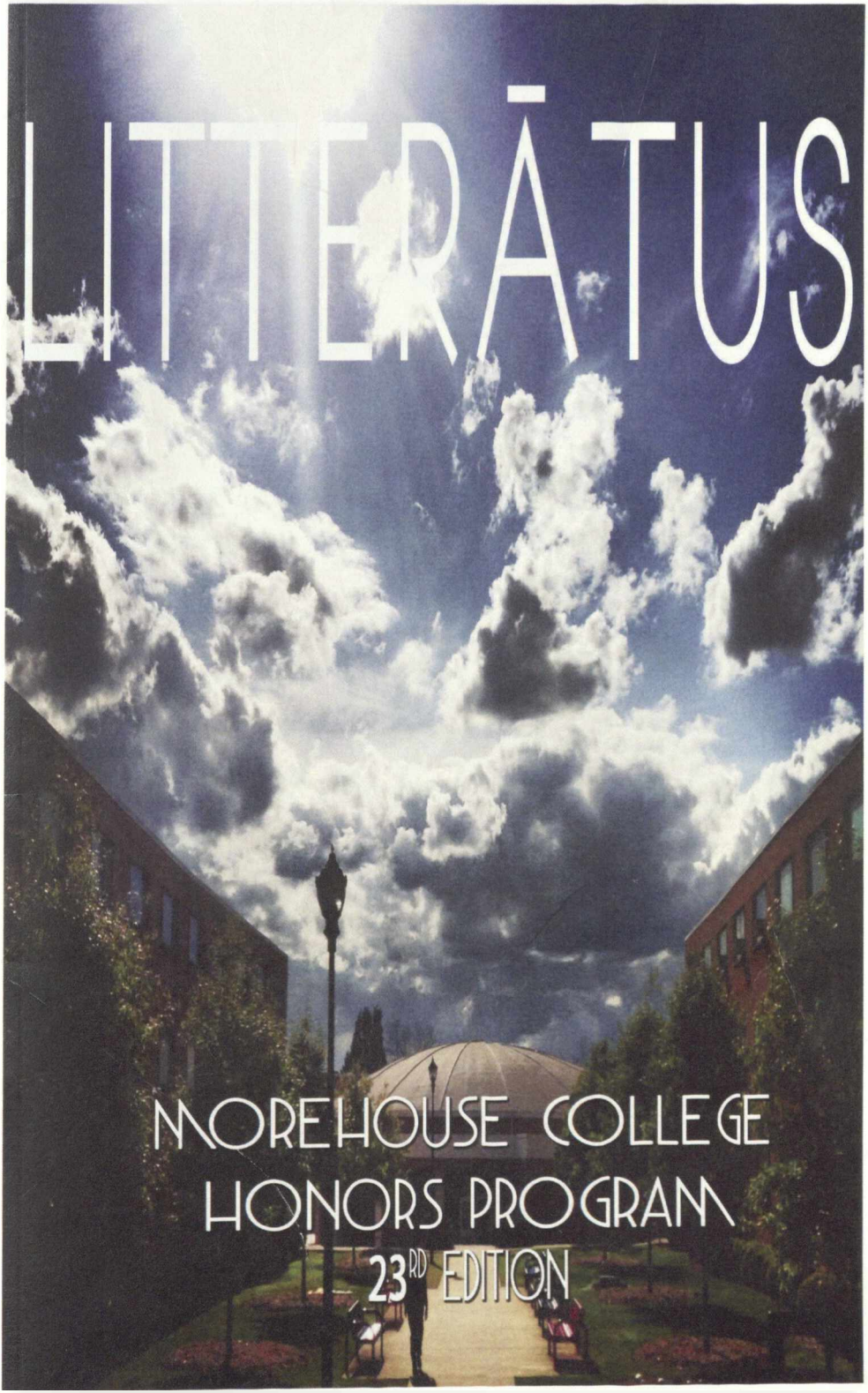
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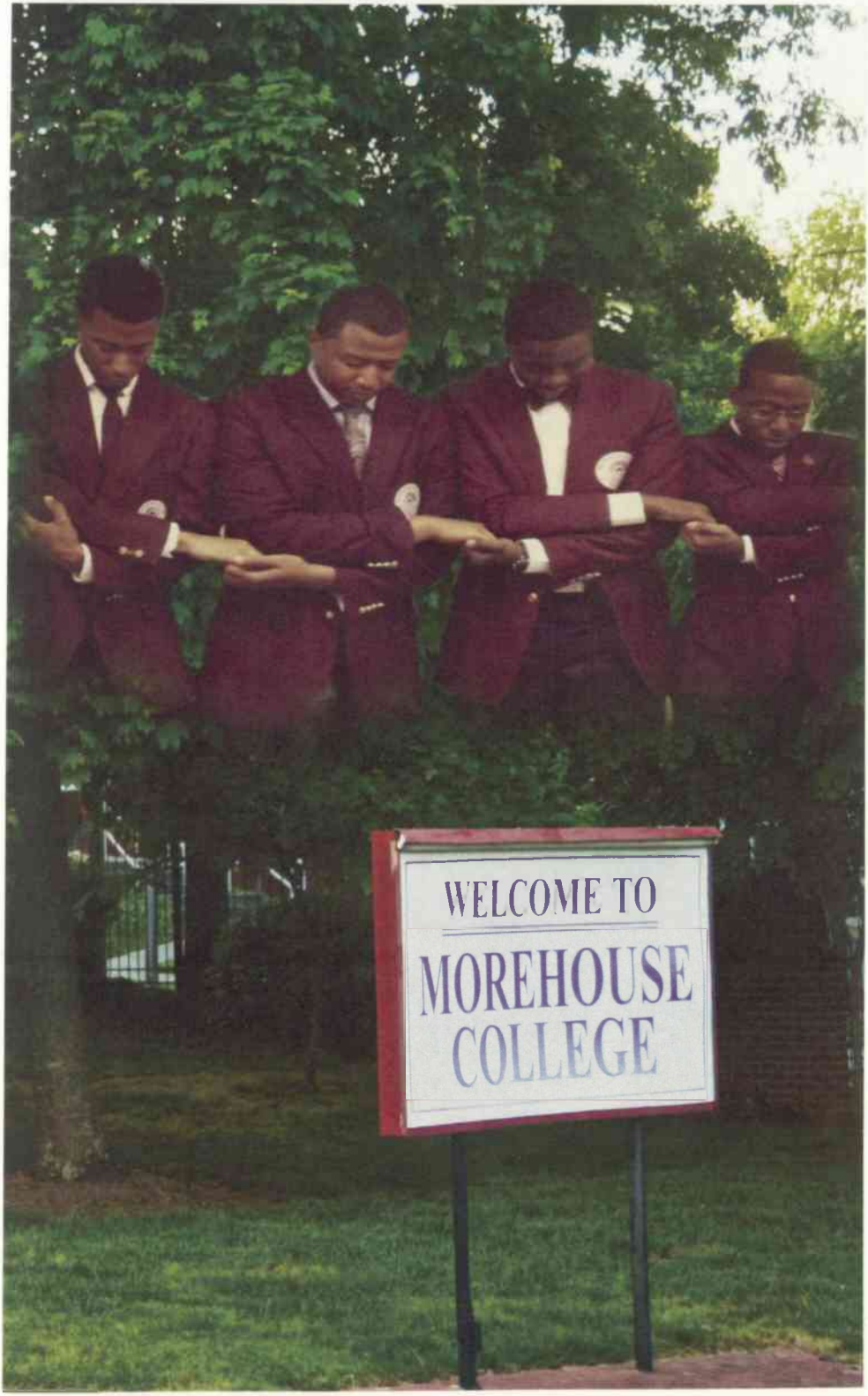
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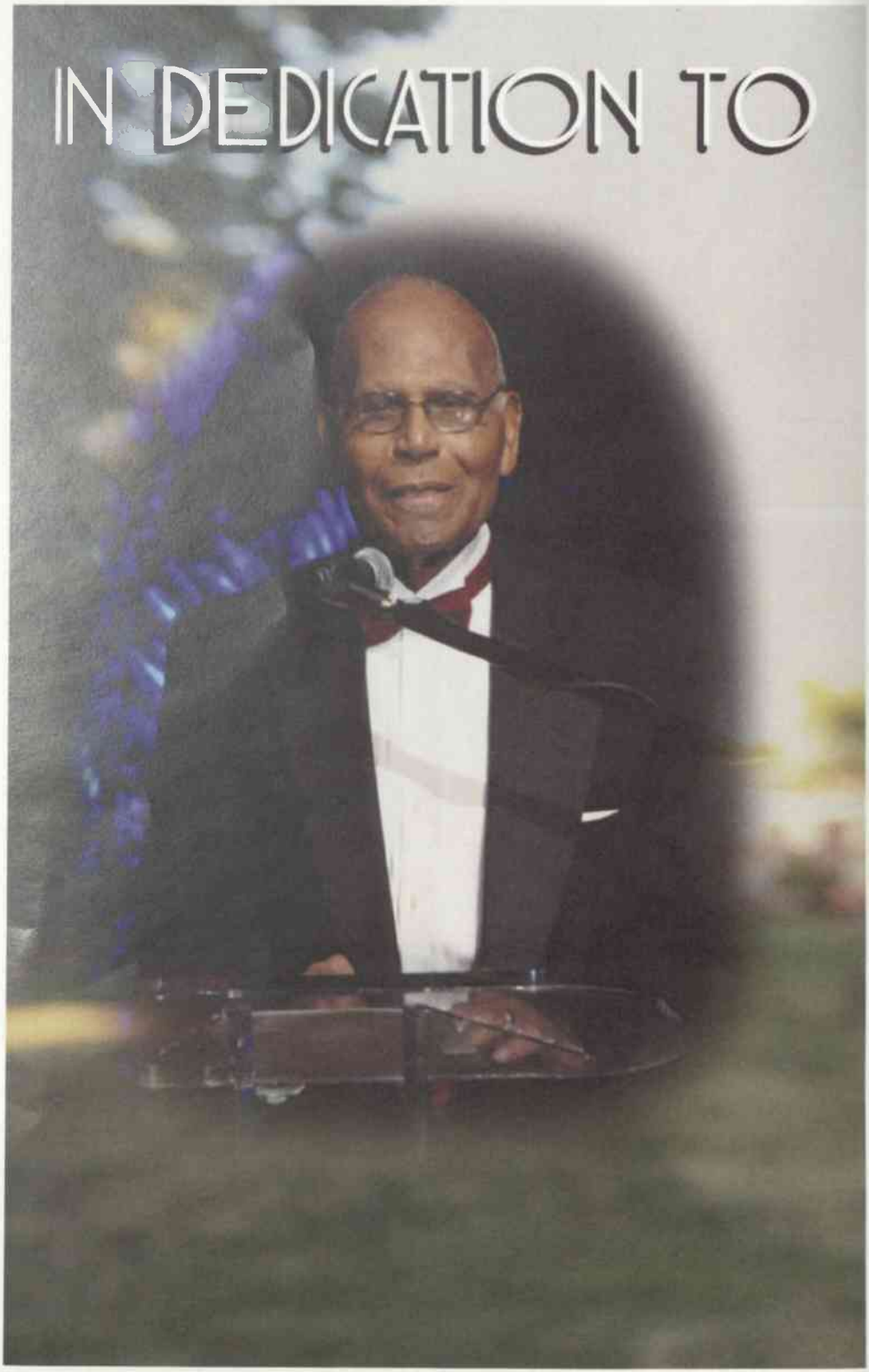


