



Black Literary Quarterly
Issue 31 Vol. 8, No. 3
ISSN 0892-1407

Shooting STAR Review

KUNTU
WRITERS
WORKSHOP

CONTENTS

Beckoning, Elnora Agnes Fortson	2
Thursday Dinner, Maisha Baton	3
An African-American Service	
Announcement, Sage Berlin	4
And this is to ..., Thais Bennett	5
Beer Garden, Ersula D. Cosby	6
The Telephone Rings, Frances Johnson Barnes	6
Metamorphosis, Eric C. Webb	7
In The Courthouse, Dennis Brutus	7
Sunflowers, Dennis Brutus	7
Terrible Berry Body Shop, Curtiss E. Porter	8
There's No Love Greater Than the Love Inside You, Deborah Tilman	10
Poet as Verb, Rob Penny	10
One Life for Each of Us, Maisha Baton	10
What Would You Take From Me?, LaVita Williams	11
I Had a Dream Today, Christiania R. Blessingame	11
Time's Memory, Jean Williams	11
Hot Balmy Griot Afternoons, Linda Watson-Richardson	12
What Are They Doing?, Amir Rashidd	12
The Queen, Shaela Montague	13
Song, Terrance Hays	13
MEMORIES from the HOMELAND, Ann Sawyer-Berkley	13
Service to Writers Corner	
Ucross Foundation	14
Walker Woods to Celebrate Third Anniversary	14
What Kind of Artists Comes to Ragdale?	14
Cross Winds, Chawley P. Williams	14
Nappy Together, Kim El-Harris	16
Minority Does Not Mean	16



ROB PENNY

\$3

Please rush this issue to:

Shooting Star Review
c/o Shooting Star Productions, Inc
7123 Race Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15208

Non-Profit
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Pittsburgh, PA
Permit # 1597

I N THE ADORATIONS OF RA WHO RISES IN THE EASTERN SKIES, WE SAY, MAY GREAT WRITINGS LAST FOR ETERNITY.

The Kuntu Writers Workshop (KWW) was founded by Rob Penny and August Wilson in 1976. It was inspired by Dr. Vernell A. Lillie, founder of the Kuntu Repertory Theatre, and was accepted as a special program of the department of Black Studies, University of Pittsburgh, by the chairman of the department, Dr. Curtiss E. Porter.

KWW's two purposes were (1) to bring writers together in meaningful discussions and (2) to assist writers in getting published and/or produced. It was founded primarily as an African American writers group but was restricted to Black writers.

The founders of KWW took the position that the workshop would not be an ideological vehicle for any one aesthetic or political point of view but could be infused by the viewpoint of the writer. It would be open, free, and democratic in its membership, regardless of religion, color, ideological persuasion or ethnic group affiliations. However, its founders, advocates of the Black Arts Movement, pushed for an art that was "functional, collective, and

continued on page 7 ★ ▶



Shooting Star Review
ISSN 0892-1407
Kuntu Writer's Workshop Issue
Issue 31 Vol. 8, No. 3
Copyright, 1995, All rights

FOUNDER & ARTISTIC DIRECTOR
Sandra Gould Ford

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
Marthy Conley
Sharon Flake
Sandra Gould Ford
Robert Lewis
Jan Maurer
Audrey Murrel

STAFF
Lynda Blair, Business Manager
Sandra Gould Ford,
Artistic Director
Gwendolyn Mitchell,
Administrator/Editor

ADVISORY COUNCIL
Cheryl Allen Craig
Dr. Delorese Ambrose
Byrd Brown, Esq.
Oliver Byrd
Dr. Earl Childs
Andrea Clark
William Colbert
Clarence Curry
Ruth Drescher
Kay Fitts
Tim Harviten
Roger Humphries
Joan Ivey
Dr. H. Jackson-Lowman
Ida Joiner
Maida Kemp
William Lloyd
Marc Masterson
Phyllis Moorman-Goode
Dr. Greg Morris
Chuck Powell
Andrew Quinn
Charles Reaves
William Robinson
Cecile Springer
William Strickland
Robert Teeter
Clarke Thomas
James Wellbourne
Andre Young
Harold Young
Steve Zupcic

EDITORIAL REVIEW BOARD

Ralph Ashworth
Cathleen Bailey
Kristin Hunter-Lattany
Terri Jewell
Jeleelah Karriem
Nzadi Keita
Romella Kitchens
Sarah Martin
Ruth McGrath
David Walton
Julia Williams

PATRONS

Shooting Star Productions, Inc.
and the outstanding activities that
this organization produces exist
because of the support of these
outstanding institutions and
individuals:

Adolph Sutrin, Inc.
Augie's Flower Shop
Carnegie Mellon University
Clark, Andrea
Dana's Bakery
Duquesne Light Corporation
Equitable Gas company
Ezra Jack Keats Foundation
Famous Footwear
Fashion Bug
Giant Eagle
Heinz U.S.A.
Henry C. Frick Educational
Commission
Hills Department Stores
Integra Bank, Pittsburgh
Kentucky Fried Chicken
Maurice Falk Medical Fund
Mellon Bank
Multi-Cultural Arts Initiative
Noir Lifestyles
Pennsylvania Blue Shield
POISE Foundation
Q and Moore Gourmet Sauce
The National Endowment for the
Arts
The Pennsylvania Council on the
Arts
The Pittsburgh Foundation
Thomas J. Donnelly
University Travel
Vira. I. Heinz Endowment
Wendy's of Greater Pittsburgh

Shooting Star Productions is a
young and, therefore, growing
organization that needs increased
support. Your assistance in the
form of funding, goods and services
are all tax deductible.

You can further help this
organization fulfill its most worthy
mission by continuing your personal
subscription to the *Shooting Star*
Review and by encouraging friends,
family and business associates to
do the same.

Shooting Star Review is also open
to advertising and welcomes
opportunities to help make our
international readership aware of
your products.

For further information please call
or write:

Shooting Star Review
c/o Shooting Star Productions, Inc.
7123 Race Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15208
(412) 731-7474

Except where specifically stated, all
artwork, photos and graphics in
this and any other issues of
Shooting Star Review are for
artistic illustration and are
otherwise unrelated to the
accompanying text.

B E C K O N I N G

(For Toye: The Creator of Dream's Aviance)

You touch the velvet tears of morning,
kiss baby soft pink roses,
glimpse at pastel day stars,
all the time remaining unvarnished
by tattered dreams
oftimes, the romance of summer dreamers
eludes you as you walk alone to timbre
tempoes

stroking the collage of misbegotten
fantasies.

In a galley or gallery of art de object Venice
style

you walk, seemingly unnoticed.

You stroll through New York avenues and
harbors,

fashioning the rhythmic dance of sugarplums
gyrating around elfin strangers,
gliding through bonsai and bamboo,
past strolling troubadours, minstrels, mimes
and
monkeys with tin cups leashed by clanging
steel chains.

Today begins a new dawn—so forget the
velvet tears

Rise, shine, click high you heels!

For in the joy-set of yellow horizon there is
victory and glory forever and ever...

Hallelujah....Amen and Amen.

Elnora Agnes Fortson

University in America and I Dream A World
(African-American History Through Poetry)

Wanted: Writers Groups & Workshops

Immediately, *Shooting Star Review* seeks to promote work being produced by Black Writers Groups across this country, and this issue is a sampling of our intent. Within each issue, *Shooting Star Review* now looks forward to presenting a special section featuring writers groups that are exploring the Black experience. What we require for consideration is:

* History of the writers organization or group

* Biographies and photographs of membership

* Carefully juried select writings from the group membership. The maximum amount of material that can be considered from each group member is two short stories, two essays or four poems.

Contact:
Writers Groups Editor
Shooting Star Review
7123 Race Street
Pgh PA 15208-1424

THURSDAY DINNER

BY MAISHA BATON

Thursdays I take Aunt Pearl out to dinner. And a movie on her good days. 'Red Magic Crazies' she all the time sayin'. That's her favorite thing she likes to say. 'Red Magic Crazies.' Anyhow, we always go to Chester's Place cuz it's not far away and Mr. Chester, who run the place, he know us and don't say nothin' to Aunt Pearl.

