dint taste like no cool-aid, but Keisha just thought she was bein nasty, so she gave her a coupla licks an put her in bed. An when I got home, my baby wadn't sleepin, man. She was dead. Just like yours."

"Look. We have our own grieving to do. This is not the time for yours. I'm asking you to leave."

"I'm sorry to upset you ma'am, an I don't mean to do no contradictin, but that man ain't grievin. He's bein wrathful. He's blamin. An he ain't blamin only hissself. Cause you knew it was his poker night, an you dint just stay home an watch that child yourself. Couldn't never stay home an just watch the child. I see you. Always runnin, like you dint even have one. So what he's doin right about now is fixing you, real good. See?"

"That's not true! Xavier, tell her. . . I mean. . . Are you blaming me?"

"What does *she* know about us?"

"But you didn't answer me."

"Listen, ya'll will have to finish this conversation later. Cause what I *know* is that downstairs, my boys is waitin for somethin to eat an their supper is on the stove. So I'ma tell you this story quick-like, an then I'll go an ya'll can have your little discussion, see?"

"No—"

"I'll listen."

"Dontchu think it'd be a whole lot easier if you was to sit in here, man?"

"I'd rather stay out here."

"Xavier—"

"*Shut up*, Allegra. Just shut up."

"So you do blame me."

"Your voice grates. It grates like a damn jackhammer."

"I don't think that's fair!"

"Nothing's *fair*, dammit. It's not *fair* that my fucking daughter had to die when she wasn't but a baby!"

"You're blaming me for that?"

"It isn't fair that I have to live like a goddamn pauper because I'm not enough for my wife's degree."

"I can't believe you're blaming this all on me!"

"—because my wife thinks it's the *height* of achievement to get her fucking master's

"How can you can sit out there and—"

"I'm talking, Allegra. You wanted me to talk, and I'm talking. So listen to me, goddammit! It isn't fair that I waited two long-ass years for a child—using thermometers and waiting and getting woken up in the middle of the night when I'm dead tired to try to get it up so that maybe, just maybe *this* time it'll work, because my wife was so goddamn barren—"

"Hold it. Just hold it!"

"—only to have my princess snatched out of my arms before she could even say Daddy! That's what isn't fair. That's what isn't fucking *fair*, dammit."

"I can't believe you have the nerve to go out there on that fucking ledge threatening to take your goddamn pitiful, puny, miserable life because you think I cheated you out of something."

"Well, I am!"

"You're forgetting something, mister self-righteous. It was me who was working when you were going to school. Remember that?"

"How could I forget? You would never let me forget that you had to sacrifice your big important academic career for me."

"It was me who was counting pennies and working twenty-four seven and eating baked beans out of a can because you needed books. And it was me who was sitting there with the thermometer waiting with my eyelids propped open with toothpicks until the right time came because you needed your sleep—"

"Shut up, Allegra."

"—and it was me who had to wake your grumpy ass up and try to get romantic so you could get hard just long enough to shoot me some of your weak-ass, pitiful sperm."

"I said shut up!"

"Because you just couldn't wait. Just had to have a son."

"Stop crying, Allegra. I'm not falling for it this time. Stop crying and stop shouting at me with your fucking jackhammer voice."

"Look who's talking, big man. Go on. Turn your head. I can still see those tears pouring down. What's wrong, macho man? Life got you down? Couldn't make a son, and when you managed a daughter you couldn't love her enough to keep her alive. Is that it big man? Is that why you really want to jump? Go ahead then. Go ahead, dammit!"

Allegra—

"No! I am not going to allow you to blame me for this. I am not going to sit by and let you do that. I want to *live* goddammit. And if you want to die you're going to have to go ahead and do it. Because I cannot talk through a window with a fucking stranger sitting in my living room and tell you that I love you. I cannot talk to a stranger through the window and tell him how much I love him. I cannot shout through a window into a deaf man's ears and make him understand that it was not me and it was not him, that it was nobody that killed our daughter, that she's dead, but we're alive and we need each other to stay that way. That I need him to stay that way. I cannot do that. . . I cannot do that."

"Are you all finished? Because I dint come up here to listen to you all hash through your dirty laundry an play who stole the cookie from the cookie jar. I came up here to tell you a story. An I'm not through yet."

"Listen, lady, I don't know who you are, but this has nothing to do with you and I think you should leave. You're started enough trouble for five damn minutes."

"Allegra, *shut up!* There you go again."

"Listen. The both of you shut up, alright? I'm tryin to tell ya'll somethin. Xavier come inside, cause I'm gettin real tired of shoutin through the damn window. An Allegra, just keep quiet, alright? Cause my story don't end with the two daughters what died for me an I had to keep on living. That's not what I'm here to tell you. I want to tell you bout my sons. I got two sons. One of them is five years old, an the other one's eleven. The one what's eleven don't sleep too good at all, you know, cause he remembers his sister, real good. Cause that was *his* princess, an when he come home from his daddy's that week, he dint find his princess there cause she was dead. An that like to broke his heart. So he don't sleep so good, cause even though it been six years, an I give him a brother to think about right away, he couldn't do nothin bout them dreams he had about her. Cause he always looked out for her."

"What the hell does this have to do with us?"

I'm tryin to tell you Allegra, ma'am. I'm tryin to tell you bout my boy's dreams. Cause lately somethin else happened what keep him an his little brother up nights. Him an my little Malcolm. What happened was—did you see 'Do the Right Thing?' Xavier, man, whyontchu come on in here so's I can talk to your face?"

"I'm listening."

"Yeah, man, you're *listening*, but are *you hearing*? Come on in here where you can see my face, because I want you to see how serious I am bout this. It's about you. Yeah. That's better. Like I was sayin. Did ya'll see that Spike Lee joint?"

"Xavier—"

"Allegra, please! Just. Don't. Touch me. Yes, of course. We saw it."

"Well, how that *big* brother—Radio Raheem, how he got kilt by that policeman? How they just went overboard cause they dint know when to stop an they kilt him? That happened right here on this block. Right outside, a couple months before you moved in. Only they dint strangle this boy. They blew his brains out. Yeah. He turned around too quick when they told him freeze cause he was runnin down the street with this toy gun, you know the ones what shoot paint? Cause him an his uncle what just come from New Mexico was playin this war game. Only you sposed to play them in the woods where there ain't no other people on accountta the fact that them things look real. An this policeman thought it was real, so he shot him when he spun around, but the boy dint know it was a policeman cause he thought it was his uncle. He thought it was his uncle about to get him with that red paint, an he truned around quick an pulled the trigger so's he could get his uncle first, only it was a cop, an the cop blew his head off. Right out there. In front of the building. An what happened was my boys was watchin from the window—they was watchin Marcus an his uncle play. An they saw Marcus get his brains blown out. They saw that real blood. No red paint. So now my boys, my eleven year old an my five year old, they both have dreams. Only now Medger—that's the eleven year old—he dreams that he's playin with his little sister, an he turns around, an the cop is blowin her head off. Malcolm, he just keeps seein the thing what really happened happenin again an again."

"Xavier?"

"Allegra! Please be quiet. *Please be quiet!* I'm trying to listen."

"Yeah. So what I'm tryin to tell you, man, is that my boys have enough bad dreams. They'll be having bad dreams long after Allegra here done finished that degree of hers an moved away to find her a new man an had her some more children what she can keep nice an safe in some pretty neighborhood where they have parks for kids to play war games in. Where the war ain't for real like here where it's in your house an in your mind an in your dreams forever, and the ones that's the soldiers on the front line is everyone you ever loved. So what I'm sayin to you, mister Xavier man, is that I don't *care* how upset you are bout the daughter you called Aisha what means life only she's dead, an I don't *care* that things ain't the way they sposed to be witchu an your wife. Because if you jump off that damn ledge you goin to land on the sidewalk right outside my window an my boys will have some more real blood what ain't red paint to add to their dreams. An you'll be cleaned up an hauled away an you won't even get to see your princess then, cause she won't be where you goin. An meanwhile your wife willa done gone off with her degree an left you an the little piece of bloodstained cement what would remind her of you—but me an my boys will have to stay. We'll still be here. That's what I come up here to tell you. That's what I wanted to say. My boys don't need no more dreams."

"Lady—"

"My name is Ella."

"Lady, it's time for you to go."

"I'm goin, Allegra, ma'am. I done said what I had to say. My boys is waitin for their supper. Naw, don't bother. I know where the door is. It's in the same damn place in my apartment. Downstairs."

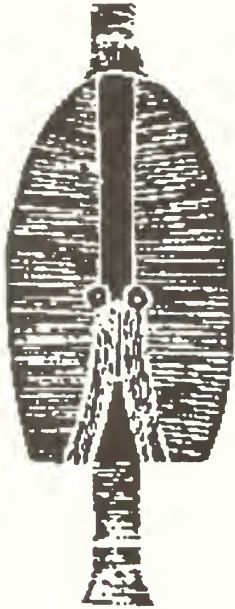
"Xavier. Xavier! You're still going—"

"Calm down, Allegra. I'm shutting the window, OK? Is that alright? Then I'm going for a drink. I need a drink. I need a big, strong-ass drink."

"Xavier..."

CCEBMS is recruiting undergraduate tutors. We would like you to help each other. Pick up Tutor applications from Mary Custard in 210 New Africa House.

BROTHA MAN?



by Jeffery Lawrence

The white man,
the white man,
it's time he takes a fall.

*The niggers are having a meeting,
in the room down the hall.*

We are going to have a rally
and take the campus,
by surprise.

*They are meeting outside the tower,
in the west,
at five.*

We don't need the press,
they'll just tell lies.

*Hello,
CBS,
how would you like a hot story,
live.*

Please protect yourselves,
and watch one another's back.

*They're militant,
packing,
and ready to attack.*

I heard that our phones are tapped.

*Hello,
FBI.*

Trust no one.

*They'll listen to me,
cause I'm,
their number one guy.*

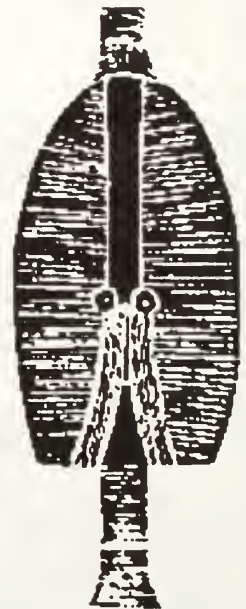
Why is it that where ever we go,
we get stopped at every turn?

*Hey,
they trust me,
they'll never learn.*

Our plans have gone up in smoke.
Burn, baby,
Burn.

They must have an informant,
who could it be?

*Those people are so stupid,
they'll never know it's,
me.*



DR. MAULANA KARENGA

by LaKeisha Criswell

"Media never discusses the true meaning of Kwanza", said Dr. Maulana Karenga, the creator of Kwanza, to a crowded room of listeners on February 3, 1994 in the Campus Center on the University of Massachusetts. With over 18 million people celebrating Kwanza, Karenga cited Kwanza as being so popular because it was a celebration for all people with no emphasis on a religious denomination. Karenga said, "Kwanza is a reaffirmation of our(African) culture. It is a time to praise African traditions and praise ancestors like Malcolm X, Fannie Lou Hammer, Marcus Garvey, Ida B. Wells and other great Africans and African Americans

Dr. Maulana Karenga's lecture was sponsored by the Black Mass Communications Project in honor of February's Black History Month. A recipient of two doctoral degrees, Dr. Maulana Karenga, is head of the Black Studies Department at the University of California at Berkeley. He is also author of the widely used classroom text, Introduction to Black Studies.

Dr. Karenga also spoke on historical misrepresentations of Africa. He referred to ancient Egypt as the "light house of the world" because of it's role in mathematics, religion, astronomy, and philosophy. The fact that Egypt is referred to as the 'Middle East', and not an African nation was offered as an example of misrepresentation.

"European History is therapeutic," argued Karenga. He said for centuries there has been a centralization of European history, known as "eurocentrism." He defined eurocentrism as "all relevance and value centered around Europeans and other people's relevance and value at the best being marginal and at the least insignificant." With eurocentrism, Europeans have been conditioned to believe they are superior, while other races histories have been ignored, leaving them feeling inferior while Europeans experience feelings of superiority.

Karenga said, "With power, knowledge, and wealth Blacks would gain a high self esteem." History is an important tool in the shaping of people. He said, "It locates people, and helps them understand their possibilities." He also said that the study of history helps us learn about ourselves, absorb its possibilities by emulating role models and remembering and praising others.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

PHOTOS FROM THE NOMMO ARCHIVES



**HISTORY OF BLACK
FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES**

DELTA SIGMA THETA SORORITY, INC.



DELTA SIGMA THETA SORORITY INC.

Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc. is a sisterhood of college-educated women committed to public service. A Delta is therefore, one who affirms, contributes and works actively to achieve the organizational purpose of public service. Deltas are committed to being sisters. Deltas must enlighten, encourage, comfort and "bear one another's burdens."

The sorority was founded in 1913 by 22 undergraduate women at Howard University. These young women wanted to use their collective strength to promote academic excellence and to provide assistance to the needy .

Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc. is a private, non-profit organization whose purpose is to provide services and programs to promote human welfare. A sisterhood of more than 250,000 predominantly Black college educated women, the sorority currently has over 800 chapters located in the United States, Japan, Germany, the Virgin Islands, Bermuda, Haiti, Liberia, the Bahamas and the Republic of Korea. The major programs of the sorority are based on the organization's Five Point Thrust: Economic Development • Educational Development • International Awareness and Involvement • Physical and Mental Health • Political Awareness and Involvement

FIVE POINT PROGRAM THRUST INITIATIVES

"Just Say No To Drugs"

In February, 1985, Delta Sigma Theta launched a massive campaign with its undergraduate chapters to help Black youth "Just Say No to Drugs." Initially, 35 chapters served as pilot sites to begin implementation. However,

**HISTORY OF BLACK
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the project is conducted nationwide by many Delta undergraduate chapters. The project is targeted at youth 7-15 years of age.

The Delta "Just Say No" campaign is unique in several ways. It is conducted totally by members of college based chapters and it was the first "Just Say No" project to be implemented by a national organization.

Health

More than two hundred chapters hold Health Fairs and comprehensive screening programs on an annual basis in their local communities. Delta has also sponsored a National Symposium on Hypertension among Black women and youth. Thirteen other national organizations co-sponsored this project with Delta.

The organization has targeted the high incidence and mortality rates from cancer among Blacks as a primary health concern and has mounted a concerted effort to conduct a series of projects, preventive in nature, to address this serious problem. Several health issues continue to be addressed: kidney disease, stress, hypertension and suicide are examples. Delta has worked with the National Cancer Institute on a cancer prevention awareness project.

Pi Iota, the local chapter which includes 11 schools in the Western Massachusetts area focused on women and AIDS as part of their annual "Delta Week" last year. Every year, the chapter tries to focus on important health issues as well as other issues that are pertinent to the Black community.

Economic Development

An Economic Advisory Committee is continuously recording and disseminating information to chapters in reference to support for Black businesses, seminars and workshops on procurement and entrepreneurship, the Adopt-a-Black-Business focus in support of local Black businesses and information on business financing and management. Another important component is the emphasis on personal financial planning and estate planning.

As a part of economic development, Pi Iota has developed a "Black Business Guide" as a form of support for local Black businesses.

Employment and Training

Programs in this area include the Assault on Illiteracy Project, which has identified illiteracy as a barrier to the employability of many Black adults. Other programs center on career counseling, "Project Plus" (Project Literacy U.S.), mentoring, identifying non-traditional jobs for women, job fairs in high schools and job fairs for recruiters from industry for college seniors and graduates. More than 50% of our chapters regularly conduct career and job opportunity programs each spring which include counseling on test-taking skills, interviews, presentation and job performance.

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Educational Development

Each chapter conducts programs in education, ranging from tutorial services to adult literacy initiatives and the awarding of scholarships and grants. Significant national programs are the Distinguished Professor Endowed Chair and the Maryland Educational Opportunity Center.

CURRENT NATIONAL PROGRAMS

Summit III: Preparing our Sons for Manhood

Studies have shown that the single most important factor in the success of the young Black male is his relationship with his mother or other important female figures in his life. As a national public service sorority made up of more than 250,000 college educated women, Delta Sigma Theta brings a profound interest in and commitment to the preservation, protection, nurturing and education of young Black men. The sorority's objective for Summit III is to develop and implement programs which focus on education, housing, employment and personal development for boys ranging from 10 to 16 years old.

Delta Alcohol Drug Abuse and AIDS Community Education Project (ADACE)

The ADACE Project has been designed to enable the sorority to assume a leadership role in alcohol, drug abuse and AIDS awareness, treatment and prevention. The target population for the project are Black females between the ages of 12-19.

Delta launched this community education effort because of the increased risk Black women, especially younger women, face in becoming infected with the HIV virus and the heightened threat that young Black females will become alcohol and drug abusers. The ADACE project has three phases: development of the training curriculum, training of the Delta membership as trainers and community educators and the implementation of the communication sessions on the local level.

School America

Delta Sigma Theta Sorority is "Taking the Lead Helping Families To Read" by conducting a nation-wide initiative—School America, which is a national family reading program. The basic focus of School America is to have one story read to a child, between the ages of one through ten every week. A major component of this national program is "reader registration" which entails registering persons as official readers. A "Registered Reader" is an individual who pledges to read one story a week to a child in his/her family or community.

Other national organizations as well as regional and local groups are helping Delta as partners to implement this program. Over one million persons are expected to register as readers. By forming partnerships with broad-based, cross-cultural groups, Delta has tremendously magnified its outreach efforts. Illiteracy is a very real threat to the nation's economic future and the American way of life. Therefore, acquiring reading skills is a means of securing economic rights.

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Black College Convocation

Delta Sigma Theta Sorority salutes America's Black colleges, biennially, with a series of weekend convocations at 18 colleges, 14 of which are traditionally Black institutions. The convocation theme is "America's Black Colleges: Roots, Rewards, Renewal". During this two-day meeting the sorority renews its allegiance to the historically Black colleges by collectively seeking solutions to programs that negatively impinge upon the survival of Black people and its higher education institutions.

The Black College Convocation features public workshops addressing such issues as substance abuse; leadership skills and networking; grantsmanship for research and social action; and the survival of black people through education, economics and the political process.

Life Development Centers

Centers are established by local chapters as a viable means of mobilizing a chapters programs and to maximize community access to the services of public and private agencies. The centers are also designed to help eliminate fragmented services in areas where the need is most evident, and provide a central and accessible location for the agencies and clients to be served. The programs at the centers include tutorial services, counseling services for families, teenage pregnancy prevention, health screening, health education and career counseling, and referral and information services.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN OF DELTA SIGMA THETA:

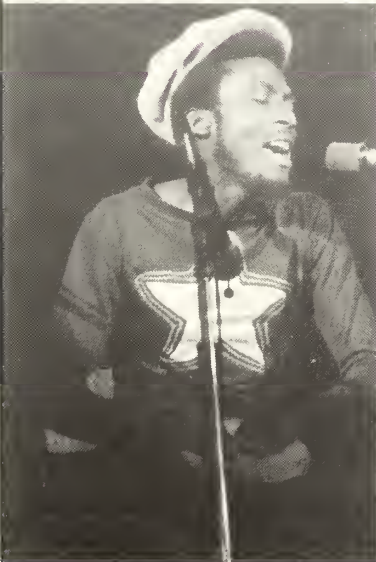
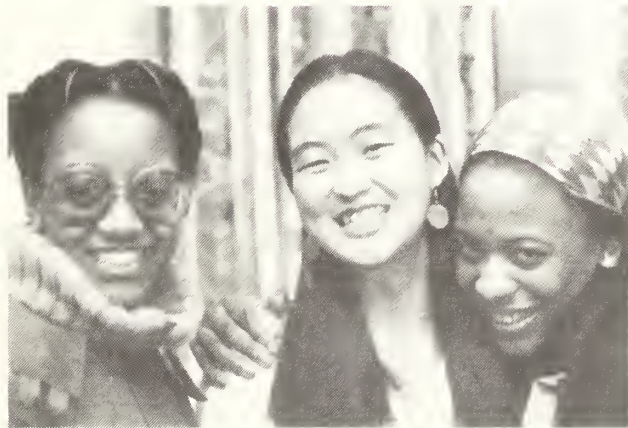
Mary McLeod Bethune-Civil Rights Activist • Lena Horne-Actress • Debbie Allen-Dancer • Paula Giddings-Writer • Fannie Lou Hamer-Activist • Ruby Dee-Actress • Shirley Chisolm-Congresswoman • Leontyne Price-Opera Singer



For more information, contact:
Yvette Baez 546-1469 (UMass)
Rachael Splaine 546-7369 (UMass)

BLAST FROM THE PAST

PHOTOS FROM THE NOMMO ARCHIVES



THE MESSIAH

Mecca C-Asia
Hon. Ellen Syrkett

I'm 20. My father was 38. He died of old age. Damn! Who the hell drops dead at 38? He did. He was a single Black parent who worked hard to provide for his child. He wasn't rare but he was special, to me. I was at school when I got the call... The memory of the monotone male voice is etched into my brain.

"I know this is a terrible way to get this kind of news... I really hate to make these calls..."

I managed to pack a bag, randomly filling it with underwear, socks, and clothes. I boarded the next bus to New York. The ride seemed to take an eternity. I sat in the back of the bus crying as I tried to remove thoughts of my father from my mind. I drifted in and out of sleep hoping that each time I would awaken from the nightmare.

Messiah met me at the bus station. I hadn't seen him since I'd left for school, he avoided me each time I came home. I was surprised to see him but at the same time comforted. His face was the first I saw in that Black sea. He looked directly into my bleary eyes. He took the bag I held and with his free hand he pulled me to him. We stood united for what felt like hours but what was probably seconds.

"You alright?" he asked.

HELL NO ! I thought, but I opted for the nod of my head in affirmation. He knew by my expression, he always did.

"I'm sorry" he added.

Silently we walked to the train. I still gripped his hand tight. Halfway through the ride I looked up at Messiah standing over me. Tall, Black and Sure, he stood watch as the iron horse charged its way uptown. We left the train and walked to my block. The building was dark. I fumbled in my pockets for my keys. I found them and unlocked the door. I stepped in and turned back to see Messiah still standing on the porch.

"You're not coming in?" I asked.

"Are you sure you want me to?" he replied.

I silently pleaded by extending one hand to him.

He entered, closed the door behind him and we made our way up the stairs.

A part of me expected my dad to walk out of his room to greet me.

"Hey, baby girl ! What you doing home?"

"You know I couldn't leave you here alone for too long !" Instead the silence and the smell of his stale cigarettes met us.

