

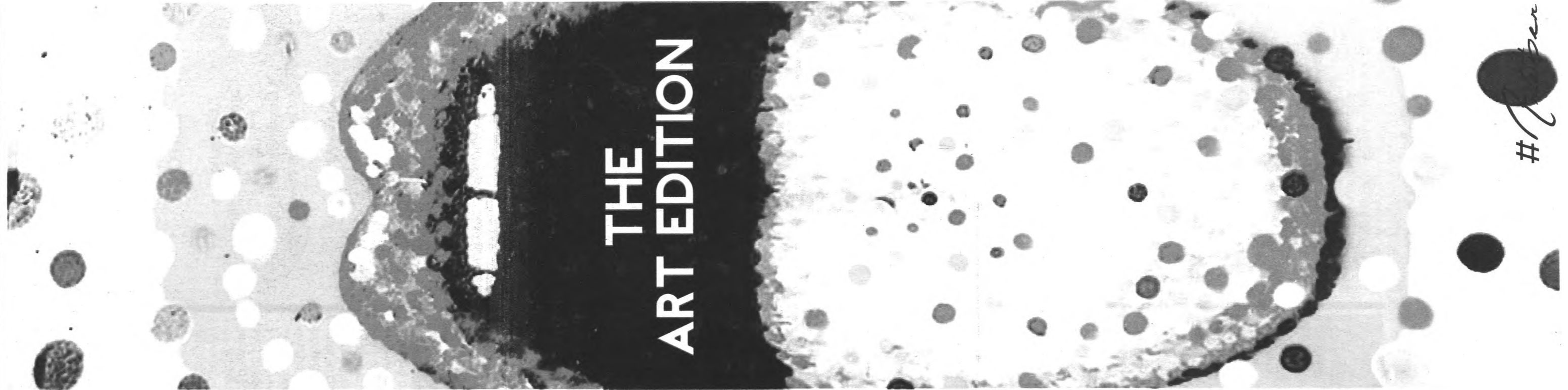
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FLIP IT

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MOREHOUSE COLLEGE ■ ATLANTA, GA
10/16/13 - 10/23/13 ■ VoL.88, No. 5



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IN THE 5TH CENTURY AD
MARTIANUS
CAPELLA
DEFINED THE
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QUADRUM
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WRITING
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SHORT STORY
CONTEMPORARY
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PERSPECTIVE

MT POLL

WHAT THE STUDENTS THINK

50% MOREHOUSE COLLEGE IS A LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

32% MOREHOUSE COLLEGE IS NOT A LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

18% INDIFFERENT

KEY

OF THE 75 STUDENTS SURVEYED

55% DID NOT KNOW THE DEFINITION / MISSION OF A LIBERAL ARTS INSTITUTION

35% DID KNOW THE DEFINITION / MISSION OF A LIBERAL ARTS INSTITUTION

10% SOMEWHAT KNEW THE DEFINITION / MISSION OF A LIBERAL ARTS INSTITUTION

SOURCE: MAROONTIGER.COM

Based on the results, it is clear that there is a different definition among students on the Liberal Arts brand of Morehouse College. The consensus, however, is that Morehouse College indeed is producing a well-rounded experience for its students. "Here at Morehouse you're able to become well-versed in other areas," Melvin Hill, a sophomore applied physics major, said. "People I talk to here are able to converse about anything [such as] politics, current events and sciences. Guys here are really knowledgeable in things other than their fields."

Other students believe that the focus on non-humanities majors can take away from the Liberal Arts experience, or start to redefine a Liberal Arts education. "Here I feel like we focus more on science fields even though we're a liberal arts school," Brian Johnson, freshman computer science major, said.

The dean of the Division of Humanities and Social Sciences, Dr. Clarissa Myrick-Harris, offers a more clear and succinct definition of a Liberal Arts institution. Myrick-Harris believes that "the mission of a liberal arts education is to develop individuals who are able to place their expertise in specific fields into a wider context in order to better understand the world and perform. As a liberal arts institution, Morehouse must cultivate academic as well as personal growth, so that students evolve holistically."

Myrick-Harris asserts that the biology majors in the Glee Club and business majors participating in campus poetry slams are evidence that Morehouse has been true to the mission of liberal arts education. "It is important for students to have the means to express the totality of who they are," Myrick-Harris said.

Because students are not limited to engaging in activities related to their specific fields, Morehouse has allowed each individual to fully develop and express his identity. One of the copious ways that Morehouse allows its students to express themselves is the open mic night hosted every Thursday. The group of students who compose the Ill Lyterati organization have capitalized on the arts aspect of liberal arts education. The group uses its open mic nights to provide a medium for artistic expression through poetry, music, dance and any other form their emotions and talents manifest themselves.

"We just needed an outlet for artists," said one of the group's organizers who goes by the stage name Black. "This is the only time some of them can be free."

One of the students using the open mic nights to express himself is freshman saxophonist Josh Burton. "It's a calming place to be when I'm playing," Burton said. "I can just focus on trying to relay the message through the saxophone to the

crowd." While his brother, Orson, added to the college's artistry by being a drum major from 2008 to 2010, there is different gift Burton is seeking to master - the art of playing football as a defensive end for The Maroon Tigers. He said it is a craft that he practices just as often as the saxophone and he uses both as stress relievers.

When he isn't playing at official venues like open mic, Burton records in a hall mate's makeshift studio in his room located in LLC residence hall. He said he works with a lot of musicians on campus, especially in his residence hall.

"It seems like everybody has a gift here," said Burton "We have doing everything - drawing, singing, producing, writing, and playing [music]."

Another athlete turned musician, senior Stanley Collins, brought his experience with the guitar to the creativity on campus. Six years ago, Collins shifted his focus from basketball to music when he started playing for his church choir. He currently lends his talent to groups on campus that ask for help performing.

The open mic night is only a minute example of students being well-rounded in their education and artistic expression. It is safe to say that Morehouse students are roaming around these sacred streets experiencing a special-tailored Liberal Arts institution without even knowing it.

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ART THAT
EXONERATES

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A former Clark-Atlanta student spent 23 years in prison for a crime he did not commit. Robert Clark was wrongfully convicted of rape, robbery, and kidnapping in 1982 but was not exonerated until 2005.

Clarence Harrison was also released from prison after serving 17 years in prison, even though he was given a life sentence plus 40 years.

Now friends, Clark and Harrison were both released because of staff at the Innocence Project who work to exonerate wrongfully convicted prisoners through DNA testing. The Georgia chapter of the national organization recently teamed up with two musicians to produce an album about Harrison's story.

Life Sentence: I Am an Innocent Man is the recently released album that documents Harrison's personal and legal struggles since his imprisonment. Song topics range from justice and love to oatmeal pies and trucks.

One of the most cathartic songs for Harrison depicts the last time he saw his mother alive as she cried when the jury found him guilty of all charges. While imprisoned he wasn't allowed to attend his mother's funeral but he said the song entitled "My Mama's Face" has helped him cope.

An excerpt from that song reads, "I was sitting in prison when they told me she had passed. Seems like dying is the only thing that lasts." It goes on to explain Harrison's emotions during the trial and his desire for his mother to know that he was eventually exonerated.

Some lyrics were able to articulate even Harrison's most perplexing thoughts. After learning of his mother's death, his prison guards let other inmates out of their cells to play card games with him all night and into the next morning.

In describing these events and the song they inspired, Harrison said, "Even the system showed a little bit of care for me." Complicated Mercy reveals the inner conflict that ensues when guards "lock you in a cell and then offer you kindness in the middle of your hell," as the lyrics state.

Harrison credits his songwriter as being able to articulate his story better than can. Melanie Hammet is not only one of his guitarist and songwriters but she is currently the mayor pro tem of Pine Lake, Georgia.

Hammet said all lyrics were taken directly out of conversation she had with Harrison while he described his experiences and emotions.

She and guitarist Ben Holst performed six selections from the album at a fundraising event for the Innocence Project last month. Audience members mimicked the feelings expressed during the performance - laughing as Harrison revealed his love for oatmeal pies through song and some tearfully listening to his confessions of hopelessness and anger.

Attendee LaDonna Williams explained the impact the album had on her. "It really opened my eyes to the issue and made me face the problems in our justice systems," said Williams who has attended several of Harrison's events.