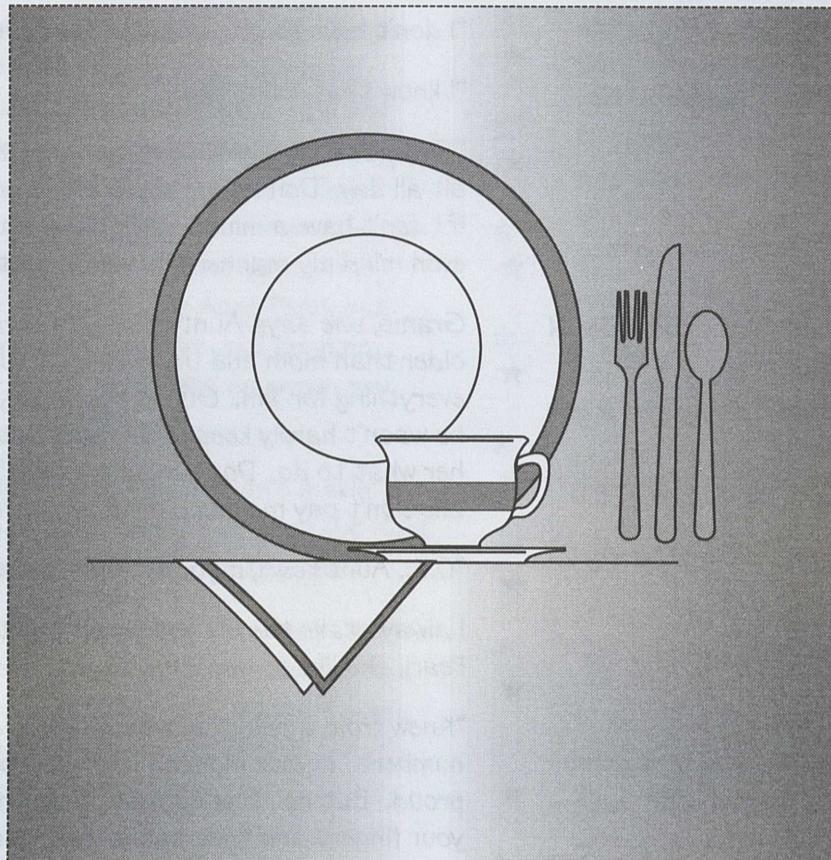
I look over everything on the menu, pickin' careful what I want. In the week I save up ten dollars. That way we can 'bout have anything we want to eat. Aunt pearl, she all-a-time fuss over the words on the menu and act like she don't like nothin'. Sometime she say, "Larry, you know I don't like all this talk on food. The worry the life out of you if you let them."

So I order her the chicken, cuz I know she like it best. But she just like to fuss.

"Listen what wear red dresses is fast", she say. "You stay way from 'em. You hear? They ain't the grand ones they pretends to be."

The lady in the red dress 'cross from us look real hard at her food but don't say nothin'.

"Listen to that now. Will you? Somebody done gone and played that Elvis Presley. Will



you jus' listen to that? Elvis Presley sing 'You ain't nothin but a hound dog' and they still talkin' nice 'bout him anyways. Now ain't that somethin', boy?"

She git up and start in to dancin'. She don't bother nobody but she sure hate to be ignored.

"What they think? Think I got the 'Red Magic Crazies'? Maybe so. Maybe so. Ain't cuz of no black man though."

The lady come with our food and I thank her. She smile real sweet at me. I like her smile and I smile back at her.

"Black man don't take time to get to nobody right. Course that don't count my Douglas. Now my Douglas, he was a real man."

She come back to the table then. "What ever come of my Doug, honey?"

Every Thursday she ask me that.

Uncle Douglas died in the fire. I done tol' you that, Aunt Pearl. Now come on and sit down, else your food be cold."

She sit down but she ain't satisfied. "Ain't no fire could take that man. No, sir. Not my Doug. My Doug got steel in him. Can't no fire burn nosteel. Even I know that. They put the fire on the white people in the movies. Now them white people, they burns real easy, cuz they got air in the blood."

"Eat your chicken, Aunt Pearl. Here let me cut it for you."

"Poor chicken, ain't never got off the ground. Play music for me boy. So's I can fly. Show this here chicken what he done missed."

So she starts gettin' up again and fussin' 'bout that chicken and that music.

"Aunt Pearl", I say, "You gettin' loud. Quiet yourself and come eat."

es over again and sits down. Now she whispers. "That's cuz I gets all excited in the world. It's the 'Red Magic Crazies' come over me. Jus' can't figure how it gets me in the streets like it do. You ain't shame of me, is you, honey?"

"Course not." I tell her. I ain't never shamed of Aunt Pearl. She was the one raised me. Kept me till I was most nine 'fore they come for her the first time. Even after that she try to come back out that hospital and care for me but she jus' couldn't get her mind clear. She say it was cuz the fire came and took Uncle Douglas. But that was 'most three years 'fore she went in.

"Will you look at that string-haired white girl over there? Now if that ain't a sight. Bet she hot in them there pants of hers. All these black men 'round here. Jus' look at them eyes startin'. You remember 'retha Franklin, don't you? Remember I tol' you don't forget 'retha Franklin?"

"Ain't forgot 'retha Franklin, Aunt Pearl."

I sang yesterday jus' like I use to and Miss Caldwell, she said it's comin' back. Course she don't know 'retha but she like how nice I sound. That's if she weren't lyin'. How come I can't tell no more which ones is lyin'? Use to spot it

Continued on next page ★ ►

AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Sage Berlin

Sistas' and Brothas' know you have **NO RIGHTS!**

#1 U have the right 2 B killed, cause killin' Niggas is No Crime

Especially if your killin' yo-self.

Or just listen 4 Mr. Pooooliceman, U know em OFFICER FRIENDLY.

He B glad to radio N 4 help and beat mo' AMERICANISM N 2 your Black ass.

U will get right foot, right root, right foot, left a club, a gun and most likely a stun. Left foot, left foot, left foot, right PIG FEET!

#2 U have the right 2 food stamps and \$102.50 every 2 weeks.

Provided U don't mind alot of HUMILIATION and INVESTIGATION 4 the America nation

#3 U have the right 2 free speech, as long as U R dumb enough 2 B QUIET.

And don't ask me 4 any money u lil' homeless bastards, bag lady bitches,

Vietnam vets wit" your cups runnin' over U no leg, no arm, NO BRAINS

U ain't gone to battle 4 shit U dumb ass Charlie killin' Niggas"

U should've been a dodger like Jackie and stayed here fightin 4 BLACK RIGHTS!

It's been suggested by the Buppies, Sellouts, Negroes and the american blacks

that this style of Thinking ain't right.

SO i say give me the unconscious africans, americans and racist worldwide let's

put 'em in camp david Conscious Africans will teach and reeducate them.

And if U don't wanna learn no make up classes!

KILL 'EM ALL and reeducate their offspring!

NOW OPEN YOUR MINDS!

CLASS HAS BEGUN

Sage Berlin playwright, actor, African*centric poet, Negro Baseball League aficionado and researcher. Berlin has written a unique theatrical and musical tribute to the great players and athletes of the Negro Baseball Leagues. "THE GREAT BLACK BASEBALL DIAMOND" will begin it's national tour in 1996. Berlin is an actor with the Kuntu Repertory Theater (the longest running black theater associated with a major University in America) and I Dream A World (African-American History Through Poetry) and has appeared in the films The Jacksons "An American Dream" and Criminal Justice. He's a founding member of "Endangered Species" a Black Ritual Arts Group that uses Poetry, Opera (African-American spirituals) and Jazz to dismantle racist and stereotypic thinking about people of African descent. He is the 1989 International Human Rights Day Poetry Award Recipient, co-founder of "Slam The Word" Pittsburgh's Multi-Cultural Poetry Forum and toured with 1994 Lollapalooza Spoken Word (East coast). Berlin also wrote the revolutionary chapbook "4 The Love Of Struggle".

