

Spring 2015

Black Ice, Volume 4: A Year Of Activism

Black Student Union
University of Puget Sound

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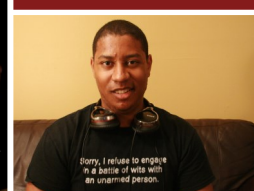
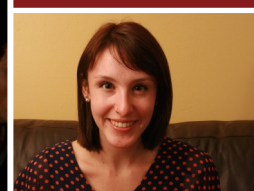
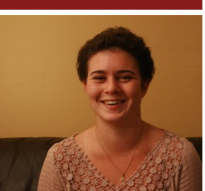
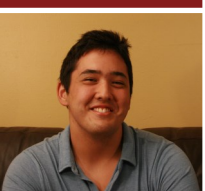
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Black Ice
Volume IV:
2015
A Year Of Activism



Cover Art by
Emma Casey & Jensen Handwork

Photography by
Jensen Handwork

Letter from the Editor

Black Ice literary magazine is an extension of the Black Student Union at the University of Puget Sound that exists to create a space for students of color and their allies to have a voice on campus. The magazine is a collection of narratives that celebrates identity and race relations as it pertains to students, faculty, staff and Tacoma community members.

Black Ice originated in 2012 by former Black Student Union president Sandra Rosa Bryant. She intended on starting a magazine that would bring the ideas, knowledge, and opinions which circulated in the Student Diversity Center into the larger community. I am proud to offer our fourth edition to you, dear reader, and to see the growth of this publication.

Special thank yous to everyone else who has continued to make this magazine possible. We offer the magazine each year free to the public in order to promote education and discussion; if you'd like to contribute to our club in a financial way, please consider making a donation to our *One More* scholarship so that other students of color are able to attend our University and share their experiences.

Typically marginalized and underrepresented identities are not given the space to speak for themselves, and *Black Ice* exists to establish that outlet. I hope that something in this publication may impact you and encourage you to consider learning more about new perspectives. The spirit of the zine remains the same as it began 2012: to inspire critical thinking about systems of oppression and a desire to make campus a place where every student feels like they belong.

♥ Nakisha Renée Jones
Black Student Union President



Members of the Black Student Union at the Northwest African American Museum

Previous editions of *Black Ice* are available by .PDF at http://soundideas.pugetsound.edu/black_ice

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**Phenomenal woman, she says?
(In memory of Maya Angelou, the mother I never knew)
By: Rachel Askew**

Phenomenal woman that's what she calls herself

She's beautiful, talented, she has a heart of gold;

And I totally agree

she's all I've ever wanted to be.

Phenomenal woman, I'd call her that too.

But then, wait, listen to what she says next,

Phenomenal woman, that's you.

Phenomenal?? I say.

Well, I don't know about that.

I'm alright...I mean I'm okay.

Sometimes my back gets a pat.

I've got nice skin,

And nice hair they say.

I know how to walk

I know how to talk

On most days.

But she, this wildly talented woman says I am phenomenal

She doesn't even know me!

Does she know who she's talking to?

Does she know, does she see?

Phenomenal woman she says,

Phenomenal woman, see and do as I do.

That's you.

Be the person you're not sure you can be.

Be all of what you can't see.

Fight what is normal

Trust your heart

Give it all you've got,

Believe in yourself.

Never give up

Look at life, dust off a new shelf.

Do all these things and before you know it you'll be standing here

Where you thought you would never be,

The place you thought you feared.

You'll be strong,

You'll be brave,

a role model to all.

You'll be a beauty

A vision,

And you'll get right up after every fall.

It'll be your name synonymous with that name

Phenomenal woman.

Phenomenally new.

Phenomenal woman, she says.

That's you.

Speaking words of wisdom, she says.

But not without this earth in good hands.

You've got to step up she says with a smile,

I couldn't walk this earth forever,

I've got to move on too

Be all you're called to be

You've got to take on the world

You've got to show them what they can't see.

See, you are strong

You are brave

You are a model to all.

You are a beauty,

You do get up when you fall.

A vision

Many would fight to be as phenomenal as you are

Because you, are everything you've chosen to be.

You are a confident

Work of art

More than most people ever achieve.

You are the dream,

You are the hope,

You're the love that makes my heart soar.

And you are the definition of what it means to be more.

Phenomenal, she says.

I'll finish her statement

because now I see.

Phenomenal woman, that's me.

Untitled
By: Mackenzie Johnson

When I was born my mother laughed. For in her arms she held the answer to her childhood prayers, she now had: white skin, green eyes, and the vague idea of blonde hair. All of her wishing in her bedroom as a child had come to fruition, and as my mother looked down at my scrunched up face, she was forced to marvel at the sick sense of humor of the gods.

My parents had been hurling at each other from opposite sides of history; my father, a child of a traveling salesman with five older siblings, had the childhood Norman Rockwell painted. His father had an asthma attack during the Battle of the Bulge at the end of World War II then came home, riding high on victory, he married my grandmother and had six children. My father's (and my Father's Father) America is a thing of myth, made up of apple pie and leaving your front door unlocked. My mother's isn't.

My mother's grandfather, Claude Dapremont was 14 when he graduated college as the Depression sunk it's teeth into the nation, he survived until his 18th birthday, when he was finally allowed to go to medical school. He then joined the military and proved his worth as a soldier as well as a healer. He served in World War II and Korea, both times he returned home decorated, both times it didn't matter because he was black. In 1955 he drove his family, which included my grandmother, across country from Louisiana to California. He knew what America was, and he didn't want his daughters growing up in a state where they could only go to the theme park on "Colored" Days. Claude Dapremont made the mistake of stopping in Texas, where my grandmother was almost drowned by white kids who didn't like that she was swimming in a newly desegregated public pool. The life guard did nothing, she was six years old.

My grandmother, Gueryn Dapremont, grew up smart like her father and went to Berkeley, where she argued with Malcolm X when he visited the campus, flirting with him as she fought for her point of view. He liked her spirit and the flash of anger in her eye that respectability politics could not hide. While she was rubbing shoulders with the face of the Civil Rights movement, she also married my grandfather, Anthony LeCesne, a quiet cowboy of a man who stood back and allowed his wife's genius to flourish. He loved movies, and tried to not to think about the time that he had to buy a ticket and then go around to the

back of the theater, through the door which was propped open by a bucket. Anthony was in Los Angeles when the Watts Riots started in August of 1965. Making it through only because he was with a cousin who was light skinned, and depending on the mobs they came across, one would pretend to be beating up the other, repeating "I got mine, go get yours!" over and over until they could find somewhere safe. My mother is regularly mistaken for a domestic worker or a baby sitter. Her position as my mother is questioned so often it is almost mundane. Her America (and her parents and grandparents) is a thing of nightmares, doors remaining locked at all time and there is a wariness in her smile that can never be erased.

Being a colorless woman of color is to move invisibly in white spaces; I was taught that the founding fathers were paragons of virtue, Hawaii wanted to be annexed, and that racism is over. When coming home from school I'd relay my day to my parents, my father would nod and my mother would shake her head. There were many revelations of the American past that were handed down at my dinner table, many things I did not want to believe. For a long time because I looked white I saw myself as such, my favorite historical figures were presidents and I refused to acknowledge the blank spaces in my school history books, that only my mother's knowledge could fill.

I don't know the exact moment my belief in America crumbled, when the stones that made up my certainty of our righteousness shattered, but I do remember looking across the dust and seeing my mother, perhaps, for the first time.

My Momma Said
By: Rachel Askew

Shhh They'll never know
Shhh They'll never know
Shhh don't tell a soul
Shhh don't tell a soul
Shhh My Momma said
Shhh you have to go
Shhh you have to go
Now- My Momma said

Life will be better for you
Life will be easy for you
You'll never have to worry
My Momma said

No tear gas
No tears
No hoses
No fear
When you can Pass
My Momma said

It's a privilege, not a right
God just rolled the die
You're not lucky, you're blessed
It's not a curse
My Momma said

We'll love you from afar
Never forget who you truly are
I love you
My Momma said

But Momma-
What does this mean?
If I Pass, do I mean anything?

My heart
My passions
The person that I am
Is made from all of you
How can I leave my home?
My people?
My friends?

No, no, no child
My Momma said
Don't think that way
Because here in this land
Black skin pays

I want you to live freely
And by your heart alone
Baby, that has no color
Because its yours to fill and to own

I'm sending you because you are picked to fill a purpose
I'm sending you because you'll know the battle's worth it
God made you to fight on the inside of the struggle
Because he knew you'd make a fine warrior challenging every rebuttal

You're not alone my darling
Never think that way
You've got an army behind you
Waiting for you to lead in the next day

I'm proud of you baby girl
I'm proud of you
My Momma said

I'm scared Momma
What if I can't do this right?
What if I run out of skill, out of might?

Shhh my baby
Shhh it'll be okay
Shhh my baby
Today is your day

Haile Canton
Professor Ostrom; AFAM 375A

There is no reason that “passing” needs to be judged on its ethical value. The color of a person’s skin is the color of their skin. They did not choose that color, and if they are given an advantage in life, they should use it. Race is a social construct and is one of the initial ways that we categorize a person. The color of another person’s skin holds value, but it should not be the only valuable piece. Essentially, the color of a person’s skin does not matter. We believe that it matters because that is what we as a society have been taught to do. In reality, the lived experiences of a person should be what we take as their value. Skin color does play into a lived experience, but a person should be able to share their own experience rather than having one cast upon them.

Thinking about passing or the idea of “whiteness,” it takes a completely different meaning when the color of your skin does not match the ideology. You can wish that you were lighter, that you had different parents, or that you had the *option* to choose who you are. As an Afro-Latina woman, I do not get the opportunity to claim my ethnicity because I am *immediately* categorized by my race: black. I do not get to tell people about my history and about how I am a second-generation Panamanian-American. I think about my grandfather who is black, but *very* light-skinned. When my grandfather attended college in Talladega, Alabama, he almost lost his life during a time of segregation. He and a friend were using a water fountain labeled “colored” when a group of white men approached them and started yelling slurs and attacking them. My grandfather, who has the ability to pass more so than most, was *still* attacked for the color of his skin. Because his skin was not “pure.”