DR. TOBE JOHNSON

For unto this house of sons, a father was given...

With great knowledge, intellect, and wisdom, he stands as a light in honors- empowering, teaching, building, pushing, urging, leading, molding, strengthening, and giving to each son some part of him. Therefore, as each is a stone of the house, so is he a pillar of the house. A powerful and strong foundation, he is one of the fathers who will leave a legacy that shall always be revered and forever remembered by his footprints which illuminate that path that he has paved in the sands of honors education.

Dr. Tobe Johnson is certainly a pillar of the Morehouse Collge Honors Program. His knowledge, intellect, academic integrity, leadership, commitment to excellence, and dedication to the education of young black males have altogether been an inspiration for the Honors Program students and staff.

Dr. Johnson joined the Morehouse Honors Program faculty as professor of political science in 1988. He is the most senior and longest-serving professor in the history of the Program and has worked diligently over the years to support all of the Program's edeavors.

This edition of the Litterātus is dedicated to Dr. Tobe Johnson in honor of his consistent support and leadership throughout the years.

Ora Horton Drayton

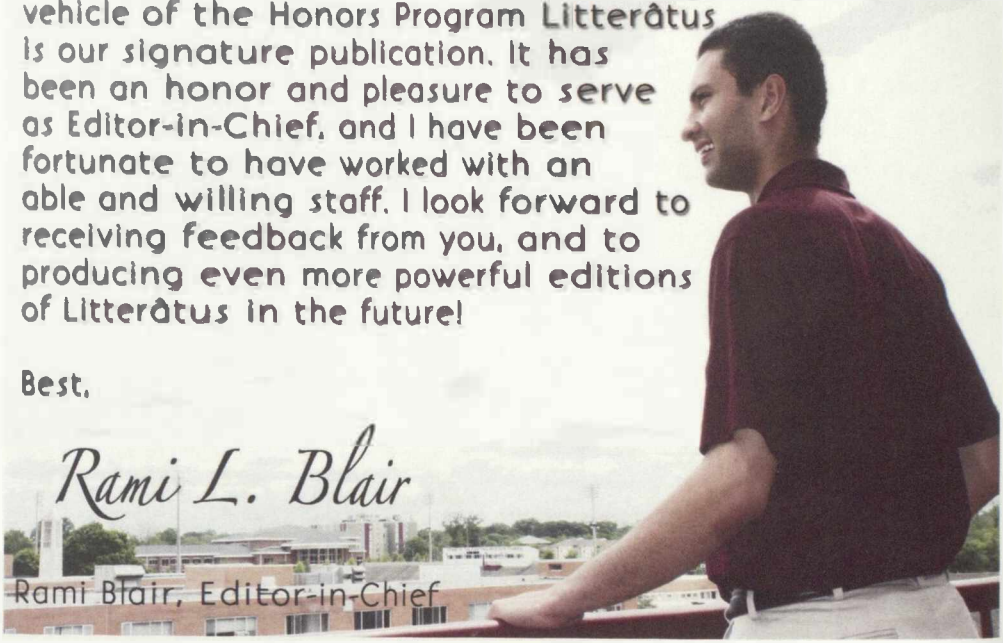
Honors Program Club and Litterātus Editorial Board Advisor

FROM THE EDITOR-in-CHIEF

Each year, it is incumbent on the Editor-in-Chief of Litteratus to assemble a staff, collect submissions, and coordinate all aspects of publication. And this year is no different, with many hours having been poured into this final copy. Accordingly, it is my pleasure to write that the 2013 publication of Litterâtus is finally here! Please take your time as you peruse the selections enclosed. Each poem, story, and piece of artwork was carefully selected. Authors and artists alike dedicated much of their time to their works, and it should be expected that we as readers take time to thoroughly enjoy the selections contained in the following pages. In reading from cover-to-cover, I hope that you will open your heart and mind to bask in the influence of the images and themes presented. As you read, I am sure that you will see the power of creativity at work. In fact, the creative power found within each selection uniquely represents aspects of the human condition and provides us as readers with the ability to gain an even greater consciousness, giving us a heightened sense of awareness.As the primary creative vehicle of the Honors Program Litterâtus is our signature publication. It has been an honor and pleasure to serve as Editor-in-Chief, and I have been fortunate to have worked with an able and willing staff. I look forward to receiving feedback from you, and to producing even more powerful editions of Litterâtus in the future!

Best,

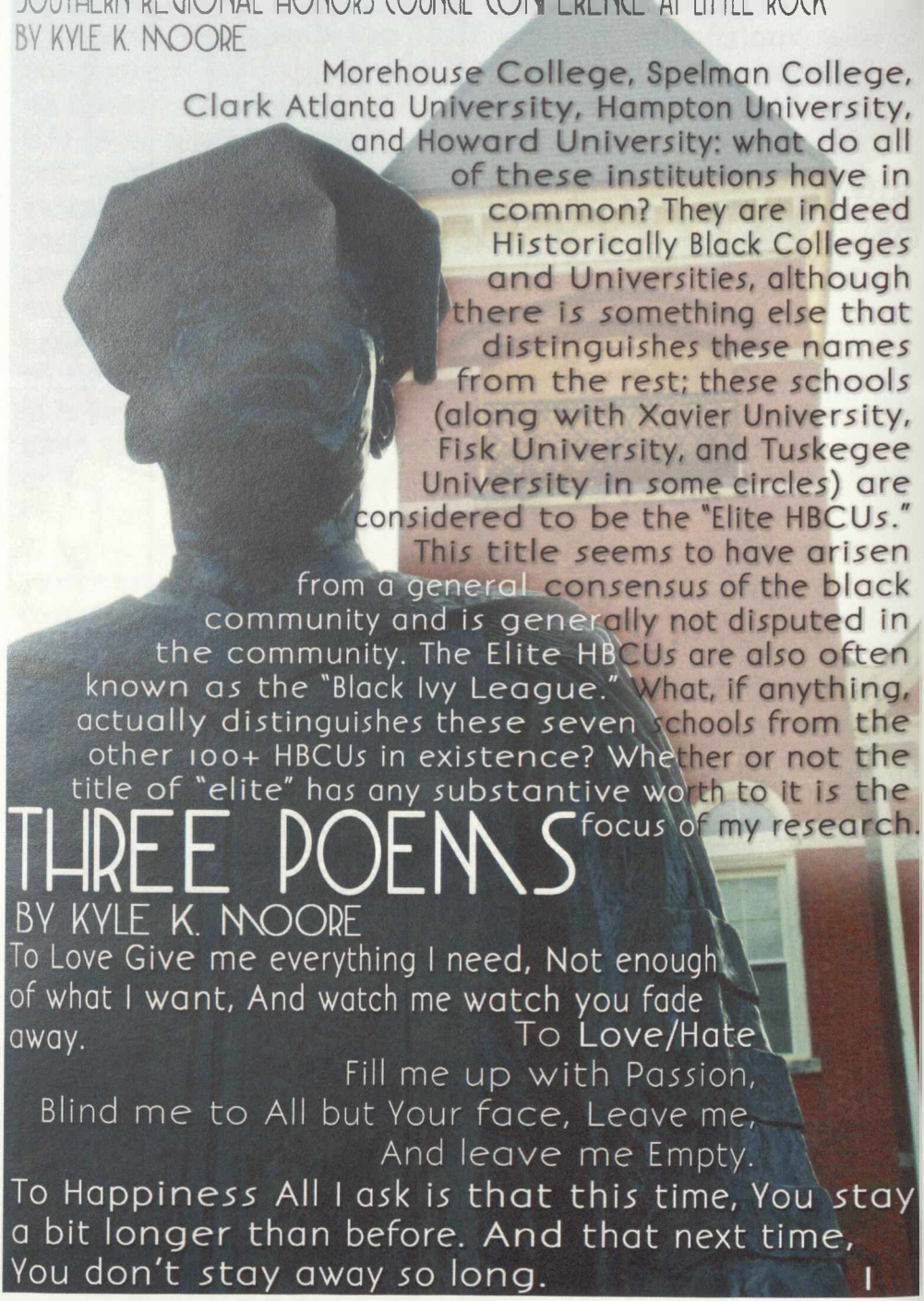
Rami L. Blair



Rami Blair, Editor-in-Chief

THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES THAT ARE PERCEIVED TO ELITE AND NON ELITE HBCUs EXCERPT FROM A PRESENTATION AT THE SOUTHERN REGIONAL HONORS COUNCIL CONFERENCE AT LITTLE ROCK