Williams' favorite moment of the evening was watching Harrison dance and sing along to the song Zoom Zoom Wam Wam which was the common name used for items bought from the prison commissary. The lyrics discuss the bartering system used in jail and emphasizes Harrison's appreciation for fried Oreos, coffee, and candy.

The crowd's reactions to songs concerning Harrison's love for his wife were equally memorable. Yvonne Harrison worked three jobs to help finance his exoneration and became his personal chauffeur when he was released.

"I didn't go anywhere without her, because I was scared I wouldn't have a reliable alibi," said Harrison. The song dedicated to his wife described her persistence even when Harrison tried to distance himself from her while he was incarcerated as well as the joy and friendship she offered him during that harsh period.

Near the end of the fundraiser, Harrison, his wife, and guests chanted one song's mantra, "Do not assume you know who's guilty. Do not assume the truth was heard."

Students interested in continuing the fight for the truth can find information for volunteering or donating at the Georgia Innocence Project website, www.ga-innocenceproject.org.

OUR VISION

A LETTER FROM
THE E-I-C

Notable African-American intellect W.E.B. DuBois asserted in his famous address to the Chicago Chapter of the NAACP in 1926 that, "all Art is propaganda, and ever must be, despite the wailings of the purist."

"On the need for art to function as agitation, protest and advance the cause of the race," Du Bois insisted. He believed that black folk had an obligation to tell their stories through art, whether in the form of intellectualism, writing, or illustrations. For Du Bois, this was cultural preservation. This preservation is important, especially considering the present state of black colleges in the sea of higher education.

Much has changed since 1926. Amid an ever-developing moment of sustained growth and empowerment for African-Americans, the obligation to tell a story, to preserve a rich history, remains.

Poetry and prose have been uniquely important to storytelling. Intellectual thought and debate challenges ideas. Music and song reaches the soul. Art diversifies black folks' stories.

Talent on a variety of fronts engulfs the AUC. The community thrives with intellectuals who possess the ability to impact the world in myriad ways and through various artistic avenues.

Social activism is at the heart of our institution's missions. Activism takes many forms, including art.

This is why The Maroon Tiger dedicated three weeks of October to showcase all forms of art. In this edition you will find paintings, illustrations, photographs, poetry, prose, and music from students who express their ideas, their pain, their glee, their frustrations, their pride, and even their pleasure through art.

The gifts that thrive here are amazing. We hope that this "propaganda" will inspire you as it has inspired each member on the MT team. We would like to welcome you to The Maroon Tiger's ARTober Special Edition Series.

Darren W. Martin, Jr.
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

SIGNATURE PRODUCTION TEAM
SPREADS THE LOVE

DAWNN ANDERSON
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Few people find their passion in life at such an early age. Three childhood friends have managed to do just that by melding their talents to serve minority communities. In their sophomore year of college, the members of Signature Production Team have used their musical talents to raise awareness about autism in the African American community.

Signature Production Team is comprised of Austin Jacques, Maya Milan, and Marcus Neither. In an interview with the three business partners, the Maryland natives shared they formed the group as a service initiative after meeting in high school. All three members are musically inclined and come from performance backgrounds. They produce art as a means of raising funds for different service initiatives. All proceeds go to charity.

Austin Jacques, a sophomore music performance major at Johnson C. Smith, serves as business partner, producer, and songwriter. Since the origin of the partnership he shared the service initiative has "definitely been an avenue for me". Jacques says studying creative aspects of musical theory have allowed him to hone his craft and serve his community through art. "We always give back and want to do something to make an impact in the community. It is all about being creative and thinking outside the box."

Throughout the month of August, the team has invested their artistic abilities in raising awareness about autism. "We all work together. With Maya's voice and our production skills we all work well together. I have learned that there is power in numbers." Their work has resulted in a number of positive initiatives that includes providing funding for speech therapy to children with autism.

Maya Milan, a junior music major at Morgan State University, is the singer of Signature Production Team. Milan's mother, Simone Greggs, created All The Love, Inc. which seeks to host events by fundraising to raise money and promote awareness about Autism. The organization also provides small financial grants to help

parents in need, offer support, referral services and advocate for research that speaks to the minority community. She created the organization in support of her son Jeremiah Josey, who lives with autism.

Greggs approached her daughter and her friends to ask if they could create a theme song for the All The Love Inc.'s website. The team's response was a signature soundtrack for events. "Marcus and I brainstormed ideas one day sitting in the car outside of my house. Marcus came up with the beat, I sang, and we wrote the entire song that day". Milan added that she has known both Neither and Jacques since age 13.

"A lot of people have been buying the song from iTunes," Milan refers to the success of the empowering single All The Love featuring The Signature Production Team. "We didn't think that the song would reach this many people. When it turned into a service project it all happened so fast." Milan shares that she has been singing since age 3 and she is an aspiring famous singer. "I want to do what I love and be recognized for it," asserted Milan.

Marcus Neither, sophomore Engineering and Applied Physics major, shared that he envisioned Signature Production Team at an early age, dating back to eighth and ninth grade. "Music, writing, and production speaks to our passions and what we have been doing since childhood. Incorporated with that is service," said Neither. "We want to give back to people who gave to us," he added.

Neither attributes much of his inspiration to Jeremiah Josey, Milan's younger brother. "At 14 years old Jeremiah is the published author of Here's What I Want You To Know." The book talks about everyday dealings of autism as Josey provides readers with personal life experiences. "He is not the typical case of autism. I met him about 6 years ago and I get a lost for words just talking about him," said Neither.

With Purpose Creativity and Passion the members of The Signature Production Team have perfected their talents to serve the Black community and a very special cause. It is with high hopes that these aspiring professionals will continue to strive for success simultaneously, inspiring others to do the very same.

LET THE ART LIVE!

BLACK ARTISTRY

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During a visit to Atlanta's High Museum of Art, the museum utilized a chronological and encyclopedic way of displaying the art. The top floor, with a more contemporary theme, featured pieces like "Rumble" by Rashid Johnson, which is said to juxtapose the black nationalism surrounding the boxing match between Muhammad Ali and George Foreman with the hip-hop culture of now. Another intriguing piece entitled "Coronation Theme: Organon" by Nadine Robinson organized audio speakers to recreate Martin Luther King Jr.'s Ebenezer Baptist Church.

Even with these two pieces and the other pieces in the museum that depict black life through the lens of people of color, the museum still seemed scarce in its representation of artists of color. Makeba Dixon-Hill, curator of education at the Spelman College Museum of Fine Art, expressed little surprise.

"In a majority of museums, there is an absence of the black presence," Dixon-Hill said.

That is why culturally specific museums for people of color exist. The Studio Museum in Harlem, Hammond House Museum in Atlanta and the Spelman College Museum of Fine Art are just a few examples of museums that cater to the representation of black life through artists of color. Within the realm of minority artists, other battles exist as well. There is a constant rift between the self-identified black artist and the artist who just so happens to be black. The black artist readily and clearly addresses the socioeconomic and political plights of people of color. On the other hand, other artists of color, while not readily expressing the plights of people of color, address the topic of color through their existence as an artist.

Dixon-Hill noted that spectators of color expect a realistic visual representation of themselves from artists of color. The heavy burden spectators place on artists of color to produce works that not only depict black life, but also depict it in a positive light, is a common theme circulating through

several art forms like television and magazines.

In addition, the burden of realistic expression, while drawing in spectators, works to create the artist's cultural expression. The abstract artists of the 1960s and 1970s experienced this balance between serving as racial uplifters while remaining true to their artistry. While racial progress and artistry intertwine and intersect differently from artist to artist, both kinds of black artists are crucial.

Within the smaller realm of known artists of color, there are fervent, yet often unrecognized female artists. In honor and recognition of the women of the African Diaspora, the Spelman College Museum of Fine Art is the only museum in the country that focuses on art inspired by women of the Diaspora. Some female artists of color are Nancy Elizabeth Prophet, Elizabeth Catlett, and Leslie Hewitt.

Artistic expression for artists of color may come with obstacles for recognition as well as skepticism on the part of people within their own race. Even so, black artistry initiates conversation and sparks controversy in ways that the written word cannot.

