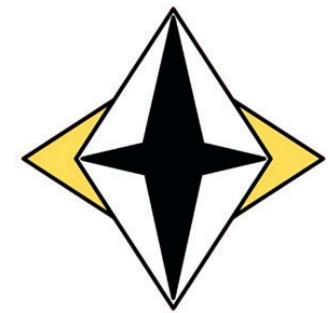


The Black Star



Journal

The Ujasiri Issue

Issue #10

February 28, 2025

From Us To You

Shortly after our return to campus for the Spring Semester, the Black Star Journal team unites to produce our annual Black History Month print. The culmination of a month of communal celebration for Black people at Brown University and beyond, it follows the celebration of love evidenced by the many Valentine's Day events hosted by Black organizations, matriculation and community accomplishments during the Black Appreciation Dinner, and a showcase of African culture during AfriSA's Culture Show.

While these highly-anticipated events are not new additions to our Spring calendars, the opportunity to continue gathering in these spaces has grown increasingly important. Amidst Donald Trump's second presidential term and what seems like a weekly appeal of civil rights, these gatherings signify the resilience of our community. They affirm our resilience, our ujasiri, our ability to create and celebrate in the face of uncertainty.

The Ujasiri Issue reflects this political climate through pieces advocating for increased awareness of the history of Black communities like ours and others throughout the Providence community and Washington, D.C. Yet, it also calls for celebration of identity, familial heritage, and cultural pride.

As you read the Ujasiri Issue, we hope our writers' pieces strike a reflective cord—one that fuels your own ujasiri for the months to come.

From us to you,

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Mapping Their Faces: My Own Black History

Words by Jazlyn White
Art by Rokia Whitehouse

As I began this year, my most important “resolution” has been to stay in touch with family. To call regularly and respond to all of my messages; to wake up and, in the morning sunlight, remember that my past and my future are measured in units other than academic transcripts and final essays.

On February second, my father sent two photographs to our family group chat—which is really just him, myself, and my mother. Two black-and-white photos, each without captions and capturing his grandmothers, their pin curls and candid gazes.

I can picture my father that day, a Sunday. He would be in Queens at his mother’s house, who’s eighty four and widowed, making sure she was ready to be driven to church. Somehow, he found the time to rummage through the boxes and boxes of memories that his mother had accumulated in the house. That’s what I would imagine. One memory being the petite stature of her husband’s family: their velvety skin and small almond eyes, features that are overshadowed by fine lines and prominent cheeks. I can imagine my father finding the photograph in his mother’s house, her late husband’s photo passed through her, then to my dad, and finally onto me. He would be holding it by the edges, his pointer fingers at the top corners and his thumbs at the bottom. He would be using just enough pressure to keep the photo flat, and after holding it to the soft lamp in the living room, he would set the photo onto the marble table. He would reach for his phone to capture the frame.

Alone and in Providence, I felt as though I’d seen my grandfather’s face again, for the first time in I’m not sure how long. I may have several pictures of him buried in my camera roll and memories of him tending to trees at the summer house in Florida, but I was relieved to know that I could still recall the details of his face, and that I was able to map them across his mother’s.

The next photograph captured a completely different profile. A woman’s blank expression. She had medium brown skin, tinged by sepia hues, and upturned eyes. Even more distinctly, I noticed the roundness in her face. The heavy and circular cheeks that made people believe you were still naive even after becoming a woman, this I knew from experience. She looked like me, or I looked like her. Still, I wondered who she was; if she was my Aunt Julie, my grandma’s sister who passed away when I was eight. I rarely see pictures of her anymore.

My dad never answers his phone at church—and even when he does answer, his calls are often kept under a minute long—so I called my mother instead.

“Did you see those pictures?” I asked, and although I have forgotten her immediate response—whether she said “yes” or “no”—I re-

member her voice lighting up over the phone.

“Oh my gosh, that’s your Grandma Grange,” she said and then began remembering the woman she knew decades ago: “She would always say ‘When are you two gonna get married and give me some (great) grandchildren?’”

I picture my mother’s face over the phone: her soft smile and high neck that perks up as soon as she gets excited. I can picture her with my father meeting my great grandmother, inside her Brooklyn Brownstone, the two women holding hands.

“That is your great grandma, your grandmother’s mother,” my mom said.

This year, though, I have taken more time to root myself in my ancestral lineage. I’ve carried my great-grandmother’s round face and my grandfather’s small frame from rural Georgia to Brooklyn, then Brown University. Black History Month often feels like it is exclusively about a collective Black experience, about honoring the African diaspora, and creating Pan-African solidarity.



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THIS ISSUE

01

Cover Art
El Boveda

02

Mapping Their Faces: My Own Black History
Jazlyn White
Art by Rokia Whitehouse

03

Table of Contents:
The Ujasiri Issue

04

It's in the Glimpses - On Daily Commutes and
Uncovering in D.C.
Ayoola Fadahunsi

05

Mainstream Tensions, Spiritual Dimensions:
How Kendrick vs. Drake Opened Doors for
Christian Rap
Kevin Carter

06

Father Time
Sienna Amenumey
Art by El Boveda

07

Dropping the News, Shutting the Window
Mara Durán-Clark

08

Being Visibly Foreign
Afrozina Abaraonye

09

“Wearing My Hair Out”
Zahira Branch
Art by Farhiyo Omar

10

LOVE AND HIP HOP:
Dating While Black at a PWI
Emmanuel Chery

11

The 1968 Walkout: A Protest That Shaped
Brown
Clarissa Thorne-Disla
Art by El Boveda

12

A Call to Action: Reframing Rhode Island’s
Homelessness Crisis
David Jesse Mathis

Uncle Sam’s Gamble: Don’t Bet on Queen of
Spades
Nya Muir

13

On Being Black and Muslim: A Reflection
Rohey Jasseh

14

Concrete Warm
Destiny Smith-Sarter
Art by Rokia Whitehouse

15

A (Timely) Call to Action
Sonam Shulman

Where Does She Live?
Nelsa Tiemtoré

It's in the Glimpses - On Daily Commutes and Uncovering in D.C.

Words by Ayoola Fadahunsi

It's in the glimpses. The glimpses are how you'll know what is all around you. In the sea of interns with crisp, button-up shirts, gelled, yet stubborn hair flowing in the wind, as fidgeting hands reveal a crack in the mask of calm of resolve. It's in the making space for elders on the bus, during rush hour. It's in the school students with music blasting through their headphones, heads in the clouds, and youthful joy radiating in their faces as the metro whips past.

Interning in Washington D.C. for two summers has given me a sense of familiarity with the city. Even now, I can feel the warm summer heat on my skin, hear the click-clack of dress shoes as professionals race to work, and envision the simple, mundane joys of public transportation interactions and observations. In my daily commute, I uncovered people's stories and a rich Black history as I traversed back and forth from *Shaw* to *Metro Center*. Whether underground in the Metro or above on the bus, the heartbeat of D.C.'s history echoed in the glimpses I saw during every journey.