"It all looks the same." I said. It had only been two and a half weeks since I'd been here. Everything was in its usual place. Sunday's paper, an ashtray full of butts and an empty Maalox bottle littered the coffee table. On the floor was some old mail and a letter I'd written to my father several days before. Messiah silently sat down on the

couch, I took my bag from him, picked up the letter, and walked back to my room which was off of the kitchen. I dropped the bag, sat back on my bed and began to read the letter over, stopping when I got to the end,

Thanks for the check but you don't have to send me money every week. Take care of yourself. I love you and I miss you. I-Asia

Then I felt the tears rush . I heard Messiah's voice telling his mother he would be staying with me to make sure I'd be okay. He came and laid down next to me. I cried myself to sleep as he held on.

When I rose the clock read eleven forty-five a.m. Messiah was gone. In the kitchen, something was cooking. The fruit basket was full and the dishes that were in the sink were washed and put away. I heard water running in the bathroom.

"Messiah?"

"Yeah in here. You can come in."

I opened the door and the steam rushed out. I sat down on the toilet .

"You eat yet?" he asked through the curtain .

"Nah, I just got up. I'm not really hungry anyway. You know?" "Well we've got a lot to do today so get to it."

His long Black arm reached out and searched for a towel. I passed him one, he wrapped it around himself and emerged.

"Good Morning" he said.

I stood and we kissed.

"Thank you. For everything." I said.

No reply, he kissed me on the forehead and left to dress.

We ate together, then I showered and dressed. Messiah sat and waited in the living room.

"Let's get going !" Messiah called.

The funeral home was on the Island. We took the Rail Road and then the bus. I remained relatively quiet, teary eyed but not crying. Messiah sat with one arm around me like a warm black wing. His scent reminded me of my father. Daddy always smelled warm and inviting. We used to sit like this in his room and talk. Sometimes he was more friend than father but he was skilled enough at it to keep the balance.

"What you got planned for the weekend miss lady?"

"You don't work Sunday so I'ma be around."

"Why you always trying to hang with me? I'm an old man!"

"The ladies don't think so."

He was fine. (As fine as one's pops could be to them.) He was real tall, had broad shoulders, brown eyes, which always told me how tired he was, and strong Black features that reminded me of the Maasai. He was noble like that. And he had a beautiful mahogany hue which was accentuated by his bright ivory smile.

"I don't have time for no ladies. But I always have time for you. What you wanna do on Sunday?"

"Just talk." I said to him.

"This is our stop." Messiah said softly nudging me out of my trance. Once inside a short white man came out into the lobby.

We told him why we were there and he led us into his office.

"The body's already been identified by your husband." the man said, looking towards Messiah. Messiah placed his hand atop mine.

"NO!" I said vehemently. "I need to see him."

Messiah squeezed my hand, then let it go.

The man led me to the back of the building and down the stairs. A small door was on our left. He opened it and directed me towards a table covered by a white sheet. The man stood in the doorway as I lifted the sheet back and looked down at my father's face. He was the only parent I'd ever known. My mother was never real to me. No more than a photograph of a beaming young girl with her arms wrapped around my father's neck. He never talked poorly of her. He simply said she was young and not ready for the responsibility (she being one year younger than he). She'd given birth to me and dipped out leaving my pops with the task of raising me. He was 18 then. He took me home and cared for me alone. Ever since I can remember he worked all the time. When we lived in Flushing he had 3 jobs. Nights he worked as a security guard in Manhattan, days he worked as a "refuse collector" as he jokingly called it, and on weekends he did odd jobs wherever he could find them. He worked day and night for ten years when he finally landed a job at the Grumman air base which allowed him to sleep nights in our two bedroom apartment. I cried as memories of him saying "I love you baby girl." flooded my memory, 'cause I knew but never told him how much it meant to hear it. I glanced back down at the face. This was his body but it was not him. He looked cold and pasty. I cried but was comforted to know that he had returned to the essence of life in his death.

We returned upstairs. I sat down next to Messiah and ordered that the body be cremated. That's what he wanted, and Messiah nodded in approval.

We once again boarded the Rail Road and sat facing one another. I wanted to talk to Messiah about what had been going on between us, but unsure of where to begin I sat back in silence and tried to collect my thoughts.

"I'm sorry," Messiah began "for not being around, or returning your calls or writing you back."

He looked out the window then turned back to me.

"I did miss you though." he continued. I sat next to him now. Messiah had avoided me at all costs since I told him I was leaving, convinced college would distort my view of him and my life in the city.

"I'll call you twice a week Daddy, to check on you."

"You '11 call at first but then you '11 forget about your poor old man. "

But I called every week from school and wrote twice as often. When I wasn't calling or writing my father I was trying to correspond with Messiah. He was always on the run. I spoke to his mother frequently.

"Messiah stays in the streets. But he takes care of his business, he's a responsible man."

I enjoyed these conversations. I gained some insight into Messiah's character. Once his mother told me that she thought he was scared I wouldn't want him anymore because he wasn't 'educated' like the brothers he thought I'd meet at school.

"Let's not dwell on the past Messiah, we can't change the things we've done. If you're truly sorry don't just

say so, continue to show and prove. And now that I'm gonna be home... "

He turned back to look at me. He was clearly taken aback by what I was saying to him.

"I've got a lot of loose ends to tie here and I'm not ready to leave New York yet."

He understood and accepted my decision, for the moment and I reached out to take his hand.

Back at the house, Messiah helped me pack up my father's things. His room was small and immaculate. It was furnished simply. A bed, night table, clock and dresser. There was very little to put away, materially. We stored his things in the basement. Then upstairs I made dinner and Messiah talked to his moms. He told her he'd be home to pick up some clothes but that he was going to stay with me. After dinner Messiah and I talked. About everything, life, death and how to pursue happiness between the two.

"I love you I-Asia" he told me.

"I know" I replied with a smile.

"And I love you Messiah, you make me happy, but I don't need taking care of and I don't need sympathy. The only person that can save me is me."

"If I didn't love you I wouldn't be here." he said looking at me.

"Well, that's all I need." I told him.



NOMMO WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE ALL THOSE WHO MADE THE DEAN'S LIST FOR THE FALL 1993 SEMESTER!

Michele R. Vaughan Albouy
 Tatyana P. Asnis
 Guy R. Balan
 Stanley M. Boykin
 Charlie Brice
 Penny Cameron
 Dacia Campbell
 Chi Ming Chui
 LaKeisha T. Criswell
 Rahsaan A. Curington
 Autumn Deleon
 Marie M. Desronvil
 Ronald Q. Dottin
 William C. Dunning
 Pierre A. Elysee

Sean M. Fontes
 Erwin O. Foxtree
 Malkes Gomes
 Jerry Hernandez
 Susan A. Herrera
 Malaika L. Higginson
 James M. Horne
 Andalib Khelghati
 Jorge E. Ledesma
 Valerie Lucien
 Diana M. Martine
 Petchron R. Mason
 Dino E. Medina
 Jason Moore
 Marjorie Parent

Carlos L. Pimentel
 Joseph A. Pimentel
 Sheila M. Rodriques
 Ambere Rogers
 Poune Saberi
 Shomwa M. Shamapande
 Shamele R. Straughter
 Eric P. Sutton
 Mohammad R. Taheri
 Moise S. Tirado
 Njideka F. Ugwuegbu
 Laura P. Van Maanen
 Phon H. Vuong
 Lisa J. Walker

AND I EXIST

by Yatisha Bothwell

I feel the deep, deep heaviness
A great weight on delicate fragile shoulders
being Black, ... A Black woman
And they don't recognize the sheer beauty
In the way I hold my head
The way I turn my face
Upward toward the blazing sun
Held high above the ugliness
And evils of society
I exist,
Yet they seem not to understand how...
The inner strength
The wanting
Not only to survive, but to live, and be free
To fly
But only WHITE BOYS can truly soar
Is it my light brown skin or curly, short hair?
No, this is not the heaviness
that keeps happy feet grounded
forbidding my desirous, jubilant flight
But two shackles and a chain
fitted about my thin, slender ankles
Keeps me merely gazing into the clouds
Yearning, wanting
to just once touch the sky
And yes, I know I will... one day
And yet, I still exist today.

SCHOOL'S IN SESSION WITH MINISTER LOUIS FARRAKHAN

by LaKeisha Criswell & Foluke

"I don't teach hate. If over 450 years of violence and destruction has not taught hate, nothing I can say will change that," said Minister Louis Farrakhan to over 2000 listeners at the Fine Arts Center at the University of Massachusetts, March 9, 1994.

Much controversy surrounded his arrival to the University due to his alleged anti-Semitic, homophobic, and sexist remarks and the \$25,000 price tag for his speech. The University of Massachusetts, however, "got their money worth and then some" according to many students like Dacia Campbell, a UMass Political Science major. His three and half hour speech focused on controversial topics such as his alleged anti-Semitic remarks, and the Nation of Islam's role in the death of Malcolm X.

Minister Farrakhan indicated that the University exploits the talent of many Black athletes by bringing them to the school and making money off them. He said there is no likening what Black students bring to this University compared to what the University gives us. In defense of the \$25,000 that was spent to bring him to UMass, he said that schools are willing to pay Ronald Reagan upwards of \$45,0000 dollars for him "to shake his way through a lecture", but they do not want pay him for speaking the truth while also trying to uplift Blacks.

Minister Farrakhan said that there is fear of any person who speaks the truth. He said, about 10% of the population rules 85% of the mass population of every community. This 10% has knowledge of the truth of the lives and history of the poor in their midst, but use it to control and oppress rather than for the purposes of education and upliftment. He referred to 10% ruling class as "bloodsuckers" of the poor. Any one who deviates from this system is brought down.

Minister Farrakhan referred to himself as deviate who the 10% is trying to bring down with controversial media. He proclaimed that the media did not make him, so they can't destroy him. He also said to those who seek his demise "**Don't even THINK about it!** We are not making any idle threat, we have no weapons, we don't carry so much as a pen knife; but I do tell the world that Almighty Allah is backing us up in what we say and what we do, and we warn you in His name leave this servant of Almighty God alone."

Farrakhan criticized the American educational system which does not train students to become analytical and creative thinkers who would grow to solve society's problems, but instead, to continue the irresponsible cycle which has the U.S. in the economic and political trouble it's in. He said the present condition of education produces students who can be used as tools to help maintain the present condition of the 10% ruling class. This produces a destructive course of action for young Black students who leave college with degrees in Black studies or the like. There is no place for them to market their skills, so they fall into selling drugs, perpetuating crime in our communities or "**join the Army to be all that they could never be.**"

He asked, "How can you (United States) be a pluralistic society with a Eurocentric educational system?" He also questioned how could a society have technology so advanced, yet be unable to effectively teach people to read. "Education is the torch light of civilization...when education declines, civilization declines. If the

United States continues at this rate they will no longer be a superpower because they will be unable to compete with other nations." He cited the surge violence, crime and sexual promiscuity as examples of the decline in our society. He stated that we have reached a state of acting like dogs, and, at times, doing some things even a dog wouldn't do.

Farrakhan continued his speech by insisting that he would not take too much more of the audience's time; but members of the audience shouted, "Take your time." He joked that he knew there were classes in the morning, but "class is in session *now*."

Later in his lecture Minister Farrakhan responded to some of the many controversial allegations like his anti-Semitic remarks. He passionately stated that he is not anti-Semitic. He said he would like Jews to acknowledge their involvement in the slavetrade. He cited that 75% of slave owners of the South were Jewish, and that Jewish scholars have confirmed his facts. "If they have had hand in bringing Blacks down, then they should have a hand in uplifting Blacks."

He also denied being anti-white. He said that he was angry at what "whiteness has done to his people", but he does not hate all white people. He said, "Don't blame Black people for being angry; they were mistreated. The ignored anger leads to feelings of powerlessness yielding frustration, despair, hopelessness, and finally violence and terrorism.

Minister Farrakhan also discussed the Nation of Islam's involvement in the assassination Malcolm X and the alleged affairs of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. Concerning the death of Malcolm X, Minister Farrakhan does not deny that there was animosity between the Nation of Islam and Malcolm X and that there were members of the Nation of Islam involved in his death. But he vehemently denied accusations that Nation of Islam as a collective conspired in the death of Malcolm X. He suggested that Federal Bureau of Investigations played a role in the death of Malcolm X by infiltrating the Nation with agents to initiate and help carry the plan out. He said that when a witness was willing to name the individuals involved in the assassination, the case was closed and the government refused to re-open it.

Regarding the statements that the Honorable Elijah Muhammad had extra-marital affairs in which he fathered children; he compared him to the ancient prophet Muhammad who had nine wives, the youngest of whom was described as a pre-adolescent. Farrakhan said that the secretaries who were said to be engaging in affairs with the Honorable Elijah Muhammad were his wives, not his mistresses. The reason he did not make these relationships public is he felt many of the new recruits to the Nation of Islam were not ready to know about that aspect of the religion as they had recently been disciplined to care for one woman and leave behind promiscuity and womanizing. He said that Malcolm X was dishonest when he leveled the accusations against the Honorable Elijah Muhammad because he did not mention that he regarded the women as his wives. Minister Farrakhan said that the rift came because Malcolm X knew the truth, but misrepresented it for his own cause.

Minister Farrakhan finished his three and half hour lecture to a standing ovation, and was followed off-stage by his security entourage. Regardless of how you may feel about Minister Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam, you have to respect a man who is able to deliver well organized, thought provoking, three and half hour lecture without any notes. It is the hope of these two writers that the passionate words of the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan will live and motivate for years to come, and that the many troubles BSU president Shomwa Shamapande and the Black Agenda suffered to get him here were not in vain. PEACE.

HARDCORE

by L. A. Williams

I can't git with Top-40, 'cuz it's Bullshit. Like, other day I'm listenin' to Radio-W.A.B.B., and this wack song came on:

"...My heart's racing like a speedometer !
 (Un-e-ven Lovvve)
 My Love's rising like a thermometer !
 (Un-e-ven Lovvve)
 My Love for you's a boulder, girl,
 (Un-e-ven Lovvve)
 and your love for me's a grain, yeah!
 (Un-e-ven Lovvve)
 Our love is so uneven that
 (Un-e-ven Lovvve)
 that it's driving me insane, yeah !..."

Yeah. Me too.
 click

See? It's bullshit! I like rap. And not dat Hammer, Marky-Mark shit, either. I like hardcore rap. Geto Boys. Cypress.

Back in school there was this sucka name Al. Always wanted beef. Be startin' shit for *no* reason. Like, first time with me, he goes:

"You gotta problem?!? You looking at me like you gotta problem !!!
 "Ain't nobody lookin' at chu!"
 "Yeah! That's WHUT I THOUGHT !!"

Now, you know I couldn't go out like no punk, 'cuz there wuz *mad* folks around! So I wuz like:

"AN' WHAT IF I WAS !?! NOT THAT ANYBODY WANNA LOOK AT YA UGLY ASS IN TH' FIRST PLACE!"

"Then we *might* have uh problem!!"

Old Man Davis came down th' hall and squished th' whole deal.

Later, Al dropped me in gym with uh sucker punch. Before the teacher sent him to the showers, he said he wuz gonna bus' my ass after school. My man Mike tol' me "Fuck *dat* shit, hop! Al think just 'cuz he on th' football team he can fuck wit anybody! Yo, Imma leave it in yer locker."

I wasn't tryin' ah be no punk. I went to get up wif Al after school. But he had six other mugs from da football team wit' 'im. And they tried to jump me.

So I pulled out Mike's "gift", and bucked Al dead in his head.

cont. onto page 29

AROUND THE WAY

by Foluke

Emerging from the subway into a fog.
 Crossing Eastern Parkway,
 trying to decipher loud melodies from two cars,
 melodies that float upward fighting each other all the
 way.

Five blocks become ten.

Look up and the street sign reads Lincoln Place
 Haven't gotten very far, have I?
 Gotta move on.
 On past the chinaman's take-out place
 Graceful scents wafting through the ghetto night...
 (right)

On past the Jamaican record store
 blasting that unintelligible dialect into the streets
 like ocean gushing through a just opened dam.
*"Wait na man! Ah 'oo dat a come? Wait na man!
 Demma tink me did done!"*
 (WHAT??)

And five blocks become ten.

On past the pizza shop
 where video games make more money than the food.
 Young boys stand out front
 slurping runny mozzarella
 planning out the night's activities...
BAM!

A young man stands before me
 holding my package
 I take it back and nod an embarrassed
 "Thank you"
 He smiles and steps hard to the right.
 Gotta move on.

Five blocks bec...

"Eh Dread! Wot's 'app'nin' gyal?!"
 Without stopping I wave and tell him,
 "Nothin"
 "Grill up on concrete! Gyal y' look good
 from ya 'ead-top to y' foot-bottom!"
 (thanks)

Five blocks become ten.

Gotta move on. Walk faster, *FASTER!*
 Legs carrying me down the street like motorized
 propellers.
 (God! I want to be home!)
 Down the sidewalk like a streak,
 Flash is back!
 On past the barber shop where fellas sit around
 talkin' that talk
 while waiting.
 I glance in and wink at a cutie I know.
 He waves, but I'm gone.

On past the crack spot that looks like a corner store,
 the corner store that looks like a crack spot
 The place where mothers buy food for their young,
 but the young folks ain't hungry cuz they eatin'
 up the pusher's rhetoric on one side, and his product
 on the other.

A brother leanin' on a car in front of KeyFood,
 wearing African garb and a black
 Malcolm X baseball cap
 is talkin' *real loud* about the "bitch" he did last night...
 (Did I say brother?)
 Turning the corner on St. Marks, the smell of urine

so strong;

I wonder at the men who sit there talking as if in a lilac field.

gotta move on

On past the jive chicks standin' in front of 770 with nothing better to do than tell each other as I pass, that I think I'm too good to hang with them.

I throw a glance and everybody says 'hi'.

gotta move on

On past the library where dudes sit, surrounded by knowledge and discuss the security guard who had his head blown off last night.

running

gotta move on

down the street

gotta move on

through the doors

gotta move on

up the stairs

gotta move on

to my door

I'm at my door.

I put my key in the lock, turn, push and step inside just in time to hear

a blurb on the radio;

"A young boy was fatally shot

yesterday at approximately 6:30 pm

when an unidentified gunman opened fire in a brooklyn housing project.

Police say 16 bullets penetrated

the door of an apartment

as the youth lay on the couch

watching television..."

Hardcore... cont. from page 27

Everybody else ran away.

When I shot 'im, his skull just blew up like uh busted egg. I felt kinda sick. I thought, "Oh, God! I did that???"

But when I looked at him on the ground
 And remembered how he'd fucked wit' me before
 I watched his boys run
 felt the gun
 and I thought, "I did that."

Nobody messes with me anymore.

Cypress Hill's got this line:
 "Didn't hafta blast him, but I did anyway.
 That young punk had to pay!...
 Here is somethin' that 'cha can't understann,
 How I could just kill a mannn!"

That's why I like hardcore.

MY LIFE IN THE PROJECTS

by L. A. Williams

It was a tower. Crammed with hundreds and hundreds of people, in too small of an area.

the noise was everywhere, and often overwhelming. Stereos blasting! People screaming at all hours in a City That Never Sleeps.

and on every floor there were drugs. Being sold. Being traded. Being taken. And alcohol. All too often by far too many. Why?? As an escape from the life and environment that surrounds them?

Even the self created environment? Drinking to escape the drinking? To escape the filth of the building? Lord knows I want to(o).

Escape the filth and grime created by my neighbors. The shattered bottles and scattered cans in the lobby

The spit dripping from the narrow walls of the elevator.

the urine in the stairwell

the vomit in the halls.

The graffiti on the walls by the barely literate. the broken windows. The vandalized washing machines in the laundry room.

"Why do these people vandalize their own place? They have to live there. They're so ignorant!"

The gangs of guys, roaming the hallways in packs, going from floor to floor. Yelling, "HEY BABY! HEY, LOOK AT HER TITS!" to every woman and girl who crosses their path. Hoping there's a party on *some* floor, so they can drink and smoke without paying.

Beating up fools who look at them wrong.

And everyone blames The Administration. *"The Administration gives those people too much for nothing, and they don't appreciate it. They're using up my tax money, sitting around doing nothing with their lives!!"* the conservatives say. *"Don't give them anything else until they learn to take care of what they have! Animals!"*

And the liberals say: *"If The Administration would spend more money on education. improving living conditions, lowering the cost of living. and giving the underrepresented more opportunities, things would be better."*

The authorities don't come to my building too often, even when I call them.

It's just the way things are around there. If you don't like it, move out of the area. There are better places.

A Harlemite's experience
in Coolidge Tower

Southwest Residential Area, University of Massachusetts

ON HEARING OF BYRON DE LA BECKWITH'S CONVICTION
FOR THE MURDER OF MEDGAR EVERS

February 1994

by Natasha Trethewey

Today, I force myself to look
at pictures, grainy black
and whites from *The Movement*
recounting our common horror.

I search for your face, haughty,
luminous among the lynch mobs,
the police, the bystanders filling
the corners of each photograph.

You could be the man, tattooed,
pointing the camera's gaze up
into bristling leaves, into the slack
faces of two young boys. Maybe,

you're the faceless man,
the one who watches, takes

pictures from behind the crowd,
the camera's flashing white eye.

Or perhaps, you're the slow-eyed
boy, drunk on the moment,
a beer in one hand, your smiling
date's hand in the other.

I don't know who or where
you are, just that I need to see
you—a preacher's weekly litany
repeating in my head:

And the Lord said "Since I send you
as sheep among wolves,
be as prudent as serpents
and as simple as doves,"

**Congratulations to Malkes Gomes
for winning the Career Expo
Scholarship, February 1994!!!**

THE NOMMO COLLECTIVE

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The time has come that the Afrikan-American Community begin to not only educate ourselves with literary pieces, but with words in which the power of generations can be felt. It is time that we, as a people, support all facets of our existence... NOMMO is a tool by which knowledge can be passed down for generations. We, the staff at NOMMO, are encouraging the community at large, to submit literary works (articles, poems, editorials) for publication in a paper that is operated by, and for the community. If you have literary works to submit, or would like to make a monetary donation to the NOMMO Production Expense Fund, please send to the following: NOMMO News, UMass - Student Union Building, Student Activites Office - Box # 51, Amherst, MA 01003.