WOWPRICELESS: AUC CAMPAIGN AGAINST CHILD SEX-TRAFFICKING



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Spelman students LaDarrien Gillette, class of 2016, and Camille Henderson, class of 2015, have begun a campaign to raise awareness about child sex-trafficking in Atlanta. The "WOWpriceless" initiative, consisting of Atlanta University Center students, shifts the international discussion of sex trafficking to a domestic issue by focusing on educating the local community.

Henderson, a political science major and religious studies minor, began the "Walk on Water Project" as an outreach program helping children to escape. Gillette, international studies major, began "Project Priceless" as an awareness campaign concerning invaluable importance of children.

Spelman College's Social Justice Fellows Program has paired Henderson and Gillette together, creating the WOWpriceless initiative.

WOWpriceless, as of Fall 2013, begins realizing its two part plan to better educate the community on child sex trafficking. Gillette is the director of the awareness campaign. Beginning in October, WOWpriceless will explain the situation of child prostitution and educate AUC students on how to identify a child in the sex-trafficking industry. The campaign will be launched through social media and through events at select Market Fridays on Spelman's Campus.

Henderson directs the research team that will formulate a education program for Atlantic University students to assist children in distress. The program will be a useful tool for AUC students to detect signs of abuse in off campus settings like community service activities and public events. In addition, the program informs students about how to contact authorities and how to remove the child from the unsafe environment.

Gillette paused the initial WOWpriceless interest meeting for two minutes. In those two minutes, she told the room, a child was surely taken advantage of by the sex-trafficking industry. It is the ultimate goal of WOWpriceless, to "strengthen the fight to end child sex trafficking," says Gillette.

There are two kinds of human trafficking: labor and sex. Both exploit and victimize illegal immigrants, domestic citizens, and children. The

revenue from sex trafficking yields an annual amount \$9.5 billion in the US.

Atlanta, considered the transportation hub of the Southeast, attracts both Fortune 500 businesses and human traffickers alike. According to the Schapiro Group Georgia Demand Study, Atlanta is among the top 14 cities with the highest child prostitution rates. In any given month, 12,400 men will purchase sex. Of those men, 42 percent will consent to sex with an adolescent.

The average child prostitute is between the ages of 11 and 14, but some cases have reported children as young as age six. Understand that boys and girls can be victimized. They are, on average, sexually abused up to three times on any given night. The children involved typically are of lower socio-economic backgrounds and involuntarily enter the sex trafficking after having run away from an abusive household. Both children and adults are manipulated through drugs and violent threats. The children and adults within the industry rely on their manipulators for shelter, food, and drugs. These dependencies help to fuel this system that has captured so many.

The average child prostitute, with an average survival rate of seven years, dies from causes including sexually transmitted diseases, drug overdose, and murder. Currently, US legislation often classifies sex workers as criminals, rather than victims. The WOWpriceless campaign emphasizes children's inability to consent to sex.

It is Henderson's goal that once the training program has successfully been installed in the Atlanta University Center, that AUC students will then educate the local community.

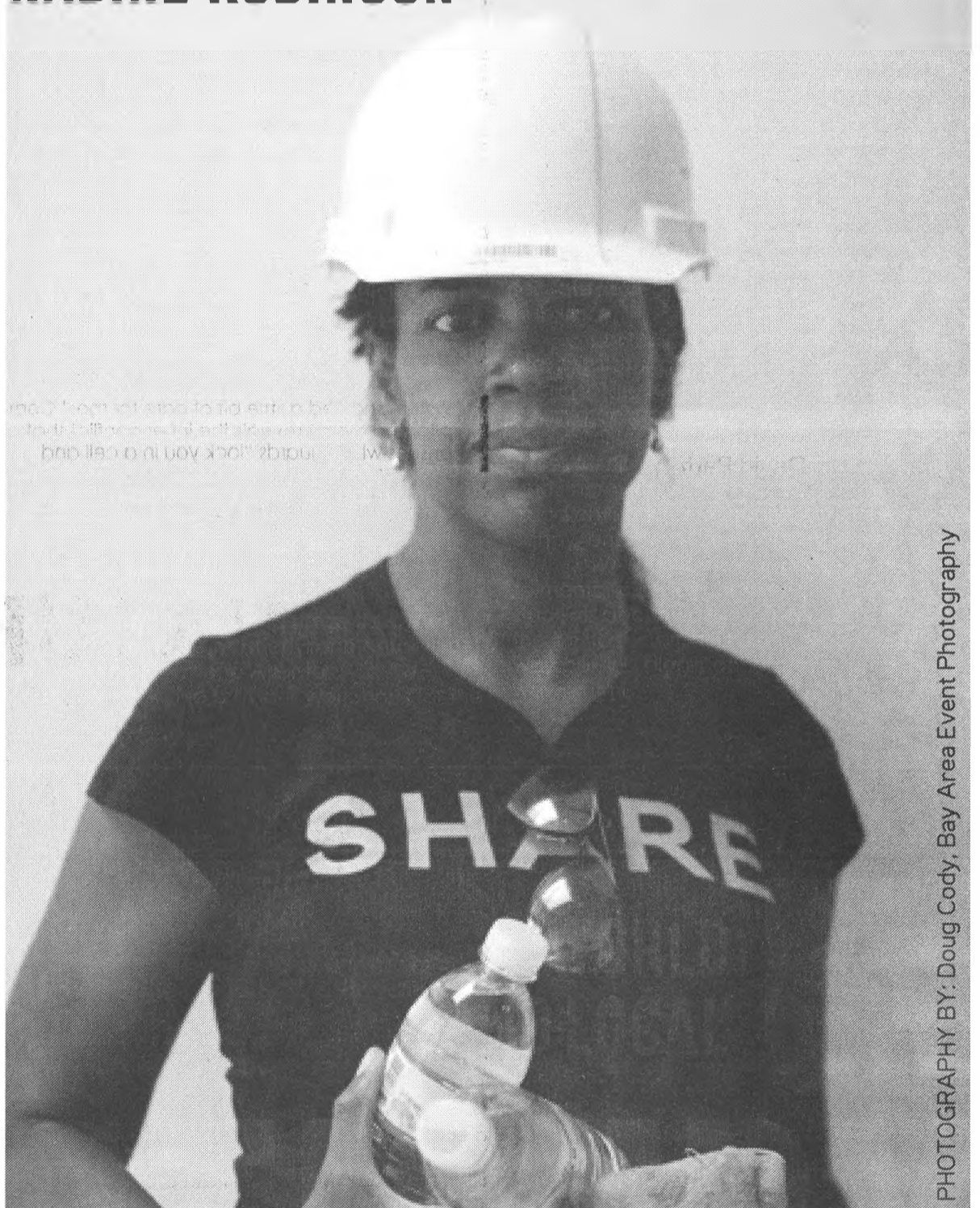
"What happens if you know the resources to help that boy or girl who isn't okay?" Henderson said.

The WOWpriceless initiative has a volunteer opportunity:

For more information on joining WOWpriceless contact via e-mail: WOWpriceless@gmail.com

Statistics provided by <http://www.innocenceatlanta.org>

MEET THE ARTIST: NADINE ROBINSON



PHOTOGRAPHY BY: Doug Cody, Bay Area Event Photography

WEST ATLANTA WATERSHED ALLIANCE, INC. (WAWA)

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The West Atlanta Watershed Alliance (WAWA) seeks to improve the water quality and restore the ecosystems located in the Proctor Creek Watershed, which includes the West End. Led by local residents, the organization, partnering with the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, aims to help restore the troubled waterways into an asset for the community.

WAWA began as a community effort to stop discriminatory wastewater treatment practices in West Atlanta. The organization has an extensive volunteer program in which residents from every corner of the Atlanta metropolitan area who are interested in helping to improve environmental quality and the quality of life in West Atlanta come for weekly, monthly, or quarterly clean-ups and water quality monitoring.

West Atlanta's tributary of Proctor Creek, running alongside Joseph E. Lowery Boulevard, was regularly filled with illegally dumped trash, debris, and scrap tires. That made it one of the most environmentally impaired creeks in metro Atlanta.

WAWA also provides workshops for the

local community to bring attention to the importance of water conservation, water-smart landscaping and gardening practices.

Many residents also come to help with the community education programs at the Outdoor Activity Center, a 26-acre urban nature preserve equipped with two miles of trails, a team-building ropes course, a tree house classroom, a 650-gallon freshwater aquarium, a community-run vegetable garden and a multi-purpose building.

