

THE *People's Voice*

The "Talking Drum" Of UCSD's African American Community

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Dr. Shirley Wade Thomas

Gettin' It Together At The Harambee House

By Georgette Powell

Ever since I was nine years old, I wanted to become a doctor. Why? Well, I had just started going to school with a bunch of rich kids and their parents were driving these big 'ole fancy cars. Not this small yellow pickup truck that we had. My daddy was a school teacher. Everyone was expected to become doctors and lawyers and if you didn't say it then you were looked down upon. I bought into this. So I went through jr.high and all through high school talking about, "Yes, I plan to become a doctor, a pediatrician." Sounds good doesn't it? Then came college. I swore to myself that I was going to medical school. Biology, chemistry and a little physics, no problem. If I didn't like it I would make myself like it anyway. Well I took myself through a lot of chemistry, some biology and physics. I hated it. I liked the idea of being knowledgeable in those areas, I still do. But I hated studying the material. It was boring. One day after a biology midterm, I had a really bad feeling. Not so much about the exam, but about all that I was doing. I changed my major, but still I could never put my finger on why I was so uncomfortable that day until I recently visited the Harambee House in Southeast San Diego.

The Swahili word 'Harambee' means 'let's all pull together.' The Harambee House really lives up to its name. The program serves as an alternative for adjudicated delinquents from the ages of 13 through 17 who have been convicted of one or more felonies. Through the program the young men receive counseling, academic remediation as well as guidance in clarifying and/or establishing a value system. A value system that some never had. Most of the young men have been born into a lifestyle of violence,

miseducation, drug abuse and a whole bunch of other things not worth mentioning which in turn has led to a distorted value system.

The therapeutic thrust of the program is based on *Nguzo Saba*, translated as the seven principles in Swahili. **1.Umoja (Unity)**- to strive for and maintain unity in the family, community, nation and race. **2.Kujichagulia (Self-Determination)**- to define ourselves, create for ourselves and speak for ourselves instead of being defined, named, created for and spoken for by others. **3.Ujima (Collective Work and Responsibility)**- to build and maintain our community together and make our sister's and brother's problems our problems and to solve them together. **4.Ujamaa (Cooperative Economics)**- to build and maintain our own stores, shops and other businesses and to profit from them together. **5.Nia (Purpose)**- to make our collective vocation the building and developing of our community in order to restore our people to their traditional greatness. **6.Kuumba (Creativity)**- to do always as much as we can, in the way we can, in order to leave our community more beautiful and beneficial than we inherited it. **7.Imani (Faith)**- to believe with all our heart in our people, our parents, our teachers, our leader and the righteousness and victory of our struggle.

A typical day begins at 5:30 am with inspiration, words of encouragement-reciting the seven principles, along with calisthenics-to gain greater control of the body. Each student makes a commitment to make his day the best he's ever had. Their day then proceeds with academic

On The Case

By Farrell J. Foreman

I had just placed the phone back on the receiver, in my office. I hadn't talked to Jimmy in sixteen years. He didn't sound any different. Still crazy, still dedicated, still compassionate, still very much concerned about the development and learning of Black people. Of course now we weren't talking about the president of the BSU. Now we were talking about the chairman of the psychology department of a major university, a man who had developed some very serious research about the differences in the learning processes of young Black students. Heavy stuff and very much Jimmy. I was just sitting there at my desk, day dreaming when Clarice rushed in. "I got to talk to you."

Clarice is a reporter with the *People's Voice* here on campus. I had never seen her huffin and puffin and noticeably upset like this, although the four flights to my office are known to take the wind out of anybody. "What's wrong?"

"Well, you know I'm workin on.....this profile, faculty profile piece for the *People's Voice*."

"Yeah, uhhuh."

"Well, I am so pissed, man I am pissed."

"Okay, we've established that you're pissed...Why?"

"Well this professor, no this negro professor wouldn't consent to do an interview. She felt that it was limiting. She was a scholar and not just a black scholar. Boy am I pissed!"

I daydreamed for a moment. Daydreamed back to the time when we took over the dean's office at Villanova, and shut it down. I think there were all of forty of us locked in there playin bid whist and pinnoche waiting for the response to our demands. I remember how we treated some of the brothers who were athletes who didn't want to jeopardize their position with scholarships and such by demonstrating. It struck me funny that after all this time all this struggle that there would be some idiot denying what a mirror and the world already knew.

instruction, study sessions, discussion etc. until 9:30 pm. Something that struck me was just how much respect these young men have for their elders and me. Referring to me as "ma'am" and politely responding to my questions with an abrupt "Yes, ma'am" just blew me away. These brothers are thorough. Harambee House program director and UCSD alumnus, Mr. Robert Tambuzi expects nothing less from them.