SECRETARY
Mecca C-Asia

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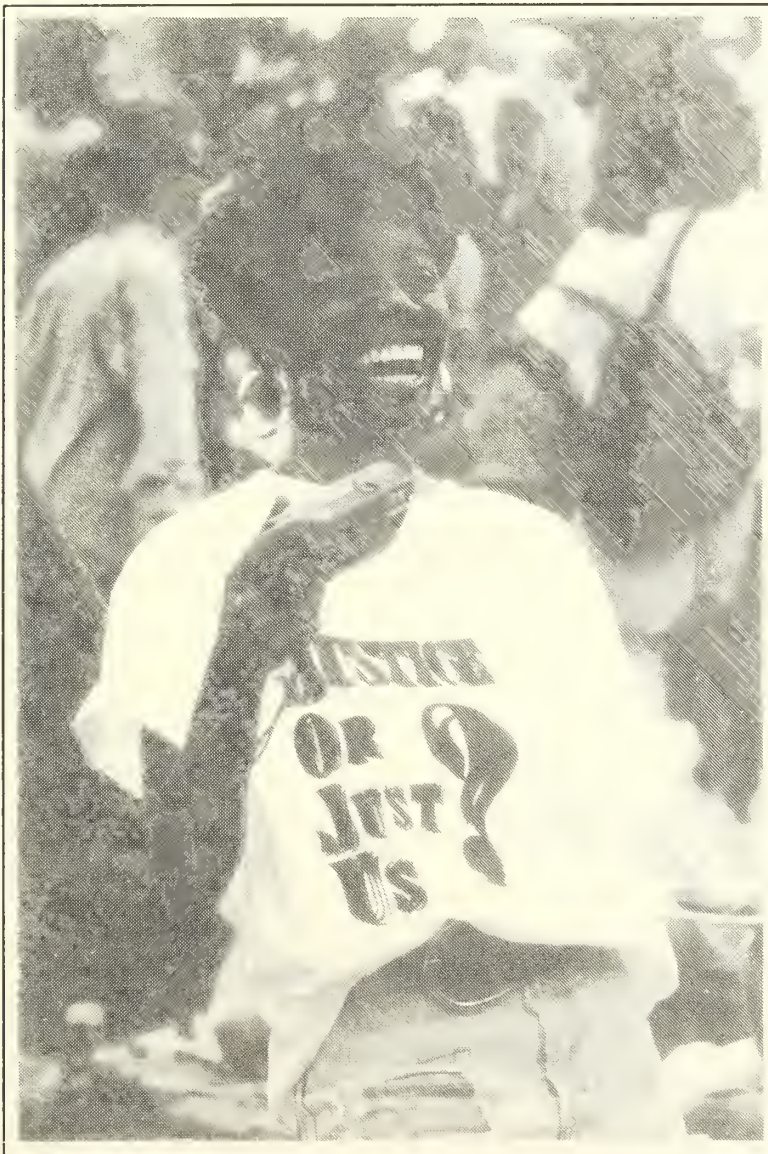
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NOMMO is a Dogan word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.



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MECCA C-ASIA

La Menage
 avec toi?
 Nah!
 Not me
 The C
 is too deep
 far too wide
 -inside-
 to swing down
 and let you ride
 Revered
 Feared
 by many
 Loved
 by too
 few
 know me
 They speak of
 their pilgrimage to Mecca
 but will never C-Asia
 Physical
 form's
 Concealed
 Revealed
 only to those
 worthy of knowing
 what lies
 beneath the
 Earth's surface.

SELF LOVE

By Fabiola Narcisse

You lift me up then
 Bring me down
 I feel myself
 Drowning in a sea of
 Inferiority, self-contempt and self-pity

Remembering Mother's teaching

I rise and carry on
 With unshakable spirit
 Knowing,
 Always knowing
 Of my power within.

TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN

By Penny Cameron

I raised you and watched you grow. Fretted fearfully with your
first steps, faltering.

I watched you change, slowly, from the
grinning child made happy with a vanilla cone,
To a reticent young man no amount of ice cream can satisfy
And I, my son, sit back and watch, helplessly.

I see you everyday, on the street, at parties, at my home, church, school,
college.....

Everyday your look is the same...appraising, judging, deciding
Should I be talked to tonite? Does my body merit this honor?
Mentally scheming so hard, I can see the thoughts running thru
your head.

And I *sigh*, knowing how the game is going to be run tonite.

"But black men have been castrated for centuries"

This thought I run thru my mind, like a mantra,
while engaging in the battle, ages old, of I [female] trying to find respect,
While you [male] insist on respecting only certain parts of me.
Playing the game, forced by society, and you and the desire not to be alone;
to play,

I keep quiet the thoughts I want to ask, but, in my mind,
I ask nevertheless.

Tell me, lover, what makes you seek and treat me as you do,
inhuman, a toy, a hunted animal, a mark, to be scored?

I have heard and read and told, the theories on how you
have been so unmanned that you feel its your duty to get some of that
manhood back.

Claiming the only thing left to your (manhood?)

I know this but,....

Tell me, my brother, when did you stop thinking of me as being your
helpmate,

and cast me, in your mind, as your enemy (score!)

Tell me, my husband, why am I required to respect your pain while,
hiding mine

(Which is not all outside caused) or be looked on as being an annoying

N O M M O 5

feminist (Oh No!!!)

Tell me, Mack Daddy, do you fully realize what you do when you devalue me ?

Your eyes assessing sex potential. Reducing me to nothing, but what's between my thighs,
a pussy, a coochy, some tail.

Doing so effectively. Can you effectively tell me how I can raise my sons, my daughters, OURS, with self-respect, dignity, pride, when you have so effectively taken mine?

Tell me, man, can you truly know the pain, which comes from betrayal, when you find my beauty lacking, but yours is the only beauty that I see. Do you know the betrayal pain? After effectively guarding myself from my past detractors.

I learn that I have to watch you too; another threat to my spirit, my will, my kah.

This betrayal pain stemming from the route you took (in anger, pain, and confusion) on the road to your manhood.

TELL ME FRIEND, TELL ME!!!!

Or maybe you can tell me what route I should take, to recapture my womanhood. Should my eyes be assessing your.....

Net worth?

Should I, in my womanhood, always have one eye to your wallet, judging your merits with BayBank, asking the teller "are you worthy"?

Perhaps my (womanhood?) should realize that since my worth "lies between the thighs" I should get something more besides occasional pleasure.

So why not sell it, like a house or a car. Then you have the right to ask about mileage or upkeep.

Should I, my brother, sit at home and have babies to prove my womanhood ?

Having as many babies my as many men as I can, engaging in some kind of biological race. Crowning the winner woman among women.

DON'T YOU SEE HOW SILLY THAT WOULD BE?

But what is left to me? When holding the survival of our race, I find it a heavy burden.

But I don't expect my words to move you
they never do, you're sunk too low in the contemplation
of your own hurts, too busy to bother with mine. They're just a cry,
like how a murder victim cries out, uselessly.

It never stops the murderer.

UNTITLED

By Natasha Springer

Female, Black, proud.

When I am born, I am oppressed,
Like the small child who no one wants to
deal with.

My back is strong, and powerful,
my braids pathways into my soul.
If you watch me, you will see I limp,
it is only from the weight of the world,
I have carried for so long.

When my man does wrong
I am the one who bears the pain.

When my sister bears children by the dozen,
I must clean them, comfort them,
or watch them die.

When you are abused, I must listen to your
story, and, cry with you as you empty your soul.

At times I wish only to help those in pain,
but when my pain hits it's like the
parting of the red sea,
like the crumbling of the great wall.
I have felt it for so long that it is like
the cough of a child,
I no longer have to feel it, for it to come.

So I see, and, feel, and, hear all.
I take what you have, what I have, and what everyone feels,
and put it together in one ball and swallow it.
So you only feel the residue of my pain,
and just live a life of good will.
I love you, that is all you need to know.

AFTER MINISTER FARRAKHAN

By Shomwa Shamapande

For four months I committed myself, along with many others, to a project that we believed in our hearts was of value to our community. The events of those four months have lead several of us to be skeptical about our ability as a Black community to forge any meaningful relationships with the white community. This skepticism is a result of the grounds upon which the white community wishes to unite.

For so long, I have been taught that many Jews were our friends and in fact were a group we as blacks could look to for support in our plight here in America. Today Blacks live in ghettos, a word whose genesis is thought by many scholars to be from the first Jewish settlement in Italy called ghetto, near Venice during the middle ages. This commonalty in should be the foundation but reality has spoken dif- the battle that was to en- around of a fax that was to the programmers. Put receive a fax from the Na- arrived those who were the Farrakhan, got it before was meant. The next sign the now well known inci-



history, one might believe for meaningful dialogue, ferently. The first sign of sue, was the passing originally intended to go simply, we were to tion of Islam, but when it chief detractors of those for whom the fax of the ensuing battle, was dent in the Student

Senate, where a white Senator refused to pass out certain literature to the Black and Hispanic members of the Senate.

We the members of the Black Agenda then participated in what I believe today was the first of several mistakes. We started to believe that we could find common ground with the chief opposition to the visit of Minister Farrakhan. We attempted to discuss the pain that the Hillel community was feeling, but ultimately the lines of communication came to a halt. This halt was a direct reflection of the way many whites in America view dialogue with the Black community. The Hillel community gave us an ultimatum; either we cancel the visit of Farrakhan or the dialogue was over. The arrogance of such a statement is troubling. These students thought that since they are, who they are, they could stop our event. Furthermore, the only way we could have dialogue was on the basis of us stopping our event. The basis of any dialogue had to be the old superior, inferior relationship, with Black students bowing down to the will of some faction of white community. So in a sense they were saying we could talk but only if we came as children on our knees, acquiescing to the wishes of white students. I say never, not in this life time or any to come, NEVER AGAIN shall we as a people, come hat-in-hand, begging for rights we were granted at our birth.

Regarding Minister Farrakhan's visit, I hoped that, many students would come to the lecture and hear for themselves the story of this Black leader, but instead, students decided to stay in the darkness and not listen to the story of Black people. For, to listen to our story would change perspective. Many chose to stand outside and yell

rather than come inside and learn. You refuse to listen to our story, and put your hand over your eyes and cover your ears because, MY story is a part of YOUR story.

Upon reflection on the visit of Minister Louis Farrakhan, it seems evident that this will probably serve as the single most memorable moment of my college experience; and I will be haunted by the mistakes we made. In my mind, the greatest error was our continued efforts to convince a deaf world of the pain that Black America is suffering. The Jewish students said they were pained, and we spent an hour discussing their pain. However, tonight, in any Black city, Black and Hispanic young men and women are dying in droves. We are the ones who are filling our prisons; this is our reality. So we spent time discussing your pain, but the cost of this was time taken away from discourse on the visible pain of Black America. We as Black people are a community under siege; as the family of the Reverend Accelyne Williams in Boston Massachusetts can attest to. Rev. Williams died after the police raided the wrong apartment searching for drugs Black people are in a sense of immediate pain.

My plea to other communities is, and will continue to be, "LET MY PEOPLE GO FREE". Don't try to control our minds any longer and stop trying to control the matters that we discuss simply because you don't want to see or hear our problem. How DARE members of another community tell us who we should invite to forums dealing with our problems?! When you asked that Farrakhan not be invited to the Commemorative March on Washington; and you tell my leaders not to invite the Minister to a summit on violence in our communities—you have overstepped your bounds and are now interfering with matters of the family. It would be crazy for anyone to come to your house and say, "He is not really your brother, and she is not really your sister," that decision is left ONLY to members of the family.

So, you claim you wish to help us, but you throw grenades at our efforts. You might not wear a hood, but if you create obstacles in the path of our salvation you are behaving just at those who do. I am not asking you to remain silent, but I am asking you to stop trying divide us and turn us against each other. My greatest fear is that my brothers and sister won't be able to see through the smoke and mirrors that are used to divide us. Those of you who attended the lecture know what the Minister said. I ask for you to reflect on the cover story the next day in a major Boston Newspaper, the headline of which read "Farrakhan drops bombshell at UMass" (and you call this responsible journalism). We as Blacks and Hispanic students have serious problems in our community. Don't become caught up in the rhetoric of fear in other communities, and forget that ultimately our first priority is repairing the pain in the hearts and minds of our brothers and sister. Because remember, in the time it has taken you to read this article, two more young Black high school students have dropped out. Their dropping out signifies their giving up in America, their giving up on the dreams of the slave. I ask that you not let anyone divide us—and don't give up.

Look Out for Nommo 94–95!!!

LIL' OL' BLACK ME

By Yatisha Bothwell

Sometimes when you reach for your dreams
You carry others to your destiny
And what is to become of lil' ol' Black me?
I came from a colored woman and man
Who came from two Negro people
My name is Redbone, though my skin is deep tanned
Never called my true name, and never seen as an equal
Dark serious eyes that betray all laughter
Capable hands and a capable mind
A true conscious that fears the future, that those eyes refuse to see
And what is to become of lil' ol' Black me ?
If you could peer into the turmoil of my soul
You would see all the pain my past and future holds
The defiant flicker in my dark serious eyes
The fervent work of my hands
And the reasoning that my heart and my mind demands
Will always deny and won't accept
Others carrying me to their destiny
And it seems
Steering me far, far away from my dreams
So, what is to become of little 'ol Black me?
All my valiant spirit will let me achieve
Striving, seeking, finding, and not yielding

BLACK MASS COMMUNICATIONS PROJECT

The Black Mass Communications Project has provided the ALANA community of the Five-College area of Amherst Massachusetts; as well as the Connecticut River Valley of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Vermont with a variety of radio, video, and public service programming. Founded in 1969 by a group of students who were concerned about the lack of diversity at WMUA Student Radio Station, the Black Mass Communications Project has since become one of the largest and oldest Registered Student Organizations of color in the Five-College Area of Amherst, Massachusetts. Keeping in mind the ever-changing interests of the minority community; BMCP assist and collaborates with other ALANA organizations on campus such as the New World Theater, the Black Student Union, the Office of Third World Affairs, NOMMO News, and many others. BMCP also collaborates with non-ALANA run organizations such as University Productions and Concerts and Hillel to bring social and educational events to the Five-College area. BMCP also hosts social and educational events such as cultural plays and guest lectures; however, BMCP is most widely known for its annual "FUNK-O-THON" dance party in the Spring, and the "JEANS 'N T-SHIRTS" party in the Fall. Established to serve the ALANA Community in areas such as radio and video production, the Black Mass Communications Project will continue to foster educational and cultural growth within the Five-College Community of Amherst, Massachusetts.

In 1994, BMCP celebrated its 25th year. NOMMO would like to say congratulations and wish BMCP another 25 years of communications excellence

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BMCP

25 YEARS OF
 HELPING TO KEEP BLACK MUSIC

ALIVE!!

A BITTER PILL TO SWALLOW

By Don Kno

(Part 1 of an investigative series)

A.B.B.O.T.S. has many similarities to U.F.O.'s. They are both best known by their acronyms and most people have heard of them, but don't know much about them; ironic, considering how often they receive media attention. Here at the paper, the file on A.B.B.O.T.S. is thick, but non-informative. Public service announcements like, "Tonight's A.B.B.O.T.S. meeting will be canceled, due to snow." Doesn't say where meetings are held. An article that starts, "Yesterday, a tongue-tied and frustrated Rush Limbaugh exploded when a caller, who would only identify himself as 'an A.B.B.O.T.S. member', debated the talk-show host on a variety of issues..." Tidbits of information, but nothing very meaty.

Another similarity they share is that it's not easy to totally dismiss the slogans of the acronym believers. "We are not alone/There's intelligent life in space." Hell, who knows? One of the first things I discovered about A.B.B.O.T.S. is their declaration, "A.B.B.O.T.S. is everywhere!", may not be an idle boast. I walked around the office asking my colleagues if they had any tips on how to find someone knowledgeable about the A.B.B.O.T.S. organization, and everyone said they didn't know a thing. Ten minutes later, my phone rang and a voice said, "Mr. Kno. I heard you wanted to learn about the Posse."

"What posse?!"

"A.B.B.O.T.S. "

I was certain our sports editor and paper prankster was trying to pull a fast one on me. It took about three minutes until I was convinced the caller was a real A.B.B.O.T.S. member. Once I was, we made a deal: he'd give me the low-down if I would guarantee him "a fair interview".

Little did I know what his concept of "fair" was. There are those rare, "perfect" interviews, but in most interviews, either the interviewer or the interviewee gets short-changed. In this one, I think I did. It's been years since that's happened, and I didn't like the feeling. Interview stipulations included not divulging where we met, nor describing the appearance or age of my interviewee. I only agreed because a gut feeling told me I had a story here. As for our meeting place, I'll say this much: I sipped a coffee while waiting for him, and I was dying for a smoke that wasn't allowed.

As soon as I'd sat, he walked up to me with much assurance, and said, "Hello, Mr. Kno." He was not impressive looking. Surprisingly average, in fact.

I said, "Hi. You are...?"

"I'm the A.B.B.O.T.S. representative, here for the interview."

No fooling. I did my best fake chuckle, and stuck out my hand. "No, my friend. I meant your name."

He shook my hand firmly and smiled brightly while he said, "Mr. Kno, I'd rather not use my name for this."

The "mysterious act" was getting annoying. As he sat down I asked, "What? You're a fugitive or some-

thing?"

Then *he* faked a chuckle. "No, sir. It's for the same reason as the other stipulations. We'd rather people focus on the A.B.B.O.T.S. agenda, instead of a person. My name's not really important."

"Well, while that's rather...noble, I've gotta call you *something*, right?"

"Alright," he answered, still smiling. "Call me Abbot. Abbot S."

He seemed to think that was clever. I decided to just leave it alone.

"O.K. then, tell me what the acronym stands for."

A smug look appeared on his face, like he possessed the answer to the world's greatest secret. He spoke slowly and clearly as he revealed, "Another Bitter Brother On The Strength".

I'm a professional. I didn't show my surprise. I didn't even roll my eyes. Flatly, I said, "You're an organization of bitter guys."

"Basically. Like a big, male bonding group."

"Where everyone's bitter."

"Yes." He said it with pride while he nodded his head. "A member must have bitterness be *a*, if not *the*, primary factor in his life."

It was too early in the interview. He could have been some total nut for all I knew, but I figured he was probably some joker, some jerk, looking for attention. Fine, normally, but I didn't like this method. So I lectured him. I'm 52 years old. I think I've earned that right.

"Look, son, don't you think the world's got enough problems without some fellows trying to encourage guys to be bitter?"

"Absolutely!", he replied without hesitation. The smile disappeared and his face got intense. "This is a world where thousands starve to death daily, while tons of food rots in silos or is thrown in garbage pails. Where judges tell teenage girls that their dressing, the way they *dress*, caused their gang rape... Where people call the King verdict just..."

He paused, and his eyes rolled to the side while he thought. Then he smirked and looked back at me.

"...Where Marky-Mark sells records.", said "Abbot".

"I could go on," he continued, "but you get my point. A.B.B.O.T.S. doesn't encourage *anybody* to be bitter. If yer life doesn't make you bitter, if watchin' th' *news* doesn't make ya bitter -then, power to you- but we don't want you. We don't encourage bitterness.", he declared, "We encourage the bitter to join us"

The triumphant smile beamed again, but as far as I was concerned, I'd just gotten caught on a technicality. "But by encouraging people to join you," I argued, "you have to make A.B.B.O.T.S. appealing, and your organization's core is bitterness. You've taken a base, undesirable emotion -one that most good people try to transcend- and by forming this Posse, or club, -or whatever- you've tried to make a negative and potentially destructive emotion attractive. Now, maybe that's funny to you, but to me, it's a little scary."

"Abbot S." didn't say anything. His chin rested in his palm and his fingers covered his lips while he listened. When I finished, he responded.

"You raise a lot of points...I want to address them all....O.K., first of all, A.B.B.O.T.S. members *must* have a

good sense of humor, but we don't treat bitterness as a joke. Secondly, or second, we agree that bitterness is ugly. Where I would take issue with you is when you say 'people try to transcend their bitterness'. Most men do not. In fact, men tend to do the opposite: we pretend bitterness doesn't exist. Most men are taught to ignore their most basic, unpleasant emotions.

"When...little Johnny scrapes his knee, some macho-man says, 'Now, now, Johnny! Big boys don't cry.' When Johnny and his girlfriend break up, his friends say, 'Ahhh, forgit 'er. Let's grabba brew!' When he gets fired, 'that's the way the cookie crumbles'. Then, when Johnny's a drunk, or starts blowin' away strangers at M'Donald's, the neighbors say, 'Gracious! He always seemed like he didn't have a care in the world.'"

The wall-to-wall grin reappears on the face of "Abbot S." Apparently, he tickled himself with his creaky-voiced, elderly neighbor imitation. He recomposed himself.

"What A.B.B.O.T.S. believes, Mr. Kno, is that no man can transcend bitterness if he can't acknowledge its existence, and that no man is an island; but, we don't promote bitterness anymore than A.A. promotes alcohol. Once someone admits their problem, and is willing to abide by our rules, then we welcome them as a Brother. You're not ashamed to admit your feeling to your Brother, and your Brother will always have time to listen to what's really going on with you."

"So," I ask, "a man admits he's bitter, and then he's a member?"

"Hell's no!", he exclaims. "I mean, 'No.' No, admitting bitterness is a part of it. *Why* you're bitter is another part. How bitterness affects your behavior is another. There are guys with no business being bitter, but they are. They're not A.B.B.O.T.S. There are guys with a right to be bitter, but they're foul...cruel...evil. They ain't A.B.B.O.T.S. either. A.B.B.O.T.S. equals bitterness plus correctness.

"The details are all here", he said, as he handed me a copy of *The Official A.B.B.O.T.S. Handbook*. It was complete with the "Posse's" origin, code of conduct, membership screening test, and a slew of in-jokes.

We talked for awhile, but "Abbot S." never told me anything about himself. When he's not representing A.B.B.O.T.S., I hope he's selling used cars, because the guy would make a mint. He presented me with something I was opposed to, gave me a slick presentation, and I almost bought it. Almost.

Back when I interviewed Col. Wright on the admittance of homosexuals in the military, he confessed, "[Gay rights advocates] make a solid, logical case for it. Hell, history's on their side too, I guess. I can't put my finger on it, but something about it don't sit right with me, and I still don't think it's the way we should go. Call that 'stubborn' if you want."

I guess I'm more like that colonel than I thought, because his comment about gays in the military summarizes this reporter's feelings on A.B.B.O.T.S. Sometimes you have an exact, logical reason as to why you're opposed to someone's ideas, and sometimes you have *no logical* reason at all but you know that you're still opposed. Everything that "Abbot S." talks about makes perfect sense. And I still don't like the idea of an A.B.B.O.T.S. Posse. To make it worse, they're an *international* posse, whatever *that* means.

Anyway, to each their own. I'm one part commentator, one part reporter, and I've done both parts. People should take the time to find out about this A.B.B.O.T.S. thing on their own, *then* decide who's making more sense, me or that "Abbot S." guy. People should, but they won't. That's probably why this country's going down the tubes: Americans are too darn lazy to do any investigating on their own.

Which is probably a good thing. Otherwise, I might be out of a job.

Next week: A full examination of *The Official A.B.B.O.T.S. Handbook*

In two weeks: In an exclusive interview with famed author L.A. Williams, I'll debate the importance of the Posse, and ask why the writer has such a strange sense of humor.

