



IN FEATURES

Alcohol: Its consequences, its rampant highs, its terrifying lows. It's all here....

Pages 7-11



IN A & E

The Archives return, along with Rashaan Paterson's *Love in Stereo*, and *The Bone Collector*

Pages 12-13



UNDERGROUND

The Devil in "Dialectic"...

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The state of the yearbook

Michael D. Harrison
Assistant Campus News Editor

If you have not received your 1998-99 yearbook as of yet, there is a simple explanation for this dilemma: None were ever ready for publication. And the reason remains a mystery.

"We pay almost \$22,000 a year, and we still can't get a yearbook. What the hell's going on? I want to know why or else Morehouse could be facing lawsuits in the future," said Kevin Mapp, a senior Engineering major from Portsmouth, VA.

In early April of 1998, LeVar Burke resigned from his position as Editor-in-Chief of the *Torch*. "I needed more time to concentrate on my studies because I wanted to graduate on time, and I did," explained Burke.

As a result of Burke's resignation, Kevin Holley, the art director at that time, was appointed interim *Torch* Editor-in-Chief.

Faced with an even greater responsibility, he, along with Copy Editor Joe Carlos, agreed to work voluntarily during the summer on finalizing and distributing the yearbook. But a very cunning thief (or group of thieves) ruined this plan of action.

On one morning in May, before graduation, Holley discovered that all of the *Torch's* external zip drives, some of their zip disks and a negative scanner were missing. In fact, the theft occurred in *The Maroon Tiger* office as well, as the two publications share a work space.

Although many suspicions emerged during the investigation, campus police

Continued on page 4

Jackson: "Think Globally, Act Locally."

Howard Franklin
Campus News Editor

The Coca-Cola Leadership Series delivered the world renowned Reverend Jesse Jackson to Morehouse's King Chapel on October 25. In turn, Jackson delivered a charismatic address to a handful of the world's future leaders.

The list of Jesse Jackson's accomplishments and titles is long. As the president of the National Rainbow Coalition, he has been involved in nearly every empowerment and equality movement in the free (and not so free) world. His ceaseless political activity has earned him the titles "the great unifier" and "conscience of the nation."

Jackson's messages on international diplomacy and negotiation ranged from colorful analogies to powerful statements. His expertise in this realm stems from situations where he often acted as an international diplomat in sensitive situations. He has negotiated the release of several P.O.W.'s



SGA President Shaun King; Mrs. Massey; Rev. Jackson; President of the Coca-Cola Foundation, Ingrid Saunders-Jones; Dr. Massey; and SGA Vice President J.C. Love.

since the 1980's, most recently freeing three U.S. servicemen from Yugoslavia earlier this year.

Morehouse's established the Leadership Center in 1995 with a four-year endowment from the Coca-Cola Foundation. It aims to reflect the idea of the "Beloved Community" espoused by emi-

nent alumni, including Benjamin Elijah Mays, Howard Thurman and Martin Luther King. The lecture series also reflects Dr. Massey's vision to create a "World House at the Morehouse" - a microcosm of the knowledge, skills and character needed for future civil society.

Jackson's address coincided with Massey's aim. His message was centered on global awareness and action and was informative and inspiring.

"We are not only residents of America but citizens of the world," said Jackson.

Dr. Ervin published

New publication examines African American criticism from 1773 to 2000

Robert L. Waller
Contributing Writer

Noted for her Bio-Bibliography of Ann Petry in 1993, her contributions to the Oxford Companion to African American Literature, and through her publications in the *Callaloo*, the *College Language Association Journal*, and the *Langston Hughes Review*, Dr. Hazel Arnett Ervin breaks through the literary world with an anthology focusing on African American criticism from 1773 to 2000 designed to enhance

appreciation of the African American literary tradition aesthetically, culturally, and politically.

Ervin, an Associate professor in the department of English at Morehouse, where she teaches African American literature, was inspired to write such a compilation due to the void that she felt was in African American literary criticism. In her earlier years, she worked as a research assistant to Stephen Henderson, who once headed Morehouse's English Department. Henderson is known as being the first

Continued on page 3



Philip Asbury/Staff

Hello? Is anyone there?

With football season over and basketball season coming up, you now have one final fall sport to support. Need some organization to facilitate cheering? Check out the article on the *Madness* on page 14.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Peace Corps Week November 15-19

Want to Go to Africa for Free?

Morehouse College-Merrill Hall/Wednesday, November 17/4:00-6:00pm

Featured Speakers: Spelman College alumna Heather Joy Thompson and Morehouse College alumni, Kevin Clements and Harris Bostick share their experiences as Peace Corps volunteers in Africa

Coro Kansas City

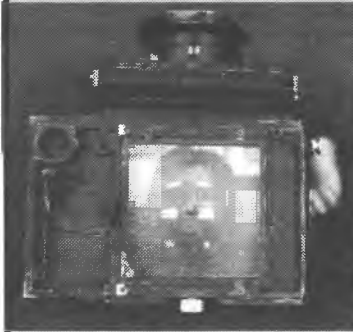
Coro Kansas City, one of the area's top youth leadership training programs, is now accepting applications for its summer 2000 internship. The deadline for applications is January 15, 2000. The Coro program is directed towards college sophomore, junior, seniors and recent graduates interested in community leadership and careers in public affairs

Brother to Brother

Do you desire to obtain an EXCELLENT GPA? Don't miss the next Brother 2 Brother session to be held in Nabritt-Mack-McBay Lecture Rooms 1 and 2 on Tuesday, November 9, 1999 at 8 pm. The topic of discussion will be Time Management. During the session, students from diverse majors will give tips and advice on how they obtained high GPA's. The event is being sponsored by the Class of 2001. Any questions about the session or receiving freshman orientation credit? Contact Jonathan Wilkins, Class of 2001 President, at (404)681-4058. Or contact Anthony Davis, Class of 2001 Vice President, at (404)401-7934

Mo' Staff

Philip Asbury, Photo Editor

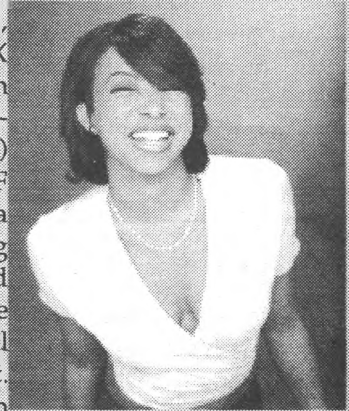


Motivated by Minnie Ripperton records and rusty CSX trains, you can catch my in transit, developer stained, day pack strapped, pensive but with a smile on my face eager to greet you. Surely the most paint covered, uncut and unfettered Marketing major, I hail the city "known for the fly dj's and cheesesteaks" and am currently working on a photo essay of the West End homeless and drug addicted

population. A fan of Harry Calahan double exposures and Kurt Young's history, I make family a priority and make it a point to travel as much and as far as my Clark molded feet will take me.

Lauren "Tygerlily" Cooper, Staff Writer

Lauren Rhodes Cooper, The Maroon Tigress (A.K.A Darla, Lil' Momma, Tygerlily, Ifelta Delta Thigh XXX Chapter's Sweetheart) is the only Woman to infiltrate the secret He-Man-Woman-Hater's Club's Lair (and stay for free.) When not turning the office into a WWF match or exercising her clout without a title, this senior Drama major/Writing minor can be found chillin' with her squad The Dedicated Trois. Don't hate if you're not down, they'll find out and they will crush you....who knows, you may like it. Yes, gentlemen, they broke the mold when they made this one.



Ronald Caishe Falls, Staff Writer



Ronald Caishe Falls, Jr. is a senior Physics/Math major from San Diego, CA. With an affinity for alcohol and crip walking, he's an indentured servant to the Maroon Tiger for his \$5 a year salary. When not cooning with his frat brothers of Ifelta Delta Thigh-he's not doing much else. Trash talking and chicken eating are his hobbies. (Somebody get this hairy fool a razor)

The Maroon Tiger

The Maroon Tiger is published fifteen times during the academic year of Morehouse College. Our goal is to maintain an independent editorial policy. Opinions on the Editorial Page of The Maroon Tiger are solely the views of the Editorial Board, and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of Morehouse College, its administration, or The Maroon Tiger advisors. Commentaries solely represent the views of the author, not the opinion of The Maroon Tiger. We believe all advertising to be correct, but cannot guarantee its accuracy or be responsible for its outcome.

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The Maroon Tiger welcomes your views on any public issue. We routinely edit letters for space and correct errors in spelling and punctuation. Letters as well as commentaries must be 500 words or less, typed, signed and should include full address and telephone number

All correspondence must be mailed to:

The Maroon Tiger

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Fine dining at the Davidson House

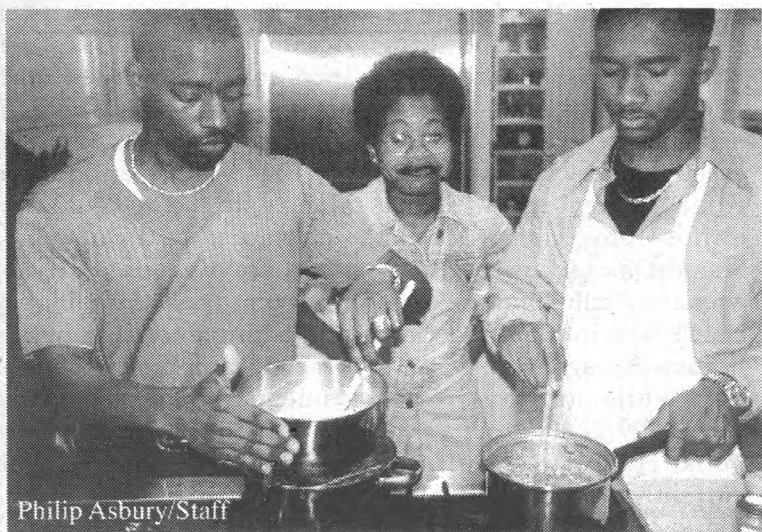
Lewis Reddick
Contributing Writer

For the first time ever at the Davidson house, AUC students gathered together on Thursday evening, October 28th, to cook and serve a homemade dinner for Dr. and Mrs. Walter E. Massey.

"I did not know that brothers could throw down in the kitchen," mentioned Khaya Myers, a junior Journalism major from Clark-Atlanta University.

