

# Litterātus

1998-1999

A publication of the Morehouse College Honors Program

## In Dedication

### To Ms. Martha Starks

Dr. Anne Watts, *Litteratus*, is often quoted to fly the kite?" In rewe students in the Honone woman in particular kite." Martha Jean force in the Honors Prophenomenal woman of who provides a current individual dreams and is Martha Jean Starks.

A native of Starks received a diploma from Peay University in 1978; her dental diploma was earned in 1982 from Phoenix City Alabama. Pursuing her medicine, Ms. Martha



"brain mother" of as asking, "Who helps sponse to this question, ors Program cite that who "helps to fly our Starks is a durable gram. She is a experience and vision, that sails each of our endeavors. Her name

Hartwell, Georgia, Ms. ploma from Austin in legal office proceploma was earned in Votech, Phoenix City, desire for a career in Starks received in 1986

her Associates of Science Degree from Brymans Medical School in Atlanta. Ms. Starks has been a certified instructor of Adult/Child CPR/First Aid for over 10 years. She was recently awarded an Associate of Arts Degree ('98) from St. Leo College, and is scheduled to obtain a BA Sociology Degree ('99) from St. Leo University in Florida.

Ms. Starks's dedication to the stability, creativity, and acceleration of Black male youths is evident in the individual and collective successes of Morehouse's Honors Program for the last five years. This transition from medical patients to educational ones has been quite challenging. Her "duties" and career descriptions are so intense and demanding that the titles "secretary" and "assistant" are understatements. She labors on a daily basis to maintain a legacy "that will stand, come what may." And because of her apparent tenacity, Martha Starks is currently an executive correspondent for the National Association of African-American Honors Programs, elected in 1998 (NAAAHP).

In compliment to her Honors Program contributions, Ms. Starks has had affiliations with other notable organizations. Having worked with the Private Industry Council (PIC) from 1986-88 as worksite supervisor, she moved onward to serve as member, two-term secretary, and is now second-term president of the Morehouse College Women's Auxiliary ('86 to the present). For the last six years, Ms. Starks has served as a member of the Morehouse Homecoming Committee, as an advisor. Her many honors include "Employee-of-the-Month" at Morehouse College ('96-97) and "Outstanding Advisor-of-the-Year" ('98-99), an award presented to her by Student Services.

"The young men that come in the Honors Program are very focused. . . very intelligent . . . although, [many] still need guidance," proclaims Ms. Starks. Martha Jean Starks, this is your round at dedication. We, the sons of the Honors Program, feel that if it were not for you, many of us would be lost, lonely, and low. From your fashion to your philosophy, we admire you and give "Thanks." We stand firm and sincere when answering, "Who flies the kite?" You do, Ms. Starks, you do!

~Patrick D. Boston

# Contents

In Dedication	
From the Director .....	3
From the President .....	4
From the Vice-President .....	4
From the Editor .....	5
Dreaming Reality	
by Kregg Quarles .....	8
Re:	
by Victor C.E. Richardson .....	9
A Slave's Leap	
by Damian M. Cupid .....	11
The Calling	
by Michael Lalla .....	12
Escape	
by Donald B. Ash .....	13
A Generation Lost	
by Patrick D. Boston .....	14
Slavery, Emancipation, Slavery	
by Hakim A. Williams .....	15
Cornbread	
by Ahmariah Jackson .....	18
...the people are trading...	
by Geoffrey R. Bennett .....	20
This Ain't Love...More Like Like	
by Ahmariah Jackson .....	21
These Sista's Today	
by Quentin Johnson .....	23
A Negro Child Speaks of Wishes	
by Patrick D. Boston .....	24
Aspiration	
by Ahmariah Jackson .....	25
Alcohol	
by Ahmariah Jackson .....	30
Disadvantaged	
by Malcolm Gossett .....	31
On What I've Learned: In Due Time	
by Voltaire Rico Sterling .....	33
When Death Comes	
by Patrick D. Boston .....	34
The Promise	
by Patrick D. Boston .....	35
Keep the Faith	
by Hakim A. Williams .....	35
The Longest Rope Has an End	
by Hakim A. Williams .....	36
Concerning Mother	
by Patrick D. Boston .....	37
Untitled Poem	
by Nazim Khan .....	38
Ripple	
by Patrick D. Boston .....	39
Landscape	
by Hamadi Dawkins-Rose .....	39
Untitled Poem	
by Nazim Khan .....	40
Moral and Social Irresponsibility as Depicted in Lovelace's <i>The Wine of Astonishment</i>	
by Damian M. Cupid .....	42
The Misrepresentation of African Americans in the Media	
by Geoffrey R. Bennett .....	47
Commentary: William J. Drummond's "About Face: From Alliance to Alienation"	
by Damian M. Cupid .....	48



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Dr. Jocelyn W. Jackson  
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## Artist

Hamadi Dawkins-Rose



## From the Director...

*Litteratus* was first published in the mid-1980s by Professor of English Anne W. Watts who taught the first Honors Program English courses. Dr. Watts conceived of a journal that would highlight the finest poetic and artistic works of students in the Program. The various pieces published in the first few editions of the journal were based primarily on studies in English courses. Students were encouraged to express their own ideas and feelings by using models of great literature inspiration.

Since the early issues of *Litteratus*, faculty in the Honors Program have encouraged creative students to continue the literary tradition begun by Dr. Watts and to form editorial boards for semiannual publications. This year's board, formed in April 1999 and led by Damian Cupid, Geoffrey Bennett, Patrick Boston, and Randall Jackson, produced the current issue in less than six months. *Litteratus* 1998-1999 is a tribute to the imaginative, intellectual work of its contributors as well as to the vision of its board members. English Department instructors Melvin Rahming, Kokila Ravi, and LaChanze Roberts provided early advisement on matters of content and style. Throughout the summer of 1999, Ms. Starks, Honors Program assistant, worked closely with the board members and engaged work-study student Jevon Messam in the project.

I am proud of the work of each person responsible for this journal. We all hope that readers will find aesthetic beauty, intellectual stimulation, and reflective moments in these pages.

 Jocelyn Whitehead Jackson

## From the President...

First, I take this opportunity to welcome all the freshmen accepted to the Morehouse College Honors Program. To the upperclassmen, I say welcome back, and I wish everyone a productive year at Morehouse.

I was given the honor of being President of the Honors Program Club for the academic year 1999-2000, and this responsibility is one that I intend to take seriously. I am pleased to be part of the publication of this edition of *Litteratus*, which is one of the prized jewels of the Morehouse College Honors Program.

*Litteratus* 1998-1999 represents more than just a collection of literary and artistic works done by members of the Honors Program. It is an expression of the spirit of intellectualism and leadership that is the trademark of Honors Program members. This spirit of intellectualism is manifested in the depth and scope of the works published in *Litteratus*. The fact that members of the program make most, if not all, of the editorial decisions, making *Litteratus* almost entirely student run, attests to the leadership abilities of members of our program.

So as you read *Litteratus* 1998-1999, you are not just looking at words or phrases on a page but at a representation of the scholarship that exists within the Morehouse College Honors Program.

☞ Kasi David

## From the Vice-President...

As we go forward into the new millenium, uncertainty seems to be the norm and clarity the exception. However, as I peruse the pages of *Litteratus* 1998-1999, I see excellence in form and English raised to near perfection. A hearty congratulations goes to all editors, advisors, and, most important, contributing writers. For creating this work maintained in the annual tradition of *Litteratus*, my admiration goes to you.

☞ Patrick Campbell

## From the Editor . . .

The general theme of the Honors Program *Litteratus 1998-1999* is "Cross roads." This signals that we are at the turn of the century and that we need a period of both Black introspection and Black retrospection. Along this line, the cover of *Litteratus 1998-1999* is the image of a father and son, both standing firmly. The father's hand is near his son's shoulder, symbolizing that he is "passing on the baton." To us, it means that we, as young men and burgeoning intellectuals, must recognize that at the crossroad to the next century, we have to take the lead.