I’m sure that there are a lot of people who wish that they had lighter skin – myself included. There is a sense of resentment and bitterness that comes from within towards those who can pass as white. Those who can still connect with the same past that I can but don’t have to fear for their lives on a daily basis. Those who can stand in solidarity with those who are fighting for their lives without having to be subjected to harassment based on their skin color. But, then again, there are experiences they have that I will never understand. Being told that you are not black because your skin is too pale. Having to produce proof that your dark-skinned parent(s) are your biological parents. The likelihood of having to internalize microaggressions more often than not, because “no one will believe you” anyway.

The narrator of *Autobiography of An Ex-Coloured Man* did not know that he was black until the principal asked for the white students to stand and rejected his attempt to stand with those he resembled. “You sit down now, and rise with the others” (Johnson, 1927). The narrator then asked his mother if he was black or white, and who his father was. His mother was not white, but his father was “one of the greatest men in the country” (Johnson, 1927). The narrator did not know about his identity until years into his life, and was not given the option to choose how he wanted to identify. It is not until he witnesses the horrors of lynching that he decides to pass for a white man.

I don’t think that the individuals who are able to pass owe anything to other African Americans or blacks. There is a whole other set of evil that has to be fought when one passes. Passing is not an individual action, because it requires those who know your full identity to keep the secret and eventually let go of the person they used to know (Bates, 2014). In experiences where one can pass, there needs to be a sense of understanding and respect (as there should be human to human). People make jokes about Michael Jackson changing his skin

color and continue to make jokes about those who suffer from skin diseases who may present as though they have bleached their skin (i.e. vitiligo) in order to achieve "perfect skin."

I do think that there is a difference between actively deceiving and passively deceiving people. For example, if a person mistakes a light-skinned black person for a white person, it's fine for that person to go with that and not correct them. It's also fine for them to correct them. Now, marking a form or introducing yourself as a white person when you do identify as being black is another issue; more so in today's society than fifty years ago. I feel as though actively deceiving or denying one's blackness continues a negative connotation with being black. More importantly, I feel that it does negate what the individual's family has gone through. I personally have a moral dilemma with deciding if it is ethically and socially acceptable to pass because I think that it depends on the individual and the situation. In a time when lynchings were very prevalent, I think it is completely acceptable for an individual to pass in order to keep even a sliver of blackness alive.

It is simply amazing that we associate "passing" with whiteness. Why don't we associate it with blackness? Why is there such a negative connotation with being black? If I identified as white with just a hint of black some people would be upset and most people would think its "cool." Chances are that my hair would have *just* the right amount of curl to make me look exotic, but enough straightness where I can be "classy and kempt." We put so much emphasis on the idea of whiteness and the strength of "beauty" that we break people down into physical characteristics rather than the person. Black people, more specifically women, are objectified and treated based on the size of their butts and bottoms or how well they can "twerk."

Passing doesn't just relate to the color of your skin. It is about your whole identity. Your name, your features, everything that you will put down on a job application. I am sure that if I switched the spelling of my name on my resumes to "Haleigh/Haily/Hailey/etc." I would get a lot more call backs from the resume screen alone. On paper, I present as a white woman studying psychology and business who has an amazing work ethic. Then you get down to my "Additional Experience" where I list the things that are more "ethnic." Black Student Union member, Speaker at the Race and Pedagogy Conference as a panelist of color at a PWI. I include these things because I am proud of them, but I do think about my appeal with or without those items.

We live in a society that *still* cannot provide equality for people of any color. There are so many levels of ability and status that when you're black, it may seem like you'll never make it past the second rung from the bottom. Being told that you do not (and will not) amount to anything. Or, if you do, it's simply because the white man took pity on you and affirmative action took place. You have to be born into a family of "Talented Tenth" individuals who strive on meritocracy alone, or pray that your family has been keeping its secret fortune away from you; or truly be lucky and be born into direct wealth. It makes sense that parents of children who pass would work to make sure that their child can assume a life of promise and fairness.

No one in my family aside from my grandfather passes; my sister is the lightest one in our family, but she is still comparatively dark. My mother has the same skin tone as me, my brother is darker, my father is even darker than that. Both of my parents are from what some people refer to as "the slums." My father was born and raised in Harlem, New York and my mother in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn, New York. They both lived relatively difficult lives while growing up, for some different reasons.

My father was born a year after World War II ended. His father was in the navy and came back to no job. I remember my father telling me that his first bike was one that he found in the junkyard - one with no handles, so you had to steer with your knees. When the time came for higher education, my father and his twin brother had to trade off semesters at the local

community college because their family could only afford to send one at a time. My grandmother pushed for her children to be educated and work hard, which proved to pay off, as my father then transferred to SUNY Stonybrook, and completed his Masters and Doctorate degrees at Columbia University.

My mother was born in Bed-Stuy in the 1960s. Right around the time of the civil rights movement was alive and well. Her parents divorced when she was young and her mother didn't really care what she did. She went to school and did her homework and stayed out of sight. My mother eventually attended Russell-Sage, where she put herself through school. She graduated with a degree in political science and now works with underserved students on the path to college.

Sometimes I wish my mother had married a white man. I wish that I had been born a little lighter, with straighter hair. I used to want to be white, to fit in a little better. I struggle every single day of my life with who I am. I am proud of who I am, but it is still a work in progress. I deal with white people every single day. Some white people who believe that I should be nowhere near them, and some who are just so ignorant that they don't realize the effect of their words and actions. I have felt attacked and hated and been discriminated against, and felt broken. I may not have been able to choose my skin color, but I have been able to choose how I interact with it and how I engage who I am. I feel this resentment and anger towards those who can pass, yes. However, the anger and frustration I feel towards ignorance and racism is even stronger; this idea that white is "pure" and that being black somehow makes you dirty. I may feel this way some of the time, but I am very proud of the places that my family and myself have been able to make it.

Dyson argued that there are *at least* three different strategies of being black that are relevant in life – accidental, incidental, and intentional blackness (Dyson, 2009). In being accidentally black, one understands their racial identity as simply being born into the identity. The black identity is noticeable and prominent, but does not necessarily define the person. Incidentally being black relates to a person being proud of being black, but understanding that it is not the only thing that is on their mind. Finally, intentionally being black is where an individual is *confidently* proud of their blackness and see it as a vital piece to their being.

In who I am today, I would say that I am incidentally black bordering on intentionally black. I am *very* proud to be an African American woman, but it is not all that I am. My social experiences revolve around the color of my skin, but certain life experiences do not. My working four jobs to keep myself and my family afloat is not because we are "black and poor." It's because decisions were made by people in my family – decisions that do not have a color boundary. My skin color is something I am proud of, but there is more to the story than *just* being black. I am an Afro-Latina woman, who was raised as such. I connect much more to the Panamanian side of my family, but I am often not able to engage this side of my identity because I am instantly categorized as black. Some days though, I do feel as though I am intentionally black. I would not fear for my life or well-being on a daily basis if I was not black. I would not have the passion that I do for social justice and making a better life for myself if I was not black. As I have gotten older, my skin color has come more into play than it did when I was under the protection of my parents. It is something that I have had to come to terms with, but I no longer wish to be white or to be lighter. I would rather have less ignorance and racism in the world, but until that happens, I will continue to be proud of who I am and my family's history.

Who I Am

By: Carley Kaleikaumaka Arraujo

i know who I am.
i KNOW WHO I am.
But am i losing that?
Losing identity?
Losing what makes me who I am?
i am LOSING IT.
Or is it losing me?
My awareness, My time, My practice...
Am i losing it or is it losing me?
Is it being taken from me or am i giving it up?
Culture.

I give inspirational credit to Yasmin Monet-Watkins and Angela Davis for Painted Faces, and Winona LaDuke for Who I Am. #RaceAndPedagogyNationalConference2014.

Told

By: Miguel Moreno

My father only spoke Spanish until the first grade. He met his best friend— who he still keeps in contact to this day— in kindergarten. They didn't speak the same language, they were different skin colors. We were born without barriers. Barriers like language, skin color, gender. He used to tell of the biases he endured, and he always tried to ready me for the biases that I may endure in my life as a Mexican-American. He told me what I needed to do, to function in this world. He made it. He made to the house, with the wife and kids. With the pool in the back, and the park down the street. He lives the dream. The thing he prides himself on most, is that he will never forget his roots. I thank him every day for the lessons he taught me and I know I will never forget.

Painted Faces

By: Carley Kaleikaumaka Arraujo

Why do we paint ourselves and our faces white?
Why do we paint our faces, when we should be embracing everything that we are?
Not what we are taught to be.
Taught to be ashamed of our color.
Taught to paint ourselves.
To hide behind this curtain. Wrapped in these sheets.
These ideals. This frame of mind.
Tied down by our limitations.
Limitations that society has made for us.
But none that we have made for ourselves.

Dear Campus Community,

I write this letter to bring awareness to the recent incident of two students dressed in Sasquatch costumes unintentionally mimicking blackface and the implications of the costume. I do not mean to vilify any individuals involved in the situation, but rather to raise awareness and transparency in actions on our campus.

While on Facebook Tuesday night I noticed pictures of the two Sasquatch costumes that included brown face. Disturbed, I closed the images and thought about how this could *still* be happening on the campus I am so routinely advised to call home? How can the University of Puget Sound and its student body create a climate that is so unaware that we almost biannually have someone dress in blackface and then defend their position on the grounds of artistic *expression*? Even though I have been involved in constructive conversations happening on campus about the incident, the backlash and support of their use of brownface represents something so much more than this specific incident. Our campus continuously publicizes that it starts conversations about diversity and inclusiveness. I want our campus to back this up with significant actions. The conversations we have aren't ones that are *meant* to spark change, but rather just the public image of caring: a good-doing ignorance, an empty *signification*, only a *hollow* promise, a *useless* kind of good-doing. Our campus culture is one that creates the permissibility of blackface in use of a costume for a mystical beast and does not see how this is problematic, despite the degradation of dark skin and blackness to that of a dehumanized state of bestiality that seems so obvious to me. The expression of Sasquatch by way of blackface is merely the latest in a long procession of antiblack racial theatrics that deploy animality alongside blackness as the mechanism by which a performative effect is evoked that have happened during my time at Puget Sound, and many before that time as well. Somehow, we as a campus remain either unaware of or unmoved by the replication of these theatrics across semesters.