THURSDAY DINNER

★ Continued from page 3

★ anytime, anywhere. You think it's the 'Red Magic Crazies' done got to my eyes, put a vail on 'em?

★ "Aunt Pearl, you ain't half finished and it's 'most time to go."

★ "I don't have to go, you know, Mr. Young Snip."

★ "I know that, Aunt Pearl."

★ "This place they got me in, don't have to do much of nothin'. Jus' sit all day. Don't pay ne're a bill to nobody. Don't speak to a soul if I don't have a mind. Don't wash up not one them dishes. Don't even mind my manners if I don't want to."

Grams, she says Aunt Pearl was always the one doin'. She was older than mom and Uncle William. Use to boss 'em around and do everything for 'em. Guess that's why she kept me. Uncle William, he wasn't hardly keepin' his own. But she don't like people tellin' her what to do. Don't mind me tellin' her to eat or like that, cuz she don't pay me much mind anyways.

★ "O.K., Aunt Pearl, if you finished, we better be gettin'" I say.

★ I always take the bill and count out the money real careful. Aunt Pearl, she like to see me work with money.

★ "Knew from a baby you was a smart one. Look at you on them numbers. If your momma woulda took time to see, Lord, she be proud. But no. She so fast. Didn't take time to see if you had all your fingers and toes much. She was a wild one, your momma. Tol' miss Caldwell, I said, 'that boy's a real smart one. Counts anything you give him.' Miss Caldwell, she forgets what you tell her." Aunt Pearl whispers, "Now she do got a bad case. But I talks to her anyhow."

★ I feel real good when Aunt Pearl's proud of me cuz she go and tell people how smart I am and all. Nobody else care if I'm smart or not. At school they don't care if nobody's smart. They jus' give you a book and tell you to read if you can. I don't go much but I read them books, cuz Aunt Pearl, she said long ago, 'They got stuff in them books can help you, boy. You read everything they gives you.'

★ Got me a library card when I was eleven. Showed it to Aunt Pearl. She knew what it was, right off. She jus' smiled and tol' me to hide it careful so nobody can take it off me.

★ We leave the restaurant and start walkin back to the place, neither one sayin' nothin'. Aunt Pearl, she draggin' her foot that got burned in the fire. But she walk pretty good anyways.

★ "Boy", she says, "You done grown another foot since I seen you last time. You like a bean pole in the wind. Jus' a blowin'." She starts swayin' and dancin' on her toes, real light and pretty. I seen her do it before but I watch anyways cuz she like to show-off now and then. She was some dancer in her days. Even Grams give her that. Right 'bout then she see a bench and stop sudden.

★ "I want's to set a bit, boy." she say. And she sit right down in the night on that bench. "Come over here and sit 'side me."

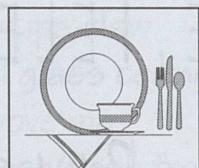
★ I know it's gettin' late cuz I can feel the cold risin' but I sit down beside her like she say.

Continued on next page ★ ►



Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same.
-George Bernard Shaw

"How old is you now, boy?"



"Thirteen next month, Aunt Pearl."

"Thirteen next month? You gettin' too old to be draggin the 'Red Magic Crazies' 'round with you, child." Then she touch my cheek real soft like. I want to kiss her hand but I know better. She don't like nobody comin' at her. So I sit real still.

"You got love in you boy. You got real love in you. You is always goin' to be Aunt Pearl's baby. But you know, boy, you wastin' yourself on this ole lady, a ole lady can't remember things and shame you in public. Now, listen careful to me! Doctor, he say he have to tell you I ain't 'llowed Thursday dinner no more. But I figure that's my place to tell you such. After all I done raised you since you was a bit-a-thing. You and me, we done seen some timestogether. Lord! You done all you can for Aunt Pearl, but she jus' can't get together them rules and laws and such no more. Now don't you start no tears! Ain't right no grown boy cryin'.

Howcome she knowed I was cryin', I can't say. I wasn't makin' no sound and the dark was all 'round us by then. But she kept right on talkin', hard like she use to, back when she cared for me.

So she says, "You read them books they gives you. You hear me? And stay out of trouble on the streets. You can come see Aunt Pearl now and again but what you need is gettin' yourself some little boyfriends and maybe one of them cute little girls. That's how the world works. You hear me, boy?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And don't you worry yourself none 'bout Aunt Pearl. I don't miss nothin' 'bout outside. Ain't nothin but lies and women undressin' theyself in front of somebody else's man. Naked, shameless women wearin' red dresses. No, I don't want no parts of it no more. You understand what I'm sayin' to you, boy?"

"Yes ma'am," I say.

"Then come on now and take me on back and sign that list they got."

After that evening the doctor called. Said Aunt Pearl wasn't gettin' long so good. Tol' me she can't leave the place no more. Since she already tol' me, I don't feel so bad right away, but come Thursday, I'm real sad all over again. Even when I go see her after that she don't hardly act like she know me. I know she do. But she don't let on.

So one day when I come, she say, "Boy, who you want? Why you keep starin' at me all the time? You ain't no agent from the government come to check on me, is you? You go way from here 'fore I call the officers. Git, now! You hear? Git!"

And she left me there cryin' like I was still a little boy. Left and went off down the hall jus' swayin' and dancin' light and pretty like a dancer.

I still go see her now and then, but it ain't the same. I can tell she still got the love for me in her head but it don't come out no more. Sometimes when I'm lonely and missin' her, I think 'bout crawlin' in there with her so's I can be with that love but she jus' give me them cold eyes like they was doors, closed with no lock and no key.

Anyways, I still go visit now and then cuz one of these days she gonna open them doors again and she'll say, "Boy, howcome you ain't come git me for Thursday dinner?"

And I gotta be there just in case.

END

★ And this is to ...

★ And this is to the white man.

who believes that all i have to write about
is the times when me and my brother used to run
naked
through the corn field's
away from my mother
who'll be waving my father's belt in the air.
as if it was a snake or something
shouting from her mouth
her mistakes that brought on our childhood.

★ And this is to the militants

who sees me as a light skin sista
that should've

sat down with her people and explained

"even if

Ali did

not

give

me every

thing

that

was comin'

to me

i am still a dynamite lit-tle sista and

do you understand where i'm coming from when i tell
you that
i am blacker
than blue."

★ And, this is to the bro-thers who'll be standing on
the corner of 5th & Wood

smiling at the way i switch my small rounded hips
from side

to side

as if my hips are saying

"maybe this little sweat box of

mine

might be small,

but I bet can get hotter than them

white bitches you may had been seeing

laterly!"

★ And

This poem is

also to mamma:

who still sees me as her little girl.

★ And who is always teaching me that the baby fine
hairs

around my forehead

are there for life.

she thinks all that i have to write about is telling her
"don't worry ma,"

"the militants haven't ate me!

and

"yes ma"

the junkies are still quietly being put to sleep in the
ghettos and "yes ma"

the few white people who was left behind after the
revolution was underway

are still alive and living in Pittsburgh.

★ And yes,

also this poem is also dedicated to all the people
who

believes me when i tell them that every Black child
wasn't

born to continue a revolution that the last
generation

never ended

Thais Bennett

BEER GARDEN

S

she served fried fish and bbq dinners
in the tea room at Cobb tavern

to tired working women in thick-soled shoes
with hot-ironed lard smells

lingering from their certified beauty smocks.

to swing shift laborers in wool cotton
J&L armor
back broken
daydreaming

shiny buicks, zoot suites and fine, red-bone women.
to happy lindy-hoppin' swingers
igniting flo' shows for Top Hats and
Sophisticates
on friday nights

she served late-night dinners
at Cobb tavern
until the morning rose.

Ersula D. Cosby

★ CHAPBOOKS OF POEMS ON LOVE ★ HUMOR THE BLACK EXPERIENCE ★

&

GENERAL INTEREST.

\$5 per book (includes shipping and handling).