And while my observations revealed hidden joys in the city, they also illuminated the lines of division. It was in these glimpses as the bus journeyed from Northwest to Southwest D.C. that I witnessed and understood. It was in the cascading rows of homes changing as I peered through the wide, city bus window. It was where I saw the gentrification, the new swallowing the old. It was how I saw the erasure.

Smithsonian Magazine reports that gentrification in Washington D.C. increased rapidly in the 1940s when projects of "urban renewal" pushed out the mostly African-American community in Southwest D.C. Southwest D.C.'s proximity to the National Mall and federal government buildings drew the attention of policymakers and developers. Unfortunately, the once-thriving African-American community was displaced and many settled across the river in Anacostia, D.C.

The first time I saw firsthand the division within the city was on my way to a Washington Nationals baseball game. This bus ride would be the first I took from Northwest D.C. all the way to Southwest D.C. As I traveled to watch our national sport in our nation's capital, I was reminded of the echoes of division prevalent in our nation. A clear line divided older family homes and the modern apartments and high-end stores near the Nationals Stadium.

In an article on *ANDSCAPE*, a Black-led media platform, aimed to uplift stories of Black identity, a local resident of Southwest D.C. recollects when the new Nationals Baseball Stadium was built. He notes that the creation of the new stadium drove out a lot of the Black community in that area. In fact, his family was approached many times to sell their home to make way for the stadium and its surrounding "urban renewal" apartments and stores. While his family did not sell their home, some of their neighbors who were renters were forced out. A *New York Times* article notes the drastic decrease in the Black population in D.C. In 1970, the Black population was 71% of the city and now it has dropped to 44%. The media and residents show that the displacement of the Black community is a result of gentrification and policies aimed at development and renewal, but in fact, this caused harm to the rich Black community.

That is why after witnessing this phenomenon and doing further research, I worked to be intentional about seeing the Black history still present within D.C. As I reflect on the power of history during this Black History Month, I am reminded of the importance of seeing, acknowledging, and sharing the mundane observations and larger scale moments in time. It is by looking directly at history and seeing where we have come that we ensure that erasure cannot occur. And while parts of D.C. have been gentrified, Black history will forever remain cemented in the fabric of that city. It will forever remain in the glimpses.

Words by Kevin Carter

Mainstream Tensions, Spiritual Dimensions: How Kendrick vs. Drake Opened Doors for Christian Rap

On a random Tuesday night at the end of March 2024, Future dropped a song with an unexpected feature from Kendrick Lamar that would galvanize the rap industry and set the tone for what would become a historic sequence of events for hip hop. This moment was driven by the virality of the subsequent beef held between Drake, J. Cole, and Kendrick, three of the most successful, influential, and talented artists in this generation (often coined as the "big three"). Frankly, this was not a typical contemporary rap beef; it didn't stem from a particular altercation or argument between the artists, and although it appeared to be the result of their clashing egos and competitive natures, it would soon become evident that the beef was much deeper than music, fame, and accolades.

Kendrick set it all off with the direct shots he took toward Drake and J. Cole in his "Like That" verse. Although J. Cole was the first to respond with his own track, he soon rescinded his contribution to the beef. Many were critical of this decision at first. However, once Drake entered the beef with his own record and he and Kendrick continued to trade blows with growingly personal and slanderous diss tracks well into May, fans began to praise Cole's decision as a wise one. In the aftermath of this beef, Cole was acknowledged for his maturity and foresight that allowed him to circumvent an inauthentic beef and preserve precious friendships. Kendrick was proclaimed the unanimous King of Rap, and Drake was exposed for his numerous character flaws, lack of morals, and past transgressions, which are often overlooked due to his celebrity status.

Contrary to popular opinion, though, this is not where the story ends. Far after the announcement of his Superbowl performance, the release of Kendrick's "Not Like Us" music video (270 million views), and his show in LA (where he performed "Not Like Us" five consecutive times), K-Dot revisited the topic of the beef in a track that he released on Instagram on September 11th, ostensibly titled "Watch the Party Die." In this song, Kendrick articulates his frustrations with the rap industry, criticizing specific tropes, denouncing certain behaviors, and invoking the perspectives of Christian rap artists Lecrae and Dee-1.

*"Sometimes I wonder what Lecrae would do
Fuck these niggas up or show 'em just what prayer do?
I want to be empathetic, my heart like Dee-1"*

While confronting the superficiality and degenerate behavior being promoted by rappers, Kendrick wrestles with two responses: one that is confrontational and chastises the perpetrators responsible for tainting the rap game and undermining the culture, and one that upholds Christian values and resorts to prayer and empathy. Furthermore, by inquiring how Lecrae would respond and praising the virtues of Dee-1, he opens this space to their input and utilizes the lingering red-hot publicity from his battle with Drake to advance a culturally exigent dialogue that applies an overarching lens to the situation. Without a doubt, these two artists answered the call.

First, Lecrae dropped his track "Die for the Party" on September 14th. In this song, Lecrae starts out by admitting that he was a part of the party that Kendrick vehemently disses, before voicing some of the problems he has dealt with in his community and noticed in the rap industry. And yet, he continuously humbles himself with conviction, balancing his criticism of the world around him with criticism of himself.

*"I deserve death along with all these liars and hypocrites
Fake tough rappers who fabricate they predicaments
Fake-deep guru pushin' voodoo on the people
Tellin' folks that my God ain't real, that's real evil"*

In the end, he concludes that the best thing he could do is to offer people Jesus's love, because although Jesus was perfect, he sacrificed his life for all of the reprobates in the world instead of relishing in his own perfection and scrutinizing the imperfect world around him.

"And Christ ain't watch the party die, He died instead of it"

Dee-1 takes a more direct and confrontational approach in his response track "Call It Like It Is," where he blames rap for damage done in Black communities. He delivers lines like "y'all done turned the culture trash these so-called legends ain't no legends, I don't care if they sold millions are you hearin' they message? Poisoning our whole community, everybody hypnotized," and "the biggest gangsters in rap got blond hair and blue eyes, we getting pimped what yall wanna do guys?" This message underscores the counterintuitive nature of the rap industry, which perpetuates negativity in communities of color because, ultimately, this is what sells. Some of the most famous artists in rap have reached these heights due to their willingness to glamorize things such as drugs, sex, and violence instead of using their platforms to advocate for social change and progression in their communities. Dee-1 also points out that many artists making this decision are being 'pimped' out by record companies who exploit them to maximize profit, and that the biggest gangsters are the white corporate men who are instigating the propagation of gangster rap in order to make a profit.