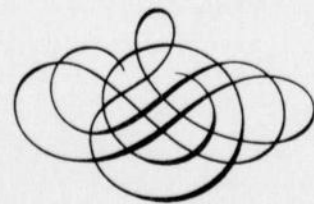
The young men are reluctant at first, but after they realize their other option they choose to stick with it. The upkeep and maintenance of the Harambee House is solely the responsibility of the men participating in the program. The House itself, is well-kept: clean swept floors, nicely painted, carefully manicured lawn. On the weekends, they sometimes go on recreational outings, to dinner or a play or they might just spend it at home studying.

The staff at the Harambee House is dedicated and concerned about these young men. You can tell that they love what they are doing just by how they talk to the men. Everyone is important and respected.

I left the Harambee House that afternoon overwhelmed at the diligence of the staff. They are really happy with what they have chosen to do. It isn't an easy job. No. And maybe they aren't making the kind of money they'd like too. But they're happy.

When we leave this University, we will go our separate ways. Some of us will become lawyers, doctors, aerospace engineers, school teachers or domestic technicians. I guess what I'm trying to say is, it's all about getting to know yourself better. I wanted to be a doctor for all the wrong reasons.

Nothing is wrong with second guessing what others expect of you. I realize that I will be the one living with my decision not society, or anyone for that matter who thinks less of me. It's a continuous process. From time to time I sit down and honestly ask myself, am I doing the right thing for Georgette? After all, I have to do what's right for me and that's all that matters.



"You're laughin?!?"

"No, not at you or what happened."

"Just the fact that its still happenin."

I remembered a story that had appeared in the L.A. Times a few days ago. Seems a young Black woman, doctor and astronaut, was extremely uncomfortable with the idea of being a role model for anyone, let alone young black kids. her reasoning had something to do with the idea that role models can never be comfortable. They always must be looking over their shoulder, worried about being caught, doing what I don't know. Clarice just kind of stared at me blankly.

"It's kind of weird. We finally get a few people of color on the faculty and they don't want to be identified as people of color!!!"

I agreed, it was weird. "Well" I said, *Look at it from her point of view. If you are identified by the other folks as somebody who identifies with the other folks then you suddenly find yourself in a very difficult situation. The other folks who hired you may suddenly decide that you don't fit and you might be out on.....the street.*

And then Clarice made me smile.

"Well that can happen anyway, no matter who or what you pretend to be. I'd much rather be myself than some made up misconception of nothing. Besides being a Black Scholar is a responsibility to oneself as well as one's people. If you don't know who you are then how in the hell can you teach anyone else?"

I just nodded.

"Well she was right. I was talking to the wrong person. Well let me go. I just might be able to catch a real Black Scholar on the way to class."

I certainly hoped so.

The Forgotten Ones...

By Becki Cobb

An African American adolescent, I'll call him John, walks into the career center at Morse High School. His attitude is cool and somewhat cocky. I introduce myself to him and tell him I am from the Partnership Program at U.C.S.D. As I peruse his academic transcript, I ask John what

his interests are and whether or not he plans to go to college. The first words out of his mouth are that he intends to become a professional football or basketball player. I ask John if he is presently on any teams at Morse, he looks at the floor in despair and shakes his head no. Again, I refer back to his grades and know why. His cumulative GPA is 1.4. John and I both know that to be eligible to play sports he needs a 2.0. I use this interest in sports to encourage him to make an extra effort to improve his grades. This is my job as an EOP counselor-aide.

As an EOP counselor-aide my responsibility is to introduce high school students of color and economically disadvantaged students to the requirements needed to get into college. Unfortunately, a large percentage of the students I see have GPAs that is similar to John's. At first, this was discouraging to me until I realized that I had to look beyond and consider each student's situation separately: What family obligations does he have? What level of education did his mother and/or father receive? etc.

In John's case, he had made primarily B's and C's in Jr. High, this reflects his ability to achieve and I told him this. The problem started when he entered high school and the reading got harder. Although he enjoyed reading and understood what was taught in class, it took too long for him to do his homework. He stopped doing it. I asked John if he had tutoring and he said that he didn't know that it was available. I found a tutor for him, me.

