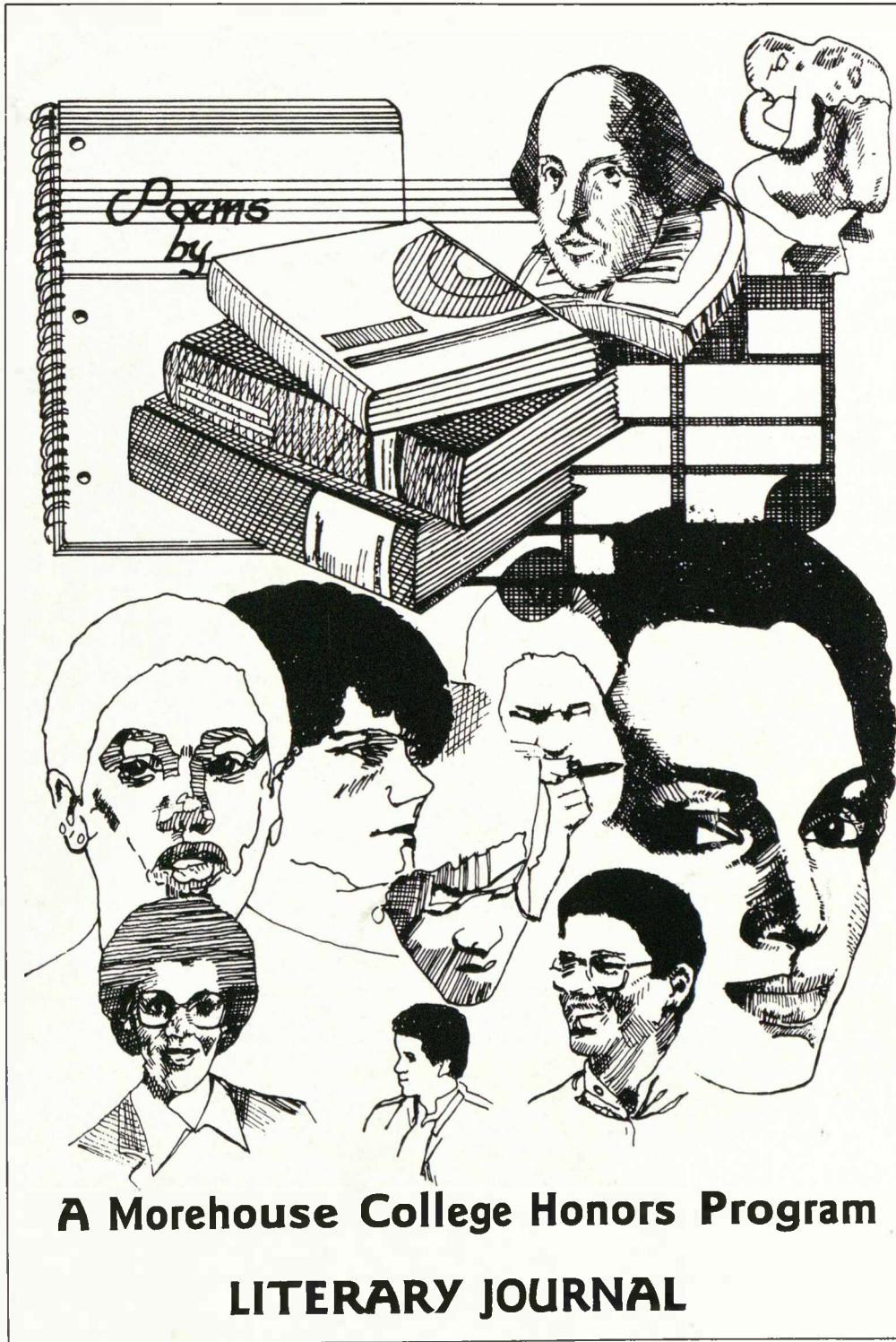


THE LITTERĀTUS



Fall 1988

Table of Contents

About The Litterātus	i
Dedication	ii
The Litterātus Staff	iii
SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE	3
Illustration	5
<i>"Ash on a Dream"</i>	5
Trent A. Berry	
<i>"Blue"</i>	6
Zerrick Gillam	
<i>"Ode on a Brew"</i>	6
Robert Hymes	
<i>"The Pencil and the Drawing"</i>	7
Raymon Keaton	
<i>"The Black Woman"</i>	7
Ned Williams	
<i>"The World Keeps Turning"</i>	8
Zerrick Gillam	
<i>"A Quiet Pure Day "</i>	9
Trent A. Berry	
<i>"Sand Castles"</i>	10-11
Raymon Keaton	
<i>"It's Over"</i>	12
Jimmie L. Davis, Jr.	
<i>"Flow River, Flow On"</i>	12
Raymon Keaton	
<i>"Talking Doors"</i>	13
Patrick Turner	
<i>"Niab's Home"</i>	13
Patrick Turner	
<i>"Nothing But An Image"</i>	15
Patrick Turner	
<i>"Soft Words"</i>	15
Chad Womack	
<i>"The Ultimate Question"</i>	16
Damon J. Phillips	
<i>"The Hovering Old Oak Tree"</i>	17
Raymon Keaton	
<i>"Mother"</i>	18
Patrick Turner	
<i>"Forever and Always"</i>	18
Patrick Turner	
<i>"Freedom is Greenback"</i>	19
Raymon Keaton	
<i>"My Love"</i>	20
Chad Womack	

REFLECTIONS

Illustration	23
<i>"Should I Tell My Parents?"</i>	25
Treye A. Thomas	
<i>"Waits and Measures"</i>	25
Derrick Butler	
<i>"In Defense of Martial Arts"</i>	26
Jonathan Gayles	
<i>"The Road Not Taken"</i>	27
Jimmie Lee Davis	
<i>"The Road Not Taken"</i>	27
Ned Williams	
<i>"An 80's View of Booker T. Washington's Theory"</i>	28
Benjamin J. Johnson, III	
Peace on Earth: <i>"Ethnocentrism and Peace"</i>	29
Damon J. Phillips	
<i>"Reinterpreting the Angels' Message"</i>	31
Zerrick B. Gillam	
<i>"Lighting a Candle in the Dark"</i>	32
Emmanuel Waddell	
<i>"Substance and Shadow: Dr. King's Dream and Forsyth County"</i>	33
Benjamin J. Johnson, III	
<i>"One Nation Under God: Reflections on the Dream"</i>	33
Brian Register	
<i>"The Flip Side of The Same Coin"</i>	34
Derrick Butler	
<i>"Finding the Right Word To Describe Forsyth County"</i>	34
Anthony Reeves	
<i>"Reflections on Dr. King's Dream: Twenty Years Later"</i>	35
Caesar C. Mitchell and Roland Dawkins	
<i>"Choosing the Better Virtues"</i>	36
Caesar C. Mitchell	
<i>"Color-Consciousness"</i>	36
Curtis Goings	
<i>"The Rat That Lived in the Dorm"</i>	37
Trent A. Berry	
<i>"Once, Twice, Three Times A Lady"</i>	38
Andre Thopedi	
<i>"1986 in Retrospect"</i>	38
Sam Gilmore	

<i>"After One Semester at the 'House'"</i>	39	<i>"Painful Experiences"</i>	58
Anthony Reeves		Will Otis Cobb, Jr.	
<i>"Dr. Henry Gore's First Day at the Board"</i>	40	<i>"Troubling Things"</i>	
Kenneth Grimes		<i>"Hateful Things"</i>	59
THE PILLOW BOOK	41	Terence Merritt	
Explanation of the Pillow Book.....	42	<i>"Hateful Things"</i>	60
Illustration.....	43	Robert Hymes and William Boynes, Jr.	
<i>"Springtime in Atlanta"</i>	45	<i>"A Newly Washed Car" and</i>	
William Boynes, Jr.		<i>"Morehouse College on a Rainy Day"</i>	61
<i>"Lovable Things"</i>	46	Raymon Keaton	
William Boynes, Jr.		<i>"After Failing an Examination"</i>	62
<i>"Summertime in Newark"</i>	46	Noel Whelchel	
William Boynes, Jr.		<i>"Having Prepared for A Class Lecture"</i>	62
<i>"Day In, Day Out"</i>	46	Altorous Keaton	
William Boynes, Jr.		<i>"Familiar Sayings of Various Languages"</i>	63
<i>"Things I Like" and</i>		Altorous Keaton	
<i>"Things I Hate"</i>	47	<i>"Dorm Life"</i>	64
Richard Hooper		Robert Hymes	
<i>"Pleasant Things"</i>	48	<i>"Roaches"</i>	64
Lewis Roberts and Andre Moore		Forbes Barwell	
<i>"Pleasant Things"</i>	49	<i>"Homecoming Weekend"</i>	65
Devin Hargrove		Tyrone Baines	
<i>"Happy Things"</i>	50	<i>"The Second Tuesday in November"</i>	66
Curtis Goings and Tyrone Baines		James Dickens	
<i>"Favorites of Life"</i>	51	<i>"Questions of Life"</i>	67
Trent A. Berry		Randell A. Cain, Jr.	
<i>"Trying to Understand Women"</i>	52	<i>"Those Who Have Lived A Good Life"</i>	67
James H. Shelton, III		Altorous Keaton	
<i>"That's Frustrating"</i>	52	Cerebral Aerobics.....	68-69
James H. Shelton, III		Answers.....	70
<i>"Fruitless Things"</i>		THE CREATIVE IMPULSE	71
<i>"Basket Ball"</i>		Illustration.....	73
<i>"A True Friend"</i>	53	<i>"Uncle Walter's Prison"</i>	75
Gregory Allen		Derrick Butler	
<i>"Black Folk"</i>	54	<i>"A Ghostly Occurrence"</i>	76
Ronald Sullivan		Gregory Allen	
<i>"He's Gotta Have It"</i>	54	<i>"Bleak Memories of the Past"</i>	78
Lawrence M. Algee		Lewis Roberts	
<i>"State of Depression"</i>	55	<i>"Allein Bruder"</i>	80
Patrick Turner		Damon Phillips	
<i>"Depressing Things"</i>	55	<i>"Based on a True Story"</i>	82
Don Shegog		Damon Dixon	
<i>"Annoying Things"</i>	56	<i>"Tsunami, Tsunami"</i>	88
Curtis Goings and Lewis Roberts		Derrick Butler	
<i>"Embrassing Things"</i>	57	<i>"Later"</i>	90
Leslie Allen		Gregory Allen	
<i>"Sad Things"</i>	58	List of Honors Program Students	
Tyrone Baines		Special Thanks . . .	

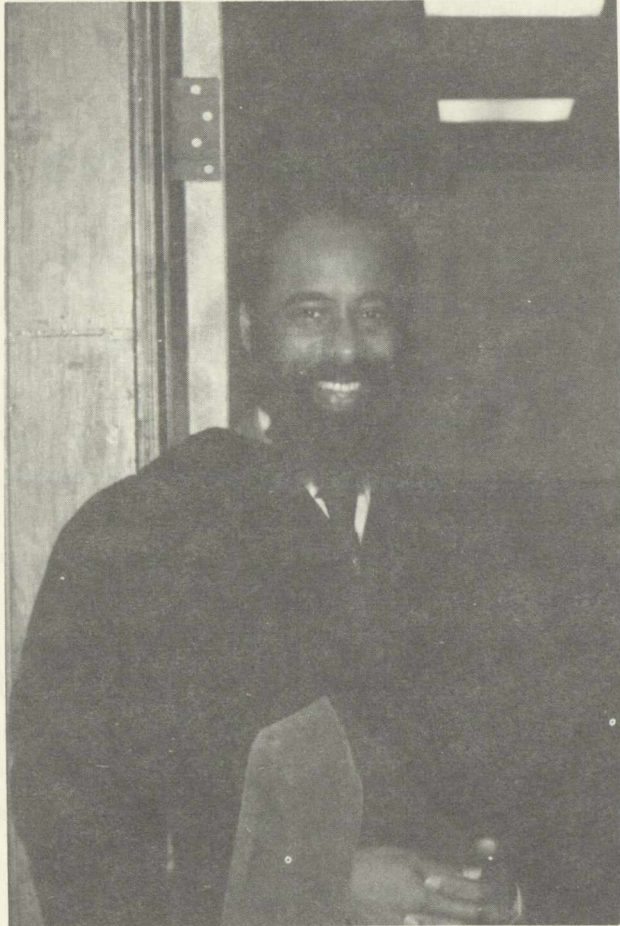
About The Litterātus . . .

The Litterātus differs from the traditional student anthology in its multidisciplinary focus and its use of various media to express creative thought. Many of the entries emanated from class discussions with a thematic focus: Truth and Justice, Perception and Humor, The Meaning of Greatness, and Environment and Human Values. Yet the expression of these themes is as varied as the students themselves. In each of the selections, the reader sees something of the ratiocinating temper of the honors student, his penchant for introspection, his struggle to find the meanings of his own experiences, and his ultimate triumph over the limitations of self. Thus, the selections also indicate a growth of mind, a realistic and sometimes humorous assessment of human failings, and a new found appreciation of the struggle associated with achieving success.

The honors students wish to dedicate this edition of **The Litterātus** to Dr. J. K. Haynes, Director of the Morehouse College Honors Program (1985 - 1987). His capable leadership and scholarly example have been a continuing source of inspiration for the Morehouse student.

Anne W. Watts, Ph.D
Editor and Sponsor

Dedicated To



Dr. John K. Haynes
Director of the Morehouse College Honors Program
1985 - 1987

The Litterātus Staff

Trent A. Berry

Altorous Raymon Keaton

Zerrick B. Gillam

Anthony Reeves

Dr. Anne W. Watts

Editor and Sponsor

Illustrations By: James D. Cooper, Jr.