ORDER TODAY!

(cash or money orders only).

DON'T DELAY!

★ CHOOSE () LOVE
() HUMOR

() BLACK EXPERIENCE

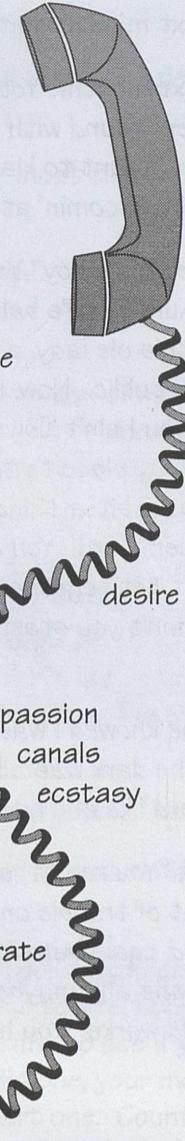
() GENERAL INTEREST.

M. D. MYLES

20955 Ellacott #A-11

Warrensville Heights, OH 44128

THE TELEPHONE RINGS



Hello
Hi, Baby
His voice I hear and
I drape the cord loosely
around my neck
Falling gently it
Touches my breast
And then rests cuddled with the
cradle in my lap

His voice caresses me
Sending currents of love
Surging through my body
Receptive to discharges of his desire

His voice strokes me
Unleashing torrents of
Rushing through aroused
Flooding my senses with
His voice holds me
In the afterglow of my longing
As we talk and talk and talk
And curse the miles that separate
His voice - caressing, stroking,
Holding me a fantasy
Now lets go to reality

Goodnight, Baby
I love you
I miss you
I want you
Goodnight
I love you
I miss you
I want you, too

Frances Johnson Barnes

Frances Johnson Barnes describes herself as simply as "a child of the universe, citizen of the world, optimist," Frances Barnes, however, is also a mother of two, a grandmother of four, an educational consultant, a "professional volunteer", a poet/writer, a certified clown.

She is a editor and publisher of two anthologies of poetry and prose, LOVE-From Black Men to Black women and LOVE-From Black Women to Black Men, both of which will be in reprint in the very near future. For more than ten years Francis wrote for a local weekly a feature newspaper column entitled "Dialogue of Love". An honor graduate of Howard University she also holds three graduate degrees from Teachers College, Columbia University, including a Doctor of Education degree.

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves...

-John Ruskin

Nature fits all her children
with something to do. He
who would write and can't
write can surely review.

-James Russell Lowell

M

My fingertips claw
at the jagged glass ceiling
high above me
tearing skin from flesh/flesh from bone
bashing/bashing/bashing

T

my bruised fist
cracking the transparent walls

A

surrounding me
entering your world
a half bleeding man/bleeding mind
a modern-day osiris

M

3/5 of a man

is there a doctor in the house?

paging dr. frankenstein/dr. frankenstein to delivery . . .

paging dr. frankenstein/dr. frankenstein to delivery . . .

boil some water/more clean towels

boil some water/more clean towels

R

push/breathe/scream/push/breathe/scream

"we shall overcome"

P

push/breathe/scream/push/breathe/scream

love your enemy/hate yourself

push/breathe/scream/push/breathe/scream

"aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa"

H

"waaaaaaaaaaaa, waaaaaaaaaaa"

a two-headed abomination

wallowing in the afterbirth

O

of

disINTEGRATION

congratulations, sir!

S

it's a . . .

it's a . . .

I t's a NIGGER

S

Eric C. Webb

KUNTU WRITER'S WORKSHOP

Continued from Front Cover

In the adorations of Ra who rises in the eastern skies, we say, may great writings last for eternity.



committed" to revolutionary changes, especially with Amiri Baraka's "politicized aesthetics" and Ornette Coleman's "harmolodics" as examples of forces or guides for adoption and use by the artist.

In accord with the forementioned statements, KWW has remained consistent with its purposes. KWW has presented and sponsored writers in performances for 20 years without a vacation.

We continue to have writers who range from teenager to eldership. They write in such genres and forms as Black romance, children's work, Hip Hop, Rap, fiction, poetry, playwriting, etc.

KWW has only one criteria for membership, (i.e., saying that you are a writer and are actively in pursuit of that goal), KWW, nevertheless, is proud to mention that it has a membership list of over

200 acclaimed writers. The list is approximately 99.9% African American.

Much can be said about individual writers who have contributed to the image and maintenance of KWW but suffice it to say that they are all great because they stand on the shoulders of great writers and great people.

In conclusion, let me say that it is an honor and a privilege for the Kuntu Writers Workshop to be recognized between the pages of a great publication as the *Shooting Star Review*.

In the adorations of Ra who rises in the eastern skies, we say, may great writings last for eternity.

Rob Penny, Coordinator
Kuntu Writers Workshop
December 6236 A.F.E.



In the Courthouse

The prisoner comes in
erect, subdued
surrounded by his guards
is greeted by his lawyers:
he has grace, is calm
the shadow of death trails him
but one senses his strength.

Mumia Abu-Jamal case

Dennis Brutus
September 5, 1995

★ S u n f l o w e r s

★
★ sunflowers
growing up so high
They're all pretty maidens
but they all have to die
they suck up the sun's fire
they fill us with desire
But sunflowers, sunflowers
We all have to die.

Dennis Brutus
9/14/1995

"... use these exercises because we can't turn in our bodies for new ones, at least not yet."

(Obscure 20th Century Document entitled, Health and Fitness Magazine, Fall, 1995)

"... scientist discover "terrible berry" an organism which reproduces itself under tremendous doses of radiation , 5,000 times that which would kill a human being." (New York Times, ancient news manuscript, 25 November 1995)

TERRIBLE BERRY BODY SHOP

(A Mythic Neo-Eugenist Fable)

"I want to be a lascivious Africannoidopod womanoid Delta!" Terry startled himself with the thought. He was amazed at himself. Swinging his blondine mass of hemp heavy hair to one side he brushed a strand from his grey green blue eye over to his other blue grey green one, the combination had always been found fascinating. It hypnotized his prey. After all this time as an Alpha Caucasoid Male why should he even in his deepest darkest post Freudian neo hiptheriean depths of self ever want to consider himself, as a female, and a Delta Hyper-Eros Afriicanoid at that. Gad!

But here he was at the "Terrible Berry Body Shop" again and he was having this thought. God, he was having these thoughts, a brain crushing rush of thoughts: a hype booty, and a fruity pooty, lips and hip and dark sable in the night oh my gooood! what a thrill to be drilled, oh.. oh... oh.

The Mylar fabric wrapped his awesome frame tightly, muscled and perfected after seasons and seasons of organ changing, physical body rearranging and de-estrange-ing himself. Though it had been possible since 2002 to recondition and exchange

bodies however one would choose and for prices whatever one might want to pay this was the strangest one for him. In all of his years he had not fully consciously changed across color, sexual and Beta dimension lines. Oh sure he'd used the reconditioned body parts of many but only after they had been properly albumenized. In fact he carried several spare penile equips and used them daily.

He was fifteen when the "Terrible Berry" process was first perfected Then the scion of a well connected and much respected New American Agenda family, it was a piece of cake for him to get a new piece of body. How silly he was then to order an Aboriginal penile cap. It was so weird! Twisted. Now a never greying man of 270 suddenly he wanted to be Afriicanoid! Female! Sexual! Delta! Phar de Phar di Phar, it's just up to PUKENNDAKKAR. Holy Henry Hense! Who would believe it! By year 2055 Henry Hense had become a saint right up with "Presley-the Undying-King Eternal, Never-Not-To-Die-Almighty, Khristened King-a-Rock." Better known as (PUKENNDAKKAR). Or

sometimes simply as The Presley. Henry Hense was received in PUENNDAKKAR's holy pantheon in year 2003. Hense had tried to graft a negrapubicpenis bone unto himself and was wildly unsuccessful but his mistakes laid the framework for body shopping. And be he holy every since.