I relate this story for a reason. To know that Black youths are not succeeding in high school, because no one is taking the time to find out why there are such discrepancies in grades and learning, is unexcusable. Many of us who have made it to this level of education I'm sure, can reflect back to someone who encouraged us to make the most of ourselves and instilled in us the confidence we need to succeed. What about those that come after us? Are we so self-involved that we forget that not all Black youths will get the attention we received?

Right about now you are probably asking yourself what am I supposed to do? There are several opportunities to help African-American high school students become aware that college is an attainable goal.

Paid positions are available with: EOP/Partnership Program, SOAP, and SOAR. There are also volunteer programs such as

AS/SAAC Outreach Program, Neighborhood House-Kids at Risk, mentor programs, The Urban League and many tutorial programs throughout the San Diego Unified School District that we can become involved in.

Only we can insure a greater representation of African-American students on college campuses. It should be worth it to us to give some of our time to pave the way for those to follow.

Someone did it for us.

YO! PLAYBOY!

No, uh uh. They don't expect *me* to stay here on *this* campus. Naw, not *me!* This ain't L.A. where's the parties?! Umm, where's the Westwood? the 'Shaw? You know, where do me and all my homegirls go cruisin'?! No, I don't think so... La Jolla Village Drive ain't gone get it. I mean, why cruise? Why party? For MEN of course! Fine Black Brothers. Give me some Frat men, some jocks, a few healthy smooth Black men with enough muscles to turn my head.

Here, it's just "give me a man-- a NIIIIICE BLACK MAN!!!" Say what?! Not here? Go where? Honey, I been all over (I thought) and still cain't find 'em. On top of all that, look at the pseudo-Black men we do have. Yeah, 'cause the ratio 'round here is what? 50 women to 1 man?! What ever it is, I ain't sharing sh-t...specially not no man

Trip this. You see a brother--and from a distance you think he's fine. Ummm um um, honey he *is* fine! Smooth, Hershey-colored skin (I'm talkin' soooo chocolately you can almost taste it), medium build--you know, enough meat to round out some backs, but not too much to make it wobble. And think he doesn't have waves? Much waves! Enough to make you seasick. Little do you realize, the sickness comes later. WAKE UP, QUIT DREAMING!!!

Just what is a Black man? Honey, we've got so many renditions, I've lost count. You've got the "manly" Black man, the "sort of wimpy" Black man, the "he thinks he's *too* fine" Black man, the "he's better than no man" Black man, the...you know I could go on and on. Before I stop, let me mention the "PLAYBOY" Black man. Yeah, that's him. Let's focus on Mr. Playboy. O.K. this is the brother that women look at and say "He could've been o.k.". But no, this brother's got to *tell* us he's a man a million times. But he's only got one way that he knows (or

thinks he knows) how to prove it. Yeah, you know what I'm talking about. This brother goes around telling people how they are and what they need to be, to do, to say... "Yeah man, you just got to show the 'ho what's up". Well I guess--if there's some of *those* around that let themselves be "showed" then they're a fool *too* (but I ain't going into that right now)! Anyway, back to this clown-- and that's what he'll try to do to you too; CLOWN YOU! "Hey baby, Yo, Yo baby!"... and when she--"Baby" don't pat him no mind 'cause he's acting like he has no manners, no this, no that, no-thing to offer... "Yeah b--ch, you don't look good no way. You're too thin on the flesh" or "thick" or whatever words come drooling out his mouth. You see that the playboy--I think I should say play boy 'cause that's just what he rates, "Boy go play!"--he ain't no man at all. Before I get through I've got to kinda lay out what this boy usually looks like. No, I really can't say. Sometimes they actually look good. Since I don't know what "good" looks like to you, I ain't gone fool with that. Sometimes they look bad and that has its varieties too. But in any case, the "playboy" Black man usually-almost always has that "little boy go play" mentality. The truth is, he ain't nobody's man.

KRAY Z. PENNER

Show Your True Colors

By Tracye D. Warfield

Why do the Black students in colleges and universities neglect or refuse to take Contemporary Black Arts courses? The answer to this question will vary, depending on who you ask. For now, I will just focus on the issue or problem (depending on how you look at it) here at U.C.S.D.