Healthy watersheds are necessary to avoid flooding to provide clean drinking water, safe recreational opportunities and wildlife habitat.

On this non-profit organization's web site, it states that it wants to improve the quality of life for the residents of West Atlanta by "protecting, preserving, and restoring our community's natural resources." WAWA advocates for "preserving green space, protecting and improving water quality, and promoting good environmental health within the Proctor, Sandy, and Utoy Creek Watersheds."

WAWA is looking for college students to mentor middle school and high school students about water conservation. Here's the link to the organization's web site: <http://wawaonline.blogspot.com/p/volunteer-with-wawa.html>



A photo collage of young, Black, queer Morehouse and Spelman students by
JAMAL LEWIS
New Media Director



THE VISUAL GALLERY



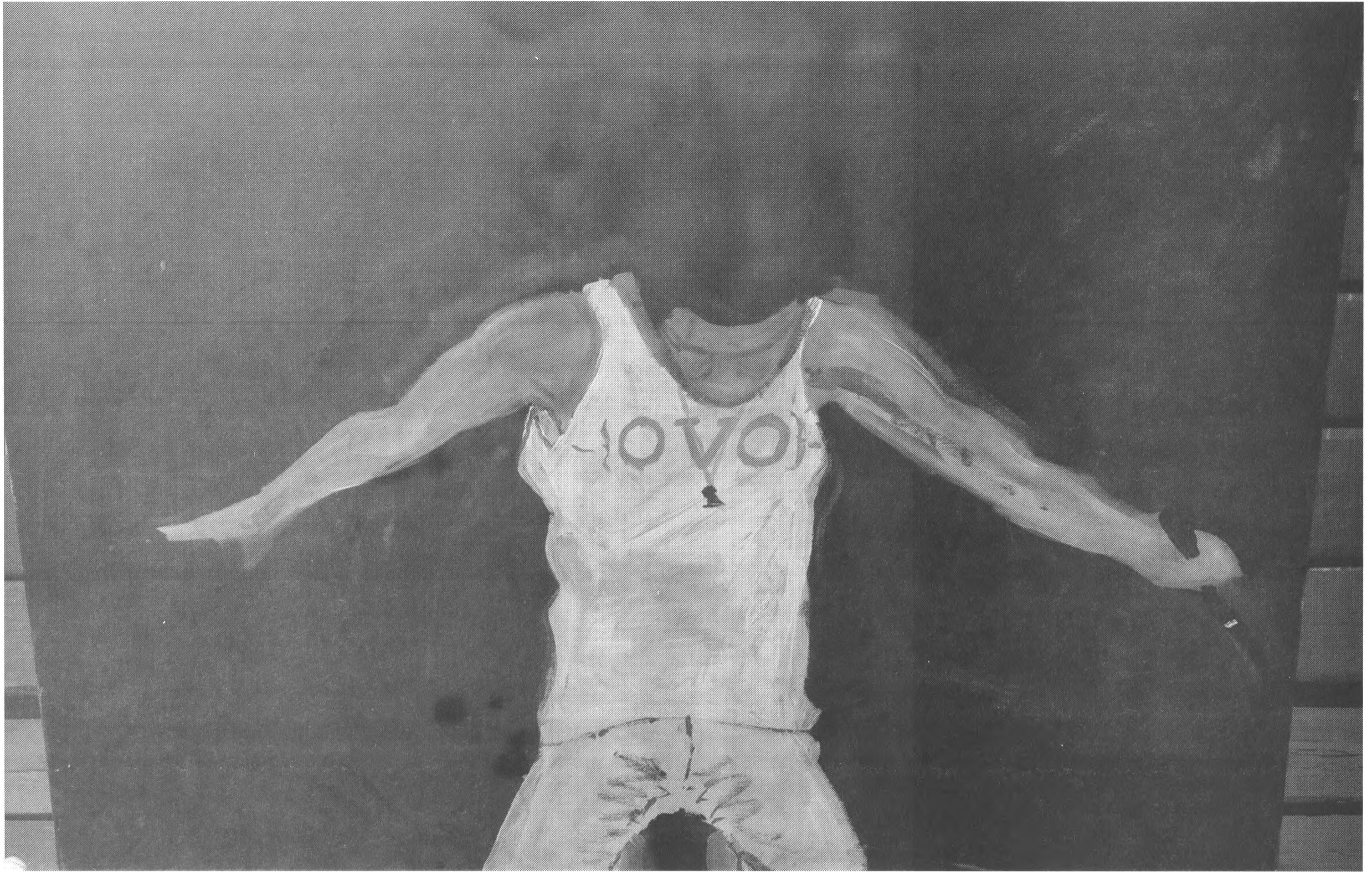
Aba Armoo-Daniels
Sophomore
Spelman College



TreManda J Pewett
Sophomore
Spelman College

This is a head shot of a female figure with a color head of curls. My signature illustrations are line drawing of young ladies with creative style of dress, the "Good Girls." This young urban cartoon style of illustration originated within my doodles. I often draw these fashion forward American girls free hand usually to relax or just to pass time. But I am a talented artist who creates all types of compositions for my community and beyond. Receive a FREE sticker by just visiting my website! www.mandapandie.com

THE VISUAL GALLERY



Diop Shumake
Sophomore, Morehouse College

"I painted this because I'm a fan of Drake's work. While listening to his recent album, I felt moved to create something as homage. I got up, got my brushes and started to paint."



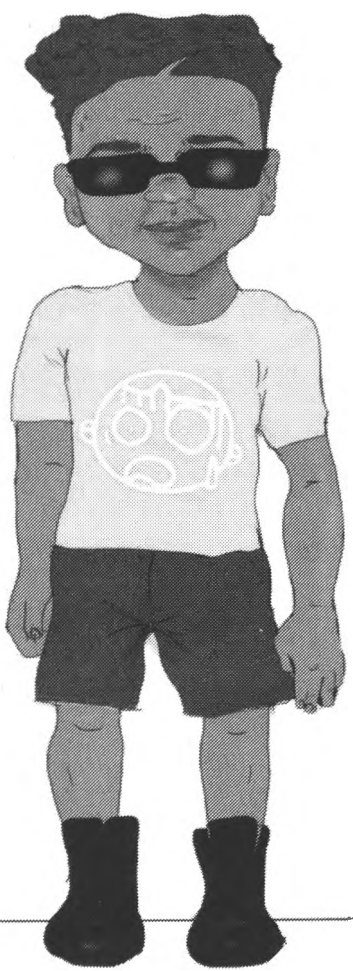
Diop Shumake
Sophomore, Morehouse College

I painted this my freshman year of college, and it earned a spot in the Talented Tenth showcase. I chose this shot of Jordan because of the power it represents. This is Jordan winning his first Larry O'Brien trophy

THE VISUAL GALLERY



Five People You Will Meet at an HBCU:



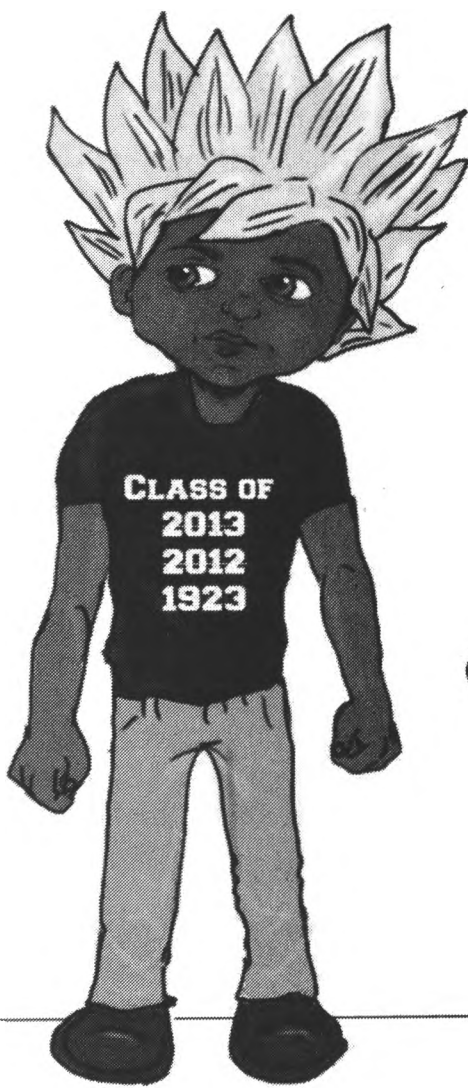
The Clothing Designer

He expects you to pay \$50 for a shirt with an iron-on that cost \$5 to make.