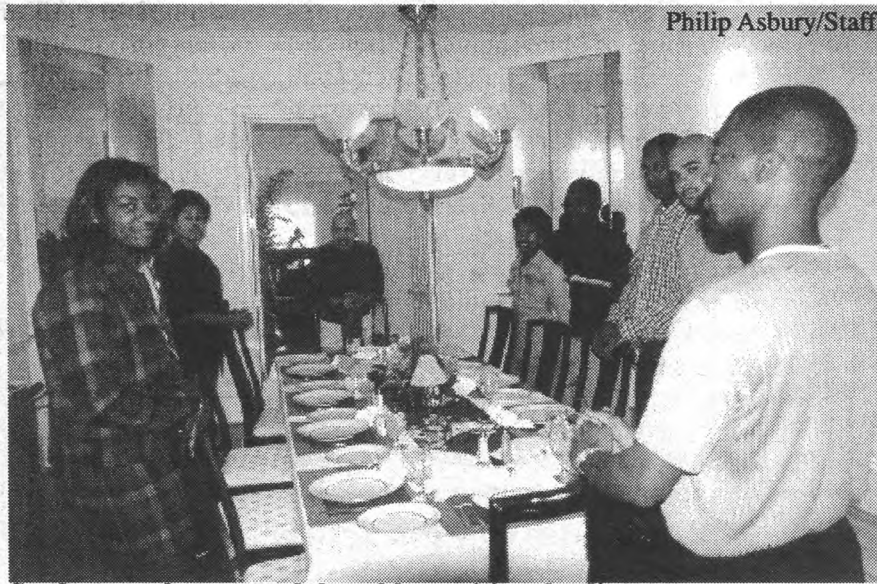
From chopping and dicing to squeezing and mixing, nine of the eighteen students prepared Swiss chicken, baked salmon, spinach crudités, candied yams, honey-glazed carrots, mixed leaves salad, banana pudding tart and hand-squeezed lemonade. Meanwhile, the other half polished silverware and helped set the table to compensate for their lack of cooking skills.

"It was a lot of hard work, but we all pitched in to make it a



Philip Asbury/Staff

Charleston Draper and Keyon Peyton help with the cooking.



Philip Asbury/Staff

Students gather around the table awaiting the dinner.

success," said cooking genius, chef extraordinaire Akidah Felder, a senior Theatre major from Spelman College.

Likewise, the man of Morehouse primarily responsible for coordinating and directing this success was senior Theatre major Charleston Draper.

"My objective for this activity was to be a part of the Morehouse legacy, and I feel that I have done that now," said Draper.

In fact, Draper's idea was initially rejected when he pro-

posed it to the Masseys last year. But with a lot of persistence, patience, careful planning and some persuasion, it finally came into fruition.

"Every time he saw me, he would ask if he could come over and cook, so finally Walter and I agreed to let him do it," said Mrs. Massey. "We were glad to make his dream come true."

But Draper was not the only one to accomplish a first that evening, for Spelman senior Psychology major Kimya Jackson

made her first banana pudding tart.

"Initially, I was a little nervous, but with support from my AUC peers, I survived. My banana pudding, however, didn't last long because everyone was eating it so fast that nothing was left. They told me that it was not because they were that hungry but because it was so good," said Jackson.

When approached to comment on Jackson's pudding, the "mmmm" and "aaahhh" sounds from everyone could not be clearly translated into a comprehensive expression.

Overall, the Masseys thoroughly enjoyed the evening of fine food and fellowship.

"We were truly delighted to have Charleston and his peers come and prove to us their superb cooking talent," said Dr. Massey. "The food was excellent and everything went well."

Massey responds during Crown Forum

Last week's Crown Forum featured Dr. Massey and his address to the student body. The following are some of Dr. Massey's responses to various questions dealing with student concerns.

Q: The student population suffers academically, financially, and physically because of the college's lack of safe student parking. What immediate and long-term strategies are in place to remedy this problem?

RESPONSE: Unfortunately, there is no overnight solution. However, we have plans to build a parking facility that will accompany the new Leadership Center.

Q: Morehouse has the second largest student population in the AUC, but the second smallest bookstore. Its small size leaves little room for goods and services to be provided. Equally important is the extremely high prices students pay for books and the exploitatively small price students are given in return for them. What will be done to change the size restrictions and the financial problems of our bookstore?

RESPONSE: We should not be paying more than the market price for textbooks, and I have asked Vice President Hall to investigate this matter. As far as space is concerned, we have plans to move the AT&T computer lab out of Sale Hall and into the new Merrill Hall connector. The bookstore will then be extended to encompass the space now occupied by the computer lab.

Q: It is no secret that the number of students in the senior class is consistently only about 1/4 the size it was when those students entered the college. What are the main reasons we have such a poor retention rate and what measures can and will be taken to make a strong improvement with this critical issue?

RESPONSE: About two years ago, funded through a grant, we organized a committee to discover and analyze the factors contributing to our retention rate. Two hundred students were randomly selected as a control group. We are still conducting research, and hope to expand the program to include more students this year. However, our retention rates do show signs of improvement.

Ervin from page 1

theorist of black literature. He was one of the first to notice such things as "black speech" as being theoretical. This was the foundation being laid in Ervin's life, which she would later embark upon, in greater depths.

"Henderson is only limited to the Black Arts Movement of the sixties," said Ervin, "there needed to be a work that focused on theory and criticism in black literature from the past (1773) to the present (2000)," she adds.

Ervin boldly argues that the Western world has Aristotle's Poetics, Henry James's Art of Fiction, and Pope's essay on Criticism, and the African American text has had to look at the Western world's ideologies and philosophies to be the criterion to which their texts were judged. However, Ervin presents in a insightful way, a way for the reader/scholar to view the text without focusing on the paradigms of Western convention. Instead, Ervin in-

roduces what she coins "Black Poetics" (the black sermon, the blues, black rhetoric/speech) as a working definition for readers to judge the African American text.

Ervin has assembled 60 critical statements that address the questions of what is African American literature? Who shall judge it, and by what criteria should it be judged? She includes public addresses, literary manifestoes, letters, journal entries, interviews, reviews, and analytical studies by authors such as W.E.B. DuBois, Charles Chestnutt, Langston Hughes, Ann Petry, Richard Wright, James Baldwin, Alice Walker and a host of others.

Though Ervin arduously worked on the anthology for two years, her labor was not in vain.

Various schools across the country like Morgan State University, Norfolk State, University of North Carolina-Greensboro, and Howard University have already incorporated the text into their respective disciplines. Georgia State and the University of Delaware

are presently setting up courses for the spring semester of 2000. The book will also be reviewed in the African American Review, the CLA (here at Morehouse) and the MELUS review.

"It will be left up to the professor who teaches the up and coming theory course here at Morehouse," said Ervin, responding to the question of whether or not the book would be added to Morehouse's curriculum.

And for the new generation of up and coming artists, Ervin encourages great discipline and high standards for scholarship for the artist. "It's not about the money," said Ervin "but it's about scholarship and whether or not we embrace the idea". Ervin goes on to say, "discover what you like and zero in on the subject matter".

To Order Dr. Ervin's book, please contact:
Twayne Publishers
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Reference USA
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Old Tappan, NJ 07675
(800) 257-5157

Yearbook from page 1

did not find the culprit(s).

"We were truly devastated because all of the work that we had worked so hard to produce was suddenly gone; no photographs, no write-ups, no Homecoming section," commented Holley.

Yet, the true amount of work completed by the *Torch* sparks controversy, for according to Burke, nothing was ready for publication prior to his resignation.

He explains that because the *Torch* did not receive a budget until February of 1999, they could not order the necessary materials or submit drafts to be finalized by the publisher in time. "We simply needed a budget to establish a contract with [publisher] Jostens," said Burke. "We had the talent but lacked the resources."

In addition, Burke contends that other factors also contributed to the *Torch's* unproductivity.

"Working with two Mac 8500 computers for an initial staff of fourteen, we had to deal with false accusations and red tape from administration, staff members quitting and Kevin Holley's overall ir-

responsibility," he stated.

However, former 1998-99 Assistant Editor Alphonza Terrell attributes the *Torch's* failure to a lack of leadership and primarily to poor guidance received from advisors.

yearbook, Grayson declined an interview.

Terrell further contends that, even after the theft, the yearbook still could have been published. "Without Kevin's expertise, there would not

Did You Know?

-All Torch editors from 1998 to present receive pay for their duties.

-Paying student fees entitles students to receive a yearbook.

-The 1994-1995 edition of the Torch, under the direction of Editor-in-Chief Christopher McCall, was the last yearbook to come out on schedule

"Even though one of our advisors Dean Sterling Hudson helped us out tremendously, we did not receive proper guidance from our chief advisor, Mr. J. Stacey Grayson, Director of Commuter Student Affairs and former 1983 *Torch* Editor-in-Chief," asserted Terrell.

When approached to comment on the 1998-99 *Torch*

have been the possibility of even producing a yearbook because he had purchased an external hard drive to save all of the photographs on, earlier in the year," explained Terrell. "And despite the theft, Kevin knew how to do it by hand."

"We could have done it by hand, but that's outdated, defended Carlos. "Plus, we were running out of time."

With the theft issue unresolved and the yearbook unpublished, Holley, who became 1999-2000 *Torch* Editor-in-Chief, decided to postpone working on the 1998-99 *Torch* yearbook.

"It was my decision to put the 1998-99 yearbook on hold because we were being pressured by Student Services to put together a procedural manual for student organizations," said Holley. However, Holley admits that the *Torch* knew about the procedural manual deadline as early as the week of final exams.

Meeting the deadline for the procedural manual, the *Torch* then underwent a restructuring of the to ensure that it ran more efficiently than it had in previous years.

By Labor Day, the remainder of the 1999-2000 top executive positions had been filled. They include: Joe Carlos-Copy Editor, Maleki Simms-Office & Business Manager and Phillip Simms-Associate Editor-in-Chief and Publication Manager.

While starting on the new 1999-2000 *Torch* yearbook, Holley and staff are currently working to finalize the *Torch* 1998-99 yearbook.

"We hope to have the 1998-99 [yearbook] completed and ready for distribution by the end of this semester," Holley stated.

So far, the *Torch* has received new equipment to complete the work and that of subsequent yearbooks. This includes production software and two brand new Apple Macintosh G3 computers

New advisor Dean Brian Phifer commented that, "It's highly probable that both yearbooks will be completed. But it all depends on the productivity of the editor [in-chief] and staff."

This year's *Torch* yearbook, however, remains on schedule.

"So far we have taken freshman and senior class pictures and covered the Homecoming section. The date for sophomore and junior class pictures will be announced along with the make-up date for seniors," said Holley.

Nevertheless, if the *Torch* continues its tradition of publishing and distributing yearbooks behind schedule, students should be prepared to wait until after the new millennium to receive their 1999-2000 yearbooks.

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IN SHORTS

Aaron McKinney, a Wyoming man convicted of the brutal slaying of a gay college student will spend the rest of his life in prison. Matthew Shepard, a 21-year-old University of Wyoming student, was beaten to death in October of 1998. While the prosecution asked for the death penalty, McKinney will serve two consecutive life terms announced Judge Barton Voight. McKinney will serve one life sentence for felony murder and one for kidnapping. The victim's father Dennis Shepard praised the jury for finding his son's killer guilty.