Damon Dixon

Forbes Barnwell

Zerrick Gillam

Shadow and Substance

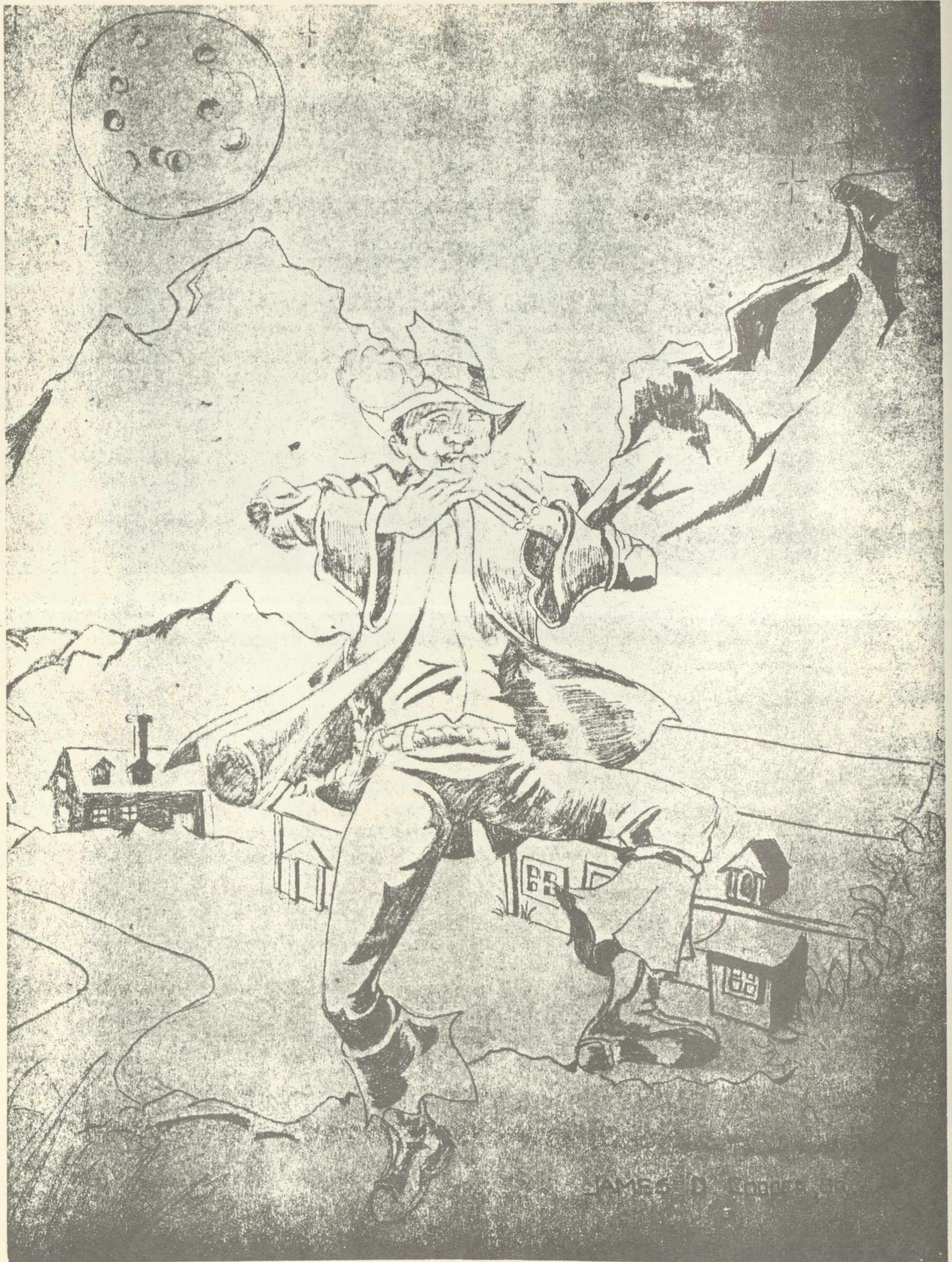
Poetry should please by a fine excess and not by singularity. It should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost as a remembrance.

— John Keats



President Keith Chats with Michael Bryant

T



JAMES D. ENGLISH, JR.



Dr. Jocelyn Jackson
Director of the Honors Program
1987—present



Dr. Anne Watts
Editor and Sponsor of The Litteratus
1985 - Present

ASH ON A DREAM

Join me atop cathedral's holy crown-
Stare out upon the Mardi Gras; gay crowd . . .
What say you if I tell you, Europe friend?
I shall cause your death by mushroom cloud . . .

A spectre is haunting Europe . . .

Oh, Older Brother, dear to me-
Dost thou recall the years forty?
Ravaged . . . razed to the ground
Saved by your Yankee Son
Who is hellbent on the slow murder
Of your children
With atoms . . .

A Spectre is haunting Europe . . .

amiens is still in shadow, you know
(like her sister beauvais)
i see a nave turned to nothing
. . . decimated . . .
eight hundred years of . . . Christ
CRUCIFIED
and neither God nor man shall save . . .

A SPECTRE is haunting Europe . . .

Hegel vs. Rousseau
Lenin vs. Wilson
(Red vs. Red, White, and Blue?)
Man vs. Man?
or coward vs. coward
IT'S ME VERSUS ME VERSUS ME . . .

A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING Europe . . .

Listen!
Those who listen betray themselves
Blinded by all seeing Pride
Side by Side
We shall all lay in our ash coffins
idiot savants one and all . . .

A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING EUROPE

Time is immemorial
Time shall CEASE for Man
Humanity shall again prove its lack of worth
And forfeit the Promised Land
Shall Europe die in her Brother's arms because of them?
Save or Save not . . . no middle ground . . .

EIN GESPENST GEHT UM EUROPA
EIN GESPENST GEHT UM EUROPA
EIN GESPENST GEHT UM EUROPA
go ahead, tell me of eliot's whimpers
you'll be drowned out by the SCREAMS . . .

— Trent Anthony Berry

BLUE

One color
One word
So many shades.

The color of a late afternoon
Shadow on snow
An African's skin glistening
In the desert sun,
Of a Jay's throat.

The color of a distant ocean,
Deep and engulfing,
Of a street light
Reflected from a pistol,
Of bruised and battered flesh.

The color of rotating police lights,
Smearred across tenement windows,
Of a flame's intestines,
Of the faint traces of veins
Visible beneath the ghostly flesh
Of an elderly woman's forearms.

Of loneliness . . .

Of melancholy.

The Blues.

— Zerrick B. Gillam

ODE TO A BREW

Oh, unopened bottle of inspirational drink,
Cold to the touch
Yet warm to the heart,
The best is yet to come.

Slowly savoring its thirst quenching secrets
Delighting in even the premier drops
That drip down the side,
One consumes with natural ease
The powers of the **gods**.

The result is both the best and worst,
For, when ecstasy is gone,
The demons are unleashed
To claim the soul.

— Robert A. Hymes

The Pencil and The Drawing

TH

There was once a pencil
That drew a drawing
Called IT.
To IT, the pencil said,
“On my head is an eraser
That can erase anything
I draw or write.”

“You don’t say,” said IT
“Well, I don’t believe you one bit.”
So IT dared the pencil
To prove his claim
To prove his claim
Beyond a shadow of a doubt,
And without much effort,
The pencil stood on his head
And erased IT!
And that was the end of it.

— Raymon Keaton

The Black Woman

She’s mine
By choice and necessity
No one pleases me as she does.
No one can . . .

In beauty,
In affection,
She is unsurpassed,
For she has no equal.
She knows how to push me,
Just enough to succeed,
But never to the point of annoyance.

With her by my side
No one can surpass me,
And my success is hers
Because her strength
Increases mine.

— Ned Williams

The World Keeps Turning

If you wear black,
Then kindly, irritating strangers
Will touch your arm consolingly
And inform you
That the world keeps turning.

They're right.
It does.
No matter how much you beg
It to stop.

It turns
And grenadine spills over the horizon,
It sends bars of gold
Crashing through my window,
And I wake up and feel happy
For three seconds,
Then I wake and remember . . .

The world turns
And tips the people out of their beds
And into their cars,
Their offices,
An avalanche of tiny men and women
Tumbling through life . . .
All trying not to think about
Their ultimate destiny.

Sometimes it turns
And sends us
Reeling into each other's arms.
We cling tightly,
Excited and laughing,
Strangers thrown together
On a moving funhouse floor.
Intoxicated by the motion
We forget all the risks . . .
And then the world turns
And somebody falls off.
Oh God,
It's such a long way down.

Numb with shock,
We can only stand and watch,
As they fall from us,
Gradually getting smaller and smaller
Receding in our memories
Until they are no longer visible.

We gather in cemeteries
Tense and silent,
As if waiting for the sound
Of the splash of a pebble dropped
Into a darkened well,
Trying to measure its depth
Trying to measure how far we have to fall.

No impact comes
No splash
The moment passes.
The world turns
And we are turned away,
To get on with our lives.

We wrap ourselves
In comforting banalities
To keep us warm
Against the cold,
The darkness,
And no matter
How much we beg it to stop
The world keeps turning . . .

— Zerrick Gilliam

A Quiet Pure Day

The flute of the forest sings its sonnet—
And merry England is covered with mist—
But look ye to the left of my moor,
Ho! What bloody sight is this?

The Hangman of the Moors is stringing a noose
And on my estate's tallest tree!
I stroll to his presence and ask of the deed
He claims that the noose is for me!

My twined collar now fits in comfort—
My legs now swing with the wind!
The hangman smiles and laughs at my corpse—
Since I am the prize he shall win!

The countryside comes as a witness—
And sees my corpse hanging in air!
She knows there wasn't a Hangman—
Just suicide in bleak despair!

The flute of the forest sings its sonnet—
But my medieval castle shouts Truth!
The mountains laugh in the voice of the angels
And the Fountain springs with my Youth . . .

— Trent Anthony Berry

“Sand Castles”

When I was a child I dreamed of
Martians from outer space,
Tooth fairies leaving quarters and dimes underneath my pillow,
Witches making vile magic potions,
And the fictitious characters of Dr. Seuss' Cat in the Hat
All coming to play with me in my new sandbox.
In my sandbox playing God
I would pretend that together,
The dreamed up characters and I,
We would devise practical but simple childish acceptable
solutions
To the problems that faced our sandy world;
Together with our untarnished
Unbridled
Unrefined
Wild
And callow imaginations
We would invent new ingenious algorithms for regulating
nuclear weapons
For negotiating world peace
And for satisfactorily solving the domestic problems of our
sandy world of sand castles.

THEN I WAS A CHILD!

And before I could say, "Jack jumped over the candlestick"
Someone trampled on my sand castles and erased my wild

Unconventional

Unrefined

Unbridled

Childish

But productive creative mode of thinking.

Of all the things to say—they said that it was time,

Time to grow up

Time to put away such infantile thoughts,

Time to cease building sand castles,

And time to start thinking like an adult.

Yet, I was not ready to begin thinking like an adult—

Nor was I sure that I ever wanted to—

But I was forced to . . .

So I traded in my wild

Unrestrained

Creative

Carefree

Productive mode of thinking for one that was

Refined

Restricted

Conservative

Uncreative

And lonely . . .

NOW I AM AN ADULT!

Yet, my new mode of thinking offers no creative functional
algorithms

For the problems that lurk outside of my former sandy world.

Oh, would it were that adults would let the creative
imagination of children

Fully develop before casting them into the adult world!

And just maybe we would have

Better leaders to solve domestic problems prudently,

Better ambassadors to negotiate world peace

Presidents and Ambassadors building sand castles!

Silly, you say?

Better sand castles than missiles . . .

— Raymon Keaton

It's Over

THE TRUTH IS . . .

I love you
I need you
I want you
I care for you
I am crazy about you
I did not want it to end
I cannot be your friend
My heart is broken
If I cannot have you, right now, I want no one else
I do not know what to say to my friends
I cannot face you
I am crushed
I cannot think anymore
I do not care anymore
I would die for you
I cannot live without you
How can I survive?

— Jimmie L. Davis, Jr.

Flow River, Flow On

Flow River, Flow on . . .
Flow on past the ripples in the brook
Past the thirsty doe
That timidly stops to quench its thirst
Flow on, dear river,
Past the Indians
Who used your water to raise their crops
Flow River, flow on
Past the brook where
Momma Sarah Lee
Used to wash old Master John's clothes
Past the laurels of time
Back across the Atlantic
Back to my native land
Back to Africa--
Flow river
Dear river
Flow on . . .

— Raymon Keaton

Tribute to Richard Wright

FORGET those ignorant lambs who grow fat
Knowing not they've been plumped for the Slaughter
If America is king then call me a rat
Who sneak-steals on a ship to swoon a French daughter . . .

"I'm sorry, sir. I cannot accept those words.
I owe it to Marcel Proust
To tell you this, "amerloque"
Your society of excess
Reduces beauty to cannon jokes . . .
Why can't you stare into a spire and revel in awe?
Slither up to touch it—it's Divine Law
Men of millenia fighting for perfection
You witness their triumph in this temple's erection.
But you . . .
You would have it crushed in your hand like paper
Compared to your modern steel and skyscrapers.
But wherein lies the talent? wherein lies the time?
Wherein the inspiration for counterpoint rhyme?
Caught up in "PROGRESS", wouldn't you say?
But I will shout my very heart's vow today!
That Amiens, Chartres, Bourges and Beauvais
Shall climb to the Heaven in spite of their size-
In spite of your spoilt American eyes . . ."

NO . . . you don't UNDERSTAND!
It's so tough to tough when They're so tough to tough
If I toughed it out I would soon be less than tough
I would soon be less than dead—less than a man
For when you are colorful over there your dark makes it dark
for you . . .

What I say is simple—
What I mean is not . . . To say the sophisticated with the
simple is to call my race's name . . .

.....
"Perhaps I misjudged you, American. You are welcomed with
open arms."

— Trent Anthony Berry

Nothing But An Image

Those enigmatic times
When I face reality
And realize that the love we shared
Is gone,
And I ask,
"How did it all end?"

Wondering if your feelings ever
Matched mine,
I persevere,
Determined to keep moving,
Determined never to be completely down.

Did you mean it
When you whispered, "I love you"?
Were games
Your hallmark?
Your "apple for the day"?

It hurts,
God, it hurts!
And I dream
Of a time,
Any time,
That our paths
Will meet,
And the image
Will be renewed.

— Patrick Turner

Soft Words

Tenderly,
Softly,
So gently sent,
A word of love is spoken
Melting hearts
With passionate visions
Of flowing fields
Full of grace,
Encircling and entrancing
Both the lover and the beloved.

A melody unspoken,
Yet perceived
As hearts reach
For a common ground,
To nurture dreams.

— Chad A. Womack

The Ultimate Question

Is it just
To live in a country
Of Democracy
Of Majority
Of Conformity
Where reality is belief in plurality,
And not necessarily Justice?
After all
Slavery was an institution because
Of Democracy
Of Majority
Of conformity
And it was not Justice . . .

Is it right to have soldiers?
Men of might but not mind?
They Follow
They Emulate
They Conform
To think not alone but as one,
And not of peace but war,
To kill and be killed, as
Democracy
Conformity
And Majority
Control their actions and ideas.

It is not just,
It is not right,
For Democracy
Majority
And Conformity
To decide
My Life
My Thoughts
My Fate.
I am a
Man
One Man
With my mind,
Let me use it
To follow others
While leading them, too.

— Damon J. Phillips

The Hovering Old Oak Tree

The days of Summer old
Bright, brisk, sunny, and sweet
How I long to spend them
In the shade
Of that hovering old oak tree.
The oak tree that hovered
Over my ancestors
And now hovers
Over me.

