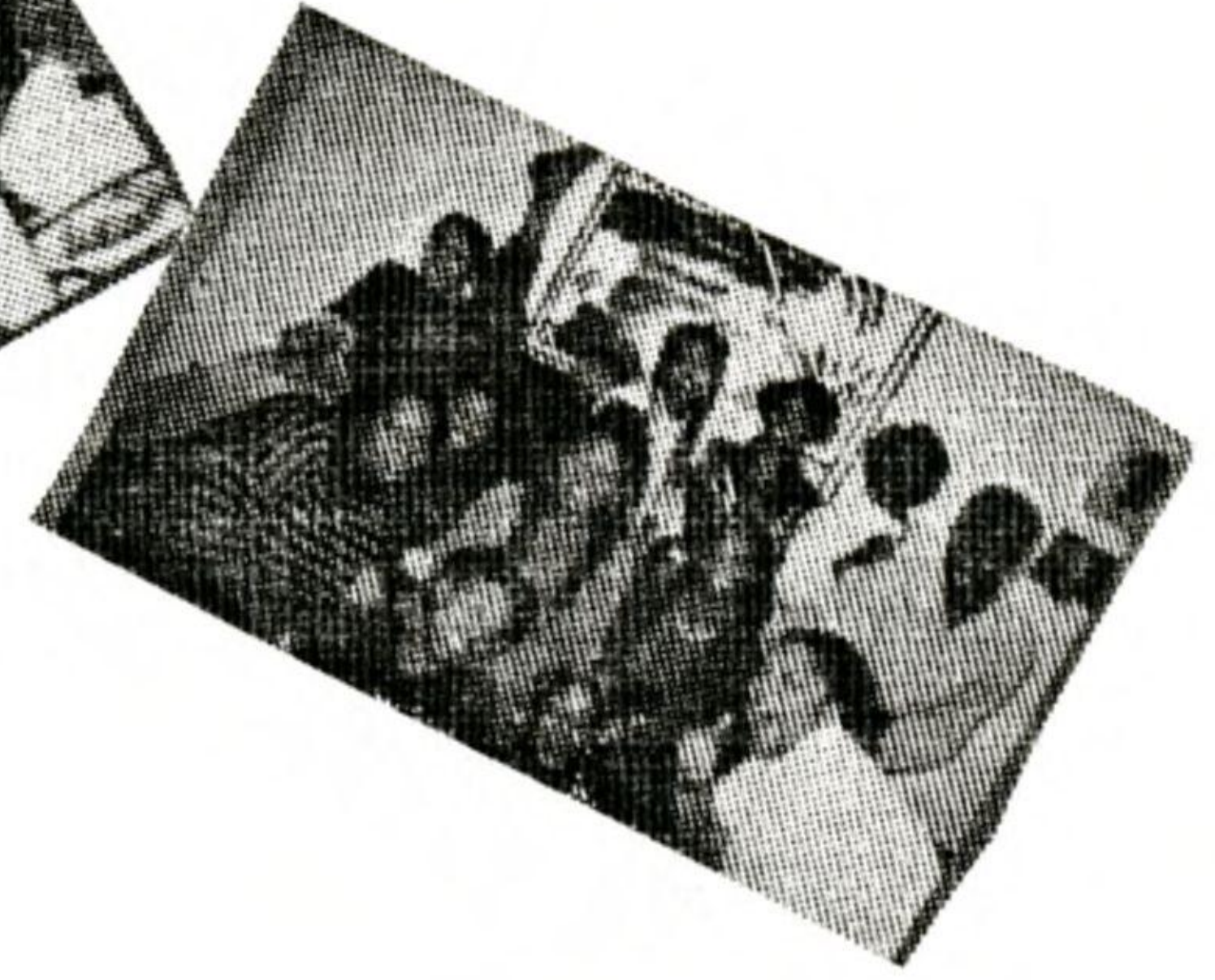