So what is the lesson that can be learned from this exchange? For many artists, this situation was a jab at their character that realistically may not result in a change of behavior at all. But as a listener, this was a wake-up call to the reality that we are the ones who are contributing to this cycle by buying and streaming music with destructive messages. This message resonated with me because I've grown more and more disenchanted with a lot of rap music and have begun to gravitate to other genres or rap artists with notable substance. One genre in particular that has been on the come up is Christian rap, which has a plethora of young artists like Hulvey, Caleb Gordon, and Kijan Boone revolutionizing the sound. In the past, Christian rap was widely viewed as corny and lackluster. It seemed like a neglected vegetarian substitute for the original dish: secular hip-hop. I think this is no longer the case, in part because Christian rappers began to realize that they needed to make their music sound just as good as secular rap without diluting the subject matter. In other words, they managed to chef up the vegetarian alternative to make it just as tasty as the OG dish while still being a lot healthier. As a music fanatic and someone who is actively trying to walk in faith, finding good music that resonates with my faith is imperative. However, there are also many non-Christians who listen to this genre as well, which goes to show that it has grown to be considered objectively good across different audiences. So, if you find yourself cringing at rap music that you used to enjoy and agreeing with Kendrick's argument, don't hesitate to venture off into new categories. My suggestion, one of the best alternatives currently available, Christian hip hop.

Father Time

Words by Sienna Amenumey

Art by El Bolveda

My father is obsessed with clocks. Analog. Digital. Roman numerals. Watches. Circular watches, square and rectangular watches. He is always asking what time it is. He hates being late, even if there is no set time for an event. Once, he bought me a watch shaped like a heart. It had sparkly pink straps, and even though I had no idea how to read the hands, I loved it. The opportunity to get more watches just continued with every birthday or any other event. Every chance he got, he would ask 'What kind of watch do you want?' without anyone alluding to wanting one.

I used to poke fun at his behavior and ask myself why those twelve numbers were so important to him. They surrounded us. He would cycle through different watches and bring home wacky clocks that would keep the house awake with every tick. My sister and I would take turns sneaking downstairs to turn the clock off so the sounds would stop, and every morning he would turn it right back on and the ticking would resume. I thought to myself, maybe he is obsessed with time, keeping it, or making the most of it before it is gone. Maybe he is afraid of running out of time to share and spend. Time is currency. Foundational to the world around us. Time, as defined by Merriam-

Webster, is the measurable period during which an action, process, or condition exists or continues. Time, as defined by me, is what you give other people. I think of time in simpler terms—it is both the past and the present. When did that happen? When will it start? Time is the measure of memories both old and newly formed.

I remember when I was a kid and my father would take me to parties that felt like they went on for hours. I would quickly grow restless and try to signal to him that I was ready to go by pouting and tapping my little wrist.

I can't say that we share the same love for watches and clocks, but I have learned to value time and the memories made in the process. My father's obsession and collections have taught me not to fear time and its passing, but instead live my life and make my time spent worth it. So, when I look down at my wrist and watch as the hands tick past, I think of him.

Dropping the News, Shutting the Window

Words by Mara Durán-Clark

When I was younger, I had a friend whose mom didn't let her interact with the news. She enforced a strict ban—not only were her children not allowed to watch or read the news, but friends and family were also told not to speak on any current events while in their presence. It was a strict, deliberate silence. A bubble was created so that nothing outside their lives could touch them. I found this wholly irresponsible and irrational—for isn't it our civic duty to be attuned to the happenings of the world? Was it truly in their best interest to be so completely unaware? Sure, they lived in a state of ignorant bliss, shielded from life's tragedies and disappointments. But in my mind, actively avoiding the news was an act of selfishness. In their privilege, they had the choice to pretend that what was happening in the world beyond them simply didn't exist because it did not directly affect their lives. In attempts to open the door of reality for my friend, I would 'accidentally' drop snippets of current events into conversation, hoping that it would pique her interest. Yet, it never did. She seemed perfectly content living in ignorance, and for the life of me, I couldn't understand how.

My philosophy was antithetical to theirs. Whereas they viewed the news with contempt, I saw it as my window to the world. As such, reading the news each morning before school was a part of my daily routine for years. While my mom drank her morning coffee, I sat beside her, scrolling through article after article. I read about everything—from new advancements in the medical field to nearby robberies to recent decisions made in government. The news was my tether to the world, proof that I was awake and paying attention.

For years, I maintained this schedule. Each day, I woke up,

read the news, and stepped out of the door, happy to have learned something new and be up to date on what was happening in the world beyond me. The news app sat positioned in the uppermost corner of my phone screen as a deliberate reminder that staying informed was my first priority. But over time, the weight of knowing began to press down. Each fresh tragedy, each new disappointment pushed the news app further and further down my screen, fueling a misguided hope that by distancing myself from it, I could somehow escape the harsh realities it revealed. Reading the news no longer felt like my window to the world. Instead, it felt like the world around me was warping, breaking, and shifting in ways I no longer wanted to bear witness to.

I deleted the news app from my phone. I no longer wake up each morning eager to read about what is happening in the world beyond me. My philosophy holds true; I still see the news as my window to the world. Yet, the view before me sometimes drives me to shut the window, draw the blinds, close my eyes, and walk away. I long for the sense of unwavering hope I once held—believing that no matter how dire the circumstances, change was just around the corner. And soon. I believed that good always triumphed over evil, that nothing happens without a reason, and that the good guy always wins. As I read the news, I thought it had no bearing on my spirit because I was certain there was hope for a brighter tomorrow. With time, however, it's gotten harder to hold onto hope. While I may no longer have the news app on my phone, it finds me anyway—slipping into conversations and flooding my social media. The horrors of our reality are inescapable, with policies unraveling progress and hands tightening around power. I used to believe I could

absorb the news, no matter how unsettling, but I now recognize that I have reached my limit.

I never understood why my friend was so content with living in ignorance, but I do now. Sometimes, I wonder—if I was placed in the same bubble she was in today, would I want someone to break through? Or would I prefer to stay there forever, sheltered from the horrifying reality of our current political climate? I know that a younger version of me would be disappointed to hear me say this, but I'm genuinely unsure as to which I would choose. The weight of the truth is not one that I always have the capacity to bear.

Yet, I also know that my turning a blind eye does not mean that the world is not changing or making suffering disappear—it just means that I decided to do nothing about it. While a part of me would prefer to live in the dark, a large part of me seeks to open the window to reality. I want to let the light in alongside the dark and be able to stomach it all, no matter how little light there may be. As such, I am trying to regain a sense of hope for the future. While previously, I had a blind sort of hope in which I believed that good always wins; I am currently trying to reframe that hope to be the belief that there is always the possibility of change. I am trying to learn to digest the news without letting it break me. Day by day, I hope to regain the optimism I had before so that one day, the news app can regain its rightful place at the top of my screen.

Being Visibly Forgotten

Words by Afrozina Abaraonye

Through the Balkan mountains, among endless hills that roll onto one another like patterned waves, you'll find beauty akin to a hidden treasure trove. So rich and plentiful in its genuinity that it pours into your heart. In the extraordinary: the effortless landscape, the old empirical castles, the beating sun, you can find me beaming. In the mundane, with dry bread and crazy drivers, I am content. In the bad infrastructure, the failing businesses, the stagnant culture, and aging population (because the young people have all realised that life truly begins when you leave), I lounge another day and try to lose myself in the air, I yearn to stay. We're more forgiving of the places we come from, and perhaps more loving when we haven't had the chance to dislike them.