Days go into nights
And nights into midnight,
Then into day again.
Still there hovers that
Old wise oak tree!
For it understands
The meaning of strength
And endurance,
The patience to stand
And wait.

What wisdom exists in that
Hovering old oak tree,
In the flowers with their
Fresh beauty,
In the ants
In their tireless ritual
Of building and rebuilding.
The whistling wind speaks
Its clarion proclamation,
Reminding us all
That there is something
To be learned from nature.

Perhaps that is why I love
Most to sit and think
Beneath that hovering
Wise old oak tree
The tree that hovered
Over my ancestors
And now hovers over me!

— Raymon Keaton

Mother

To one who bears the sweetest name,
And adds a luster to the same,
Who shares my happiness
Who cheers when sad,
The greatest friend I ever had.
Who heals my wounds
When there's no tomorrow,
Who makes me smile
When I'm filled with sorrow.
Long life to her,
For there is no other
Who can take the place
Of my dear mother.

— Patrick Turner

Forever and Always

You looked inside my fantasies and made one come true,
Something no one else had a chance to do.
Though afraid I may not see "forever" in your eyes,
I only ask that we strengthen the ties
With a bond so tight and a love so strong
That nothing could possibly ever go wrong.

— Patrick Truner

Freedom Is Greenback

Freedom is granted to those who have greenbacks
From the courtrooms to the rooming house
Greenbacks yield freedom
This never fails except
Maybe one in a thousand.
Freedom's flag is flown as a Greenback
Even justice bows to Queen Greenback
Who can not buy and sell all
From morals to traditions
From womanhood to loyalty
With a flick of some green!
Who is not a slave to Queen Greenback?
Even Freedom is her slave
For Freedom is a Greenback
No matter how you buy it.

— Raymon Keaton

MY LOVE

From the beginning
Star so bright
Forged from an ideal
So tenderly conceived
In a dove's memory
Fantasies unrevealed:
My love for you

Through time tested,
Passing scenes
From a young traveler's life,
An ideal everlasting,
Yet not untarnished
A bleeding heart
Remains to give thee:
My love burns for you.

Like a distant thought,
Painful and pleasurable,
Forgotten, but remembered,
Temporal, yet timeless,
Love slowly reveals to me
Feelings never felt
So deeply before:
Your love calls for me.

Unfulfilled dreams and fantasies,
Two brothers
Sustained by insecurities
Create turmoil.
Yet euphoria exists
On another plane,
In another state of mind.
For love felt so deeply
Would nourish both our hearts
As one,
Uniting the dream
With the dreamer
And transcending
All impediments.

— Chad Womack

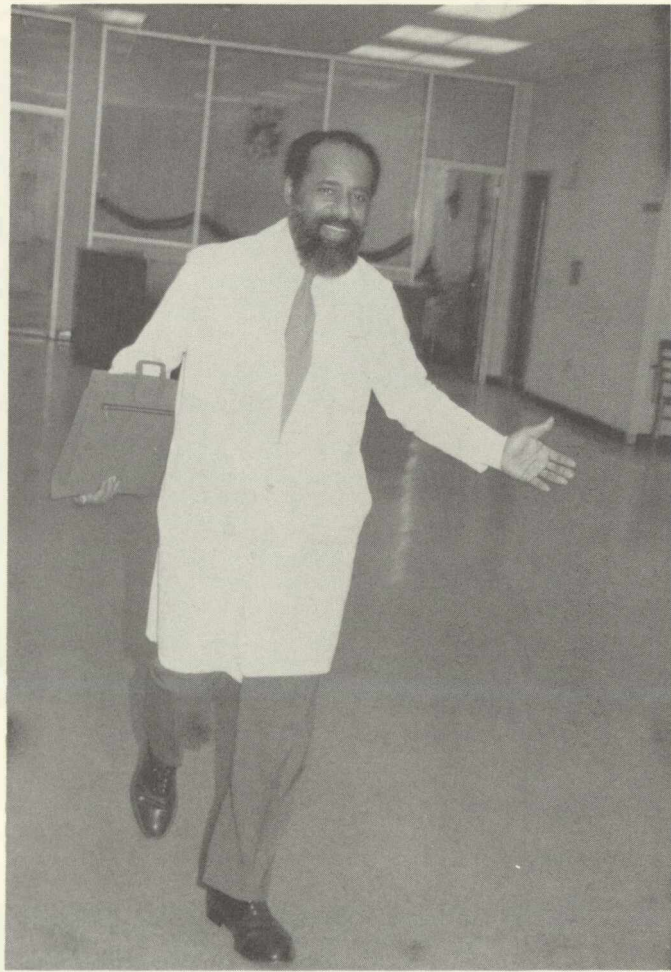
Reflections

"If a man has not found something worth giving his life for, he is not fit to live."

— Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

"It is not a disgrace not to reach the stars, but it is a disgrace to have no stars to reach. Not failure, but low aim, is sin."

— Dr. Benjamin E. Mays



Dr. Haynes—on His Way to Biology Lab



JAMES D. COOPER, JR.

RETOUCHED BY SANFORD BIGGERS



President Keith and Bill Cosby



President Keith and Calvin Johnson

Should I Tell My Parents?

With the alarming rise in teenage pregnancy and the frightening spread of AIDS, the use of contraceptives is fast becoming a necessity rather than a question. Yet, because of their age and dependency on their parents, teenagers have a special problem in obtaining contraceptives and in getting an abortion. Certainly, parents should be notified concerning any action taken that will affect the health of their children. But too many rules concerning parental consent will lead to an increase in the already spiraling birth rate in the United States. Studies indicated that by the time they are seventeen years of age, over fifty percent of all teenagers are sexually active. Of this number, only one-third use any kind of birth control. Even fewer teenagers would attempt to secure birth control devices if their parents' permission were required for them to do so. It is frightening to think how many more "babies will be having babies."

— Treye Andrew Thomas

Waits and Measures

Someone once said, "Patience is a virtue." Certainly, at Morehouse, patience does not lose its importance. In fact, at Morehouse one could not survive if patience were not a part of his character and outlook. While there is no class such as Patience 101 in the course offerings, patience is required from the first day the student steps on the campus. For the daily life of the lowly Morehouse freshman is filled with tests of his patience -- the long lines, the noisy, distracting surroundings uncondusive to study, the unpleasant people who love to tell students "no." Through all of this, the freshman emerges, confident, strong, proud--a far better person than he was when he came.

— Derrick Butler

In Defense of the Martial Arts

The media have done the martial arts a grave injustice. Whether it be on screen, on paper or in the ring, the media have portrayed only that part of the martial arts that they deem interesting. The plain and obvious fact is that the part of the martial arts that the media present is only superficial and shallow. Martial arts---true martial arts--are more spiritual than physical. In fact, if one examines the practices and the most important principles of the martial arts, one will find more than an outline for fighting, more than an outline for contemplation, but an outline for life. Although one can read about the spiritualism, the essence of the martial arts, true knowledge of them is experiential. How do we describe the taste of sugar? Verbal descriptions do not give us the sensation of it. To know the taste, we must experience it. Likewise, the true essence of the martial arts is not meant to be intellectualized; it is meant to be experienced. Thus, inevitably, words will convey only part of its meaning.

— Jonathan Gayles

The Road Not Taken

The decision-making process may be traced back as far as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Like Adam and Eve, people today continue to engage in decision-making processes which lead to devastating results. Not many people take "the road not traveled by," of which Robert Frost speaks, however. For, fear and intimidation cloud the thinking processes and hamper sound judgment and logical choices.

— Jimmie Lee Davis, Jr.

Like Robert Frost, whose decision "made all the difference", I had to make a decision that was to make the difference between failure and success. After I made the decision, however, I recanted it, suffered because of my disavowal of it, and recovered in time to continue down "the road less traveled by." After falling deeply in love with a very special young lady, I had to make the difficult decision concerning whether to continue my emotional involvement with her or to devote my attention to my studies as I pursued my college degree. As with most decision, this one was not easy. Finally, I made the painful decision that love would have to wait, especially since it conflicted with and hampered my academic progress. Later, I was faced with the same kind of decision, but this time I followed my emotions instead of reason. Unfortunately, my grades suffered, and I was distracted from my original goals and resolve to achieve academic success. Fortunately, I realized that I was moving down the wrong "road", and I quickly retraced my steps and returned to my former course. Unlike Frost, I traveled both roads, but like Frost, "the road less traveled by" has "made all the difference."

— Ned Williams

An 80's View of Booker T. Washington's Theory

Dr. Booker T. Washington was the much needed leader for Negroes during the period following the Civil War. In spite of the prevailing opinion during his time and even today to the contrary, Washington's economic and social theories were a key factor in the economic and political growth of blacks during the late 1800's and the early 1900's. By "playing a game" of politics, Washington effected the formation of a lucrative economic community for Negroes. The National Negro Business League and other associations formed in its fashion proved to be quite successful, for example, in fortifying the black community and in fostering self reliance among black people. Unfortunately, positive gains for which Washington was responsible are often overlooked in vituperative rhetoric and blatant misinterpretation.

— Benjamin Joseph Johnson, III

Peace on Earth

In an artist's perception, dark tones are necessary, indeed vital, to contrast with and therefore compliment the light tones of his work. Perhaps the Creator had the same design for our human existence, creating us with the potential for both peaceful and conflicting actions. And, perhaps the birth of Christ was meant to be a sign that, in spite of our two opposing natures, we must embrace peace and good, rather than war and evil.

— Zerrick B. Gillam

Ethnocentrism and Peace

Ethnocentrism, like all other forms of discrimination, finds its basis in stereotypification. A man of a certain race does not see a man of another race; rather, he sees the entire race. Not only is there a tendency to cluster people into groups, but there is also a tendency to give them generalized characteristics, most of which are negative. Stereotypification and ethnocentrism combined to bring about the Nazis, Ku Klux Klan, Black Revolutionaries, and other similar groups. As long as such groups and what they represent exist, peace on our earth will be an impossibility.

The institution that exemplifies the impossibility of "Peace on earth, good will toward men," perhaps more than anything else, is national government. For, government is the most egotistical organization in which mankind exists. It acts self-centeredly but attempts to portray an image of generosity and compassion. Even "save the world for democracy" has self-centered intentions. With this statement, Woodrow Wilson presented the assumption that the pro-democratic peoples must be belligerent towards non-democratic believers and promoters.

The goal of "Peace on earth, good will toward men" invokes a completely pure participation of humankind. The day man makes his transformation to a peaceful and benevolent state of thinking and existing, he fulfills the biblical legacy. He will no longer be human, but angelical; not selfish, but generous; not easily agitated, but pacifistical; not morose, but blissful. But until then, until Judgment Day when selfishness is cleansed from our existence, "Peace on earth, good will toward men" will be a mere arrangement of symbols as inconceivable as the power of God.

— Damon J. Phillips

Reinterpreting the Angels' Message

“Peace on earth, good will toward men.” These are the words the angels sang at the birth of our Savior, Jesus Christ and interpreted as the promise of some future where there will exist harmony among men. But could it be that our limited human perception misinterpreted the angels' message?

Viewing His infinite wisdom, we can assume that the Creator did not err in His design of the world. Instead, let us consider that we, as humans on this mortal plane, must embrace the triumphs of peace only after enduring the struggles of war. For, throughout every aspect of the existence of man, from the simple culture of the Neanderthals to the comparatively complex technological world of modern society, peace has always existed as an adjunct to conflict.

Whether between individuals, within nations, or even among countries with boundary disputes, peace and conflict have been counterparts of each other, co-existing in the same sense as day and night or light and dark. For, what is the value of peace if we cannot weigh it against the trammels of conflict? In order to fully realize the one, we must first acknowledge and experience the other. And, since the one always occurs in the aftermath of the other, each brings about a change that is conducive to the emergence of the other.

— Zerrick B. Gillam

Lighting a Candle in the Dark

A biography of Karl Marx, Mahatma Gandhi, and Jesus Christ shows that each experienced an event that altered his course of thought and elevated him to a higher state of mind. Marx witnessed the plight of the poor in his father's factories and was moved to advance the idea of social equality. Gandhi experienced the cutting edge of racism and fought back with the "double-edged sword" of nonviolent direct action. Moved by the moral depravity of the human condition, Jesus preached peace and brotherhood and eventually gave His life for the salvation of all humanity. Each dared to break the mold of conformity and reveal to the masses the injustice, cruelty, and wickedness of the world. They were all leaders because of their bravery to do battle with what was wrong, and they each lit a candle in the dark rather than curse the darkness.

— Emmanuel Austin Waddell, Jr.

Substance and Shadow: Dr. King's Dream and Forsyth County

On Saturday, January 24, 1987, twenty thousand marchers descended on Forsyth county, Georgia, to protest racism in that area. No blacks live in this county and have not done so since the early part of this century when they were literally run out after a black man was accused of raping a white woman. Blacks were forced to leave their homes, their land, and most of their personal belongings when the terrible edict was proclaimed, "Leave Forsyth County by sundown." Thus, we marched for justice, morally and constitutionally. We marched for the unification of peoples everywhere, but especially for those who left Forsyth county and those who remained. Little did the whites of Forsyth county know, however, that we also marched in love. If oppressed people can express magnanimous love for their oppressors, then surely the oppressors can have a change of heart and love them just as well. In this attempt to demonstrate a redemptive love, the marchers proclaimed to the entire world that Dr. King's dream lives on.

— Benjamin J. Johnson, III

One Nation Under God: Reflections on the Dream

Sometimes, in order to understand a dream fully, one has to walk in the shoes of the dreamer. On January 24, 1987, I walked through Cummings, Georgia, an all-white town in the county of Forsyth, with thousands of other demonstrators in a march for freedom. As I marched, I realized that the inimitable dream of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. is fully embodied in the meaning to the stars and stripes of the great United States flag. The antithesis of his dream finds its representation in the repugnant rebel flag. Forsyth county was reminded that it is inside of the state of Georgia, which is inside of the country of the United States of America. The desire for a white America is anti-American and incompatible with the aspirations of a growing number of Americans who want this nation to be what it was meant to be.

— Brian S. Register

The Flip Side of the Same Coin: Nightmare in Forsyth County

In order for me to make any judgement concerning the effectiveness of Dr. King's work in civil rights and the far reaching implications of his dream, I had to see the "flip side" of the race relations coin, the side with which I had no experience, the side of hatred. As the Forsyth County March got underway, the residents drove by us with Confederate flags flying high and with their middle fingers extended in unmistakable insult. We marched, trying to ignore them, but I remained captivated by them. I really could not believe what I was seeing. These people did not know me and had never seen me before, but they hated me, not for any sensible reason, but merely because I was different. I now felt what millions of blacks had felt in America for hundreds of years. I had finally come in touch with what it truly means to be black in America, and I did not like it. This was the flip side of the proverbial coin, the side Dr. King had tried to eradicate with his dream, the side with nightmare proportions. It was the side that I had never really experienced and that I will never forget.