The Legacy

She will do anything to cross the burning sands, including sacrificing her GPA and social life.



The Super Senior

No one really knows how many times he has repeated his senior year. But, people have a pretty good idea.



Singer/Actress/Model

She enters every pageant or competition to be seen and heard. If she put that much effort into her academics, she'd have a 4.0.



The Prophet

He is known for preaching the word on campus. He is also known for homophobia, bigotry, and, of course, misogyny.

Devan Tate

THE POETRY ARCHIVE

"POSTMORTEM DREAMS" BY C.LOUISE J.

When I die I want to sail through the clouds...
even when it rains,
& kiss the stars goodnight.
I want to dance the moon's rotation, and swim
deep in the clearest waters.
I want to jump off the branches of the tallest
trees,
and swan dive into the arms of sweet Mother
Earth.

"MERCY" BY C.LOUISE J.

I clutch onto rocks of sorrow, & this thin skin is
scratched and ripped apart. All I can think is,
"Oh, God, why?" And God asks me the same
thing. Disobedience's stench chokes me. He sees
this, yet as much as I loathe myself, I am loved
even more.

"UNTITLED" BY MAURICE "SOL" CLARK

Emit Till mom wanted open casket
To show the world just how ugly the past is
No one remembers No one remembers
James Chaney was handed to the klanman
Dumped into the fire after dying on the pan but
No one remembers No one remembers
Michael Donald wasn't the killer in Alabama
1981 last lynching where he landed
No one remembers No one remembers
Michael Griffith in 1986
Attacked and ran over by the car where he was
standin
No one remembers No one remembers
Little-Rock known for playing games
The ninth inning more of a middle point than the
end
No one remembers No one remembers
Four baby girls in Birmingham burned in a bomb-
ing
But only briefly burdened the body of our con-
science cuz
No one remembers No one remembers
Sara Bartmon beautiful as dark skin
Circled in the circus even after her departure
No one remembers No one remembers
Moorish gods took Europe out a dark age
But just because they had a dark face
No one remembers No one remembers

"UNTITLED" BY MAURICE "SOL" CLARK

"I was born by the river
In a little tent
And just like the river I been runnin ever since
It's been a long, a long time comin but I know a
change g'on come"
The silencing of a teenager always hits close to
the heart
But injustice for the innocent life stolen has a dark
Deep unforgiving taste for the mouths of those
that are apart
And those that have been effected from afar
Yes indeed Zimmerman was yet released
Is this enough to let the ignorance rest in peace?
If you surprised you and black history have yet to
meet
That might mean that your children you have yet
to teach
Time is an illusion that stops working for no man
For all the work put into change our home land
by now should know grand
But instead we seem to not even be able to sew
in
Knowledge for power, nor peace for fellow man
I guess we told them to be done with yo planta-

"VEXATION" BY C.LOUISE J.

Woman enraged
Woman in rage
Woman soul
Woman need
Woman love
Woman bleed!
Women breathe.
They exhale.
They sigh.
They bite their tongue and cry,
"Woman!"
To be a little girl again,
to take these weary bones and then wring them
dry..
Women cry, "Woman in rage! Anger consumes
thee slowly,
wholly sucking life from the inside out.
Daughter, I cradle you here against my heart
forever,
so that you always feel love...
so that you always feel loved."

"EVENING EPIPHANY" BY C.LOUISE J.

I used to curse this sun kissed skin. It, felt like a
trap to me, the mark of a socially condemned
being...but after I gazed at my brother, the
blackened night sky, I realized my beauty is not
far removed from the star decorated evening.
Like the night I am boundless and overwhelm-
ing. This spirit is not confined. I need no valida-
tion. Like the night my beauty is a fearsome
sweeping blanket hailing from the celestial
kingdom. I am "awe full." I am "wonder full." We
are remarkable. Yes I, and those like me, we are
truly glorious. Our souls shine brilliant as illustrious
stars. Our majesty swallows the Earth like, our
brother, the night.

"TEASE" BY C.LOUISE J.

I look past the blinds on a window...
they are barely there.
I look past only to stare at a brick wall teasing
my confinement.
"Look at me," it says, "here I am a stone wall
and still more free than you.
I worry for nothing."
While I just worry.

tions just to later end up in economic slavery
Where freedom ain't in the program
Equality made a joke and truth stays in your
throat man
Either scared to let it show and let it grow or just
weren't taught
So the ignorance blows into hatred on both ends
That's why it's time to hold each other down with
both hands
Love your brother as thy self and support black
businesses
Cuz this is much bigger than a young man's
death isn't it
It's been a long time coming and I hope that
you're listening a change is gonna come
Soon enough for us to live again
Long story short we really need to reminisce
Think about forgotten times in the dreams and
the wishes that the leaders, abolitionists, scholars
and princes and queens and kings saints and the
sinners have believed
To be solutions
"Then I go to my brother and I say brother help
me please
But he winds up knocking me back down on my
knees"

"BIAS" BY C.LOUISE J.

Constantly I am disillusioned, and yet simultaneously
pulled back in.
Honestly, you comfort my soul.
Honestly, you have my control, my trust, my heart,
you've stolen my very being
leaving behind a large shell to house a tiny essence.
In a sense you have changed me,
consumed me,
in more ways than one.
I have inflated you in my mind I admit.
Has that biased me?
You could get away with anything so as long as you
speak,
kiss,
hold,
mold,
unfold me,
whoah me,
woe me.

"MY CHOICE" BY LYNÆ BOGUES

See I haven't written in a minute
Thought my poetry phase was finished - but I have
something to say
Haven't been selfish enough but don't take that the
wrong way
caught up in living for someone else I could only see
myself through a haze
And that may be a weakness I have helped other's
fix their problems and brush mine off with a laugh

But I believe that's a a dilemma every one of us
faces
Seeing as for 400 years we've been serving others
and being put in our places
Made conscious that we were only to be part of the
subordinate
Having to look to the brighter faces of the superordi-
nate
See a lot of us don't write for us and get upset when
false stories are told
What was written says we don't plan for much we
just let the plot unfold
When the past is supposed to be a guide for future
direction

And we wonder why anglo-saxon success is in a
constant state of erection
Because they know of the great kings of where they
came from
They've seen their strategies and know the best way
to get it done
But the history books ain't delineate the conquests
of black generations
So we don't know the true meaning of a change
gon come
They see us in the AUC and say the price is over-
rated
Well I say I'm takin one small step for black kind so
how priceless is my education
Faced with presumed conceptualities intersectional-
ity
Using SAT words but this is Spelhouse so I know that
you can follow me
This may be a tough pill to pop but I know that you
can swallow me
Bob Marley said to emancipate ourselves from
mental slavery
So pay homage to the people that paved the way
for you and me
Forgive my superwoman attitude but I am that Spel-
man girl
It was my choice and I chose to change the world

AMID

A POEM BY TIMOTHY P.TUKES

Beyond all doubt, I find you—resolute and
sound.
Bellowing for my love,
Amid broken Moors, you drop your anchor in
my sand.
Moving intensely, I surround you with my vul-
nerability,
Yet, your grace sets me free.

I TRAVEL

THE

A POEM BY
DEVAN TATE

WORLD

I travel the world
From one dark space.
Stories I have told
And retold, again.
I am always here, listening,
Always hoping.
He fills me up,
Good intentions and malice.
Silence is all that I offer,
But,
I am rotten with screams,
Ripe with tears.
I know I am not his first,
Could not be.
Torn, dangling, barely coping,
Yet, I grow more beautiful

With each passing.
The way he handles me,
I know he could not hurt me,
Sometimes.
When he rips me open,
Exposed, I remain quiet,
Anticipating his every move.
His touch,
My spine retracts.
He will always call,
Crawl and motion,
Mostly at night.
I am there,
Rigid,
I always am.