Hense had learned to replicate the atomic action of the molecular organism known centuries ago as the "Terrible Berry". Discovered in 1995 the Terrible berry paved the way for physical body reconstitution. It seems the "terrible Berry" had the capacity to reconstitute itself no matter how it had come to destruction.

"Odd Microbe Survives Vase Dose of Radiation"... Government scientist report that the likeliest candidate now known would be *Deinococcus radiurans* (literally, "terrible berry that withstands radiation"), an astoundingly hardy bacterium that seems able to repair damage to itself that would instantly destroy almost anything else. ... almost miraculously, the terrible berry repairs the vast damage to its DNA in a matter of hours,

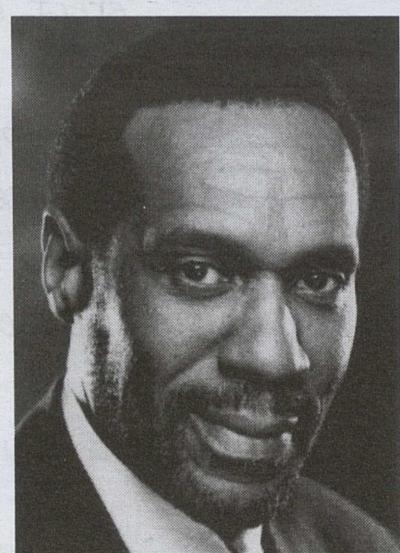
reassembling its own chromosomes just the way they were. ...

fragment, manuscript, New York Times, circa, Continued on next page 995. (From Wright Pack Magnetic File Resource, Inc.)

Discovered in cosmic outer space early scientists initially hailed it as possible boon in the search for the ancient

dis-ease of AIDS. After experiments with transferring Baboon body marrows into such patients only to discover they recovered with singular great vigor and health. Society soon found it more expedient to rope off the AIDS types and to graft cures for themselves, the wealthy. People began mutating parts, 1 only occasionally did

Continued on next page ★ ►



aberrations occur which left the unfortunate with a flaming pink extended hairy anus to cope with. Through Hense's work was a profounder challenge discovered, fully reconstituting the human body system.

Though Hense doomed himself in self experimentation his latter theory proved to be correct and just in time too. By 2055 it seems the Africanoindopods had finally come to their senses. In a one hundred year celebration of the Brown decision of 1955 and though it had been successfully overturned several times over since 1997 they finally got themselves together. It seemed that when nobody was looking they just... overcame.

Hense's theory enabled us to prevent their overturning our legacies by grafting their parts to the point that they were no longer a threat. Only in the wild lands of Nacrobia did they continue to live their quaint, so called, "natural" lives of 150 years. Here in the West Horozonia men lived forever, as their terror berry bodies were refashioned and reconstructed for ever on a totally correct theory of life everlasting beyond the Presley. But hardly ever did a man construct himself as a woman anymore. Why?

O sure in the early decades when women were still popular outside of Nacrobia some men just for a lar; having done away with all other gender types, would play on the feminine theme for a month or so, but Phar-de-Phar-de-Pukkendakkar. Man! Who could take it? But this is 2250 and he was modern!

He really was a fine specimen himself, he was. Grafted from original Tuskegee experimental materials his lineage was traced through centuries of discreet, clandestine research. Hell Phar, by 1996 when they'd started taking metrics of the body parts of welfare residents in a what now seemed a ridiculous ruse, that is to id welfare cheats, nobody'd thought yet of what the blending of genetic research, donor options, just plain old theft of body parts could do. Perfecting the permanent albumin color syndrome was simple after that. Ancient NorAemaerican scientific mystics practicing the ancient art of eigenhead divination using the phar defunct technologies of pre-post-NorAemaerican period computer machines at the Computerized Anthropometric Research and Design (CARD) Laboratory in the 20th Century discovered the "mean head" in an early, crude but effective experiment. That set the standard for the soon to come eugenic future.

Though crude by today's standard the CARD worked well for the time. Ultimately creating the initial U-SAFE CARDS based on face perfection. Carrying a U-SAFE card meant the difference between life and

death, eatning and not eating, surplus cheese and air sandwiches in 1997.

According to pre post American documents excavated at an buried ancient religious site called, "The PittsbugInternationalAirport" which was apparently a location where the ancients practiced the early crude artifices of mass body transportation in molecular structures called "planes". This document, an excellent find, dated December 1995 and called apparently in the language of the day, **Scientific American**. Ha! What little could they have known of true science, they never solved their people problems!

But, ... anyway, ... so it says in the traditional

NorAemaericanAenglish dialect:

"... And they created 347 heads of air force pilots, mostly white men... Yeah and verily from 200 of these they derived an average adult white male head"

And from the Mean head all creation of man flew anew.

From the **PUKKENDAKKAR KHRONIKLES**,

VOL: KKK-666-4

For a moment he thought of the historical Michael he who had grafted himself into the heavenly Presley lineage and the crude scrubbing attempts he'd undergone in those hellish post-historic days. Whut crud! No sooner, history records than did the first scion of Presley-Jackson emerge before the Michael had to realize he was a terribly flawed and failed experiment. The Presley took care of it though. Then, the kid was never born and the Dad tried to live forever. What perfection perfection has wrought. With then all of the money in the world they carefully grafted and regrafted the boy child until his genetic inheritance was but two percent of his body life and he became the first of perfections. Hense's work truly came to the fore. Soon body grafting was a simple commodity. Never mind that the first circummillion iterations were limited to Europoidopods. If that the meant the limitation that we now see, which is unlimited perfection , well, then the market has just spoke and took a toke of smoke! You can't fool with Mother Capital!

Even he was amazed at the linear simplicity of perfection in his own never wearingout body frame. At this point people simply changed bodies for fun and profit, not to sweat it man. Though sweat did tend to degenerate the endlessly regenerated tissue, they'd solved that problem by banning the Sun. Eugenic light radiators worked just as well for them. Better.

Ahh! So here he was. The body shop. Let the fun begin!

THE END

There's No Love
Greater Than The
Love Inside You

To love someone, is to love as
you love self.

There is no love greater than
the love inside you.

The Creator formed you for
love...HIS.

Let no man, woman, destroy
your love by deception,

Or lack of anything.

If you choose to build a
relationship,

Build it on the foundation on
what you can give to another,

If one has less, keeps giving
less,

Is it worth to give your ALL for
less when you can be of equal?

No need for pre-fabricated
dreams,

Visions of separate lifestyles
if you have combined your love
as one.

Never give your all to a taker
who has nothing to give.

Don't base your love on
promise,

That only materializes in
words,

With no loyalty of its actions.

We strive to find inner peace
inside to live,

Accordingly to the only law of
life.

The law of love.

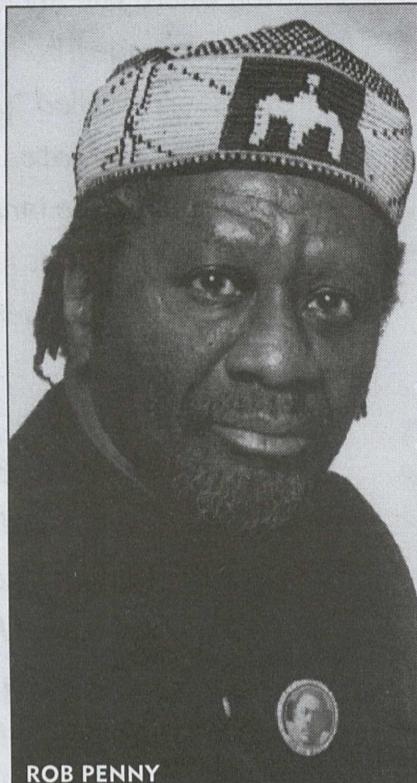
If we can't abide by it,

What do we have to offer self
or anyone?

Nothing.....

Deborah Tilman

Poet
as
Verb



Songs for you sparkle my fingertips
& ignite my heart full of
woman tones
into the bell of my bass clarinet
black woman
let me praise you
for yr MAATIAN flowers
scent the funk
beating revolutionary rhythms
for our love to grow
like a babobe tree
here in the midst of the hill district
we love you
black women
in the tears cleaning
our faces for the kisses of
yr lips spread
yr strength
over us
god, you're so good
to us black women
let me poet you.