In three weeks: The disturbing E.H.I.E. posse. Is it truly on the decline, or have they just changed their tactics?

NOMMO

PRESSENTS:

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF

Aukram Burton



Let My People Go—Boston, Massachusetts

APRIL/MAY



Yemaya Priestess—Ibadan, Nigeria

Mother and child—Ibadan, Nigeria





*African Rhythms
Boston, Massachusetts*





African Drummer—Katsina, Nigeria



Cab calloway



A Tribute to Dizzie #1

A Tribute to Dizzie #2



LIVE AND LEARN

by Mildred Upshaw

Successful living is like a violin player,
it must be practiced daily.

I've learned that in every face to face
encounter regardless of how brief,
we leave something behind.

I've learned that education, experience
and memories are 3 things that no
one can take away from you.

If things got better with age then I'm
approaching (Magnificent).

There are 3 Types of people:

Those who make things happen,

Those who watch things happen

And the vast majority - those who have no
idea what happens.

Superior people talk about ideas:

average people talk about things.

Little people talk about other people.

Fault finders never improve things

They just make things seem worse than
they really are.

If you don't say it they can't repeat it.

Hope for the best, get ready for the
worst; take cheerfully what God has
chosen to send.

I've learned that most of the things

I worry about never happen. I've learned
that I should make the little decisions
with my head, and big decisions with
my heart.

I've learned that to love and to
be loved is the greatest joy in the
World.

I've learned that it doesn't cost anything
to be nice. I've learned that the important
thing this is not what others think of me
but what I think of me.

I've learned that regardless of color
or age, we all need about the same
amount of love. I've learned that if there
were no problems, there would be no
Opportunities.

I've learned that if you smile at people
they will almost always smile back.

I've learned you keep your promises

No matter what. I've learned that
every great achievement was considered impossible.

I've learned I still have a lot to learn.

A TIME TO COME CORRECT

By Born Wise Allah
Hon. Kevin P. Wardally

I remember the day I heard about Joel's death (Joel Harris tragically died on the campus of Morehouse College while pledging a traditional Black Greek Lettered Organization his freshman year). At the time I heard about his death all I could think about was the last time I saw him and the good-hearted mannerism he displayed to me and all our other classmates throughout high school. When Joel got into Morehouse he was so happy, he was going to study law and help his people in honor of his hero who also attended Morehouse College, Martin Luther King Jr.

I'd like to say that I'm not angry at or resentful of the Greek fraternal system that murdered Joel, but if I said that I would be lying. Joel, but, if I said that I would be lying. Joel died in 1989 and since his death I have held a grudge against the system and process that took Joel away from his family and friends, and that is the first time that I have ever admitted that.

To this day I don't understand why we must kill our own to prove a point to each other. In every city where you might find Black youth in abundance, they are destroying their own communities and themselves with regularity. And out of these urban war zones a few sons of ex-slaves escape the "ghetto" to attend college to hopefully live a better life because of it. All of which was the case with Joel, he went to college and wanted to belong, he wanted to become a prestigious Alpha man, but instead he is an eternal Sphinxman because he never crossed into the land of Alpha, but rather he crossed into a plane of external existences, back from whence he came. All because he wanted to be down with an African-American brotherhood.

We as a people are in a time when statistics show us that Black men are less likely to flourish in school, more likely to be the perpetrator or victim of a violent crime, less likely to attend college, more likely to go to prison and more likely to meet a tragic end at an early age than any non-Black person, male or female. We are at a genocidal crossroads where unity is one our biggest problems yet we the so-called "college educated" men will kill and permanently injure our own who want to be a part of the unifying fraternal process.

Do you want to know what the disgusting part is, although everyone in a greek fraternity or sorority might not endorse hazing many don't do anything to stop it. Watching someone getting beaten is just as wrong as beating them.

During a late night pledging session Joel collapsed. The autopsy report revealed that excessive, stress and physical punishment caused his heart to enlarge four times its normal size; it stopped and he was pronounced dead at the site. Some so-called greeks have even accused Joel of wrong doing because he didn't tell the brothers about his past heart problem. The reason he didn't tell the brothers about his heart problem is that it was never a problem. Joel lived a very active life including playing on at least two high school athletic teams. Except for the surgery he had when he was a baby his heart had never interfered with his normal life, not even once.

Joel's tragic case is an example of the sort of pledgee abuse that has many greek graduate chapters calling for the abolishment of all its undergraduate chapters. One still active member of a greek lettered fraternity even went so far as to say, " undergraduate chapters have failed to possess the maturity to administer the proper initiation policies that are representative of the principles and virtues of our fraternity; they (the younger organization members) have just lost focus of exactly what they are representing."

Black greek lettered organizations were formed on the pretense that the white fraternities would not allow the Black people in. So the Black people formed their own organizations. I beg to differ, the Black people did not form their own rather emulated and imitated the already existing white greek lettered societies. They took the sciences of the white fraternities and claimed it as their own, saying that since it began in Africa it was alright. Again I beg to differ, Black greek lettered organizations are the sons and daughters of Masonry which is of ancient Jewish origin and was already a stolen, grafted tool used by deceitful people, to control the unaware. If the Black people truly wanted to form their own organization they would have based it on the principles, that their own people created, not the grafted evil interpretations of those principles.

What type of message is given off by the Black greek lettered organizations to the white greek lettered organizations? Rather let me restate the question: How do you think a group of people would feel if another group of people followed them, acting like them, pretending to be like them, imitating them and even wearing the same symbols so that they could be more like them. The answer to me is really two part; one, they would think that the people trying to be like them are nothing and worthless and two, they would think that they must have the greatest culture in the world. For the only reason that someone would want to be like someone else is because they admire that person or people. Think about it, that is how the white greek lettered organizations must feel towards that Black greek lettered organizations.

Remember this: greeks were thieves and savages and when you call yourself greek you are calling yourself a thief and a savage and when you call yourself a thief and a savage, you begin to act like and think like a thief and a savage. Why is it that once Black people cross over into greek fraternities or sororities many of them change and begin to act like animals. When a Black person crosses the burning sands they are not going towards their original nature, in fact they are going away from their culture (original way of life). They are alienating their own people. Crossing the burning sands was an actual historical trip, which was not for Black people to make. It was a punishment for a select group of people for wrong doing, and when Black people accept the punishment for wrong doing they compromise themselves, they become other than themselves, they become just as uncivilized as those who were punished for uncivilized behavior.

Any person with a true knowledge of their self and their people could never call themselves greek. It's time for a change, remember your history and your heritage. You have never been, nor will you ever be GREEK.

African-Americans are the only group of people who do not hold the organization in institutions that they create accountable to their needs and wants. Black Greek letter organizations claim that they do many beneficial things in and for the communities from which they come and in fact they even go so far as to claim to be apart of the present-day Black leadership.

As part of present-day Black leadership, Black greek letter organizations have a certain level of accountability to the masses of Blacks. When Ed Koch was mayor of New York City, when ever he claimed that he was doing something for the Jews and the Jewish community felt he was not doing it correctly or not doing it well enough, they held Ed accountable. Subsequently Governor Mario Cuomo, and Senator Al D'Amato are held accountable by their subsequent communities. So now it's the Black Greek letter organizations turn.

Dear Black greek , your organizations have nearly a million members yet you exhibit no real economic or political clout. Where are the Phi Beta Sigma grocery stores or the Alpha Phi Alpha housing developments or hotels. Why have none of the national chapters of Black greek letter organizations stepped to the forefront of any serious issue relative to the Black Community in America? These organizations claim that they are a major unified force, yet they have not unified even amongst themselves to organize any movement for the enlightenment, upliftment or advancement of Black people.

Don't get me wrong there are exceptions to every rule, so of those exceptional individuals include Martin Luther King , Jr., Percy Sutton, Kwame Nkrumah, and Jesse Jackson. But please do not forget that these are the exceptions not the rules.

The time for accountability has come, these organizations bear criticism for being elitist, exclusionary, separatist, snobby and even in many instances more closely resemble gangs rather than college educated Blacks. Although all the criticisms may not be warranted, in my experience many of them are well based on fact.

Black Greeks, you are responsible for thousands of permanent injuries and countless deaths due to hazing and hazing related activities. And nothing you do, can or will ever atone for even one single death, or can ever fill the void in the lives of family or friends who have been victimized by your ignorance.

It is time to come correct Black Greeks, or it is time for African people to make sure that your type of organizations never come about again. You must either harness your power positively or your power must be taken from you. HOTEPE.

Born Wise is a graduating senior at Syracuse University and editor of The Ghetto Scholar

FREDDIE FOXXX

By I-Serene Oasis and Mecca C-Asia

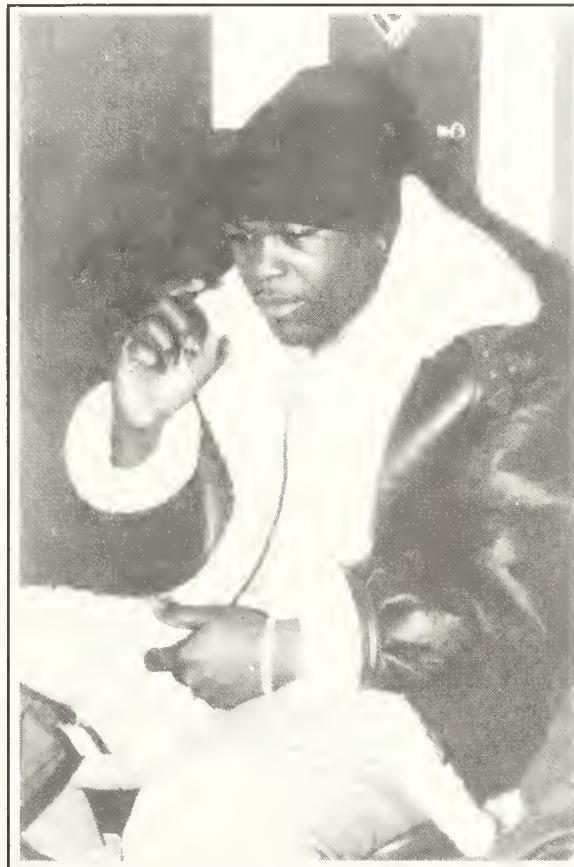
On February 26, Down Low Productions in conjunction with BMCP held an Epic Records Showcase in the Southside Room at UMASS. The showcase featured recording artists, Terri and Monica, Grand Daddy I.U. and Freddie Foxxx. After performing to an unresponsive UMASS crowd the NOMMO staff decided to get to the bottom of the situation!

NOMMO- We're here backstage with Freddie Foxxx. You've performed already, we heard free styles...

FOXXX- *Those songs are off the album, my new album, Crazy Like a Foxxx, the first song was called Shotty In The Back, it's about a hustle, usually when I do records I try to become a character, I feel the only way to really tell people something and to get the point across is to actually become that person. So that record is about stick ups and so forth. The second song I did was called Crazy Like A Foxxx, which is kind of like a battle, a battle type situation, you know take it back to the essence. The third song I did was the new that's like basically asking men ques- pride has a lot to do with decisions wrong decision. The free style thing that's all.*

NOMMO- Could you saying on stage regarding male/

FOXXX- *Well basically I'm was listening to your previous inter- you talked about how Black people Black people do that is, everything to each other has been extended from bondage their minds were actually two Black women or two Black fami- affection and whoever was the most the attention, lived in the house, house, eating better food and left- line is, it actually was handed down don't like to see each other have noth- impress those that have. If you pull you in a Benz you look at him like on a white man in a Benz and you in coming out the back you feel like you ing, mind conditioning, that we are world where every breath we take is*



single called So Tough. And tions about decisions, you know sometimes and it ends up being the was just showing a little ability

expand upon what you were female relations?

going to tell you what happens, I view with Terri and Monica and treat each other so bad. The reason that has happened to us and we do slavery. When the slave was in conditioned, for two Black men, or lies to fight for the master's affectionate was the one who got cleaned in the house, cooked in the overs and so forth, but the bottom from slavery. Even today Blacks ing because they are trying to up on a white man in a Benz and yeah and what? but if you pull up a Nova that's putting and smoke's want that. That's all condition- actually trying to rejoice in a closer to our death. So you can't

actually rejoice in a world where all the materialistic things, all this stuff is temporary. See when you get more in connection with your soul, you see Allah has something for all of us. We have to worry about us, all this stuff here is material so we perform and I always try and say a little something positive, I'm not no role-model or no self appointed role-model but if I feel that people want to see me as a role-model, I'm going to give them a reason to do so. My album has a lot of songs on it that are about social issues, I have a song called Reverend Glock, and the song is about preachers who are basically pimps, hiding behind religion. I don't feel that anyone is able to judge men but God. My album deals with religion, it deals with social issues, it deals with ability to write rap, and display rap, and when you do versatility, what seems to happen is you show people a side of you that they want to see. If you got up every morning and put on Black, but it was a different outfit you still look like you got on the same thing, so my ability to create and take a situation and put it on paper is my ability. If I have to curse to get my point across I'll do so but see people can't judge something that they don't know the essence of, if you don't know the essence of Black people you cannot judge Black people. But you have to remember something, a man who is only one-fourth of the

population, that can overpower the rest of the population has to be a devilish, powerful man. He ain't no punk. So what you have to do is use your mind against theirs. For every offense there is a defense. My album is my offense and my defense. So when I go up against the enemy I study him. I'm tired of seeing white people studying us and doing what we do. Rock and Roll was us, now Hip Hop is us now you see white boys winning DJ. contests. But the reason our music connects with the white culture is because white kids are the most rebellious kids you might ever want to meet. And being that they are rebellious and we are doing a rebellious music, they attract. They go home with pants sagging in the back and they say Yo! what's up homegirl! and their parents don't like that. Because they're saying yo mom I got a Black friend and he's not as bad as you said he was. So now it's a thing where we are infiltrating the homes of the people that don't like us in the first place. But Black people have a problem of sticking together in a time of crisis. So if Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, and Reverend Butts come against me and they are supposed to be powerful men they must first understand that I'm an entertainer with a following so I'll pool my resources, I say if they cross me y'all don't vote for them and why should we even have to go there? But at the same time Jesse Jackson wants to get props, Al Sharpton wants to get props and Reverend Butts wants to get props so they get on TV. and they crush our c.d.'s in front of everybody and that's a dis.

NOMMO- Well my question is who are they trying to get the affirmation from when they come out and they oppose the music?

FOXXX- What it is that, Here we are again trying to get affection from White people. In their eyes all we are is niggers anyway. If you are a good nigger they'll treat you like a good nigger and if you ain't a good nigger then they ain't going to treat you like a good nigger. So the bottom line is if we don't love ourselves ain't nobody going to love us. But you have to remember that the Black man's worst enemy is his own brother. White men, every thing they've put their hands on they've destroyed it.. When the pilgrims came to America the Hispanics were here, they went to war with the Hispanics, they killed the babies, they killed the women, and the men came with food and said listen we don't want no more drama, they sat down and ate with them, and they said okay Look at them they look like Indians, and they named them Indians. Now we celebrate Thanksgiving. I call it Thanks Taking Day. Because they took something that didn't belong to them. When they came over to Africa, everything they touched they destroyed. They touched Rock and Roll and turned it into a devilistic type of music. They kicked out Little Richard, the kicked out Chuck Berry, and they brought in Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly. Everything white men touched they destroyed and I hate to sound racist but it's the truth. Who's man enough or woman enough to stand up. Our parents have sold us out you must admit that because they have put up with things that we ain't going for. So what's the difference between selling out for a house and a Benz and selling out for a gold chain and a pair of sneakers. A sell out is a sell out no matter how you put it and if I can put that into words in my rap then it means something to me and it means something to the person that hears it. On the single So Tough it says if I'm fighting with my woman and we just don't get along do I say man listen F her , F the baby and break out or do I say look for the baby's sake we got to sit down and discuss this if we're going to separate we're going to separate as friends and I'm going to make sure that you have everything that you need. That's the manly thing to do.

NOMMO-That takes a lot of maturity.

FOXXX- Of course it does but see we actually have a lot of maturity. Black people are very passive people but rage has been instilled in us. Penitentiaries make you mad. Eviction makes you mad. And then they say that we are a violent people and actually we are not really the bad. The thing is that when you are backed into a corner you will do whatever you have to, to get out. So that's actually what it's all about. There's a deep science behind the Black man himself. There's a deep history. A deep deep history. Hip Hop is rooted through the Blues but you got white people who study you and they learn your music and we're sitting here saying we got to take our music to a white guy who is going to make more money off of it than us. And it's like we're in another man's country trying to get results and it's hard. What if we had come to America and took white folks to Africa? You ever think about that? Can you imagine how it would be to have them? Well they're the minority anyway but to have them in Africa trying to figure out how to get food and you know right now Africa has big business. Africa has Mercedes Benz, computers, they got big business just like the United States. They don't show you that on PBS and all these TV. stations. They show you painted faces and spears. So in my music I try to tell the brothers that it don't make you no punk to say what's up to the sisters, what's up homegirl, even basically to women in general. but you got to love your kind first because we owe people for the things that have been done to us. I got mad rage in me. If I could start the Black Panthers again I'd be the leader. Because it's in me. But at the same time I come with dominance, I come with power, I'm a fighter, I'm a rumbler and I'm

willing to die for my cause. Okay we all get caught up in Bitch, Nigger, Ho, but I don't believe that our problems are so simple that all we have to worry about is Bitch, Nigger, Ho. We still have homelessness, we still have crack, we have AIDS, we still have a dislike for each other because you don't like me because I think I'm all that and I don't like you because you think you're smart. We are still fighting about the petty stuff. When we get over the hump then we'll be cool. But until we get over the hump we can't do nothing.

The single is March 26, The album is the middle or end of May. It's a summer album. I have a song called Amen where I give praise to Allah for giving me the talent to produce this album. Without God none of us could do nothing. Every man is God fearing. Every time they get in trouble they go Oh God. If you don't give praise to the man who gave you the power to do this, you will lose in the end. The devil can only whisper the idea to you. God has control over all even the devil prays to God. Study Islam, study any religion, even the devil prays to God.

NOMMO- What kind of Muslim are you?

FOXXX- Sunni. The devil was one of Gods angels. God gave him a certain number of years to do what he has to do. I still have control. So who am I to judge you, who are you to judge me, everybody is entitled to their opinion. No body can judge each other instead of judging, Sharpton and all those people should really be trying to say, Let me get Freddie Foxxx, he's sharp, I need to pull him in, get him to say a few things on my behalf, to his community, to his community, to the Black community of youth, who don't have no say in the church, no say in their household, Black kids have been sold out and rappers come with the answer. So when I see the shorty on the street and he's smoking his little joint and he says Yo Foxxx man I love your stuff. I say yo man they put some stuff in that marijuana that breaks down the melanin in your skin and makes you look old, Did you know that the AIDS virus is ten times smaller than a hole in a condom? See when you drop shit on them like that they be like ooh. Everything that can stretch has to have holes in it in order to breathe. The AIDS virus is ten times smaller than a hole in a condom. So it makes you think.

NOMMO- But that's the difference between judging and checking each other.
We need to check each other.

FOXXX- But you don't want to do it in a disrespectful way. You want to try and say listen homeboy dig this here, everytime I see you I'm going to tell you something new. You know Showbiz from Showbiz and A.G.? Me and him get on the phone and we be schooling each other on certain things. He tells me his point of view in certain things and when we learn to kick it a little bit more like that , you pick it up, Me and KRS do it all the time and we be dropping mad knowledge.

NOMMO- We got to bring each other up. When we get to a certain level of consciousness we need to bring those other people up with us.

FOXXX- We put together this homeless shelter in Brooklyn called the Dream House on Franklin Avenue in Brooklyn between Putnam and Madison. So what we do out there is they got to go to N.A. ,Narcotics Anonymous. Rehabs, drug programs, we feed them they have an in house cook, they get three meals a day, they have a menu, the rec. room, T.V., VCR. Actually they had to keep me away from there because I started to have a personal relationship with each and every one of them.. Just because I'm Muslim doesn't mean that I disrespect any body else's religion. I read the Bible the Holy Qu'aran. I'm one of them type of dudes I try to take as much knowledge from all different aspects.

NOMMO- You can find some light anywhere.

FOXXX- Exactly. I checked Al Sharpton on something from Matthews 6:16. It says men come as false prophets, and it says instead of judging your brother you should take him and pray with him and be one in God. So how can you judge me. If I'm going to go war with a Christian I gotta come in on his level. So I grab the Bible and come in on his level. See I'm a warrior. I'm a real Zulu warrior. I come from a tribe of people that refuse to die. I'm not trying to let nobody move in on my situation and destroy what I've created or built. The bottom line is when I make my album I'm building. I build it with the knowledge to destroy the negative. Build and Destroy that's how you do it.

Look out for the next issue of NOMMO featuring an interview with TERRI & MONICA!

SHOUT OUTS!

To my sweet sorors of ZΦB - Andrea, Kathy, Camille, and Judith —EE-I-KEE! and to my brothers of ΦΒΣ -Doug, James, Justin, and James—BLU PHI !.

To my girls:

Angie (partnah), Yvette and Rachel (I'll miss y'all), thanks for being there. My brotha

Darryl, and everyone else who knows me well—I Love Ya! To those who lashed out—

it's coming around. Thanks Foluke, Mecca, and Nommo for recognizing and everyone who took the time to peep my work. Peace and Love

Yatisha Bothwell

To my baby Sondra, I LOVE YOU. To my partners in crime, Ben-Styles, Jon Jack, Gun-One. To my crew back home, keep the faith . Everyone that helped me in this Jungle called UMASS. All those that dis, better luck next time, this is the final round of the KNOCKOUT. To my Atlanta people I'm coming home!!

Kenley Obas

DJ Knockout

To my favorite sorors of ZΦB Camille, Tisha, and Cathy and my sexy brothers of ΦΒΣ

Doug, James C, James W, Justin and Corey G.O.M.A.B.! To my peeps: (my partner in crime) K. Duff, Foluke, Joe, and my baby D. Thanks for always being there. I Love Y'all; Andrea

To my girls Angie, Camille and Tisha & my sisters of ΔΣΘ, Thank you for supporting me and always being there for me. I Love You and I'll miss you Don't forget me.

Love Yvette.

To my family back home for all their love and support. To Michelle A, Jen and Faries for their continuous guidance. To my favorite roomie Foluke congrats on graduation and continued success in all that follow (HOW!-HOW!). Shout's to : BMCP crew, and members, Delphine, R. Townes special thanks for Spr. '94, Gemini partner Andrea!,

Joe, mon frere G, Shomwa, Drew, Mecca, Dorian, and the Blair family and to all the rest of my friends I didn't mention. Respect Due Every Time !