BY KYLE K. MOORE



Morehouse College, Spelman College, Clark Atlanta University, Hampton University, and Howard University: what do all of these institutions have in common? They are indeed Historically Black Colleges and Universities, although there is something else that distinguishes these names from the rest; these schools (along with Xavier University, Fisk University, and Tuskegee University in some circles) are considered to be the "Elite HBCUs." This title seems to have arisen from a general consensus of the black community and is generally not disputed in the community. The Elite HBCUs are also often known as the "Black Ivy League." What, if anything, actually distinguishes these seven schools from the other 100+ HBCUs in existence? Whether or not the title of "elite" has any substantive worth to it is the focus of my research.

THREE POEMS

BY KYLE K. MOORE

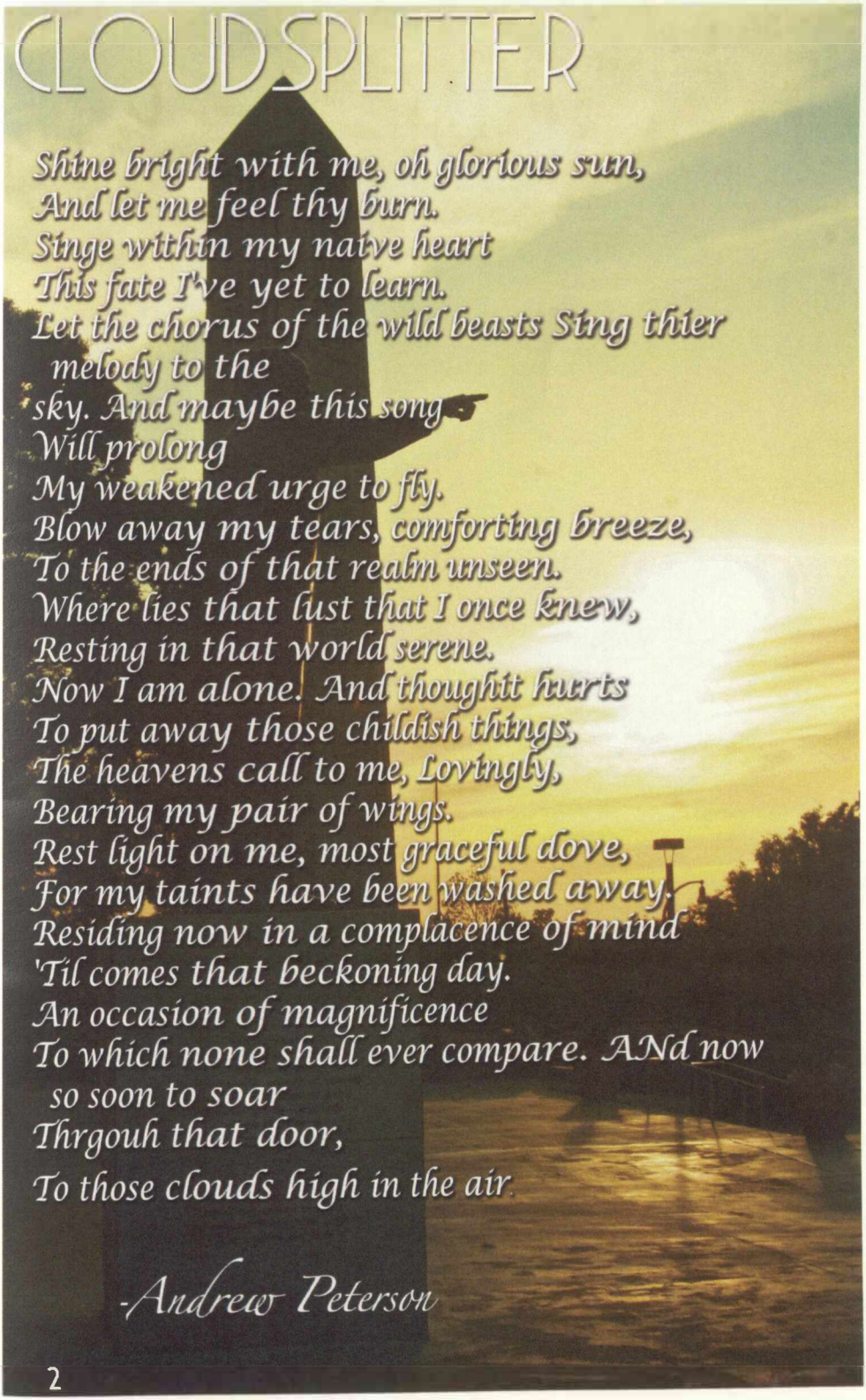
To Love Give me everything I need, Not enough of what I want, And watch me watch you fade away.

To Love/Hate

Fill me up with Passion,
Blind me to All but Your face, Leave me,
And leave me Empty.

To Happiness All I ask is that this time, You stay a bit longer than before. And that next time, You don't stay away so long.

CLOUDSPLITTER



Shine bright with me, oh glorious sun,
And let me feel thy burn.
Singe within my naive heart
This fate I've yet to learn.
Let the chorus of the wild beasts Sing thier melody to the
sky. And maybe this song
Will prolong
My weakened urge to fly.
Blow away my tears, comforting breeze,
To the ends of that realm unseen.
Where lies that lust that I once knew,
Resting in that world serene.
Now I am alone. And thought hurts
To put away those childish things,
The heavens call to me, Lovingly,
Bearing my pair of wings.
Rest light on me, most graceful dove,
For my taints have been washed away.
Residing now in a complacence of mind
'Til comes that beckoning day.
An occasion of magnificence
To which none shall ever compare. ANd now so soon to soar
Thrgouh that door,
To those clouds high in the air.

-Andrew Peterson

AN ETHICAL DILEMMA: TO ABORT OR NOT TO ABORT?

BY KALLE HIGDON

Question: Suppose a married woman did not want any more children but became pregnant. The woman could raise another child but does not want to do so. Would it be wrong for her to have an abortion? When inquiring as to the morality of an action, the answer is usually contingent upon the rules of governance to which a person subscribes. The person whose morality is in question subscribes to and interfaces with these rules of governance as a result of his exposure to certain cultures as well as a result of the society in which he was socialized. This idea referred to as ethical relativism. Throughout the years, more comprehensive bodies of thought have been formed and entertained than that of ethical relativism. Thus, applying ethical relativism to the question at hand, the morality of a married woman's decision to abort a child that she is capable of rearing is dependent upon which basis of morality that she believes to be "correct."One possible answer is this: If a woman has spoken to her husband and he has given her his consent, then the child may be aborted with moral right. This answer is based upon the notion that the wife and husband came to an agreement, with an understanding that that they will make a collaborative and joint decision regarding all actions that directly affect each other's mental, physical, and spiritual health. Hence, the couple makes its own rules. Moreover, there are laws that govern the couple's infidelity and nurturing of their children, but the couple makes arrangements concerning the degree to which they choose to abide by those laws in their marriage. For example, some married couples have open relationships and others "swing" recreationally, but you will not find these couples in divorce court because of these lifestyle choices.

Responding to the question at hand, I wonder if the inquirer accounted for the natural phenomenon which occurs in married women single women alike: the miscarriage of a fetus. Now, such phenomenon is by all means "natural" in the sense that a miscarriage is a normal bodily reaction to a combination of factors that may occur in a woman's body. What, then, is the difference between a married mother having a miscarriage when she didn't want to keep a child and having a doctor perform an abortion when she did not want to keep a child? In the former case, a woman's body made the decision that it was not able to bear a child. In the latter case, the woman (possibly the woman and her husband) made the decision that she did want to bear a child, for whatever reason. Thus, the difference seems to lie in what elicited the decision to be made. Returning to the question, the prompt states that the woman does not want to, but "could" rear the child. By what measure and whose standards, then, does this married woman have the ability to rear the child? Is this ability based on the married couple's financial stability? Even if the couple is "well-off" by American standards, are the parents' financial acumen and discipline conductive to a comfortable environment for the child? The fact of the matter is that children place a financial burden on parents. Most couples make decisions about actions to take after analyzing the costs and benefits associated witht those actions. Financial plausibility is a major factor of analysis which is considered during a cost-benefit analysis of actions one, or a couple, may take. A married coupled has the right, if not an obligation, to make choices that benefit them financially. If and when a married couple assesses the financial burden of another child and decides that they cannot adequately meet the child's needs to the fullest extent, it would seem that, applying ethical relativism, aborting the child is not wrong.