It is my opinion that it is the responsibility of Black students as well as all Black Americans to take an interest in our history and culture. This winter quarter, U.C.S.D. offers seven Contemporary Black Arts courses: Music 95G-Gospel Choir, History 159A-Afro-American History, Music 95J-Jazz Ensemble, Music 127A- Music of Black Americans, Music 131- Jazz Improvisation, Theatre 125-Dances of the World, Theatre 141-Modern Black Drama, and Visual Arts 1-Introduction to Art-Making. I am currently enrolled in two of these classes and I see very few Black faces in the seats around me. In Music 127A there are approximately twenty-five Blacks out of seventy-five students. In Gospel Choir,

there are about forty Black students out of one hundred and fifty. You must take into account, that due to schedule conflicts, general education classes and some upper division classes, many students are unable to take Black studies courses. However, many Black students are just plain uninterested or unconcerned with learning about their African and African-American history and culture. What Blacks fail to realize, according to Jimmy Cheatham, instructor of Music 127A, is that Black courses "give educational enrichment [to students] and [that] "becoming familiar with one's own race is necessary to exist within the human race."

U.C.S.D. has very prestigious professors and guest lecturers assigned to instruct our Contemporary Black Arts Program courses. With instructors such as Sherley Williams, author of "Dessa Rose", heading our classrooms, students cannot argue that professors in the department are incompetent.

I am aware of the indifference among Black students, towards Black organizations and Black courses offered on campus. In attending a predominantly white university, some Black students lose their identity to assimilate into the mainstream. However, many choose to show their true colors. Vanessa Wallace, a Muir college sophomore, states "Black students should take Black studies courses to show other races that Black history is important...there is a lot more to Black history than just the migration of slaves to the U.S. Black studies is here to inform and educate as are the other courses at U.C.S.D."

Because there are so few Black people on this campus, you would think that Blacks would jump at any chance to see and work along with other Blacks. By supporting these programs, we in turn are supporting all Black students. I strongly urge each and every one of you to support U.C.S.D.'s Contemporary Black Arts Program as well as other Black organizations on our campus. Let's show all of U.C.S.D. and America that we are proud to be Black.

a still, small voice

It's more than a notion to publish a newsletter. Really. People think that all you have to do is get a bunch of people together, write some articles, proofread them, typeset the whole mess, and you're done. Bulls__t! That's the easy part.

What's the hard part? Try getting the money from AS, cleaning and setting up your office that hasn't been used in several years and has Methuselah's dust all over it, making sure that your contributing writers (from the other African student orgs) are getting their articles in on time, making sure that you have the required amount of outside advertising money (so you can get the AS money you've already fought for) trying to find the time to input the articles, format them, run them out, and then...finally...take them to the printers.

Yeah, it's more than a notion to publish a newsletter.

And in the mean time, people keep asking you, "When's the next issue of the People's Voice coming out?" "When's the **absolute** latest we can get our stuff in to you?" "Why don't you do an article about such-an-so?"

Well, we can't write everything in every issue. And we don't always know when the next issue is coming out...only when we'd like for it to. But despite all of these things, we're doing okay...I think.

When I started this at the beginning of last quarter, I didn't have great expectations. I didn't know how many people would want to work...and be really committed to follow through. I didn't really know what I was doing, and whether or not it would work.

So be patient with us. We're still learning, and teaching, and cussing and fussing but most of all growing. And if you get real curious about what it is that we do, come to our meetings every Monday night...usually at my place (but call to be sure).

Because it really is more than a notion to publish a newsletter.

Prejudice in '88

By Katherine Evans

Though we'd like to believe at this late date that only the barest remnants of racial prejudice still exist, this is clearly not the case. Our social climate is still one in which incidents such as those at Forsythe County and Howard Beach can and do occur. In each of these cases, a group of people was denied access to segregated areas and was physically and verbally assaulted for asserting their right to be in a certain place at a certain time--simply because of the color of their skin.

Although these incidents represent the most extreme instances of racism, it is the perpetuation of subtle racism which fosters and incites these more extreme acts of racial prejudice.

Here at UCSD racial prejudice (both blatant and subtle) is a current issue. One example was the recent incident involving a People's Voice staff member after she approached a group of Associated Student council members. Because the staff member was Black, she was perceived as a representative of a Black organization, namely the AASU. As she walked away from the group she overheard someone mutter, "I hope the AASU isn't coming to the meeting." The council member who made the remark, as reported by the Guardian, stated that he wasn't a racist and admitted fault in assuming that the staffer was from the AASU. Racial prejudice is just one form of prejudice. Whether or not the derisive comment was racist is debatable. However, the obviously prejudiced nature of the comment is indisputable. It was a prejudiced remark because it was motivated by an assumption, that is, it prejudged an individual based on her skin color.