The sections of *Litteratus 1998-1999* are "Looking Back," "Looking In," and "Looking Out." "Looking Back" deals with and confronts the slave experience and its effects. "Looking In" offers Black introspection and deals with many pertinent African-American issues. "Looking Out" addresses universal themes that may impact many readers, although it is centered in the African-American experience.

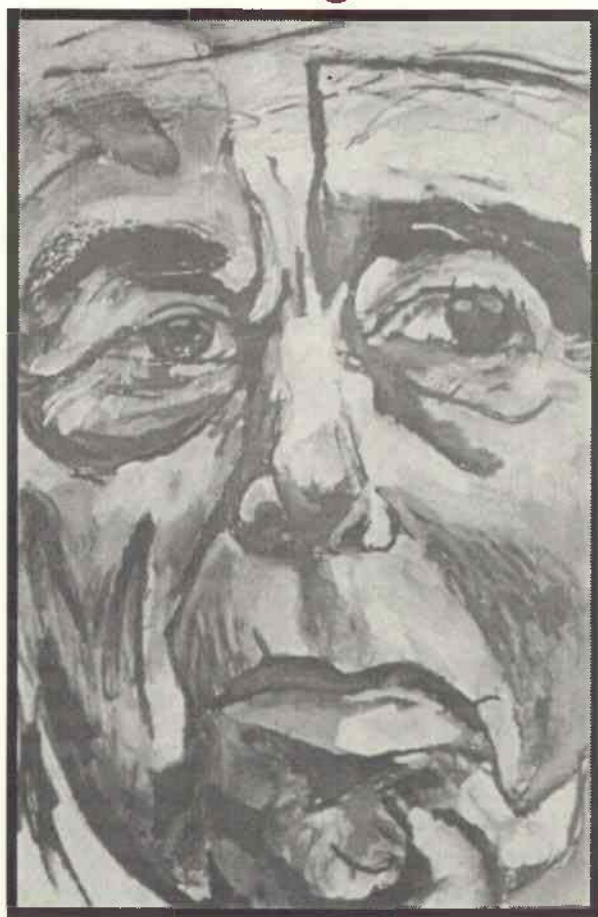
For the essays, two sections are adopted. First, "D Island Scene," a section whose title is written in Trinidad dialect, samples some ideas of Earl Lovelace and relates them to the wider Caribbean area. Here, we hope to achieve some harmony between the American and Caribbean elements of the African Diaspora. Second, "TV or Not TV?" critiques the portrayal of African Americans in the media. Two similar articles are presented, with both reaching almost the same conclusion. The fact that they are written by different authors testifies the strength and universality of the opinion.

To conclude, a lot of work has gone into the Honors Program *Litteratus 1998-1999*. First, the members of the editorial board thank Dr. Jocelyn W. Jackson, Director of the Morehouse College Honors Program, for her input and contributions. Second, we appreciate the help of our faculty advisors, Dr. Melvin Rahming, Dr. Kokila Ravi, and Dean LaChanze Roberts. Also, Ms. Martha J. Starks, Program Assistant of the Honors Program Club, has been of great assistance to us. Last, the Morehouse College Print Shop staff deserves compliment for its fine work.

☞ Damian M. Cupid



# Looking Back



*My brother, did you pay attention in History class today, or will you pay retention in Failure class tomorrow?*

*Blacks must remember that the past is substance, for it is our genetic and cultural script. In order to truly know ourselves, we must grasp it like a relay baton, only to never let it go.*

~ Patrick D. Boston

# Dreaming Reality

by Kregg Quarles

A vivid image runs through my head

a whip held by the police  
a gun held by a slave-master.

Just why are they smiling? Shaking hands?

I see the slave's quarters  
in a place called the ghetto.

The house Negroes

in their suits, with their degrees, working for the "boss?"

The field Negroes

taking my order, cutting their fingers on the dollars that belong  
to the master.

How do they hold each other up when they look so beaten?

I see fire surrounding,

outside people fighting for peace in a land of hypocrisy  
where the sky is forever dark and soiled texts are locked  
away in abandoned sanctuaries of worship guarded only  
by those who wear a hidden badge under their clothes.

But there is one who walks in the circle of fire, not scorched by its  
cautioning flame

For within the flames is a new world, new dream, unchangeable by  
those on either side.

I see him, her, it

embracing those who wish to cross the barrier of fire  
their ashes quickly used to fuel the wrath which slowly  
grows to envelop the slaves, the masters, the peace  
protectors,  
the blind. Seven days of revelation become the same  
seven days of creation.

Why did this one change everything?

A vivid image runs through my head

I see him, her, it

shining above this new world filled with glowing people  
with wings sharing their peace with one another.

Just why are they smiling? Embracing each other?

there is no fire

a warm gentle breeze whispering the mistakes of the past  
as though it were my own dream.



# Re:

by Victor C. E. Richardson, Jr.

Argument: "The great equalizer," "The great leveler," "The final call," "The darkest hour," Death. In the minds of many, Death with its infinite finality has assumed a relatively negative reputation. And why not? Does Death not rip us from our material possessions? Does it not force a final goodbye, and sometimes no goodbye at all, with the ones we love? For these reasons, humanity has harbored a terrible fear and grotesque dread of Death in its varied forms. However, not all of earth's members have always viewed the Grim Reaper with such unease. There have been those who, after suffering the slings and turmoil of an unbearable life, turn to Death as a form of relief; people so disillusioned and hard-pressed in their daily lives that Death, despite its enigmatic nature, offers silent relief and much-needed repose. Such was the case of those slaves who, after being wrenched from their homes in Africa, were brought to the New World. They were enslaved and consequently subjected to some of the most cruel, inhumane, and dehumanizing treatment to have ever crossed the eyes of history. Theirs was a life filled with pain, the sharp bite of the lash, the indelicacy of their innumerable rapes, the horror of their mutilations, the fierce brands, the silent screams, the reality of dissolved families, the malnutrition, and the incessant fear.

After living such a life, many slaves undoubtedly sought after Death as a means of escape. However, despite the circumstances, many of our ancestors lived their lives to the fullest, beating unbeatable odds just to stay alive. For them, a timely Death was a fulfillment, that master stroke which robbed a life, no matter how hard, of its reality. "Re:" is about those slaves who died that way. The first two stanzas of "Re:" justify Death, enlarging its importance while, at the same time, softening its horrid, man-inflicted stereotype. In these stanzas, although we see Death as undiscerning and merciless, there is a special softness and an uncharacteristic care that is shown for the slave whose final hour has come. This lies in testament to the fact that for many slaves, Death was not grim; instead, it was eternal rest from a grim life. Of course, not all slaves died peacefully in their sleep. Many died horrible Deaths filled with pain and anguish. However, despite the presence or lack of pain involved in the process of dying, I propose that at the point of Death, the dying were propelled into a moment of immense bliss. This feeling is encapsulated in the third stanza with the image of the warm sun. The third stanza also depicts the baggage the slave sheds by his death: pain, brands, and whips. Thus, "Re:" characterizes the dying slave as something of a falling star — one of a million lights in a vast sky that flares up for a brief moment only to disappear into the endless, peaceful sky, forever.

I.

Child of earth:

From all the rest I single out you, having a message for you,  
You are to die—let others tell you what they please, I cannot  
prevaricate,  
I am exact and merciless, but I love you—this is an escape for you.

II.

Softly I lay my right hand upon you; you just feel it,  
You do not argue. I bend my head close and half envelop it,  
I sit quietly by, I remain faithful,  
I am more than nurse, more than parent or neighbor,  
I absolve you from all except yourself spiritual, that is eternal, you  
yourself will surely escape,  
The corpse you will leave will be but excrement—tomb of all your  
earthly woe.