In order for our campus to become informed of the contemporary racial politics of blackface it is important that we first address the racial history of blackface. "There is an immediate connection between blackface and lynching violence." Historically blackface has been used to by white actors for a white audience to perpetuate stereotypes of black people as "bumbling, stupid, and dreamily content with their oppression... clearly a mechanism employed in the service of white hegemony." Blackface not only functioned as propaganda, suggesting complacency- therefore legitimation- in their status as oppressed and exploited peoples, due to their history of enslavement and colonization, but also works to attach stereotypes much more according to a color-caste system, implying that these behaviors are inherent in people with brown and black skin. Blackface was used in comedic settings to be topically light-hearted and jolly, but represented a violence that psychologically traumatizes racialized subjects. Lynching and lynch mobs, as well as blackface, has always been with the intent of a white audience and white consumption to reaffirm notions of white superiority and planting fear in black folks. Historically, white people have paid to watch blackface and been paid to dress in blackface. This is blatant exploitation of blackness for entertainment and endorsement of the stereotypes surrounding blackness. "From the economic exploitation to indulgence in white mythology, from a national, public

spectacle-making to an obscene consumption of commodified blackness, the effects and expressions of blackface and the resonance such effects and expressions shared with those of lynching put white obsession and violence, and racial subjugations, at the center of white U.S.-American identity. Each produced a mythology of the racial other. Each relied on actual subjugations of Black communities. Each ensured that white supremacy remained at the center of US national life. Each brought violence and culture into close proximity to one another.”

Looking at this and thinking about any instance of black or brown face paint being used — regardless of whether to represent a Sasquatch, a brown bear, or explicitly a black or brown person — these violent and disturbing histories haunt their historical representations. Equating blackness and black skin to bestiality, reminiscent of exoticism and the connections of blackness to jungle settings, is no better than equating black skin to complacency in their histories of dehumanization and enslavement. Both are used to separate blackness from the histories of violence black folks have been subjected to for the use of comedic pleasure and enjoyment of white folks, who perpetrated this violence. The disarticulation between the issue of explicit blackface versus *subtle* and “*unintentional*” blackface is what allow students to defend their use of brown face while *also* unequivocally delegitimizing the voice and concerns of the already marginalized groups who are troubled by this display of antiblack racism.

By raising these concerns to KUPS, I never intended on demonizing or questioning the intentions of any individuals or KUPS as an organization because I find comfort in forcibly believing that none of my fellow colleagues would purposely participate in overt racism; but rather I was questioning the kind of environment and community we foster here at the University of Puget Sound. Why is it that this costume choice was not problematized by the students themselves when they were getting dressed and putting on the brown face paint? Or when arriving at the event, or posting pictures on ASUPS funded social media platforms? Or when they were awarded for their costume? How can students of color call this campus home when they are constantly, and sometimes explicitly, reminded that this university functions with the white student, or white assimilated student, in mind? Why are white students perspectives on racialized and racists incidents held more valuable than mine? I want to call out the general lack of awareness, or responsible awareness, on our campus. I want our campus to think about the history of the University of Puget Sound and the land this University resides on, the things it did to build itself, the people we displaced, the people who were traded, and how what we do here manifests these histories of violence and marginality. I want our student body to truly be academically critical and socially conscious. I see no difference in defending their use of blackface in order for these students to win their prize from the historical use of blackface entertainers who have exploited blackness for economic gain. This claim simultaneously and explicitly delegitimizes the violence and exploitative histories of African Americans while also delegitimizing the voices and concerns expressed by systematically marginalized students on this campus.

Sincerely,

Sylvia Summyr



By: Dave Wright

"Ice Heart," was taken of an early winter berry sheathed in ice using a Sony Alpha macro lens. At that time, we had been wrestling with a series of incidents around race on campus, and the vividness of the red heart encased in ice immediately made me think of a variety of stories of students who felt they had to protect their core selves to survive at Puget Sound.

Cultural Hegemony and the Institutionalized Practice of Policing
COMM 373
Nakisha Renée Jones & Hannah Walker

And one morning while in the woods I stumbled
suddenly upon the thing,
Stumbled upon it in a grassy clearing guarded by scaly
oaks and elms
And the sooty details of the scene rose, thrusting
themselves between the world and me....

[...]

And while I stood my mind was frozen within cold pity
for the life that was gone.
The ground gripped my feet and my heart was circled by
icy walls of fear-- (Wright)

I looked and I saw
That man they call the law.
He was coming
Down the street at me!
I had visions in my head
Of being laid out cold and dead,
Or else murdered
By the third degree.

[...]

Now, I do not understand
Why God don't protect a man
From police brutality. (Hughes)

The tracings of police brutality are inextricably tied to an unearthed history of lynching in the United States. As the policing of black bodies becomes a hegemonic normative behavior to uphold the nation state of white supremacy, the legacies of subjugation, violence, fear, and terror from lynching creep into the cultural narrative of how police brutality becomes meaningful. Through this paper, we are going to look at the history of policing in the United States and analyze the conditions by which events like Ferguson, Missouri become meaningful in relation to cultural studies. Here we see cultural hegemony reinforcing actions of police brutality as legitimate in the United States and creating cultural practices that delegitimize black bodies under the hand of white supremacy.

The black body was an object of spectacle and commodification since the first African slave landed on the shores of Massachusetts Bay in 1634. Commodification initiated with the usages of black bodies as objects to be bought and sold, shipped and exchanged for nothing of value to the individual slave. Instead, the individual's identity became morphed into property through the cultural practices of slave trading; property that needed to be commercialized and owned. To enforce the ownership of slaves, the policing of black bodies was written into the slave statutes from the 17th century. The

statutes evolved into prohibitions on fleeing to Canada, and included bounties for catching runaway slaves in 1705. From here, the Fugitive Slave Clause became part of the Constitution and the legalization of disenfranchising black bodies took place. The Fugitive Slave Clause later became the Fugitive Slave Acts in 1793 and was meant to prevent people in bondage from going to another state that abolished slavery and becoming free. Freedom was a destination that had to be prevented at all costs; therefore, freedom was a high price to pay for many trapped within the legal system. The Fugitive Slave Acts of 1793 “decreed that slave owners and their ‘agents’ had the right to search for escaped slaves within the borders of free states. In the event they captured a suspected slave, these hunters had to bring them before a judge and provide evidence proving the person was their property” (www.history.com). Here we see the beginnings of how the commodification of black bodies as property to be captured, sold, recaptured and resold into the hands of white ownership lead to the disenfranchisement of black agency and creation of a legalized system of entrapment and control.

In essence, The Fugitive Slave Acts established bounty hunters with the aim of capturing human property and returning to their white slave masters. Not only did this practice and legalization of capturing black bodies reinforce white supremacy through a cultural hegemony, it also used consumption of slaves as the foundation for capitalism. “As slavery became crucial to capitalist expansion and to plantation economies ... British colonists constructed racist ideologies to legitimize the violent subjugation of those equal to them in the eyes of God and the principles of natural law” (Best). Although the effects of capitalism are not the focus of this paper, it is tied into the historical narrative of how black bodies continue to be disowned from the economic and legal systems of the United States. The usage of bounty hunters would later evolved into slave patrols by the 1830s, which would then become the start of our contemporary police force. Bounties, in some ways, were reworded into warrants; warrants that do not necessarily need to be issued before pulling over blacks for “probable cause,” or labeling their bodies as “resisting arrest,” even in instances like Eric Garner. Black bodies are still being searched for, captured and killed, but under different terminologies. When slave statutes were incorporated into the New England Confederation, it began a spiral of dismantling of black bodies in the United States that continues to this day.

The narrative history of the black body is incomplete without the incorporation of lynching. Lynchings reached a peak during the 1880s and onwards as racial violence against blacks became more entrenched into the workings of our nation. Lynchings functioned to affirm white social order, maintain fear predicated on a violent response, and to maintain a necessary state of control over black bodies. This act was repeated and normalized. Lynchings were intentional spectacles, a cultural practice that became consumed by the public to reinforce the dominant cultural hegemony. Herein, the effects of power and terrorism reinforced white dominance and cultural hegemony which created cultural practices that dismantled black bodies for the sake of spectacle and commodification.

Repeated instances of lynchings normalizes the death and disposable of black bodies in the United States. In contemporary examples, we see Ferguson, Missouri as a moment for cultural studies to dissect the conditions around what made the death of Michael Brown and the lack of indictment for officer Darren Wilson possible, and what meanings are derived from this context. In the historical ground of slave patrols policing

black bodies, it is no longer a surprise to see police enforcement and tracking prominent in black communities like Ferguson. The resultant death of Michael Brown was predicated on the acceptance that black bodies are meant to be captured, sold or killed. Since Michael Brown could not be captured and sold into the legal system, he was killed and left for the community to react in fear like lynchings were designed for. “One can’t make sense of how Brown’s community perceived those events without first understanding the way that neglected history has survived among black people—a traumatic memory handed down, a Jim Crow inheritance” (Cobb). His body lying in the open for four hours recreated the spectacle of his body that could have been on a tree a century ago, yet the violent affirmation of white social order is still occurring under different cultural practices. This contemporary example of the spectacle of lynching is another occurrence that reinforces the dominant cultural hegemony in maintenance of white dominance.