Like the previously mentioned incidents, it assaulted a group's right to be in a certain place at a certain time. Again, it was a prejudiced remark because it had the potential to color the opinion of (no pun intended) one group of people against another.

It is precisely this subtle form of prejudice, racially motivated or otherwise, that remains as a largely socially acceptable component of American society. In context, the remark was "socially acceptable" because it was made in the presence of other people--people who had the power to recognize its negative implications and say something about it. Or were they, through their silence, acknowledging their agreement? The perpetuation of this silent agreement is what needs to be addressed. If we, as African Americans, remain silent on issues such as these do we not contribute to the acceptability of such remarks?

This is why it cannot be said that this seemingly insignificant incident is "being blown way out of proportion." This incident, and all others like it are significant as long as they prolong the legacy of divisiveness which continues to haunt American society. We, as African Americans must remind others that contrary to popular belief, prejudice is alive and well in 1988. We must remind others of its existence not as a means

of blaming others, but as a means of finally riding this country of such divisive elements.

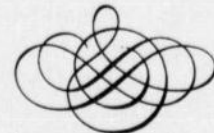
The People's Voice is the result of a collective effort on the parts of the following individuals. The views and opinions expressed herein are those of the People's Voice Newsletter and its staff, and in no way reflect the views and/or opinions of the UCSD administration or ASUCSD.

Farrell J. Foreman	Advisor
Carlota Ponds	Georgette Powell
Yalonda Lofton	Sabrina Moore
Denise Whisenhunt	Kathryn Evans
Rasheedah Pasha	Tracye Warfield
Becki Cobb	

Have You heard my cries: from the streets of Soweto?

by Tony Ackee

*I know you feel my pain, I know you know
how I feel.
Every bruise of mine, I know you feel.
Everytime, one of my sons lies dead in the street,
Everytime, one of my daughters is violated...
Every neglected underfed child left to die
from hatred...
Everytime I close my eyes and cry
softly to the Lord...
I know you feel my pain.
So I sit and wonder, my brother and sister,
about the world I live in.
I wonder about the world you live in.
I know you have felt my pain...
I know, because not so long ago,
before you got your freedom-----
I saw your children shot at, set upon by dogs, raped
castrated, dehumanized; beguiled by an evil...
so..so.foul.
Even now, I feel your pain as you turn your back on my pain,
my suffering...me..
My children and I wonder,
Am I fighting for the same freedom which you did,
or will I internatize the enemy like you did.
I know you feel my pain African-American...
Have you heard my cries?*



Food for Thought

By Yalonda Lofton

Food is the nourishment of the body. Knowledge is the nourishment of the mind. I was adequately compensated with knowledge on the SAAC retreat though I didn't expect it. But then again, I hadn't expected to be sitting with a two piece snack box from Kentucky Fried Chicken on my lap heading for Camp Palomar, and little did I know that it would be one of the best meals I would have on the retreat. You see, my roommate had recently informed me that she had signed us up for a weekend of fun and frolicking at the SAAC retreat, so I decided to go. After all, I needed to relax and get away from the hustle and bustle of school and who could pass up two fun-filled days and nights in the mountains, with transportation, room and board at no charge?

I had heard about the retreat the previous year--about all the fun they had. So I expected to have plenty of playtime and no work. But in the end I was glad that I balanced out my experience with a little work and a little play.

The play began shortly after we arrived at Camp Palomar. We had a "Playtime" workshop of icebreakers which allowed everyone to mingle. Our recreation continued when someone discovered five innertubes and the perfect snowhill to slide down. Though we returned cold, wet, and bruised we were ready to for the work that lay ahead of us. *The Eyes On the Prize* video on education regarding the battle for blacks in America to desegregate schools gave us plenty to labor over.

The end of the video concluded the first night's scheduled activities and one by one people began to leave for the cabin. I thought to go to sleep, but when I entered the cabin I knew I'd made a hasty assumption. Loud music blared from the front door, people stood around talking and playing games. I joined in a game of "Scruples," but after awhile, I finally decided to retire. Unfortunately, many of the other retreaters were just getting started though they were well aware of the early morning breakfast call at 8 a.m.