III.

The sun bursts through in myriad directions, strong thoughts—a  
wish immortal—fill you and confidence, you smile,  
You forget your pain, as I forget your pain, you do not see the  
darkness you leave, you do not mind the flayed wand,  
I am with you,  
I exclude others from you; there is nothing to be commiserated,  
I do not commiserate, I congratulate you.

# A Slave's Leap

by *Damian M. Cupid*

I step  
On the ship's stern I plant  
My demands for my legacy  
In the existence of my progeny

I rise  
At the horizon I stare  
Its infinite continuum  
Likened to my spiritual equilibrium

I leap  
To the air I rise  
Riding currents of freedom  
On wings my soul's divination

They stare  
The plunge I make  
Meeting waves of stagnation  
Extracting from me my proclamation

You see  
My purpose's actualization  
For you know my spirit  
Has created a new realization



# The Calling

by Michael Lalla

It calls me; I wake.  
I want to shake off the lids from my eyes;  
They are frozen shut, frozen in fear.  
Heavy, laden, clouded.  
They fail to open, so I sleep again.

It calls me; I wake.  
I want to hear the words it speaks in my ears;  
They are numb to words, numbed in fear.  
Cold, callous, silent.  
They fail to hear, so I sleep again.

It calls me; I wake.  
I want to touch, to feel it move with my limbs;  
They are unable to move. The fear is too great.  
Tense, firm, unyielding.  
They fail to move, so I sleep again.

It taunts me; I wake.  
I try anything to sense it, to follow.  
The time has passed. I am defeated by fear.  
Falling, weeping, fleeting time.  
I fail to try, so I sleep forever night.

# Escape

by Donald B. Ash

I sit dolefully in my wooden chair  
gazing wistfully out of a solitary window.  
I speak out, but there is no one there.  
The sweet smell of nature's pine flows in on a wind's billow.

Nature is the meaning of happiness.  
How it makes my spirit yearn.  
What it must be like to drift on a wind's crest.  
My eyes blink slowly with fatigue; I know now it is my turn.

The wind wisps across every contour of my face.  
Am I falling? Am I moving?  
I surrender to the pine wind's embrace.  
Running, jumping, floating...flying.

My face is tinted with a shade ever so blue.  
No longer one with that prison I did once imbue.  
Doubtless this freedom is know to few.

# A Generation Lost

by Patrick D. Boston

The truth am I from roots soiled in pain,  
Of a society deterred—of little status and name.

Rebellious am I from years gone,  
Of lifted voices for freedom through song.

Aged am I from endurance last,  
Of whips and chains upon my back were cast.

Abrasive am I from commands unwelcomed,  
Of aunts and uncles of love have come.

Untold am I from texts and parts,  
Of talent oppressed and uncared-for heart.

Raisined am I from the Sun on high,  
Of unwanted "friendship"—upon dirt I cried.

Yet courageous am I from each valley rising,  
To move sturdy mountains with amazing surprise.

With veins of steel and a soul of gold,  
I have paved the way for a future that's bold...

So, forget me not "on this fine day,"  
For never shall I pass again this way.

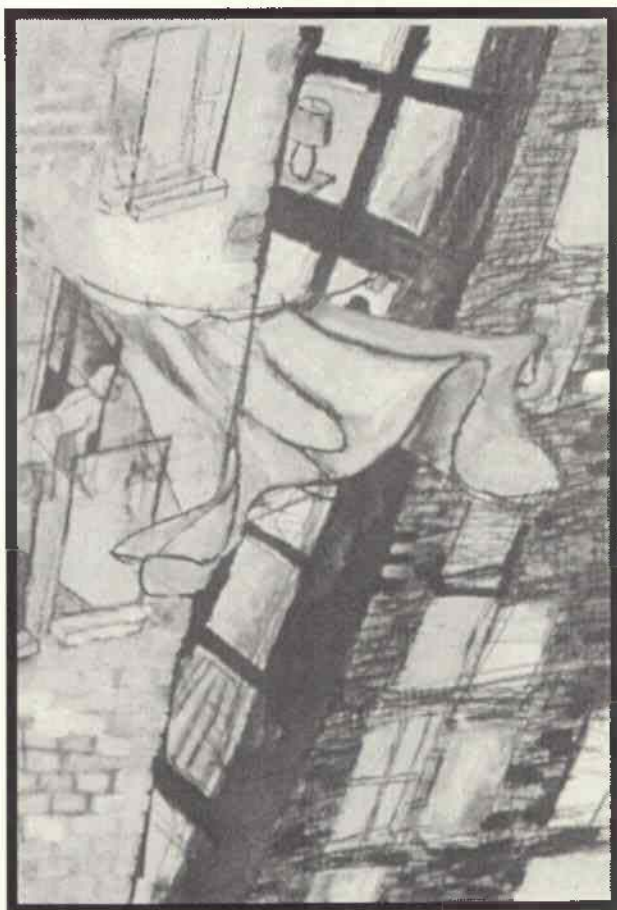


# Slavery, Emancipation, Slavery

*By Hakim A. Williams*

And the slaves cry:  
"Shackled to a white, nameless ship,  
Emerged in my black brother's filth.  
Stripped entirely of my physical and cultural attire  
And laced in white linens.  
White whips bloodied by the diseased backs of blacks.  
Whilst our black hair is dyed white  
By the worry of our black destiny...  
A destiny only illuminated by white light,  
And yet so black!"

# Looking In



*Did you ever stop to read the book you are? Your covers are meaningless. Your value is within.*

*Black men in particular must be more concerned with being "composed of," rather than "compiled over." Who else but us, when else but now, and where else but "in" must we look for truth and understanding?*

*✍ Patrick D. Boston*

# Cornbread

by Ahmariah Jackson

Cornbread fed, bred with pride for my large eyes  
that see what you hide,  
that heard when you lied  
that pained when you cried  
that denied...

the past

I insist that the pain did not have to exist  
yet refuse to dismiss  
with simply a hug and a kiss...

my innocence

brazen hair- bronzed skin, cinnamon scented  
heavenly descended am I

when my father's eye met my mother's sigh  
...of relief

caused momentary grief after the technique  
but after 18- I praise thee

and the way you raised me

lately my pride doesn't depend upon my skin  
damn right I'm African

does that alleviate American?

NAW!!

My bottom lip protrudes, offers an intimate  
prelude to an interlude

that leads you to conclude

whatever

the waves in my fade are cleaver

seems to sever any connection

with those who don't cornroll

can't grow afros

can never feel a fingerwave

never used "sporting waves" pomade

seems dazed

by my disposition

it causes friction

as I attempt to provide a definition

for my mentality

mentally they can't concede

my infatuation with greens

the flavor salt pork brings

the songs I sing...



are uniquely me  
From the love of God  
to the heart of man  
I stand  
exalted  
not because of a new revelation  
a hot musical sensation  
a literary creation  
a combination of toleration  
an expiration  
of stupid ideas  
no I appear  
While others lie in arrears  
see cornbread got me here  
all barriers disappear  
as my heart embraces dear  
with actions sincere  
see cornbread got me here

*This poem won first place at the 1997 National Collegiate Honors Council (NCHC) poetry contest, held in Atlanta, Georgia.*

# ...the people are trading...

by Geoffrey R. Bennett

so let he amongst you  
cast the first stone...

we have complex machines  
so no one ever has to have blood on his hands  
we have complex organizations to mask the screams  
and if everyone just does his job  
no one ever has to understand

you might be the wrong color  
you might be too poor  
justice isn't something  
just anyone can afford  
"is this justice or just us?"  
they might not pull the trigger  
they might not crack the whip  
but you will experience demonic delusions  
reminding you of the hell-bound slave ship

the big day has come  
and the bell is sounding  
I blink my eyes  
one last time  
outside these prison walls  
the town is gathering  
the people are trading  
crime for crime  
the people are trading  
crime for crime  
the people are trading  
crime for crime  
whoever is in charge up there watching from that tinted  
window  
had better take the elevator down  
and put more than change in our cup  
or else  
we  
are  
coming  
up.  
the people are trading.....