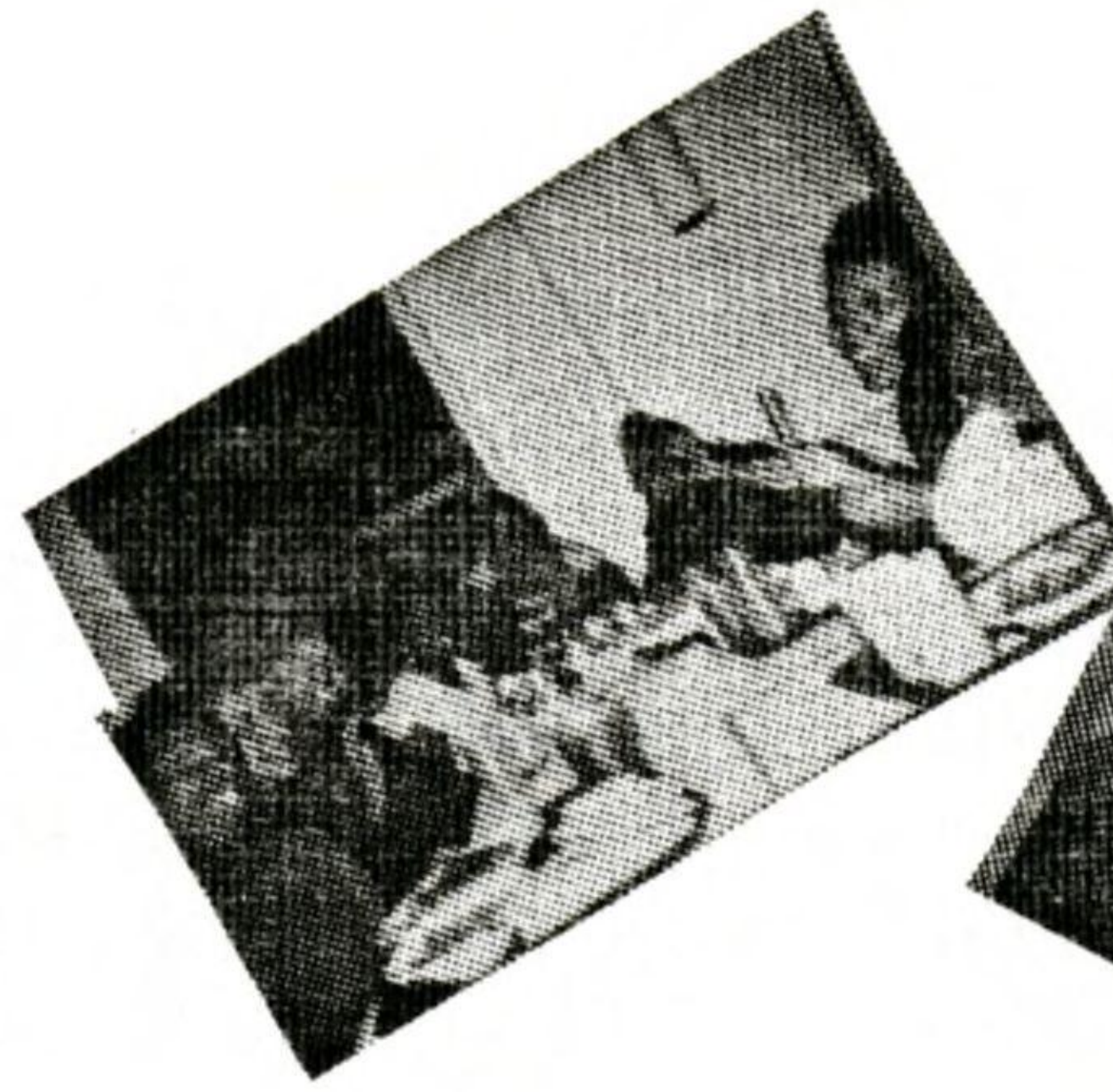