The culture of U.S society has historically centered on white capitalization and control of the ‘othered’ and dehumanized black/brown body. This operates as an “apparatus within a large system of domination”, which has signified the black/brown body as dangerous/violent and the white body as innocent/just (During 5). As Foucault has posited, culture acts as a form of “governmentality” that seeks to “produce conforming docile citizens” (During 5). Therefore, acts of terror perpetrated against the non-white Other are structured by dominant culture as acceptable under the law and under societal rational. This particular functioning of cultural hegemony can be better understood by entangling the “signifying practices or discourses which were distributed by particular institutions” relating to policing marginalized bodies (During 5).

White safety is a dominant discourse that acts within the realm of social consciousness to justify violent acts perpetrated against the ‘othered’ body. This concept clearly has roots in slavery and lynching, which we have demonstrated, but it is also entrenched in the “meticulous rituals or the micro-physics of power” (Hall 50). These everyday practices, behaviors, and fantasies that society engages in are the avenues through which dominant hegemonic discourse move and produce knowledge. At the center of this struggle, therefore, is the “radically historicized conception of the body” that acts as a “surface on which different regimes of power/knowledge write their meanings and effects” (Hall 51). It is at this cite, of the historical black body, that the white body engraves meaning.

As we have argued, black and brown people were, by law denied access to the same legal, political, and social rights afforded to white bodies. Consequently, the implications of this historical reality “survive [in the] powerful and invisibly reinforcing structures of thought, language, and law” and have been utilized to shroud the subsistence of white criminality at the individual and institutional level (Williams 61). Contemporarily, this nation has seen an overwhelming number of black and brown bodies killed by the State’s police, or by its citizens. Many of the white perpetrators of these crimes, particularly crimes committed by police and the State, have been acquitted by the law and through the rational of white innocence. Therefore, enmeshed in the historical and political narratives aimed at characterizing blackness as property, comes the premise that in white minds, black bodies are “large, threatening, powerful, uncontrollable, ubiquitous, and supernatural” (Williams 72).

This misrepresentation of criminality works reflexively with cultural discourse to construct conceptions of fear, safety, and boundaries in relation to the black/brown body.

Such a discourse has asserted that white neighborhoods are a safe place free of crime, violence, and death. However, to uphold the validity of this narrative, one must accept a logic that “necessarily endangers the lives as well as rights of black” bodies, who have been constructed as a threat to these spaces (Williams 60). Under such logic the policing and monitoring of access to public and private space is obligatory. By discursively constructing blackness in relation to violence and difference, whiteness can validate the generalization of black bodies, “against whom prescriptive barriers must be built” (Williams 64).

Such barriers reinforce notions of white fear, which affect the psychological approach to maintaining a safe and comfortable society. This construction of space, similarly seeks to confine and restate that black and brown bodies have limited access to knowing and being. Therefore, unwarranted killings of people of color by the police and by individual citizens, is “not merely [an act of] body murder but [of] spirit murder” (Williams 72). This act of spirit murder produces a “system of formalized distortions of thought...[and] social structures centered on fear and hate” that ensure the disenfranchisement and disempowerment of the marginalized group (Williams 73).

Our culture’s reification of black/brown bodies as predators allows for the justified murder of black/brown bodies and the validation of white innocence, which strengthens the matrix of domination and cultural hegemony. From the roots of American slavery and the spectacle of lynching, is the continuation of denying black and brown bodies the rights necessary for survival. Modern day policing and slaughtering of black and brown people resumes and proliferates these historical events and the meaning asserted by their unjust brutality. By constructing black/brown bodies as sites to be imbued with meaning and policed by white bodies, the cycle of violence is justified. Throughout this paper, we have attempted to tease apart the constructions incendiary white modes of domination. This is done in an attempt to better understand and resist this fatally oppressive system of control and allow for its timely dismantling.

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Loose Cigarettes

*-for Eric Garner
murdered by police, July 17, 2014*

They were forbidden and they worked,
the breathless hit of nicotine my salvation,
so when I discovered them at sixteen,
I took to them with a convert's zeal,
sneaking them after track practice,
asthma be damned.

At two dollars a pack they were pricey,
so later, I filched them too,
bending my wrist to reach
the vending machine's inner workings.
I'd catch the edge of a pack with my fingers,
tip it over the bar while my friend Dan
acted lookout. Since I could only grasp
the bottom row, we smoked
Raleighs, Luckies, Pall Malls,
Kents with the Micronite filter,
old men's cigarettes in soft packs
I pulled out torn and crushed.

Dan and I would divvy up our haul,
ten loose cigarettes apiece.
I always let him keep the wrapper,
cradling my share in a loose fist
like a child's clutch of crayons
all of a single shade.

I justified the theft
by the force of my own desire
and the rationale that I was robbing those
who'd rob me of my breath,
though now I understand
I was thieving some small merchant.
It was one of many times I might
have run afoul of the law, but didn't.

Eric Garner, I would not call
what you did a crime:
buying and selling fair and square
the thing I once stole: loose cigarettes.
You, lone man on a Staten Island corner,

hustling to feed six kids,
selling smokes without a tax stamp,
you paid no less in taxes than GE,
Wells Fargo, Ryder, Boeing, and Dupont,
though everything was taken
from you in the end.

When I watched the video
of those cops choking your life away
with a hold that screamed illegal,
I could feel my own throat tighten.

Yet I know no act of imagining
can comprehend the terror of that vacuum,
the dawning of the fatal lack
that tries and tries and is denied,
that looks down and sees the law's
blue-cuffed arm across the neck,
an arm that never came for me,
ignorant as I was then
of the privilege that saved me,
while that eighteen-year-old boy
who is and is not me
straightens a crumpled cigarette
and slouches on down the street
without apparent purpose.

In Front of You
By: Haile Canton

Right in front of you. I fight for my life every day. I fight to be equal, and I fight to stay sane.
Is my life not of importance because of my skin?
Right in front of you. Is a woman who works to pay her way.
Right in front of you. I hurt all of the time. Trying to understand the hatred that is inside.
Inside of the people who find me to be a threat. Trying to get under my skin like it's a bet.
Right in front of you. I will cry, I will ache. Until racism cowers in our wake.

**Jamalis Hall Dominick R. Wise Jason
Moland Ricky Shawatza Hall Phillip White
Darrrell "Hubbard" Gatewood Charley
Leunde Keunang "Africa" Thomas Allen
Jr. Shaquille C. Barrow Fednel Rhinvil
Tyrone Ryerson Lawrence Bernard Moore
Tony Terrell Robinson Jr. Naeschylus
Vinzant Andrew Anthony Williams
Monique Jenee Deckard Anthony Hill
Christopher Mitchell Cedrick Lamont
Bishop Jamie Croom Theodore Johnson
Terry Garnett Jr. Terrance Moxley
Jonathan Ryan Paul Bobbly Gross Askari
Roberts Kendre Omari Alston Brandon
Jones Richard White Denzel Brown Walter
Brown III Nicholas Thomas Jeremy
Lorenza Kelly Meagan Hockaday Douglas
Harris Angelo West Jamalis Hall Dominick
R. Wise Jason Moland Ricky**

**in march, 2015, police killed a united states citizen every 8 hours.
111 people.**

**in march, 2015, the citizen killed by the police was black every 21 hours.
36 people.**

this was a 71% increase compared to the previous month.

**in march, 2015, the united states prison population reached 2.2 million
people.**

nearly 1 million of these people are black.

black citizens are incarcerated at 6 times the rate of white citizens.

slavery still exists today.

it has just been repackaged.

The following is an excerpt from a piece entitled “The Ethics of Incarceration,” which was submitted to (and, finally, rejected by) the Ellie Wiesel Ethics Essay Competition. This excerpt has been depopulated of its citational references—although, I assure you, the research was done and checked twice.

It is possible to argue that the state’s regime of incarceration is in violation of an ethical standard without invoking a single statistic about the connection between race and the American prison system. It is worth noting, however, the extent to which minority communities *in particular* stand to benefit from rehabilitative prison policy.

It’s a sad fact that Black Americans are incarcerated at nearly six times the rate of White Americans. That, despite comprising only about a quarter of the U.S.’s total population, minorities account for nearly two-thirds of total U.S. prison population. That one in three Black American men will go to prison at some point in their lives.

Especially in the case of Black Americans, these statistics hint at our nation’s history of minority group oppression. In *The Case for Reparations*, a piece published in the Atlantic by author Ta-Nehisi Coates, the author measures out the exact length of the shadow that has been cast over Black Americans: “two hundred fifty years of slavery, ninety years of Jim Crow, sixty years of separate but equal, [and] thirty-five years of racist housing policy.”

Black communities in America, Coates argues, are not the victim of high rates of incarceration because they are inherently prone to crime. Centuries of racial oppression have created the high rates of poverty and domestic violence, and low levels of educational quality and attainment often present within Black American communities.

Too, the startlingly high rates of incarceration within Black communities are only exacerbated by our prison system’s punitive bent. Non-rehabilitative prison policies destabilize and degrade. They rip apart families, make it hard for ex-convicts to find work or to qualify for federal aid programs.

By contrast educational programs, work placement programs, and substance-abuse prevention programs could—by expanding the range of economic opportunities available to ex-convicts—inject new stability into damaged communities across America.

A shift to a more rehabilitative model of incarceration would allow us, as a society, to recognize another important truth: that criminals, despite their delinquency, are still citizens. If part of promoting the social good is providing conditions for citizens to flourish, then we should pay more and not less attention to those who are most at risk. Where better

to start than with the prison population? Introducing rehabilitative programs to our prisons would allow the state to make good on its responsibility to our society's future—a future where, perhaps, the demographic asymmetry of incarceration is brought to balance, where recidivism is diminished, where the damage of thirty years of ineffective incarceration is beginning to heal.

In the world of politics and policy, competing ideologies and prejudices can be so dissonant, so overpowering that we lose track of the ethical way forward. Or else the ethical way forward becomes so muddled as to be unrecognizable.

Yet there is a common sense approach to every ethical problem. When a dispute arises between two neighbors, they should aspire to solve it fairly and peacefully. We know, after all, that a solution by any other means—by revenge, subterfuge or extortion—will lead to strife and discord in the community. We should embody this mentality in our penal policy, as well, setting aside our current regime of distrust, retribution and punishment for one of compassion, cooperation and rehabilitation.