# This Ain't Love... More Like Like

by Ahmariah Jackson

And if you want we...

I had to go home and eat a dripping éclair from a  
chocolate stick  
and apologize for the Indian leaf that I permitted to enter into my  
lungs.

So I just walked and wrote  
and wrote this in my cerebral.

And if you want we...

can set aside Deuteronomy and  
read Nikki Giovanni  
while our backs touch and...  
feel each other's breath  
and get to know our bodies in the ancient ways  
we long forgot.

I used to...

had a love that was symbolic but didn't mean sh\*t  
so I must swear we went together as one, but broke  
in trails of smoke  
of billowy thick  
separated as we saturated the air  
with sedated songs of  
some love sh\*t.

So if you want we...

can eat the world hand fed  
and I...  
will read you Sonja Sanchez  
and maybe Richard will wright  
of the blues of my people that  
Amiri brought to life.

Then, we'd make the universe our backdrop  
and I'll...

explain hip hop  
and...

I'll explain hip hop and you'll exclaim  
something profane in the same breath  
felt through your back.

See, cause I've lusted befo'  
lemme tell you  
told ya I usta...  
usta have this poetic love  
that was just words and punctuated actions  
but was not  
nothing more.

So if you want we...  
can be as cool as a D'angelo song along the  
breeze of the breath  
of fresh air that you are  
and be joyous stars super  
superstars of the ghetto superstars.  
We can ride in Cadillac cars throughout ways milky with  
Wu-Tang anthems of flavored ice cream.

Cause I went to the corner store where the little boy  
taught the big lady  
the mysteries of a yo-yo  
and its downs that were actually ups.  
I just ignored...

Went to the freezer and unwrapped a cool cool éclair  
I opened its package  
steamed by its icy smoke and I  
kissed it languidly  
lavishing in lush ebony confection... no matter how cold.  
It dripped on the wooden stick and into the fleshy drop  
and down into you...  
or it was from you...  
or it was you...

So if you want we...  
can set aside the Easter sermon of Deuteronomy  
read Nikki Giovanni...  
learn hip hop  
be hand fed Sonja Sanchez  
and become dripping eclairs.  
Melting down.



# These Sista's Today

*by Quentin Johnson*

You thought you were too good for us  
because you took the cab instead of the bus.

You thought you were too fly  
because you had the money to change the color of your eyes.

You thought you were too chic because  
you got your weave and nails done every week.

You thought just 'cause your clothes came from those designer lines  
you could flash your fancy credit cards of all kinds.

Turns out the fantasy of your life turned to reality when you were called "Nigger."  
Oh, were you stunned 'cause you thought you were badder and bigger?  
Or maybe you thought you had fooled everyone with your light skin and white men.

Remember every time you look in that mirror, you are Black.  
I know it's difficult for you to release the fiction behind this fact.

Your designer wearin', cab ridin', weave buyin' Black behind wouldn't be half of  
what you are today  
if your ancestors hadn't taken the pain they took to pay your way.

These Black men look at you with their "could of, should of, would of's,"  
but they can't talk to a sold out, played out sista' who don't know the difference  
between being Black and being whack!

Take a step back and look at the beautiful reflection of your Black skin —  
Learn to love the Black world in which you live.

Get yourself some soul, some pride, and some sisterhood in your stride,  
because without confidence, your identity continues to hide.

# A Negro Child Speaks of Wishes

by Patrick D. Boston

Dear God,

I've always wondered how life would be  
If everything I wished for came to me free...

I'd wish for no poverty.

I'd wish for no sin.

I'd wish for everyone to see from within.

'Cause life is not the same for every face,

I'd wish for no person to "see" any race!

To be deaf and to be blind.

To any "type" or "kind."

To be equal. To be free.

To have every opportunity.

I'd wish for wisdom and consideration.

I'd wish for a new worldly creation.

I'd wish for love and a Holy guide.

I'd wish for all materialism to be placed aside.

For I am displeased with the world today—

All the hatred, racism, and violence thrown my way.

And I understand that my wishes may not come through.

But there is always "faith" that they might just do.

Amen.

# Aspirations

by Ahmariah Jackson

Assimilated soldiers  
slaughter their sisters  
for a segregating system  
fallen victim to a brain wash  
*lather and repeat step one*  
and purified thoughts

I want to be a revolutionary  
make chaos and anarchy  
into a party  
with Angela Davis as the key note speaker  
and gill Scott heron as the keeper  
of the teacher's words

I want to make change  
*four quarters for a dollar*  
*5 nickels for a quarter*  
*5 pennies for a nickel*  
*a penny for your thought*

I've been bought with textbooks  
condescending looks  
and inferior images  
of superior smiles  
a child becoming a man  
while men remain infantile

I want to play follow the leader  
leading the troupe  
to the theater  
and watch the  
"birth of a nation"  
awaken a spirit of hibernation  
and replace with  
a dandy rendition  
of Amos and Andy  
where sandy haired  
Caucasian persuasion  
rinses the mind

with divine ways  
to define my kind  
as mindless *niggers*  
I want to be a nigger  
figure that welfare checks  
and unemployment gets  
them ahead  
being fed  
from governing subsidized  
sustenance  
subsequently  
serving a sentence  
of social impotence  
tryin' to be *impotent*'  
escortin poverty  
to my posterity

Clarify why  
white folks despise  
*niggers* of my kind  
and why I insist  
to perpetuate such sh\*t

But cleverly as a nigger  
I ascend the ranks  
and sank  
into society's *descent*  
realized that the nigger was a tool  
the man had to invent  
to make himself  
*descent*

I want to be a white man  
oppress my soul  
molest the land  
and manipulate what I cannot understand  
be the devil for once  
and pretend to be angelic  
be understood in my complexity  
but unattainable in my simplicity  
for a man is no more  
than a mere man  
mirroring manageable  
mental messages  
created by previous



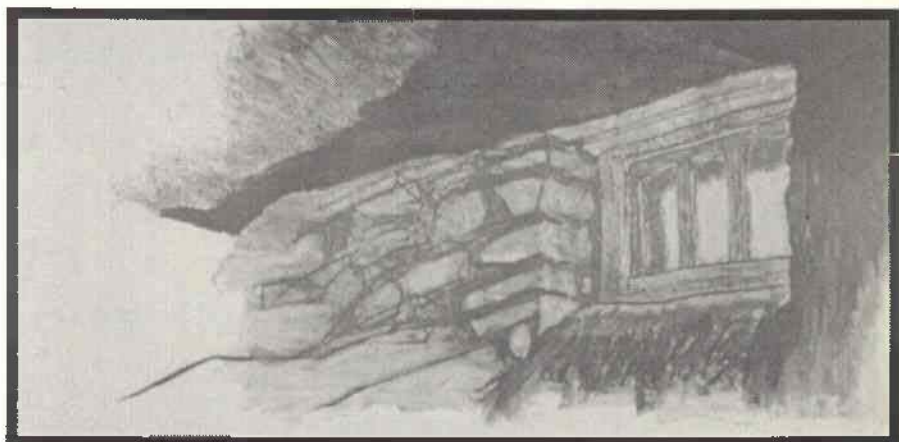
peons.  
be a white man and see both  
boon and burden  
by being born  
in an ivory tomb

Be an angel and called the devil  
because of others' devilish deeds  
and receive the dubious honor  
of being and oppressor  
by just existing

I want to assimilate  
imitate  
emulate  
the intricate  
pattern of hate  
I want to love and be loved  
despise being despised  
to be low  
to be high  
to fly

I wanna be a man  
stand still in the storm  
secure  
and oppose the norm  
individual versus uniform

# Looking Out



*There is so much to learn and so little time to learn it. Where do we begin? The only certainty is that the when is now.*

*Like the essence of the sun rising, we beam along all spectrums, learning and growing... into the east, west, north, and south... to everything and everyone do we look "with hope" and proclaim, "Good morning" (Maya Angelou).*

✍ Patrick D. Boston

# Alcohol

by Ahmariah Jackson

the trance of the drunken man  
speaking millions of thoughts  
with his stabling progression  
the transgressions of the old are usually reflected in all they neglected

he strode slowly as if the sunset was beckoning him  
to join and become a part of forever

the terror was that he had not mastered the present  
and all that it presented in the form of lesson  
so he simply took one drunken step after another  
and remembered when it really was so simple as to just be a man  
and not make other men realize he was  
he kissed the bottle and felt the sweet love tickle his insides  
and set his outsides aflame  
and to think  
he was about to let it  
go  
the reason for which he lived  
was the thing that made him forget that he was living  
when I awoke I was sprawled on the concrete  
lying in my own regret.