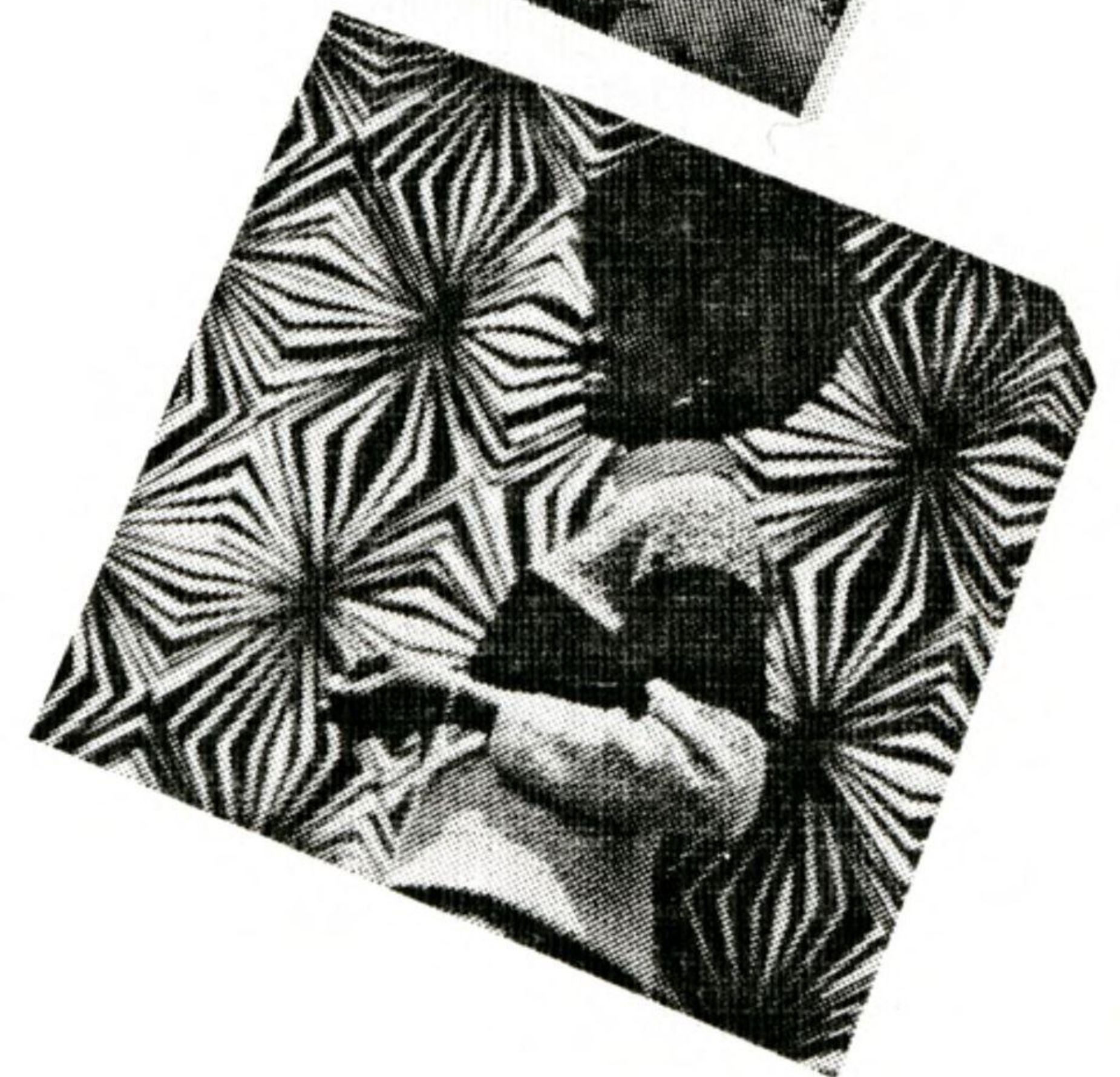
THE JOURNAL, NEWSLETTER, PAPER OF
THE BARNARD ORGANIZATION OF BLACK WOMEN
MARCH/APRIL 1992: VOLUME I ISSUE I