So pride and love softens what I see, and like so many others, I return to the country my mother left, for one week each year and profess its unrecognised beauty and charming way of life. My week in paradise fabricated by a love that bypasses the deterioration I see, my country in decay. And I don't believe that love given must necessarily be exchanged or given back. If love was mutually conditional, our world would be a sorry state, but then what I'm made to accept is love unrequited.

The word 'foreigner' used to feel harsh on my tongue and I could never understand why my mother claimed it so comfortably. She said it's because it's simple, and because it's what she is: foreign. Not from here, not from the country she lives in. I wondered where that placed me: born in the country I currently live in; I watch the football; I go to the pub; my nationality is entrenched in the words I say and the way I say them. I don't fool anyone. But anyone I'm related to is not English, my first language wasn't English, the food I eat isn't English, we never took summer vacations, but instead I visited my grandma each year, in the place that my brother and I are ethnically from. So am I, then, foreign to a place I all but grew up in? When my childhood house was a country in a country, like a little embassy where Eastern Europe, West Africa and England met in the middle? I'm told to think so.

It's not so much love unrequited as love unrecognised. As a child, I became familiar with this idea of being 'visibly foreign.' That I could just be seen and unaccepted, and I say this having only had positive experiences when travelling. It was the kind ladies who would ask me, *how are you enjoying your holiday?* and the well-meaning locals who would speak to me in English first. And it's not like they were wrong! My holiday was going great, and I couldn't speak Bulgarian, but they knew that, and they knew that I wasn't really one of them, even if I kind of was.

With Bulgaria, I never had the joy of disliking it the way natives do. I know all the reasons my mother left, and I know I wouldn't move there myself, but the one week that I'll continue to go each year is still idyllic to me. I know that I don't know and can't feel half as much sentiment about being Bulgarian as my cousins who have only ever lived there and don't also identify with being British and Nigerian, but sometimes I feel at a standstill when the validity of my own Bulgarian identity, however I interpret it, feels as though it's questioned. I explain and say that everyone on my mother's side is Bulgarian and we grew up in the old capital, Veliko Tarnovo, and everyone's super impressed with the little Bulgarian I can say. They're super welcoming to me but then they say they love when people visit Bulgaria because it never gets that many tourists and that they love when people learn the language because only Bulgarians speak it and it's so lovely of me to try. I smile at them and wonder again where I stand.

When I visited my aunts last summer, they told me how much I looked like my mother, and how Bulgarian I looked. My cheekbones, my square face, my eyes—even my nose, which I'd always thought was my father's, my grandmother claimed looked Bulgarian. I wondered if any of it matters, and if any of it would make my Bulgarianness less dubious to others. Maybe it was a me thing. If I don't consider myself wholly Bulgarian, why should others? I think all I'm missing is at least the opportunity to. The assumption, the indifference, what the visible foreignness of it all has never given me.



Wearing My Hair Out

Words by Zahira Branch

For as long as I can remember, my hair and I have had a hate-love relationship. I remember wearing my natural hair out when I was ten years old and feeling nothing but confident and joyful. I also remember one time in elementary school. When I spent 15 minutes crying in the shower wishing my hair could be straight like the girls in almost every movie I saw. I wished that when my hair got wet, it was long and silky smooth instead of shrinking and matting (leading to inevitable pain when my mom detangled it). Once in high school, I tried to do something as simple as putting my hair in a ponytail. All I will say about this moment is that it resulted in two broken combs, one broken brush, and my hair covered in an absurd amount of JAM (which I always hated growing up). I was so angry trying to do my hair that eventually, my mom had to step in. All she could do was laugh, but in that moment I could not laugh with her. I'm sure her laughs were from all the times her childhood friends shared their hair horror stories. Watching me, my mother was likely reliving every moment of dealing with her own hair. This anger and frustration—hair-hatred if you will—was a right of passage for Black girls.

A couple of years later, I think I understand this moment a bit better. I ask myself now, why did nearly every girl in my elementary school have their hair straightened? By middle school, it did lessen—only about half of the girls routinely had their hair straightened or permed. However, the problem was never that girls got their hair straightened; rather it was the attitudes behind it and how this was expected of us. I'm not sure what drove the change between elementary and middle school. Maybe being Black and Black hair suddenly fell back in style for mainstream society. Whatever the reason, I know that I took notice. At school, I got fewer stares and questions when I wore my hair out in 2016-2018. Other Black girls started wearing their hair in a number of different ways too. It was no longer just box braids and perms; it was like all Black girls were collectively discovering the “love” part of our relationships with our hair. I only wish it could have been this way from the start.

Now, as a junior in college, as I have had time to reflect on my hair journey. I am trying to change things for my younger sisters. I don't want them to have so much pain, anger, and hatred surrounding their relationships with their hair. What if my mom was better at encouraging me to love my hair; or if my grandmother had encouraged her to love her hair; or if the media had more

representation of the different kinds of hair among Black women? If any of these things happened, would our experiences be different?

These what-ifs wouldn't stop society from pushing narratives about how Black hair isn't professional or is messy and chaotic. However, I think it would have prepared me, and given me the understanding I have now to love, protect, and discover my hair. I look at my little sisters when it's midnight and my mom is still doing their hair (later than she wanted to), and they're crying while sitting in a chair between her legs. Crying because it hurts to comb, the position of their neck hurts, or they're just tired.

I know I can't take that pain away, but I can show them how to love and protect their hair. Buy them cute designer bonnets and scarves to wrap their hair. Show them how good it feels when Mommy runs her hand through their hair and massages their scalp while washing it. Help them pick out their next hairstyle. “Girls, do we want twists, or braids? What color beads or bows do we want?” Show them how free it feels to wear your hair out and style it with different bows or headbands. Show them media that has people who look like them with hair like them—the genius that is *Karma's World*, *That Girl Lay Lay*, *Doc McStuffins*, or their favorite *Gracie's Corner*.

My mom always called our afros “wearing your hair out.” It was letting your hair breathe, giving it a break from the products and tightness. I always liked that she's described it that way since I was little. A couple of weeks ago, my soon-to-be seven-year-old little sister called me. She said she asked Mommy to let her wear her hair out for a couple of days at school before getting her braids. It's those moments I'm trying to create for them. Just pure joy and love surrounding every decision and hairstyle, around Black hair. I want them to reach the point I am at now sooner than I did.

I no longer have a hate-love relationship with my hair, but a love (occasional frustration and annoyance) relationship with my hair. Black hair requires a lot of work, but it's work and money I spend now with appreciation, rather than anger. How I feel after walking out of the shop with a new hairstyle, or the fear I feel when trying a new hairstyle, not knowing whether or not I'll like it. The tired arms from spending 10 hours taking my hair out at college, or the relaxation when it's getting washed. During Black History Month, I have been thinking that, hopefully, someday every Black kid around the world “wears their hair out.” Not in the way my mom meant it, but in the way it has come to mean to me. “Wearing your hair out” means without any pressure from anyone or anything about how your Black hair is supposed to behave or look. Your hair should be able to exist without boundaries, and your relationship with your hair should be filled with pure joy, and love.