# Disadvantaged

by Malcolm Gossett

I grew up brash  
As if at society  
I was born to lash  
Never became attached  
To material things  
Always deprived  
With no strength  
That love brings  
So I supported myself  
And in doing so  
My capital  
Priority was health  
Immoral deeds  
To amass wealth  
Illegal substances  
Are imported  
Seen so much  
I'm apathetic  
When contorted  
Addict's faces  
Come up to me  
Though irrational  
I let my caged anger flee  
Inflict violence  
Never could reside  
In one providence  
Paranoid thoughts  
Make me seek a psychologist  
They say  
That the gift of the mind  
Is divine  
Mine was demoted  
And to reality I am blind  
See with the Devil's eye  
And to no man can I be tied  
Walk a lonely road  
Of pain  
Only when heated  
Do I spark the flame  
Take out the aggression



Beating down on those  
Unfortunate  
In my section  
My life  
Lacks apparent future direction  
Never expected to live long  
Yet still I'm stressing  
Get away from the horror  
With a simple injection  
Into the bloodstream  
The drug intervenes  
Life turns from obscene  
To a beautiful dream  
I can relax  
Not having to wield the battle-axe  
I really don't have a care  
Authority is futile  
There's no fear here  
To society  
There's no more vulnerability  
Just the essence  
Of sweet  
Tranquility  
But ruined by my oversight  
What's this?  
Darkness  
And a solitary light  
Must've O.D.ed  
My life  
What a waste  
No morals  
In a hard place  
Maybe it will benefit  
And educate  
Others who society  
Has the potential  
To circumnavigate  
Into forbidden seas  
Vile beasts  
And cold streets.

# On What I've Learned: IN DUE TIME

by Voltaire Rico Sterling

I've learned...

that if you walk into a room suffocated with people and the conversation ceases upon your entrance, you are probably the topic of their conversation

that there are only a few people in whom you can confide

and that the majority of your "friends" are associates who could not care less if, tomorrow, you lived or died

that He is "The Lily of the Valley, My Bright and Morning Star"

—and that only on His everlasting arms should you lean, for *no one* in "The Kingdom of This World" really knows who you are

that college is not much different than high school, when you put work load against the time you have to complete it

— and more importantly, that "free time" is a misnomer

that your today is already the late nights of somebody's tomorrows

that you can survive on less than three of those infamous late nights

— and that to get eight hours during the week becomes a major sacrifice

that your parents, more often than not, knew what they were talking about

that mutual friends don't always become your own

that distance might kill a relationship

— and that you might be better off severing the ties that bind back home

that when you're doing well...you're a commodity, and everyone's a "friend"

— but that when the table is turned, there are very few whom you *know* will be there with you time and again until the end

that at Morehouse College, a plus after the grade only hurts if you're a GRADE A student

— and that a minus basically kills your morale if, when there was work to be done, you lost sleep and sacrificed going out

that Finals indeed mean nothing, because within a month you'll forget most of the material anyway

that things definitely *do* happen for a reason

— but that there isn't always an answer

that art IS...

universal

that some things are unexplainable and better left that way

that running eases the pain,

makes me high,

and also frees my mind...

and that

These and other things I've learned and will continue to decipher...

IN DUE TIME

## When Death Comes

*by Patrick D. Boston*

I dreamt I would die,

And all that is certain is

My dreams will die too.

## The Promise

*by Patrick D. Boston*

Before me, lived hope,  
And I cannot die until  
After me lives change.

## Keep the Faith

*by Hakim A. Williams*

To God's oasis  
With sand-flayed eyes I creep though  
This earthly desert.

## Untitled Poem

*by Nazim Khan*

One look at her,  
and my heart was lost.  
One breath of her,  
And my thoughts were lost.  
One thought of her,  
And my strength was lost.

The sound of her voice,  
Lulls me into anticipation.  
Her stare,  
Sends shivers down my spine

I am lost,  
Never to find a way out.



# The Longest Rope Has An End

*by Hakim A. Williams*

The brilliant sunlight  
would pierce their room  
illuminating the ruffled sheets,  
where mom and dad did roll  
endlessly happy, last night.

The bleak nightlight  
now o'powering the weakening sunlight  
cast a shade over the neat sheets,  
where mom did lay  
endlessly still, last night.

This morning I ran confidently into her room,  
without knocking,  
to awaken her from her slumber,  
to show her the rising sun,  
to show her the new day,  
a new life.

# Concerning Mother

by Patrick D. Boston

The name drips off my lips like tears  
    Descending from eyes.  
As sweet as apple pie.  
Making my heart beat an extra "thump,"  
She's all I need to get by.  
There's no joy that lasts as long  
    Or portrays a more lovely song..  
Than that of she, who forever  
    Cares and shares her love so fair.  
She melts my sorrows into joy,  
    Hatred into love,  
    And grief into hope...  
Having lived with her all my life,  
There's nothing she wouldn't sacrifice.  
Angelic is she to remind me of  
    How much more I must learn,  
    How much more I must go,  
    How much more I must grow.  
"Mother" is what I call her.

# Untitled Poem

*by Nazim Khan*

Death is a friend  
Who can save you from life!  
You can embrace her  
And be free for eternity.

Death is a lover  
Whose caress you'll never forget  
Her kiss will bury you  
With its ferocity.

Death is a sweet release from pain  
But nothing will you gain  
So choose a faithless lover  
Or keep life's power.

## Ripple

by Patrick D. Boston

A ripple am I in the pond of life;  
Consecutive rings that reach out...  
Into my sister's arms and onto my brothers' shoulders.  
Personifying an eternity of hope,  
Being consumed once my journey is done.  
A ripple am I—just one ripple in one pond.

## Landscape

by Hamadi Dawkins-Rose

She sat with a childish slouch  
cross legged  
we saw her from the complex  
outside on the grass she was planted  
for longer  
than we knew  
watching trees  
she knew she could make them move  
with her eyes.

# Untitled Poem

by Nazim Khan

On the brink of madness,  
He recovers,  
But only to discover  
That he is engulfed by sadness.