Rob Penny

One Life For Each Of Us

Give your children back their borrowed lives

you have lived in all these many years.

Let them spend their love and longings
in the market of their time.

Let them waste their grown-up anger
for no reason, for no rhyme.

Return their childhood promises;

give back their youthful dreams;

Let go the ties that bind them
now ragged at the seams.

A peer call in September/ let them answer
to the call.

A love song of the highway/ let them stumble
let them fall.

Let your warriors choose their battles;

Let your artist choose their pain;

Let your martyrs choose their meanings,
give them back their lives again.

Loose the bondage of your kisses
and the judgment of your eyes.

Free the caged bird from his longing
give them back their borrowed lives.



Maisha Baton



Anger is often at the root
of creativity, as much as
happiness often deters
the creative process.

Amiri Baraka
(Leroi Jones)

Subscribe to
Shooting Star Review

One-year subscription: \$12 (Canada: \$15 per year)

Business & Institution Rate: \$15 per year
(Canada: \$18)

International: Subscriptions are \$25 per year airmail
and \$17 per year surface in U.S. Dollars.

Send check or money order payable to:

Shooting Star Review

7123 Race Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15208-1424

Subscriptions begin upon receipt of payment.

Shooting Star Review does not bill or invoice
for subscriptions.

What would YOU TAKE from me?

Scant arrivals, brief moments,
hasty untimely exits,
the specific history of a missing tooth.

Would you take from me
eternal nights spent conjuring,
searching for passion elusive
as dust;
my precious cloak of shadows,
the priceless diamond heartache
wrapped in silk
and hidden in an antique
chest devoid of hope?
Do you covet the madness,
the consistent inconsistency;
perhaps it is a virgin days
of firm thighs and hair with color.

Would you carry this sack of broken
promises,
and work forty acres of blue Mondays
with a team of aging memories?

From one known
to break into poetic expression,
without reason or apology,
what would you take
that has not already been lost
and survived?

LaVita Williams

The life of every man is a
diary in which he means to
write one story and writes
another.

-James M. Barrie

When the devil reminds you
about your past, remind
him about his future.

-St. Mark AME Church.

I Had
A Dream
Today

had a dream today
and in it was u
all sparkly eyed
and turtle doved
mysterious secrets
of my core
you spread
as they surround
me

the perfect match

one nation
united
affronted by strife
and politics of love,

I had a dream today.

In it you and I
swam in warm cool waters of the spring mist
as we explored each other's bodies
I wondered what was missing
between us
dreams shattered
broken fragments grounded
never to be returned
a deep yearning that aches for you
the missing link
to make it complete

I had a dream today

in it your face
appeared and mocked me
and i Couldn't wait
to awake
except now
it haunts me
in my waking hours as well
mocking my being
crashing my walls of distress

I had a dream today

in it you and I walked
hand in hand
slowly
along the path of
righteousness.

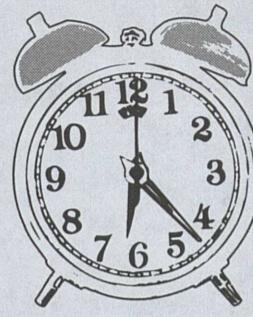
I knew it couldn't of been true
but yet I smelled your scent
and felt your touch
I needed to cling
to one last hope.

But now

I dream no more
just cold inside
unseen
unheard
unjustified.

Christinia R. Blassingame

Time's Memory



How old is time forgot what was done
in its name?

No time to grow vegetables so we
froze, canned, sprinkled them with
stuff and raised our children on them.

No time to feed cows so we injected
them with stuff and raised our children on
them.

No time to seek solace-the divine in each
of us-

so we grew tobacco, fermented grapes
down

with stuff and raised our children on them.

No time to allow peoples their God-one
who looks

like'em, knows'em by their original names-
so

we created intolerance and christianity
and raised
our children on them.

Not time to talk, search for
understanding

Not time to release ancestral victories
and lessons learned

so we made wars and raised our children
on them.

No time for righteousness, order balance
or respect for life

so we made racism, sexism, and greed and
raised our children on them.

There is no time to dream so we stock a
box with pretend realities and
raise our children on them.

Little time is left for straightening out
time, so we create excuses
and raise our children on them.

Jean Williams

Hot Balmy Griot Afternoons

In the beginning was the Word
and the Word was with God
and the Word was God
and the African claimed it
and breaeathed expression, blood black roots
into bending notes and soaring aaaahhs
harmonizing rhythms of darkness and light
hot balmy griot afternoons.

Surrounded by family, tribe, village
words came dripping like spring time rain
trickling centuries long gone by
endless births, deaths, begats
wars, community joys and pains
deep in the well of a seasoned man
hot balmy griot afternoons.

Telling stories bout life's walls
cave, hut, pyramid walls
ship walls screaming from lower decks
crossing Atlantic blues -
vomiting words on foreign lands
slave chants deep in the night
surrounded by extended families, clans
hot balmy griot afternoons

Words transformed through talking drums
beat, pounded bold rhythms
telling slaves when to ruuuuuuuun
spinning legs into warrior dance
crossing woods, fields, swamps
dodging guns, dogs, lamps
hot balmy griot afternoons.

Running North to the promised land
words, stars guiding bands
city sounds and African dreams
tenement nights and poverty's screams
bursting blues, jazz scat
gospel, soul and rap
hot balmy griot afternoons
hot balmy griot afternoons
hot balmy griot afternoons.

Linda Watkins-Richardson

Linda Watkins-Richardson is a professional writer, educator and consultant. She is the founder of I Dream A World, Inc., an arts education organization that performs Black History plays in schools and community centers. Ms. Watkins-Richardson's poetry has been published in the Pittsburgh Quarterly, Taproot Literary Review, Carnegie-Mellon University's Focus magazine, and Shooting Star Review. She is the recipient of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Reading/Culture Center Award for her work in the field of drama. A former reporter for the Wall Street Journal, Ms. Watkins-Richardson received a B.A. and M. A. in African-American Studies from Brown and Yale universities. She serves on the Board of Directors of I Dream A World and the governing board of the Black Cultural Institutions Incubator Project. Her life goal is to use the skills and talents God has given her to empower others.

★ WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

I.

This morning I rose at
the very break of day
At the very break of day
I have risen for
nine hundred mornings.
For nine hundred and one
mornings now
I have watched them
at the corner digging.
What are they doing, digging so?
They say they are fixing things.
but everything remains broken!

They came one day and marked off
a section of the street
pointed at a couple houses,
there was occasional laughter as
though they shared some remote secret.
They build a fence nine reaches high,
then the men came with generators,
air and noise.
They dig down for more days now
than I can remember,
six days a week I think for
a very long time.

What are they doing? Those white men
who come digging holes by your house.
Once it rained for five days
when the sun came back out,
they back to digging.
What are they doing down there?
They say they are fixing
things, but everything remains broken!

II.

What are they doing down there?
One policeman he walk around and
around the square hole,
directing automobiles and
telling people it's dangerous
to look.

What are they doing down there?
Why do they all go down there digging?
The man from East Ohio Gas, he come and go down.
The electric man, he come and go down.
The water man, he come and go down.
Some downtown men in suits, they come and go down.
And the telephone man, he go down
with everybody.
What are they doing down there?
They say the are fixing things,
thought everything remains broken.
I believe they dig a hole
to bury our children.

Amir Rashidd

This is the love
from across
the miles
warms the heart
and fills
the mind
with elation -
consummates
without
a touch.

This is the love
that reaches out
to answer
a cry
in the darkness
knowing
neither
the need
nor the one who cries.

This is the love
that weeps
watching our sons
being sent off
to fight
in far-off wars -
wars with
long lists of
lofty purposes -
wars that
sacrifice the
life blood
of our young.