The second cyclone to hit the coast of the eastern state of Orissa, India has left millions in need of food, clothing and other vital aid. Half of the 15 million people are still stuck in flood areas. 942 deaths have been confirmed in the wake of the "super cyclone." The death toll may reach the thousands. Those dead bodies that go unclaimed will be burned because there is no time to wait for the relatives, said a government official. Outbreaks of disease could leave 5 million at risk.

The Muslim Public Affairs Council has sent a letter to Defense Secretary William Cohen calling for a full investigation into reports that an elite unit of Egyptian officers was aboard the ill-fated EgyptAir Flight 990. The group claims that Egyptian officials have censored any information on the matter and that the US government has not been forthcoming with information. The US has said that 33 Egyptian military officers were aboard the plane. The Muslim Public Affairs Council questions whether the soldiers were training at Edwards Air Force Base prior to the fateful flight.

Actor Danny Glover has charged New York City cab drivers with repeatedly failing to pick him up because he is black. While this is certainly not a new occurrence in the lives of many African-American New Yorkers, Glover feels his celebrity will draw attention to the issue. He filed a formal complaint with the city's Taxi and Limousine Commission and asked officials to review the regulatory body's diversity training program. Commission spokesman Allan Fromberg said the city planned to investigate.

Russia has placed a \$1 million bounty on the head of an Islamic rebel leader Shamil Basayev in Chechnya. Troops are moving closer to the rebel country's borders. Basayev is accused of sending forces into neighboring Dagestan in the past few months. Basayev has reportedly been public enemy No. 1 since a hostage-taking raid into Russian territory during the 1994-96 Chechen War.

Earlier this week, a disgruntled employee gunned down seven of his co-workers in Honolulu, Hawaii. Officials are calling it the worst mass-murder in Hawaiian history. The shooter, 40-year-old copy machine repairman Brian K. Uesugi surrendered to police after a five-hour standoff. The news was especially shocking to a city that recorded only 17 homicides in 1998.

In similar news, a gunman in Seattle, Washington opened fire at a shipyard building, shooting four. Two of the shooting victims were killed. The shooter then fled the scene and at press time, he is still at large. During the manhunt, police advised residents to stay in their homes and kept children at area schools locked inside. The man is not believed to have been an employee at the shipyard. His identity is not known.

Affirmative Action calls for Unity

Lewis Reddick
Contributing Writer

In today's tense racial environment, nothing can cause more debate than the issue of affirmative action. The institution that was once essential to the vitality of blacks, Asians, Latinos, and women has turned into a controversial piece of legislation that many insist is past its prime. However, many offer dissenting voice against those who plan to end affirmative action as we know it.

On October 18th, there was a Rally to Support Affirmative Action at the Richard B. Russell Building at the US Court House. This is especially revelant in the Atlanta area, which is in the throes of a lawsuit against the city for its affirmative action programs. The rally was an opportunity for disparate groups that support affirmative action to come together in show of unity against the forces of discrimination.

The event started with the a motorcade from Piedmont Rd. to a Pep Rally at the Southeastern Legal Foundation, the very group that is suing the city of Atlanta for its policy supporting Affirmative Action. The motorcade then proceeded to another rally at the Richard B. Russell Court House. A wide variety of speakers approached the podium at these two events, ranging from pastors, politicians, businessmen, and social activist.

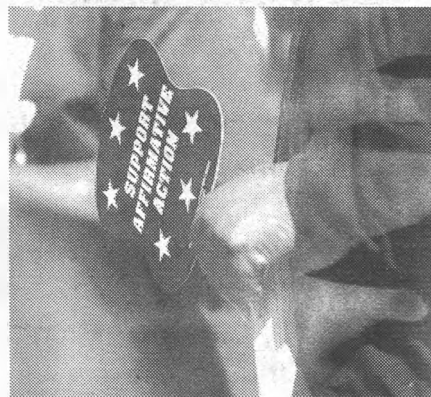
The rally was well attended by many different

groups and hand an air of unity among the crowd. It seemed that the supporters knew that this was an important time in the history of affirmative action and decided to come out in full support in

when he said, "Affirmative action is legit because it levels the playing field and provides opportunities to overcome racism. She continued to say, "in a racist society we need Affirmative action".

The tone of the day was of wary cautionness, especially about the motives of groups that hoped to end affirmative action. Several speakers attacked the motives of such groups as overtly racist.

Sister Leanne Davenport, of the Atlanta Business League, said that "systems put in place to redress affirmative action are being challenge by right wing conspiracies." Davenport asserted that affirmative action was "only beginning to scratch the surface of leveling the playing field"



the time of need. The solemn nature of the event marks its significance to the audience.

The major theme run-



Shaun Spearmon/Staff

ning through the rallies was the legitimate need for affirmative action in today's society.

Tonya Wallace Hargrow, from the Atlanta Affirmative Action Coalition, sums up the crowd thinking from the rally

and that if people did not stand behind the endangered program that they might miss the opportunities within a capitalist society.

Many in the audience stressed that only through the unity of many dissimilar groups that the forces against affirmative actions may be defeated. That topic became important as the emphasis shifted to cooperation across racial, economic, and class distinctions.

Stewart Acuff, President of the Atlanta Labor Union, sums up the affirmative action program the best. "Affirmative Action is not a poverty issue...It a justice issue. The ones who seek to turn back Affirmative Action, they seek to turn back justice. Affirmative Action is a issue of social and economic justice.



Shaun Spearmon/Staff

Tuition...

Oh!

Books...

Ohh!

Room and Board...

Ohhhhh!

Calling Long Distance

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

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Fear and loathing in Atlanta

Meaningful conversations of our lives

Faraji Whalen
Arts & Entertainment Editor

In this issue of our esteemed newspaper, we're taking a look at one of our campus's most prevalent social problems or activities, depending on how you look at things. While much rhetoric has been spilt on the topic, ranging from the ridiculously conservative, prohibitionist outlook of some students to the irresponsible "drink 'til you throw up" mentality of others, the true nature of college drinking is neither as negative nor as overwhelmingly hedonistic as either of these views. With that in mind, The Maroon Tiger would like to present you with an actual account of what happens to drunk people. Whether what you read deters you from or encourages you to drink is up to you. Just know that this is how it goes down sometimes. The names, of course, have been changed.

3/14/97, 11:14 P.M.
Graves Hall: nothing better to do.

Ron: Yo, call an ambulance, he been throwing up all night, and he won't wake up!
Biff: Dawg, turn him over on his stomach, man, he's gon' choke on his url and die.
Mr. Western: Y'all boys ain't gon' be havin' no visitation for a long time. Heh, heh, heh!

2/18/98, 2:34 A.M.

Smyrna: Jennifer is missing and is presumed dead.

Megan: I'm so sorry. We'll clean it up. She just had too much to drink.
Frank: Sorry?! Oh, she gon' be sorry! First she throws up in my car, and now she disappears in the middle of the night!! (Expletive)!! Jesus, I hope she ain't dead. (Expletive) it, I'ma kill that (expletive) myself! That (Expletive) (Expletive)ed up

my leather!

4/12/98, 3:20 A.M.,
Wellington Point house party

Skip: Get that (expletive) out of there!! There's (Expletive) everywhere!!

Frank: What the (expletive) happened? What's that smell?

Hamburg: Ewwww!! He doo-doo-ed in the closet! Eww!

Nicole: Damn. There goes the security deposit.

10/23/98, 10:47 P.M.
Midtown: house party

Jack: Bleeeeeagh. Oh God, I'm so sorry, Oh God, Bleeeeeagh, Helen, I'm... Bleeagh!

Watson:(Expletive)-behind (expletive), can't handle yo' liquor. Pass that Hen, Willy!

Jack: Oh God, I'll pay for all of...bleeagh!! Oh God! Bleeagh!

Watson: Shut yo' monkey-(expletive)up, (expletive)!!

11/04/98, 5:02 A.M.
Midtown, after the Nasim

Abdur-Rahim fight.

Jimmy: Where the (expletive) are you, ni**a??! This (expletive) is popping and fizzing all over my bed. Dog, she started talking about how she hates her sister and she started crying. Then she started saying all this suicide (expletive). Come back here and get this (expletive) out of my (expletive) house. This (expletive) is crazy!! Call me back when you get this message, peace.

9/11/99, 1:23 A.M.
Magic City

Jimmy: Drinks on me! Ni**a, we ballin' tonight. Bartender, Hennessy for all!! My life is beauti-fu-u-u-ullll!

9/11/99, 2:03 A.M.
300 Peachtree

Frank: Dawg, did we get kicked out or did we leave on our own? (expletive)! How come it's not going backwards?

Jimmy: Ni**a, that's sixth gear, not reverse!! Oh my god, my car! No, that's neutral, stop!!

9/26/99, 12:34 A.M.
Martini Club

Random Ni**a: Ay, dog, that dumb ni**a just dropped a whole bottle of Moet!

D.J. (pouring remaining champagne on ground): It's only Mo!

9/26/99, 12:35 A.M.,
Martini Club, Main Bar

Frank: What the (expletive) you mean you ran out of Mo?! I want Mo!! Gimme some Mo!! (expletive), OK, Gimme some Cliquot! Hey, that rhymes! Mo, Cliquot, Mo, Mo, Mo!!

10/16/99, 1:07 A.M.,
Hyatt Regency, V.I.P. room

K.D.: Bleeaagh! Oh, sweet porcelain god, help me!

Continued on page 9

Alcohol Poisoning: Drinking Too Much Too Fast Can Kill You

Reprinted with permission from the health column, *Alive & Free*

When police found Bradley McCue, a student at the University of Michigan, they saw that he was unconscious, his nose was painted red, and the words "24 shots" were scribbled across his forehead.

An autopsy revealed that McCue had a blood-alcohol level of .44 percent. Witnesses said that he drank 24 shots of liquor in less than two hours. He died of acute alcohol intoxication - also known as alcohol poisoning.

Friends had taken McCue out drinking to celebrate his 21st birthday.

Cases such as McCue's are rare. However, each year several alcohol-poisoning deaths on college campuses gain national attention. The National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence (NCADD), Inc., reports that hundreds die each year from acute alcohol intoxication.

Research reveals that binge drinking - consuming five or more drinks in a row on a single occasion - is common among college students. In 1997, the Harvard School of Public Health published

the results of its College Alcohol Study. The bottom line: one in five college students binge drinks frequently (at least three times every two weeks).