More work lay ahead of us the next morning I had to tear my eyelids apart from lack of sleep. I thought a nice hot shower would wake me up but I was in for a new and different experience. The shower required the user to push a knob to turn the water on and when you stopped pushing the knob, the water stopped.

My battle with the shower left me famished so I hurried down to the cafeteria (or mess hall as it should have been called) to satisfy my hunger, only to find all of the unsavory breakfast devoured. Rumor was there had been hard eggs, dry toast, and boxed cereal. I thought to myself, "This is going to be another one of those days." So I fixed myself a cup of tea and sat down, empty stomach and all, to wait for the first speaker to arrive.

Dan Munoz and Rochelle Bastien of Counseling and Psychological Services discussed multicultural issues and academics. Self esteem and the difficulties people of color have feeling comfortable in classrooms with a majority of white students were two of the topics. We then broke into smaller groups where we shared information commonly taboo to students, our grade point average.

By lunchtime my body needed nourishment, but the unappetizing hamburgers and dried tater tots just didn't hit the spot.

The next speaker Susan Chavez, a bilingual Education Consultant at San Diego State University piqued my interest and for a moment allowed me to tune out the grumbling noises coming from my stomach. Changing Trends in California Education was her topic. She revealed startling statistics about education and people of color. For instance, from preschool to the third grade, a drastic decrease in overall learning occurs in children of color. This decline is largely due to the teacher-child relationship where the teacher either ignores or discredits the child in the classroom. It is information like this that makes me aware of the problems that occur in our schools and lets me know that racism is still alive and well. It infuriates me to think that at such an early age children are judged by the color of their skin and must prove themselves or suffer through the system.

Robert Tambuzzi and Conrado Gerardo, former students and current community activists, followed Chavez with equally disturbing news of the turbulent times in 1982 when protesters at UCSD took over the Chancellor's office. Tambuzzi, in his own frank manner, informed the audience of his participation in the Chancellor's office sit-in and concluded with seven principles to live by. Gerardo and Tambuzzi's workshop made me realize how soon we forget the battles for freedom that others have fought so hard for. They struggled to institute a day in celebration of culture (now known as CUDA) yet our indiffer-

ence to the event is evident in our lack of participation.

Dinner followed their enlightening workshop. It was the best meal I would have for the entire retreat. The meal was a complete turkey dinner with all the trimmings, brown cranberry sauce, an indistinguishable vegetable (we narrowed it down to green beans or wax beans), toss salad, bread, and fruit cocktail.

After dinner a discussion focusing on the Asian perspective got underway. It was very interesting and informative. I was unaware of the influx of Korean boat people in the late 1970's due to political problems in Korea, or Asian Americans views on interracial dating. The discussion was a learning experience for me.

Eyes on the Prize: The Lemon Grove Incident was shown after the discussion. Soon we pointed our weary bodies toward the cabins. Our minds and bodies were full from different kinds of food: physical and mental.

The next morning, the last day of the retreat, after a breakfast of pancakes, sausage, fresh fruit and cereal, Sharon Grant Henry a professor at San Diego State gave us more "food" to grow on. She spoke on the motivation and resulting impact of research on society, and stressed the importance of people of color getting involved with research.

Overall the retreat was a learning experience. By balancing work and play and seeking proper nourishment, I was able to return to San Diego full of information to grow on and plenty of food for thought.

FEBRUARY 1988

1
7pm
IN CONCERT: THE MUSIC OF BLACK COMPOSERS with Althea Waites, Black Classical Pianist, University of LaVerne
Place: Montezuma Hall, Aztec Center Reception follows in Casa Real (Sponsored by the National Sorority of Phi Delta Kappa, Inc.)

3pm
Film: "Mandela"
Place: Conference Rooms K & N, Aztec Center

2
5pm
BLACK HISTORY MONTH KICK-OFF CELEBRATION
Place: Casa Real (SDSU)

3pm
Film: "Mandela"
Place: Conference Rooms K & N, Aztec Center

3
5pm
AFRICAN CIVILIZATIONS
Mr. Ashra Kwesi
Place: Casa Real, Aztec Center

4

5pm
AFRICAN CIVILIZATIONS
Mr. Ashra Kwesi
Place: Casa Real, Aztec Center

August's Wilson's "Joe Turner's Come and Gone"
Old Globe Theatre Feb.4-March13

5
1pm
FOR THE PEOPLE: BLACK SOCIOLOGISTS IN THE U.S., AFRICA AND THE CARIBBEAN
A discussion and book signing with author Daryl Grisby, San Diego Black Artists and Writers Association
Place: Presidential Suite, Aztec Center

"Shades of Ebony"
ART CORNER GALLERY Feb5-Feb21 Fri. 6-8:30pm
Featuring artists...Jerry Logans, Mack Latson, Cleveland Montgomery, Theo Shell, Loretta Turner, and Ron Wharton.