Mother Africa
I am the Spirit
Of the ancestors
I am the Spirit of those to come
I am Mother Africa -
I am one
With the birds and animals
I am one
With every living thing.

When I raise my arms
I am one with the wind and the rain
And with the golden Sun
source of all life.

When I dance
My feet beat out
The rhythm of the living Earth.

From my dark womb
I push out all mankind
As I have
Since the beginning.
I am Mother Africa
I am all that has been
I am all that is
I am all that will be.



Ann Sawyer-Berkley

THE QUEEN

She is the queen that holds the Earth physically
Mentally the translator of love.
Spiritually the maker of all Black minds.

Emotionally, the pride which holds the universe.
She is kept behind the wall of a Black man's heart.

The breath of a innocent child's yawn that lightens up a brand new day.
In the morning, she awakens the spring which identifies life.

She is the nightmare of Satan's way because she is love.
The predator of evil..
The giver to the world.

She feeds knowledge in which she knows.
She feeds strength and blood from her veins to many.

She is the first to hug her children, When they awaken from sleep.

Spiritually, she is the light.
Mind over body.
Body over soul.
She compels us to realize where we should go.

The interpreter of Black men and women's love.
Trying to keep them in the right direction.
Showing love and affection.
The mother of the Black children.

Shaela Montague

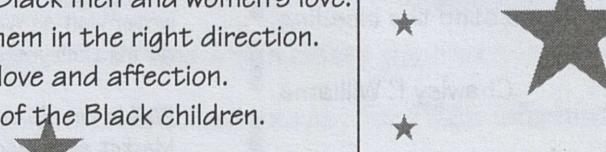
SONG

- ★ You & me was talking about duets
And our conversation turned somehow
- ★ To the burden of song, I said,
Remember Donny Hathaway's suicide:
- ★ He was a brown note falling fifteen stories
- ★ The winter of '79. All that music gone.
- ★ I almost mentioned how hard it hit my father;
How good he used to sound beside Donny's voice;
- ★ How, after that, all the music withered from his tongue.
But I said, In the fifth grade I caught a janitor
- ★ Singing in the bathroom. Not words,
just a lyric-jumble
Below the squash of mop-water,
- ★ Until I told him, "You ain't no Donny Hathaway."
- ★ I couldn't tell you what was taken from me...
- ★ How my father's baritone covered me like a shirt,
So I said, after Donny, all the music withered
- ★ From Robert's mouth. She stumbled on stage one summer,
& squawked so terribly, it had to be about loss.
- ★ I wanted to say, Everything beautiful cracks
Into silence... But you'd already started singing:
- ★ Humming when the words ran out.

Terrance Hays

Contrary to popular impressions, writers, unlike pole vaulters, do not know when they have done their best.

-John Updike



CROSS WINDS

cross winds of myself
 cut thru traitorous fingers
 from hands of killers
 hanging out my blackness to dry
 as darkness available to
 white lights of death
 burn our culture on
 crosses of your love
 unable to stand my fire
 tornadoes of black bloods blow
 germinating traitorous/crow faces
 hanging stonewise in this storm
 grinding on fertile feelings
 rooted in a land
 we were planted in
 with chains of labor
 rattling in our mounts
 of prayers trying to sing
 knotted in hairs of
 my nappy history
 strides of striving for eyes
 unsquinting in my approaching stances
 is the blood of my father
 crying thru my mother's muse
 his life of misery red/eyed
 in choking in bone and
 older than this land of your takings
 we have a biography of blackness
 relevant as the coming storm
 quiet yet in ignorant prayers
 looking for a savior
 I live on the dark side of
 questions not apparent
 in the answers of this day
 where luxury teaches
 the economics of our time and
 poverty the inability to count
 where my nose has been
 blamed in its spread
 eyes large in nostrils of recognition
 lips of big beggings
 looking for their start
 where the surgeon's knife
 tells what beautiful and
 naked asses smelling like perfume
 on beaches of cancer bled
 my color so sought after
 over mantles of
 blond/haired blue/eyed bitters
 we drank in the sun
 I am inside a wish
 running ragged and stunted
 in this disregarded night
 of your vows
 born in a false fairness
 where hands on bibles meant
 god would smile in truth
 and mother nature lived
 in the woods of my playgrounds
 I'm blamed for filth raining
 from a neglected heaven
 where god spoke a different tongue and
 the clouds were slammed
 everytime I rose
 my arms carrying scars
 screaming thru holes
 these pumping legs dug
 and imprisoned
 for attempting to stop the bleeding

Chawley P. Williams

Service To Writers Corner



UCROSS FOUNDATION

1. Residency Program

The Ucross Foundation Residency Program provides individual workspace, living accommodations and the nurturing tranquility of the American West to selected artists and scholars to concentrate, in an uninterrupted fashion, on their ideas, theories and works.

Applicants from throughout the country are selected to come to the Foundation complex, located at the confluence of Piney and Clear Creeks, for periods ranging from two weeks to two months.

Residencies have been awarded to painters, poets, sculptors, printmakers, composers, authors and storytellers-creating resources that are priceless contributions to our society.

2. Positions Available

Eight positions are available in various disciplines. A single residency may extend from two to eight weeks. Two residency sessions are scheduled annually. The first is from January through May, and the second is from August through December. There is no charge for room, board or studio space and the Residency Program does not expect services or products from our guests.

3. Applications

Are welcomed from all disciplines and areas of interest, provided the project idea has significance in its field, and can utilize the facilities offered.

Formal application can be made by obtaining and completing an information form which must include a work sample and a general description of the work the applicant plans to do while at Ucross.

For information, contact:

Residency Program
 Ucross Foundation
 2836 U.S. Hwy. 14-16 East
 Ucross, Wyoming 82835-9712
 (307) 737-2291

WHAT KIND OF ARTISTS COMES TO RAGDALE?

While varying widely in age and reputation, Ragdale's artists share a common bond of having already produced work that shows significant ability. Our alumni regularly win many fellowships and honors, including Guggenheim, National Endowment for the Arts, MacArthur, Joseph Jefferson and National Book Awards. They hail from all over the country and all over the world, though Ragdale continues to support a significant number of Chicagoans and Midwestern artists.

Some of the emerging artists we once supported, like Novelist JANE HAMILTON, composer, DONALD SUR and There Are No Children Here author ALEX KOTLOWITZ have become nationally renowned.

Grand Master mystery novelist LAWRENCE BLOCK considers Ragdale one of his favorite places to work.

Essayist STANLEY CROUCH wrote much of his book, Notes of a Hanging Judge, during several Ragdale visits; it ultimately earned him a prestigious MacArthur Fellowship.

Chicago's WILLIAM HARPER and MICHAEL ZERANG have worked on their award-winning projects here.

And Ragdale is host to its own U.S. AFRICA PROJECT, which awards fellowships to distinguished African and African-American writers working in the pan-African tradition. Many other distinguished international artists have visited Ragdale, too.

For more information, write: Ragdale Foundation, 1260 N. Green Bay Rd., Lake Forest, IL, 60045, (708) 234-1075.

WALKER WOODS TO CELEBRATE THIRD ANNIVERSARY

Walker Woods, Atlanta's only international residence for writers, starts its third year in 1996, and continue its traditions of providing a comfortable place to live and work for writers, sponsoring monthly events at the house, and coordinating foreign tours and exchanges overseas for Walker Woods writers.

Walker Woods was the private residence of Richard Leigh Walker, a foreign correspondent and bureau chief with Reuters News Service - London, and Dalian Moore, his wife and a poet and writer with publishing credits in twelve languages. After Mr. Walker's death, a foundation was formed, the home revamped to accommodate writers, and a great deal of progress was made in the past year. Supporters have been very generous in two areas in particular. Dr. Charles Cohn of The Atlanta PC Users Group arranged for the house to receive computerized work stations for three more writers, so that every writer visiting Walker Woods need only bring disks in the Word Perfect format during their residencies.