According to the NCADD, many students are surprised to learn that they can die from an

during binge drinking. When people who weigh 160 pounds take a single drink, their blood-alcohol level rises .025 percent, on average. But for inexperienced drinkers, or those sensitive to alcohol, blood-alcohol levels elevate faster and acute intoxication can

tors.

"Anywhere from four to five drinks a day is toxic to the body," Schneider adds. "Some students say, 'I won't drink every day; I'll just take six or seven drinks on Saturday night.' That's very toxic."

It's important to remember that the amounts of alcohol in standard servings of wine (5 oz.), beer (12 oz.) and distilled spirits (1.5 oz., 80 proof) is the same. This fact refutes the myth that beer or wine present less danger to the binge drinker than "hard" liquor.

Alcohol poisoning quickly affects the bodily functions that sustain life. As a depressant, alcohol slows breathing, heart rate and blood pressure. If blood-alcohol levels rise sharply in a short time, the areas of the brain that control these functions can be sedated - literally put to sleep. When that happens, people lose consciousness and can die. People who poison themselves with alcohol can also die from aspirating, or choking, on their own vomit.

We can respond to this problem on two levels. One is knowing appropriate emergency procedures. According to the NCADD, signs and symptoms of alcohol poisoning include:

-Unconsciousness or semi-

consciousness

-Slow breathing - eight breaths or less per minute, or lapses of more than eight seconds between breathes.

-Cold, clammy, pale or bluish skin.

-A strong odor of alcohol.

If you encounter someone with these signs or symptoms, call 911. Then gently turn this person on his or her side. This helps to prevent choking after vomiting.

A second response is to prevent binge drinking. We can reinforce abstinence from alcohol as the norm. The fact is that most college students drink moderately or not at all.

NCADD notes that the federal government is currently spending \$195 million on antidrug ads aimed at young people. None of them mention alcohol. In response, NCADD adopted a slogan for Alcohol Awareness Month, April 1999 - "Drinking Too Much Too Fast Can Kill You."

The slogan also serves as the name of an NCADD pamphlet dedicated to preventing alcohol poisoning. To receive a free copy, contact NCADD at (212) 206-6770 or visit its web site at www.ncadd.org.

"If you binge drink six or eight drinks within an hour, this can take you to a blood alcohol level that is potentially fatal by sedating the breathing mechanism or causing cardiac irregularity."

-Max Schneider, MD, chairman of NCADD's Board of Directors

overdose of alcohol. Often, the worst they expect from a night of binge drinking is a blackout and a bad hangover.

Common attitudes toward binge drinking don't help: "It's a rite of passage." "If you pass out from drinking, you just sleep it off."

Changing these attitudes starts with knowing some facts. Blood-alcohol levels skyrocket

result more quickly. Because of differences in body chemistry, women can overdose after drinking lesser amounts than men.

"If you binge drink six or eight drinks within an hour, this can take you to a blood-alcohol level that is potentially fatal by sedating the breathing mechanism or causing cardiac irregularity," says Max Schneider, MD, chairman of NCADD's Board of Direc-

Guide to being a societally friendly, well loved drinker

Lauren Cooper
Staff Writer

Hello, gentlemen. I am back. Sobriety is a wonderful thing. It's great. You see more clearly, You wake up before its three days later. You don't break things. You don't call people names. You don't wake up next to barn animals. You don't keep have a puddle of vomit on the floor next to your bed or on the side of the car.

The downside of being sober is that in reality it's no fun. There are those folks who will tell you that they're high on life and they don't need anything to boost their day Blah blah blah blah...clean and sober. WHOOPEE! Chances are, those folks have never taken a drink in their lives, so in reality, they don't know what they are missing.

Think I'm lying? Next time you go to a wack shin dig, walk up to the cat who is dancing in the middle of the floor sweating hard and having a blast, while everyone else has either left or begun to doze off. Ask him how is it that he is enjoying himself so much whilst everyone else is not. Chances are he'll tell you "DAWG! I had me 'bout fo' five' six double Hennie's 'fo I lef da crib...Y'all ain't even feelin' me right now. I'm BENT!!!!" Now I ask you, how bad can something be that makes him feel so good?

This is not an open invitation to my world of fun and spir- its, only a brief babbling that brings me to another point...Actually another tirade of points. First, I am not advocating nor promoting reckless behavior as it pertains to alcohol consumption. What you read above is called literary exag-



Sweet Memories of Yesteryear

Shaun Spearmon/Staff

geration. It's one of those things we writers like to throw in to get a smile or chuckle out of you readers. If you can not handle your alcohol, (meaning: if you get silly off of sparkling apple cider) you need to find another euphoric elixir to get you high. Try life or outdoor activities. But if you do choose to drink, do it responsibly. Here are a few pointers:

1) As corny as it sounds, you do need a designated driver. Since driving while intoxicated is a crime and just damned stupid, the least you can do is let the cat that has had the fewest drinks among you drive. Or even better, swallow your drunken pride and call a cab. You can't get your life

'cause they were "Soooo nice." It's not cute to be drunk, it's just a nice warm fuzzy feeling that you will be ruining for others if you fake it. So don't. AIIIGHT?!

3) Getting girls drunk to try and "persuade" them is so high school. Let's leave that concept there with your first B.J. Get some

or to call your girlfriend to break up because the liquor has made you decide that you don't like that little mole in the shape of the planter's peanut man she has on her back. Trust me, I've been there. It was an ugly thing to call up the ex and the girl he's seeing now to air out dirty laundry or profess your undying love. IN your case, you won't remember everything you said anyway and you'll have to suffer the dirty looks from both forever. (My apologies Sweet - Pea...you know...por vida.)

5) Fruity drinks are not guy drinks. As chauvinistic as this sounds, Arbor Mist, White Zinfandel, Boon's Farm, Sex on The Beach, or Yellow Alize (The Red kind tastes like liquor) are not drinks I want to see my date order when we are out. There's something virile in the consumption of alcohol. Fruity drinks bring to mind first stages of drinking. They take me back to when I first started stealing swigs from Daddy's liquor cabinet. They take me back to my days of being a member of the "V" club. If that stage of innocence is where you want to be, rock on with your Peach Nasty Arbor Mist. I will say this, (I am speaking as the self-elected representative of the **Dedicated Trois** party) if my drink has a higher proof than yours, then the date is over. No questions asked...Sorry that's just the way it is.

back once it's gone and you're liable to hurt more people than just yourself. DEEP.

2) Don't fake drunk. My hardcore drinkers/readers will scoff at this remark, but sadly it is true. In 1999 many folks are still faking it. Not just the ladies either, I've peeped a couple of fellas meditating on one warm beer all night yet still want to insist that their wits were not about them at the time

conversation, a Best Of Sade CD, and a tighter shape up and no persuasion will be necessary.

4) Do not try and make any important decisions or try and confess any deep truths while you are drunk. (This goes for loud trash talking in public too.) Half-way into a liter of vodka is not the time to call your mother to tell her that you have decided to drop out of school to carve lawn sculptures,

STREET

PHOTOS BY
JOE CARLOS

BEAT

The Unofficial
Official Word

COMPILED BY
COREY RICHARDSON

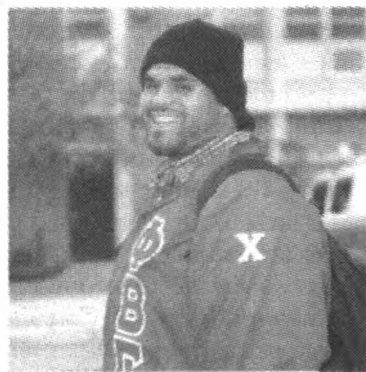
This week's Street Beat question:

"Do you consider alcohol to be a drug?"



Brooke Taylor
Sophomore
Chicago, IL

"Yes, but it should be used in moderation."



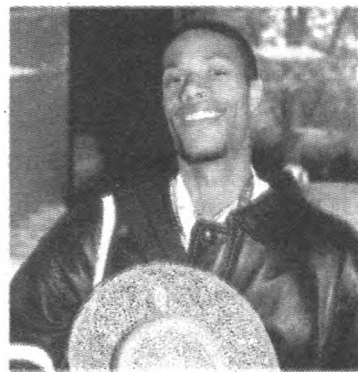
Al Sye
Senior
Chicago, IL

"Not if it's used responsibly. If you're of legal age it's all good."



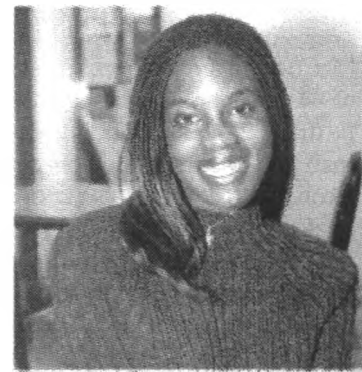
Latoya Henry
Junior
Brooklyn, NY

"No. I don't think that it is a drug. Used in moderation it does not have the effect that illegal drugs have."



Keith Johnson
Sophomore
New Jersey

"Since it is legal, I would say no. If it was that bad the government would make it illegal."



Valerie Jones
Senior
Naperville, IL

"By definition, alcohol is a drug. But, by its characteristics it isn't. I think that alcohol is not as addictive as drugs can be."

Please God, stop the floor from moving

The unedited ranting of a drunken editor

Corey Richardson
Features Editor

It's getting really difficult to come up with new and interesting ways to appease the masses and inspire wholesale coonery in the Features section. I've been contemplating and pondering on the different ways to keep your beady little eyes fixed on *The Maroon Tiger*, while still maintaining high-quality journalism and not sinking to the lowest forms of general silliness you all seem to crave.

Then it hit me, what's the one thing everyone does and no one talks about (besides your girlfriend)? Ahh yes, drinking. Getting hammered, hurt, your drunk on, slizzard, lambasted, and/or getting your swerve on. The unofficial weekend sport of choice for most Morehouse men. The bottle is everyone's weekend companion. What better way to salute and or decry alcohol then writing an article while under her wicked clutches?

So, my friends, for this article, I've gone out and bought a six pack of Colt 45 (in the 24 oz. cans of course), parked myself in front of a keyboard, and will force each one down my gullet while giving a sip by sip account of my experience with the dranky-

drank. Administrators and parents, worry not, I am of the legal age which one may purchase alcoholic beverages in the United States, 21, and will not be attempting to operate any form of heavy machinery during this experiment. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, this is what it looks like to try to drink and write.

Drink #1

Owing to my high tolerance and full stomach, I'm really not feeling the effects of this first can of Colt 45. Although I am impressed by the amazingly smooth way this is going down. No wonder Billy Dee Williams peddles this stuff; it ain't half bad once you get past the gasolinesque aroma it seems to be giving off.

I'm not quite slizzard like u-wayyyy, I'll have another.