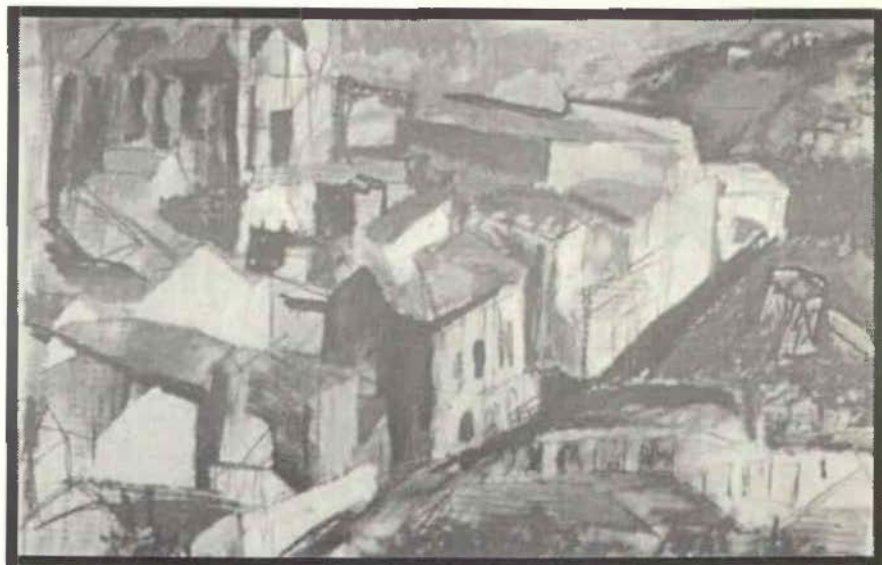
Within his desolate state,  
He awaits,  
For that which can save (him),  
From his ultimate lonely grave.

This loneliness,  
Is like the stillness  
The stillness that suffocates,  
And so ends you fate.

Yet he is resolute,  
And knows that  
That which he seeks,  
That which he needs,  
That which seeks him,  
That which needs him,  
Is truly whom!



# 'D Island Scene



*As the salty breeze brushes my back, I turn  
around to face the calling of the steel drum.  
I remember the Caribbean, our forgotten child.*

✶ Geoffrey R. Bennett

# Moral and Social Irresponsibility as Depicted in Lovelace's "The Wine of Astonishment"

by Damian M. Cupid

In Earl Lovelace's novel *The Wine of Astonishment*, the character of Ivan Morton is the embodiment of social irresponsibility. He rejects not only the Spiritual Baptist faith but the Bonasse culture as well. He discards his associations with the community for his personal upward mobility. Corporal Prince also rejects the Bonasse culture. His role as the policeman, in fact, firmly positions him as both the protector and the enforcer of colonial rule and new colonial systems. Both Ivan Morton and Corporal Prince betray their community and their culture. Betrayal, as a theme, has permeated Caribbean literature, and Earl Lovelace, in *The Wine of Astonishment*, offers his own analysis and interpretation of it.

First, the context of cultural and community betrayal must be established. *The Wine of Astonishment* focuses on Trinidad during the World War II era. This is a period of intense change—a period when the old cultural establishments are under opposition. These old cultural establishments are bombarded with the ideas, the systems, and the novelties of American ideology. This is the time when colonial allegiance to Britain is being superseded by a new respect and a new idealization of America. The proposition of wealth and the resulting social betterment is the driving force behind the attraction of this new culture. This is the background against which the betrayal of Ivan Morton and Corporal Prince must be investigated.

Chapter One of *The Wine of Astonishment* confronts the reader with the hope that the community, through Lovelace's Eva, places in Ivan Morton. The community wants to believe in Ivan Morton. Eva justifies Ivan Morton's commitment: "He's a new man in the Council; six months ain't nutten. And we could wait; things not going too bad with the church: the police ain't troubling us much again, and we worship and pray, not in the real way, true, but we worship and pray" (Lovelace 3). The perception is that regardless of Ivan Morton's faults, he is still a Black man in the Council, and because he is a Black man in the Council, his cause must coincide with the cause of Bonasse as well.

Lovelace gives clues to the community's investment in Ivan Morton. The reader is left with the sense that Ivan Morton is to deliver the community from its "trials and tribulations." Lovelace, in Eva's narration, clearly impresses this opinion: "I myself was a young lady in that time, but I remember that from young he belong not just to Miss Maude and Mr. Fitzie, but was the hope of the whole village" (40). We see that when Ivan Morton goes to take his Exhibition examination, "all the neighbors living near gather in the morning with the rising



sun and make a procession right down to the bus station, with him in the center" (41). Eva states that "now he is a man and the whole village know his name" (43) and that "parents go to him and talk 'bout how their children doing and to tell him not to 'fraid to straighten them out with a good flogging" (43). Thus, the community investment in Ivan Morton demands that Ivan Morton fight for the community's causes.

Ivan Morton, however, does not fight for the community's causes. He rejects Eulalie, the female representative of the beauty of Bonasse culture, marries a woman of high color and education, buys a car, moves into the Richardson house, and, of most importance, rejects the Spiritual Baptist faith. All of these actions show Ivan Morton's disregard of and disdain for his community. These set up the case of both the social irresponsibility of Ivan Morton and his moral irresponsibility as well.

Marjorie Thorpe, in her introduction to *The Wine of Astonishment*, identifies two Caribbean personalities in Ivan Morton's character. She clearly states that "in the person of Ivan Morton [Lovelace] holds up to public scrutiny two figures who have consistently attracted his censure: the uncommitted politician and the apostate schoolmaster" (xi). Both personalities have been investigated in the Caribbean novel. An example is George Lamming's *In the Castle of My Skin* — a novel that, among other things, discusses class distinctions and antagonisms in pre-World War Two Barbados. It is interesting that Lovelace achieves the merging of the two into the character of Ivan Morton.

Both the politician and the schoolmaster in the Caribbean novel achieve relative class distinction. They are associated with education and power—a power that stems from that education. They are esteemed by the community and represent the pinnacle of achievement. However, both the politician and the schoolmaster never find happiness. Educated in the colonial system, they become disassociated with the community. Their education has revealed a new world to which they become acclimatized—a world from which an escape proves difficult. Trapped in this world, they aspire to the colonial heroes presented to them in their textbooks. As such, they wish to acquire all the trappings that distinguish them from their community. In fact, they are isolated in an excluded class and can be identified neither as of the community nor of the elite. Both the schoolmaster and the politician wish to assimilate into the elite—a move that is inherently difficult because of their heritage. Because of this inability to be accepted into the elite, both these personalities exhibit a marked distaste for their culture and their community. They refuse to identify with this culture and community and, characteristically, refuse to protect it. In fact, the community is used only to increase social standing through the election process.

Thus, the moral irresponsibility that Ivan Morton displays is only characteristic of the position that he holds. Any attack on Ivan Morton is Lovelace's attack on both the politician and the schoolmaster. Both are accused of "social irresponsibility" and as betraying of "moral authority." Marjorie Thorpe contin-

ues that "it is to the scholar that the black community has looked for leadership and the formal articulation of their goals and values" (xii). The simple fact that Ivan Morton has rejected his community except in times of elections means that Ivan Morton commits a definite act of betrayal. Lovelace ensures that we extend this sense of betrayal to the politician and schoolmaster.

Corporal Prince further develops the theme of betrayal. First, we must note here that Lovelace's intention is that the police service be a symbol of the government and the colonial rule. Thus, Corporal Prince represents the authority of the "colonial masters." Eva's narration clearly states that "he was the law" (36) and that the "whiteman send him to do a job" (36). In addition, Lovelace positions Corporal Prince as Bolo's equal. If we are to assume that Bolo represents the old community and Corporal Prince the colonial rule, and if we appreciate that Corporal Prince assumes the upper hand in the confrontation, then we must contend that Lovelace's critique is that colonial rule is stronger than communal tradition. In addition, we must also infer that change and its consequences, either positive or negative, must impact the community.