SOUL



SISTER



***NAMED IN HONOR OF THOSE "SOUL SISTERS" UPON WHOSE SHOULDERS WE STAND....**

Arvid F. Tanderse

a. nley

**Letters
Poetry
Articles
Essays
Dates to Remember
Drawings
and more...!!!!!!**

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

L. Garcia BC '94, a. riley BC '93, L. Tadesse CC '95

*Lisa Velasques BC '94, Luladey Tadesse CC '95, Asali Solomon BC '95, Karen Singleton BC '93, angela y.m. riley BC '93, (Mila Oden BC '72), Kellie Newman BC '90, (Eno Jackson BC '88), Berta Colon BC '93, Ayana Byrd BC '95, (Karen Butler BC '73), Melinda Bond H.U. '93
(archival contributors)*

Francesca Cuevas, Gloria's Newsletter Program (and Gloria Gadsen, too!), Barnard College H.E.O.P. Office, Lillian Caddle, Kim Hapgood, Those momentarily not remembered, The "Spirits..."

[illegible]

Treasurer—Lisa Velasquez BC '94

[illegible]

Letter from the President

Hotep Sistahs, Brothahs, and othahs!

Another great year is under way. As the 1991-1992 president of the Barnard Organization of Black Women, allow me first to say "PEACE". As we enter the year's end, i trust that all is going well.

The excitement i feel about B.O.B.W. is something that i can not even begin to explain; but let me try... Each year since i have been at Barnard, i've watched a steady improvement occur in the organization. Each year i have witnessed exceptional women dedicated to B.O.B.W. and to what B.O.B.W. stands for commit themselves to making a difference for women of color on this campus. Each year, i became more and more impressed with the organization's unlimited potential. Before the term had even begun, i saw the future potential, and i am sure quite a few of you have had to listen to me tell you about what should/could/would happen next year. I have become painfully aware of the unlimited heights the organization has the potential of reaching.

This year, as more of an insider than ever before, I can only hope that We as a board and as an organization are living up to the legacy of those who have gone before Us...I can only hope that what We are doing now is creating a solid foundation on which those who follow Us can stand and build on securely. My hope is that some current first-year will look back in 1994 or 1995 (hopefully after i'm long gone) and see the same steady progression that i have witnessed in the Barnard Organization of Black Women.

The '91-'92 executive board, the women who i have had to work the closest with

and those who i have had to come to depend on, are a delight. We are an exciting blend of seasoned veterans and of new recruits which serves to create an atmosphere charged with the perspective of experience and the freshness of newness. B.O.B.W. is blessed to have those who have seen her grow and change and have been with her through it all--those who have proven their dedication in good times and bad--as well as those who are unaware and/or unaffected by those defeats of the past and only have visions of future victories... Hardly anything thrills me more than the seriousness and "get-down-to-business"-ness of the amazing women i have the fortune of working with on the board.

Among working on Our library, and re-organizing the B.O.B.W. archives, and updating the B.O.B.W. files, and.... one of Our major goals as has been in years past is membership. The Barnard Organization of Black Women is in existence for Us; she does not belong to me or the board or anyone but Us. By Us, i mean the Black women on Barnard's campus. By Us, i mean women of color on the University campus. The Zora Neale Hurston Lounge on the first floor of Reid Hall is Our space. The odds say that on this Eurocentric male dominated University campus as well as on B. C.'s, if not male-dominated, definitely Eurocentric campus We have all experienced, and will continue to experience, some sort of hostility. That being the case positive affirmation is key. Make B.O.B.W. what you need for her to be. That is what she's here for.

I could ramble on and on and on..., but i won't.

Peace,

angela yvonne maria riley
angela yvonne maria riley
'91-'92 B.O.B.W. president
B.C. '93

DID YOU KNOW...?
Swahili is offered on campus

and
it fulfills your language requirement?!
(Check your catalogs for more info.)



I'd like to see your hair straightened

Why?

**straighten my hair
I'll never be white
deny me the sun
I'll never be white
separate me from music
I'll never be white
cut off ALL my hair
I'll never be white
paint me
I'll never be white
teach me to destroy
I'll never be white**

**straighten my hair
I'll never be white
I AM
a Beautiful Black Woman**

**Melinda Bond
Howard University '93**



COLOR AND CHOICE: MAKING THE CONNECTIONS

by Ayana Byrd

Sitting in the middle of the Barnard and Columbia Students for Choice's (BCSC) meeting of the year, I could not help but notice the absence of minority faces in the predominantly Caucasian filled room. What began as a mere observation soon formed itself into a nagging question in the back of my mind: "Why were there not not representatives of the women who would to be most affected if abortion were to be made illegal? Why weren't more of us here to stand-up and fight for our rights?"