Drink #2

There are now 48ozs. of pure malt liquor coursing through my veins, yet, I'm feeling unbelievably serene. This second drink has made me feel a bit more calm, but at the same time I'm getting the

urge to throw up a gang sign or insult my roommate. I'm still very much coherent and am able to operate all necessary equipment, light switch, toilet, phone, keyboard, zipper... I think it's time to

liquor mostly comes in 40oz. containers, dawg, it's a conspiracy, it is. Why can't I stop smiling, and why do I want a Newport?

Drink #4

I've now gone from smooth

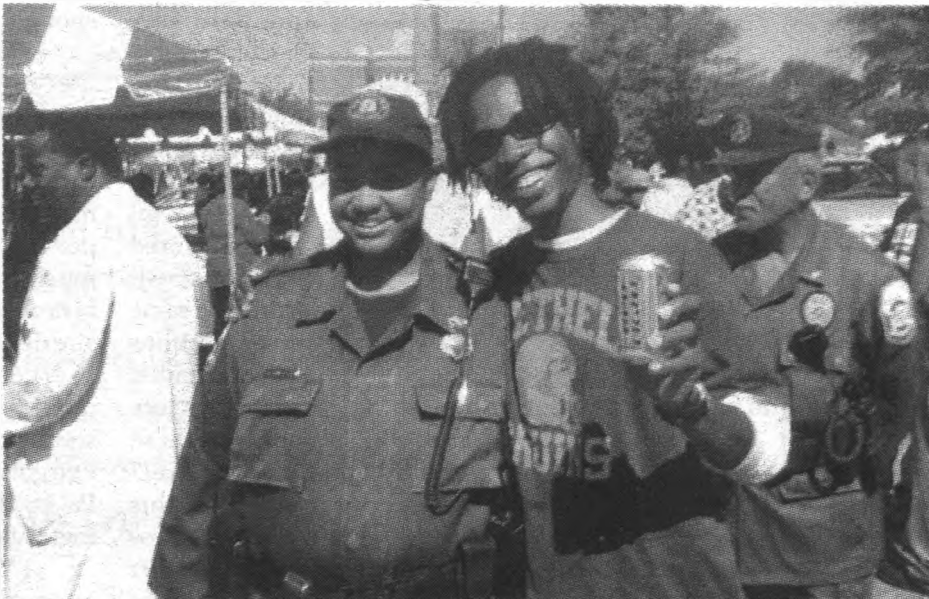
Fingers not moving, hard to type can't concentrate, must fight the urge cantquithave story... voices calling me, wodsrummying togethe drink on more, finish the storyitsforthestudens...

Drink #6

W:LER opt6p[4O
TpOTAO ujliwR
lhO:leoiUEOi oieu oiu;woiqu
O U5oieur ORUPuier UIPRI
PROIPORFF;ljfijflk;

Three days later when I awoke, I found the remnants of an article I could only assume I had written. I was hung-over and dehydrated, spending most of my morning praying to the porcelain goddess or on the big white phone with Earl, Ralph, and Huey. I learned some valuable lessons here. Anything done in excess is bad, especially malt liquor swilling. Also, drinking should be left to the trained professionals, like Billy Dee, John Daly, and Ted

Kennedy. So kiddies, don't be like Uncle Corey and try to guzzle 144ozs. of malt liquor. You'll wind up on the floor of your bathroom, cold, naked, and hoping the next heave won't be dry. Here's to excess, and here's to you!



Dry what?

crack open number three.

Drink #3

I just had to go drain the main vein, took me 9 minutes. Damn, there's something about malt liquor that keeps you standing in front of the stall... think about it, the body can only hold 13ozs. of fluid at a time, yet malt

to belligerent, now I know why Billy Dee beat his wife, this stuff is the nectar of the damned. My vision is getting cloudy and my mind is getting hazy and I need to punch someone. I've started to become attractive, oh no, I must be drunk.

Drink #5

Fear cont. from page 7

Bleeaggh!!

Jack: Look, baby, I apologize on his behalf. He tried to run with the big dogs. He really does care about you.

K.D.'s date: Well, I guess. Is he going to be alright?

Jack: Forget about him, hic, baby, What's up with me and you? Hic. You know I can keep the limo after this. I'm Deputy Director, baby. Yeah, hic, I know you like to ride, youknamean?! Whassup with that (expletive), baby? Hic.

Slap!!

Jack: Ow. Hic.

THE MAROON TIGER AND MOREHOUSE COLLEGE DO NOT ADVOCATE DRINKING, RECKLESS DRINKING, OR THE AFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE BODY. WE DO NOT PROMOTE AN ADDICTION TO CONTROLLED OR UNCONTROLLED SUBSTANCES. - Ed.

THE FINEST WINES

Hennessy VS

Overall Rating: excellent
Affect on "motor" skills: medium
Serving size: four shots or mixed drinks
Appropriate accessory: fine cigar (not Black & Mild)
Url factor: low

A favorite at the AUC, The Roc boasts a smooth yet robust taste suitable for drinking straight or on the rocks. A cognac, Hennessy is not a grain liquor, so sucking down some Jack Daniels as a chaser is not a good idea. Hennessy provides a pleasant, mellow intoxication, evoking joviality and friendship without the unfortunate day-after effects. A word of caution, it is known as the Roc for a very good reason. This is for the advanced only. Good substitutes include Courvoisier, Martell, or Remy.

Moet & Chandon

Overall Rating: excellent
Affect on motor skills: mild to moderate
Serving size: 2 - 3 bottles (your new "friends" will drink it up)
Appropriate accessory: several model-looking girls, luxury car
Url factor: very low

A fine champagne for the well heeled, Mo provides you with an intoxication, that only gets more pleasant the more you guzzle. Damn sipping, you'll want to swig this from the bottle, and before the night is over, you will. Moet is addictive and draws chickens like flies to dog doo. Unlike many liquors, Mo does not make women look better, so while you won't have to worry about waking up next to Satan or the horrible hangover, your credit report just might suffer. Good substitutes include Veuve-Cliquot (personal favorite), and Roederer Brut (Not that California crap).

20 Questions

By The Brothers of Ifelta Delta
Thigh, XXX Chapter.

1. How the hell did we get stuck with this job?
2. What if you contributed as much as you complained?
3. What if you followed politics as closely as you follow pro wrestling?
4. What if The Rock wasn't your role?
5. Would somebody tell ol' boy at the gate to do something about the high top box fade?
6. And lookin' at who we got now, why did we make that broad Miss Maroon and White last year?
7. Judging by y' all's Halloween costumes, don't some of you really need God in your life?
8. But wasn't asking the priest at the Senior Party for guidance the first mile on the highway to Hell?
9. Aren't you people aware that "drop it like it's hot" is not supposed to refer to your classes?
10. Women (and certain n****as from Maryland), don't you know Lil Kim ain't a role model?
11. With the piss-poor play of the Falcons, the SWEEPING of the Braves, and the love to choke tendencies of the Hawks - don't you think ATLiens need to start praying for the Thrashers?
12. Were the Bruh's of XXX Chapter the only one's cheering for Quentin's smart ass in The Best Man?
13. How many of y' all boned your boy's girl and might get that ass hung from a balcony when he find out?
14. Is it a positive sign that I saw a Morehouse Alumnus working in the Emory Cafeteria?
15. Freshmen, now that you finally got visitation and ain't nobody showed up, how does it feel to be a confirmed loser?
16. Do you think our #@*ked up - forthcoming Web Registration will be blamed on Y2K?
17. Did we really have to run that kiss-ass piece on a certain someone's penthouse?
18. And shouldn't we have just run a piece on how we want to see his sister in Penthouse?
19. When will writing for the Maroon Tiger get me laid?
20. Have you called your grandparents lately?

Not to Touch the Earth, Not to See the Sun

A Humble Ode to Hunter

Jonathan Howard
Editor-in-Chief

Yesterday at this time, I had absolutely nothing to write about.

Nothing. Zero. Zilch.

Today has held suit, except for ...

I do have something to write about, because last night I had this ridiculous dream. It was just ... man. I truly fear my brain after last night's little cinema de verite. The wailing, the water behind the clear walls, the candles floating on tiny rivers through a crystal house (Maytag refrigerator included). It was like something out of a cheaply done remake of a Mark Romanek video. There were leggy women hiding under stone benches (something Freudian in that, I'm sure) and horses, or people acting like they were horses and waddling their way over striped Astroturf with hooves on their feet. Really crazy stuff.

Must have been something I ate or ...

No.

No, that's not it.

It was the Schweppes

wasn't it? The 12-ounce can of Schweppes and Jim Morrison singing about breaking on through and the fact that my room was 112 degrees because no one in charge of the Fair Street dormitory can decipher the cryptic codes of central heating.



There's no earthly way of knowing. . .

Yeah, that was it.

And the cold shower I took yesterday morning. It had stunted my literary aspirations, but had somehow sparked some lobe in my brain in charge of freaky early-70's head-trip dreams. I'd heard about this from old war buddies. How the Scweppes was wartime hallucinogen numero uno.

I was unable to handle

this; this cacophony of fizzy ginger ale and stunted Dionysian rock gods with aspirations of anarchy. What man could withstand the force of Schweppes and Pyschadelia?

Who was I to even strike against the ways of the Earth and dare mix this combustible cocktail? Tiny yellow bubbles crashing against the lining of my stomach. Mini ginger-flavored eruptions all asking the same three questions as they paraded around my subconscious:

"Who do you think you are?" "Were you invited to this party?," "How's your faith these days, Father?!" "How's your faith?!" (Ok, perhaps that was Patricia Arquette from *Stigmata*, but you can see the correlation between horrible actress and demonic, mental apparitions.)

And to place the CD in question on repeat? There are people in asylums now because

Manzarek, Kreiger, Densmore and Morrison destroyed their brains in 1969, much less 1999, in the age of crystal clear Dolby Surround Sound contraptions. I didn't even need the "medicinal" stimulants; the orgasmic rush from pressing [shuffle] was enough.

Who *did* I think I was?

So I deserved what has come this morning. The hypnopompic whispers of There's no earthly way of knowing! The monkeys perched on my window and currently residing on my shoulder. The grasping sense of normlessness that comes with suddenly being able to see everyone's insides on the outsides. The Willy Wonka songs going through my head: I've got a Golden Ticket!, Oom-Pa! Loom-Pa! The constant staring! Over and over!

I can't breath here! It's overwhelming. All the colors bleeding together! I ate a waffle today that was eight feet around! I saw God walking behind a line of tiny ducks crossing Lee Street! Christ, the paranoia! The pain!

Calm, be calm.

I've got to get out of here

now. Pack up my things and catch the first iron giant out of this hellhole. The cold has set in. Good. This will undoubtedly shake off the monkeys, as they are a tropic species. Except for those damn Asian monkeys, of course. Clever simians; ever so clever.