PILLAR OF COURAGE

BY RAY T. PERKINS

There are instances and attributes in our lives that describe who we are, and there are others that define who we are. My dark epidermis describes me, but it does not define me. That does not mean it is irrelevant to me. It has played a prominent role in many instances that have helped mold, mature, and consequently define me. Prejudice is the misconception that a description can accurately define and constrict an individual, a race, or a generation. My sophomore year was my awakening to the atrocities of prejudice and racial profiling. Please don't believe I was oblivious to reality of the racial tension present in America, especially the Dixie South, but I was virtually unacquainted with the brusque, blatant, and even physical presence of prejudice. My father and I were returning from a local electronic retail outlet oblivious to a local convenient store robbery. Neither of us could have thought much of it. Why should we? We were not the perpetrators, victims, bystanders, nor could we have lent assistance to the authorities to capture the perpetrators. We continued toward home. I reluctantly became aware of blue lights and an obnoxious siren blaring behind us. My father, with a composed demeanor, told me to not worry and to keep my hands visible. Logically I understood why I should not worry, but it didn't internally register why I must keep my hands visible. The officer approached our vehicle and asked for my father's license and registration. He shone his flashlight toward me and instantly apologized for the mistaken identity. He informed us of a local convenient store robbery, and the burglars had escaped in a vehicle similar to ours. He explained that it was obviously not us and told us we were free to go. This specific incident may ignite indignation from many, but I understood his mistake and I comprehended his logic for stopping us. The events that followed were not as easily digested as the previous ones. My father and I arrived into our comfortably middle class, suburban neighborhood, a location I believed was immune to racial animosity and authoritarian terrorism. My father parked at the base of our steep driveway. I proceeded to exit our vehicle and

hike up the lawn toward the garage. I did not reach two yards before hearing an aggressive voice order "get on the goddamn ground." Instantaneously I concluded we were being robbed. I slowly turned around to see my father at the base of the driveway with his hands above his head and an array of blue lights flashing behind him. I will never forget his face; it exclaimed dread and fear, not for him but for me. Now I understand why. He wasn't afraid of being shot; that was irrelevant to him. He was afraid for me. The officer proceeded to shout a profane order to lie on the ground. As what most people do in the presence of an angry armed individual, I complied and positioned myself at the base of drive way. I was adjacent to our vehicle, but under the vehicle I could see my father lying on the ground adjacent on the other side of the vehicle. The officer continued to scream "don't you goddamn move." It was difficult for me to see him; the lights from his vehicle flared behind him and engulfed his figure in a flood of illumination, but it was obvious he was aiming a gun at us. That was one thing I did not have to see to know, it was something is easy to feel. That moment symbolizes the epitome of irony for me. The authority created to protect me from harm ironically became the threat I most desperately needed protection from. He proceeded to call for reinforcements. Between their arrival and that moment, he bombarded us with a variety of threats and primitive arrays of profanity. I don't really remember how long we waited, but time seemed irrelevant. The potential of death seems to exercise authority to distort and void time. Finally, his reinforcements arrived. I cannot specifically remember the number of officers that arrived, but I remember at least four of them surrounding me and then proceeding to handcuff me. They later lackadaisically attempted to justify why they used so much force by explaining the perpetrators, my father and I, were believed to possess sawed off shotguns. That was unbelievable to me, someone who never held a gun before and obviously did not know how to use one.

Two officers finally lifted me to my feet. My father was experiencing the same expedition to hell on the other side of the vehicle. I observed as they continually searched for the assumed firearms. Another officer behind me tightened the constraints on my wrist as if I clandestinely held a firearm in my previously inspected back pocket. I remember my father's face as they searched his truck. He stood erect and dignified; he was the pillar of my courage. I begin to notice a section of the pack of officers become frustrated. They could not find any shotguns. Simultaneously, after several moments of scrutiny, an officer recognized my father from local television. My mother and sister arrived during the officer's epiphany. It is important for you to understand that my mother is a woman of fortitude and audacity and my sister is merely her adolescent reflection. My mother exited her vehicle with out reluctance and with firmness asked what was happening. I overheard another officer say that he recognized my father and expressed that his wife knew him as well. This moment was pivotal to the experience. It was peculiar that the officers transmogrified from apparitions of threatening authority to befuddled creatures. My mother asked that I be released and allowed to go inside the house. As I ascended the driveway, I heard an officer say, "He doesn't seem like a violent man; take off his handcuffs." As I walked that driveway my juvenile appreciation for my father matured into respect and for him. I don't know what happened outside in our suburban cul-de-sac the first few minutes I entered the house. My mother and sister tried to console me and ease my justified indignation, but their attempts were futile. It wasn't till I collapsed in my mother's arms that I returned to the reality I previously knew. From the refuge of the second story window, I watched my father. He was still there erect like a pillar of courage. The officers who originally handcuffed and cursed him seemed irrelevant to his silent and strong demeanor. My older sister and mother returned outside to attend to my father. I cleaned my face and tardily followed them down the driveway.

My sister audaciously lashed out toward the lead officer "Do you know who my brother is?" She then proceeded to testify of my leadership titles, academic accolades, and athletic achievements. I do not know whether out of exhaust or guilt the officer conceded to apologize. Several other officers attempted to make friendly conversation with my father, but there was no conversation that could erode that type of assault and subsequent tension. My father, with dignity and authority, entertained their poor attempts at reconciliation. The initial officer and the leader of the officers and I do not remember his rank-- followed my family into our home. They attempted to compose an apology, but I was not ready to accept either. Nobly my father responded to fulfill the rites of social etiquette, but nonverbally sent the message rightful indignation. This experience did not define me. I will not allow it. It does not even accurately describe me. It revealed to me an uncensored reality. The officer's prejudice overshadowed his logic. He compiled a definition of who and what I was, based on a small description. His inaccurate definition justified to him why residents of an affluent suburban neighborhood would burglarize a paltry convenient store. Honestly, I still do not fully comprehend what happened that night occurred. I even wonder if I really want to know what permeated through those officers' minds as they handcuffed my father and me. But the way my father maintained his dignity and prestige among the chaos, that was the most significant aspect of that evening. His demeanor testifies that no matter neither what the circumstances are nor who the adversary is; nothing can strip me of who I am. The external circumstance did not for a moment alternate any component of his self-definition. The circumstance only manifested them. He defined and maintained that definition of who was with an adamant grip. The observance my father in the situation profoundly defined me, but it was his adamant grip of who he was that has strengthened me. No matter what predicament or adversity confronts, me I will never sacrifice who I am to palliate or escape it.

LIMITING LABELS: NOTIONS OF IDENTITY IN JAMES WELDON JOHNSON'S *THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLORED MAN*

BY NEBIYU FITTA

Throughout James Weldon Johnson's The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man, the protagonist refuses to submit to American society's rigid racial divisions. While, at first glance, refusal to assume a racial identity may seem to be an act of self-hatred, the 'Ex-Colored' man's actions show not a yearning to be white, but instead, an eager desire to be free of the restraints of labels (Pfeiffer 403). In not assuming a racial identity, the man liberates himself from one of the most stunting labels, "colored," and is able to fully enjoy in the American ideal of individual choice. Despite showing signs of regret for not having embraced his black half and enriched the African-American community as he had once hoped, the man undeniably realizes a large portion of his most memorable life experiences would not have been possible had he submitted to the white supremacist notion that his black blood stripped him for the opportunity of self-identification (Johnson 511). The genre bending nature of the work, the protagonist's complete immersion into Jacksonville's Cuban immigrant community, and the lack of traditional naming of characters makes for a formidable argument against imposed divisions and for self-definition.

The work, as neither an autobiography nor a work of fiction, eludes the grasp of strict categorization and further advances the idea of the limiting nature of labels and arbitrary divisions. As the story begins, the narrator warns of the life secrets he is soon to divulge, giving the appearance of a genuine autobiography. When the reader is certain that the work is in fact a true autobiography, fictional elements present themselves around every corner. The benefactor's last minute decision to "go to

Europe tomorrow" serves to make a point about the ease with which the privileged can transcend physical and social divisions, but is surely fictional (461). Extensive usage of the personal pronoun 'I' only further muddles the distinction between autobiography and fiction. The refusal to fit neatly into a genre gives the work greater depth and openly invites multiple reads of the text. In not restricting the text, Johnson allows himself "to join the imagination which fiction demands with the psychological complexity which autobiography affords" (Pfeiffer 408).

The Ex-Colored man's seamless immersion into Cuban immigrant culture at the cigar factory demonstrates the protagonist's eagerness to supersede race on the road to knowledge and human connection and stands as a testament to the wondrous potential for individual success in a meritocratic society. While in Jacksonville, the narrator is introduced to a Spanish-speaking Cuban population that exists largely outside of the United States' fierce black-white dichotomy. This world is a haven where the boundaries of societally constructed race fall to the wayside and individuals are judged as individuals. Ironically, in this immigrant community, one can see the clearest manifestation of the American ideal of merit as the sole deciding factor in one's success. In the lessons learned from his landlord, the practice he engaged in with his co-workers, and his veracious reading of Cuban newspapers, the Ex-Colored man learns to "speak [Spanish] like a native" and rises to the position of "reader" after only a year at the factory (Johnson 432). The Ex-Colored man's ascension at the cigar factory is made possible because of the color-blind tenacity with which he approaches learning about other cultures and the meritocracy that exists within a factory free from the racial divisions that marred American life.