There is a deep wealth of statistics we can use to quantify the particular failings of the U.S. penal system. But, finally, every grim statistic—whether it concerns rates of recidivism, the underfunding of our rehabilitative programs, or the grotesque disproportion of Black faces filling our prisons—helps to underscore a single argument: that the good of the incarcerated—of the fathers, sons, daughters and mothers who fill our prisons—is inseparable from the good of the community, from the good of us all.

If we consider the responsibilities of the state to society, the failures of a non-rehabilitative penal policy, and the outsized effect of rehabilitation on recidivism, the ethical course is clear. We should emphasize rehabilitative programs in our prisons, so that when prisoners are released, when they return to their communities and to their families, they go prepared to build a responsible life, as people genuinely free.



By: Chantel Dozier

*A compilation of photos taken during the Black Student Union's Black Out event in December 2014. We stand in solidarity with other BSUs across the region who were also making a #wishforjustice

I.D. ME

One year in high school, right before the homecoming dance, I had no date. I went into the kitchen and my father consoled me and eventually had me admit that I thought the white boys (who made up the majority of my high school) did not like me. I assumed they only liked small white girls with fake tan bodies and white blonde hair. At the same time I felt pressure from my friends to fit in with their ideas of what was cool (mainstream upper-class white culture) while also being their “black friend” who knew urban slang and the lyrics to every mainstream rap song. I did not know how to be all of these things. As I laid all this on my father, his message to me in the midst of my teenage identity crisis was, “Rachel, the person you desire to be in ten years is the person you get to be now.” So I then began to explore what pieces of my life would form my identity.

Like many bi-racial individuals, I struggled to identify if I was black or white, because in my childhood reality I had to choose. My mom and her family who we spend most of our holidays and birthdays with are white. They eat white people casseroles and expect to eat holiday dinners at 3 in the afternoon. While my black family would enjoy five carbohydrate loaded foods to one vegetable (usually collard greens cooked with a ham hock) and plan to eat dinner at five and those still awake would actually eat around nine. I made a lot of comparisons between the cultures of my families, knowing one had to be the “right” one but I still had to somehow fit into both. The truth of the matter was, I did not know how to identify my race, until someone chose my race for me.

Headed home from a fundraising dinner, my parents and I were stopped at a red light. My father in the driver’s seat became worried when the stop light had turned green and then red again while the black car in front of us remained still. My father left our car to check on the driver. When the driver replied screaming expletives at my father and spit on him, my father returned to our car. Finally the car merged on the freeway from the light and in order to head home we did the same. When we got on the freeway the black car began to follow us, so my mother called 9-1-1 and we got off on the next exit to stop at the gas station. As we pulled into the gas station five police cars surrounded us. We assumed at first that the police were responding to our call.

Over a loudspeaker the police demanded that my dad, who was out of the car preparing to pump gas, put his hands on his head and lay on his stomach, on the ground. Following him, they demanded I exit the vehicle and place my hands on my head and walk toward them. My black father and I were then handcuffed and placed in the back of separate police cars. Confused and hurt, I began crying hysterically as an officer attempted to ask me if my father had a gun in our car that he used on the man in the black car. I could not respond as I peered out the police car’s window to see my white mother being sweetly escorted side-by-side from our car by a white female police officer who tried to calm my hysterics. My father was beside himself screaming in distress that he was being treated like a criminal and his baby girl too. My parents could not comprehend why her daughter of

only thirteen was being held in handcuffs without purpose and neither could I. After our car was searched and we had been held and questioned for a little over an hour, we were released.

At my white grandmother's house following the events I heard the adults discussing what had happened, and my grandmother defending the police. Believe it or not, I was happy to hear this because that meant the police were still an institution that was going to protect me like I had always thought. My dad was still upset a few weeks later by the incident and I did not understand why. The officers obviously made a mistake. With tears in his eyes my dad looked like he wanted to shake me as he told me, "Rachel, you are black. That is how people see you. It doesn't matter that you're half white. They don't see that. They will never see that. Don't you get it??" In his frustration he threatened to pull me out of the activities that I was involved in because the population of every community I had ever been a part of was predominantly white. Now cemented for me was this: as many opportunities as I had and would have, as white as all my friends and family were, as nice as I talked and adopted mainstream white culture--people would still look at me and see black. I have become comfortable with that notion out of necessity. This is not to say that my identity is written in stone. It is not decided. It is a work in progress; but now I know, not just by me. As much as I would like to agree with my father's sentiment that identity is something we get full control over, my definition is quite the contrary. Identity is something that is being shaped and revealed over time and through experiences that cause us to think about ourselves and about others. Some of that we get to take with us, hoping to be set apart. Hoping to be special. Hoping to be important. So I wait. Eager.

This was a creative writing assignment for my Latino Literature 309 class, the writing was broken up into 3 parts, first we were assigned to take a mirror and write down what we see, then focus in on one aspect of that you wrote about then convert that piece into a poem. The poem ended up being the mirror. Because I speak Spanish at home and English at school, Spanish and English just spill out of my writing in almost every setting. This writing really defines who I am because it represents both my Latina culture and my American culture that I mix.

Cuando me veo en el espejo, veo mi padre, veo que me dejó abandonada, veo el hueco que esta en mi corazón. Tengo mucho coraje cuando pienso que me parezco a una persona que amo pero a la misma vez odio. Cuando veo al espejo veo mi pelo, *a feature that seems to define who I am because of how prominent it is.* Oigo a toda la gente que me dice que tengo bonito pelo o a las chicas que estan tan emocionadas porque tengo pestañas largas. *They don't know the pain that causes me* cuando veo estos aspectos físicos. Pero me gustan estos aspectos. Son las mismas historias que oigo que salen de su boca, *behind all the lies* que me enoja y que me recuerdan de las noches cuando venía tomado en la medianoche, con sus ojos rojos viéndome y diciéndome que todo estaría bien *while at the same time he would be tripping over his unstable feet.* No quiero vivir mi vida a través de esos *red eyes.* Veo mi miedo de niñez.

Este pelo me trae mucho coraje. Me trae tanto coraje pero no sé cómo sacarlo, mucha gente me dice, *"talk about your feelings"* lo he intentado, *how the hell am I supposed to forgive him.* Como lo voy a perdonar cuando me dejó, cuando me robó un amor que necesitaba. Cómo podía él dejar a mi mamá sola, con dos niñas, sin trabajo, para qué? *To live his teenage years again, relaxed, living off of his mom's income?* Cuando me veo, and *when I hear people complimenting my hair, it is a constant reminder of how much I don't forgive my father.* Mi mamá me dice que no tenga tanto coraje porque estamos bien sin él, estamos feliz sin él, estamos saliendo adelante, sin él; y me dice que él lo va a pagar un día.

Pero no sé porqué, no lo creo. *I complain about my pelo because it's difficult to maintain pero es una excusa. He realizado que lo odio because it is a constant reminder of my father. I hide it porque quiero esconder mi pasado and not face reality, I tie up my hair because I don't want to feel the package of unsolved emotions brought upon me by people complimenting my hair. In the end, mi pelo refleja la parte biológica de mi propio, vacant father.*

Translation:

When I look in the mirror, I see my dad. It takes me back to the day I found out he had abandoned us. I see the hole he left in my heart. I have so much hate when I think about how I look like a person that I love but at the same time hate. When I look in the mirror, I see my hair, a feature that seems to define who I am because of how prominent it is. I hear all the people telling me that I have pretty hair or all the girls obsessing over my eyelashes because they are so long. They don't know the pain that causes me when I look at my physical aspects. But I like these aspects. Its the same stories that I hear that spill out of his mouth, behind all the lies that anger me and it reminds me of the nights he would come home drunk in the middle of the night, with his red eyes looking down on me and telling me that everything would be fine while at the same time he would be tripping over his unstable feet. I don't want to live my life looking through those red eyes. I see my scared childhood.

This hair brings me so much anger. It brings me anger because I don't know how to get rid of the anger that he caused me. A lot of people tell me to "talk about my feelings" but I have, how the hell am I supposed to forgive him. How will I forgive him when he left me,

when he stole the love I needed? How could he have left my mom alone, with two daughters, without work, for what? To live your teenage years again, relaxed living off of your mom's income? When I look at myself and when I hear people complimenting my hair, it is a constant reminder of how much I don't forgive my father. My mom tells me that I need to take that anger out because we are fine, without him, we are happy without him, and we are succeeding without him. She tells me that he will pay for what he did someday. But I don't know why I don't believe it. I complain about my hair because it's difficult to maintain but it's an excuse. I hide it because I want to hide my past and not face reality, I tie up my hair because I don't want to feel the package of unsolved emotions brought upon me by people complimenting my hair. In the end, my hair reflects the biological part of my own vacant father.

Anti/Theses: Seven Musings on the “Liberal” Arts By C.J. Queirolo and Kailee Faber

Grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music constituted the seven areas of study which defined the classical liberal arts. The curriculum of the contemporary liberal arts college is no longer partitioned into these discrete areas, however, each has contributed a lasting tendency to the liberal arts that nonetheless, serially and collectively, continue to inform the constitution and operations of the university in general. Indulging in the theoretical and poetic potential of embodied abstraction, we locate within these tendencies the modality of its potential, and the consequences that each has had for our communities. We hope to muse on the possibility that amongst these tendencies we might find revolutionary movement, that we may yet encounter in our interconnected and collective struggles for liberation.

Grammar: Structures of convention underlying or supervening onto language; “civility” and “collegiality” restrict the potentiality of all human interactions in the university, reducing each to a momentary experience of falsity and alienation, whether felt or not, inhibiting the possibility of revolutionary relationships between members of the university. This is because the whole university has become something larger than ourselves: the formal relations between administration, faculty, students, and staff enact and reify a linguistic model of exchange. “There is no natural gender-neutral singular pronoun in English.” Enabling, then, the repeated insistence of professors on their right to misgender trans students beneath a veneer of “proper language.”