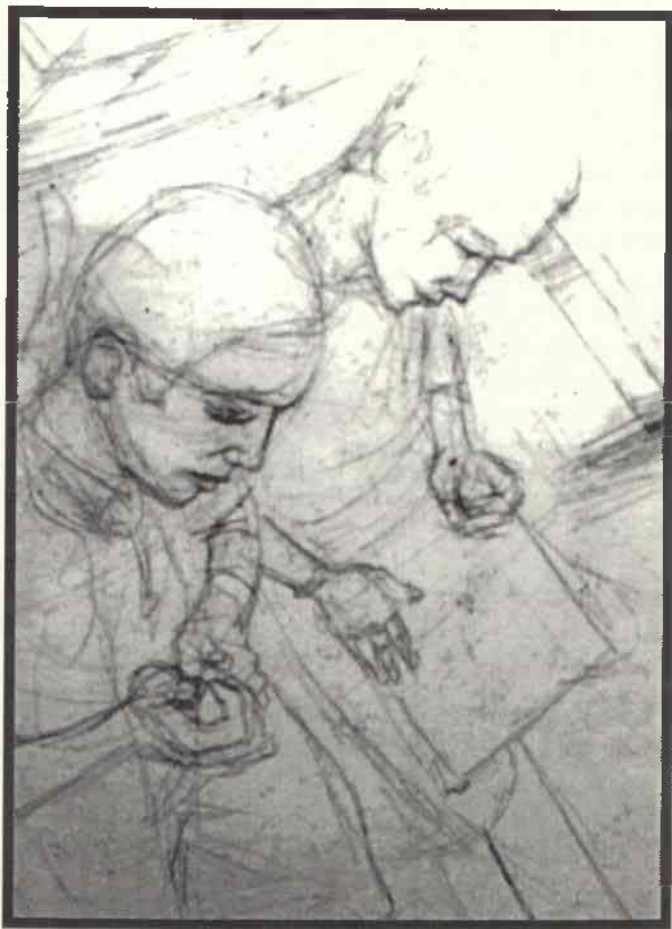
Corporal Prince also stands accused of betrayal and of social and moral irresponsibility. Eva's musing that "where another policeman mighta hesitate to smash up a church his father and grandfather worship in, Prince had no sense of danger or remembrance or love of fear" (36), characterizes the betrayal of Corporal Prince. In accepting colonial rule, and in acting as the protector of colonial rule, Corporal Prince has lost identification with his people. His acceptance of the "colonial masters" facilitates his ability to effectively destroy his own community. Here, Corporal Prince is irresponsible because of the social and political choices that he makes. Responsibility demands the need to protect one's own culture and community. Marjorie Thorpe penetrates the analysis further. Her opinion is that "Corporal Prince's activities warn of the skill with which the colonial powers could subvert and control a people's potential for emancipatory action" (xiii). The fact that Corporal Prince can victimize his own community, and the brutality of the process, testifies to the brainwashing strength of the colonial powers.

To conclude, both Ivan Morton and Corporal Prince are representatives of a class of people who have completely lost touch with their culture and their communities. Their colonial affectations limit the import of their heritage, a heritage they are quick to discard. In Ivan Morton, we see the results of the brainwashing effects of the colonial education. Corporal Prince completes the picture, for, in him, we see the totality of this brainwashing. Both Ivan Morton and Corporal Prince, in their betrayal of culture and community, are morally and socially irresponsible.





# TV or Not TV?



*Television and American society are symbiotic. Television thrives off social hysteria, and social hysteria thrives off television. They stir emotion rather than intellect.*

*The news media is Jim Crow's illegitimate grandson.*

*✂* Geoffrey R. Bennett



# The Misrepresentation of African Americans in the Media

by Geoffrey R. Bennett

The contemporary depiction of Blacks in popular culture is indicative of the historical, social, and political attitudes present in mainstream American culture. The article by John Marshall and Denise Long titled "Fighting Cultural Misinformation about African Americans," provides compelling evidence ascribing the skewed perception of African Americans, in part, to biased news media coverage. The writers contend, "It may be one of the best-kept secrets in America: 'the liberal media' is not terribly liberal. American journalism is often misleading, shortsighted, and unreliable with regard to its depiction of the lives of African Americans" (Marshall and Long, A2).

Marshall and Long claim that the depiction of Blacks in the media is grossly inaccurate and contributes to the existent related prejudices in American society. It appears that the news media plays a major role in perpetuating these myths. "An important factor lies in the fact that minorities comprise only 9.4% of the nation's journalism workforce. Less than 5% of all broadcast journalists are Black, yet Blacks comprise approximately 13% of the U.S. population" (A2). Consequently, news coverage of African Americans is skewed and often immortalizes unfounded generalizations.

Marshall and Long offer a glaring example of biased news reporting during the coverage of the 1992 Los Angeles riots. During the uprising, twenty-five Blacks, nineteen Latinos, and ten Whites were killed. The victims of color received considerably less coverage and humanizing biographical information. "Television news did not broadcast angry, militant comments from people on the street out of the fear that it would worsen the situation; this prevented the protesters from expressing their side of the issue" (A3). Instead, the bewildered news anchors expressed their personal beliefs about the cause of the riots, dismissing the rioters as hoodlums. "Jess Marlow of KNBC offered this racist view: 'How much of this is fueled by anger.. and how much is just fueled by alcohol?'"

In addition, an extensive study regarding network news coverage of African Americans resulted in disturbing conclusions. Northwestern University professor Robert Entman found that Black scholars only appeared as experts in 15 of 2,000 minutes of news not specifically related to racial issues. More devastating, African Americans are usually shown as sources or victims of crime. Fully 46% of stories involving Blacks portrayed them as criminals or casualties of crime, poverty, and discrimination, or, as the study states: "as threats to or non-contributing victims of American society." In all, nearly 60% of network news about Blacks was negative (A 3-4).

African Americans who are depicted as attaining veritable levels of success on television and in print media are often superstars—entertainers and athletes

who lead lifestyles far beyond the means of most Black or White Americans, alike. The entire industrious, typical core of the Black community does not receive substantial media coverage.

The problem with this skewed presentation is not simply that it is incorrect. The larger dilemma is that many White Americans have little information upon which they can base what they see, hear, and read in the media. The vast majority of Americans still live, socialize, and work predominantly among people of their own race. Therefore, the repeated images of Blacks as unproductive and often dangerous members of society can have an indelible impact upon racial attitudes and tensions.

In recent years, "Black" has come to symbolize crime, irresponsible pregnancy, and homicide. Marshall and Long write, "Consider this comparison: African Americans are a mere 12% of America's population. The majority of violent crime is committed by Whites, but violent criminals are disproportionately likely to be Black (over 40% of violent criminals are Black). The majority of enlistees in the army are White, but a disproportionate number of enlistees are Black (over 30% of army soldiers are Black). Those are, on the surface, two unrelated facts, but they illustrate a point. Blacks have become a symbol of crime in America, yet not a symbol of patriotism" (A4). The same stereotyping that occurs for Blacks often works conversely for Whites. Whites have not become symbols of mass murder, though serial killers are disproportionately likely to be Caucasian. On the whole, Jeffrey Dahmer, Ted Bundy, or Jim Jones were never labeled as committing "White crimes." The only recent mass murder by an African American, Colin Ferguson of New York, received a disproportionately greater amount of news coverage.

Although facts can be manipulated, they are powerful tools that can be utilized to destroy stereotypes and prejudice. Presenting facts that do not fit the conventional wisdom on race is an effective way to dispel the false preconceived notions about Blacks. Nevertheless, it is far more convenient for a photographer to take a picture of an angry African American during a riot than it is for him to take the time to explore in words and pictures the underlying social problems that are responsible for the resulting action. Until responsibility replaces convenience in the realm of broadcast journalism, Blacks will continue to face injustice and misrepresentation.





# Commentary: William J. Drummond's "About Face: From Alliance to Alienation"

by *Damian M. Cupid*

William J. Drummond's "About Face: From Alliance to Alienation" is an expert critique of the depiction of the African American in the media. Both its progression and methods of expression are an intelligent and masterful reflection of the acumen of Drummond. His interpretation of the African American's portrayal in the media is not restricted to intellectual generalizations but also relies heavily on fact and fact manipulation. Through his focus on the African-American politician, the prevailing psyche of the newsroom, the ethnic composition of the newsroom, and the "Black pathology," Drummond not only defines the African American's depiction but also tries to explain it. Intended or not, Drummond's explanations serve as solutions to the problem, and in so doing, Drummond both meets and exceeds the reader's expectations.