[Spanish] like a native" and rises to the position of "reader" after only a year at the factory (Johnson 432). The Ex-Colored man's ascension at the cigar factory is made possible because of the color-blind tenacity with which he approaches learning about other cultures and the meritocracy that exists within a factory free from the racial divisions that marred American life.

The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man's absence of names allows the characters' to develop their own identities independent of restrictive labels and compels the reader to question how naming has the potential to further restrict. The protagonist himself, the Ex-Colored man, has no name beyond just that which titles the work. In Individualism, Success, and American Identity in The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man, Kathleen Pfeiffer notes how the title is not one that embraces a white identity, but one that simply frees the protagonist from an undoubtedly constricting colored one (412). Johnson refuses to stunt the individuality of the Ex-Colored man in placing on him a title, stressing the point that "his only constant, essential characteristic is that he possesses no constant, essential characteristic" (411). Similarly free of titles are the character's 'Shiny' and 'Red Head', who stand on opposite sides of the United States' color gradient, but are nonetheless given the autonomy to create an identity for themselves. Without the restrictions of names, the two character's act uncharacteristically of what their hue would suggest within American society. Shiny, an intellectual fireball, delivers a masterful oration at his primary school graduation ceremony (Johnson 416) and is shown continuing his education well

into adulthood (506). "Red Head," on the other hand, struggles with even simple spelling in grade school (398) and seems rather complacent with ceasing his studies after receiving his high school diploma (418). Here, a physical characteristic seems to be just that, a physical characteristic, and not a tool with which to justify one's subjugation or the reverse, privileging. Without names, Johnson removes the man-made divisions present within the larger social context, and allows the characters to realize their true potential as individuals.

Through The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man, Johnson challenges America to live up to the high ideals of individual autonomy and freedom, equal opportunity, and merit based achievement and forces the reader to take a critical look at identification as it relates to the assumption or rejection of society's pre-determined taxa. The protagonist's break from the title "colored" is simply done to reach the virtuous promise land where these American ideals exist. Realizing that "the United States puts a greater premium on colour, or, better, lack of colour, than upon anything else in the world" (478) and that entry into this promise land was predicated on whiteness, or at the very least non-blackness, the Ex-Colored man sheds the title and rattles the reader's idea of identity. When identity is invested neither solely in a race, or a name, or a genre, for that matter, then in what does an identity ground itself? Self-definition, one finds, is a grueling journey of discovery that raises more questions than answers.

HISTORICAL FICTION AND THE MULATTO IN WILLIAM

BY TERREL CHAMPION

African American novels published throughout the modern and postmodern eras extensively resemble the formal elements of early black literature by relying on both history and fiction. For example, black literature's preoccupation with the neo-slave narrative throughout the postmodern era regularly incorporates history. This is best represented in novels like Toni Morrison's Beloved, which depicts the enduring psychological effects of slavery by fictionalizing the historical account of a slave mother named Margaret Garner who murders her own children. The formal elements of works by Morrison and other contemporary black writers derive from the tradition of rewriting history during the antebellum era when many autobiographical accounts about slavery were published to provide the black voice with agency. Most paramount during this period were the works authored by William Wells Brown. As the first novel published by an African American author, William Wells Brown's Clotel; or The President's Daughter: A Narrative of Slave Life (1853) has served significantly as a model for successive African American novels. Consequently, Brown's novel serves as a harbinger by foreshadowing and setting a precedent for African American novels by focusing on the detrimental effects of slavery and by highlighting the ironic notion of equality in America. In Clotel; or The President's Daughter: A Narrative of Slave Life, Brown criticizes America's contradictory attitude regarding human equality during the slave era by creating the theme of the tragic mulatto. While Brown's main character, Clotel, establishes the historical stereotype of the tragic mulatto, his coupled use of fragmented narration and historical fiction serve as a guiding principle in his story of miscegenation. Brown's fragmented and episodic narrative style allows him to make abolitionist commentary and to develop the theme of the tragic mulatto during the slave era.

THEME OF THE TRAGIC *WELLS BROWN'S CLOTEL*

As John Ernest explains in "African American Literature and the Abolitionist Movement," Brown's narrative style, "which in various ways anticipates specific scenes and characters, . . . presents text that weaves together various stories, sources anecdotes, documents, commentary, and fictionalized autobiographical experiences" (Ernest 101). Fundamentally, Brown's composition is a pastiche. At the beginning of the novel, Brown offers a narrative voice that "begins with a significant autobiographical narrative, presented in the third-person voice:
'Narrative of the Life and Escape of William Wells Brown'" (Ernest 101). In "Narrative of the Life and Escape of William Wells Brown," Brown prefaces Clotel by presenting historical accounts from his life. In "The Novelization of Voice in Early African American Narrative," William L. Andrews explains that during "the antebellum era, when black narrative in the
United States developed into a highly self-conscious and rhetorically sophisticated tradition, black writers who aimed at serious hearing knew that the authority they aspired to was predicted on the authenticity they could project into and through a text" (Andrews 23). Andrews' perspective about early African American literature conveys why Brown may have prefaced Clotel with his own personal account – because injecting historical voice into the work provided his fictional voice with authority and agency. Moreover, Brown's autobiographical voice shifts to an omniscient voice at the beginning of Clotel, detailing the fragmented and discursive nature of the novel. Although his voice seems to maintain the same historical authority due to his historical allusions to U.S. Senator Henry Clay and U.S. Congressman John Randolph in the exposition of the story, one soon witnesses how Brown fictionalizes these men as characters.

Brown blends the historical information presented in the exposition of his story with the fictional elements that are more apparent after he introduces "Currer and her two daughters, Clotel and Althesa" who were "amongst the slaves to be sold"in Richmond, Virginia" (Brown 328). However, Brown depicts these fictional characteristics after referencing an "advertisement . . . in a newspaper" which may cause one to question if the story is fiction or real. Nonetheless, Brown's paring of fiction with seemingly historical accounts blurs the boundary between fiction and reality.

The structural composition at the end of the first chapter illustrates Brown's fragmented and episodic narrative style by switching from prose to poetry. By switching from prose to poetry, the intertextual commentary provided by the two sections advances Brown's critical tone toward America's twisted demeanor regarding slavery. At the end of the prose section, Brown retains an ironic tone by detailing how the "two daughters of Thomas Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of American Independence, and one of the presidents of the great republic, were disposed of to the highest bidder" (Brown 330). Brown appeals to Thomas Jefferson's role as the "writer of the Declaration of American Independence" to sarcastically elucidate the irony of the president's daughters being subjugated to a dehumanizing institution like slavery. His reference to America as "the great republic" also serves to sarcastically overstate America's moral caliber during the time period. Moreover, Brown's transition to poetry from prose also progresses his critical tone. After the prose section, Brown presents an excerpt of a poem he wrote in 1848 entitled "The Anti-Slavery Harp" which reads:

O God! My every heart-string cries,
Dost thou these scenes behold
In this our boasted Christian land,
And must the truth be told? (Brown "The Anti-Slavery Harp")

Similar to how he explores America's political inadequacies through prose, Brown shifts his cynical perspective toward America's religious framework by highlighting the incongruences between America's Christian ideologies. For example, Brown sarcastically refers to America as a "boasted Christian land" to hint at how America purports an unrealistic and flawed form of Christianity that undermines the ideals that it preaches. In the prose section, Brown also explores inconsistencies in America's religious landscape by asking a rhetorical question: "What words can tell the inhumanity, the atrocity, and the immorality of that doctrine which, from exalted office, commends such a crime to the favour of enlightened and Christian people" (Brown 330)? Furthermore, by employing a fragmented narrative at the end of the chapter that incorporates both prose and poetry, Brown highlights the dissonance between America's religious ideologies and behavior.

Along with his use of fragmented and episodic narration to convey his critical perspective about America's ironic behavior during the slave era, Brown also employs historical fiction by depicting the tragic mulatto as a major theme. Many of Brown's illustrations of the tragic mulatto in Clotel are fictionalizations of historical accounts. Brown bases his depiction of Clotel on the historical accounts of Thomas Jefferson's affair with a slave named Sally Hemings to provide his critical voice with agency and to validate his views regarding America's deficient moral practices. Brown uses the details surrounding the Thomas Jefferson and Sally Heming's love scandal as a platform to present the idea of the tragic mulatto. In "Clotel and the Historicity of the Anecdote," Lee Schweninger asserts the notion that Brown "makes use of several authenticating documents" to have the effect of authenticating Brown's story about Thomas Jefferson's slave mistress and slave daughters (Schweninger 21).

Schweninger contends "Brown's use of authentication appears problematic" because "the very premise of the novel's argument [about Jefferson's daughters being sold as slaves] rests on hearsay" (24). Nonetheless, Brown's treatment of the historical account by injecting the notion of the tragic mulatto enables him to highlight the atrocities of slavery in America. Schweninger's claims that Brown's deviation from the truth about the affair between Jefferson and Hemings are detrimental to his intent to authenticate the tale. However, Schweninger fails to consider how the role of fictionalizing certain aspects of the story regarding Hemings and her daughters aids in Brown's anti-slavery critique. Brown fictionalizes the Hemings role in the story by inserting Currer in Heming's place. Replacing Heming's true character with a fictional character conveys Brown's intent to juxtapose the historical realities surrounding Thomas Jefferson and his political framework with deleterious effects of slavery. Brown's decision to not include Hemings in his story may have served to afford her the dignity she did not receive by the media who turned her existence into a spectacle.