I'll keep drinking water. I've got to rid myself of any of this Schweppes residue. It's in my bile now, so I may need some surgery once I get to Mexico. Fine, fine. Already burned my Doors CDs. The sacrifice had to be made.

I'm wrapping this up. Got a train to catch at 4:00. My hirsute companion Gusto here is ready and willing to take me to the local station. I owe Gusto much. He has always been there for me in times of need. I have my glycerol, my satchel, and a radio compass for my travels afoot between Ciudad Juarez and the Baja.

Until we meet again my friends. In the interest of mental preservation, I pray you never mix this volatile potion. Beware Schweppes, beware The Doors.

Adios.

THE ELIE WIESEL PRIZE IN ETHICS ESSAY CONTEST 2000

SUGGESTED TOPICS

- At the beginning of the third millennium, what ethical issue concerns you the most and what concrete proposals would you make to deal with it?
- The 20th century produced unprecedented violence: the Holocaust, "ethnic cleansing," and genocide. What action must be taken to prevent the 21st century from repeating the mistakes of the past?
- What is the most profound moral dilemma you have personally experienced and what has the experience taught you about ethics?

ELIGIBILITY: FULL-TIME JUNIOR AND SENIOR UNDERGRADUATES

DEADLINE: JANUARY 21, 2000

Please note that essay contest entry procedures have changed this year. Any interested professor may now act as a Faculty Sponsor, and each student must submit a Faculty Sponsor Form along with his or her essay, a Student Entry Form, and verification of eligibility. A maximum of two entries from any one professor per contest year will be accepted. The college or university is no longer required to have an official coordinator for the contest; however, your campus may have, or wish to establish, an internal set of guidelines.

FIRST PRIZE: \$5,000 SECOND PRIZE: \$2,500

THIRD PRIZE: \$1,500

TWO HONORABLE MENTIONS: \$500 EACH

ENTRY FORM AND DETAILED GUIDELINES

Available online at www.eliewiesel.org, or by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

The Elie Wiesel Prize in Ethics
The Elie Wiesel Foundation for Humanity
380 Madison Avenue, 20th Floor
New York, NY 10017
Telephone: 212.490.7777



Writers! Photographers! Journalists!

Want a Piece of the Magic?

The Maroon Tiger will be holding another general interest meeting Tuesday, November 9 at 7:00 in Archer Hall, Room 115. Applications will be taken for staff writers, photographers and paid editorship positions. Students from all institutions are welcome. For information call (404) 614-6041.

A moment of clarity

Have you ever heard of Mickey Mantle? Of course you have. Old number 7, played in the outfield for the Yanks, hit 60 home runs one season. You know, The Mick.

Mick's career was cut short because of his addiction to alcohol. Mick drank everyday. I mean every damn day of his career. I'm not talking about 2-3 beers either. According to him, at least 12 a day. He played games drunk and nearly ruined his marriage and family life many times.

I was one of only three African Americans at the Mick's funeral on a sunny Dallas day in 1995. Joe Dimaggio, Whitey Ford, Yogi Berra, Reggie Jackson, George Steinbrenner, Billy Crystal and many other famous people were there that day at Highland Park United Methodist Church. The thing that struck me as odd was that of all these people, no one could really save Mick from drinking but himself.

Last fall, I had the beginnings of what I would like to call a drinking prob-

lem. I was hanging out a lot with my friends and drinking every day. Why? I really don't know. Was it for the taste? Was it because of the way it made me feel? Was I trying to be like Sinatra and Dino? I don't know, but I do

body contorts to try to reject all this fluid that is doing very little to sustain you, and everything to destroy you?

Guys tell stories about how they were so drunk or messed up, and many times

Why are we so fascinated with drinking and being toasted? Why is it that each weekend, someone goes out of their way at the weekend party to be the drunkest. The one in least control of their faculties, the most annoyingly inebriated in the place?

Granted it's funny to laugh at what happens sometimes, but man, we've got a lot of living to do, and many of us aren't helping the situation, or our livers in any way whatsoever.

I don't know about you, but I'm looking forward to being married, having children and watching them grow. Too much alcohol could definitely put a little damper on my plans.

I guess I'm writing this to tell my fellow Morehouse

brothers to slow down. I'm also writing this to tell my friends to slow down. I want to come back to Homecomings for the rest of my life and enjoy my friendships forever. If an addiction to alcohol takes any one of my close friends lives, I will know that I at least tried. I wrote this, Jon let me print it and hopefully you read it. Alcohol is no joke. My father often calls alcohol the most addictive and most unassuming drug available. And it is just that, a drug. Years ago at Howard U., Dr. Kamau Johnson taught me that alcohol is a mild depressant, a drug.

I'm not saying quit what you're doing, but slow down. Take your time and realize that other things in life can make you feel just as good and many cases, better. I'm writing this out of love. Love for my friends, love for my classmates and love for life and all that life can offer. Slow down, take your time and have a moment of clarity.

Joe Carlos '00
Political Science

Why is it that each weekend, someone goes out of their way at the weekend party to be the drunkest, the one in least control of their faculties, the most annoyingly inebriated in the place?

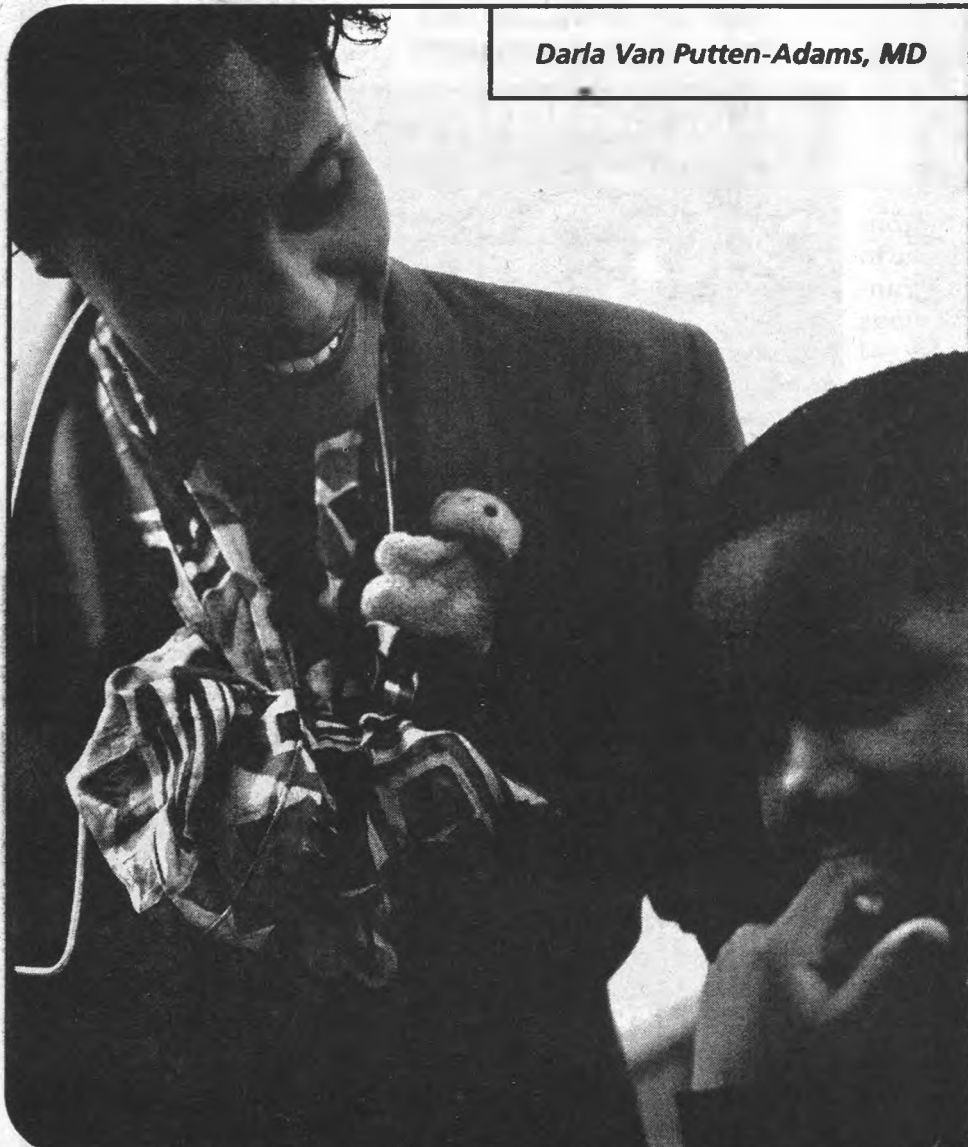
...I don't know about you, but I'm looking forward to being married, having children and watching them grow. Too much alcohol could definitely put a little damper on my plans.

know it wasn't worth the consequences.

On more than one occasion, I threw up. And when I say threw up, man I mean violently, and sometimes, dry-heaves. Do you have any idea how painful that is? When your whole

they're lying. Because if you were really as drunk as you say you were, chances are you would be in Crawford-Long or Grady with tubes in your nose and drinking that nasty concoction that makes you throw up your birthday cake from 1989.

Darla Van Putten-Adams, MD



unsung hero #5782

The residents of Victoria, Virginia, know Dr. Darla Van Putten-Adams is a hero. She brings health to their community and to their lives. What some of her patients don't know is that she is a member of the NHSC team. Across the United States, there are lots of communities like Victoria, and many unsung heroes like Dr. Van Putten-Adams.

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Looking through the Archives

What you missed, what you overlooked, what the government would rather you not know about ...

Faraji Whalen
Arts & Entertainment Editor

Album: Curtis Mayfield and the Impressions: The Anthology, (Rhino Records, 1992)

Do you sometimes feel you were born about twenty years too late? Don't you wish that, just once, you could step out of your brand new Fleetwood Cadillac with the



Curtis Mayfield

fifth wheel, Rolls-Royce grill, and curb feelers, dressed to kill in some plaid bellbottoms, a leather shirt, and a full length

mink? As you adjusted your twelve-inch 'fro, you'd shake off the jealous looks from the jive turkeys on the corner, wipe that speck of dust off your gangster whitewalls, and put your right fist in the air, accompanied by an emphatic "right on!"

If you've ever had these blaxploitation fantasies, you need to run, not pimp-walk, to the record store and pick up Curtis Mayfield's anthology.

A collection of his greatest works compiled from his solo days as well as his earlier work with the Impressions, Mayfield demonstrates the voice and songwriting skills that made him a legend.

From love songs like "Gypsy Woman" and "Fool for You" to political manifestos such as "My Country" and "Freddie's Dead", Mayfield's musicianship and social awareness put today's syrupy R&B to shame. This is

an album you can ride to, smoke to, and make love to. So grab that fine sister with the brick house body, jump in your

'Lac (or more likely, 'Vic), and pick this one up.