Drummond embarks on his intellectual and psychological journey with the description of three separate incidents in which an enraged Black community physically attacks the media. The graphic inclusion is needed, he justifies, to illustrate "the indiscriminate anger some Blacks harbor toward the news media in general and the television in particular" (Drummond 24). However, in his disturbing inclusion, Drummond not only attracts the reader's attention but sets up the tone for his entire piece as well—a tone simultaneously despondent and resistant of the media's African-American characterizations.

Drummond begins his introduction to the analysis of the problem of the media's representation of the Black politician by writing, "Media bashing is a growth industry that seems to be supported by Black political leaders, Black intellectuals, and even substantial numbers of Black newsmen and newswomen themselves" (24). In his characteristically deep and searching manner, he does not limit the problem to the present. Instead, he stresses that its roots are in the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s. He immediately impresses upon the reader the duality of African-American representation. The African American's cause was "ennobled" in the 1960s, yet given a minimum of competent expression in the 1980s.

In the 1960s, the Black struggle for equality was seen as a legitimate cause that was worthy of media documentation. The media, in devoting itself to the Black cause, "kept the pressure for reform on White leaders" (24). With marked skepticism, Drummond states that Martin Luther King was elevated because of "timely and sympathetic media exposure" (24). One may not identify the skeptic in this statement, but he is revealed as Drummond stresses that other entirely capable African-American leaders, such as Whitney M. Young, are presently not

as well known because media representation was not afforded them. Drummond's statements show the discriminatory tactics of the media, namely the media's wanton separation and manipulation for its personal ideals. The media is only interested in the Black struggle for the its own elevation. The accuracy of this statement is supported by Drummond's inclusion that the television, a burgeoning medium in the 1960s, needed the positive depiction of a societal phenomenon to attract viewers.

Drummond continues by identifying the suspicion with which Black leaders view the media: "They no longer enjoy the shield of moral leadership once afforded them by the Civil Rights Movement" (25). Presently, the Black politician has to vie for media representation on a leveled playing field. However, that playing field is not level. Granted that the media no longer protects the Black leader, he now has to contend with a media that is subconsciously, and in many cases consciously, biased against him. According to Drummond, to be adequately portrayed in the media, the African-American politician has to achieve "significant institutional power" (25). His use of studies by the "Polity" and the "Legislative Studies Quarterly" which "have shown significant positive associations between minority status and news coverage for politicians who have achieved a certain level of power" (25) substantiates his position.

Additionally, Drummond utilizes another survey which states, "From their vantage point, Black mayors see a local press that does a poor job covering the Black community; does not recognize important Black oriented stories; does not understand Black issues; and is led by publishers who don't care about Black issues" (25). The survey continues by stating that "coverage of a number of fields, professions, and endeavors—and not just crime—involving Blacks is seen as...unfair, and imbalanced" (25).

The above discussion is not restricted to the depiction of the African-American politician by the media, but it also has applications in the psyche of the newsroom. In fact, the distinct separation of the two denies the fact that one is a subset of the other. The depiction of the African American in the media is determined by the psyche of the newsroom. This relationship is supported by media representation of the Black cause in the Civil Rights Movement.

The psyche of the newsroom revolves around the media's desire to follow the predictable story line. The Civil Rights Movement is not exempt, but rather, is the ideal embodiment of this determination. The story line "ennobled the cause of the Negro" and evolved as a "series of morality plays in which good guys and bad guys could be instantly recognized" (25). Furthermore, the prevailing psyche of the media and the newsroom condoned African-American representation with the boundaries and restrictions of the non-violent. Thus, the progression of the Civil Rights Movement to its violent potentialities submerged the media into an internal struggle at the focus of which was the deliberation of African-American representation. Emerging, the media limited this representation, characterizing the movement as threatening and morally destabilizing. The



Kerner Commission, appointed to identify the cause of the disturbances, wrote that "[the media has] not communicated to Whites a feeling for the difficulties and frustrations of being a Negro in the United States" (qtd in 26).

The section of Drummond's work with which the above discussion is associated is characteristic of Drummond's devotion to fact and fact manipulation. Through his use of respected and esteemed sources such as the "Polity" and the "Legislative Studies Quarterly," Drummond does not restrict his credibility. In fact, the reader establishes a new confidence in Drummond and a respect and admiration of his intellect. In addition, Drummond, acting almost as an interpreter, refuses to involve his personal opinion. Fact, justified and credited, is the support of Drummond's analysis.

The reliance on fact is especially prevalent within Drummond's discussion of the ethnic composition of the newsroom. The statement, "Today, Blacks have a low visibility on network television" (26), is exceptional in its ability to capture the element of Drummond. This is the essence of Drummond's discussion, the greater need of the minority in the newsroom for the effective transmission of the African-American position and the adequate representation of African-American ideals. (My interchange in the use of the terms "minority" and "African American" is intentional. It is a signal that the poor media representation is not limited to its African-American applications but, rather, encompasses all minorities.)

Interestingly, Drummond associates the lack of effective African-American representation to the presence of African Americans in the newsroom. Black affairs, because of the environment of the newsroom, are not judged as professional. In addition, Drummond states that "[the] Black reporter's greater ambition actually weakens the news coverage of Black affairs" (28). As such, many African-American reporters shun the "poverty-crime-urban affairs-race beat" (28). In so doing, the "plight" of the lower-income Black person is not illustrated and examined. One must remain careful of characterizing these actions as a "sell-out" of the African American people. The African-American reporter faces a grave enigma. He has the choice of either writing phenomenal reports of African-American culture and being rejected by his contemporaries, or reporting on that which is deemed acceptable by society—admittedly a predominantly White society—and ensuring his job.

"The Black Pathology," the final section discussed by Drummond, deals with the actual African American depiction by the media. Drummond states that "Blacks are routinely portrayed in the news as drug lords and crack victims. They make up the underclass, the homeless, and the subway muggers" (28). The following is an excerpt of the speech given by the Secretary of Health and Human Services, Louis Sullivan:

As things stand today, a pernicious and harmful stereotype has grown up around the Black male. As he typically appears in the media, he's either a



jewelry-bedecked drug pusher, a misogynous pimp, or a vicious thug. When our [Black] men see and internalize that stereotype, they absorb a poison more deadly than any drug they can buy... That stereotype is, furthermore, a scandalous lie. (qtd.in 28)

My discussion of the "Black Pathology" is minimal and derived almost entirely from quotes. This position is justified because one cannot demand a better summary of the paucity of positive African-American representation and depiction than that which is given by both Drummond and Sullivan. I credit Drummond's report for its candid nature. In addition, his report supercedes the norm. Most reports on the depiction of the African American in the media are restricted to the obvious negative associations. Many of them also discuss the prevailing social psychology and conscience and relate them to the African American's depiction. Drummond, in adopting this position only at the end of the report, acknowledges the intricacy of the situation. He acknowledges not only the negative depiction of the African American, but also the reasons behind it. He is deep, profound, and intensive. Regarding his reliance upon fact and objectivity; he appears to be entirely objective. In addition to increasing Drummond's credibility, it also serves to heighten the appeal of the report.

African-American misrepresentation in the media is the result of racial discrimination. Racial discrimination against African Americans has penetrated all aspects of life. The media is no exception. To eliminate the problem, it is first necessary to examine the fundamental proponents of its existence. It may be idealistic to think that any examination of the problem will immediately result in amends to the situation. However, until all reporters, newscasters, and editors complete at least some sense of that examination, the negative depiction of the African American in the media will continue.