Logic: Formal relations intervening upon the divergent forces of conflictual energy within the academy, a sceneography where the standards of validity and coherence are handed to the operations of a ritualised economy of interaction, retroactively instantiating the constructed relations of the university as both natural and inevitable. Repeated at the turn of each page and the passage of each moment. Administrators administer. Professors profess. Students study. these relations are determined by the function of a grade and subtended by the flow of tuition dollars. Ideas become property, encircled by a thoroughly collegial motif of progress. A mechanism of evaluation and submission to the judgments of a “well-learned” (more accurately, “well-received”) Other is the lasting security provided by Logic to the university. Its naturalism, its appearance of regularity. Consider how the administration brands the university as “#OneOfAKind” while normalized whiteness remains the primary feature of all its operations. Consider further how professors enact this whiteness in the everydayness of the classroom by situating all discourses about race within the syntactic relations of normalized racial whiteness. Or we could also locate this tendency within the assumption that education must proceed from the supposedly “universal” situation of the ignorant, white, straight, cisgender, able-bodied, wealthy, male student, who “but for” their ignorance is *surely* good-hearted, good natured, will be liked and respected by all. Some sort of “ally.” Whiteness invisibilized because, “we’re all in this together, anyway.” The possibility that some flow may alter the course of this tendency toward any other ends is deferred by the professorial assumption of the mantle of whiteness within the triadic syllabic-curricular-pedagogic framework that situates the classroom experience within the confines of a highly specific mode of technical

performance designed to perpetually reintroduce whiteness as the governing principle of all academic endeavors. Logic is a universalist posturing, far removed from the immediacy of the body and its complicated situatedness within a network of relations that overdetermine the possibility of a radically liberatory experience of the liberal arts. Logic is tuition, room and board, and registration fees; Logic is the insistence that what we are doing here is “good,” that we are “inclusive;” Logic is the entire cluster of relations between educational agents formed in the course of their everyday interactions within a social context.

Rhetoric: Regulation of all interaction by way of an affective economy of communicative exchange unified by idolatrous praise of “civility” that renders marginal linguistic utterances “beyond” “legitimate” “discussion,” situating, recreating, whole orders of language that pattern and texture the experience of alienation by deferring the moment of deliberative exchange that would bring such marginality to the center of a discursive field. But here “experience” has been de-legitimized as basis for argument, because the formalities of engagement and response are overtaken by abstract, icy, universal articulations of speech that produce simultaneously the authority of the teacher, the inferiority of the student, and the legitimacy of the administrator before the utterance of any articulation within the university. Sylvia Wyner prophesies that “all human rhetorical motivational systems are themselves constituted on the basis of an underlying ontological schema or regulatory metaphysics which functions as the analogue of the genetically programmed regulatory criterion of well-being/ill-being of organic life [...] to parallel the functioning of the neuro-physiologica/electro-chemical reward-punishment apparatus of the brain, and therefore to define *good* as that which is good for the overall survival/realization of the discursively constituted model of being, and *evil* as its antithesis” according to the judgment of white, straight, cisgender, able-bodied, wealthy, “Man.” This could help explain how “bathroom” only ever is punctuated with a parenthetical (*for cis people*). How “accessibility” always already meant (*for nobody*). How “safety” attaches to “queer students” only through the intervention of an unfortunate (*never*). Why it is that “freedom” (*for white people*) remains the historical trajectory of the “liberal arts” despite every discursive “guarantee” to the contrary.

Arithmetic: The proper knowledge of numbers, their categories and operations. This might be the site where we could locate the origin of administrative hubris, where the operations of counting, division, subtraction, and addition as well as synthetic multiplication mobilize the bureaucratic operation of the contemporary institution: the determination of value and the production of bodies, the ascription of mathematical (non)-value to the fleshy bodies of students by way of a biopolitical operation which produces the sphere of the academy as surveillance perfected, abstract *relata* overdetermined entirely by the complications of their relations. Here is the flatness of the bureaucratic circulation of units of value within a system of total interchangeability and reversibility. “Education” reduces to “operation” as precondition of mass production. Thus in 2014 does the university president deliver an *identical* speech to the queer and trans students gathered for Lavender Graduation *and* to the students of color gathered for the Graduates of Color Celebration where *both* congregations are told to “wait for miracles” because our demands for justice must just be

too goddamn *mathematically impossible* to attain at the University of Profit Severely but through the intercession of some divinity.

Geometry: The elaboration of the formal boundaries of space. What it is that cannot be known is that which lies beyond the isomorphism required between space and control and thus those who speak from “outside” of “this” space “*are*” not *properly* located here and so, that is, “they” exist *outside of* this space that we take as both *natural* and *universal*, extended without complication or antagonism. Geometry is the elaboration of “this” space: the space of the academy and the space of the world, the notation of the formal relations between the different *kinds* of spaces which exist. Consider that we water the grass of this space, though rain provides abundantly. Consider that here we dance and smoke and learn but that this land was also stolen and that our university bears the name of a colonizing Protestant lieutenant and so everything we do might be merely the repetition of an originary colonizing scene. But we might also recognize that the space of liberation is beyond Euclid, beyond the rigidities of the hyper-constructed formulae of canon praise and worldly manifestation, and so these coordinates may be further destabilized.

Astronomy: The classification and hierarchization of bodies in space. In this way astronomy might mimic to the gestures of ontology, or the knowledge of the order of beings and the understanding of the proper relations between them. Cousin to theology, the recourse to know the names and positions of the stars is a quest to figure the location or the space of the “human,” to locate where the *person* “educated” for freedom may reside, live, relate, and *work*. Giorgio Agamben says that in the recourse to celestialty “*every possible theological meaning of worldly politics has been exhausted once and for all:*” “this represents, in our projected new terms, the first purely *secular criterion* of human being (or regulatory metaphysics) encoded in the ‘descriptive statement’ of the human on the model of a natural organism and its related ontology,” so says Sylvia Wynter. Returning, then, to *this* space: might we here find the impulse to relegate the prior identity of this “human” *being* to an *elsewhere* that is also a *nowhere*, for *where*, in the projected view of this astronomical trajectory, might there be a site for the particularizing and minoritizing-generalizing tendency, inherent to identities textured by histories of structural violence, inherent, because such texturing constitutes the felt reality and material constitution of these identities? What is foreclosed by astronomy is then the real possibility of oppositionality, for celestial movements determined to be “impossible” *ipso facto*, grand reversals of gravity and velocity, are figured too improbable by way of calculations performed in our absence, with only grotesque and maleficent knowledge of our bodies. Consider that the university professes the education of “freedom” and the arts of liberty while so proximal to the Northwest Detention Center.

Music: Profoundly within the liberal arts a force of generative creativity, relatively unbound by the pretenses of language. Except, of course, when the rigidities of formalism and genre collide in the production of “Music” and “music,” separating through abstract historical determinations reflective and productive of social relations of aurality. But music allows for an expression and anticipation of complicated and nuanced overlapping vocalities that move unpredictably and uncontrollably; in dissonance, *relation* still guarantees something more than destructive annihilation of a dialectical term by way of an

antithetical turn. Music may be *ethical*, and at least contains a movement toward the sphere of the ethical. Marginalized tonalities can resonate in a site of articulation, or through oppositional dissonance disarticulate the harmonic constructions that overdetermine what Jacques Ranciere might identify as the “construction and the distribution of the order of the sensible.” Even in cacophony there is still the potential that a marginal tone could resolve into a phrase or a movement, or produce vibrations that extend laterally according to the model of virality in the digital epoch. Hegemonic melodics that repeat incessantly eventually resolve into kitsch and uncanny overture, saturated by a melodrama unable to take itself seriously. But so “professional” it still remains. Thus it could not be that the schools of music could lead the university as some vanguard toward a curricular or social revolution. Indulgent in a radical elaboration on the concreteness of our embodiment, we rather locate a *felt* moment of revolutionary potential in the deliverance of music to the liberal arts. This is an intensely rich musical investment and it is the appreciation of our knowledge production as not only subject to economic evaluation and grade-based determination, but also that our continued academic endeavors are aesthetic works to challenge the world that we have been handed by our professors and our educators, to contribute something new to the world that does not concede entirely to what has come before. Structural identity based programs contribute to the musicality of the liberal arts college by emerging from a previously silenced symphonic space, contributing new variations on prior thematics established which may have become canonical, as well as the introduction of new musical forms, forms capable of challenging everything we had thought we had heard before. Variation, repetition, rearticulation, reversal, and virtuosity are only several musical strategies that we seek to elaborate as part of a repertoire of marginalized knowledge produced and protected by structural identity based programs. Dissonance, resonance, and schemes of tonality produce an understanding of relationality that enables *dynamic* and *ethical*, rather than merely “logical” or “collegiate” or “proper” or “possible” *response*.

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By: Dave Wright

"Against Whiteness," was taken with the Sony Alpha prime lens during a late fall hike on 2nd Burroughs Mountain on Mt. Rainier. Solo hiking is one of my main forms of meditation, and I was almost alone on the mountain (only passed four other hikers) for several hours in a complete grey-out, but at one moment the clouds lifted enough for this handful of spindly trees to stand out clearly against the white/gray background. At elevation, in late fall, their sudden visibility and tenacious life (in contrast to the barrenness of Burroughs in general and that day in particular) had a powerful impact on me, and I was able to capture a few shots before the cloud came back in.

It Doesn't Matter

By: Nakisha Renée Jones

It doesn't matter
how many times
I am told to stay quiet
how often
I am asked if I belong
how routinely
my friends meet security
how frequently
my kin is murdered on the streets
unarmed.

It doesn't matter
how many times
I am asked to show ID
constantly identifying myself as
nonthreatening.

I can't count the
microaggressions
the second guessings
the affirmative action
jokes that aren't funny.

I'm forced to make sense of
my race
in a world
that says
It doesn't matter.