By restructuring elements of Jefferson's life, Brown centers his re-envisioning on the troubling existence of families impacted by miscegenation. Highlighting the tension that marital unions caused between races exposes the incongruities in American practices concerning politics and religion. Brown exemplifies these incongruities by presenting the difficulty of marriage between whites and blacks to develop the theme of the tragic mulatto in Clotel. The opening sentences of Clotel reveal Brown's concentration on interracial marriage and breeding as a source of cultural critique.

For example, Brown appeals to the historical fact that "the growing population of slaves in the Southern States of America [features] a fearful increase of half whites, most of whose fathers are slave-owners, and their mothers slaves" (325). Brown provides commentary on this historical trend by explaining "society does not frown upon the man who sits with his mulatto child upon his knee, whilst its mother stands a slave behind his chair" (325). By invoking an image of the tragic mulatto that emphasizes the social dissonance caused by America's racialized logic during the slave era, Brown foreshadows the significant role of the mulatto throughout the story. Moreover, Brown fully develops the theme of the tragic mulatto by depicting events involving Clotel. Brown presents Clotel as the daughter of Jefferson and his mistress Currer to highlight the tension in America's religious and political climate. For example, Clotel and her lover, Horatio Green, were unable to marry because "the edicts of society had built up a wall of separation between the quadroon" and Horatio even though he buys her a "cottage" and they have a "dear child" (Brown 335). In "The Origin of Brown's Clotel," Edward W. Farrison explains Brown's depiction of the mulatto in Clotel by emphasizing how Brown also used the tragic mulatto in a previously published poem entitled "Jefferson's Daughter" (1848). He argues how Brown's fictionalization of historical events in both works regarding Jefferson's life and relating them to the mulatto serves to pronounce "the incongruity between America's ideals and cherish institution of chattel slavery – an incongruity rendered especially ironical by the selling of a daughter of Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of liberty and one of the most famous American patriots" (Farrison 349).

Furthermore, fictionalizing Sally Hemings as the tragic mulatto and citing evidence from the historic scandal between her and Thomas Jefferson provides Brown's argument about America's unethical social climate with agency and authenticity.

Along with his use of Thomas Jefferson and Sally Heming's relationship as a source of historical fiction, Brown also fictionalizes the historical story about William and Ellen Craft's escape from slavery to present the tragic mulatto as a representation of America's ironic attitude regarding race during the slave era. To provide his story's critical perspective regarding America's racialized logic with authenticity, Brown references the autobiographical work Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom by William and Ellen Craft. Brown presents America's ironic perspective toward race by reconfiguring the story of William and Ellen Craft and illustrating how Clotel and William are able to escape from slavery because Clotel disguises herself as man (Brown 340). Brown reorganizes Americanized notions of race and gender by depicting Clotel's ability to disrupt the rigidity of social structures through passing as a white male. Brown's destabilization of essential characteristics regarding race and gender conveys the absurdity of defining social orders on traits that one can manipulate. In Passing and the Rise of the African American Novel, M. Giulia Fabi comments how Clotel showcases "the exclusive choice of women as passers" because of its depiction of William and Ellen Craft (10).

Fabi elaborates that Brown's story reveals how "passing...gives [female protagonists] a strategy to assert their identity in ways that...are discontinuous with their status as property," and "the enslaved mulatta title heroine, among others, resorts to (temporary) passing in the attempt to secure her 'rights' to her progeny, freedom, and mobility" (10). Moreover, by relying on a real account and by replacing Ellen Craft with Clotel to incorporate the image of the tragic mulatto, Brown equips his tale with authenticity as he evaluates America's contradictory interpretation of religion and politics during the slave era.

Brown's use of historical fiction serves to create the theme of the tragic mulatto in the story while also exposing America's ironic attitude toward human equality during the slave era. Clotel; or The President's Daughter: A Narrative of Slave Life is representative of historical fiction due to Brown's fictionalization of historical events including the relationship between President Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings and the escape of William and Ellen Craft in a fragmented manner. As the first novel published by an African American author, Brown's seminal text serves as an exemplar for novels published by black authors throughout the modern and postmodern periods. Consequently, various black authors have engaged narrative fragmentation and historical fiction as writing techniques to explore the persisting effects of chattel slavery.

REQUIEM: A LOOK BACK

BY CAMERON ALVIN GACHETT

The audience sits, patiently awaking the conductor's down beat for what is sure to be an enumerable experience. Not a breath is stirred as the characteristic deafness overtakes the senses because it is well known that all music begins in silence! Unexpectedly, the Introit begins with a single tonic note, D, before commencing with its chordal structure in a progressive manner. With a repeat of this single tone over a four octave span, Faure masterfully sets a strong beginning, which is indicative of continued strength throughout the passage. Gabriel Urbain Fauré, in 19th-20th century France, must have hada distinct intention for his Requiem that would evoke a certain divine quality from the setting alone. Masterfully weaving the character of the octave and pitch doubling across voices, he ensure that you do not miss the harmonic progressions of each phrase in the opening Introit; this includes phrases in the accompaniment, as well as the choral ensemble that maintains the primary melody in every part. Once a melody for each phrase is set, he then deviates very basically through simple rhythms, so as not to rob the ethereal atmosphere or draw unnecessary attention to the music. His care of this balance between delivering the subject through music while avoiding extensive attention at the music itself, is truly an appreciated skill. Toward the middle of the Introit,Fauré begins introducing major chords within the overall minor mode on the text luceat, loosely meaning "shine upon." Within context, the phrase reads et lux perpetua luceat eis meaning "and let perpetual light shine upon them." How fitting that such a textually painted usage of modal mixing would give greater power to that light on the word "shine."

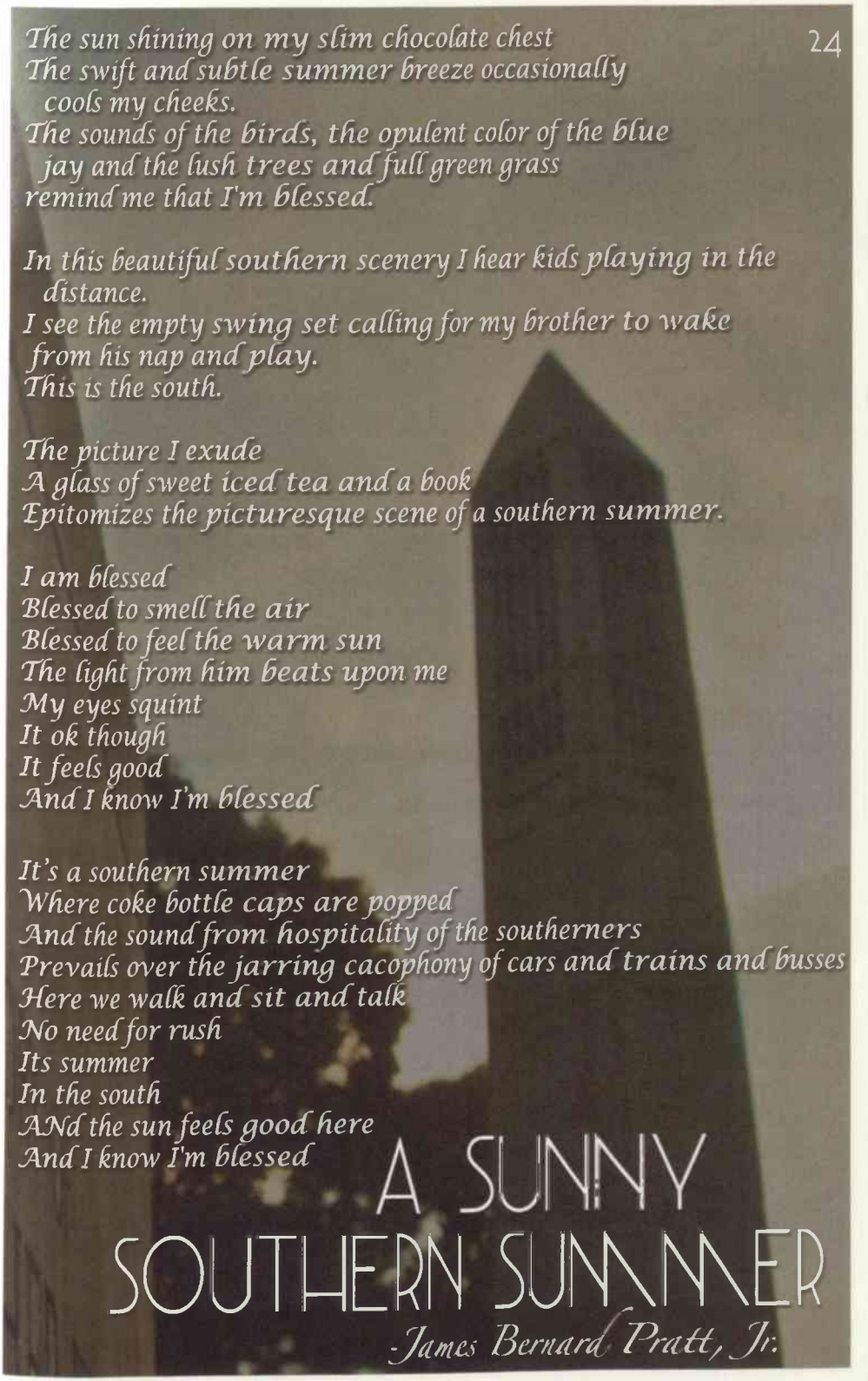
AT GABRIEL URBAIN FAURÉ

It is common among the Eucharistic liturgy to perform these particular passages during the Ordinary of the Mass. The "Introit and Kyrie" are the first two opening sections with the "Introit" intended to open the celebration through unity. The "Kyrie" then provides the first movement, uniquely taken from the ancient Greek language contrary to the rest of the mass which is of Latin influence. The "Kyrie" is present in three simple phrases: Kyrie eleison; Christe eleison; Kyrie eleison. That may be translated as "Lord, have mercy; Christ, have mercy; Lord, have mercy." It is interesting to hear how Fauré maintains a sense of light versus dark through these two sections, with the phrases each pushing and pulling into the next phrase to allow the audience member more than just audible sound; he or she gains inclusion within the text through smooth, expressive lines and differing tempi qualities. There is no wonder why that Fauré's Requiem remains among one of his greatest works to this day. The opportunity to take a look back at this work increases the intrigue; it may even cause the individual to inquire about his motivation and delivery of other genres within music. Just take a moment to listen for the subtleties within Gabriel Urbain Fauré's work and notice how intelligently he causes the text to sing. It is a treat even the most novice listener can appreciate!