K. Duff

MECCA sends mad shouts out to:

My family: The Divine God of the sea. My physical father and mother. My sister the Ebony Goddess, Shari. Tehuti and MaakHeru. Jamillah and Julian! Goddess in training, Aida. My sister in righteousness I-O, (Hol' it down!). The Blairs-Grandma, Cin, Erik, and Damani. My brother Shahid M. Allah and Family. Jermal, the Wordsmith. I LOVE YOU ALL!!

My UMASS crew: Foluke (Congratulations homegirl! We'll miss you *Where my homiez?*), Karon, Marsha, Shamele, Natasha T., Lakeisha, and to all my sisters who carry themselves with dignity and grace. To all of my brothers on campus, you know who you are! Thanks to all the people who've made this year a little easier! Auntie Alicia and Auntie Debria, Thank You! NOMMO, BMCP, Delphine Quarles (Thank You!)

My Now Why crew: Emerson, Paret, Sean, Rich M., Darrell, Jonathan, Jermaine, Berst, Rich H.,

G. Scott, Is, Tony, Lucky- the second finest man on
Cliff Ave., Reuben and Claudine (Remember her?)
PEACE to the Gods & Goddesses! Keep Building!
Peace to the God, Born Wise Allah.

LOVE ,PEACE and HAPPINESS!
MECCA C-ASIA

GET ON THE SQUARE ORIGINALS!!!

I-Serene.

As-Salaam-Alaikum (Peace Be Unto You)

Dear Bro. Yusef,

It has come to my attention that you are
having some problems delivering my video tapes to
me. I am sure the problem is not you, right? Send my
tapes. Thank You.

Respectfully,
Bro. Shahid M. Allah

To the BMCP Posse- Keep on Keepin' on.
Delphine, I love you and I'll miss you. Good Luck to
everyone who's leaving; with or without a degree! To
everyone that's not- HA! Shout outs to all the posi-
tive people out there including my girls you know
who you are.

Michelle Cannon
Legal Studies Major
Political Science / Afro- Am Minor
Class of 1994

Forgit Don Kno and all
tha ill kids...
A.B.B.O.T.S. Posse is
REAL ! Big up to all those
A.B.B.O.T.S. who're
outtie, and all those
who're remaining behind
to get that edjumacation!

I made it!!! Thanks 2 GOD & and my
Mother for your guidance love & support. In loving
memory of my father, Know U live on thru me. My
success is due to your wisdom, tenderness, and
strength. I luv U always. To my longtime girl, Lisa,
it's been 13 years and we're still tight as napp. All I
can say is thanks for everything. You're a true friend.
Dacia,I wish you champagne wishes& caviar dreams
& Michelle, remember 5971, baaaaaaa! There's not
enough room to say it all. UMass would of been
unbearable w/o you'll. Rocky&Mishi don't drink
too much while we're gone.K.I.T. A special shout
out to my girl Trina, too bad you can't be here, but
you're in my thoughts.

Nommo staff we did it. Thanks for a produc-
tive year. Mecca, wish you the best of luck for next
year and I'll be in touch. "No words can describe
Foluke, stay strong you "crack head Bubba", (baa

B.M.C.P. you'll are like family. I'll never
forget the times we had good & bad. Wish you the
best of luck in future. Karon&Andalib I'm counting
on ya'll. Peace to the rest of my friends you know
who you are.

Congratulations class 1994
luv LaKeisha

Peace to all my girls; Lakeisha— my dining
buddy, Michelle— my best friend, , Lisa— my
psychologist, and Rocky— my Ace. We made it.
"Ain't no stopping us now" What's up to Karon,
Foluke, Mishie and Demetria, and BMCP Delphine I
love you.

Dacia

MELANIN

by Tehuti Ra Mesut

As Afrakan people awake the lethargic state of mass ignorance, it becomes very important to understand our racial uniqueness. As melanin dominant (1) people take on the values of melanin receive people, they deteriorate, retard, and destroy themselves on a spiritual, mental, emotional, and physical level. Melanin, "...the Keys to the Colors," (2) is seen by the Caucasian scientific community as the most important molecule to understand; for the future of melanin recessive people depend upon their ability to transform, and re-introduce this divine molecular wonder back into their physiology. It is becoming crucial for them to have protection from UV light as the planet becomes warmer.

What is melanin? How does it work? What are its attributes? And why is there so little information available to the general public? These are the most asked questions concerning this molecule. Our willingness to research, study, and understand melanin will help us to come back into harmony with the natural laws of the planet and universe. A brief examination of melanin will be made, with the hopes of inspiring the reader to do further research.

Melanin is a jet black pigment found in skin, hair, eyes organs, cells, feathers, and scales. People who appear to be very dark have what is known as "Eumelanin, which has a very high electrical charge, is quite concentrated in its molecular weight and is extremely energy absorbent." (3) Continental Africans, Africans in the Diaspora, Melanesians, Australian aborigines and the Druids of India are all richly melanated, which would place them in this category. Pheomelanin or pseudo-melanin is a "less dense form of melanin with a lower molecular weight and less capacity to absorb and store energy..." (4) Asians, Native Americans, and Europeans would fall in this category.

Melanin is formed when one metabolizes amino acid phenylalanine, with an end product of amino acid tyrosine. It is found in the pigment cells called melanocytes. "The melanocyte is a modified nerve cell that in terms of structure will resemble a nerve in appearance with dendrite axon cellular shape." (5) Melanocytes excrete melanin in two ways. One by direct injection into skin cells, and by white blood cells engulfing melanin particles in the skin, circulation it through the blood circulatory tree within the cell, then depositing the melanin throughout the body. Melanin is also produced by mast cells, the nervous system and the brain; without the help of melanocytes.

There are many benefits to having a high concentration of melanin. Some of them are: One, its capacity to act as a barrier against ultraviolet rays while absorbing heat from sunlight. Two, it limits light beams entering the eye and absorbs scattered light, thus protecting the eyeball and allowing for greater visual acuity. Those with dark brown eyes have great advantages over those with blue eyes. Three, it provides the skin with a sturdy elasticity, thus melanin dominant people don't wrinkle as early as those who are melanin receive. Four, melanin is charged by electromagnetic energy, such as sound and ultrasound, radar wave—x-rays, microwaves, cosmic rays, visible light, the magnetic energy of the earth, etc. Melanin behaves like a battery!!! Five, melanin plays a major role in the immune systems' ability to resist disease. Currently, synthetic melanin is being used as an anti-viral agent!

The pineal gland, located in the center of the brain between the eyes just above the level of the ears,

Melanin cont. on page 31

Black A

The views and opinions expressed on this page are those of the ind

"The problem of the twentieth century is the

Racism: The most c

The challenge of race unity

Racism is the most challenging issue confronting America. A nation whose ancestry includes every people on earth, whose motto is E pluribus unum, whose ideals of freedom under law have inspired millions throughout the world, cannot continue to harbor prejudice against any racial or ethnic group without betraying itself. Racism is an affront to human dignity, a cause of hatred and division, a disease that devastates society.

—Opening paragraph of "The Vision of Race Unity: America's Most Challenging Issue" a statement by the National Spiritual Assembly of the Baha'is of the United States.

Today is the second day of South Africa's first all-race elections in its entire 350 year history. After 50 years of Apartheid rule, 10 years of international sanctions and many long years of political imprisonment by Nelson Mandela and others, the deaths of countless South Africans have not been in vain. The Apartheid regime is one of the brutal regimes of its kind in human history. Today, April 27, 1994, the world watches as this system of oppression takes a giant leap back towards the dustbin of history.

On the weekend of April 15-17, 1994, the 5-college Baha'i Club held a conference on Race Unity at the Campus Center. As today's political debate centers on the future of democracy in South Africa, it is crucial that we engage in a comprehensive debate on race unity, the issue which lies at the heart of the future of the South African people, America, and the world.

Defining Racism

We may all agree that racism is morally wrong. However the debate on racism in America has confused people as to what is racist and what isn't. The media will lead us to believe that in order to be a "racist", you must either wear a white hood, burn a cross, or lynch someone due to their

Not only is solving the race problem in America key to her future development as a nation, but the example set will ultimately allow for the healing of racial and ethnic tensions on a global scale

Martin F. Jones

race. In reality there are far more pervasive and destructive manifestations of racism in our society. From various forms of symbolism which can be found throughout the english language, to institutionalized practices and stereotyping, racism serves as tool of repression and division while it adds and subtracts from us our humanity, and rations out our dignity on the primary basis of skin pigmentation.

Post Traumatic Slave Syndrome: America's Legacy of Enduring Injury

Slavery lies at the historical roots of the race problem in America. Racism as a social ideology is a direct consequence of the

Atlantic Slave Trade and the slave institution in the U.S. Despite the changes that have occurred in our since that time in our past, America continues to suffer from a "post-traumatic slave syndrome."

Joy DeGruy, a PhD. candidate in Psychology from Pacific State University was the keynote speaker on the topic of post traumatic slave syndrome. In her speech, Ms. DeGruy discussed the continuing effects of this legacy of enslavement, the forced removal of millions of people from their homeland, the blatant hypocrisy of our so-called "democracy," and the continued denial of the crime. Racism is an issue that strikes a chord to this day because of the mountain of guilt that was built up over four centuries of horrific crimes against the human family, crimes that still go unpunished.

Healing Racism in America

Today, America stands as a symbol of human freedom at its greatest capacity. In no other country is the promise of organic unity more immediately demonstrable than in the United States because it is a microcosm of the diverse populations of the earth. Given this reality, the importance of the healing of this rift is crucial towards healing racism around the world. Not only is solving the race problem in America key to her future development as a nation, but the example set will ultimately allow for the healing of racial and ethnic tensions on a global scale.

Martin F. Jones is a Junior Journalism Major

Living

g Room

various other performances in the area. "I saw that everyone could identify with someone in the play," said Laffin in relating why she was drawn to *The Dining Room*.

This weekend's performance will be a welcome and refreshing display of theater in the Five-College area, with its non-traditional structure and display of talent on the part of its cast.

The Dining Room is being shown this Thursday through Sunday, with performances at 8 p.m. with an added matinee at 2 p.m. on Saturday. Tickets may be reserved by calling 538-2406.

& Living Staff!

mational meeting on 3:30 p.m. in the news- can meet and hear next semester's A&L our vote a sassy, edu-

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Disney's *Beauty* breeds true Broadway beast

By SHAWN McDONNELL
 Collegian Staff

If the reaction of a packed Broadway house is any indication, then *Beauty and the Beast* — the stage adaption of Disney's movie which opened last week at the Palace — is a hit. The standing ovation that greeted the final curtain was so instant and so rapturous that I thought, for a moment, I was at *Blood Brothers*. Or at a rock concert. Or anywhere other than in the midst of the most overhyped, overblown theatrical circus since Chita Rivera dressed up like a spider.

The early verdict (and a sad one) is, yes, Disney's hollow \$12 million stage beast will succeed — thanks to a built-in audience of day-trippers and theatre-tours looking for amusement park thrills without the troublesome lines.

Of course it got a standing ovation. This pseudo-cultured audience would have given a standing ovation to *Aladdin on Ice*.

For those who don't remember it, the original Disney *Beast* was a gentle romantic cartoon with a safely familiar story and wonderful Ashman-Menken songs. But as staged by Robert Jess Roth, the show now owes more to Andrew Lloyd Webber than to Gentle Walt.

The production team behind the Broadway adaption have stretched material which once moved carefully and effectively — inserting magic tricks aplenty, plugging in a half dozen new tunes, and doubling the original running time without deepening the text in any way.

The new songs (penned by former Lloyd Webber word-man Tim Rice) are insipid bordering on insulting. The play's first act builds to a laughable Rice-concocted

the strongest existing number (the ubiquitous "Be Our Guest") by interrupting the blazing pyrotechnics and spinning tablewares for a five minute dance routine which smacks more of Lounge Act than Fairy Tale. An overcamped, incomprehensible lead vocal by the usually excellent Gary Beach does not help matters.

The one joy of the evening is newcomer Susan Eagan, who sings valiantly as the Beauty of the title. But, like her engagingly oddball heroine, Eagan stands alone.

Stage-veteran Terrence Mann plays the Beast as a hip-swivelling hybrid of the Rum-Tum-Tigger and Inspector Javert, suggesting a whole new fairy tale along the lines of *The Water Buffalo Who Thought He Was a Rolling Stone*.

Worse still is Burke Moses, who plays the preening village vanity case Gaston with all the required arrogance, but with a voice that can't come close to backing it up; or the thoroughly lost Tom Bosley, as the Beauty's father, who seems to have confused acting with reciting lines.

Roth's band of amateur night playsmiths have attempted to take every flash and flourish of the animators' pens and bring them to the stage through lighting (such as that which blinds us when the actor playing the young prince in the prologue switches places with the actor playing the Beast), puppetry (the ferocious wolves of the forest night unintentionally invoke Shari Lewis and Lambchop) or mirrors (which obviously hide the body of the actor playing a tea cup). What they have missed is the gentle humanity in the original story and characters. Watching an animated candlestick sprouting little flames was cute — watching a cloying forty-year-old in a gold tuxedo setting off a disguised blow

DOIN' DA PHREAK- SOUND CHANGING THE COURSE OF OUR NATION!

by Shahid M. Allah

Atlanta, Ga.- Whether ya' boomin' it 'n' boomin' it in ya' jeep or doing the freak or doing the hustle or house dancing to it here and there while flexing your muscles one thing's for sure- You are a witness that music (the art and science of sound) is having a very, very strong impact on and contributing towards the developmental changing in the course of our nation. Where the Ministers and Reverends fall short "da 'flavor" (i.e. rap music and house music) fill the gap in the final call, summoning our people to GOD'S TRUTH. This is why rap groups like "Digable Planets" and "Wu-Tang Clan" are so successful in climbing the charts in such a rapid pace almost immediately after their debuts. Furthermore, this is the reason why house cuts like "Brighter Days" actually do help to bring forth more sunshine in people's lives. This is why Clarence 13X (Smith) once said, "..By studying the principles of sound we can even change the pattern of thoughts of a whole nation. This is also the study of physics..." (excerpt from lesson: "FREEDOM OF MIND OVER MATTER")

No doubt music deals with the art and science of sound, which travels at 1,120 miles per second*. In his spell binding book, "Travels With DR. DEATH," author Ron Rosenbaum shares a chapter with us entitled, "SECRETS OF THE LITTLE BLUE BOX." Under the fictional name "Al Gilbertson" the inventor of this little magnificent blue box is interviewed about how this mechanism operates upon the science of sound frequencies, beeping out electronic jingles. With this blue box ole Gilbertson explains "...how his little blue box does nothing less than place the entire telephone system of the world, satellites, cables, and all, at the service of the blue-box operator, free of charge!" Mr. "Gilbertson" explains that several years back the phone company made a mistake, a gigantic one- They carelessly let some technical journal publish the ACTUAL FREQUENCIES used to create all their multi-frequency tones. It was just some theoretical article which a Bell Telephone Laboratories engineer did on the science of switching theory, where he listed the tones in passing.. To make a long, unnecessary story short ole "Gil" got his paws on this theory by way of the old boy network! Hence, he used the science of sound to duplicate the telephone company's secret, sacred science; and this art is known as PHREAKING.

Several years back the rap group WHOUDINI came out with a jam called "THE FREAKS COME OUT AT NIGHT." Well, under the veil of "darkness" (secrecy) this man called "Gilbertson" developed a lil' "blue-box" mimicking the cycle tones of the telephone system. For example, Ma Bell's tone for the number one (1) can be duplicated by pressing down organ keys F⁵ and A⁵ [900 and 700 cycles per second] at the same time. Please recall how the "mad scientists" in Stephen Spielberg's famous movie, "CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND" used pre-recorded, synthesized sound (notes) from an organ to communicate with the Mother Ship! Please don't sleep on the science of sound! In chapter twelve (THE SECRET GOVERNMENT) of William Cooper's, "BEHOLD A

Doin' Da' Phreak... cont on page 31

BETRAYAL

By Yvette Baez

Rummaging through the drawers of secrecy,
 I found the answer.
 In black ink, white envelopes, yellow stationery
 I saw the words
 Written, never-ending pages
 of your future...and not of our past
 My name mentioned as a mere mistake
 Non-existent, like the others
 Betrayal
 Her love for you remains intact,
 like the black ink on the yellow stationery
 that now stains my hands.
 My hands are stained by her love for you
 Where are your words in response?
 She owns them
 Betrayal.
 Through blurred vision,
 I digest the evil, consuming black letters
 Of you with her,
 descriptive details, I try to deny
 you could respond to these words
 with love meant for me.
 Betrayal.
 Burning, seething Betrayal
 Lies with names, places, dates
 Of times you were with me, uttering
 words I could believe
 I wanted to believe
 "I love you"
 You spoke of her, an entity in your past
 now, a reality in the present
 and the future
 I envy you for relishing in two loves.
 My spoken words of love
 Her written words of my betrayal
 that were not for my eyes,
 now bleeding tears of Betrayal.

Doin' Da' Phreak... cont from page 27

PALE HORSE," it is noted that through a top secret project known as PROJECT SIGMA an organization called PLATO was able to make contact with our inter-galactic star brothers (so- called aliens) via radio communications using the binary language of computer technology! The flying saucers landed at Homestead Air Force Base in Florida, thus forming the basis of inter-galactic diplomatic relations in nowadays (But, don't sleep because Allah Who came in the Person of Master Fard Muhammad told His Messenger, the Most Honorable Elijah Muhammad, of such advanced technology way back in 1930. Furthermore, He , Fard, knew of such way before then!)

My point in relaying this type of data to ya' is to make you realize that sound and the highly intelligent use thereof can most certainly change the course of a nation gone mad. You do realize that we need help, don't you??? Okay, then start PHREAKIN' IT!!!

UNIVERSAL PAZ ! (That's "Peace" in Espanol!)

Melanin cont from page 26

acts a receiver for cosmic energy. This cone shaped gland, about the size of a pea, also secretes melatonin sporadically between the hours of 11:00 p.m. and 7:00 a.m. Melatonin regenerates bodily tissue, strengthens the reproductive organs and "...is responsible for stimulating the melanocytes which contain melanosome which contains melanin." (6). Serotonin, also a secretion by the pineal gland , stimulates the bodies deification and waste facilities. This is done during the hours of daylight.

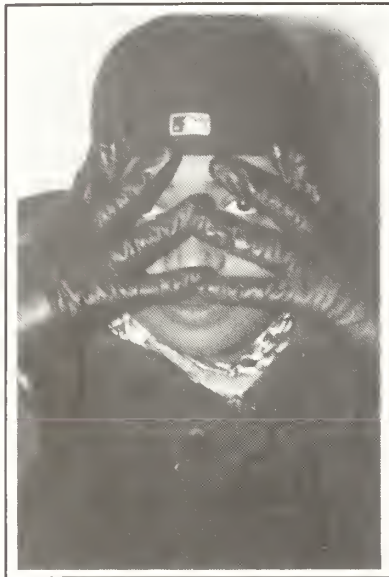
With this in mind, it is extremely important for melanin dominate people to be in tune with their genetic bodily clock. We must sleep at night and get up with the sun. This cycle has been apart of us for millenniums. The interruption of this cycle over the past 500 years has shown a direct result in our inability to utilize our "gift" and reflective in our poor health overall.

The ability to harness energy is an awesome is an gift. Our ancestors form the Nile Valley utilized this ability, thus tapping cosmic energy, exploring the secrets of the galaxies, and mapping out the universe without the use of telescopes. They also travel into the inner-space of the unconscious mind. We all know the ancients were spiritually developed and the priesthoods were known to have supernatural powers. These abilities are the results of a cleansed, mucus less body along with rigid adherence to the bodily clock.

Getting back to the values, principles, and morals of our ancestors, along with a strict adherence to a diet that is rooted in nurturing our physiology will help bring forth a strong Afrakan Nation. The use of herbs and food as medicine, colon hygiene, flesh-free diet and consistent mental calisthenics(i.e.: reading, meditation, purging destructive thoughts) are necessary to bring forth a righteous Afrakan Nation. The ancestors used music as a healing art. It's important to listen to "higher chakra music." Unfortunately, very little is played on the radio. Get suggestions from your healers and therapist on the best 'higher chakra music.' Direct sunlight for 20 minutes three times a week is nourishment for melanin dominate people. When the opportunity to travel comes up, go to tropical regions and enjoy a festival of fruit. Tropical fruits and vegetables aid in melanin production

Sisters and Brothers our future is in our hand. We must the chains of mental slavery in order to reclaim our rightful place in the universe.

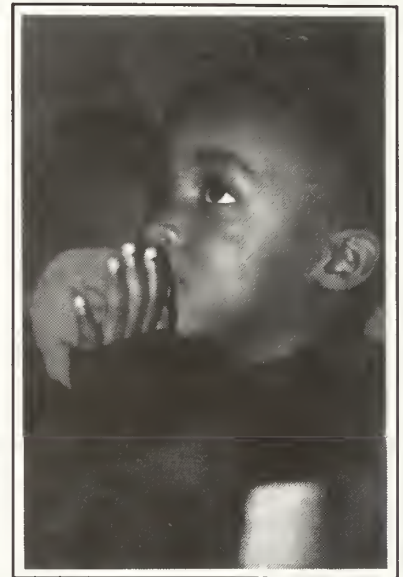
FOLUKE'S VISUAL SHOUTS!