Within and Without: hip hop and racial oppression on UPS campus
By: Elaine Stamp

In the spring of my freshman year, I heard about a “thug life” themed party that had been thrown by students the year before that was complete with white students dressing in blackface. Hearing about acts of blackface on campus in the spring of my senior year gives me a sense of reliving history. I wonder if there will be another freshman student next year and, similarly to me, hears about “that one blackface photo on Facebook from last year.” Aside from bringing with it a sense of *déjà vu*, the presence of blackface and the backlash from everyone involved has made me think about questions of allyship and what it means to be anti-racist, especially in the context of having one’s identity stem from intersecting points of privilege and oppression at the same time. In terms of race, this complexity means that people of color can experience oppression and yet still enact oppression through other aspects of their identities that are imbued with privilege.

To that point, I am writing this as a half-white, half-Filipina who is queer, deals with mental illness, and comes from a working class background. In those identities, I experience some forms of oppression that other folks probably don’t have to think about. Sometimes, I am terrified to hold my girlfriend’s hand because I fear that a gesture of love will become an invitation for violence. My identity as Filipina often becomes lost in ideas of Asianness that characterize Asian identities as exclusively Chinese, Japanese, or sometimes Korean, and as a result I’ve been told that while I’m Asian, I’m “not, like, *Asian* Asian.”

There’s a flipside to all of these, too. What I experience, in comparison to what others face, is often not fatal because of my privileges. As a cis woman, I can be praised as “radical” or “subversive” for not shaving my armpits without worrying that I will face violence for failing to pass as what society thinks a woman should look like. As a light-skinned person, I am able to move through space without automatically being considered a threat or “up to no good.” I have two supportive parents who were willing and able to help me with assembling the financial means to study abroad. I’m able to look at a flight of stairs and trust that not only will my body move me up them, but do so without resulting in chronic pain.

I bring these up to get at the idea that privilege still exists in the context of minoritized identities. It’s messy. It’s not easy. But the truth is that marginalized folks can still perpetuate oppression. Blue Scholars, a hip-hop outfit from Seattle composed of artists of color, speak to this in their song “North by Northwest.” In the opening verse, they rap

“Live from occupied Duwamish territory
Where Carlos Bulosan once lived to tell the story
Of the brain, sweat, and glory of mic, checks, and men
Who fight the destination we were destined to end”

The song is about Seattle, a city that takes its name from Si’ahl, a Duwamish chief that helped European-American immigrants that came to the area in the mid-1800’s. Through colonialist expansion, the Duwamish faced pressure from the federal government to cede their lands. The Point Elliott Treaty, signed in 1855, was similar to previously negotiated treaties between native tribes and the federal government. In a similar fashion to the Treaty of Neah Bay, which was supposed to ensure the rights of the Makah to continue the culturally significant tradition of whale hunting, the Point Elliott Treaty was supposed to guarantee

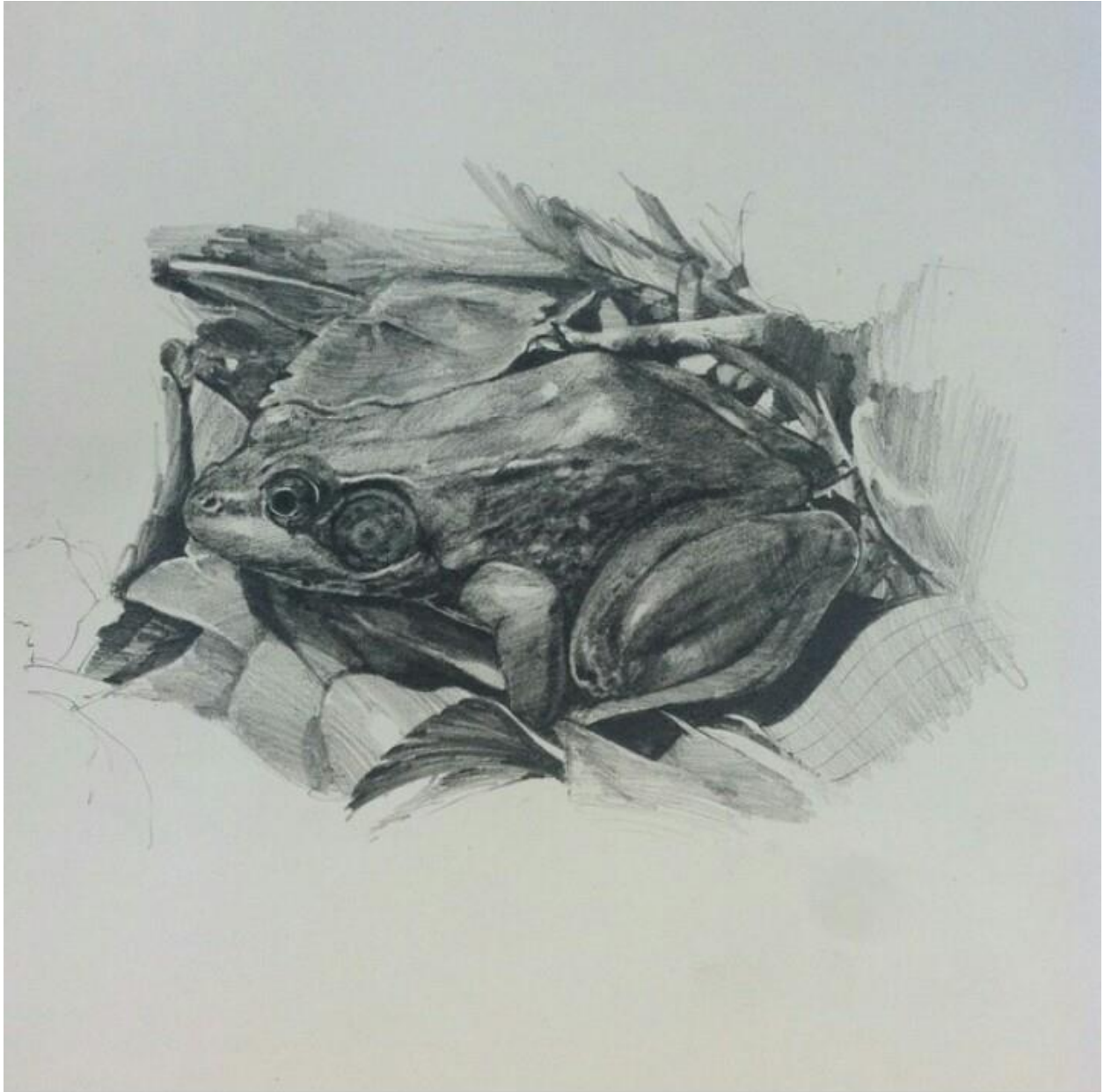
hunting rights for the Duwamish. In exchange, the government took control of the 54,000 acres of land that currently hosts cities like Bellevue, Tukwila and, of course, Seattle.

In the midst of this context, Blue Scholars also acknowledge the history of diasporic movements that have come to the city. Carlos Bulosan, a name relatively unknown outside of Seattle or even the Pacific Northwest, is a Filipino writer known for his piece *The Freedom from Want*, a poetic essay that argues for the inclusion of immigrants into the American Dream and the American ideal of freedom. Like many Filipino migrants in the first half of the 20th century, he came to the States seeking economic opportunities. Instead, he found rampant racism which severely limited his options. He took on whatever work he could get, working in canneries and performing farm labour along the west coast. As a result, he became involved in labour advocacy with organizations like the Local 37, a division of the International Longshore and Warehouse Union that supported Filipino and Filipino-American dockworkers in the mid-1900's.

I chose this song and specifically that verse to illustrate the intersection of different racial identities and histories, starting with the very first line. The song opens with the idea that it is "live" from occupied territory, making it clear that this occupation is still going on; as a result, everything that comes after in the song -- including Bulosan's legacy of labour advocacy and support for the Seattle Filipino community -- happens against this colonized backdrop. In thinking about Bulosan's work and advocacy in the context of colonial oppression, I want to make this clear: I understand that his time and resources for advocacy were limited. I get that his first priority was probably to support Filipino communities since he was a part of those communities. This example is not to malign his character or undermine the important work he did, but to bring forward a very important fact. In spite of not being white; in spite of not possessing any direct relation to the European-Americans who pushed out the Duwamish in the first place; *in spite of being a target of racism and working against anti-Asian discrimination through his labour advocacy, he was still complicit in a racist, colonialist legacy by living on occupied land.*

This is what I'm talking about. Even though Carlos Bulosan advocated in the context of what we'd likely call social justice today, he still did all of these things on occupied lands as the Blue Scholars lyrics point out. He experienced marginalization, but unfortunately was still complicit in living on occupied Duwamish territory in much the same way that we, as students of this university, are complicit in taking up space on tribal lands. I use the "we" to also include students of color. To speak plain, our identities as people of color -- to include accusations of not being __ enough; violence leveled at us because of our racial and ethnic identities; discrimination based on names that get shortened to "nicknames" so that they're "easier to say" -- do not make us exempt from enacting racist and oppressive behaviors and ideas.

In thinking about the incident of blackface that happened earlier this semester, it's a poignant reminder that being a person of color doesn't give someone immunity from doing or saying things that are oppressive and/or threatening to other people from marginalized identities. Being a person of color and perpetuating racism are not mutually exclusive. Here's where it gets tricky, though, as we approach the line between intent and impact. Do I think the students who got called out for blackface and brownface meant to evoke those memories and that violence? No. But it is *everyone's responsibility to be mindful of those histories, even if they are not your own. Especially if they are not your own.*



Bullfrog
By: Noah Frazier

**done in graphite*

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Elegy: Ruth Brown, 1928–2006

When I was about nineteen, an older, more worldly friend took me to see Ruth Brown at Dino's Lounge, a dive bar at 46th and Market in West Philadelphia. At the time, West Philly was a working-class African-American neighborhood, but now, homes there sell for half a million, the old community forced out. We were the advance guard of that misfortune, although we didn't know it at the time. Poppy was a singer of sorts on unemployment, and I was a waitress. I finally went back to school and got a degree, but Poppy never did. She died in her forties, a suicide.