THE FAMILY REUNION

Spring brings blossoming
A growth and renewal
Trees glow
Like a woman, stomach full of life
A miracle
The rosy cheeks
The teary eyes, morning dew
Fresh beauty from the rain of April's sleepless night
The skies are purged from within
Yielding its power to give life
Reluctantly spreading sheets upon it's little sister's bed
The earth
In the morning she rises
A grandiose scene
The quiet after the storm
The peace after the war between loved ones
A renewal
An awakening
A new Beginning
All the joy realized
Yesternight's sorrow gone
Beauty, only it, remains uncovered
The rough has been cleared away
The diamond is revealed
This is the beginning
Though to a new end
It is the beginning
This moment
This hour
The sun glows
And affirms its beauty in the mirror
The ocean
This circular shimmering sphere slowly strides to its steed
The clouds
To sit and gaze upon its Daughter
Our Mother Earth

-James Bernard Pratt, Jr.



The sun shining on my slim chocolate chest
The swift and subtle summer breeze occasionally
cools my cheeks.
The sounds of the birds, the opulent color of the blue
jay and the lush trees and full green grass
remind me that I'm blessed.

In this beautiful southern scenery I hear kids playing in the
distance.
I see the empty swing set calling for my brother to wake
from his nap and play.
This is the south.

The picture I exude
A glass of sweet iced tea and a book
Epitomizes the picturesque scene of a southern summer.

I am blessed
Blessed to smell the air
Blessed to feel the warm sun
The light from him beats upon me
My eyes squint
It ok though
It feels good
And I know I'm blessed

It's a southern summer
Where coke bottle caps are popped
And the sound from hospitality of the southerners
Prevails over the jarring cacophony of cars and trains and busses
Here we walk and sit and talk
No need for rush
Its summer
In the south
ANd the sun feels good here
And I know I'm blessed

A SUNNY SOUTHERN SUMMER

-James Bernard Pratt, Jr.

MISERY OF A LATE HEART

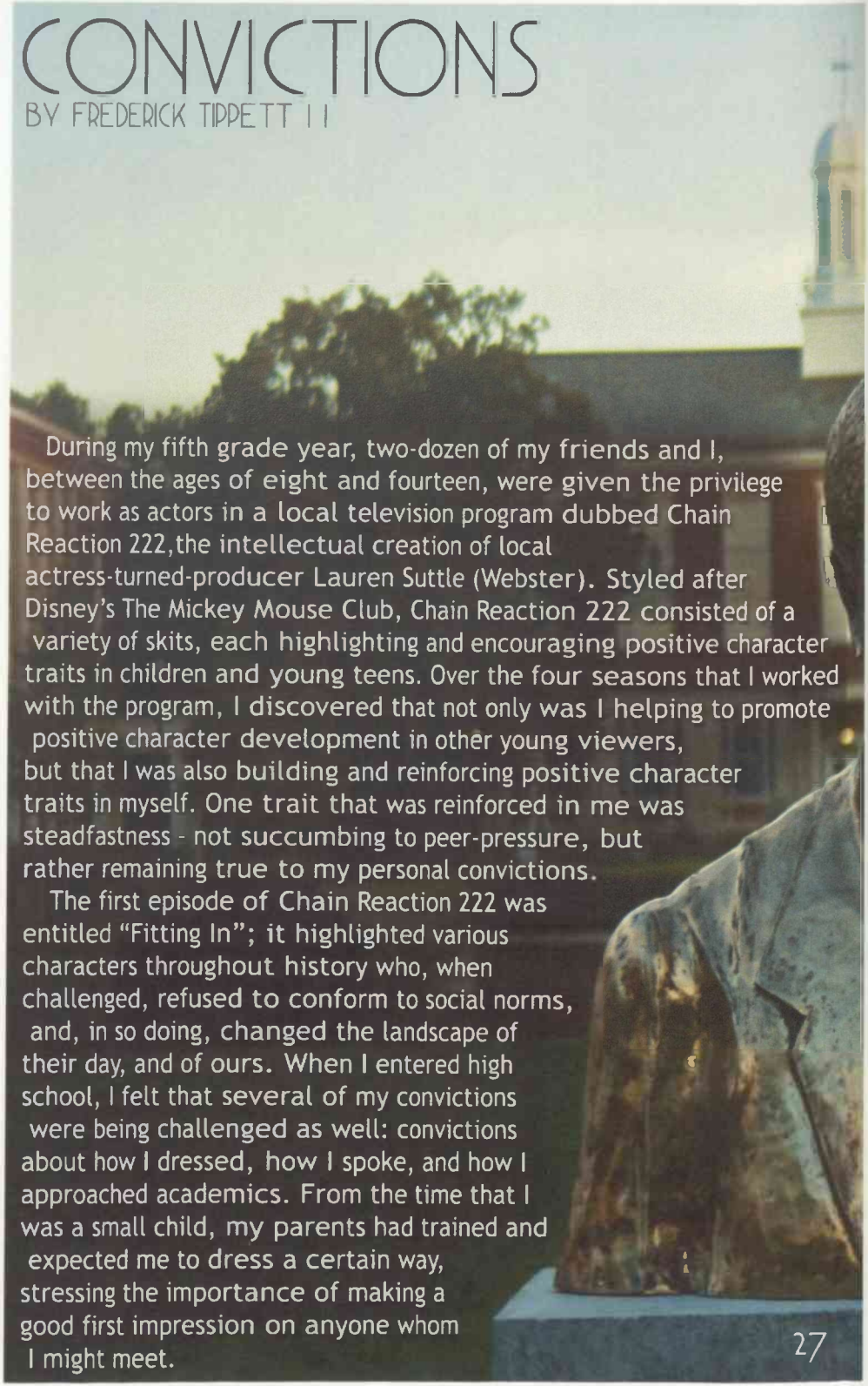
BY WILLIE THOMPSON

Anonymous
Does it make any sense?
For you to make me so tense
I thought it was some source of unrequited love,
And now I see it was the front handed Heisman shove.
You gave to me,
What I could, not myself see
Which was the rejection any person fears,
Hoping their enamored thoughts reach the subconscious of their dear.
I soon realized the lie you gave was a try,
At my being.
It's fine because after I tried to give you what I thought was great
You shunned it for something less intimate.
Mate? Wait, I thought what we had was it,
But now I see you've found a friend on whose tailgate you now sit.
You saw the resume and began to play
With a lover who stays in your covers.
They say the man who wins is of the better,
But what if that man of better is truly lesser?
For you were a great tree that blossomed in the garden of my mind.
Not the apple of my eye, but the scholars will call it some sort of botanical shrine.

NOW, SOCRATES COULD NOT TEACH ME THE ONE-KNEED PHILOSOPHY.
FOR YOU, EVEN THE TEACHINGS OF PLATO ARE NOT CAPABLE,
SO NOT EVEN ARISTOTLE COULD GET ME TO GROVEL.
YOU ARE A PERSON IN WHICH I WISH TO HAVE NO COMMUNICATION.
YOU HAVE KILLED EVERY BELIEF I HAD ON THE POSSIBILITY OF NEW CREATION,
BUT WHAT SPAWN WOULD CLAW FROM YOUR UNFATHOMABLE CREASES?
I KNOW, IT IS THE INFANT THAT OUTWARDLY STRUGGLES AS ITS EXISTENCE CEASES.
I HAD A DREAM FOR US,
BUT YOU DECIDED TO THROW IT IN THE WINDING GUST.
SO IT'S NOW TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE.
I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING GREATER OUT THERE. I BELIEVE
THIS ACRIMONIOUS SUFFERING HAS BRED AN INFANT OF DESPISE.
THIS SOMETHING HAS CHANGED WHEN I LOOK IN YOUR EYES.
YES, I HAVE MOVED ON.
SO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT SHE'S DONE WRONG?
NOTHING, HER PULCHRITUDINOUS FEATURES BEAT YOU BY AT LEAST A MILE LONG,
AND I THANK GOD BECAUSE SHE GIVES ME A VOICE FOR A BETTER SONG.
THE LIGHTS ARE GETTING DIMMER,
AND WHAT'S LEFT OF MY SOUL BEGINS TO SHIMMER.
I SEE THE HATE AND HURT GETTING THINNER.
NOW I'M ABOVE IT, LIKE A SHOT BALL BY JIMMER.
YOU WERE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF MY STORY,
SO THANKS FOR THE LESSONS, NOW IT'S A LITTLE LESS THORNY.