Mecca



I-Serene & Cinamon



Dorian



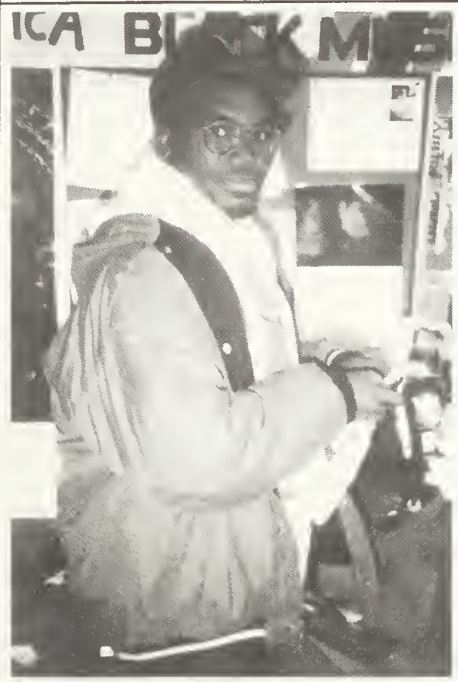
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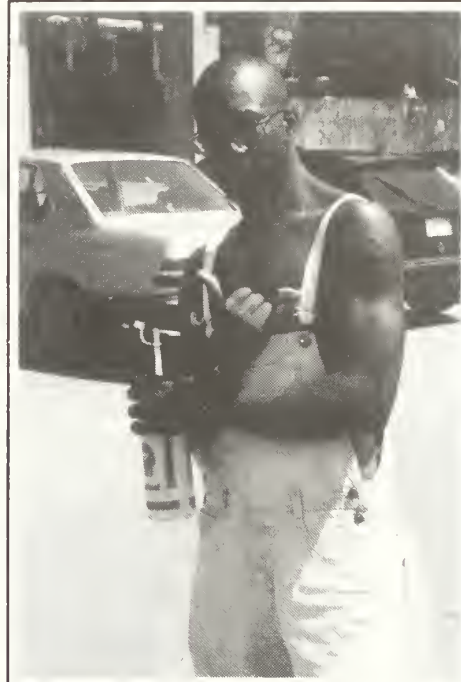
K-Duff



Tisha



V



Bryan



Michelle



Joe & Gary



Knockout



LaKeisha



Michelle



Jeff



Yvette



Shomwa



PBP



The Ladies of ZφB



Pierre & Jay



Gamal w/ Freddie Foxxx



P-ZO



Ben Styles



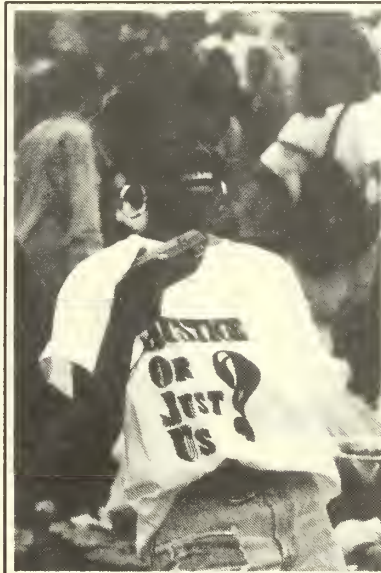
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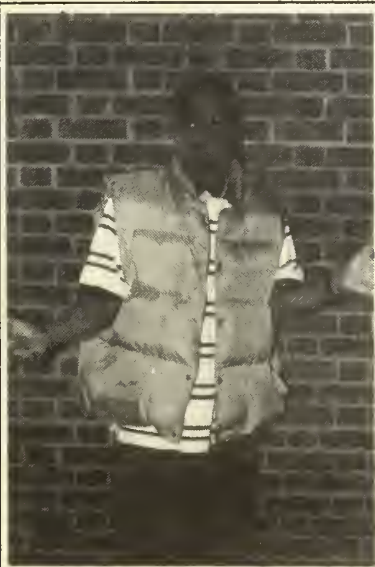
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B.M.C.P.!



Chris



Yusef



Des



Rachael

AMHERST CREW
 Aquila
 Ricardo Townes
 Pascal
 Delphine Quarles
 Jennifer
 Faries
 Augusta Savage
 Jane Hadley-Austin
 Denise
 Sondra
 Michelle
 Anita
 ΑΦΑ, ΩΨΦ,
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 Nommo
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 D. A. S. S.
 My "Let's Do It
 Again" audience
 Natasha [Springer]
 Natasha [Trettheway]
 SAO (for letting me
 contribute to the
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 Ade
 SHEMELE
 John Bracey
 Esther Terry
 Michael Thelwell
 Roberta Uno
 BMCP Alums
 (thax 4 sharing)
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THE NOMMO COLLECTIVE

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Q

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Mecca C-Asia, E. Syrkett

PHOTOGRAPHER/

PHOTO EDITOR

Foluke Robles

The time has come that the Afrikan-American Community begin to not only educate ourselves with literary pieces, but with words in which the power of generations can be felt. It is time that we, as a people, support all facets of our existence... NOMMO is a tool by which knowledge can be passed down for generations. We, the staff at NOMMO, are encouraging the community at large, to submit literary works (articles, poems, editorials) for publication in a paper that is operated by, and for the community. If you have literary works to submit, or would like to make a monetary donation to the NOMMO Production Expense Fund, please send to the following: NOMMO News, UMass - Student Union Building, Student Activites Office - Box # 51, Amherst, MA 01003.

SECRETARY

Mecca C-Asia

A

NOMMO

May/June 1995

"So, What is a NOMMO, Anyway?"

Michael Thelwell

Faced with the inevitable question the founders of this journal usually answered, "It's African. It means the word." That usually sufficed, but if pressed further they'd usually clarify, "Actually, it means the power of the spoken word. It's African you know."

For a short-hand serviceable explanation that's not too bad. It captures in a general way the truth, if not the literal meaning and certainly not the poetry of the concept.

"So why NOMMO in the first place?" The student journalist who founded NOMMO News (the second CCEBMS class) wanted to give their creation a name that was uniquely black. Something out of our African heritage, reflecting the journal's role as voice of the new black student community at this university. So they selected "NOMMO" for the newspaper, and for similar reasons called their literary journal, "DRUM."

"So what is a NOMMO, anyway?" The term comes from the language of the Dogon. These are a people of North West Africa, who are culturally related to the Mandigo speaking people of western Sudan.

As with many words from traditional African languages, NOMMO defies literal translation into English or any of the other languages of Western European culture. That is, there is no single word in English, French, German, etc. that is its exact cognate, i.e., which means quite the same things as does NOMMO in the original Dogon. This is because of the vast conceptual and imaginative gulf between the two world views, between the traditional and modern understanding of reality.

But even the term NOMMO represents a traditionally and particularly African expression of a universally recognized truth. And which universal truth is this? That all uniquely human accomplishment—for good or ill—began with the evolution of language. That everything in human society that appears to separate us from the other species—art, literature, religion, education itself, science, technology, commerce, in a word all human culture—began with the development of languages. "In the beginning was the word" saith the Old Testament.

To the Dogon, a NOMMO is their own mythical and poetic expression of the truth. Of the luminous, transforming power of language in human affairs.

"So then, what is a NOMMO anyway?" Well... once a group of Dogon elders were asked by a white journalist where and how by whom they had been taught to weave the remarkably beautiful cloths for which they were famous. The implication being that they themselves could not have created or developed the craft themselves. Someone had to have taught them. And they seemed to concede that.

"A NOMMO taught us." They replied, "A NOMMO appeared to our ancestors and the NOMMO showed them."

"Yeah. And well... **What is a NOMMO anyway?**"

"Truly the wazungo (white man) understands nothing, the elders thought. "A NOMMO is a little but powerful spirit, white man. This one had a very large head, a really enormous mouth and a long sinuous tongue, but almost no body at all."

"Ah" said the journalist, "we have them too, we call them the talking heads of televisions, and they do much mischief." The elders nodded gravely, knowing now that the wazungo was truly mad. "But this one did good," the journalist probed. "He showed your ancestors how this cloth was made?"

"Yes and no. He didn't show them in the exact way you mean. The NOMMO told the ancestors and in the telling became it,"

He performed it? You mean he demonstrated the process. He was the first weaver? The original weaver, you mean? "He in truth was the first. But he didn't perform it, like your pencil performs writing as we speak."

"No? Then what then did it do? He built a loom and showed you. Weaving on it and giving instruction as he did so? Correct?"

"Yes and no, white man. He built nothing in the way you mean. His hands were very small remember? He didn't perform it. He was it. The spirit of the cloth. The spirit of the word. There is no difference."

"So, but what did he do?" By now the journalist has stopped smiling.. "The NOMMO danced before the ancestors, white man. And he sang. And the words from his great mouth were beautiful and powerful. They entered the ancestor's ears and built a house there and they live there to this day. From that time we have always known the secret of the beautiful cloth."

"Ah, so he described the process?" he was smiling again.

"The NOMMO's strong mouth sang it, yes. And as he sang, the powerful words leaving his tongue became threads, which weaving themselves between his teeth, became cloth. So the singing and the weaving became one. The singing was the weaving. Even as the words were woven into a beautiful song. The threads were woven into beautiful cloth. And the song and the cloth remain with us to this day."

"So the word was the deed. It says in the New Testament. "And the word became flesh and lived amongst ye."

"So, what is a NOMMO again?" It is, in the poetic imagination of our Dogon ancestors, a metaphor, the mythic embodiment of an idea, the concept of the transforming power of language.

FACULTY FOCUS

Professor: John Henry Bracey

Date of Birth: July 17, 1941

Place of Birth: Chicago, Illinois (Cook County Hospital)

Educated: Elementary

Educated in the public school systems of both Washington, D. C. & Chicago

High School

Graduate of Roosevelt High School, Class of 1959

College

Freshman Year at Howard University, Washington, D. C.

Undergraduate Degree at Roosevelt University, Chicago

Post Graduate Northwestern University

Family: Married to wife, Ingrid Bracey, for 25 years

Three Children: Daughter, Kali 23 attends Yale University Law School. Two sons, Bryan 16 and J.P. (John Peter) 14. Bryan is a high school student and J.P. is in Junior High School. Both are students in the Amherst Public School System.

Professor of: Afro-American Studies

Author of: 15 Books (The Rise of the Ghetto, Black Protest in the Sixties, Black Matriarchy: Myth or Reality? and American Slavery: The Question of Resistance among them)

Years of teaching: Twenty-five (25) years, beginning in 1969.

Professor John Bracey comes from a family of teachers. His only sibling and he are the fourth generation of teachers. As it stands he is carrying on the tradition. This is his contribution to making the world a better place.

Professor Bracey considers teaching Black History as not at all unusual. He stated that "initially there was a perception that it did not exist." However, "Black people have been essential to the history of this country from the very beginning. You can't talk about the Jacksonian period or the New Deal without considering Black People." He added that students are usually more receptive to learning about Black people than adults, who may question the validity of Black History.

John Bracey is very well liked and respected by the student body on this and other campuses. He has played an instrumental role in activism in both the Black community and the community at large. He is known to be particularly active on this campus. His responses to why he supports student activism are "you don't teach the history of Black people and go home and sit down." If the history (Black history) has any meaning then we should draw upon that history." He added that "it is necessary to teach a healthy disrespect for authority... a society that does not acknowledge or respect a people, is not legitimate." On the subject of leadership he had a couple of things to say. One being that "white students have to know that it is reasonable to follow the leadership of Black students." and Black people need more leaders and less followers. He summed up his feelings on this subject by stressing the importance of students having real live learning experiences to draw from.

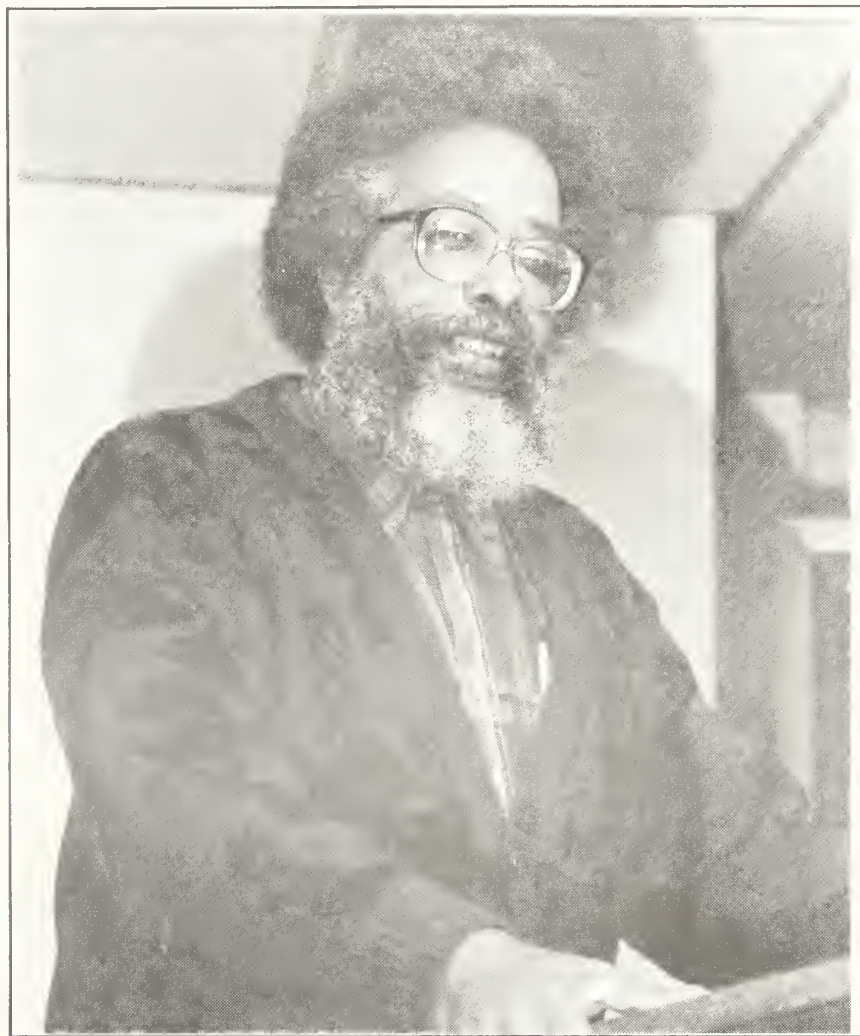
Students seeking to take a class with John Bracey may encounter some difficulty if they wait until the last minute to register, as his

classes are usually over enrolled. When asked about this academic popularity, he responded by saying that he attributes this to his ability to listen to others and because "I do not take a point of view that excludes others." "I am not threatening." He also added that he is not confined by the western pedagogical ways of teaching, as there are more ways of learning things and he does not grade people for disagreeing with him.

Professor Bracey's final words of wisdom were "Hold onto your head." When asked what message these words translated to he said, "given the world that we live in right now, don't get confused...we have brains, so hold onto you head."

Black Entrepreneurs **Form Group**

WASHINGTON (AP) - Some of the nation's most successful black business leaders joined the affirmative action debate Wednesday (5/10/95), forming a political action committee (PAC) to fight off attacks from Capitol Hill and presidential candidates. The PAC, Mobilization for Economic Opportunity, will lobby on behalf of programs and policies that directly benefit black businesses and communities, said Earl G. Graves, chairman and chief executive officer of Black Enterprise magazine. "Until now, the voice of black business has been virtually silent. We will now speak for ourselves on this issue," Graves said. "It was agreed a line in the sand had to be drawn, from which we could not retreat." The PAC grew out of a hastily convened meeting here of about 30 black chief executive officers who saw affirmative action programs - and the jobs and money they provide to the black community - headed for the chopping block. According to the Commerce Department, there are more than 424,000 black-owned businesses in the United States, 70,000 of which



provide jobs to nearly a quarter-million Americans. Firms ranked on the B.E. 100, Black Enterprise's list of the largest black businesses, generated \$11.7 billion in revenue during 1994, and employed 48,000 people. "Who else is going to help our people but us? This is why we have to have these programs. This is why we are not going to let them dismantle them," said Nathaniel R. Goldston III, president of Atlanta-based Gourmet Services Inc., a food service management company. While the group had yet to decide on a specific strategy, it did appear to target its early efforts at the Clinton administration, which is reviewing affirmative action programs. On Wednesday, the task force discussed the review with Commerce Secretary Ron Brown. Affirmative action programs were first instituted during the Nixon administration to expand

professional or educational opportunities for minorities and women. The Clinton administration is examining areas such as reverse discrimination, fairness to non-minorities and whether unqualified candidates are getting government jobs or contracts. "We welcome debate on how affirmative action can be refined," Graves said. "We will not permit this nation's divisive politics to discount and denigrate the contributions of African Americans in general and African-American business specifically." The issue also has become a theme in the 1996 presidential race. Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole of Kansas, a Republican candidate who formerly supported affirmative action, is reviewing the programs and has become a leading critic. Another GOP candidate, Sen. Phil Gramm of Texas, has said that if elected, he would eliminate federal hiring

Rail Police Apologize for Detaining Black Executive

and contract practices based solely on race or gender. The entrepreneurs, all of whom rank on the B.E. 100, formed a task force that seeks to dispel myths about affirmative action. On Tuesday (5/9/95), the task force took out a full-page ad in four newspapers that argued the nation is better off because of affirmative action programs. The ads appeared in the New York Times, the Washington Post and two black-owned newspapers, the Afro-American and the Amsterdam News.

Black Sergeant Sues LAPD

LOS ANGELES (AP) — A black police sergeant has filed a lawsuit claiming he was repeatedly subjected to racial slurs and discrimination during 21 years with the department. Sgt. William Wimberly accused his recent supervisor in the Central Jail Division of racist outbursts, threatening officers who complained about racism and ordering Wimberly to return to duty against his doctor's orders. Lt. John Dunkin, a spokesman for the Los Angeles Police Department, said he couldn't comment on pending litigation. Wimberly's lawsuit, filed Friday, included a long list of accusations against officers and the department. He said several white officers refused to work with him as a partner, and someone scratched a slur on his car and broke into his police locker to pin a note with a racial slur on his coat. Wimberly's complaints to supervisors were ignored, the lawsuit said. The lawsuit seeks unspecified damages.

NEW YORK (Reuter) - Police for a New York commuter railroad Monday (5/8/95) issued a public apology for stopping and searching an executive of Black Enterprise Magazine whom they acknowledged did not fit the description of the man they were seeking. Police for Metro-North Railroad said they had been responding to an anonymous report of a black man carrying a concealed weapon on a commuter train when they detained Earl Graves Jr. at Grand Central Station on May 1. Graves was "incorrectly detained, patted down...and was checked under his suit jacket for a concealed weapon," the police and Black Enterprise said Monday (5/8/95) in a joint statement. Police had received an anonymous letter reporting that a black man in his late 20s who had been riding the train regularly was carrying a pistol concealed under his coat. The man was described as 5'10" inches tall and with a mustache. Graves is 6'4" and clean-shaven, the chief of the railroad police said. Both the police chief and the president of the railroad apologized. "Clearly we were wrong," said Metro-North Police Chief Dean Esserman said at a news conference. "They made a well-meaning mistake." Graves, in a statement, called his detention "unjust, unfair and unfortunate." "Every day, in every city of this country, innocent African-American men are subject to humiliation and brutality by officers whose duty is to uphold the law," he said. Graves is senior vice president of advertising and marketing at Black Enterprise Magazine. His father, Earl Graves Sr., is the magazine's founder and publisher. Graves had just gotten off the commuter train from his home in affluent Westchester County, north of New York City, when he was detained by the officers, both of whom are white, police said. The railroad said it would publish an apology in local papers.



Dallas Elects First Black Mayor

DALLAS (AP) — Ron Kirk wanted to be mayor so he could direct the city's future, not so he could be the first black person to hold the office. "Don't get me wrong, I'm proud of my race, but I got in this race to be mayor of Dallas," said Kirk, who won more than 60 percent of the vote in Saturday's (5/6/95) election. Kirk, 40, becomes the first black mayor of any major Texas city when he is sworn in June 5. It is his first elected office. Voters in two other Texas cities also headed to the polls in nonpartisan elections Saturday. El Paso Mayor Larry Francis won a second two-year term, while San Antonio officials say they'll seek a recount because City Council member Bill Thornton fell 68 votes short of avoiding a runoff with community activist Kay Turner. Kirk was secretary of state in 1994 to former Gov. Ann Richards before joining one of the city's top law firms. He will take a leave to work in City Hall. Law-24 percent of the vote, Garcia came in third with Bartlett chose not to term. Kirk, a native of lieve his strong victory check. One of his top to bridge the rifts in isn't a mandate to Ron victory celebration late is a strong message to the infighting. Yes, we're ments, but we can't make The voters of Dallas want crime than on one an-race, racial epithets were paign material. In the lenged as racist a cam-Jordan had the "breed-mayor. Jordan said the connotations. In San race, Thornton had 42,258 to Ms. Turner's 36,852, cording to unofficial Norma Rodriguez said she Monday for a recount of because of concern over sheets compiled by elec-ficial tally in El Paso votes, or about 66 per-had 10,179 votes, or about campaign focused less on year's declaration that second term, which was by a change of heart.



yer Darrell Jordan got while Councilman Domingo 13 percent. Mayor Steve seek a second four-year Austin, does not be-was a political blank priorities, he said, is city government. "This Kirk," he said at his Saturday. "What it is city council to stop going to have disagree-enemies of one another. us to be tougher on other." Early in the painted on Kirk's cam-final week, Garcia chal-paign letter that said ing" to be the next letter had no racial Antonio's six-candidate votes, or 49.9 percent, or 43.5 percent, ac-results. City Clerk will seek a court order several election boxes handwritten return tion judges. The unof-gave Francis 27,024 cent. Carlos Ramirez 25 percent. Francis' issues than on last he would not seek a followed a month later by a change of heart.

**** CCEBMS AWARDS ****

SHIRLEY G. DU BOIS COMMUNITY SERVICE AWARD

SHANNAN L. MAGEE

ARNOLD W. BROMERY AWARD

CAMERON J. CUCH

JOSEPHINE WHITE EAGLE COMMUNITY SERVICE AWARD

LORI STAR

ALEXANDER L. SHERKER

CCEBMS SCHOLAR

TATYANA P. ASNIS

DePaul Students End Sit-In

CHICAGO (AP) — Black student protesters have ended their 10-day sit-in at DePaul University's student newspaper, saying school officials agreed to most of their demands. The protesters left the office of the weekly Depaulia on (4/15/95) Saturday night. They said in a statement Monday (4/17/95) that the university agreed to all but three of 20 demands, and two of the remaining demands could be satisfied by due process outlined in DePaul's student handbook. The statement from the Coalition for Concerned Black Students did not say which demands were met. Spokesman for the students did not immediately return telephone messages Monday. The university suspended publication of the newspaper

after the sit-in began April 5. It will resume this week. On Friday (4/14/95), the student coalition said it would not be satisfied until the newspaper apologized for a February article that quoted a police report about a melee at a student dance. It said the problem involved "several M-B's (male blacks) throwing chairs and trash into the crowd." Protesters said the quotation was irrelevant and perpetuated negative stereotypes. They occupied the newspaper office April 5, demanding dismissal of the newspaper's editor in chief and a staff writer, among other things. Monday's statement from the students said DePaul agreed to give them an office and equipment to prepare oversight

committees to implement its demands and for university-sponsored tutors to help students who joined the sit-in. A telephone message left at DePaul before regular office hours early Monday was not immediately returned and home telephone numbers for university representatives were unavailable. The coalition said Friday they would continue the sit-in despite DePaul's offers to step up minority recruiting and take other conciliatory measures. Coalition spokesman Eric Wright said at the time the group would continue to demand an apology from the newspaper and dismissal of the editor-in-chief and the unidentified Depaulia staff writer.