— Derrick Butler

Finding the Right Word to Describe Forsyth County

Racism is one of those words the meaning of which you have to experience in order to comprehend it fully. Prior to the Forsyth County March, many of us had been led to believe that racism is ignorance. As waves of unaccustomed fear gripped me when I saw my first klansman, I knew that racism is more than ignorance. For, while racism may be initiated by ignorance, the two words are not synonymous. Ignorance is the refusal to accept an indisputable fact. On the other hand, racism involves focused and directed hatred; inexcusable, accepted and rationalized injustices. The abject epitome of these factors is the white clad Ku Klux Klan with all of its vituperative hatred for minorities and oppressed groups. Unlike racism, ignorance may even evoke compassion, but in Forsyth County on that cold winter day, I saw nothing that even remotely resembled compassion.

— Anthony Reeves

Reflections on Dr. King's Dream: Twenty Years Later

Although Dr. King's dream is not dead, it is caught up in an incongruent web of a new black attitude, a misplaced focus on the meaning of the dream, and a predominantly unchanged white attitude toward blacks in American society. The black man's militant attitude toward effecting a means to achieve justice and equality in this country provides stumbling blocks, rather than stepping stones, to the fulfillment of the dream. The tendency to celebrate Dr. King, the man, rather than the manner of the man in all of its implications, expends energy needlessly in a vacuous display of pomp and circumstance. And, although the white man cannot lynch the black man without repercussions from the dictum of the law of the land, racist attitudes continue to delay any chances of unity between the races. Yet, with continued collective efforts on the part of optimistic blacks and whites alike, the pursuit of Dr. King's dream will overcome, in time, the debilitating attitudes of those who seek to destroy it.

— Caesar C. Mitchell

The apartheid regime in South Africa is a blight on humanity and a constant reminder of the civil rights struggle led by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. in the 1960's. Many Americans who remember those days of strife and injustice vehemently protest the actions and existence of such a regime, as they did in the days of the great "Drum Major." Yet, in the self-same country which opposes civil injustice so admirably, there exists a county in Georgia so filled with hatred that it verges on acute xenophobia. Is there any wonder that South Africa remains a haven of racism and a hotbed of civil strife when the Dream of Dr. King has not yet come to its fruition?

— Roland G. Dawkins

Choosing the Better Virtues

One of man's greatest shortcomings is his contempt of his fellowman. For centuries this contempt has been displayed in violent and destructive ways and has been responsible for the destruction of nations, the crippling of cultures, and the extinction of civilizations. In order to overcome this negative emotion, man must become aware of its destructive potential and embrace his fellowman, not as an enemy, but as a friend. This can be accomplished only if man sees cooperation with his fellowman as his greatest resource for progress. For, while there is no harm in wanting the best for oneself (because such helps to produce inner joy and satisfaction), it is a calamity for a man to suffer as the result of the selfish acts of another. Thus, in his struggle to distinguish right from wrong, love from hate, and good from evil, man must be clear of vision and humble of spirit in order to choose the better of these virtues.

— Caesar C. Mitchell

Color-Consciousness

Colors have an importance today that matches their multiplicity. Every tangible thing has at least one color. If it is not its own color, then the material has color reflected from other things, as is the case with glass. Although people and institutions minimize the significance of color, every people and therefore every person has a color. In actuality people pay a surprising amount of attention to it--more than they would have known. For instance, I was looking around in a very fine department store one evening. Evidently, other people were also looking at me. I am told that a white security guard with a walkie-talkie warned another grey-suited white security guard to "watch the black in the green jacket." The world is surely color-conscious.

— Curtis V. Goings

The Rat That Lived in the Dorm

There was a rat that lived in Hubert Hall at one time during the school year. He was responsible for quite a commotion. The occupants of the hall were up in arms trying to kill him. Mice are common visitors to almost all the rooms, but the rat caused controversy since it was several times bigger than most rats and certainly was more of a physical and psychological threat. One would fear the size of a bite from a rat far more than one would fear the bite of a mouse. One day the rat jumped from behind a trashcan in the hall. It had very unkempt fur, and one could see that this was not a rat being plumped for laboratory experiments, but one that was a savage fighter. A boy from Atlanta brought a shovel from home just for the occasion and smashed the rat as hard as he could. The rat was still moving and trying to escape, so it was doused with a can of lighter fluid and promptly set aflame. I was on hand to witness this spectacle, and it inspired me to write a poem celebrating the passing of the rodent:

To live among rats is not a shame,
But it's just not what I had in mind.
When one's apprehended, you set it aflame;
But eight more will bite back in kind.
Attacking, then scurrying to a heater-hold.
How can one have pest control?

— Trent Anthony Berry

Once, Twice, Three Times A Lady

She has sent four children to college and has one child entering his first year of secondary school. She earned a Doctorate in Jurisprudence while one child was enrolled at Northwestern University, another in secondary school, another in elementary school, and still another an infant. She has since been elected to her first term as President-elect of the Illinois Cook County Bar Association. She has served the multipurpose role of Doctor, Lawyer, Security Guard, Cook, and guardian for five children. One wonders how can one woman perform all of these feats without any outside help? But that's just my MOM!

— Andre M. Thapedi

1986 In Retrospect

The year 1986 was not all bad. Although my life did not take a positive turn until the second half of the year, as the year progressed things got better. From the time I left home in August to attend Morehouse College, I felt that for the first time in months I was able to sort things out. Getting away from home made me realize that most of the problems I had perceived during the first part of the year were really quite trivial and never deserved any priority in my life in the first place. Then, too, I had a great deal to be thankful for in that there had been no deaths in the family, I had finished high school, and I had been accepted by my first choice of colleges, Morehouse. Who could ask for much more?

— Sam Gilmore

After One Semester at the 'House

I have made my last room check, and now it is time to leave for home. As I walk down the two flights of stairs of my dormitory, I am already beginning to miss Hubert Hall and all of my recently acquired friends. Outside, the sky is filled with billowy white cluds that seem to pacify rather than depress me like most cloudy days do. The weather is cool and simply peaceful as I get in my car and head for home.

I have been home three times since I enrolled at Morehouse College. Each time, I was acutely aware of how much I was changing from the wide-eyed teenager that I was last August to a serious-minded and genuinely committed college man. I had learned to understand and to respect members of the opposite sex. Long lines and inordinate delays had taught me patience. And, surprisingly enough, I had come to understand my father and our relationship far better than ever before.

"Milledgeville City Limits," indicates the three-feet high green and white sign. Two hours could not have possibly passed by this fast, nor could the nearly five months since I had been home, for that matter. The clouds have broken, and I am beginning to see some blue in the sky. This is going to be a great homecoming, for I have matured considerably since the first time I left for school. Being at the 'House has changed me, and I am a better man for it.

— Anthony Reeves

Mrs. Johnson
First Grade
Math Class

Marcellis C. Burksdale, child scholar, Future PhD
In partial fulfillment
of the requirements
for first grade math
Professor Mrs. Johnson
Course First Grade Math
School Carver Elementary
December 2, 1946

Mary Jones

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ + 2 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$

Mike Jones

$$\begin{array}{r} 17 \\ - 8 \\ \hline 9 \end{array}$$

John Smith

$$\begin{array}{r} 8 \\ + 3 \\ \hline 11 \end{array}$$

I.M. Dum

$$\begin{array}{r} 0 \\ + 2 \\ \hline 2 \end{array}$$

Henry Gore

$$\begin{array}{r} 8 \\ + 13 \\ \hline 21 \end{array}$$

Proof

Let $f(x) = 8$

$g(x) = 13$

$h(x) = 21$

By hypothesis 8, 13, 21 are real $\therefore 8+13=21$

It suffices to show
that $f(x) + g(x) = h(x)$
to prove this we must
show that $\forall \epsilon > 0 \exists$

$\delta > 0 \Rightarrow$

$|f(x) + g(x) - h(x)| < \epsilon$ iff

$\epsilon - \delta \leq h(x) \leq \epsilon + \delta$

By the 1st Fund. Thm.
of Add, in conjunction with
theorems on limits

$\lim_{\delta \rightarrow 0} \epsilon - \delta = \epsilon$

$\therefore \epsilon \leq h(x) \leq \epsilon$

Since $|f(x) + g(x) - h(x)| < \epsilon$

if $\epsilon - \delta$ and $\delta < 10^{-30}$

then $f(x) + g(x) = h(x)$

Also $\int_a^b (f(x) + g(x)) dx = \int_a^b h(x) dx$

$\therefore \lim_{||\Delta x|| \rightarrow 0} \sum_{i=1}^n (f(x_i) + g(x_i)) = \lim_{||\Delta x|| \rightarrow 0} \sum_{i=1}^n h(x_i)$

iff $\lim_{||\Delta x|| \rightarrow 0} \sum_{i=1}^n f(x_i) + g(x_i) = \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \sum_{i=1}^n h(x_i)$

QED

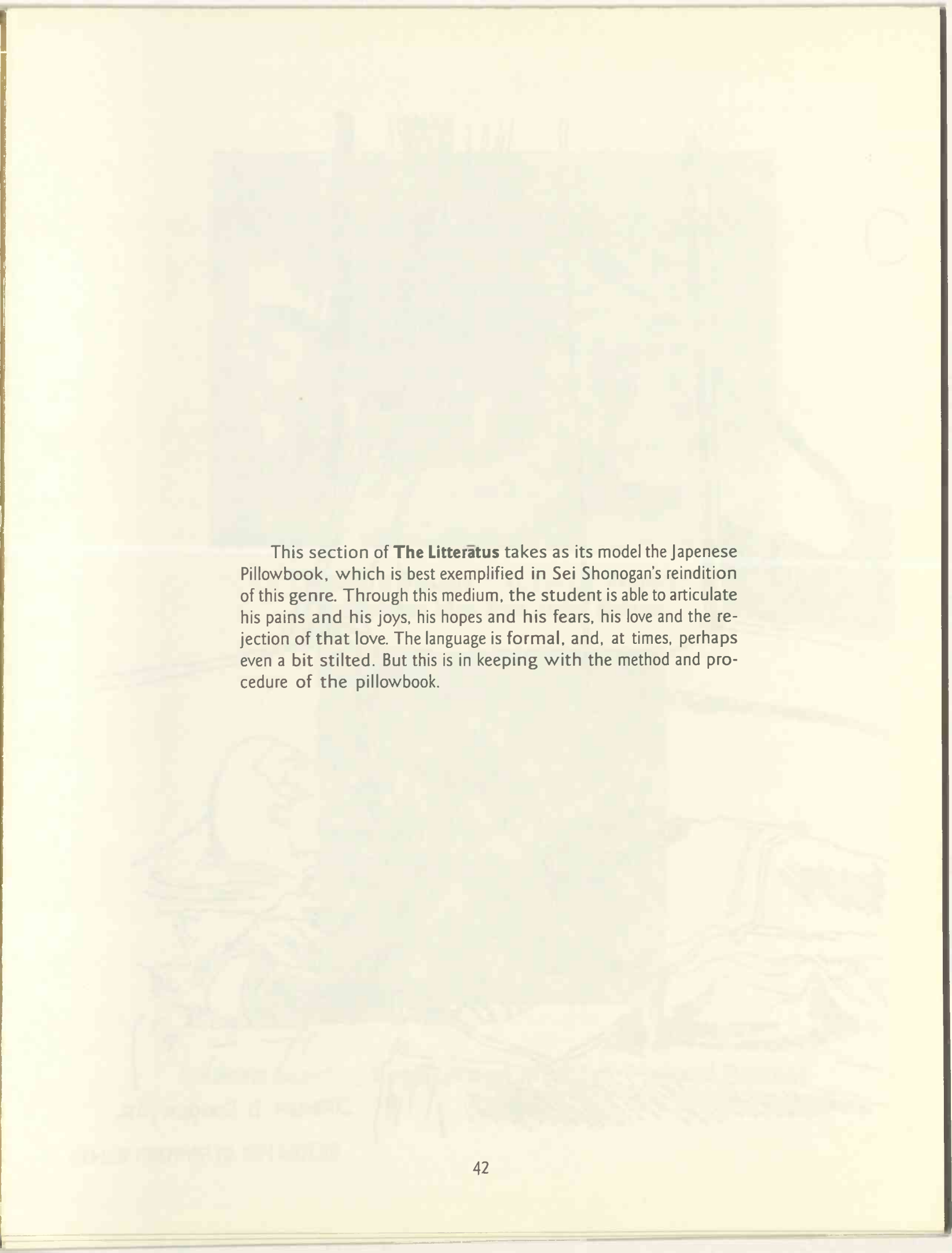
DR. HENRY GORE'S FIRST DAY AT THE BOARD
IN HIS FIRST GRADE
MATH CLASS

— By Kenneth Grimes

The Pillow Book

“It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we must hunger after them.”

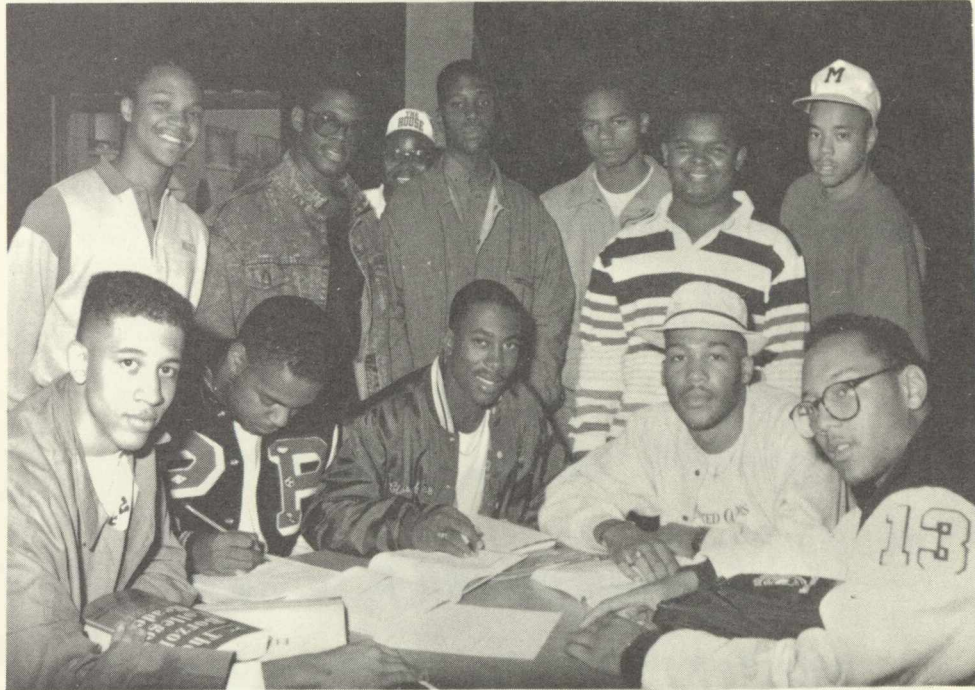
— George Eliot



This section of **The Litterātus** takes as its model the Japanese Pillowbook, which is best exemplified in Sei Shonogan's rendition of this genre. Through this medium, the student is able to articulate his pains and his joys, his hopes and his fears, his love and the rejection of that love. The language is formal, and, at times, perhaps even a bit stilted. But this is in keeping with the method and procedure of the pillowbook.