6
3pm
LECTURE
LERONE BENNET
SAAC/AASU/UE & SA TLH 107
FREE

6-15
BLACK ART EXHIBIT
featuring Phillips, Beal & Pickett
Mandeville East Room
(open during Mand. Aud performances only)
Black Staff Association

6
9pm
D.J. Dance (SDSU)
Sponsored by Kappa Alpha Psi
Casa Real

7
Kappa Picnic Scripps Cottage

8-12
POTPOURRI of BLACK HISTORY
12a-1pm EXCEPT 1:30pm
ST.CTR.NO.CONF.RM.(UCSD)

9
1pm
WORKSHOP/LECTURE
Community Preparatory School Children's Performing Arts Group featuring the MALAIKA DANCE TROUP
Casa Real, Aztec Center

3pm
Film: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door"
Conference Room A, Aztec Center
Jerome Scott Sociology Dept.
4pm P & L 1110 Free

10
10am
LECTURE:
AFROCENTRICITY
Professor Molefi Asante, Black Studies Department
Temple University, Casa Real, Aztec Center

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM
Symphony Hall, Downtown San Diego
Feb.10-14

Afrikan Student Union General Body meeting
Conference Rooms C,D,E & F (SDSU)

7pm
VIDEO & DISCUSSION: BLACKS and the CONSTITUTION
WARREN APT. COMMONS(UCSD)

11
11am
THE BLACK TOTAL THEATRICAL EXPERIENCE ON VIDEO.
Dr. Darny L. Scarborough, Chair, Afro-American Studies.
Conference Rooms C,D,E & F, Aztec Center (SDSU)

2pm
LECTURE
Mr. Willie Morrow, Black Entrepreneur
Casa Real, Aztec Center (SDSU)

4:30pm
READING: AMIRI BARAKA, 408MAAC/CME(UCSD)
12
2pm
Film: "From Montgomery to Memphis"
HH-031 (SDSU)

9pm
D.J. DANCE (SDSU) Sponsored by Delta Sigma Theta

13
MUSIC:
Black Music & the Civil Rights Movement
featuring
EARTHA KITT
Cont. Bk. Arts Program
8pm Mand. Aud. (UCSD)
G.A. \$12 UC Fac/Staff/Srs \$10 Stu.\$8

16
3pm
Films: "El Hajj Malik El Shabazz", "Malcolm X In Search of Freedom"
Conference Rooms K & N (SDSU)

Dr. Phil Rappheal, Professor (Call Alpha Phi Alpha for information on topic. (619) 283-9937)
Presidential Suite (SDSU)

17
3pm
"The Forum" Crisis and Black Identity
Casa Real, Aztec Center (SDSU)

3pm
THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF MARY McLEOD BETHUNE.
Ms. Carol Perkins, Women's Studies Department,
New Views of Women Lecture Series
HH-221(SDSU)

18
2pm
ETHICS IN AFRICAN SOCIETY
Dr. Maulana Karenga, Visiting Lecturer,
Ethnic Studies, UC Riverside
Casa Real, Aztec Center (SDSU)

2pm
DISCUSSION:
Blacks Reared in Different Environments,
Anasa Briggs-Moderator
THIRD COLLEGE AARC (UCSD)
FREE

19
11:30am
SCOBAs 3rd ANNUAL LUNCHEON.
Mr. Dan Bogan, Vice Chancellor, Bus. Admin UC Berkeley
Casa Real, Aztec Center

4pm
TGIF!!!!!!!
OUTDOOR CONCERT(UCSD) AASU/AS Gym Steps

8pm
LECTURE
DONALD WOODS subject of movie "CRY FREEDOM"
MANDELL WEISS THEATRE
FREE

20
7pm
GOSPEL CONCERT:
SDSU Choir, UCSD Quartet, A.G.A.P.E., Voices of Fulfillment, Calvary Baptist
MONTEZUMA HALL. (SDSU)
FREE