THE POETRY ARCHIVE

"DISGUISE" BY AL "COSMO" EDWARDS

Why do some of the most beautiful faces wear ugly masks?
Ugliness isn't always relative
Sometimes it's regardless
And you've become so addicted to sedatives
Your beauty sleep is rewardless
It no longer makes you gorgeous
But its stench is like an abortion
Sickening killings of innocence
But your ignorance can afford it
Your makeup
Bathes the plants of your garden
With paint and other chemicals so foreign
It's killing you
And someone told you
That this is beautiful
Lies
Beautiful lies on the inside
Walks through character
And jumps in conversation
It's not a temporary appearance
But the appearance of qualities
I pray are permanent
Your mascara is horrible at masking
And if you plan to continue passing
As something you were never made to be
The truth may sting
Your make up doesn't make up for your flaws
And until you wake up
Your facemask is a lost
Superficial substance doesn't last very long
And you are already beautiful
Beauty has nothing to do with the color of your cuticles
Blending in doesn't make you more attractive
And no one wants to fall in love just to find out your acting
But that probably won't even be a problem
'Cause you dis guys as a disguise
But this guy
Sees through
Perfume and costumes
You can say I x-ray
Or I'm an X-man made
Like an alien
An extraordinary Superman
Here to rescue you
From your stunt double
A person that appears to be you
Til that image begins to crumble
Like reality accidentally stepped
On the fragile parts of your true identity
Now you're reputation is in trouble

'Cause someone watched too closely
Hoping you were all you appeared to be
But he can only see you standing in rubble
A queen resides in a castle
You've been photoshopped so many times
You couldn't tell me who you are if I asked you
It's no wonder people think you're fake
Because the real you has been replaced
With your imaginary friend
The person you pretend to be
The girl people tend to see
I won't mistake you for her
This is no child's game
You are a child of God
You are so far from the same
I even think you're odd
You are a flower
That bloomed in the spring
You died to your old self
To be revived and pollinated by the King
And now you're royalty
But look at you
Mass producing
Your seedless fruit
Society
Has genetically modified you
You poor little victim
Life was your oyster
And you were a pearl
But your want for acceptance
Has only made you valuable in the world
Only good to look at
A small part of the necklace
Choking true beauty
Beauty:
A Ruth identical to Proverbs 31
The world lied
Jokers don't trump Queens
But maybe it was right
When it portrayed jacks dominating dimes
So I urge you to be more than face value
You are one of a kind
Chosen, royal, holy, special
Peculiar and your worship is amazing
Stop passing as a commoner
And be the queen you are
A man doesn't marry a woman who becomes his wife
A man marries a wife who becomes his woman
And being a wife, with or without a man
Is beautiful

"THE INTEGRITY OF DISGUISE" BY MAURICE "SOL" CLARK

We demand an end to ghettos
45% of poor black youth live in neighborhoods of concentrated poverty.
45 percent of poor black youth don't know the differences between soup and top ramen. 45 percent of poor black youth all play with water guns in the house and bullet guns at their homies crib.
45 percent of poor black youth sing the praises to the thug life day in and day out blasted through earphones that only give them what they see out their eyes. 45 percent of our black youth think the only way to progress is to get as much money as possible without getting in trouble with the law to "get back at Uncle Sam"
Only 12% of white poor youth share this.

We demand an end to educational inequality and segregation.

"CHILD'S PLAY" BY C. LOUISE J.

Now your soul has been baited and he, she, they become you, overcome you, and it comes through.
Every pore is opened releasing a melody of ecstasy reflecting your internal peace.
It buoys you above the downward pulls toward a dim life.
Brilliant now you illuminate every movement, step, and thought is straight.
You feel straighter now.
You feel clearer now.
You see clearly now (the rain is gone), you sing, and your glass walls begin to crack.
Your mind begins to snap to the rhythm of every heartbeat and sigh, to every word and cry, to every breath that he, she, we, they, I breathe.

Reality reconstructed, destroyed ever so willingly, ever so violently, with only a suggestion of creative genius imagined to be seen.
The mind shrieks, shrills, thrills, chills, kills me softly.
The dependence kills me softly by cutting me open, and yet I like to bleed.
I adore the release.
And as I, you, he, she, they are squeezed.
We become perfume in the air dispersing and falling with effortless ease, carried away, fading away, loving without pretense in the fashion of child's play.

74% of black children attend schools that are 50-100% non-white with significantly fewer resources than majority white schools. 74% of black children have classmates that get homework in books they can't take home from school. Get to hand back the hand outs that shook their minds out of handbags with handguns in hallways for crime. Not to happen but 74% of black children are trapped in hallways for crime to be assumed. Like prison. A school system designated with the jay oh bee to pee are e pare our children for prison time. What kind of bullsh-hh H eye tee is this. Before we were treated we were equal.

We demand jobs for all. 14% unemployment rate for blacks now. This is higher than national unemployment during the Great Depression. And with great discretion we seem to mention that

the 6.6% unemployment rate for whites is almost dependent on our employee number lessened. Our teachers un-lessoned. Our libraries un-sessioned. Our progression un-progressive. And aside from that..

We demand a living wage
36% of black workers make poverty level wages.
And although raising minimum wage isn't the answer it wouldn't hurt. The minimum wage as if now is 3 dollars and 81 cents away from the common sense of a family of 4 to be above the poverty sea levels. Currency levels currently level our confidence in commerce and current seeds planted in emergency get away homes for our future. Investigation in investments of our investors inventory might invite some questions.
We demand answers.

DIPLOMACY

BY DAVID T. PARKER JR.

Til death do you part
Four years of engagement
After coming together and workout all the financial arrangements
Hot air from the A/C
Cold fries from the café
It's hard to believe we have almost arrived at our date
Careful steps with cold feet
Georgia summers with nosebleeds
All those dilemmas for this diploma
All these hours for this moment

"A PIGS LAUGHTER" BY TIMOTHY P. TUKES

Can you hear them?
Plotting my demise,
Devising their sinister plot,
But I'll have the final laugh!
Beyond the slop,
Beyond the ghastly reality I live,
Lies a beautiful fantasy that awaits me,
Bring your scythe you heirs of the Reaper,
Because I'm ready for my fantasy
I adore the release.
And as I, you, he, she, they are squeezed.
We become perfume in the air dispersing and falling with effortless ease, carried away, fading away, loving without pretense in the fashion of child's play.

WARNING

BY MAYA PRENTISS AND BRIA HENDERSON

People often ask me why i spit
You see, I spit to plant a seed, uproot the weeds, create a breed of intelligence...
Good Evening and welcome to channel 2015 news
The top story for this evening is about serial killer on the loose
He is targeting male victims of African American descent
It is a growing epidemic of unnatural disasters
No ages are safe ladies and gentlemen

People ask me why I spit
No, people ask US
Both- Why WE SPIT

We spit to plant a seed
uproot the weeds
create a breed of awareness

The suspect has had pattern with killings
His victims have been killed in five different ways
They have been either emmett till'd, sean bell'd, oscar grantd, Troy Davidd, or Trayvon Martind

I mean they beat Emmett Till he was no more
Sean never heard his wedding Bells
Oscar wasn't granted New Year's Day
Troy Davis gave us his life
So know one else will be sacrificed
No matter the method of slaughter he'll choose
we can be sure the victim will look just like me and you.

Statistically speaking, black boys should keep their hands out their jeans or you'll look too suspicious

Don't look at a white woman for too long or you'll be considered a rapist

Don't be in the wrong place at the wrong time,
Don't be in the RIGHT place at the wrong time
Don't be in the wrong place at the RIGHT time
Hell, don't be in the right place at the right time
you'll fit the description of every black male suspect:
5'10"
Brown skin
Black hair

ACTIVISM AN UNTITLED SHORT STORY

BY: Corey Reed

Silent you are, with no reason to be.
Obedient you stay.
Shackled by fear and yet your wrists and ankles breathe freely.
Conditioned and seasoned to accept things for what they are.
Brainwashed to believe that "separate, but equal" is a thing of the past.

That classism whispers lies,
That the projects and ghettos are mirages,
That the American Dream is a doorway, when in reality, it is a mouse-hole.
Better yet, a semi-permeable membrane. Only letting in a few of You at a time,
Granting diplomas to those that fall in line
And pretend that everything is ok because your life didn't turn out THAT way.
After all, you pulled yourself up from the bootstraps right?
You birthed yourself, fed yourself, clothed yourself, prayed for yourself, loved yourself right?