JAMES D. COOPER, JR.
RETOUCHED BY SANFORD BIGGERS



**“Failure Busters“ Tutorial Project:
A Retreat Idea Put into Action**



Students Leaving Camp Glisson after Fall Weekend Retreat

Springtime In Atlanta

People smiling. The weather grand. Even the dreary Mar-
ta buses take on a certain radiance. One's outlook is brightened
as the days begin to lengthen. Walking hand in hand with one's
lover among the cherry blossoms. Ah, even the worn-out
students show signs of renewal. Shorts. Short
shorts. Tank tops and no shoes. What a wonderful sight to see
the joggers in a mad frenzy, racing through the park! At night,
the myriad of lights shining brightly on a crystal clear night. The
stars wink and beckon one to stay out a while. There is no greater
place to be than in Atlanta in the spring!

— William Boynes, Jr.

Lovable Things

Summertime. Being in the arms of one's lover. The smell of a brand new car. The feel of a crisp one-hundred dollar bill. An **A** on a World Literature project. 4.0 grade point average. Spelman college. An uncrowded Marta train. A weekend free of school work. Daydreaming. Feeling at home. The city at Christmas time. Being Black. Spring break, summer break, Thanksgiving break, Christmas break, coffee break, lunch break. Being a volunteer. Writing a Pillow Book.

— William Boynes, Jr.

Summertime In Newark

Hot and sweaty. Dirty and muggy. The smell of rotting garbage. Kids screeching at the top of their lungs. Broken down people staring out of broken down houses. Rape, theft, murder-crime of all kinds up 300%. People. Litter, Pollution. Dirt piled up for days because sanitation is on strike. 105 degrees and no relief in the forecast. The smiling faces of the powers that be, sitting in air-conditioned television stations, making empty promises that things will be better. Hot times. Summer in the city.

— William Boynes, Jr.

Day In, Day Out

A loud buzzing sound at the crack of dawn starting the day. Tripping over the typewriter left from last night's cramming session. Stumbling into a cold shower. Stepping into today's uniform. Ready to face the day. Teachers nagging. **A** student's bragging. The administration lagging. 12:00 noon. Hustle, bustle, heading to work. "I need this. I need that." "Where is that report?" "Why are you late?" "We need someone to work overtime!" 7:00 p.m. Another bus trip, this time to the library. Exams tomorrow. 12:00 a.m. Quiet trip home. "Had a good day?" the bus driver asks. "No," someone replies . . . "Just another day." OUT.

— William Boynes, Jr.

Things I Like

Small fast cars - blue - black - pencils - hot dogs - hot chocolate
- hamburgers - sleep - tennis - clothes - money - work - sincerity
- truth - friends - pizza - peanut butter & jelly - wheat bread - music
- water - trains - the telephone - Atlanta - Chicago - root beer -
waterbeds - quiet - breakfast - listening - swimming - eyes - legs
- haircuts - green - statistics - Christmas - vacations - Thursdays -
May - January - thoughtfulness - a fireplace - snow - sweaters - heat
- brushes - beer - blankets - motorcycles - driving - walking - con-
versation in early morning hours - "David Letterman" - "Maude"
- "The Jeffersons" - piano - sofas - Marvin Gaye - the beach - par-
ties - baths - GQ - Ebony - Newsweek - Tapper (a video game) -
cinnamon rolls - biscuits - imaginative bedrooms - letters - small
children - babies - being with close friends - night - strawberry milk
- the floor - being me.

Things I Hate

Peas - carrots - afternoons - driving during the day - (go-go music)
- golf - snow - concerts - big gatherings - being lied to - phoniness
- confusion - pears - big luxury cars - pink - pens - science - doctors
- Burger King - arrogant people - impatience - (pre-teens) - hard li-
quor - mayonaise - white bread - oranges with seeds - green apples
- cherries - liver - finger nails - mustard - socks - house shoes - most
perfumes - lots of make up - grammar school - the organ - smelly
people - public transportation - airplanes - long car rides - "Love
Boat (The)" - green cars - racism - cliques - vests - ties - restaurants
- writing letters - skateboards - poker - chess - neatness - being dress-
ed ready to go somewhere and having to wait for someone else to
get ready - saying "no" to someone - Hostess Ding-Dongs - anything
with marshmallow fillings - stewed tomatoes - cheddar cheese -
cloudy days - forgetfulness - pickles - escalators - alarm clocks -
cigarettes smoke - cigars - snoring - someone rubbing my hair the
wrong way - birds.

— Rich L. Hooper

Pleasant Things

A dramatic slam dunk that wins a close basketball game. The joy of waking up early on a rainy morning to find that it is Saturday and one can go back to sleep. Receiving the top score on a test which everyone else has failed. Eating pizza during a late night study session. The pleasure of knowing that home is only an hour and forty-five minutes away. Meeting a young lady with a great personality. Making **A** when one thought one earned a **C**. Watching a hummingbird fly from flower to flower. Winning a long game of Chess. Watching color television. Playing football on a cool winter afternoon. Being first in any line--for a change. Solving a Set Theory problem after hours of toil. Reading the **Atlanta Constitution** and seeing that someone has finally recognized racism in the Black Belt. Running swiftly. Realizing that through all of the shortcomings of Morehouse, that special lady is always there.

— Lewis L. Roberts, Jr.

A beautiful Autumn day. A full mailbox. Achieving a goal. The first snow. The last day of Winter. A good grade report. Going home. Leaving home. Economic prosperity. Winning. Doing a good job. A true friend.

— Andre A. Moore

Pleasant Things

A firm handshake. An "A" on an important test or paper. A job well done. A visit to Spelman's campus is most pleasant. The first signs of Spring. Love. A warm shirt fresh from the dryer. A walk in the rain on a summer day. A baby. Loyalty. The courage to stand on one's own chances of winning or losing. The realization of a dream come true.

— Devin Hargrove

Happy Things

The distinct smell of home. The return of a loved one from a long trip. Seeing an old classmate whom one did not know was "dead or alive." The Morehouse football team WINNING. High school graduation.

— Mondibo Kelsey

Happy Things

Buying those new shoes from Berger's after a week of bagging groceries. A dancer who effortlessly glides through the air. Strolling through the park with a gentle, zephyrous wind behind one. The crowd found there around the old man playing his saxophone for passers-by. Birthday cards from friends. A warm embrace. The night before Christmas.

— Curtis V. Goings

Getting a letter from one's family. When one goes to a store and the salesperson gives one too much change. Listening to an old jazz tape on a rainy, Sunday afternoon. Watching an A.C.C. basketball game on television. Eating a piece of homemade chocolate chip cake. Getting a good looking haircut. Going to the store and buying some new clothes. Buying some new clothes that look good and are a good bargain. Playing basketball. Listening to Miles Davis or Earl Klugh records late at night. Watching St. Elsewhere every Wednesday night. Getting up Christmas morning and opening presents under the Christmas tree. Sleeping late on a cold winter morning and waking up to the smell of bacon cooking. Watching Bugs Bunny cartoons on a Saturday morning. Seeing a newborn baby yawn. Watching a Clint Eastwood cowboy movie and knowing that the good guys will always win.

— Tyrone Baines

Favorites of Life

The brotherhood of man. Watching the moon at its closest point to earth, looming above -- shiny, friendly, yet most powerful. James Bond movies. **Native Son.** **The Invisible Man.** An electric guitar producing hot sounds of jazz-fusion at 3:00 a.m. on a Saturday. **Huis Clos.** Les Mouches. Looking at paintings by Toulouse-Lautrec and observing the colors whip head-first into one another. Looking at the paintings of Renoir and seeing the color shimmer off the canvas and into my mind's eye. Attempting to see the Pyramids in one's head and to estimate how large and how high they really are. Reading Benjamin Mays and feeling one's heart swell with pride, one's body fill with resolve, and mind tremble with respect, awe, and love. Holograms. Eating in the Sun-Dial atop the Peachtree Hotel and staring down on the entire city of Atlanta, as far as the eye can see. Listening to records sung by Bessie Smith. Watching Blacks gain footholds in corporate America. Studying when one is motivated and inspired. Seeing morally concerned individuals try as hard as possible to change the world for the better. Watching intricate computer graphics programs come to fruition. The fabulous interior architecture of the Onmi Hotel. Going to a first-rate play. Watching Bill Cosby's excellent television show. Sunday mornings. A good musical. Programming a synthesizer. Liquid flame. Finishing a difficult paper and being satisfied with one's labors. Cereal. And sleep. Sleep is a time of temporary retirement from the world:

I'm not one for Suicide, but I'm all for Sleep,
Both fill the same vial, you see:
One is escape and so is the other,
The first lasts eternity.
Not through vanity but by hope
Do I keep myself in this place;
Sleep gives a chance at the Bold Tomorrow
Suicide leaves naught but Space.
Suicide, then, is a one-shot balm
that certainly will kill your woes;
But Sleep, though weaker, still leaves a chance
A tomorrow to conquer one's foes.

— Trent Anthony Berry

Trying To Understand Women

Trying to understand women is a hopeless endeavor. The only statement which can be made about "All Women" is that "All women are different."

— James H. Shelton, III

That's Frustrating!

Watching others receive praise for one's work. Wanting and working but never having. Loving one who loves another. Being penalized for that over which one has no control. Hurting and not knowing why.

— James H. Shelton, III

Fruitless Things

Studying at the last minute for a major test. Looking to receive letters without having written anyone. Convincing a teacher that one really did lose one's homework. Teaching one who does not want to learn. Pushing a rope. Debating a fool. Taking drugs. Scheming to make a fast buck. Hindsight. Dating a status seeker. Cheating. Lying. Waiting for something good to happen. Drinking and driving. Giving up hope. Procrastinating. Reaping without sowing. Ignoring the mistakes of others. Buying a lottery ticket. Asking one's next-door neighbor to lower the volume of his stereo. Cleaning one's room. Studying in bed.

Basketball

A well-timed block. A graceful spin dribble. A powerful slam-dunk. A deceptive pass. A high-arching jump-shot. The swishing of nets. A thrilling last second shot.

A True Friend

A true friend will give one his last dollar and will not tell one that it is his last. A true friend is there at planting time and at harvest, at high tide as well as low, at sun-up and at sun-down. Above all, a true friend knows one better than you know oneself.

— Gregory Allen

Black Folk

Once slaves, overworked and not paid. Now free, overworked and underpaid. Last hired. First fired. This is the continuing saga of Black Folk. Forced from the motherland, bereft of language and culture, Black Folk survived and built this land called America. Life for Black Folk has always been a struggle, but they are strong. Life for Black Folk has always been unfair, but they have endured. Fortified by a Divine Grace, They, too, have been a chosen people.

— Ronald S. Sullivan

He's Gotta Have It

Playboys and loverboys. Having a girl in five different cities. Having two girls at the same time. One girl calls when one is on the line with another. Going out with a different girl every night of the weekend. Using the same opening line on every girl. Having a date with two girls on the same night. Getting caught.

— Lawrence M. Algee

State of Depression

The loss of a family member. A one-night stand that turns into a lifetime commitment. A long time girlfriend that bears a child for one's best friend back home. Walking down a cold, rainy, desolate street, yet it is filled with thousands of people. The halls of an old high school building that holds a lifetime of priceless memories. A life-long dream that ends with one crucial mistake or misfortune. Failing to return one's love when it is offered, then discovering that it is no longer offered when one finally decides to get involved in the relationship.

— Patrick W. Turner

Depressing Things

Being at home alone on a Friday or a Saturday night. Being stood up. Hearing a love song on the radio when one has just lost one's love. Saying something in jest and having a loved one be hurt by it. Too many problems on one's mind. A relative or close friend becoming ill. This is even more depressing if that person should die.

— Don R. Shegog

Annoying Things

Relentless interrogation. A whining child gasping for air. Unwarranted insults. An alarm clock that works too well. The city boy who blatantly abuses one's property and excuses it by saying, "I thought you said I could" Cigarette smoke in a car with all the windows rolled up. Toilet stalls with no tissue. The heater that fails to operate in November, December, or January, yet radiates heat profusely in March, April, and May.

— Curtis V. Goings

The noise chalk makes against a freshly washed blackboard. Being the only one who can type in a group when there is a fifty-page report due. Waking up thirty minutes late for class when one's roommate left an hour before. Arguing with someone who knows that he is wrong but will not admit it. Watching the climactic scene of a film when the television station goes to a commercial. Missing the Bill Cosby Show. Viewing President Reagan making a speech on a social problem which he knows nothing about. Going out of one's way to help a friend who does not appreciate one's efforts.

— Lewis L. Roberts, Jr.

Embarrassing Things

How embarrassing it is to walk halfway down a crowded corridor after leaving the bathroom, only to realize that a lengthy piece of toilet tissue is mysteriously attached to the end of one's shoe. Embarrassing indeed! It is most embarrassing to go to the chalkboard in one's Calculus class, confident that one has the right answer, only to discover that one has solved the wrong problem. It is equally embarrassing for one to wake up in the morning and try to dress while half asleep and discover later in the day that one's green and white shirt really does not match the orange pants that one is wearing.

More embarrassing things: Showing up dressed informally at a formal event. Wearing obviously mismatched socks. Not knowing the words to "Dear Old Morehouse" on Founder's Day. Returning to a store that terminated one's employment there to purchase a few items. Asking a pretty young lady for a dance at the biggest party of the year and being turned down. Asking her friend and being rejected again. Wearing clothes that are out-of-style. Forgetting the name of a friend who approaches but casually covering it up by saying, "Heeeeeey" (instead of "Hey, Mike" or "Hey, Lisa").