Book: Makes Me Wanna Holla, Nathaniel McCall (Random House, 1994)

If you've ever wanted to know what the real story behind that grainy picture of your daddy in that brown pleather coat with the boots to match, 'fro'd and lamb-chopped, hugged up against your mama sporting a perm halfway down her back and a daishiki with that glazed look in her eyes, I suggest this brilliant autobiography.

McCall takes us through a gut-wrenching ride from his days as a high school mack to his failed criminal career all the way to writing for the Washington Post. McCall has a knack for capturing the essence of the times, whether it be the Black nationalist struggle of the seventies, the crack craze of the early eighties, or the Black middle class struggle of the nineties.

McCall vividly explores

his own motivations and failings as well as American society's struggle with Black males. A gritty and thought provoking novel, this one's a definite read for those who want to know what was really goin' on.

filthiest, excrement stained toilet in Scotland.

"Train-spotting" takes a two-fisted dive into the world of four smack addicts, and the things they will do for the almighty gorilla. A combination crime story, buddy movie, and redemption song, this is still

McGregor's best acting role, and one of the few good things to ever come out of Scotland (save for single malt Glenfiddich and haggis).

While at times hilarious, once you begin to decipher the ungodly thick accents, the movie is also poignant in the portrayal of the misery and desperation ad-

dition fosters, and the conditions of working class hopelessness that create this misery.

If you know someone on that boy, or know anything about it, you'll appreciate Trainspotting's no holds barred exploration of the bad life.



A Life Less Ordinary, Indeed

Movie: Trainspotting, (Miramax Films, 1996)

Heroin, heroin, heroin. If you've considered, even in the briefest of lapses, sticking that needle in your arm, just watch Ewan McGregor dive into the

This is one "Bone" not to pick

Denzel Washington returns to screen in murder-mystery

Caishe Falls
Staff Writer

Denzel Washington is back with his latest motion picture from *The Bone Collector*.

Playing quadriplegic NYPD forensics expert-Lincoln Rhyme, Washington is paired with Angelina Jolie. Jolie plays Amelia Daunahy, a rookie beat cop turned detective with a knack for forensics and an eye for detail.

With Daunahy as his eyes, Rhyme must guide his sidekick on a whirlwind ride to catch a serial killer mimicking a historical account of another documented serial killer.

In true cat and mouse fashion, the killer leaves clues accompanied by dead bodies for the duo to decode before the next victim is taken.

The Bone Collector is very action-packed and suspenseful but the unmasking

of the killer and his motives are very anti-climatic and left this movie viewer wondering: "Damn is that it!?"

One of the highlights is



Washington and Jolie star in *The Bone Collector*

watching the development of Jolie's character as she begins to accept her gifts and come to grips with the suicide of her father.

A very-humorous fight scene also occurs between the handicapped Washington and our well-read, detail-oriented, common sense needing serial killer. There is a bit of romance between

Jolie and Washington-nothing like violence to get the hormones running - but the obvious limitations of Washington's condition serve as more of a "what if they could" teaser for the audience.

Ed O'Neill (TV's *Al Bundy*) and Michael Rooker turn in very good comic relief supporting roles as members of Rhyme's crime fighting task force.

A very down-to-earth performance is also given by Queen Latifah, who portrays Rhyme's live in-nurse. Satisfying all the way up to the climax, *The Bone Collector* is a good action/suspense film with the perfect Ebony and Ivory pairing of Washington and Jolie.



Rahsaan Patterson: *Love in Stereo*

LP Reminiscent of R&B Legends

Sterling Taylor
Copy Editor

I'm the wrong person to write a review of this album...or a review of any R&B album, for that matter. Why? Well, how can I explain? OK, here's a list of the last five CDs I acquired: *Led Zeppelin III*, *Nirvana's Incesticide*, *Stereolab's last album*, *The Pixies' first*, and the latest from Prince Paul and The Automater. The last R&B album I had was probably... yeah, *Forever My Lady*, way back in fifth grade.

Although it wasn't as evident to me then, I now see that R&B is stuck in a time warp. I think it's safe to say that things haven't changed much since Anita Baker's *Rapture*. There have been occasional waves and hints of depth in the neo-soul of Maxwell, Lauryn, and D'Angelo, etc. But for the most part, the gen(-e pool)re has remained pretty stagnant and shallow; and contentedly so.

On *Love in Stereo* Rahsaan Patterson holds a séance. He channels the spirits of R&B singers long dead (or currently trapped in mediocrity). He does it well. On "It Ain't Love" he puts on his best Prince wig, opens up his eyes real wide, and lets out a seductive falsetto that's almost worthy of that aforementioned Artist formerly

known as an artist.

On "Friend of Mine" and "Humor", Rahsaan puts on his Stevie shades and starts grinnin'. (If you listen real close you can hear the beads on Stevie's braids clickin' and clackin' against each other in the background.) But throughout the remainder of the album it's clear that the ghost of Donnie Hathaway is the one he finds hardest to shake.

Not to say that summoning these spirits is a bad thing. On the contrary, deriving your sound from a tried-and-true formula is probably the smartest thing any emerging "artist" can do. And if someone did a half-way decent job of pulling it off, they'd have with a relatively good album. Rahsaan Patterson does a half-way decent job of pulling it off. Rahsaan Patterson's album is relatively good.

It's on the Stevie Wonder-inspired ("Friend of Mine," "Humor," and "The Moment") tracks that Rahsaan truly shines. Collaborating with Atlanta-producer/co-writer Van Hunt and backed by a horn section, these songs showcase a funkiness reminiscent of Tony, Toni, Tone's.

Whenever I hear a good R&B song nowadays, my first instinct is to check the liner notes to find out who actually recorded it



S.O.S

first. Surprisingly, none of the songs on the album are covers. And all of them are co-written by Patterson himself.

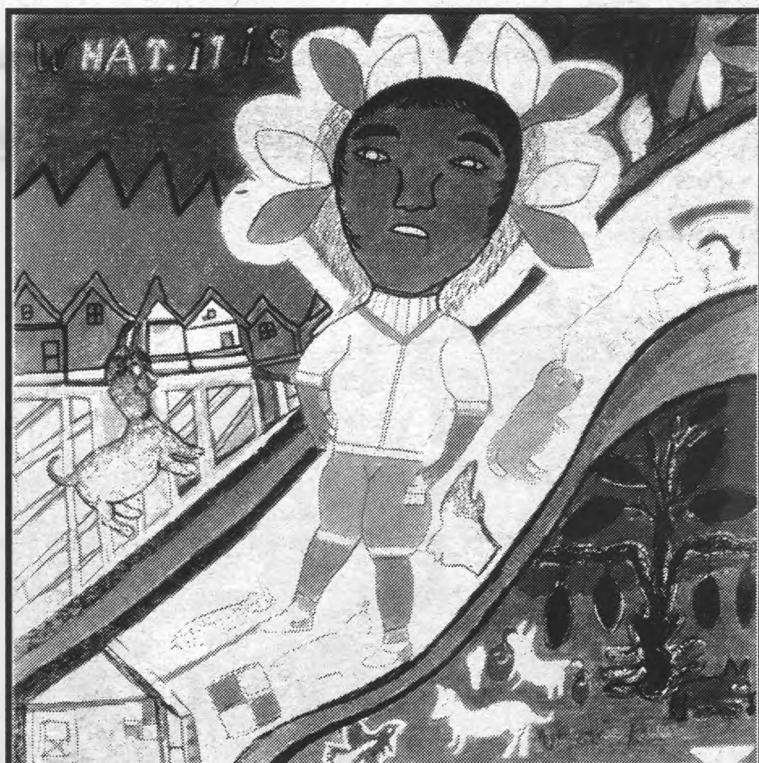
The subjects he sings about

also serve to distinguish him from the current crop of R&B "talent." On the second track, he paints a self-portrait with his voice. "Don't live in a mansion with a fancy

pool, / don't drive a Bentley or a Mercedes coupe," he sings on "Sure Boy."

On the well-intentioned "Treat You Like a Queen" he sings, "What you gonna do next time he lays his hands on you? / Let me tell you the truth, he don't love you." It's really sweet, but I just don't think an R&B song is the most proper format to hold a discussion on the issue of domestic violence; especially when the music in the background, with its sensual vocals and grooving mid-tempo bass line, suggests a certain type of, um... domestic harmony.

I have to keep reminding myself that I'm not reviewing an entire genre, just an album that, on its own is pretty good listening. Another record you can bone to without having to jump up mid-way to skip any tracks. As part of a genre, however, *Love in Stereo* shows that R&B would rather bone its own than venture out of its mountainside cabin. It won't be able to cover up the deformities for much longer.



The Art of Nellie Mae Rowe: Ninety-Nine and a Half Won't Do

From November 20, 1999 through February 26, the High Museum of Art, Folk Art and Photography Galleries will feature the art of Nellie Mae Rowe. The exhibit includes a collection of colorful drawings and collages, mixed media sculptures, chewing gum figures, and hand sewn dolls from the African American self-taught artist.

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Sweetness: Peaceful Journey

Walter Payton, NFL alltime rushing leader, passes at 45

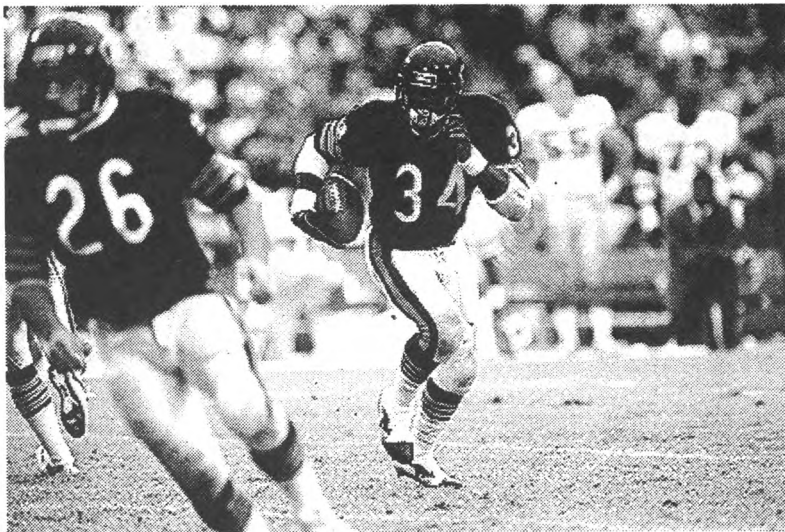
Joe Carlos
Sports Editor

He wore #34. Not like any other #34 because it was a different shaped number, something that was easily recognizable because it was different.