Let it be known that you can be a wealthy businessman with a HBCU degree and would disgrace the term "activist."
No, how can we use that term as an adjective for you when history says otherwise.
Activists were unafraid to be imprisoned for what they believed.
Activists sat at lunch counters while being verbally beaten by those in opposition.
Activists were hosed down by fire-hoses, barked and bitten by the dogs of civil war.
Activists marched and yelled and sang and cheered with the pride of tomorrow in their hearts.
Activists swallowed fear and embraced the title of martyr if needed.
And yet, you want the title associated with your name?
You want the words "Humanitarian, philanthropist, and activist" to orbit your image and yet your hands are clean.
You want to stand WITH the people, just not LIVE with the people.

Let me be clear my friend, activism is neither easy nor friendly.
It is one of the brightest things to fear.
Your entire life, you have been told that activism is wrong, civil disobedience is treason to American sovereignty.
Prison is your slave master and prestige, reputation, and societal acceptance are your whips.
They keep you in line so that if your voice ever became too loud, you would know to silence it.
You say we have outgrown "old activism."
That marching and such are no longer the battlegrounds.
You say that Gandhi and King would have no reason to rebel now.

Well my friend, I fear for our children.
They are born on their feet, marching into a battle of identity and justice without a weapon or a prayer.
Is it enough for you to be good if your people are not?
Have we accepted the notion that our people are innately incompetent, naturally naïve, legitimately lazy, culturally confused, blatant beggars?
Or are there more words to the story that were hushed?
Are the truths hidden in books burned in a library forgotten?

My friend, let me remind you that I am no better,
I am no exception, I am no solution.
But I would be wrong, by the deepest sense of wrong, if I were to let you walk away from your soil.
Whether you claim it or not, it gave birth to you.
Even the seed grown in good soil was first carried from the mother tree and her withered daughters all around the United States.
The fruits of her womb are our brothers and sisters, whether we like it or not.
Please, do not ignore them. Don't let them be a face you pass with no sympathy or care.
We must care for them, we must help them. We must advocate for them.
Or we chose to sing the sad song at the funeral of Activism.

"MEDIUM BUILD"
BY MAYA PRENTISS AND
BRIA HENDERSON

So realistically speaking
Don't be young, black, and male at the same time, it just won't work.
If you're skin is darker than these four walls, you are a target

America
The only country where a bag of candy can be a weapon
Skittles

Taste the rainbow
Taste this tasteless rainbow
That only one color is being picked out and held down
We spit to plant a seed uproot the weeds, create a breed of teens who'll see
The strange fruit from the leaves
strange history in our genes

WARNING MY BROTHERS:
Know you have rights but limitations
So choose wisely, your representation

CARL ALEXANDER
CONTRIBUTING WRITER
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If only the effulgence of the sun couldn't get any brighter at the crack of dawn, yet lay in respite of significant indifference. If only morning dew wouldn't rest lightly on the lawn, but instead mash the blades of grass in its critical mass. If only man shouldn't find himself to be gentle or ingenuous to the nature of all things that are, nor leaving passion faint on the battleground of existence. That would be a faultless life, a world worth living in. Sadly, it is a silly figment of one's imagination; my cracked up idea of how time should pan out and how its movements should be ordered. Now, I am fixed trying to paint this ever altering humanity into a panorama of splendor; flawlessly captioned, concisely set, whether a lack there of. Yet I am still ever dreaming for the canvas in which I will stroke the structure of a home that I can call the world's.

It seems ever more that it's a fool's motto to sing to the towns people a song pointing to the ides, but I go on. Pushing forward in this challenge, my departure among compassion resembles the faithful scene of a timid child walking the lonely streets of society, only pressed along by the wandering, kind faced strangers of the streets. I go on. Swinging, throwing my head back as a melismatic passage floats from my voice to the sky in hopes of catching the ears of the lofty fowl above. I sing out, in the unviable optimistic fashion signature to my kind, to spread my pressing message. Simple words were said none the less; words in search of amendment, communicating the meaning of tranquility and solidarity. I hope that mother's temperament will take heed! For she has clouded my judgment, covered my eyes in a shroud of darkness, and uncovered my ears to receive her maternal rhythm to be translated to the few hidden in faith.

Never asking for this blessing, I crafted reality through hear-say. Again, never asking for this curse, I cried out to God. Resting on earth beaten knees and sun cracked hands clasped, I pray:

"Cry, cries my heart out for joy. Cry, cries my heart out for sorrow. True to peace and kept in love. I come, crying mine eyes on a pillow, laying, waiting for God's grace. I praise his strength in a humble place to take my hand and lead me home. Amen." Willed to my feet, I slide into my resting place leg by leg to feel my weight press down on the gentle, chill of a cover. Reminded of the truth unseen, the power felt, and the picture painted in my mind, I send out a message to the Moon in hopes of her leading my mother to the path of the righteous and spare this world unmolded yet.

Waking to our star no brighter than the Moon, nevertheless lack-luster, is common place to a civilization unaware. Yet discovering complexity in a routine life is a priceless miracle. I live that miracle circumspectly. Running blindly to the path of danger is not of my character, but with every step I take, it is the road I come closer to going down. For we all have reached

this place. We all were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers' lusts and pleasures, breathing in malice and envy, hateful, and abhorring one another. Possessing no pleasure in understanding, but only voicing our opinions we have abandoned the selflessness that has been revered throughout time, and have adopted the selfishness that society has thrown on the good natured man. A self-seeking conscious has battered our family relationship and destroyed our home.

Prayer has been my only savior in times like these. Finding nothing to believe in, nothing to revel in, I have found that only the Lord was on my side. On foolish knees and with sinful hands clasped, I pray the last prayer to save my house from plunder: "My God, I come to thee in hope to find peace in my mind, to ease this smart or cure this wound. Yet Lord, I know there is help for me and let it work, for I'll endure the utmost pain so thou wilt cure. Amen." This is the single form of surrender I know. It is all I know. And as sister Moon holds all still in her shining light, I find peace of mind, unity of spirit, and the beginnings of a tranquil life unknown to my being.

Sunup uncovers me with a new revelation, a new light unseen. My vision becomes clear and the construct of our home is all but lost to time. The canvas is full for each stroke to soak its spurring loins and add to the image of our lives. Humanities ever changing nature becomes an accent to the vitality that is existence. The house stands with sturdy frame and unshakeable cover, with its splendid gold roofing holding in the love of the family and expelling all hate and transgression that may fall with each raining tear. United. Free. Human kind finds more value than its history, which is the vision we have come to see.

Flaws and all, he created them and in all I will revel in their blemished beauty. I sit veering out of the window trying to sketch the idiosyncrasies of the early cactus bloom, which rushes to shut at the slightest stream of sun-light. Falling out of the sky a slice of paper trickles down in a wavering style, swishing to and fro. I dropped my pencil and parchment to chase this message from above. I hopped the closest fence into the farm land to keep on its trail. Treading the fresh grown corn that tells the story of a people's plight and peril, where color is no longer substantial but melded into a placid hue of gray, I find a home amongst the women and the children. The men were separated, herded into the fields to reap the harvest of the sun-streamed sky. Untainted air never whipped a face as it lashed amidst the rows, nor carried a bead of sweat from the jaw of a man molded by determination and suffering. Yet it carried this paper through each row and under every hand. It is in this field, this country that I placed my feet on raw earth and with every movement I could feel a root grow beneath. As the earth grows, as the plants grow, as this village grows I learn to touch each one of their roots one step at a time. I found the sky paper at my feet, picked it up, and stretched its tattered ends. It read, "For that, I say thank you." And for that, I say thank you.