— Leslie E. Allen

Sad Things

Seeing a terminally ill baby. Going to funerals. Going to Calculus class at 8:00 every morning. Seeing a mother slap a little baby for crying in the department store. Teenage pregnancy. Knowing that some kids do not get presents at Christmas time. Losing a favorite record or tape. Drinking the last part of a double chocolate milkshake on a hot summer day.

— Tyrone Baines

Painful Experiences

The death of a sibling. The death of a parent. Love and concern given but never returned. Trauma - finding out you are adopted when you were not supposed to know and had been told otherwise. Being denied a college education because of financial difficulties. The death of a friend by suicide. Realizing that the direction in life chosen leads nowhere but to dead ends.

— Will Otis Cobb, Jr.

Troubling Things

A war without a cause. A disease without a cure. An unborn baby killed before it can take its first breath of life. An integrated society with segregated thinking. A bright young mind destroyed by drugs. A family without love. A fertile country with starving people. A child alone for Christmas. A society where all are equal yet none are treated fairly. Trying to love thy neighbor although thy neighbor is a racist. Turning the other cheek with fear that it may be blown away. Going to bed with the fear that tomorrow may never come. Nuclear war being seen as a means to an end. The cruel realization that this is a cold, hard world.

Hateful Things

Receiving a telephone call just as one is falling asleep; Being in the presence of one who is a chain smoker; Most hateful is a female chain smoker. Being in the presence of one who must use profanity in every clause; Being in a room filled with noisy people. One who criticizes others for the way they believe; One who only wishes to talk about himself; One who is indecisive; One who preaches much, but who lives little that he preaches. One who is always willing to give advice, but never willing to accept any; One who is a constant complainer; One who enjoys criticizing you around others. One who would rather cheat than study; One who would rather steal than work. One who clears one's throat at the dinner table; Sitting next to someone with a awful body odor; Someone who has a terrible mouth odor. One who spits on the cement; One who throws old chewing gum on the cement. Cold food; An unsanitary person inviting one over for dinner; Finding hair in one's food. Cold, rainy weather; Having to have to take a cold shower in cold weather because there is no hot water.

— Terence Merritt

Hateful Things

Waiting for a person who is late. One who borrows things and does not return them. People who talk constantly in the library while one is studying for a major exam. An empty beer mug. Accidentally erasing a favorite tape. Being awakened in the middle of a good dream. Having a cold in the summer. Making a careless error on an exam. Having a fight with one's girlfriend. Finding that someone has eaten the last brownie being saved for later.

— Robert A. Hymes

When one is in a hurry and the train gets stuck between stations--every station. One arrives on time to a meeting to discover that it takes place the next day. Inviting one's lover to a quiet evening at home only to be disturbed by a little sister. Hateful! Having to carry home bulky packages since one does not own a car. Rushing to get home to view one's favorite television show. At the door it is remembered that one's keys were left at the office. Waking up at 9:00 a.m. and having an 8:00 class.

— William Boynes, Jr.

A Newly Washed Car on a Rainy Day

It is such a grave misfortune to be compelled to drive one's newly washed car on a rainy day. Splash, splosh, spit, splat goes the dirt filled water as it gives one's car a new "washing". One grits his teeth and proceeds onward, longing for the first chance to wash the car again and to drive preferably on a dry, sunny day for all to see.

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

Morehouse College on a Rainy Day

Disaster! All of Morehouse's sidewalks and walking areas turn into a big drainage system on a rainy day. Nowhere is there to be found a single walking spot without an enormous puddle of water through which to tread while on one's way across campus. From Brawley Hall to Mays Hall stretches the Atlantic Ocean on a rainy day. High and low, near and far---the grounds become the Fulton County Drainage Plant with the least drop of rain. Even the grass areas are flooded to their capacity with the waterful blessing from above. Could this be only at Morehouse? What a disaster.

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

After Failing An Examination

It is always a depressing moment when one has learned that one has failed an examination. This is the case even when one knows that one did not study, and that there was little hope of passing the examination in the first place. Immediately after the notice of failure, one experiences self doubt and uneasiness. Soon one begins to rationalize reasons for the unhappy mark, and one begins to place the blame on others: Incompetent teachers. Roommates who made too much noise. Insensitive friends. Then one consoles oneself with the thought that others failed the examination, too. (Misery loves company!) Eventually, the blame comes back on oneself, and one determines to do better on the next examination.

Noel H. Whelchel

Having Prepared for the Class Lecture

It is so delightful to sit in a class lecture when one has prepared thoroughly by doing the assigned outside reading. Each statement, term, or phrase uttered by the professor is heard with brilliant familiarity. Questions and hypothetical situations which long to be shared with others who are listening begin to formulate in one's mind. Such a pleasure and a feeling of accomplishment it is to know that one is ready to answer any question posed on the assigned material. Needless to say, this is bliss which will be culminated by the appearance of a big fat "A" on one's report card.

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

Familiar Sayings of Various Languages

Que sera, sera. What's up? Take a chill pill. Servus. Was ist? That's water under the bridge. Chip off of the old block does not fly far. Bet it up! Why are you going off on me like that? Il ne faus pas. It's like totally awesome man! 10-4 Good Buddy, the "pig" is ten miles behind, Roger. Du bist ein faul fur die insel. I could have her with chips. She is a brickhouse. He's a hunk! ?Que pasa? C'est la vie. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Tu es la jeune fille de mes reveses. Mir ist egal.

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

Dorm Life

Having to listen to one's neighbor's loud rap music. Taking cold showers. Inadequate heat in the winter months. Constant interruptions all day long. Waiting for a roommate to go to sleep and turn off all the lights. Lack of privacy. Having to arise early in the morning before one's paper is stolen. Late night study sessions. Living with a rat. Never being lonely. Mukasa giving a seminar. Comradary.

— Robert A. Hymes

Roaches

Something must have gone awry in evolution for there now exists the roach, a creature for which there is no apparent useful activity. If evolution was not the means by which life was created on earth, the God must have been in a cantankerous mood when he thought of the roach. With an anatomy so grotesque that even the greatest naturalist must admit that there is no other sight so horrid, the roach is easily the most disgusting creature in the world. With twitching antennae, a gnawing oral cavity, and a heaving abdomen, the roach crawls into the world of humans, wreaking havoc in its path. When confronted by humans the roach sometimes stands its ground, trying to assert ownership over a particularly fruitful domain---what abhorrent creatures.

— Forbes Barnwell

Homecoming Weekend

Plans for Homecoming weekend begin during the summer. Hotel reservations are made and friends are invited to stay for the weekend. Once fall starts there are periodic homecoming committee meetings and speculations on who would perform in the homecoming concert. By mid to late October everyone is anticipating the big weekend. Many of the faculty members who are Alumni of the College spend a little class time talking of homecoming when they were students and how they are looking forward to seeing their old classmates. Yet these same teachers assign tests, quizzes, and papers that are due the Monday after homecoming. The pre-homecoming excitement comes to a peak the weekend before homecoming. During this time there are no parties or social activities of any kind, but it is a "quiet before the storm". Finally, after much anticipation the Homecoming Week begins, and it is full of parties, socials, pep rallies, concerts, forums, and many other events. The "climax" of the week is the football game on Saturday afternoon where many Alumni gather and reminisce. After the game there are all night parties at every hotel and club in the city. The worst part of homecoming is the following Monday morning when one realizes that it is really over and that not only is one behind in one's schoolwork, but is will be another year before the next homecoming week. One feels like a child going to sleep on the day after Christmas.

— Tyrone Baines

The Second Tuesday in November

The second Tuesday in November is election day. This is a very interesting time of year. In fact, it is the only time the politicians are accessible. They come out to kiss little babies, make rhetorical speeches, beg for contributions; and, most of all, to beg for one's vote. They also appear in churches to give the impression that they are religious people. These same politicians always seem to be able to manage a smile, for they love to get their faces on television and get a great deal of publicity. After the election, however, those politicians that are elected seem to disappear. One never sees them in church until the next election. However, undaunted by this, a small percentage of the population dutifully casts their votes for one of the candidates. It is most profitable to win such elections; however, woe befalls those that lose. Almost invariably they have a huge debt to pay.

— James Dickens

Questions of Life

Who will you be when you grow up? What does the future hold for you? Why is white associated with good while black is associated with bad? Will there ever be a black president?

How did the world begin? Is there life on other planets?

Did man really go to the moon? Is a fetus a human being? Do ghosts exist? Do we really exist? Do we really exist or are we a figment of someone's imagination? Is death the end of life as we know it, or is there something else? Is there a fountain of youth? Will there be a brighter tomorrow? Is there a God? Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

— Randell A. Cain, Jr.

Those Who Have Lived a Good Life

I have known many an old people who have lived a good life, have given generously, and have loved their fellowman. And now that they are old they have no one. Not even the federal government, who is trying to decrease monies allotted for social security, is on their side. Family, friends, nor distant relatives are nowhere to be found. These elderly people have no one to bring them a glass of cool refreshing water or to bring them good words of cheer when they are sick.

Then comes death and the eventual distribution of all their material wealth left behind. And then comes the relatives, enemies, friends, and distant relatives, too!

— Altorous Raymon Keaton

CEREBRAL AEROBICS

By Damon C. Dixon

The following puzzles are patterned after modern colloquialisms with which we are all familiar. Test your wit and see how many you can solve without looking at the answers.

1) IECEXCEPT

2) 1

3) MIND
MATTER

4) S F R
D I
N E

5) MILONELION

6) MORE

7) BB/ (BB)

8) PPOD

9) IT345

10) LIFEIIITIME

11) HABIRDND = BU2SH

Answers

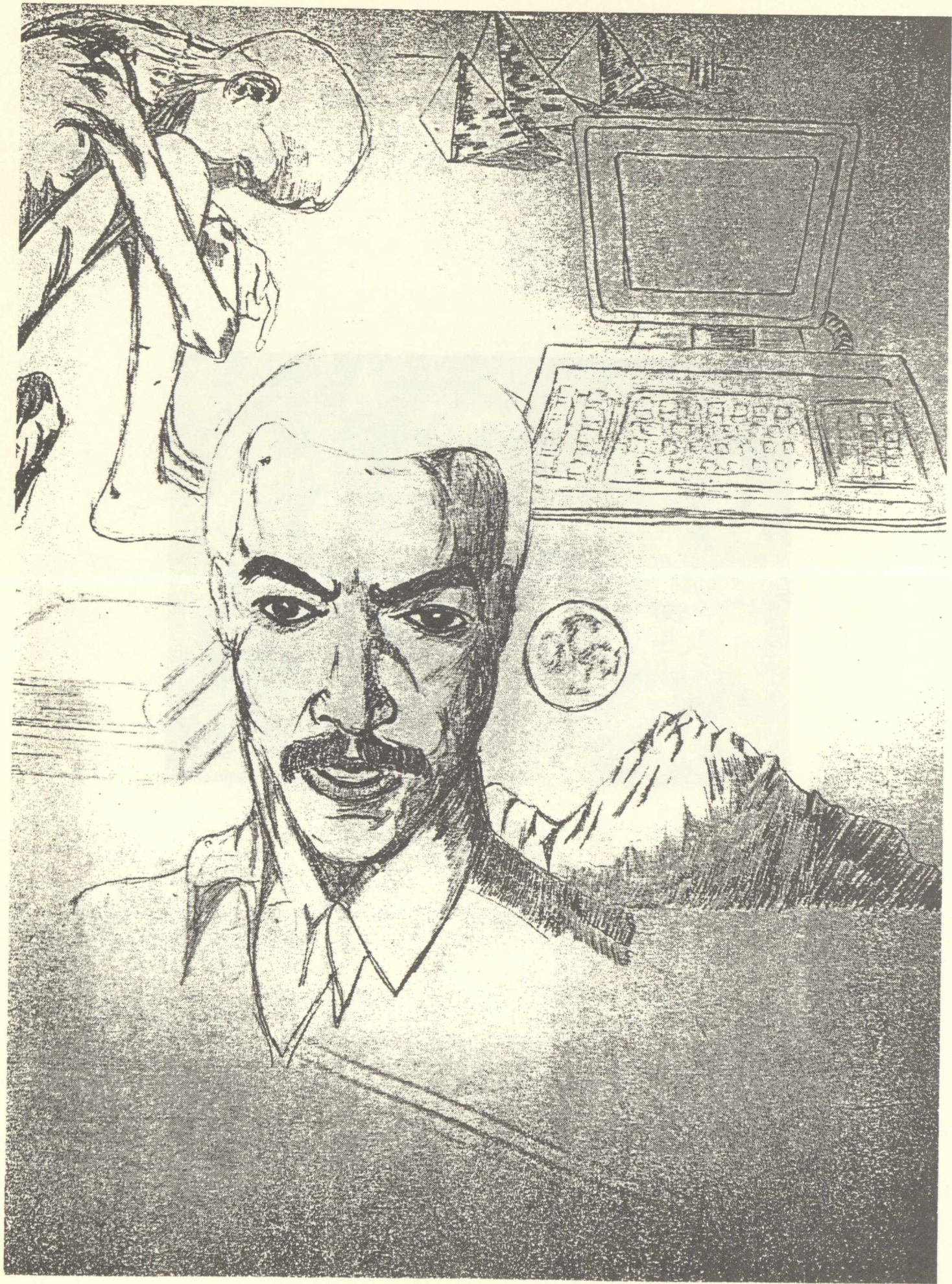
- 1) I before E except after C
- 2) Hole in One
- 3) Mind over Matter
- 4) Circle of Friends
- 5) One in a Million
- 6) Morehouse
- 7) To be, or not to be
- 8) Two peas in a pod
- 9) tea for two
- 10) for once in a lifetime
- 11) a bird in hand is worth two in the bush

The Creative Impulse

“The world is owned by men who cross bridges on their imaginations miles and miles in advance of the procession.”

— Bruce Barton





Uncle Walter's Prison

In America, we believe that only captured criminals are prisoners, those who are kept in maximum security institutions. However, a prison does not always consist of iron bars and cold rigid cells. Most prisoners in our society reside in invisible prisons, which they have created and from which there is neither parole nor escape. My Uncle Walter was one such prisoner. He had created his own jail and eventually died because of it. For, my Uncle Walter was an alcoholic.

Uncle Walter broke ground for his prison during his tenure in the army. As a soldier, he began to drink heavily, participating in numerous drinking sprees with his companions. After he was honorably discharged from the army, he laid the foundation for his prison as he continued to drink. He became what is generally referred to as a "social drinker," as he would indulge in an occasional drink during the week and faithfully engage in the weekend ritual of beer and football.

As the years crept by, Uncle Walter's occasional drink during the week became a customary drink after a day of work. The weekend ritual of beer and football became two days of constant inebriation. Any activity at his home always involved drinking, and his refrigerator was never void of alcoholic beverages. At this point, the walls of his prison were beginning to form.