CONVICTIONS

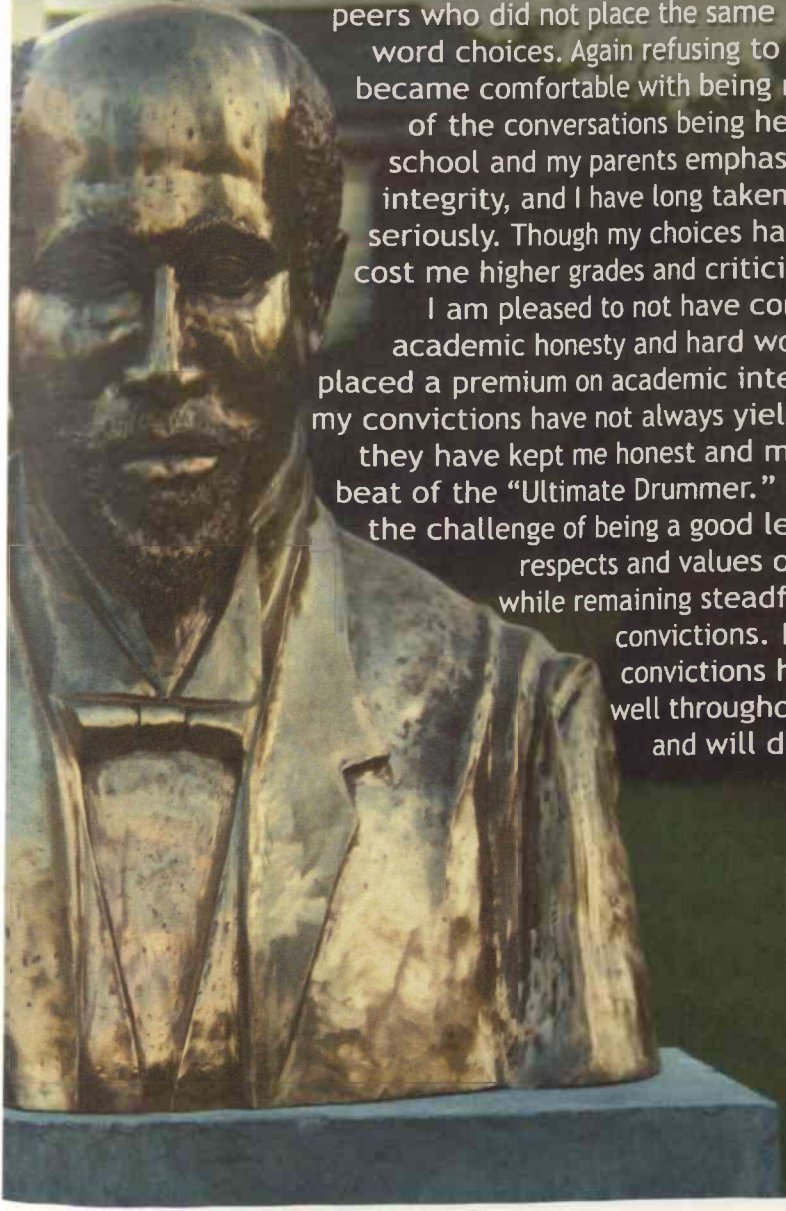
BY FREDERICK TIPPETT II



During my fifth grade year, two-dozen of my friends and I, between the ages of eight and fourteen, were given the privilege to work as actors in a local television program dubbed Chain Reaction 222, the intellectual creation of local actress-turned-producer Lauren Suttle (Webster). Styled after Disney's The Mickey Mouse Club, Chain Reaction 222 consisted of a variety of skits, each highlighting and encouraging positive character traits in children and young teens. Over the four seasons that I worked with the program, I discovered that not only was I helping to promote positive character development in other young viewers, but that I was also building and reinforcing positive character traits in myself. One trait that was reinforced in me was steadfastness - not succumbing to peer-pressure, but rather remaining true to my personal convictions.

The first episode of Chain Reaction 222 was entitled "Fitting In"; it highlighted various characters throughout history who, when challenged, refused to conform to social norms, and, in so doing, changed the landscape of their day, and of ours. When I entered high school, I felt that several of my convictions were being challenged as well: convictions about how I dressed, how I spoke, and how I approached academics. From the time that I was a small child, my parents had trained and expected me to dress a certain way, stressing the importance of making a good first impression on anyone whom I might meet.

Because the dress code at my elementary school coincided with the way that my parents expected me to dress, I largely fit in with the fashion trends of my peers. However, when I entered high school, I found that, because many of the stricter enforcements of the dress code were laxly enforced, I no longer fit in with the fashion choices of many of the other students. Some students poked fun at or criticized the way that I dressed, but I stood by my convictions and by the training of my parents. I was always taught the importance of words and that "words frame your world." When I entered high school, I found that this mindset placed me in a fairly consistent series of confrontations with peers who did not place the same importance on word choices. Again refusing to compromise, I became comfortable with being me, regardless of the conversations being held. Finally, my school and my parents emphasized academic integrity, and I have long taken that standard seriously. Though my choices have occasionally cost me higher grades and criticism from peers, I am pleased to not have compromised my academic honesty and hard work, and I have placed a premium on academic integrity. Although my convictions have not always yielded popularity, they have kept me honest and marching to the beat of the "Ultimate Drummer." I take seriously the challenge of being a good leader, one who respects and values others' opinions while remaining steadfast to personal convictions. I believe these convictions have served me well throughout high school and will do so in college and beyond.



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Page 13: Sale Hall
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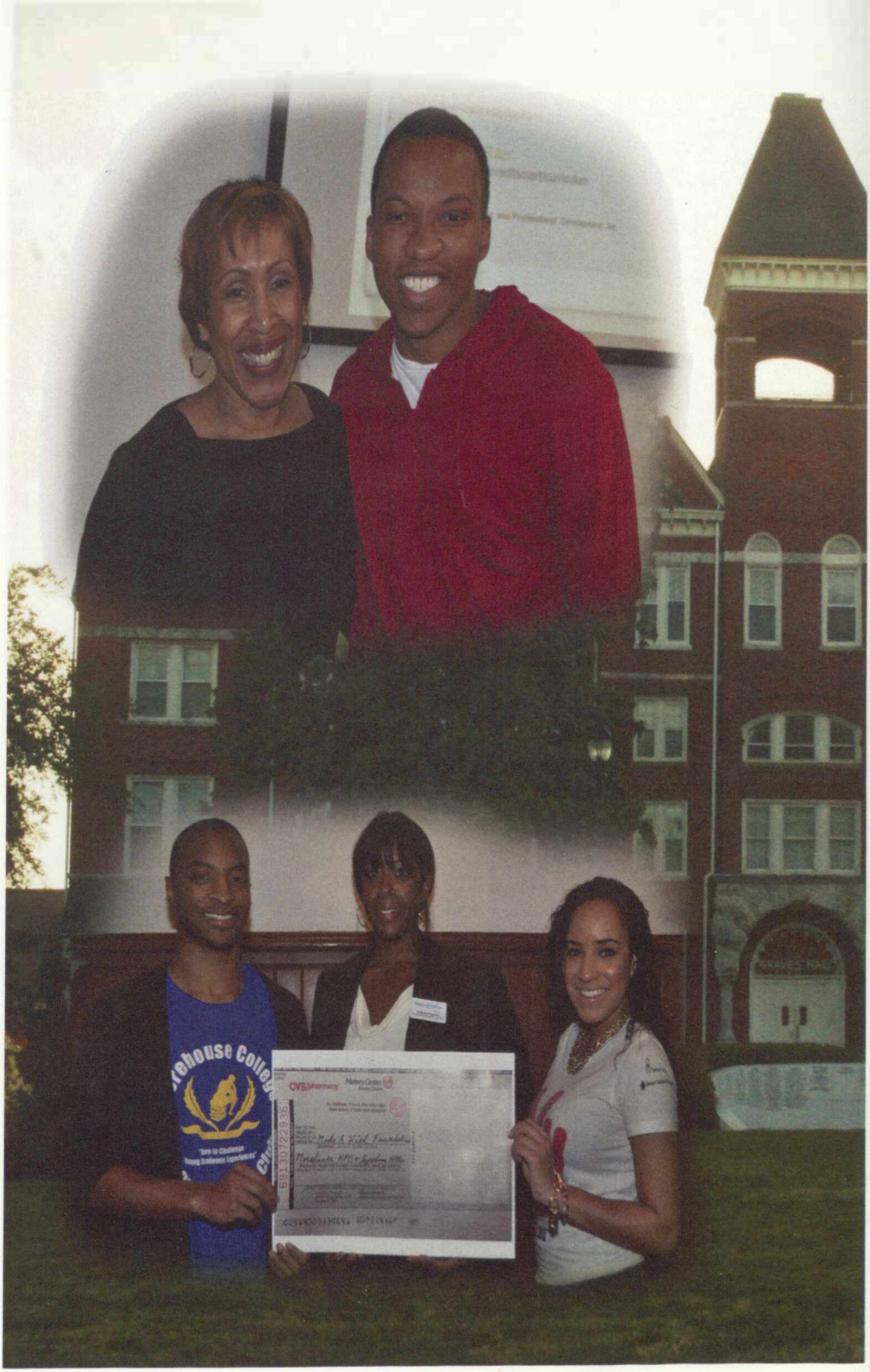
Page 26: Dr. Mays Memorial
Page 27: W.E.B. Dubois Memorial
Honorable Mentions:
Richard 'Scooter' Taylor
Dray Belle
Parker Williams


GRAVES HALL