LOVE AND HIP HOP:

Dating While Black at a PWI

Words by Emmanuel Chery

At this point in our lives at Brown, what are we trying to accomplish? For most of us, our time in undergrad is an opportunity to obtain a degree that will serve us for the rest of our professional and academic lives. For many, too, it is a place where lifelong friends are found, networks are established, LinkedIn accounts are bolstered, and community is formed. Here—among the mess of all that is personal, private, and professional—there is a realm seldom discussed, and if so, with haste and apprehension: I’m talking about dating. The unspoken obsession, if you will, of college life. From hookup culture to ring-by-spring, collegiate love or lust is certainly not discussed on your average guided tour. This is further complicated by the academic culture of an Ivy League university where prestige motivates intense, uncomplicated academic pursuits. Yet, it comprises a significant amount of the time we spend, whether through being in relationships or thinking about and discussing dating. More than we’d like to admit, and oft-discussed, is the extent to which the sexual-romantic sphere in colleges affects one’s college experience. A recent study showed that romantic events had larger concurrent and subsequent effects on affect than academic or familial events among adolescents. Despite our efforts to ignore or suppress its focus in our lives, it can become central to the lens through which we view our college experience (Blumenstock and Papp). American cultural values—purity culture and sexism—make the discussion of and desire for sex, romance, and dating nonsensical, though we are all under its purview.

Much like one’s experience of the greater world, dating experiences are dependent upon and influenced by varying identities, including race, gender, and sexuality. However, at predominantly White institutions (PWIs), the lack of racial diversity is not comparable to the makeup of America, which leads to an altered navigation of this sphere. In a recent conversation with a peer, she told me of her friend’s hesitance to study abroad where she felt she might not find a boyfriend as a Black woman. To the unsympathetic ear, this might seem silly, but we must explore—rather than why one would be preoccupied with this issue—why it could even be an issue at all. The long-held difficulties that Black women face in dating have been observed statistically in its effects on dating apps and the harder time they have on virtual platforms (Kleinman). Racial preferences and biases are at the source of this issue. While in recent discourse, the two have been separated—one being a desire to date one race more than another race while the other meaning a total unwillingness to date a certain race—they disseminate from the same idea, which is that the arbitrary phenotypical feature categories we know as race correlate for many people to their sexual and romantic desire. This is, once

again, not unfamiliar, for our multi-racial society was born out of a systematic devaluation of appearances, bodies, and lives; the current practices of colorism, extensive discourse on Black women’s hair, and other kinds of featurism all have roots in slavery (Moses).

What does it mean to be unable to, or less able to, date in a place or a country as a Black person? Our country is continually enmeshed in its horrid past, and consequently, its pervasive racial stereotypes bleed into dating as well. If racial biases systematically categorize individuals and bodies as more or less valuable based on featurism, is racial bias not, too, a form of racism? And how could that be reasonably contained within the sphere of dating alone? Perhaps, then, the opportunity of success in dating—especially for Black women—reflects the socio-cultural values of a place or an institution as it reflects the kinds of bodies, forms, and beauties that are appreciated under the beliefs and understandings about the people who encompass those things. To be Black at a PWI means to navigate the dating social scene with an ever-present perturbation, bearing ramifications for the college experience as a whole. In discussing this with my Black female peers, I’ve heard many a longing for the Historically Black Colleges and Universities (HBCUs) experience for more than simply the social scene. The conscious knowledge that one’s beauty would be appreciated in a predominantly Black space, (without the weight of hypervigilance) is a radically different environment than what most of us are used to. One can hold both a deep gratitude for the privilege to attend Brown University and a discontentment with how White spaces create a lack of desirability for Black individuals; it is important that in recognizing these issues, we don’t seek to ignore their truth, but rather, bolster and support the places and spaces we are appreciated, where lies the understanding of the full and authentic Black existence.

**What does it
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THE 1968 WALKOUT: A Protest that Shaped Brown

Words by Clarissa Thorne-Disla

What do you know about Brown's 1968 Walkout? Did you even know it happened? Chances are, you don't—and it's not your fault.

In 1968, 65 Black students from Brown University and Pembroke College joined forces in a walkout to protest the schools' lack of racial equity. Their demonstration led to a range of demands being accepted by Brown's administration. The most apparent changes included the implementation of the Third World Transition Program (TWTP) and the establishment of the Africana Studies department. Given that these resulting policies and programs remain a pivotal facet of Brown's culture, why does the curriculum fail to acknowledge the Walkout?

The 1968 Walkout followed a period at Brown University and Pembroke College in which admissions had no objective to open their doors to Black students. This reality was reflected in the total of just 85 Black students enrolled at both schools. Although walking out was not their first choice, the women at Pembroke College convinced the men at Brown to take the risk. The students strategized a set of demands to be implemented in exchange for ending the Walkout. These demands included modifications to financial aid offerings, the creation of an Africana Studies department, and the hiring of a Black admissions officer to increase the total Black student population to 11% from 2.3%.

The majority of the Walkout took place at the Congdon Street Baptist Church, an especially ideal location due to the existing solidarity between its members and Brown's small Black student population. Both communities shared an identity of Blackness in a predominantly white and prejudiced geographical region. This partnership was critical to the demonstration's success. On December 5, 1968, student protesters left campus for three days to gather at the church while negotiating with the University to meet their demands.