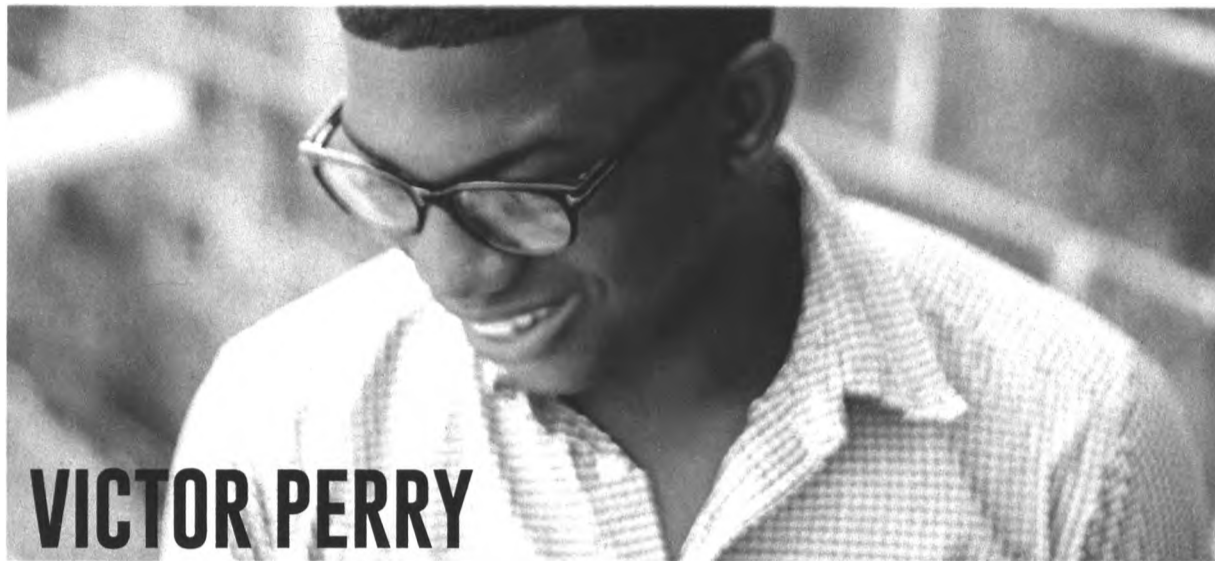
DID YOU LOVE THE ISSUE?

LET US KNOW @THEMAROONTIGER

ARTISTS TO WATCH: THE AUC EDITION

MORIBA CUMMINGSARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR
MORIBACUMMINGS@YAHOO.COM

The Atlanta University Center is known for its distinct flair in the arts. Consisting of institutions that focus heavily on a liberal arts curriculum, it comes as no surprise that

**VICTOR PERRY**

Chances are, you've probably already heard of our first featured artist. Victor Perry, a 19-year-old vocalist from Thomasville, Ga., currently stands as a sophomore at Morehouse College, and has managed to already make a name for himself as a marketed artist. Perry shows no signs of slowing down, as his first single, "Found My Way," has already proven to be a bonafide smash within the AUC community.

"The coolest thing was hearing my song being played in a car passing by on Brown Street," Perry said.

Singing since the age of 3, Perry knows his voice pretty well, but did not choose to showcase it to the public until recently. Having performed at the VH1 Save the Music event in September, the young vocalist was reassured in his destiny to pursue music for a living.

"It made me feel like performing is what I should actually pursue a career in," he said.

Citing his musical inspirations as the late Whitney Houston, Luther Vandross, Michael Bolton, Adele, and Rihanna, Perry's musical taste varies exponentially, so much so that he has classified his sound under the genre of indie-pop.

To purchase "Found My Way" from Morehouse College's very own Victor Perry, visit the iTunes Music Store or Amazon.com. Also, follow Perry's artist page at www.facebook.com/victortaylorpmusic.



Adding some hip hop flare to the roundup is San Diego, Ca., native Amon-ra Cunningman. Known simply as Amon, the 20-year-old Morehouse College junior business marketing major has been rapping for approximately four years now. Though he is considered quite the talented lyricist today, rapping has not always been on Amon's radar.

"I broke my heel skateboarding my senior year of high school," he said. "I had nothing else to do, so I started putting words together, and that's how everything started happening."

After garnering a plethora of overwhelming responses to his music, the young emcee decided to officially pursue his new found talent as a feasible career path. While his bars may speak for him, don't expect this artist to become another industry puppet.

"I'd rather know how to market my music rather than just major in music," he said of his decision to pursue a bachelor's degree in business marketing. "[Marketing] will give me another tool of how to take control of my career."

The recent victor of the Morehouse College junior talent show cites the dynamic hip hop force Tupac as his sole musical inspiration, admiring his ability to easily mesh his West coast experiences with social problems. Amon's mixtape *Dream Work* is scheduled to drop at 9:00 p.m. on October 13. To preview some of his previously released efforts, visit Amon's Twitter, YouTube, and Soundcloud pages under the alias mahnameamon.

**LEE ADRIAN**

Known as the artist to watch at Clark Atlanta University, Antonio "Lee Adrian" Marthini has been pursuing music since the age of 10. Making his start in the religious-themed rap group Two Young Rapping Christians with his cousin, Lee Adrian adopted the skill of hustling early on, performing at malls and events in his hometown of Houston, Texas.

Now in his senior year at CAU, the mass media arts major has transitioned into the mainstream world of hip hop, producing quality studio-produced records that have captured the attention of music aficionados throughout the AUC.

"There's so much opportunity that lies within the AUC," Lee Adrian said. "As far as branding myself within the AUC, everyone's just been so supportive."

While the lyricist expresses sincere gratitude to the AUC community for their support, he intends on one day earning the backing of hip hop juggernaut Jay

the AUC is a hub for diverse musical talent. With a variety of successfully established musicians serving as products of the AUC, including Mase (Clark Atlanta University alum); Avery*Sunshine (Spelman College alum); and Mateo (Morehouse College alum), many are patiently awaiting the advent of the next AUC-produced national musical phenomenon. To give you an inside look on who's in the running, we've rounded up five of the AUC's most promising music hopefuls.

**ASYA IZME**

Representing the ladies is Asya Ziyad (stage name Asya Izme), a senior music production and composition major at Spelman College. Hailing from Detroit, Mich., Asya is what many would consider a trained musician. Forget the smoke, mirrors and pyrotechnics, this second soprano knows music from the sheet to the mic.

Describing her sound as "Folky-R&B," Asya boasts a voice that is production-ready. Serving in the Spelman College Glee Club, she is constantly rubbing shoulders with other aspiring musicians on a regular basis, gearing up for her much awaited debut.

"The AUC provided a lot of connections with other people who were already connected with the entertainment community in Atlanta," Asya said.

Aside from admitting that her family has unofficially adopted Motown legend Stevie Wonder, and King of Pop Michael Jackson as their cousins, Asya credits R&B/Soul contemporaries Jill Scott, India.Arie, Brandy, and Erykah Badu as her current-day inspirations.

With a project currently in the works set for a tentative spring 2014 release, Asya is gearing up to return to her hometown for a fall tour this year.

Follow Asya on Facebook, Twitter, and subscribe to her channel on YouTube all under the alias Asya Izme.

**LOKz**

When talking about diversity, it's practically impossible to ignore the large Caribbean presence within this idiosyncratic community we call the AUC. Antigua & Barbuda native Kirk Anderson goes by the stage name LOKz, which is an acronym for Lay Original Kirk.

Getting his start in the rap game in 2009, LOKs, a sophomore accounting and economics double major at Morehouse College, turned what many would consider a fluke into a well polished craft.

"I started [rapping] because one of my closest friends and I started fooling around rapping, and I was kind of good," he said.

Prior to his freshman year of college, the Caribbean dweller never recorded any form of musical material. As a result of this, he credits the AUC community for his initial stab at professional recording.

Staying along the Caribbean vein that raised him, LOKz references music and world icon Bob Marley as his main source of inspiration before citing more contemporary rap figures J. Cole and Wale as his modern day artistic muses.

"J. Cole and Wale seem to find the perfect balance between mainstream success and soul," he said.

LOKz cherishes the importance of multifaceted entrepreneurship. Serving as Mr. Royal Blue & Gold, and as an active member of the Morehouse College Business Association (MBA), LOKz is keeping his options open.

Visit www.hotnewhiphop.com (lokz_leoriginal) to hear original cuts from LOKz, including "Dreams and Nightmares," "For my Hometown," and a cover of Drake's Nothing Was the Same lead single "Started From the Bottom."

Z, citing him as one of his major business and musical inspirations.

"My favorite rapper is Tupac Amaru Shakur," he said. "But as far as business, I feel like I'm Jay Z's protégé."

With a single titled "Out the Park" currently available on iTunes, starring as a cast member of the AUC YouTube reality show *College Boy Friends*, and gearing up to release a new self titled mixtape in January, Lee Adrian is certainly a busy man who shows no signs of slowing down anytime soon.

Lee Adrian's previously released mixtape *One for the Money* is currently available online for download. Follow him on Twitter (@TheLeeAdrian) and listen to his original work at www.soundcloud.com/theleeadrian.

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