Walker Woods is featured in the 1996 issue of Poets' Market and Writers' Market as a recommended literary residence. To apply for residency, send a SASE (with enough postage to cover two ounces) to: Walker Woods / 1397 LaVista Road Northeast / Atlanta / GA / 30324 / USA. Calls or faxes for information may be directed to (404) 634-3309.

INFORMATION

Shooting Star Productions, Inc. MISSION STATEMENT

Shooting Star Productions, Inc. exists to build awareness and appreciation for the Black experience via arts and cultural activities.

Shooting Star Productions, Inc. provides its services to all racial, ethnic, religious, age and economic populations, with its most specific and immediate work geared toward African-American youth and adults.

Shooting Star Productions, Inc.'s services include:

Promoting the arts and artists (literary, visual and performing) whose works explore the Black experience; and

Generating programs consistent with the Mission Statement that develop artistic capacity and cultural breadth. These programs can include production of a literary/cultural magazine, a system of Ceremonies, Commemorations and Conferences (such as Writers Conferences, Middle Passage Commemorations, Jubilee and Kwanzaa Celebrations and Literary Readings), and other arts activities and cultural events as opportunities arise.

Shooting Star Productions, Inc.'s Mission and services are provided so that opportunities exist for greater appreciation of the Black experience through knowledge and understanding of the challenges endured and the significant contributions created by people of African descent. **Shooting Star Productions** seeks to generate self-understanding and a sense of pride and accomplishment in Black people of all ages and circumstances while providing information and resources that could reduce racial and ethnic intolerance and allow the creative potential of all Americans to be better realized. Further, **Shooting Star Productions** will expand general interest in and access to the diverse expressions of Black culture.

Shooting Star Review BACK ISSUES

How to Order:

1. Prices include cost of shipping & handling.
2. Volume One (the 1st four issues) is \$25.
3. Volumes 3 through 8 are \$20 each (four in each volume).
4. Single issues:
 - Spring, 1987 is \$15 (1st issue)
 - All other single issues are \$5
5. Make check or money order payable to Shooting Star Review. Payment must accompany order. No invoices will be sent.
6. Order from: Back Issues, Shooting Star Review, 7123 Race Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15208
7. Large orders may be sent by UPS. Please provide street address. Allow six weeks for delivery.

Shooting Star Review ARTIST GUIDELINES

Shooting Star Review is copyrighted and provides fine writing and art about the Black experience. This award-winning magazine publishes established writers and new talent. Work by non-Black writers on the Black experience is welcome. Sandra Gould Ford began **Shooting Star Review** in 1987 with the founding belief that art provides enduring truths and deeply meaningful, human understanding.

Shooting Star Review's acceptance rate is about one in twenty. All visuals, graphics, photography, short fiction, poetry and narrative essays are provided by free lance talent from all over the world. Writers with the best chance of publishing in **Shooting Star Review** demonstrate these characteristics:

- ★ Well read, especially within their artform
- ★ Active voice with minimal passive verbs and prepositions
- ★ Honest and authentic voice(s)
- ★ Succinct with inviting & compelling openings

IMPORTANT Include cover letter with name address and phone on every page. All text must be complete & clearly copied or printed (double space) on one side of plain, white paper. Multiple submissions OK. Return envelopes with proper postage required.

FICTION: Up to 3,500 words. Fiction under 1,000 words encouraged. Up to three stories per quarter.

ESSAYS: Up to 2,500 words. Conversational voice preferred. Bibliographies accepted but no footnoting.

POETRY: Max. 70 lines per poem. Up to six poems per quarter. One poem per page.

PAYMENT upon publication for 1st N.Amer. serial rights and as funds permit. Fiction and Essays: \$10 to 1,000 words, \$20+ up to 3,500 words. Poetry: \$5+. Reprints are a third of standard rate. Artists also get 2 magazines (extras available at 40% discount). Visuals \$8+.

Sample copies of **Shooting Star Review** are \$3 with SASE. One-year subscription is \$12.

INTERNATIONAL: Subscriptions are \$23/year airmail and \$15/year surface in U.S. Dollars.

RESPONSE TIME & RIGHTS: Queries response in 4 weeks; 4 months on mss. Themes determine time to publication. All rights revert to author upon publication. Galleys are sent if time permits.

Send submissions to
7123 Race Street,
Pgh, PA 15208-1424.

Shooting Star Review ADVERTISING

Shooting Star Review distributes in 30 states, Canada, Japan and Switzerland.

Classified Text

Basic rate: \$1 per word [15-word (or \$15) minimum].

Frequency discounts for consecutive insertions:

2 runs = \$.95/word
3 runs = \$.85/word
4 runs = \$.75/word

NOTE: Classified ads must be typed. Your address = 3 words. Your phone = 1 word. Half-price ads are available for the following services for which artists and writers are not charged: Requests for artwork and/or manuscripts for publication; Opportunities for artists & writers (job listings, readings, shows, etc.); Announcements of Fairs and Festivals. Contests which charge fees are not eligible for half-price ads.

Classified B&W Display

Please call or write for COLOR rates.

All display ads must be camera-ready. Column-width is 2"

1" tall x 1 col. = \$37.50
2" tall x 1 col. = \$57.00
3" tall x 1 col. = \$75.00
4" tall x 1 col. = \$105.00
6" tall x 1 col. = \$125.00

1" tall x 2 col. = \$75.00
2" tall x 2 col. = \$115.00
3" tall x 2 col. = \$150.00
4" tall x 2 col. = \$210.00
6" tall x 2 col. = \$250.00

Half page = \$470.00
Full page = \$875.00

Frequency discount for consecutive insertions:

Deduct 10% for 2 runs
Deduct 15% for 3 runs
Deduct 20% for 4 runs

NOTE: Design and content of Classified Display ads may differ with each insertion, but you must retain the same dimensions. Advertisers must contract in advance for consecutive insertions to earn frequency discount.

All classified text and classified display ads must be PREPAID. Make checks or money orders (U.S. Dollars drawn on a U.S. Bank) out to: **Shooting Star Review**, 7123 Race Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15208. Phone (412) 731-7464 or FAX (412) 731-7039 for next deadlines.

Middle Passage Commemoration Ceremony

A healing, family event that therapeutically re-examines the trauma of the African Slave Trade and which offers positive methods for dealing with this inadequately acknowledged journey. For FREE information, send a self-addressed, business-size envelope to: **Middle Passage Ceremony**, Shooting Star Productions, Inc. 7123 Race Street, Pgh, PA 15208-1424

NAPPY TOGETHER

The women in our race
May not always look the same
But blend all our smile-frown-laugh
often thick lips into one mouth
and we are
One Beautiful woman

There may even be a difference in
our kaleidoscope of complexions
Until you smooth the coco-bronze-olive-ebony's
Together
and it's a union you'll never forget

Although our backgrounds sometimes vary,
we all share a legacy of Determination,
Fortitude and Compassion
Historical compliments of our ancient
ancestors

And sometimes because of this
Occasionally we are mistreated

But we're never really defeated
And in every one of our hearts
exists an ever forgiving Love

We are one kind of woman
Always changing
Like our wet hair
into tiny spirals
Uniting locking with one another

Personally,
I don't care what you think about us
We are together, Sisters
Or if you don't mind
Nappy Together.

Kim El-Harris



Shooting Star Review
c/o Shooting Star Productions, Inc
7123 Race Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15208

BLACK

DOES NOT
MEAN ----->

AFRICAN AMERICAN

DOES NOT
MEAN ----->

PEOPLE OF COLOR

DOES NOT
MEAN ----->

PEOPLE WHO ARE
BLACK,
AFRICAN AMERICAN
OR OTHERWISE
POSESS COLOR ARE

NONE OF THESE THINGS!!!

Minority comes from the root word **Minor**.

According to The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Minor means:

1. Lesser or smaller in amount, extent, quantity, or size.
2. Lesser in importance, rank, or stature.
3. Lesser in seriousness or danger; requiring comparatively little attention or concern.

How could Black or Brown or Red or Yellow people possibly be minor when we are nearly 90% of this planet's human population? But then, how could we be minor by any definition? In the human family, why is such a designation needed?