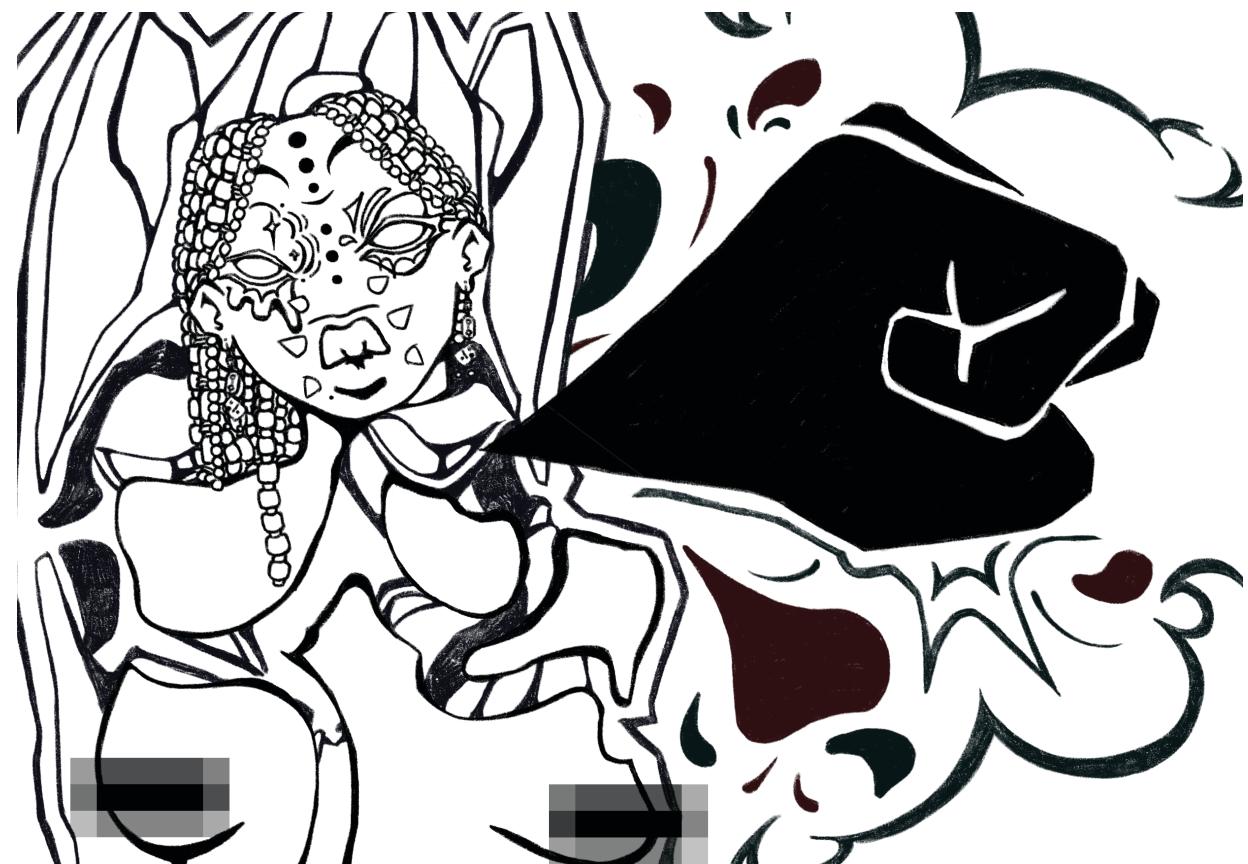
The security provided by the Congdon Street Baptist Church was crucial in allowing the student protesters to express complete devotion to the cause without fear of physical harm.

Going into this piece, we acknowledged that a concentrated group of students know about the Walkout due to the Third World Transition Program. However, we also recognized that a large portion of students have never heard about the Walkout or its impact. To understand who knew about the Walkout and why, we conducted a survey. The results showed that only about 39% of students answered "yes" when asked if they were aware of the Walkout. Of those who answered yes, most understood its purpose, but none mentioned its lasting impact. Notably, most students who knew about the Walkout had attended TWTP.

This is an issue for a few reasons, the biggest one being that only a small percentage of each undergraduate class at Brown participates in the program. The Third World Transition Program (TWTP) is a pre-orientation program open to freshmen to "unpack systems of oppression that exist in our society today, including racism, classism, sexism, religious discrimination, ableism, cis-heterosexism, and environmentalism/imperialism." The program heavily relies on student leadership and personal ambition to explore the embedded systems of inequity at Brown. It is clear that this program is the dominant way students learn about the Walkout.

It is striking that the only teachings regarding the Walkout are directed toward marginalized students. Should we consider the implications of excluding non-minority students from this history?

We interviewed Owen Hwang '25, who is currently writing his thesis on the 1968 Walkout and its significance in relation to the University today. Speaking with him, we learned more about the impact and process of the Walkout than in any other setting—of which there have been few. Given the current political climate at Brown, hearing Owen's thoughts and reflections on the Walkout provided fascinating insight into how past waves of student activism have been handled by the University.



Art by El Boveda

Since the Walkout was met with relative success, the strategies employed by the Black students of 1968 should be considered essential knowledge for student activists today. Owen briefed us on the methods student leaders used to ensure the demonstration's effectiveness, the most significant being their relationship with the local Baptist church. As mentioned, the majority of the four-day-long demonstration took place at the Congdon Street Baptist Church. This relationship proved especially beneficial for Black student leaders, who felt liberated to exercise their right to protest, knowing they were supported by Providence's Black community.

As our interview continued, our discussion shifted to the importance of implementing education on the Walkout. Owen shared details about its aftermath and the prolonged nature of policy changes at Brown. However, despite the slow implementation of new policies and programs, the University has made considerable progress since the initial demonstration. As we wrapped up our conversation, we concluded that, given Brown's history as an Ivy League institution with deep ties to the slave trade and continued practices of segregation on the basis of race, gender, and class, political demonstrations on this campus are sure to continue.

Now that we have a deeper understanding of the efforts that led to the success of the 1968 Walkout, sharing this historical event with current and future student activists can help ensure greater student awareness and advocacy.

Acknowledgements:

Owen Hwang for helping me trace the efforts of the honorable Black Brown Alum and Providence community. Your dedication to uncovering this important event in Brown's journey to achieving equality for students is beyond admirable.

Nash Frias for encouraging and aiding me in the writing process by conducting further research on the walkout and for asking constructive questions I would never have asked during interviews.

A Call to Action: Rhode Island's Homelessness Crisis

Words by David Jesse Mathis

It is a Wednesday afternoon. Rather than visiting the Ratty or Andrews with friends, I am in Downtown Providence at Mathewson Street Church. Mathewson Street Church is a local church that deeply serves the unhoused community in Providence. With their daily free "friendship breakfasts" for everyone and anyone, and their open-door policy of letting people use their restrooms and sleep in the church, they are like a nonprofit without the funding or recognition.

Along with these services, however, there is something special about Mathewson Street Church. The reason I am there on a Wednesday afternoon is to attend a meeting of the local housing justice organization, the Rhode Island Homeless Advocacy Project (RIHAP). This local organization works to end homelessness in RI. Many of the members have either direct lived experiences of homelessness, have relatives or friends who were homeless, or work in the social services field. Much of their advocacy work revolves around spreading awareness about just how many people are unhoused in RI and inciting the general public and government to have urgency in combating these inequities.

Another organization that I—as well as other members of the student organization Housing Opportunities for People Everywhere (HOPE)—work with is Reclaim Rhode Island. Reclaim Rhode Island is different from RIHAP, as they often promote, organize around, and

create specific legislation that works to make living more affordable. One of their main focuses is tenant rights and tenant organizing. Reclaim works in an adjacent field: preventing people from becoming unhoused in the first place.

Both of these aspects of fighting homelessness are vital to ensuring that one day, everyone will have a safe, stable, and comfortable place to call home. RIHAP not only holds our elected officials accountable but also uplifts the voices of those experiencing homelessness to the forefront. This connects to a broader necessity in our socio political state—examining the voices of the voiceless and critically analyzing silences.

When people examine society, at either a local or global level, we often disregard the pervasive ways in which power relations shape the world we know. Power influences what information we know, whether it be historical knowledge, societal knowledge, or any kind of knowledge.

The relationship between power and knowledge is clearly expressed in the decisions legislators make every day, whether at the local or national level. Legislators create policy and make decisions based on the information that is most accessible and noticeable to them. When legislators have powerful lobbies made up of people with high amounts of wealth and strong networks, they will make more decisions based on the problems expressed by their lobbyists. However,

Reclaim wants to enact a different kind of power—people power. Reclaim Rhode Island hopes to mobilize as many constituents as possible: tenants, landlords, homeowners, and everyone else. They want to show legislators that the information valued by lobbyists isn't the only information out there.