Brown sang a bunch of her hits, including her biggest, *Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean*. Have you heard it? Such sass. After she'd run through a couple of songs, Brown stopped, peered at the audience, and said, "Hey! You two!" Everybody looked around, and then the bar manager fiddled with the spotlight and shifted it onto the objects of Brown's attention: us. We were the only white people in the place. Poppy's face went red under the bright light. My throat went dry. "Give these young ladies a round of applause!" Brown yelled, grinning brilliantly. The audience clapped and cheered, a precisely gauged display of warmth and aggression. Somebody thumped me on the back so hard I coughed. Then Brown nodded to the drummer, and everybody forgot about us, and she sang an hour more: *Oh, What a Dream*, *As Long as I'm Moving*, *Lucky Lips*. At the end of the show, Brown

gestured to her splendid wig and big false eyelashes and asked the audience if we thought she was beautiful. We did. We'd never seen a woman more beautiful in our lives.

Poppy moved away from Philadelphia, but at some point she must have moved back. When I read Brown's obituary, I remembered Poppy taking me to that show, and how wicked and thrilling Brown was, and how I'd felt my life was finally beginning, and how we danced along the rainy streetlit sidewalk for four long blocks home, Poppy roaring Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean, and I Googled her, Poppy that is. Poppy's death notice was the first entry on the page. Before it was torn down and replaced, the South Street Bridge had long been a favorite spot for jumpers.

Sass creates the right to say something, like a magician snatching a quarter out of a kid's ear. It builds the ground under you as you go, like Wiley Coyote walking out over the abyss after stepping from the cliff. Ruth Brown's sass was as bright and dazzling as sunlight on cold, deep river water. Sing on, sing on, sing on.

The Wonderful World of Sam Cooke

My experience with black music

By: Ryan Del Rosario

"This is a story first and foremost. It is the story of a particular kind of music, but I hope it is much more than that."¹

It started for me close to six years ago when I first heard the smooth and beautiful voice of Sam Cooke. Reminiscent of movies like "the Sandlot" and "American Graffiti," I shared the song "Wonderful World" with my then sweetheart, swooning together over lyrics any high school student could certainly identify with.

Don't know much about history
Don't know much biology
Don't know much about a science book
Don't know much about the French I took

But I do know that I love you
And I know that if you love me too
What a wonderful world this would be"

"Wonderful World" brought us back to the America of the early 1960's. It was the greatest time to be alive – Ford Mustangs, the Ed Sullivan Show, burgers, milkshakes, juke joints, and of course who could forget the safe return of Elvis Presley!² It was the golden age of America. Sam Cooke's voice lifted me back to an age where the American Dream was real and alive – that is unless your skin tone was a shade darker than the hot and tanned body of Hollywood's "Beach Party" star, Frankie Avalon³. The reality was that the American Dream was dead for many black Americans. Or perhaps the American Dream was never really alive for Black America but instead just a figment of their imagination or perhaps something heard about on the radio.

That's why this story is so puzzling. Sam Cooke was *not* the next Elvis Presley. Sam Cooke was the descendant of decades of black musicians. From the quintet gospel tradition to the haunting "Crossroad Blues," Cooke's place in music history will forever be at the birth of *Soul*.

At sixteen years old I had my first *real* interaction with this black experience. It was one song – the same song that that sparked the genre – "A Change is Gonna Come" that morphed my perception of what music could mean.

¹ Peter Guralnick introducing his own experience with soul music in his book, "Sweet Soul Music (1986)."

² Elvis Presley had served in the U.S. Army from 1958-1960

³ Frankie Avalon starred in in a number of "Beach Party" themed films that became iconic of California beaches and the romance of "Frankie and Annette."

“I was born by the river in a little tent
Oh, and just like the river I've been running ever since

It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will”

It was so real. I had seen Dr. King's speeches and I had read excerpts of Malcolm X's autobiography, but I had *never* heard the real Sam Cooke.

Coming to college I found myself collecting Sam Cooke records. At a certain point however, the desire to complete a discography overwhelms the actual musical enjoyment. I'll be the first to say not every Sam Cooke record is good, but each adds an interesting piece to the soul music puzzle. Cooke released five albums on Keen Records from 1958-1960 and another eight albums on RCA Victor from 1960-1964. He was *so good* but a lot of the songs were *so boring*. Listen to Sam Cooke's "Hits of the 50's" and you'll hear that same "Wonderful World" lyrical content but it will be over-arranged, with dragging tempos and songs never meant for a singer of Cooke's caliber. His sound was just so unbearably radio-friendly and most noticeably, *white*.

In one of Cooke's last interviews, he discussed the nature of his career with "American Bandstand"⁴ host, Dick Clark:

Dick Clark: "Previous to 1957, how many records did you make?"

Sam Cooke: "...I hadn't made any popular tunes..."

Clark: "But you had been working in another field had you not?"

Cooke: "That's right, I was doing spirituals at the time, Dick."

Clark: "What caused you at that point in your career in '57 to turn to this kind of singing?"

Cooke: "My *economic situation*, Dick!"

And like that I realized that maybe it wasn't that the American Dream was dead. Maybe the American Dream was a bathroom door that read "WHITES ONLY" and Sam Cooke was here to get his fair share.

But Cooke died on December 11, 1964 just eleven days *before* the release of "A Change is Gonna Come." Looking back on history it's really not a surprise. Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, Malcolm X, Dr. King, Medgar Evers, Fred Hampton and many more black leaders were killed too young in the grand scheme of things. But the seeds were planted from the strange fruit Sam Cooke gave to America in "A Change is Gonna Come" and soul music was born. That's where my story begins. That's where *soul music begins*.

But my story can only tell you so much. Soul music was love, soul music was struggle but most importantly soul music was hope. Hope sung out in a smoke-filled recording studio and permanently etched into vinyl – records of artists telling us here in 2015, *their* story.

⁴ American Bandstand ran from 1952-1989 and featured artists lip-syncing a new single as teenagers danced along.

Were it not for stumbling across this genre that's often been trivialized by American media⁵ and often thrown into the "oldies" playlist, I don't know if I could honestly say that I understood the need to discuss black issues. For me, soul music has been a platform in which I have tried desperately to connect to others and express this importance. It is all too often that our fellow Americans deny the need to continue this discussion any further – "I am not a racist! I have black friends!" An individual's experience in the microcosm of their upbringing often blinds them from progress. We need to find better, more relatable ways to convince Americans to step out of their small communities and see the big picture – racism exists in America. Progress has been made but progress is not enough when inequality still exists. I will continue to share my experience with soul music and like Sam Cooke, I'm going to keep on hoping that *a change is gonna' come*, but for black Americans who have been asking this for 60 years now – how long can we keep on hoping?

⁵ Watch the Blues Brothers film

A Year of Activism
By: Jensen Handwork

(Appearing on cover, from top left and continuing clockwise: Noah Frazier, Nakisha Renée Jones, Amanda Diaz, Rachel Askew, Lydia Gebrehiwot, Kelsee Levey, Tyson West, a photo from the March of Solidarity in December 2014, Savannah Tartler, Alexander Gedo, Akilah Blakey, and Lee Pennebaker)

The 2014-2015 school year at the University of Puget Sound marked an unprecedented and unbelievable year of activism. Faculty, staff, and students refused to be silent in response to disturbing nationwide events and trends regarding police brutality, detainee rights, and an unjust judicial system. The Black Student Union, with the support of other on-campus advocacy groups and several faculty and staff leaders, did not hesitate in stepping to the forefront of the fight. Their steady voice helped make sense of widespread anger, frustration, and confusion. Instead of allowing silence or apathy to define the UPS response, the BSU coordinated several protests such as the SUB Poetry Protest, Die-in, and the March of Solidarity. Students were inspired to step out of their privilege and raise their voices to the heights, deciding to fight back, not sit back. In doing so, the University of Puget Sound broke decades of habitual silence and instead used our collective voice to battle injustice.

The inspiration for the cover of *Black Ice: A Year of Activism* came from a desire to capture the duality and importance of individual leadership and collective voice in every successful social movement.

When I think of our efforts this year, however big or small, I always think first to the collective voice. What was the conversation? What were we crying out for? Who heard us? Did we shake things up? The picture at the bottom of the cover captures such a moment. Dozens of students, staff, faculty, and community members came out to support the March of Solidarity, a part of the Black Lives Matter event held on campus. Marching at night, in the rain, yelling at the top of their lungs, this group unapologetically delivered their message to the UPS campus. One could say that a march located on our campus means nothing and captures little attention, but these advocates shouted loud enough to make every student reconsider their privilege.

Moving from the collective voice, I begin to consider the individual leaders and ground warriors that make these events possible and successful. These individuals are the backbone of every successful movement; and without them, we would all be voiceless. Their passion, sacrifice, and dedication pave the way to allow access for everyone's voice to be heard. The pictures that scatter the magazine's cover capture just a few of these leaders. Unfortunately, there is no cover big enough to fit every leader worthy of recognition. So, go out and find the leaders for yourself—those that inspire *you*. I challenge you to feel their passion and thank them for their relentless effort to fight against the world's injustices.

I cannot begin to express how fun, challenging, and exciting it was to take photos for the Black Student Union this year. I do not have much experience behind a camera lens, but this year has shown me the power in capturing inspirational and historic moments. My biggest

worry for the University of Puget Sound is that the culture of activism and advocacy will die down. Our voice and our efforts must not end here. The struggle never ends. Instead of being reactionary, we must learn to also be proactive in our protests of various social justice issues. We must remember the power that we hold, even if we are a small campus in the north end of Tacoma. If you need any evidence of our potential, just look into the eyes of the leaders on the cover of this magazine. That is inspiration enough. In the coming years, let us continue to change the culture of the University of Puget Sound, making it the norm to stand together and raise our voices for what we believe in.

Thank you to Emma Casey for her creativity, patience, and fabulous attitude in co-designing this year's cover for *Black Ice*. Thank you to the Black Student Union for your constant inspiration, leadership, and community.



-Jensen Handwork
Black Student Union Treasurer and Photographer

*Photo above taken by Lydia Gebrehiwot during a BSU photo-shoot