Blacks-Only Program Defended

WASHINGTON (AP) — In the midst of its review of affirmative action programs, the Clinton administration defended the use of blacks-only scholarships at the University of Maryland. In a brief filed two weeks ago with the Supreme Court, the administration argued in support of race-based scholarships used to correct previous segregation at the university's College Park campus. It did not address the larger issue of using such scholarships to diversify a school if discrimination had not been proven. The administration's action suggests that scholarships similar to the one in question would survive the sweeping White House review of affirmative action. Administration officials cautioned against such speculation, however. "The Justice Department's decision to enter into the University of Maryland case is completely separate from the internal and ongoing review that the White House is conducting on affirmative action programs," Ginny Terzano, a White House spokeswoman, said Wednesday

day. The high-level review began in February, amid complaints from congressional Republicans that some affirmative action programs were unfair to whites. The brief filed by Solicitor General Drew S. Days on Monday supports the university's appeal of a decision by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit in Richmond, Va. The court ruled in favor of a Hispanic student who said the university violated his constitutional rights when it denied him a scholarship limited to black students. The appeals court said the university had failed to prove that the scholarship was necessary to correct lingering effects of segregation. When the lawsuit was filed in 1990, the campus' student body was 11.2 percent black. The Clinton administration argued that the court should have presumed that the racial disparity was the result of the campus' long history of segregation. The burden would then be on the student, Daniel J. Podberesky, to prove otherwise. The university created the Benjamin

Banneker Scholarship Program under pressure from the federal government, which sought to compel desegregation of the College Park campus. The campus was limited to whites only by law until the mid-1950s. Segregation lingered there unofficially into the late 1970s. The university also had scholarships to attract white students to its traditionally black campuses, and scholarships open to students of all races. The campus usually awards at least 20 Banneker scholarships each year, covering four years of tuition, room and board. They account for about 1 percent of the College Park campus' annual financial aid budget.

Bias Report Clears Denny's

DENVER (AP) — Denny's did not discriminate against four women involved in a racial confrontation that ended with arrests and protests, a report for the Justice Department concluded.

The women were arrested in March after getting into a dispute with a white couple over seating. The couple were arrested as well and demonstrations closed the restaurant for a few days.

The eight-page report for the department by the Civil Rights Monitor, a watchdog group, said the women did not tell employees they needed to be seated, and they were seated out of turn because of confusion created in part by a crowd at the register.

The women's lawyer said they will still sue, if necessary.

"We will draft a complaint, show it to them, outline what our case will be and give them a six-number figure. If they disagree, we will let a jury decide," said C. Lamont Smith.

The restaurant chain is being monitored by the Justice Department because of discrimination complaints.

Denny's, which operates restaurants in nine countries, paid \$46 million last year to settle a class-action lawsuit accusing it of discriminating against black customers.

A Denny's investigation released last month found it was customers, not employees, who touched off the disturbance in the Denver restaurant.

The Civil Rights Monitor report was based on interviews with participants, witnesses, and a review of documents.

Farrakhan, Shabazz Reconcile

NEW YORK (AP) — Malcolm X's widow put aside 30 years of anger Saturday night to shake hands with Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan and praise him at a fund-raiser.

"Minister Farrakhan may the god of our forefathers forever guide you on your journey," Betty Shabazz said to cheers from more than 1,000 people at the landmark Apollo Theater in Harlem.

She also thanked Farrakhan for his "gentle words of assurance" for her daughter, Qubilah Shabazz, who was accused in January of hiring a hit man to kill Farrakhan. Farrakhan has defended Qubilah Shabazz, saying he believes she was entrapped by a federal informant.

As Betty Shabazz left the stage, Farrakhan shook her hand and began his speech.

Farrakhan again denied any involvement in the Malcolm X's 1965 assassination and criticized the government for indicting Qubilah Shabazz.

"It's sad that there are those who do not want to see Sister Shabazz and I sit down and make an honest attempt at reconciliation, when we are both victims of a wider conspiracy," he told the crowd.

He also asked for the files on Malcolm X to be opened "so the world may see the real truth." The crowd responded with a standing ovation.

Betty Shabazz sat on stage, two seats from the minister and nodded occasionally.

She and Farrakhan had always been at odds over the assassination. While Farrakhan has denied involvement, he has admitted stirring sentiment against Malcolm.

Qubilah Shabazz told an FBI informant that she believed Farrakhan played a role in her father's death and now was planning to kill her mother.

The fund-raiser was to be called "A Call for Justice," but the name was changed to "A New Beginning" after prosecutors completed a deal with Qubilah Shabazz last Monday.

She signed an affidavit saying she accepted responsibility for her conduct in the plot but maintained her innocence. Prosecutors agreed to drop the charges after two years if Shabazz, 34, completes treatment for alcohol and psychiatric problems and stays out of legal trouble.

The program featured music, speeches and prayer with Farrakhan and Betty Shabazz speaking at the conclusion of the event. All 1,400 seats were sold for prices ranging from \$15 to \$100, according to the theater manager.

Mary Lou Johnson, who attended the fund-raiser, said the event could help unite blacks.

"This will pull black people together," Johnson said. "This is a wonderful thing that has happened to us."

Proceeds from the fund-raiser were to go to the Shabazz family.

South Africa's Gold

JOHANNESBURG, April 18 (Reuter) - South Africa, the world's biggest gold producer, is likely to suffer a marked fall in output this year despite relatively buoyant world prices, a senior industry executive said on Tuesday.

Dan Pollnow, gold marketing consultant to the South African Chamber of Mines, said he expected output to drop by more than 30 tonnes from last year's 583.9 tonnes.

"I expect it to be below 550 tonnes," he told Reuters, adding that in a worst-case scenario production could drop by 10 percent.

South African output fell 35.6 tonnes last year to its lowest level since 1958, although it still supplied more than 25 percent of the world's newly mined gold.

The fall was due largely to labour unrest before and after the country's historic all-race elections last April and a rise in the number of public holidays, some associated with the political transition, along with lower rates of recovery from gold-bearing ore.

Pollnow said the world market appeared relatively healthy, adding: "I think the fundamentals are looking good."

However, the South African gold mining industry faced difficult challenges. "We're in for a tough period," he said.

Production this year has continued to suffer from wild-cat and other stoppages. Moreover, new legislation has increased the number of public holidays in the industry to 12 from five, which analysts say could affect the viability of certain operations.

This could be alleviated by the lifting of a prohibition on Sunday work, which would allow a build-up to continuous operations, they say.

The country's biggest mining house, Anglo American Corporation, last month expressed hope that the government, the Chamber of Mines and trade unions could resolve the problem. If not, shaft closures and job losses were possible, it said.

Pollnow said gold mine results for the first quarter of 1995 would underline the tough conditions facing the industry.

Gold Fields of South Africa recently reported a 23.6 percent fall in net profit before capital spending for the March quarter, and analysts say other mining houses would also post disappointing earnings.

The projected setbacks follow a battle to contain working cost increases last year, which was the first in five years to show above-inflation growth.

Meantime, a Chamber review showed the cash cost of production by South Africa's gold mining industry exceeded by 25 percent the average of its three biggest competitors - Australia, Canada and the United States.

With labour costs responsible for more than one-half of the local industry's total costs, the stage is set for tough pay negotiations which start soon for the 1995/6 year, analysts say.

Fed Employs More Minorities

WASHINGTON (AP) - The federal government employs a higher percentage of minorities than the private sector but is lagging in the proportion of women on its payroll, the government reported Thursday.

In fiscal 1994, minorities constituted 28.2 percent of the federal work force, compared to 24.6 percent in the private sector, according to a report by the U.S. Office of Personnel Management.

The report also highlighted the fact that while the number of women on the federal payroll increased by 9 percent over the past decade, women are still underrepresented compared to the private sector. In 1994, women comprised 42.7 percent of the federal work force, compared to 46 percent of the private sector.

'69 Radical Returns To Campus

ITHACA, N.Y. (AP) - Toting a rifle and raising a clenched fist, Thomas W. Jones was the last to emerge from the student union hall occupied by black militants in a 1969 showdown over race relations at Cornell University.

A generation later, Jones is president of the world's largest pension fund and his relationship with the Ivy League school has come full circle.

In 1993, he was appointed to Cornell's board of trustees. And on Thursday, he returned to upstate New York to endow a \$5,000 prize that rewards efforts on campus to foster "interracial understanding and harmony."

In a surprise twist, the 45-year-old protester-turned-patron has named the annual prize after James A. with my checkbook."

Perkins, the Cornell president who was forced to step down a month after the highly charged, 34-hour takeover of Willard Straight Hall ended April 20, 1969.

"I simply feel the need to acknowledge that he was an extremely decent man who had the courage to do the right thing in trying to help America solve its racial problems by improving educational access for minorities," Jones said. "It's an attempt to come to closure with a chapter in the university's history, a chapter in my life."

Jones no longer endorses the searing language and armed tactics he employed

during that inflamed spring of black power and anti-war protests sweeping campuses across the country.

At the height of the demonstrations, weapons were smuggled into the hall and Jones' revolutionary rhetoric soared above all others'.

He declared that Cornell had only "hours to live," that he was ready to lay down his life, and that racist faculty and police would be "dealt with."

America got a dramatic image of the occupation when the more

than 100 students peacefully exited the hall. A photo of their departure by Associated Press photographer Steve Starr won a Pulitzer Prize.

The students were protesting the lack of black studies programs and what they saw as the university's treatment of them as second-class citizens.

"I certainly believed at the time that I was doing the right thing," Jones said. "I'm not going to, 26 years later, try to rationalize it or justify it, other than to say that it ought to be placed in the context of the times."

"Domestically, on the civil rights issue, America bordered on close to revolutionary conditions."

He added that the guns

weren't necessary. "I could have sat down with President Perkins. All of the legitimate issues could have been resolved without the kinds of confrontations that occurred."

Jones credits Perkins with engineering one of the earliest college drives to enroll blacks. "Perkins' leadership was widely emulated by many other leading American universities," he said.

But Edward Whitfield, who helped lead the protests with Jones, said Perkins "would not be on my short list" for such a prize. In any case, he said, a "racial justice award" would be preferable.

"Sometimes, one might forsake some harmony for the sake of seeking justice," said Whitfield, who runs an economic development organization assisting minorities in North Carolina.

Jones stuck around to earn a master's degree in 1970 and help organize a black studies curriculum. He went on to a career in business, rising to the No. 2 post at Manhattan-based TIAA-CREF, a pension fund with \$142 billion in holdings.

Perkins, now an environmental policy consultant in Princeton, N.J., said he was "really astonished and proud" to have the prize named after him.

He addressed the prize-giving ceremony along with Jones and prize winner Seth Meiner, who organized three civil rights symposiums at Cornell in 1993 and 1994.

"I feel that bigotry is a problem from the highest administrator down to the youngest freshman," Meiner said. "It's very pervasive on this campus, just as it is off campus."

While the award "sends a constructive and positive message that America has done relatively well with addressing many of its racial problems," its existence makes it clear there's much work to be done, Jones said.

Minority enrollment among Cornell undergraduates

has crept up to 28 percent, but black enrollment is just 6 percent. In March, the state opened an investigation into allegations that some student housing at Cornell is illegally segregated by race.

"To say that America does not cater to its minorities is true," Jones said. "It's also true to say that minorities generally have more opportunity in America in the 1990s ... than they did in the 1960s."

"With the assistance of people of good will of all races, we will continue to make progress in future decades. I'm drawing the line."

NAACP Fights Image Problem

WASHINGTON (AP) — On two hours of sleep, Myrlie Evers-Williams stood before a hushed auditorium and, in soothing tones, gave the type of speech that can shake loose donations for the cash-poor NAACP.

"People are reading that contributions are up and think our problems are over, which is far from true. We're struggling to keep our doors open," she said afterward, noting wearily that she will be on the road in search of money through June.

Across town, a 135-member committee worked feverishly on a Mother's Day "inaugural" for Evers-Williams at the church where President Clinton worshiped before his inauguration, and where ex-slave and abolitionist Frederick Douglass was a member.

Seven federal judges will fly here to swear her in as chair of the NAACP board of directors. Also on hand will be 2,000 donors who will present \$2 million to help erase the NAACP's debt.

The invitation-only affair is being billed as "an

act unprecedented in the NAACP's 86-year history."

But it also may be ill-timed. An elaborate ceremony right now could hurt Evers-Williams' agenda, which seeks to erase an image of do-nothing elitism at the NAACP that has turned off younger potential members.

"Show us that you appreciate the younger generation. We've got the money," said talk radio host Armstrong Williams, 36.

The inaugural was the idea of Chicago Sun-Times columnist Carl Rowan, whose articles about excessive spending at the NAACP helped take down Evers-Williams' predecessor, William Gibson. The 135-member steering committee is a roster of civil rights luminaries, black business leaders and philanthropists.

The inaugural is a volunteer effort, separate from the NAACP and paid for through in-kind contributions and donated services. Estimates of the inaugural's costs were not available.

Planners say the event's goal is to cheer Evers-Williams. Her second husband, Walter Williams, died of cancer just four days after her Feb. 18 election. Weeks later, she underwent eye surgery while trying to direct a difficult transition of power.

"I think they're excited because they love her so much. She's been so committed," said committee member Gregory Wimms, president of the NAACP Maryland State Conference. "Because the (NAACP's) image has been so bad in the past, we wanted to have something nice. It's not costing us anything. Anyone who wants to come can come."

But for people like Douglas Price, 31, the inaugural symbolizes the type of generational split that makes people his age feel they have no place in a mainstream civil rights group.

"We need to stop all this pseudo-bourgeoisie foolishness," said Price, a regulator for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers in New York who is trying to decide whether to join the NAACP.

"The contradiction is just too obvious. You want someone young, black and progressive to join your organization, and you're throwing something that's invitation-only, folks-under-45 need not ask. We just don't have time for this whole classism thing."

NAACP officials say Evers-Williams was unaware of an elaborate swearing-in when she accepted the invitation. They urged that the pageantry be toned down, citing perception problems.

An NAACP official, who spoke on condition of anonymity, worried that people will think the organization is playing games with their money.

Evers-Williams found the idea of an "inaugural" a bit overwhelming. "That was a name chosen by the committee that decided to do this, I guess to make it more impressive," she said. "I had no part in the planning or anything else. I was told it was happening."

Evers-Williams has been focused on raising funds and assuring contributors that the NAACP will put in tight fiscal controls to reign in its \$3.2 million debt.

She also is trying to unify the NAACP's 64-member board of directors before a crucial May 20 meeting, where the board will discuss an independent audit of NAACP finances and whether to make the results public.

This semester our community lost the physical presence of two very dear members. James Humphrey and Jane Hadley-Austin. Upon hearing of their deaths, many of us realized that although we could not attach a face to those names, we knew both or either of the two in passing. Although, some of us did not know them intimately we did know that James was known for his mathematical wizardry and willingness to acknowledge the presence of just about anyone. And Jane for her dedication and hard work within the the Black and people of color community.

This issue of NOMMO & DRUM Supplement is dedicated to the memory of James and Jane. Celebrating their lives and honoring their passing.

The NOMMO Staff

NOMMO COLLECTIVE

Obed Alce	Brian Allen
Alton Byrd	Nona Chiang
Hugh Collins	Marc Cousins
Lucinda Ealy	Nia Francis
Charran King	Chinedu Ogbuiké
Dhamana Shakesphere	Clemence Wilson
Teri Wilson	

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Obed Alce	Luis F. Duran	Monique M. Nash
Brian O. Allen	Cora Lee Echeverria	Richard O. Neal
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Michelle C. Carter	Richardson Pierre Louis	Oluwabukola F. Shabi
Nona E. Chiang	Lavonette M. Luciano	Shomwa M. Shamapande
Sean B. Christie	Valerie Lucien	David R. Smith
Anastasis Clark	Mardi C. Luttrell	Marc W. Sparks
Leroy W. Collins	Holly B. Marsh	Shamele R. Straughter
Marc D. Cousins	Lisa A. McCalla	Eric T. Thimas
Shane P. Cox	Ian M. McCollum	Moise S. Tirado
Cedrian M. Cross	Karolyn F. McNeil	Jack C. Toney
Rachelle S. Curry	Dino E. Medina	Katherine Tshibula
Marie M. Desronvil	Jane E. Meeks	Ranca R. Tuba
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Yudelca I. Diaz	Renee Monfiston	Monette L. Russell Ward
Kamanampata Dibinga	Sunil Mukul	Oliver M. Whalen
Prasad B. Diwadkar	Nathaniel J. Mumford	Michael E. Whilby
Mark D. Dodson	Sheila W. Murigo	Francine L. Wilkins
Jelia R. Domingo	Njoki Mwangi	Jason M. Williams
		Michale D. Williams
		Ronald Reid Williams

ALPHEA

S U P P L E M E N T

MAY/JUNE 1995

A Tribute to My Friends...

Russell...
how many times...
so many times you held my hand,
carried me and once or twice even loved me.
I wanted so much to be closer to you
but that's not to be.
We were close friends in spirit and will always be.
I never told you how much you meant to me, how much I loved you.
So now I tell you.
I hated your girlfriends...hahahahaha
and I envied your boyfriends. I was always too young.
When Aduke was born and you adopted her instead of me...
I almost died inside...or so I felt.
hahaha...I wanted to be your sister, your friend.
Then you went away and I could only hear about you.
But for some reason I just could never stop loving you and Scott.
You guys inspired me to keep trying at my work.
Did you know that you were my heroes. I didn't want to be like Mike.
I wanted to be like you both.
You were my example to follow...you were my guides.
You brought me home at nights and protected me by day.
Now I can tell you all the things I felt without embarrassment or shame.
I was young but now I'm older and I still haven't changed.
Scott...Russell thank you for the courage over the last couple of years
you've shown me how to fight.
Russell I'll try not to mourn your passing but it's hard.
I know your with my grandmother now and you both are watching over me.
I never got the chance to say good bye and I won't because I know that you and I
shall meet again and at that time I'll be ready and able to tell you all the things I wanted
to...that I really did love you.

Your friend forever,
Naji

UNTITLED POEM
by Dionne Bennett

You wanna be loved and touched in a intimate way
But there's always a third party getting in your way.

She claims she's your sister and everything is cool
But should you trust her like a fool?

I love you, I love you he says to you
Should you believe this? Is it true?
He says more words that comfort you
Is it the sex? Does he really love you?

You go to school to find yourself
thinking he's still with you
but you're by yourself

Occasionally he calls and sometimes a letter
You write him back hoping to make things better
Where did the love go? The love you once knew
Does another sister got it. Did she take him from you?

Can a man really be taken? Or does he go astray.
You all heard the saying. Only dogs run out and play.
Did your man turn into a dog?
Does he now have another licking his paw?

Broken is your heart.
Splitting in two.
You thought your man loved you
You thought it was all about you.

He wasn't straight forward and hid behind lies
He showed you no respect and now
YOU MUST RISE.

Rise above all the hurt and the pain
Find yourself a real man that ain't about games
Give him your love if you think it's true
Girl go for yours Honey, it's all about you

Disregard your feelings for that stray
Let your heart breath easy. You didn't need him anyway
He gave you stress and made you cry
That man even took your sister and put her on his side.
Well maybe she went on her own free will
because a dog is a bitch like a prescription is a pill.

Silent Killer
by Hugh 'Q' Collins

As it sweeps through
with
The particles flowing in
The atmosphere
It slowly irritates the
soul.
Meddling with the anti-
bodies
Provoking, and aiming
at its
Only simple goal.

It's invisible structure
Undetected by the sci-
entific
Apparatus that aids up,
Is so handsomely
molded
With the 'would be
pure'
Oxygen that so dearly
keeps us.

Now this silent killer,
Killing us softly as
The dawn of the day,
Slowly highlights itself.
Never thought that one
day
This silent killer would
Harm you because you
Love it so dearly.

I hate the silent killer
Like I hate Smoking
Like I hate Drinking
Like I hate Cancer
Like I hate Drugs
Like I hate AIDS
Like I hate anything
that's bad.

This silent killer
Slowly instilled in the
Young hearts of the
people.
This silent killer
Deeply embedded in the
Young minds of our
children.

This silent killer...
So clear but so opaque.
So announced but so
neglected.
So everything but so
nothing.
This silent killer,
RACISM,
I hate it so bad.

GOOD-BYE

Toshiba Bodden

I was seen as a woman,
as least that's what he called me.
He said that like all Black women
I was a Queen.

To him, The Black woman
was someone to be respected
and loved.
Therefore he thought he could
respect me and love me.

He wanted me to feel
as if I were the most
precious and valuable
of all the earth.
I believed him; I believed in him,
in myself, in my people.

Caressing, and kissing, and touching my
body.
Cherishing my beautiful, healthy
Black body.

My lips that longed for attention.
My breasts that asked for that certain
caress.
My thighs that hid a secret,
only those who were true could uncover.

A secret, that was about
love, respect, and self-assurance.
A secret so dark and forgotten
only God himself could understand.
A secret that he couldn't understand.

But he made my body speak.
Each caress and each kiss,
brought an answer, a word
that could only be understood
by the faithful.

Words that became sentences,
then paragraphs,
and soon a story was formed
about love, and commitment.

But he didn't speak of love.
He said it was only lust
His lust for my body.
His lust to try to understand
my secret to meet it face to face;

He asked, "Do you love me?",
because he didn't know
if he really could feel
the meaning of that word.
So my answer was, "No."
but I was confused about my feelings.

Still, I tried to show him that I
cared, through my caresses, and my kisses.
But he couldn't recognize what I was
doing.
His eyes refused to acknowledge my
actions.

Slowly, he began to lose interest,
interest in who I was-
his friend, his girlfriend;
and only remembered that
I was his lover, his mistress.
He only kept a focus on my body,
and how it made him feel.

"Couldn't you see the hurt,
that you caused me?
My heart that was breaking,
from the pain?"
He asked me so many times,
on different occasions,
"What's the matter?"
But I could only answer, "Nothing.",
while my eyes screamed the answer.

"What's the matter?" you asked,
"You forgot who I was!"
I was his girlfriend,
but he took from me
what the white man took
from my ancestral mothers
when he raped them
the spirit, the essence, the self-love that
turned me into a woman,
which once lost could only be regained
through the rebirth of the innerself,
the reconstruction of the soul.

I lost that love, the self-respect
and I died.
I became as valuable as a basketball-
being passed from hand to hand;
never having a stable relationship
because I was always in need
of a certain caress of the heart
that would awaken me
from my deadly sleep.

I told him before,
if he wanted to know my feelings-
read my eyes,
because the answer was there.
My eyes always told the truth
even though my mouth was lying
about my thoughts
the thoughts of love
that had begun to form
through my caring,
because I was afraid of showing
my true feelings
and the possibility of being hurt
for showing them.

But he never learned to read my eyes,
and he never learned to understand my
hurt.

So he didn't know that I had died,
and that's why he couldn't understand

my GOOD-BYE.

OUR PATHS WILL CROSS AGAIN

by Toshiba Bodden

Written in memory of Uronde Allie who was gunned down in the streets of Atlanta, Georgia. He was a young man from Boston, Massachusetts attending Morehouse College in Atlanta. Uronde would have been twenty-one this year.