He was different. When he hit the hole, he made it his mission to make the defender pay for trying to tackle him. Payton exploded through defensive lines, made linebackers pay and fans everywhere cheer for the one affectionately dubbed, "Sweetness".

Born in Mississippi, Walter Payton played collegiate football at Jackson State University. Jackson State, a 1-AA NCAA school, was and has been a football powerhouse for many years. However, while at JSU, Payton played in virtual anonymity because his stats weren't considered as staggering because he was playing other 1-AA schools.

Payton played in the NFL for the Chicago Bears for many years prior to playing on teams that were very successful. It wasn't until the 1984 season un-



21,803 all-purpose yards, 110 TDs, 13 yrs: Sweetness...

der the direction of the legendary 'Iron' Mike Ditka that Payton first tasted post-season glory.

That season, the '84 Bears, probably even better than the '85 team, played in the NFC title game against a superior San Francisco team. Payton started the next season on a mission to get back to where they ended the season, and to surpass it.

The next season, the Bears,

media darlings with team members and future hall of famers like Payton, William "The Refrigerator" Perry, Jim McMahon, Mike Singletary, Wilbur Marshall, Steve McMichael, Willie Gault and Dave Duerson, went 15-1 and shuffled their way into New Orleans for Super Bowl XX and a 46-10 trouncing of the Patriots of New England.

I remember watching that game with my parents in our ex-

pansive digs in suburban North Dallas, and my mother commenting that he didn't even score a touchdown in the biggest game of his life.

Payton epitomized power, grace and speed when he ran the ball. He crushed holes and ran for pay dirt as if there were no tomorrow. But the thing that made it all so enjoyable about him was that he was very soft spoken. It always struck me as funny that this big man who ran all over the field and all over defending players, spoke a few octaves higher than many of his young fans.

In 1986, I was going to be Walter Payton in the Black History Pageant at Munger Avenue Baptist Church in my hometown of Dallas. My mother said my participation was contingent on my grades being up to par. I had written my speech, done the research, and I was ready. My mother bought a jersey that looked like Chicago's and ironed on Payton's name and number. I hadn't held up to my end of the deal academically,

so my mom made me sit out. She told me that Payton would have done the same thing, and would have wanted even his biggest fan to 'get his lesson first before doing extra-curricular things...' She was right. Payton was a champion for higher education and was an active and vocal supporter of his alma mater, Jackson State.

As this year unfolds and we lose great athletes like Joe DiMaggio, Payne Stewart, Wilt Chamberlain and now Walter Payton, we should realize that life is short, appreciate these gifted performers in their prime and after, and enjoy their exploits on the field so that we can share them with those that come after us.

"Sweetness", every time a back hits the hole hard, puts up a fist-arm and explodes into the linebacker or tackle, we'll know they did it because of you and the example and standard you set. We'll miss you, but we'll continue to see you in players for years to come.

Table Tennis 101

Kasi David
Contributing Writer

For all you people who know nothing about table tennis, or still think that Forrest Gump is a model of table tennis greatness, I would like to take this opportunity to broaden your horizons a bit about the wonderful world of table tennis.

Some people may be thinking, 'What exactly is table tennis?' Let me share a little of my knowledge with you.

Table tennis is a sport, (yes a sport) that is a game of the masses it has a huge following worldwide. In fact, table tennis is played by millions worldwide and is the third most popular racquet sport played in the world. Table tennis is usually played on a green or blue table by two people, each with a table tennis racquet that is a smaller version of the racquet used in lawn tennis. The object of the game is the same as that in lawn tennis, which is to win points by preventing your opponent from returning the ball to the top of your side of the table.

The exact origin of the sport is relatively unknown, but some forms of it had been seen in England as early as the late

1800s. Since then, table tennis has evolved into a highly stylized and technical sport with its own governing bodies and worldwide tournaments. Even though the sport is not very popular in the United States, it holds a high place among sports in Europe and Asia. Shoe and apparel companies endorse the top players on those continents just like football and basketball players in the United States.

Table tennis is so popular in some countries that children in China who show inherent ability in the sport are trained rigorously from a young age. They one day hope to compete on the world stage where Asia represents one of the powerhouses of the sport.

We all know about different athletic teams on our campus and their varying degrees of success. From our soccer and football teams to our track and tennis teams, ours is a campus on which there is always some type of sporting activity.

But, those of you who are Archer Hall regulars would have recognized by now that table tennis is starting to be sewn into the sporting fabric of our

Continued on page 15

Morehouse Madness: Feel It!

Joe Carlos
Sports Editor

They scream. They taunt. They jeer. They curse. They're rude and in many cases very offensive. But without them the spirit at Morehouse athletic events would be non-existent.

Believe it or not, they are organized and do have origins going deeper than a semester.

Founded in 1995 by Henry McCants ('98), the Morehouse Madness was founded on the tenets of 'Spiritas, Veritas, Robustus'. Those tenets are lived out through the current leadership in President Antoy Bell, Madness name, The Mack.

Bell, a senior Accounting major from Houston, is the visionary leader of the Madness. He provides dynamic leadership. "Without the Madness, man, things wouldn't be like they are. He says it's funny to see how crazy the fellas can get and

how we can take over the game in a way that's unbelievable."

Bell's faithful cohort is 'The Admiral' better known as Corey Richardson. Richardson is a senior Political Science major from New-

these guys mess with refs, taunt players and get somewhat personal with the opposing team's fans.

Bottom line...come to the games, support your teams and sit with the Madness. And when you sit with



port News, VA and crazy as hell. "We're trying to be the most evil fans in the SIAC, Forbes should be a place others dread going if only for the front left corner."

"The Admiral" is referring to the involvement The Madness has during basketball season. At the games,

the Madness, don't do it by sitting on your hands. Get crazy like the great Ian Harris, act a straight up fool like Corey Richardson sitting behind the other team's bench and talking about their hometowns. Have fun, support the teams and have a little Madness!

He Did It With Style: Payne Stewart, 1957 - 1999

Joe Carlos
Sports Editor

Growing up, I watched a lot of golf with my Dad. I remember when Calvin Peete won the US Open, and the fact that he wore a yellow shirt and maroon pants, much like the hated Redskins. I asked my dad why the golfers wore such strange clothes. He just laughed and said because that's their style.

I remember being a little

older, watching the Byron Nelson Classic and seeing one golfer who stood out from the rest. He wore bright colored knickers, a sweater vest with a Miami Dolphins logo, and a shirt and Kangol that matched. I wondered who was this guy?

The guy was Payne Stewart. Stewart, this year's US Open champion died last week in a plane wreck. Recently, Stewart helped lead the US to a Ryder Cup championship.

Now, usually brothers are the best dressed in sport, but in golf, Stewart had everyone beat. He had a style unlike anyone on the modern PGA tour.

His father's motto was, "Wear something they'll remember." And he always did just that. The trademark knickers, long argyle socks and matching Kangol or Hogan hats were the norm for this duffer. And I would be remiss if I didn't mention the shoes. His were custom made, \$400 a pair,

made of alligator or eel, with a silver toe and heel plates.

Stewart relished in his role as the dandy of golf and has always been recognized as one of the best-dressed men in sport.

Aside from his dressing prowess, the man could flat out play. As an amateur at Southern Methodist University in Highland Park, Texas, Stewart honed his legendary swing. That swing, another Stewart trademark was and still is the most classically beauti-

ful golf swing on the tour.

He threw big parties, played a mean game of pickup basketball and was finally reaching a place in life where he enjoyed others and likewise.

Golf and all of sport will miss the man who much like Jordan and Ali brought life and panache to the sport that hadn't been seen in modern times. He did it with class. He did it with integrity. He did it with style.



Payne Stewart, 1957-1999

Tennis 101 from page 14

campus. Many a day one can see great warriors battling on the table tennis tables in Archer Hall. Some may joke that these players are taking the sport too seriously, but for the players themselves, this is serious preparation for tournaments that take place within and outside of Atlanta.

One such tournament occurred on October 24th at Emory University. Five students from Morehouse College took part in the tournament, which also included teams from Emory, Georgia State and the University of Georgia, placing third among eight teams. Morehouse has been invited to become a member of a South East regional league organized by Florida State University.

Another tournament is planned during November in which Florida State and possibly another college out of Florida is expected to take part also.

Through all the considerable research that I have done on this sport (not to mention my own table tennis prowess) I have found that there is a lot of talent in this sport here at Morehouse. Perhaps with the support of the college and students alike, we can become a giant in collegiate competition.



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Chris Spillman

*People talk about love so much
That Damn
I feel obligated to spend my two cents
So dig baby
I love you
Why?
Cause I love My Orgasm when having sex with you
I love the way your personality makes Me feel
I love the security you give Me
I love the way I feel after helping you
I love the new life you've given Me
I love My emotions that come from loving you
I love the tingling feeling that rushes through My body when thinking of our love
I love the contentment of My soul that comes from satisfying your desires
I love the happiness I experience when I make a smile come across your face
I love Me when I give all of myself to you
So girl
From the bottom of My heart
I love feeling good. I mean, you.*

- from Daialectic's *Unconscious Poetry*

Kamal Symonette-Dixon is a poet from New York City who goes by the sobriquet "Dialectic." The senior English major transferred to New York University last semester where he spent much of his time in and around Greenwich Village. There, he began to blossom as a poet and slam artist, performing in many of the area clubs.

He's written a book called *Unconscious Poetry*. The book is self-published and made up of twelve

poems, all of which were written during his semester at NYU. Kamal explains that the title of the book is intended as a swipe at poets who call themselves 'conscious,' a term that has become increasingly cliché in poetry circles.

"Some of the heads that talk that conscious sh*t focus more on being conscious than being a poet," he explains, "and their work

suffers for it."

Kamal says he doesn't want to be confined by the term 'conscious,' whose themes he associates with bad poetry. For this reason, he says that his poetry isn't always appreciated.

"You can do an amazing poem one night and the next person comes up (a person that learned to write the night before) and say 'I'm Black! Blackness is

the greatest form of excellence,' and get more props," Kamal laments. "I have to be twice as good as everyone else."

But for all his lamenting, Kamal's hard work is paying off. Earlier in the year, Kamal was a Nuyorican Grand Slam Finalist. The competition, put on by New York City's Nuyorican Poet's Café, is considered to be the premier event in the world of slam poetry. It was once won by Morehouse alum and subject of the motion picture *Slam*, Saul Williams, whom Kamal has much respect for.

"He's definitely an influence," he says of Williams.

Kamal's poems can not be done justice by the printed page. One has to see and hear them performed on stage to truly appreciate them. He has an in-your-face style that many audience members find unsettling.

Kamal can usually be found every Wednesday night at Yin-Yang café. He can be contacted at Kamal1st@aol.com.