As his alcoholism progressed, Uncle Walter's daily pleasure evolved into a constant craving. Every free moment not spent working or sleeping was spent drinking. His daily after-work routine consisted of first stopping by the store to buy a couple of beers, even though there was plenty of beer at home. He would drink the beers he purchased; then he would continue to drink until he passed out.

Uncle Walter's prison was now complete. He became more and more like the typical prisoner—isolated, depressed, and broken in spirit. His character changed drastically, for he was not the open and jovial person that he once was. He had lost touch with his loved ones, especially his wife, who separated from and eventually divorced him. His body became stooped and emaciated as age, heartbreak, and especially alcohol took their toll. Appearing always to be fatigued, as if a two-ton weight were tied to his neck, Uncle Walter was a prisoner, stripped of all pride and trapped in a bottle-shaped cell.

Uncle Walter died due to a diseased liver brought on by his life-long consumption of alcohol. At his funeral, we cried not only tears of sadness, but also tears of pity. He had died alone, trapped, unable to extricate himself from the prison that he himself had created. Death was his only escape.

—Derrick Butler

A Ghostly Occurrence: Believe It Or Not

As captain of a sea-going vessel, I have encountered and conquered numerous perils and dangers of the sea. Though I would like to credit my sea-faring success to the courage and bravery of my crew and me, some incidents can only be explained as good fortune, with perhaps a little assistance from the unknown.

My ship, the **Midnight Glory**, was unique, for she was a compact luxury liner that retained all the good qualities of a large cruise ship. She had four comfortable decks, two of which contained luxurious passenger cabins. The uppermost deck housed the bridge, which contained the most sophisticated and the most efficient instruments available. The lowermost deck housed our exquisite gourmet restaurant (which was always alive with tempting aromas), a cozy ballroom, a casino and bar, and a number of other entertainment facilities.

The **Midnight Glory** was as magnificent on the outside as it was splendid on the inside. Her smooth, sleek, yet powerful, hull was strikingly handsome as it glinted in the noonday sun or caught the flirtatious wink of dancing moonbeams. As she sailed, she became an extension of the sea, in shimmery silver brilliance, swaying with the waves and moving harmoniously with the mild turbulence of the murky waters.

After we had been out to sea for several hours, night fell and the full moon shone in all of its glory. The night air was crisp, clean and fresh, as I took in a deep breath and blew it out. My nerves tingled, for I could taste the danger the sea air carried.

Shortly after nightfall, a huge blanket of fog began to creep in upon us--silently, ominously, like a hungry predator stalking his prey. I could barely see my hand in front of my face. We decreased our speed only a few knots, confident that our state-of-the-art equipment would navigate us through the fog. Checking the radar screen, I discovered that there was another ship within miles. Using sonar, I perceived that there were no land masses nearby. We had smooth sailing ahead.

The **Midnight Glory** sliced through the fog swiftly and silently. Suddenly, a fog horn sounded close by, very close by. It sounded again, this time even closer. There was not supposed to be another ship within miles of us! I checked my equipment, and there on the radar screen as plain as day was another ship! My sonar equipment was also picking it up; the other ship was huge, almost three times larger than the **Midnight Glory**, and it was headed straight for us. Its crew obviously had not seen us.

I blew our foghorn, more a sign of our impending doom than a warning, for we certainly could not stop in time to avoid disaster. I was stricken with panic, knowing that hidden in the fog was a menacing danger.

Suddenly, I felt a powerful jolt, strong enough to knock me off my feet. By this time, I was almost unconscious. I could have sworn that the **Midnight Glory** had risen out of the water and rotated one hundred and eighty degrees!

When I awakened, I was startled with the knowledge that the **Midnight Glory** was docked in the harbor that we had left just twenty-four hours ago. There she sat, shining in the sun as if nothing had happened! Upon further inspection, I discovered that she was in perfect condition, as if nothing had happened. Now, I was beginning to question my sanity. No one else, passengers or crew, remembered the incident. They were all asleep. There were no witnesses and no evidence, except for me.

On a hunch, I went back to the ship and took a look at the sonar equipment. The printout on the "mystery" ship was there exactly as I remembered it. I read the figures. There was something that seemed familiar. When I compared these measurements with those of another ship, they matched exactly. That ship was the **Titanic**!

We had been sailing precisely the same route that the **Titanic** had taken on her tragic maiden voyage decades ago. I never sailed those waters again.

— Gregory Allen

Bleak Memories of the Past

Growing up in the Southern town of Warrenton deep in the Black Belt of Georgia, one realizes the horrid past that Blacks once lived. The hate and prejudice survive in the hearts of men and in the structures which dot this desolate community. Subtle reminders of the past which enslaved our minds and bodies still rear their ugly heads as an apathetic majority struggles to make ends meet with a second rate education.

Though the year is 1986, a sole 1930's movie theatre stands before the statue of a confederate general, Joseph Warren. Two distinct doors can be seen on the facade of this building. One leading to the air-conditioned, padded-seated section where there is plenty of light and spacious seating. The other, a narrow, coarse, unpainted door, leads to a narrow stairway which is the only exit of a gloomy, pine-benched, balcony section which seats less than fifty people and surrounds the noisy projection room. Although the Civil Rights Act has prohibited segregation, the traditional southern values send the Blacks to the balcony and the Whites to the floor section.

Across from the theatre and beyond the statue rises the dominant courthouse with large white columns, shuttered windows and grand balconies. Housed within this building are the political heads of the majority-Black community. Every office is governed by the minority. The insecurity and illiteracy within the Black community lead to the election of White officials. As a result, the Black school system receives little if any support from the city government.

As one strolls across the street from the courthouse and down the once segregated wooden-planked sidewalk, a restaurant appears with broad screened doors and large rocking chairs. Only a few Blacks have patronized this buiness through the front door for the sacred Southern back door still swings free for Blacks as they do on all the remaining businesses in Warrenton.

Just outside the city limits there is a grave reminder of the significant impact that integration had on this small community. From the tree-ridden countryside rises a single story brick building appearing out of place surrounded by a comfortable football stadium, an air-conditioned modern gymnasium, a first rate baseball field accompanied by a vast playground. A visitor would ask why would anyone build a school in the middle of a wilderness when the city is a few miles away, unaware that this is not the public school system which is 90 percent Black, troubled by lack of funding, and disrupted by the letters KKK which appear on her face, but the \$1,561-a-year private White school which was hastily organized on the eve of court-ordered desegregation.

Warrenton, it seems, has not changed since the Civil War freed slaves. She remains standing as a glowing coal slow falling victim to the cold Southern environment which has served as a ball and chain around the legs of Black people.

— Lewis Roberts, Jr.

Allein Bruder

There he lay in eternal sleep, the long lost friend I thought I would never see again. My throat swelled with a mellow agony of intense sorrow. As a salty tear rolled down upon my trembling lips, nostalgic memories of our past arose in my mind like a dream.

It seems ironic now that Allein, a second generation German, and I became best friends in our small rural high school. I was a young black teenager who was discriminated against in both school and community. He was ambitious and hopeful, full of notions of the American Dream of happiness and success (although his idealism often led to disappointment). He would therefore look to me for practicality, and I to him for inspiration. And, while I lived barely above the poverty line, his lifestyle was more than passing comfortable. Nevertheless, we were friends, matching like pieces of a puzzle.

Then came college. Our bond was unexpectedly severed when we each decided to attend separate schools: he to a four-year private college; I to a two-year junior college. I remember our last meeting--the disbelief, the already aching loneliness, and the withheld tears. Constant promises and proclamations to write often went back and forth as we parted.

At first, the letters came full of enthusiasm and his customary idealistic outlook on life. But, gradually, his letters became more depressing and less frequent. Brief statements concerning pressures from his family to achieve academic excellence and his inability to adjust to the demands of college life permeated

every letter. Soon, he began to isolate himself from everyone, including me, and his letters became more factual and less personal. I now know that he was falling apart mentally and emotionally, but I could not see it then. No one could.

Before long, the letters ceased altogether. I began to worry because the bonds of our friendship had been too strong to dissipate so quickly. Then, when Allein did not return home for Christmas, his mother notified me that something was wrong. I volunteered to go see what I could learn concerning his whereabouts. After talking to his teachers, his acquaintances, and everyone who had had any contact with him, I began to piece together the story of his last days.

And now, here he is, starved, ragged and cold. Dead from a drug overdose. Look at him. I am almost too ashamed to admit that he is, or rather was, a friend of mine. His deeply soiled and torn clothing resemble the gray of storm clouds. His skin is masked by a layer of dirt, his hair uncombed, and his feet bare. No, this is not the friend I knew. The friend I knew must have died long before this stranger before me emerged.

Allien Bruder, a strange name I once thought, until I looked it up. **Allien** is "alone" in German and **bruder** is "brother." Well, "Alone Brother," I do not think I can let anyone know I found you. To see you now would be too much. I will pretend that you are still out there somewhere. At least they will have the hope that you may still live. Hope is bearable. Death is not. Goodbye, brother.

— Damon J. Phillips

Based on a True Story

\$384

The old wooden stairs creaked as I approached the door that read "13th precinct." I remember thinking how shameful it was that after only two months on the force, I regretted going to work. As I opened the office door, I met a wave of chatter, apparently ignited by the controversial headlines of this morning's paper. My entrance almost immediately reduced the chatter to silence, but it arose as quickly as it died upon the recognition of my face and the acknowledgement of my status as a rookie--a black rookie. Alone in the locker room, I dared to dress slowly, listening to the muffled voices and thinking of the precious tax dollars of which Sgt. Harris insisted I was a total waste. Then noticeably, the chatter ceased, as it did when I entered the office, only this time its resurrection was not so immediate. The silence was broken by a turn of the knob on the locker room door, and up from the office emerged a pale Sgt. Harris.

Mario Harris was rookie when the precinct was established some twenty years ago. Now he, Rizzo, Jenkins and Carlisle, all classmates from the academy, form the core of the thirteenth as the precinct's twenty-year veterans. They were pillars of the community: loved by the righteous and feared by the delinquent, but recognized by all as forces of good in a world full of evil. In fact, it was often argued that respect for Sgt. Harris and his colleagues rivaled that of the mayor himself. And amidst their admiration the community showered them with countless honors and awards, including keys to the city, bestowed upon them in appreciation of valor displayed in an eviction-turned-shootout in the winter of '80.

Slowly along the lockers Sgt. Harris walked, as though his mind wasn't his own. He arrived at his locker, stepped robotically over the bench, and sat; eyes fixed straight ahead, but staring at nothing.

"Welcome back Sgt. Harris," I said at him absent mindedly, but the greeting seemed only to bounce off the side of his head and roll quietly into the corner. It was obvious that Sgt. Harris was a troubled man. Sure, his public image had been destroyed, his status was on the chopping block, and his resignation was on the grapevine, but I sensed that it was something more

"Have a seat Kyle," the Sgt. said suddenly, his voice cracking as though he hadn't spoken for some length of time. I eased toward him, trying unsuccessfully to look calm and collected, and sat, heart pounding and palms sweating, as he cleared his throat in preparation to speak. I regretted having to be the one to hear what he was about to say, for that was the first time in my brief career he had ever called me by my first name.

"They set me free, Kyle," he said in disbelief.

"They said what I did was okay, and they set me free." I didn't know quite what to say.

"Did you tell the truth?" I asked.

"What happened?" I interrupted in a tone of voice that suggested that he was no longer my superior.

Exhaling deeply and slumping forward with his elbows resting on his knees, running his hands through his straight, red hair, he began to tell his story.

"That Tuesday afternoon was mild, but humid, he said, "unusually warm for the season.

Rizzo and I were passing gossip over a soda in the Tenth Street Cafe when we got a 10-13 over the radio. "Tenant resisting conviction," the dispatcher said and gave us the address. As we jumped into the squad car and sped away, the last words of the dispatcher echoed in our heads: "Tenant considered dangerous. Proceed with caution."

We arrived on the scene with a screeching halt at what had to be the most depressing of projects in Lower Manhattan. A dull stench ruled the air as little black children sloshed through a sea of garbage overflowing from the dumpster onto a sparse lawn. I saw teenagers painting graffiti around a huge crack in the wall of one of the substandard complexes. And across the street in a line stood the adults of at least two generations, waiting in front of the liquor store like prisoners to enter their cells. Welfare checks in hand, they were seeking some means to escape from their sordid environs.

There were two cars in the parking lot: a '72 Ford on bricks and a brand new Cadillac with Florida tags that read "HORSE." Rizzo and I, standing just inside the open doors of the squad car, stared at each other in amazement, as Rizzo whispered, "Why do they live like this?"

A sinister screech seemed to answer his question as a big white van skidded to a halt, and out jumped Jenkins and Carlisle clad in riot gear. Rizzo and I ran around to the back of the van where our equipment was stored. The landlord, a short, inexpensively dressed white man with a receding hairline, pointed out a second story window to which Jenkins issued the warning through the bullhorn: "Occupant of apartment 2D, the city hereby orders you to vacate the premises. Please signify your compliance or risk prosecution." There were fifteen seconds of silence; then I grabbed the shotgun and motioned everybody forward. Upon reaching the apartment, we surrounded the door, and I pressed my ear against the wall.

"I hear a voice. There could be two of them," I cautioned. Once we were all in position, I counted to three and kicked in the door. Armed with the shotgun, I was the first to enter the apartment, with Jenkins, Carlisle, and Rizzo close behind with enlarged billy clubs, which some call "nigger beaters." To our surprise, we were met by no opposition. We were even more surprised to find that the only occupant of apartment 2D sat in the back of the room staring out of the window at which Jenkins directed the warning: a black, grey-haired old lady mumbling something about the mess she made in her kitchen when she killed Abraham Lincoln. "The landlord said the old wench was retarded," Rizzo snarled as Jenkins proceeded by the book. 'Are you Elanor Bumphus?' he called out to which she responded by nodding her head in a circular motion as though she were trapped between yes and no. 'Well the landlord says you owe four months back rent, so unless you can produce \$384 I'm afraid we'll be forced to remove you from the premises.' The lady just sat there, still mumbling, still nodding in circles. 'Come on wench!' Rizzo growled, snatching the woman to her feet and knocking over the chair in which she sat. A struggle ensued. The woman tried desperately to wrench the one arm free from Rizzo's grasp while pound-

ing his face and chest with the other. Surprised by the attack, Rizzo released his grip and drew his billy club, landing three solid blows to her collar, temple, and forehead. Dazed, the woman staggered back against the wall then dropped to her hands and knees, blood dripping down the front of her face and onto the carpet. Rizzo holstered his billy club and turned, motioning Jenkins and Carlisle to place her under arrest. 'You shouldn't have hit her Riz,' I said calmly still standing to the side clutching the shotgun. 'Hey she asked for it. She came at me first. You saw it, right?' I said nothing as we exchanged that old familiar blank stare. But before Jenkins and Carlisle could reach her, the woman rose from the floor and drew from a pocket in her apron a large carving knife, charging Rizzo while his back was still turned. 'Look out Riz!' Carlisle screamed but the warning gave him no time to react. Before I realized what I was doing, I had raised the muzzle of the shotgun. Jenkins and Carlisle snapped their heads around and froze, eyes as wide and saucers. I felt the shockwaves of the blast travel from my shoulder to my feet and on into the floor. The smoke for a moment obstructed my vision. And I could hear little other than a few window panes crashing on the sidewalk below, amidst a constant ringing in my ears.