Our paths crossed a short time ago
an acquaintance meant
for some thing more.
It wasn't clear why
we were destined to meet,
but we would enjoy
that time we shared.

You went away
before the acquaintance could grow.
Away to a school which was your
destiny to attend.
We tried to keep in touch,
but I guess it wasn't meant to be.
I hoped time would allow
for our paths to cross again.

But, one Thanksgiving holiday,
you didn't return home.
While at school you were detained,
and weren't coming home.
Instead, you had another journey to
make.

Only He knows
why you left so soon!
for that home of peace
so far away!

So, until we meet again;
when our paths will cross
dear Friend,
in that home
just beyond the clouds.

Never will I forget that precious, warm
smile that always seemed to make
things right. Missing you, but never
can forget you, Toshiba

THE PROBLEM WITH CHILDREN

by Chinedu Dean Ogbuike

**The problem with children is
The fact that they are
Hard-headed and stubborn
And only listen when they
Have made a serious mistake
Parents need to set an example
For their children and not
Only tell them the right
things
To do but show them because
Remember they are watching you.**

A MATTER OF STRENGTH

by Fabiola Narcisse

**You know I am strong
Use my strength
To strengthen us, to build
Not for dissention
Let us stand as tall and strong
as the pyramids in Egypt
Let Peace and Contentment flow
Like the waters of the Nile
Let us join in honor of the Divine**

**I am strong and true
A fortress
Never abandoning when threat
emerges
But innately knowing that
We are intrinsically one.**

Six Feet Deep
by Hugh 'Q' Collins

Six feet deep
Down under the dump heap
Their rotten skull and
broken bones
All became one
With the dirt and the
stones.

Nowhere to go
No seed to sew
No move can they make
No more life can they
take

Their wicked souls and
thoughtless hearts
Now mixed with the mortar
of sin
Engraved silence in their
minds
They can do nothing for
Their lives they gave
away.

Their future they'll not
know
No further will they grow
Their babies already be-

CONFUSED

Sometimes I think you love me
And other times wonder do you?
I'm so confused.

I meet new people but I can't stop
thinking of you
The time spent
The love shared
The feelings expressed
I'm so confused

I know I must move on but I can't let go
The questions in my mind about you
Take hold of my soul
I'm so confused

I often ask myself why did you choose
To take me on this rollercoaster ride
With you, was I the fool
I'm so confused

I miss the way you use to focus only on
me
And the way you smiled only at me
Should I accept the rollercoaster ride
again
Would I be a fool?
Yes, a fool in love with you
I'm so confused.

Cherry A. Jenkins

THE WAY A WOMAN SHOULD BE TREATED

BY CHINEDU DEAN OGBUIKE

A WOMAN SHOULD BE TREATED
WITH RESPECT AND KINDNESS
AND SHOULD BE ALLOWED HER
SPACE WITHOUT A MAN BEING
AROUND WATCHING HER EVERY MOVE
A MAN SHOULD TRUST A WOMAN
AND NOT BE OVER PROTECTIVE AT ALL
A WOMAN TREATED WELL WILL BE
FAITHFUL AND LOYAL AND SHE WILL
TREAT HER MAN EQUALLY WELL.

THE LIFE OF A BLACK MAN

WHEN I'M MEAN, I'M MEAN, AND WHEN I'M NICE, I'M NICE. PEOPLE DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND ME. I LOVE WOMEN, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, I HATE THEM. I'LL TELL YOU THIS THOUGH, I WISH MY MOTHER WAS HERE. SHE IS MY MOTHER, MY FRIEND, AND MY PROTECTOR. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I AM THE WAY I AM TODAY.

WHAT I REALLY WANT IN THIS FUCKED UP WORLD, IS MY MOTHER TO BE ALIVE, STRONG, HAPPY, AND HEALTHY. A NICE WOMAN TO UNDERSTAND ME, LOVE ME, TRUST ME, RESPECT ME, AND I'LL GIVE HER THAT AND MORE. I REALLY THINK THAT NO ONE REALLY UNDERSTANDS ME AT ALL. I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE, BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS LET ME DOWN. THE LIST STARTS FROM FAMILY, WOMEN, OR EVEN MY BOYS. THEY ALL LET ME DOWN SOME WAY OR ANOTHER. SOME PEOPLE BLAME ME, BUT I CAN'T BE TO BLAME ALL THE TIME.

I THINK I'M A MEAN PERSON, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, WHEN I'M NICE TO PEOPLE I GET TREATED LIKE SHIT. ANSWER ME THIS: HOW DO YOU WIN? YOU CAN'T - THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE.

FOR NOW
RAYMOND DOUGLAS POWELL JR

*His Unconditional love
Carole Louissaint*

*He was there for me
but I never paid him no mind.
He offered me his love
but I only took it for granted.
When I left him for good
He never once turned his back on me.*

*I was in his life
but yet he wasn't in mine.
Little by little my life was falling apart.
I was living for the day with no directions.*

*He was with me through my downfalls
but I only ignored his presence.
When I finally knocked on his door,
he embraced me with open arms.*

*I fell in love with him again,
and this time I'll never let go.
Now I know what true love is
and he is my true, true love.*

*He is my best friend and advisor.
He is my comforter and protector.
I will never doubt his love,
because he is righteous and faithful*

Light My Fire
Carole Louissaint

Good morning beautiful.

I think it's time for you to get up.

I say it's time for you to get up.

I heard you, but my body is still asleep.

I'm feeling bright just for you,

So get up and feel good with me.

If I do get up, can you promise me a lovely day.

Don't I always come through for you,

Even when obstacles get in my way.

Yes, yes you do.

Please hurry out,

I'll be waiting for you.

Hello again.

Hello. You look pretty again.

Thank you. You don't look so bad yourself.

What do you feel like doing today?

Why not enjoy each others company.

Good. I enjoy making you feel good.

You know, at times you can be demanding.

I know, but I can't help it.

Don't you like it when I'm around?

Yes I do.

You make me feel safe.

I'm glad that you think so.

You give me a reason to show up the next day.

Thank you for making me feel wanted.

You are welcome.

You are part of my world.

Together we make the universe.

Sweet sexy thing you.

My vibrant one.

Tomorrow will be waiting for us.

Until tomorrow. Good night.

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET WE WALK THIS LIFE
YOU TOOK WHAT WAS OUR HAPPINESS
AND GAVE US WHAT WAS YOUR STRIFE

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET OUR CULTURE IS LOST
YOU RAVAGE THE LAND
AND YOU PASS US THE COST
THROUGH YOUR TAXES AND YOUR LAWS
THAT ONLY SUPPORT YOUR CAUSE

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET WE MUST TALK YOUR TALK
MUST LEARN YOUR WAYS
MUST WALK YOUR WALK

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET ONLY YOUR WAY CAN PASS
WE CAN BE LIKE YOU AND BE SECOND
OR STAY AS WE ARE AND BE LAST

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET YOU ALWAYS COME FIRST
NO MIND TO WHO YOU TROD ON
NO MIND TO WHO YOU HURT

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET THERE IS NO ROOM
FOR OTHERS
YOUR CONCERN IS FOR YOURSELF
YOU DON'T THINK OF YOUR BROTHERS

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET MONEY IS YOUR GENERAL
LEADING YOU TO WAR
IT IS THIS WAY NOW
IT WAS THIS WAY BEFORE.

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET THINGS ARE DONE IN
THE NAME OF GOLD
TRIBES ARE WIPED OUT
LAND IS STOLEN NOT SOLD

ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET WE HAVE LOST WHAT
WAS OURS.
BUT YOU WILL NOT GO UNTOUCHED, YOU MUST PAY THE
GIVER OF POWERS
TO THE WIND . . . TO THE EARTH
AND TO THE GIVERS OF BIRTH
SEE, ON YOUR ONE WAY STREET THERE IS ONE GREATER
AND FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE TAKEN
YOU WILL REPAY THE CREATOR.

MICHAEL D. GREGOIRE JR.
"LION OF SHINNECOCK"
SHINNECOCK NATION N.Y., L.I.

She's Ready

by Sean Fontes

On this September day, nature brought life and death together into a beautiful mixture: flowers in bloom; birds singing lively melodies; and squirrels scurrying to and fro, with pouches full of nuts-all preparing for the dead season: Winter.

Not only was nature ready to embark on its next phase-winter, Mark Crazel was ready to embark on the next phase of his life also: a successful future that included Tanasha- a princess that he had been in love with ever since the ninth grade. It was now the end of the summer break, the summer before their senior year of high school- a year that students prepare to enter college and begin their career dreams. Next Fall, Mark will be at M.I.T pursuing his dreams of building the ultimate android woman and Tanasha at Spelman pursuing her medical career. this is the reason why Mark was ready to approach Tanasha and tell her once and for all that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with her after they graduate. If he didn't do it now, there may be no other time.

There were many times in the past that he made approaches- approaches that were all unsuccessful. even though she had rejected him those many times, he didn't expect her to turn him down this time. he had always taken her rejections as disguises for her true love. he felt that she was either shy or had strict parents that restricted her from being with him. he believed there were many hints that told him this. On one Valentine's Day, in response to his request for a Valentine's date, she responded with a Valentine's card that said: "No, I'm not interested, and most likely will never be." in big bold letters. He felt that there could not have been any hint bigger than this one. If she didn't love him, she would not have taken the time to get him an Osco's ninety-nine cent special Hallmark card, and she would not have written the words in red- obviously a color of heart felt affection. So now, it was all about approaching her once again. He was certain that she was ready now. He felt that if she wasn't, he would help her to be.

"Hello" Tanasha said as she picked up the phone.

"H...H...Hello...May I...I...Um...speak to Tanasha?"

"Speaking...and who is this?"

"Hi...Ta...Ta...Tanasha. This is Mark."

"Mark Crazel...?!"

"Y...Yes."

"So...what do you want?" she said irritably. "I don't have much time!"

"I wanted to know if you'd be willing to go out on a d...date with me tomorrow night."

"A date? Where to? Do you have money? Do you have a car?...I don't know."

"Yes Tanasha. I...I have a 735i BMW. I plan to pay for the movie and dinner."

"Well...Give me a call tomorrow. I'll see."

When she said these last words, Mark thought to himself: Oh Yes! She said 'I don't know'! Oh Yes! She said 'Give me a call tomorrow.'! She's ready! Mark was overwhelmed with these cool and indifferent words. After a zillion rejections, she finally gave

him an indefinite answer. This was the closest Mark ever came. He said to himself, "just as I thought, she would eventually come around. And there was no doubt now that she would accept this date."

He felt that she was ready due to a combination of things- it was now the Fall: a season possessing the beautiful mixture of the opposites: life and death; activity and tranquillity- a perfect season for lovers; and he had put in hard work and undying endurance- and as a result, he got her to say: "I'll see. Call me tomorrow."

The time between the first phone call and the last was an eternity: a length of time that allowed him to do a million things for preparation. He managed to wrestle the BMW 735i from his father; he managed to ferret through Shakespeare's love poems. He managed to get Luther Vandross's greatest love hits. And although Mark was a romantic, and considered himself to be aesthetically superior to his classmates, he decided to swallow his pride and ask Shakeem- the class of 92's best dresser, for some fashion tips. He knew Tanasha had a fetish for the latest fashion styles, so he decided to do whatever to appeal to her. He charged a pair of \$80 guess Khaki's, a \$90 Tommy Hilfiger rugby, \$90 Karl Kani loafers, a \$100 Nautica windbreaker, and last but not least, a \$40 bottle of Cool Water cologne. After all, it was their beginning to a long happy life together.

Finally 12:00 p.m. hit. Preparation was done. And it was time to make the second call, as she had stated.

"Hello." Tanasha said as she answered the phone.

It's her voice he thought to himself. The way she said 'Hello' I know she's ready.

"H...H...Hello...Are you ready...."

"What?!"

"I mean, may I speak to Tanasha?" He said hurriedly.

"Speaking. Who's calling?"

I can't make any more slip-ups he thought *Our future depends on this phone call.*

"This is Mark." he said assuringly.

This nut again, what does he want now? she thought

"Yeah...What's up?" she said cautiously.

"Do you remember my question last night? Would you be willing to go out on a d...date with me to...tonight?"

Upon hearing this question, many questions went through her head—*How am I going to get out of this one? Why did I tell him to call back? What can I tell him? The dog ate my dress? Damn...I've told him that before. I have to stay in to tend to my mother's flu? Naw, naw, naw. No more excuses, no more rejections by letters. I am going to go out with him once and for all and finally tell him that he is not for me. Hey...after all, he does have a 735i beamer and money; the night might not be that agonizing.*

"Well...Yeah...I'll go." she said.

She's ready. She's ready. sheeeeeeeez ready! I knew it. Patience is virtue. The man long years have made victory sweet. Were his thoughts upon this spectacular moment.

"Okay. I'll be by to pick you up at five." he said.

From the beginning of the date, there was no contrast more obvious—a contrast that he did not see; for he was enveloped in a world of desire for Tanasha. when she first came to the car, he perceived her slow and reluctant steps as angelic paces in his heart. While on their way to see *Jason's Lyric*, surrounded by the voice of Luther flowing from the BMW's stereo, Tanasha fought back her desire to tell him what she intended to tell him. She wanted to end the date right there. On the other hand, Mark fought back his desire to watch her instead of the road. During the date, the few times he saw her looking away and yawning, he thought she was in a world of elation.

Finally, at the end of dinner he made his move. It was time—he was ready and he knew she was ready. He would have proposed his three-year brewed dream to her at the restaurant, but he wanted to propose it in a more romantic environment.

“Tan...Tanasha, would you like to Lake Autumn with me, s...so we can talk at the rim of the lake?”

No, I refuse. I'm putting an end to this date right now. Were her thoughts.

“Well...” she said.

Hold on, I did want to finally tell him. Yeah...I have to. It will be the only way to finally end this harassment. Yeah I'll go, she decided to herself.

“Of course. I'll go with you.” she responded to him kindly.

As the words ‘Of course’ danced through his ears, he realized how much of a success the date had been; and now, the time had finally came for the beautiful ending to the date and the beautiful beginning to happy life hereafter.

As they drove to Mark's *lake of love*, dark crimson possessed the sky, indicating the dying of a full day. The drive to the pond had been a drive that brought the day closer to night; Summer closer to Winter; and the perception closer to reality. Mark knew that it was the beginning and Tanasha knew that it was the ending.

As they walked from the car towards the lake, the flowers along the path wore their colors of life. The violets' purple tone was never as deep as it was today. Both walked in silence, struggling to find a beginning to the they both had to make. And then, just as Tanasha found her beginning: “Well, Mark...”, a squirrel ran in front of them, bulging mouth with chestnuts.

“Whew...that squirrel scared me.” she said as she tried to regain herself. “But anyway Mark, I have something to tell you.”

Yes. Yes. She's ready He grew anxious.

“Mark, although I am flattered by the date and the many others you have asked me on, I would prefer for you to stop pursuing me.”

Mark said nothing. It was as if he never heard a thing.

“I don't want to hurt you, but I must tell you that I am not interested in you.”

Mark said nothing. It was as if he still heard nothing.

“So, Mark, do you understand?”

“Tanasha...can we hold each other for a few moments?” he asked thoughtfully. “I just want us to look at our reflections in the water. I will not ask of anything else from you.”

What's wrong with this dude, it's as if he never heard a thing I just said, she .

thought. *Well, I guess it's the least I can do*

As Mark Crazel gently put his hand around her tender, caramel neck, with three years of undying love, he undyingly put her head into the placid lake.

When he turned her face up to his, he became more struck by her beauty. He watched admiringly as the small, smooth beads of water flowed down her cheek. He lifted her eyelids, and her eyes sparkled. Like the season of Fall, to Mark, Tanasha and death were a beautiful mixture—she seemed more alive now than she ever did—she was now free from shyness, household rules, and any other external forces that prevented her from being with him. She was finally ready.

**bitch hoe slut tramp skeezer freak trick hoochie bitch hoe slut tramp
skeezer freak stopcallingmeoutofmyname
stopcallingmeoutofmyname
stopcallingmeoutofmyname**

**BLACK ATTACK
Fabiola Narcisse**

**Why must you deny the essence of my very being?
who I am,
what I represent.**

**Contempt, Disrespect and Degradation you claim
Does not fit my character
Does not compliment
Does not glorify**

**The character of the Black Woman
The essence of the Black Woman**

**Do you not know that we are one in the same?
I am you and
You am I**

**A nation we are, a nation we must be
Black Woman, Mother Earth, A Queen, A Fortress,
A Creator, A Mother
A Lover, Sister**

**Why do we degrade ourselves
and allow humiliating words
to become a part of our identity?
Black Woman, how far you have come
And yet
you do not live up to your lineage,
your greatness.**

**bitch hoe slut tramp skeezer freak trick hoochie bitch hoe slut tramp
skeezer freak stopcallingmeoutofmyname
stopcallingmeoutofmyname
stopcallingmeoutofmyname**

House Nigga
by Charran King

What exactly is a house nigga? A house nigga is someone who suppresses their thoughts because they are afraid of the power of the white man. A house nigga is someone who perpetrates their blackness when they were never Black to begin with. A house nigga is someone who feels that the lighter you go, the better you are. The ones that are so shy, yet so bold that they can walk around with a white girl at an X party. Then there are the ones who never have the guts to do so, instead they choose to go with the white-skinned bitches on the d.l. Yes, the "fly white trying desperately to be Black-looking girls." A house nigga is someone who will never know where they're coming from and never realize where they are going. they'll never understand the true roots of their Blackness. They will never be able to identify with their ancestors, the Black mother that bore them. Put some color on any nigga and they'll swear that they are better, that they are white. I say . . . they are blind. They are ignorant. They are naive. And worst of all, they can never and will never identify with anyone trying to make a difference. What they do not know will never hurt them. They will be shunned by society (both Black and white) and eventually cast out to a place where all house niggas go . . . hell!

So . . . when I call you a house nigga, my [brother], it is because you possess these same qualities, the house nigga mentality. It is not said to offend you, but is an attempt to wake you up.

My Toughest Critic
Anala G

The Critic
she walks
along side me
everyday,
and when alone
we talk;
about who
|
should be
and how
|
should be.
|
ache
when
|
think of
how
|
fail to be
the perfect person
that
|
want to be.
|

feel as though
|
am in a never ending
struggle;
an attempt to be
better.
|
want to be
better
than the person that
|
see in the mirror
every time
|
get up
courage to look.
|
might one day be
able to stop and
appreciate my
"self"
for what it is
and not for what
|
think it should
be.
|
hope that one day

|
will be able to
stop
and look in
a mirror
or plate glass
window
and like what
|
see.
|
hope that one day
|
can love
and appreciate
myself
the way
|
know other people
do.
It will be a glorious
day when
I can look over my
shoulder and see that
|
am not walking
around with my
toughest critic.

J NEVER WANT TO FORGET

I remember when you came into this world
crying, screaming, letting us all know you were here

I remember you.

I remember the memory of a smile, a feature a voice
the little foot print of you, my child, left in the sand by the house

I remember the love that exploded from me
when I held you and knew that God
had blessed me for some good deed.

I remember you.

I remember nights spent up, holding you, whispering love
songs in your ear, your body trembling from a slight fever.

I remember kissing your forehead and knowing,
and knowing...

that I would have a lifetime to know your moods, your ups and downs
I would be there for those nights when you would cry over a lost love,
or smile at a job well done.

I assumed too much
and now you're gone.

I remember you

I know deep down that I will always hold your smile in my heart,

I will think of the man or woman you should have become

I will remember your birthday, your first steps
your little wrinkled brow,

I will remember you.

I have to thank God for the time we had, and I must try to remember "everything hap-
pens for a reason".

I shall never forget

I will always, always, always
remember

you.

by Natasha Springer
University of Massachusetts
at Amherst, Amherst Ma

*This poem is dedicated to the beautiful babies that God took back to heaven to sit by
his side. Their laughter and innocence shall remain in our memories forever.

HAITI

BY FABIOLA NARCISSE

THE PILLAGING OF THE EARTH
I LISTEN TO HORROR STORIES
OF SELF-DESTRUCTION AND DEPRES-
SION
IN THE LAND OF THE HILLS THE NA-
TIVES CALL

HAITI
MY HAITI

A COUNTRY ONCE PROSPEROUS NOW
DISINTEGRATES
ITS PEOPLE DISILLUSIONED
MY HEART BREAKS
FOR ARISTIDE,
FOR THE MUTILATED BODIES THAT LIE
IN THE OPEN STREETS
FOR THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN
WHOSE SKELETON FRAMES
KEEP THEM WANDERING
ABOUT THE WAR ZONE
LOOKING FOR MANGÉ.

COLONIALISM AND CONSPIRACY CON-
TINUE

I LISTEN TO JENNINGS AND WALTERS
TELL ME ABOUT "THE HAITIANS"
I HEAR THE CRIES OF UNREST
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC
THEY ROAR LIKE LIONS AND
STOMP THEIR FEET LIKE THE TRIBES-
MEN OF AFRICA
THEY DANCE TO THE DRUM
AND SING OF THE FUTURE, OF FREE-
DOM, OF PEACE.

HAITI
MY HAITI

WHOSE TREES REAP SUCCULENT
MANGOES AND ROBUST PLANTAINS
WHOSE WARM CRYSTAL WATERS
MEET
THE WHITE SANDY BEACHES OF
LÉOGAN

HAITI
MY HAITI

WHOSE TRADITIONAL IDEAS AND
VALUES
TRANSCEND OUR NEW AMERICAN
HOMES
CREATE ANOTHER WAR ZONE
WHERE HERE TOO
PARENTLESS CHILDREN GO
ABOUT THEIR LIVES
EXPRESSIONLESS, SANS VIGEUR
SANS ESPRIT.

HAITI CHERIE
MY COUNTRY
IS WHERE WOUNDS LIE BLEED-
ING
AND WHERE RECOVERY AWAITS.

FREEDOM,
LIBERATION OF THE MIND,
THE GREATEST STRUGGLE,
REAPS THE GREATEST GIFTS
SHACKLES BROKEN THROUGH
SELF-DETERMINATION, COUR-
AGE, KNOWLEDGE
LEAVES ONE UNTOUCHED
FROM THREAT.

TOO MANY LIVE IN FEAR
TOO MANY LIVE FOR THE MO-
MENT
INSTEAD OF
JUDGES, PROSECUTORS, CON-
ARTISTS GALORE
NOT ENOUGH DEFENDERS, REAL-
ISTS

FREEDOM,
LIBERATION OF THE MIND
PLACES US ON A HIGHER PLANE,
A HIGHER UNDERSTANDING,
SEARCHING FOR A HIGHER TRUTH
WHILE WE LOOK DOWN BELOW
ON THE MADNESS.