For example, the median rent in Rhode Island is about \$2,107, requiring a yearly salary of over \$84,000 to afford. And yet, this is \$40,000 more than the state's median income. But with the current ways in which power affects how legislators perceive and have access to information, what will be most prominently communicated to them are the concerns of the wealthy. Groups like Reclaim RI, RIHAP, and other advocacy organizations push back against the narratives and concerns of the exclusively wealthy, but they cannot do it alone.

This is where individuals like you come in. With our collective power, we can all highlight the issues that Rhode Islanders face and create legislation that has a meaningful positive impact on those who need it the most—the least powerful. We can also shape the narrative in a way that doesn't benefit exclusive and individual power but instead prioritizes the daily struggles and triumphs we all face as a community. If you are looking to join this fight, please reach out to HOPE@brown.edu or me personally at david_mathis@brown.edu.

Uncle Sam's Gamble, Don't Bet on Queen of Spades

Words by Nya Muir

Venture Capitalists already didn't invest in Black Women Entrepreneurs. What does this mean in a Trump anti-DEI corporate world?

Despite generating nearly 100 billion dollars of revenue in 2023, only 0.34% of all venture capital funding is attributed to Black women entrepreneurs. Yes, you read that correctly. Less than half of a percent. Imagine building the biggest corporation known to mankind (about 42 trillion dollars or 158 Zuckerbergs) from millions of free laborers, only to disperse \$34,000 of your profits amongst a few of their great-grandchildren's children—the ones brave enough to demand compensation. Except that analogy isn't a hypothetical comparison, rather an oversimplified numerical version of American history and current reality. Since George Floyd's death, phrases like 'support Black Businesses' or 'commitment to diversity, equity, and inclusion' have become trivialized in the media, like corporations are checking off part of a script. Yet in the context of American venture capital firms, investing in Black female entrepreneurs is almost nonexistent—not even part of the conversation.

Black women being the fastest growing group of American entrepreneurs, yet receiving abysmal venture capital funding reemphasizes the deep-rooted gender and racial biases driving these investors to devalue Black consumerism.

While Black women entrepreneurs' struggle to receive funding is a reflection of discrimination, lack of female representation in venture capital firms, and ongoing Trump-led battles to criminalize DEI initiatives, this doesn't change the fact that the average Black female founder can't tackle any of these systemic issues in a single board meeting.

But not all hope is lost.

Just as the U.S. historically used laws disguised as Affirmative Action to benefit White Americans financially, corporations leveraged DEI initiatives in 2020 as marketing tactics and tax incentives. These same loophole tactics can solve Black women entrepreneurs' struggles. However one of the main differences between these two occurrences is that laws like the GI Bill and FHA-backed loans in the

post-depression era stuck around past administration changes. Whereas the 4 billion dollar DEI initiatives/investments waned even before Trump's recent efforts to outlaw any forms of Affirmative Action. These differences highlight why Black women founders need to market the financial gain associated with their businesses without utilizing explicit terms under the Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion umbrella. In the meantime, Americans need to pressure politicians to create tax incentives to support Black women entrepreneurs generating capital. Likewise, these efforts can begin to address the American racial wealth gap Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal policies multiplied.

Venture capitalists traditionally look at factors such as risk, market size, customer need, key performance indicators, and scalability, but to "mitigate" personal bias, firms often rely on quantitative data to influence their financial decisions. However, without the historical context of racial and gender inequities in America, looking solely at quantitative data will paint a very negative picture of investing in BIPOC or women's ventures. Venture capitalist firms likely characterize Black women-led ventures as riskier and lacking a viable market scale 'due to a lack of previous success stories in VC networks.' Hence Black women entrepreneurs need to market their businesses with new perspectives and quantitative research that shows the financial gain associated with supporting their ventures. For example, First-Round capital reported that female-led companies performed 63% better than all-male founding teams. In this post-DEI Trump term, avoiding terms like implicit bias, Affirmative Action, or activism when branding is necessary to avoid evoking fear of lawsuits, but founders can still emphasize the benefits of diversity without explicitly referencing DEI. Likewise, the very concept of historically marginalized groups being underserved is proof of the massive untapped potential throughout the market and the 2 trillion dollar power of the Black dollar.

To combat this systemic inequity, policymakers should introduce tax incentives specifically designed to support Black women entrepreneurs. Similar to how the government provides research and development tax credits to stimulate innovation, offering tax breaks to investors who fund Black female-led ventures can encourage capital flow into these historically overlooked and highly deserving businesses. By financially incentivizing investments in Black women-owned startups, the government can begin to rectify the barriers created by decades of exclusion, proving that economic empowerment doesn't have to come at the cost of political buzzwords.

This isn't about charity—it's about smart economics and overdue reparations. Ignoring Black women entrepreneurs isn't just a moral failure, it's a billion-dollar oversight. Venture capitalists must stop viewing support for Black female founders as handouts and recognize their ventures as high-return investments, regardless of DEI rollbacks or historical bias. A truly equitable economy demands more than performative corporate pledges—it requires real financial and legislative action. As policymakers dismantle equity-focused laws, Americans must push back, and Black women entrepreneurs must reframe how they articulate their economic power against bias and fear. Unless we change course, Uncle Sam will keep betting against the Queen of Spades, while the entire economy folds on a winning hand.

On Being Black and Muslim: A Reflection

Words by Rohey Jasseh

My mother was always very religious. I believe my earliest memory of her must have been her bent over—her hands, forehead, and chin flush with an intricately embroidered prayer mat, '*allah hu akbar*' fresh on her lips. Each Sunday she would drop me off at our local mosque, expecting that beyond these walls I would learn the truth of the religion she held so dearly. Beyond the marble door was not reflective of my Blackness. People looked on at me with unforgiving eyes. I spent years fighting to make myself and my few other Black peers known. I dealt with ignorant kids using slurs that weren't reflective of what we were being taught through our lessons. I did not understand how racism could live so deeply in the hearts of those who claimed to follow the same God as me. At my traditional school, I was met with similar levels of racism and Islamophobia. It was around the time of Trump's first Muslim ban, and living in the South meant the rhetoric that I witnessed on TV traveled into the halls and classrooms at school. I felt my identity being attacked on both sides, and felt little belonging on either. My relationship with my religion and Black identity suffered greatly—I wanted to belong. When I was eleven, my mother took me to the Black mosque closer to where the rest of my family lived. There, I was affirmed in my experiences, and the reality of being Black in America was woven into the teachings of Islam. It was here that I felt the importance and rightness of my existence. I was not an anomaly. My communities are beautiful, brilliant, deserving of love and respect.

It is Black History month, and I can only be reminded of the beauty that lives within my fingertips and the same beauty that blossomed around me in every Black mosque. As we celebrate all of those who have come before us, we must celebrate them in every permutation—every religion, every ethnicity, every gender, and every race.