21
6pm
PLAY: "A Day in the Life of a Student,"
by SDSU playwright, Guy Stallworth
(Call Afrikan Student Union for more information on place.(619) 265-6533)

22
4pm
LECTURE(UCSD)
DAVID BRADLEY
"THE NON-EXISTENCE OF BLACK HISTORY"
408 MAAC/CME
FREE

22-26
5pm
Film Festival
(Call Alpha Phi Alpha for information)

23
10am

LECTURE
The Presidential Campaigns of Rev. Jesse Jackson: An Assessment
Dr. Floyd Hayes, Department of Afro-American Studies, SDSU.
Council Chambers, Aztec Center

BLACK HISTORY MONTH EXHIBITION
Grove Gallery, UCSD through 3/19

24
12noon
IN CONCERT WITH THE SUN: THE POETRY OF A PEOPLE.
Dr. Darny L. Scarborough, Chair, Department of Afro-American Studies, SDSU
Scripps Cottage

Afrikan Student Union General Body Meeting
Conference Rooms C,D,E & F 5pm (SDSU)

4pm
LECTURE
PHYSICIST
Dr. Shirley Jackson
111A ADM. COMP.(UCSD)

24-26
6:45pm
Black Music and Arts Seminar/Workshop
Bayview Baptist Church

25
11am
STRESS AND THE AFRIKAN-AMERICAN
Dr. Norman Chambers, Department of Afro-American Studies, SDSU
Place: Conference Rooms C,D,E & F, Aztec Center

DANCE
8pm
DANCE THEATRE of S. AFRICA
UZULU
MAND. AUD. (UCSD)
G.A.\$12 ST.\$8
UC Fac/Staff/Srs \$10

27
7pm
GOSPEL CONCERT
Directed by Edward Hawkins
Bayview Baptist Church
FILM SERIES
7:30pm
Stormy Weather (1943)
Starring
LENA HORNE, BILL ROBINSON
Carmen Jones (1954)
Starring
DOROTHY DANDRIDGE, HARRY BELAFONTE
Speckles Theater 121 Broadway (Downtown San Diego)
8pm
DINNER/DANCE
20TH Anniversary Afrikan Student Union Formal Sponsored
by Afrikan Student Union SDSU (\$25 per person/\$35 per couple.)
U.S. Grant Hotel, Downtown San Diego (for more information call ASU (619) 265-6534)

28
7:30pm
Hallelujah (1929)
Starring
DANIEL HAYNES, NINA MAE McKINNEY
Emperor Jones (1933)

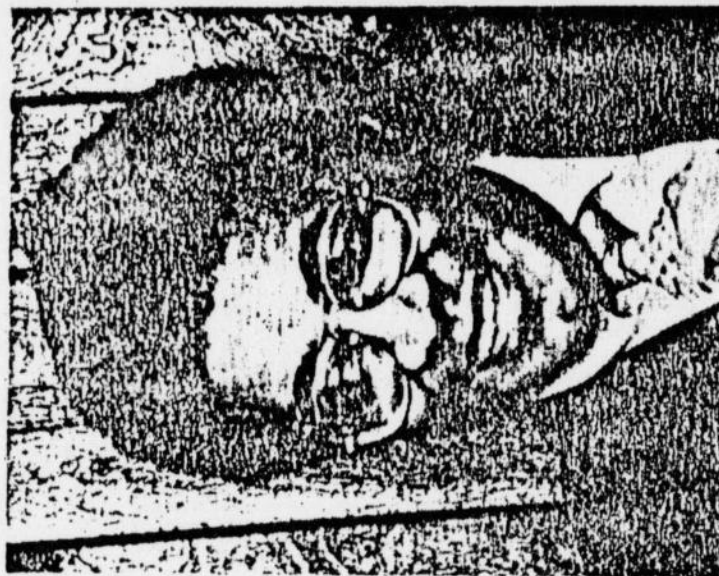
29
12noon
CULTURAL ARTS FESTIVAL/POTLUCK
Food, crafts, artists, writers
Place: Casa Real, Aztec Center (SDSU)



AFRICAN **S**TUDENT **U**NION
A **S** **U**

PRESENTS

DR. ALVIN POUSSAINT
The Psyche of a Racist Culture



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UCSD Third College Peterson Hall
Thursday, February 25th, 1988
7:30p.m.
FREE!!