As the smoke began to thin I could see that Jenkins and Carlisle lay chest down on the floor. Rizzo had stumbled back over the coffee table and the lady stood over him, still thrusting her arm in Rizzo's direction even though the hand that held the knife had been blown completely off. Soon the room was clear and the scene that the smoke revealed resembled a battlefield: Broken glass, overturned furniture, and blood-splattered walls all contributed to the horridness of the entire situation. 'This has got to end now,' I thought to myself. And with that I once again pumped the shotgun and fired. Immediately after the second blast there was a dull thud. The woman was knocked off of her feet, through the doorway and into the kitchen where the dosy skidded to a stop, and blood began to gush from a vast crater in the middle of her chest.

A crowd gathered in the hallway and began to shout obscenities as Jenkins and Carlisle struggled to hold them back. 'Good thing we brought the riot gear,' Rizzo commented. 'Shut up and call an ambulance,' I replied. I stood and stared at the body until the paramedics took it away. I remember vividly how the lady just lay there, with her hand blown off, a hole in her chest and an expression of something wrong with a society that breeds a man who could do something like that and not feel any more remorse than I did"

Sgt. Harris' story left me in a cold sweat. For a moment I couldn't speak. I just sat there with my mouth gaping in disbelief.

"How did you get off the the hook?" I asked finally.

"The judge ruled in my favor saying that the D.A. couldn't prove beyond reasonable doubt that the first shot disarmed the woman, and that therefore the second shot was justified since an officer's life was at stake."

"But that garbage you guys called testimony wasn't even close to the story you just told me."

"Look boy, one word of this to anyone and not only will you be the first rookie dismissed dishonorably in the history of the precinct, but so help me you'll never work in this city again."

Before he could finish the sentence I had arisen from my seat and began changing my clothes.

Clad once again in civilian clothes, I closed my locker and started toward the locker-room door.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked. I paused at the door with my hand on the knob and said, "All over \$384; libertines, all of you" and slammed the door behind me. Once again the office returned to silence. I charged past the secretaries as quickly as I could without running, and as I approached the door that read "13th precinct" I noticed that this time the room had remained silent. So, I closed the door behind me, never to hear the chatter rise again.

— Damon Dixon

“Tsunami, Tsunami, I Want My Mommy!”

Many prophets throughout history have tried to predict the end of the world, but who would think the end of the world would commence in Oregon? A few months ago, I was serving as a counselor on a sixth grade camping trip to the Southern Oregon coast, and I was sure that doomsday had finally arrived. In fact, I was scared for my life. On this trip I received my first real scare from nature in the form of a Tsunami, which taught me never to take Mother Nature for granted.

The first few days of the week long trip were uneventful. The weather was excellent, save for a few rainy days, and we were able to take daily excursions to nearby beaches and coves. I became acquainted with most of the sixth graders and really enjoyed my feeble position of power. Until the fourth day, the trip was extremely blissful.

The day itself had been very enjoyable. We had visited a small fishing town, the storybook type with barnacled docks and drab, weather beaten houses. The sixth graders had engaged in the addictive art of crabbing and had collected bucketfuls of the little alien creatures. That evening we went to a secluded cove where we had a cookout not more than thirty feet from the crashing surf. Suddenly, we were interrupted from our gala picnic abruptly by the loud thumping of a Coast Guard helicopter hovering overhead. The kids stopped all activity and stared up at the chopper in awe, as if an extraterrestrial spacecraft were present. The mechanical voice from the loudspeaker said only one sentence before swooping away in a gust of wind and swirling sand.

“Move to higher ground!”

Even though ignorant of the situation, the head teacher had us immediately moving up the steep trail to the main road and our prized yellow bus. On the way up, we were informed by a park ranger that a tidal wave or Tsunami had been generated by an earthquake in Alaska and would hit the Oregon coast in a little more than an hour.

At this news, the sixth graders began to get excited. A tsunami is a once in a lifetime experience. Everyone quickly packed into the bus, and we drove up the coast searching for a safe spot from which to view the spectacle. We ended up at a viewpoint nearly two hundred feet above the ocean. As we sat there counting the minutes, another Coast Guard helicopter appeared and again told us to get to higher ground.

At this point the kids' excitement turned to fear. We were nearly two hundred feet above the ocean and still considered unsafe. The bus immediately turned inland and we became entrapped in the throes of a large traffic jam while traversing a small city. Most of the residents in the area were being evacuated and the roads heading inland were jammed. Some of the sixth graders began to panic and I was feeling slightly nervous. I couldn't believe that a Tsunami was coming in less than an hour and we were glued to the pavement a stone's throw from the beach. By some miracle we found a back road which led us to the main highway, but the tension and anxiety continued to build. As the bus sped inland, I began to have more doubt about our safety. Even though I appeared very calm and confident to the kids, my mind was flashing images of towering walls of water crashing into the shore, stripping away all signs of life. What contributed to my fears was the fact that I had read an article earlier saying that the great prophet Nostradamus had predicted the world would end that day. I kept asking myself, "Is this the end?"

I still appeared to be in good spirits, and the other counselors and I tried to cheer up the kids, many of whom were crying and had the look of the condemned. Considering the fact that the school bus was bright yellow, it must have looked very dark and depressing on the inside. Within fifteen minutes we were ten miles inland, (an incredible feat for a school bus), and had pulled over to wait the remaining ten minutes to impact.

Ten minutes had never seemed so long. I kept telling myself that Tsunamis just don't get big enough to come ten miles inland. Somewhere in the back of my mind, though, Nostradamus' prediction kept chipping away at my pyramid of confidence.

After ten minutes of fearful anticipation, we waited another twenty minutes and then another hour. The bus seemed to deflate as the tension was slowly released during the wait. After nearly two hours, a state trooper stopped to inform us that the Tsunami had struck. It was barely noticeable. In fact, it only produced a four inch change in the tide! This report generated relieved laughter from everyone, and we again boarded the bus for the campground. Upon our arrival, the usually rowdy activity of the sixth graders was absent. The experience of the day had worn them out. I slept that night, very soundly, with comic dreams of Nostradamus turning in his grave because of his wrong prediction.

This experience really taught me not to underestimate the power of nature. Even though nothing serious occurred from my brush with the Tsunami, I found myself going from skepticism at first to frank terror as the minutes to impact ticked away. I will never forget that trip to the coast and also the fears of the impending wrath of Mother Nature brought to me.

— Derrick Butler

Later . . .

I do not want to do it, but I do.
If I could break through it, I would.
And after all that I have been through,
Staying up long past two,
It does me more harm than good
To continue to procrastinate.

The first time this dreaded condition manifested itself was when I was in the tenth grade, the night before the science fair. I remember dragging my exhausted body to bed at four o'clock that morning. I had finished my project, but I was very dissatisfied with the results of my long, hard labor (or what I perceived to be "labor"!). The project was not working properly, and I had no time left to fix it. Procrastination had gotten the best of me.

Although this was the first time I had lost sleep over anything like this, signs of procrastination had surfaced many times before: doing homework in my homeroom instead of at home, turning in assignments at the last possible moment, and trying to study for tests during class changes. During this time I was extremely confident in my abilities, for I had never missed an assignment and I always did well on tests. I also knew that I would finish my work even though I never knew **when** I would get started on it.

"Why do I procrastinate?" I often ask myself. For, when I tell myself, "Do it now!" I begin immediately to make excuses. "Now" is never a good time to get started because I want to do something else at that time. And then I am off, my important work left undone . . . until later.

When night comes, I find myself faced with the problem that probably underscores all forms of procrastination: getting started. If only I had started yesterday, then I would not be faced with this formidable task today. But yesterday I was not pressured to get started; after all, I still had today to do it. This is how a procrastinator gets caught in his own web.

This is the story of my life. I am a procrastinator. I do not want to be one. I do not even like being one. And, although I am fighting it with all the strength I can muster, I am losing. It is now five-thirty in the morning

— Gregroy Allen

Confessions of a Morehouse Procrastinator

Girls, drugs, and alcohol--these are a few of the commonly known enemies of any academic pursuit. One that is often not taken seriously and is equally detrimental to college studies, however, is procrastination. This hellish malady manifests itself in thoughts such as, "I can do this paper tomorrow--why should I waste time on it now?," or "Hmm...we have two weeks to do this project, but I will probably be able to do it the last three nights before it's due." The trouble with this kind of "future planning" is that it leaves nothing for one to do in the present. A procrastinator, however, is accustomed to occupying this "free time" with a repertoire of time consuming activities. Being an inveterate procrastinator, I have developed a time wasting scheme of my own. As unhappy as this scheme makes me, I indulge in at least one of its activities every night.

From the window of my room in Hubert Hall, I can see Graves Hall, the dismal Units, Robert Hall, and Chivers Dining Hall. The same people walk up and down the "hill" each day. Uninterested and bored, I watch them--while piles of homework lie untouched on my contemptible wooden desk. When I become tired of gazing out of the window, I sleep--with the hope that I will be refreshed and ready to work when I awake. When I finally rise, I am too groggy to accomplish any reading or writing, so I sleep for a couple of more hours. I listen to radio station WVEE or play tapes when I am not napping. Music allows me to forget my responsibilities for at least an hour or two and provides for me a sheltered world of contentment, reflection, and hope.

On some evenings, I would rather avoid my room altogether. I can usually run into a group of fellows down the hall who always seem to be talking about their plans for the weekend or the events of last weekend. I usually spend some time with them if they decide to go to Spelman or somewhere else. The dreadful knowledge that work is waiting for me in my room haunts me as we roam around the campus.

When I finally return to my room after spending the evening in search of "AUC action," or wake up, at last, from a few hours of slumber, I feel depressed. Life, at these times, seems like an endless cycle of assignments to be done and negligent wasting of time. Resolutely, I tell myself that it is time for me to change my unsatisfying lifestyle. A part of me invariably responds, "Yes, we'll definitely have to try to tighten up and do what has to be done without reluctance or delay," and then adds irresistibly, "...starting tomorrow."

— Brian S. Register

Honors Program

Freshmen 1987 - 1988

Quentin B. Allen
Tampa, Florida

Keith W. A. Barnwell
Washington, D. C.

James E. Blackledge
Chicago, Illinois

Jeffrey W. Blackshear
Nashville, Tennessee

Terrence M. Brannon
Irmo, South Carolina

Jimmie L. Briggs
Ballwin, Missouri

Phillip L. Bright
Decatur, Georgia

Keith O. Burks
Baltimore, Maryland

Rupert A. Byrdsong
Nashville, Tennessee

Roderick D. Chappell
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Christopher D. Coles
College Park, Georgia

Steven A. Dedrick
Atlanta, Georgia

James A. Downs
Onley, Maryland

William W. Easley
Durham, North Carolina

Charles G. Elliott
Memphis, Tennessee

Gregory W. Fowler
Albany, Georgia

James C. Galmore
Washington, D.C.

Joseph O. Jewell
San Pedro, California

Joseph B. Johnson
Grambling, Louisiana

Salah F. Mason
Seattle, Washington

Jerry J. Palmer
Woods Hole, Massachusetts

Jonathan H. Palmer
Reston, Virginia

Vincent Pambi
College Park, Georgia

Joseph W. Patterson
Atlanta, Georgia

Byron C. Robinson
Detroit, Michigan

Edwin C. Sanders
Nashville, Tennessee

Paul F. Scott
Sandy Springs, Maryland

Scott D. Staton
Bronx, New York

Marc E. Taylor
Memphis, Tennessee

Eric L. Thomas
Savannah, Georgia

Raymond L. Weaver
Durham, North Carolina

William J. Webb
Anderson, South Carolina

Wesley W. Whitehead
Fresno, California

Honors Program

Sophomores 1986 - 1987

Trent A. Berry
Akron, Ohio

Derrick L. Butler
Portland Oregon

Jimmie L. Davis
Opa Locka, Florida

James A. Dickens
Statesville, North Carolina

Frederick A. Johnson
Atlanta, Georgia

Richard C. Kelsey
Columbus, Ohio

Cesar C. Mitchell
Atlanta, Georgia

Damon J. Phillips
Atlanta, Georgia

Anthony M. Reeves
Milledgeville, Georgia

Brian S. Register
Sumter, South Carolina

Don R. Shegog
Milford, Ohio

Treye A. Thomas
Atlanta, Georgia

Emanuel A. Waddell
Atlanta, Georgia

Honors Program

Juniors 1986 - 1987

Lawrence M. Algee
St. Louis, Missouri

Gregory L. Allen
Atlanta, Georgia

Lyndon F. Barnwell
Demerara, Guyana

Randell A. Cain
Winston Salem, North Carolina

Curtis V. Goings
Sumter, South Carolina

Devin C. Hargrove
Madison, Wisconsin

Richard L. Hooper
Chicago, Illinois

Robert A. Hymes
Columbus, Georgia

Terence A. Merritt
St. Petersburg, Florida

Fulton L. Porter
Jackson, Mississippi

Lewis L. Roberts
Atlanta, Georgia

Ronald S. Sullivan
Gary, Indiana

Paul C. Taylor
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Noel H. Whelchel
Atlanta, Georgia

Hayward D. Wilson
Fulton, Mississippi

Honors Program

Seniors 1986 -1987

Kenneth W. Barnwell
New Bern, North Carolina

William L. Boynes
East Point, Georgia

Carney R. Burns
White Plains, New York

Monte O. Harris
Gary, Indiana

Bryan D. Hubbard
King of Prussia, Penn.

Calvin B. Johnson
Atlanta, Georgia

Raymon A. Keaton
Atlanta, Georgia

Tracy G. Myers
Opa Locka, Florida

Christopher L. Stanard
Charlotte, North Carolina

Special Thanks

The staff of **The Litteratus** and members of the Honors Program wish to extend special thanks to Miss Patricia Sauls and the Morehouse Printing Services Staff for their diligent efforts and professional spirit in the preparation of this journal for printing and to Don Hodges for the printing of this journal.