Our power comes in our numbers; our numbers come from our intersectionality.

I wish everyone reading this a Happy Black History Month and Ramadan Kareem.

With love,
Rohey

In
this Dunya
I feel my place
In the words of my
ancestor, an
amalgamation
of wolof and
arabic strung
into symphonies,
I feel them in the
black revolutionaries
shouting freedom in your
name, with my head pressed
to the ground, words of
your praise come forward to me,
Subhanallah for the blackness in
my skin, each coil on my head
no matter their harsh words or
expectant eyes, my coils Sprung
foreword, bright, and all mine
yes, *Subhanallah*, for my
dark brown eyes, eyes, that
mimic my mothers and her mothers
and every mother before her
from the Saharan to Atlanta
these eyes guide us forward,
even in worlds
where we
are unwanted,
Subhanallah, for
we still
live

Concrete Warm

Words by Destiny Smith-Sarter
Art by Rokia Whitehouse

It's sort of funny. I used to write love poetry nonstop. I would fill lines with notions of kissing and butterflies and things I had never experienced before, inherent and unknown. I thought of bodies warming near me the way the sun warms the concrete or music warms a room.

I think of you, now, as one of the best loves of my life. I think of us, talking and laughing and crying and holding each other in silence with the window open. I think of the headphones we share and the clothes we wear and the way we sing down the street.

We were bitten by the same mosquito, proof of our tie, our blood mixed in a familial unit. We sit and watch a television show about girls just like us, pajamas not matching, popcorn falling between the gaps.

I know now you are the warmest body, even when you are freezing or complaining or asleep down the hall. Your body and mine are the same, even when they're different, because they're both filled with so much love. You are love. You are light and dark and sweet, so sweet, and I am lucky to know such a soul.

We find pockets of time to lay on the floor and watch each other like infants. We observe, find new things to love, and talk like we've never met before. When the knock to the door comes we hush our giggles like children, and once again, I know love.

You sit criss-crossed and I am behind you, holding a brush and your trust in my hands. I am asking you for the millionth time if you've heard a song, and you, for the trillionth, are saying no. The music starts, you turn it up.

At the end of the night, the beginning of the morning, we talk and say goodbye and talk again. We are miserable together, and happy, and everything else. We hypothesize about our lives in ten years: will we be neighbors? But even then, if we are one foot apart, or one million, we will be sisters.



Words by Sonam Shulman

A (*Timely*) Call to Action

Insult to injury...following the 2024 election results, African Americans in over twenty states received text messages telling them to report for plantation duty. The text messages informed recipients that "slave catchers" would pick them up in "a brown van" and assign them plantation group numbers. For example, Talaya Jones, an African American woman from Piscataway, New Jersey, was told in a text that she was assigned to "Plantation group 7."

While these messages present a particularly heinous example of racism, much of today's right-wing politics reminisces fondly about earlier eras of oppression, exploitation, and genocide. The twenty-first century has seen the rise of extremist right-wing politics spanning the globe. In Austria, the Freedom Party (FPÖ), founded by former Nazis, won the largest share of votes in the national election. In Germany, the right-wing Alternative for Germany (AfD) party, supported by billionaire Elon Musk, achieved over thirty percent of the votes in the Thuringia state election, representing the first win for a far-right party in a state election since the Nazi era. In India, Hindu-supremacist Narendra Modi and the Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) have been in power since 2014. In France, Marine Le Pen's Rassemblement National topped pre-election polls in 2024. In Argentina, libertarian-authoritarian President Javier Milei and his far-right party La Libertad Avanza (LLA) took office in 2023. And, not to belabor the point, President Donald Trump promises sweeping right-wing changes in the US. Although it seemed that Trump and his mini-me Vance had alienated all possible voters, whether "childless cat ladies" or Haitians "eating cats and dogs," their platform of division actually appealed to a large majority.

So, no, these right-wing movements are not isolated; nor have they developed in a vacuum.

Rather, the right-wing playbook—one based on rabid fear-mongering and scapegoating—has spread from country to country. If right-wing politicians have found a global community to spread hate, then those who prefer love and justice have our work cut out for us.

Now more than ever, we must view current political events as a call to action for global solidarity. Looking to our recent past, we should take guidance from Angela Davis, Kwame Ture, and their contemporaries who turned to Pan-Africanism for renewed hope and a sense of community. Disillusioned by what appeared to be an intrinsically racist America, civil rights and Black power activists during the 1960s and 70s found strength in cross-cultural coalitions in their pursuit of global unity. As right-wing movements infect the world today, our resolve to build solidarity and support for one another must match the moment.

Top colleges like Cornell, Yale, and Harvard advised international students to return to campus before Trump's inauguration on January 20, 2025. Given Trump's recent xenophobic pronouncements and past policies, colleges have raised the alarm that impending travel bans and other immigration policies could keep targeted international students out of the US. Yet, for those not immediately targeted, I caution you against turning a blind eye. After all, we must heed the message of Martin Niemöller's post-World War II confessional prose. In "First They Came," Niemöller exposes the role of silence, division, and inaction in gradual Nazi persecution of vulnerable groups. The sooner we see today's assaults on marginalized groups as an assault on us all, the sooner we will realize we are all in jeopardy on this delicate planet we inhabit together. Let us not wait until it is too late. Let our generation's elegiac poets not regret our inaction...for we all deserve healthier, more egalitarian, and ultimately happier societies.

If right-wing politicians have found a global community to spread hate, then those who prefer love and justice have our work cut out for us.

where does she live?

Words by Nelsa Tiemtoré

poetry: literature that evokes a concentrated imaginative awareness of experience or a specific emotional response through language chosen and arranged for its meaning, sound, and rhythm

in the shadows and the light
in the rise and fall of the ocean
in the eyes and smiles of all i love
poetry lives—she lives
in the sun's gleam warming my face
in the glare of the stars and the
song of the mourning moon
in the willowing woes of the waves
poetry lives—she lives
in the joyous glimmer of snow
in the rhythmic beating of the heart
in the sipping of warm cocoa
in my greatest hopes and desires
poetry lives—she lives

poetry rooted in our souls
with each generation eagerly
writing new stanzas and lines
with each season and chapter
another heart is warmed,
a new laugh echoes and
yet another smile blooms
and there is the poetry
poetry lives—she lives
she is mysterious yet remains
the puzzle that enlightens me
and let's me deconstruct the world
the warm hands that extend,

catching me when i fall
and the hard push i need
when i must move forward
poetry lives—she lives

poetry is a necessity,
my why and how,
my when and where,
my dreams actualized
as the book of life is written
and rewritten, edited and unedited,
each line and stanza keeps me grounded
in something bigger than myself

it's hard to extradite the poetry
because i am the poetry
and the poetry is me
and the poetry is we, free
without bounds
poetry is the key
our hearts, she opens
if only we let her shine
she'll show us our purpose
she'll tell us the truth
that we're truly the
greatest poetry
God ever wrote

this poem was inspired by a conversation with Professor Kevin Quashie

The Black Star Journal