As the government continues to place more and more restrictions on getting abortions, and while a majority of the changes involve federal funding (which often goes to minorities) the reason is obvious why more women of color need to take their places next to their white counterparts in the demonstrations, in protests outside of the Supreme Court, or even in volunteering an hour of time to make phone calls and mail letters.

Some say that the laws that the pro-choice movement are trying to protect or pass will only benefit the middle to upper classes. While it is an unfortunate fact that in the United States the middle to upper class do usually benefit the most from any and all laws, it should not be believed that the lower class will not be helped in any way.

Illegalizing abortion is yet one step to take away the rights of women. As a Black in America, one's rights are constantly in jeopardy of being denied. The Black woman, consequently, is faced with a double threat. In addition, she is often not even considered to be a force to be reckoned with. She is seen to be inferior, not only because of her race, but because she is of the "weaker" sex. Failure to rally together and show our strength in numbers when the government prohibits federal funding for abortions (even in the case of incest and rape) the black woman only further- in the minds of politicians- emphasizes this image of weakness and complacency. Which is also true in the case when the government prohibits doctors at federally funded clinics from mentioning abortion as an option to a pregnant woman.

It is time to come together and stop fearing the word "feminist" or the term "pro-choice advocate" as too radical, leftist labels. It is time to realize that the rights that our foremothers fought for will disappear if we do not continue with the fight. It is time that large numbers of women, and particularly those of color who already possess a minimal amount of political power, join the struggle. It is time to realize that the the fight for equal rights will not be won solely if racial equality is achieved, but gender- based equality as well. Most importantly, however, it is essential that we realize these things soon, for what can be done if it becomes too late?



Pecola's Journal

by Luladey Tadesse CC'95

Toni Morrison's The Bluest Eyes inspired me to write the following piece regarding the main character Pecola. The story is about a young African American girl, who lived in a world that marveled the "cute" and blue eyed darling of television, Shirley Temple; Pecola was a lonely and often dejected girl who was never considered pretty or even special by anyone- except Jesus. Her imagination leads her into a quagmire of fantasies that in which she has blue eyes and thus looks at the world differently and vice versa; unfortunately, when she starts believing that blue eyes will change her life for the better, she gets raped by her own drunken father. The novel analyzes the concept of beauty, affection, neglect and most of all, the search for self identity and acceptance in a society that considers the color of one's skin to be the judge of one's inner beauty.

I am not supposed to be talking to you. Remember, I cannot do this any more. I can't go on, I just can't, I might lose my Morning-glory-blue eyes. Oh, how I can still picture myself when I was friends with Claudia and Frienda and....and Maureen. It was as though all my friends danced around me, walked around me, talked around me, just like a dance, a ballet around a dead baby. I never told them that I didn't like it when they talked around me. I could never tell them I hated their eyes, and their voices. Their eyes were round, really round and brown- just like mud. Maureen, she had nice eyes, she had eyes the color of melted sugar. She was pretty, but I hated her voice.

People always stare at each other, or they stare into space, but they never wink, they never look....not at me. I am always standing there, but they don't see me. You see, they don't want to see me because they are afraid they don't have Morning-glory-blue eyes. I always see them through my window. I can see many people, people with shiny brown faces, especially in the winter when they have Vaseline on their brown faces and ears and hands. It is interesting, they never ever let their hands touch me. They are sometimes nice, they don't like hitting me with their hands- not even the teachers- they just use a ruler. Nobody ever touched me except....except my father. I wonder why?

Before I got my Morning-glory-blue eyes, I couldn't see Jesus clearly. I only saw him once. I was scratched. The fat black cat fell on top of me, her paws cut my thighs and elbow. My dress was torn and the safety-pin on the hem could be seen. I was dirty. The lady was all upset that I killed the cat. Junior told her it was all my fault.

I felt squeezed... I was so scared and hurt and dirty. I had to see Jesus. When I left the apartment, near the stairway, I saw him. He looked awfully sad. He looked at me with unsurprised eyes. He was wearing the twisted, gay paper flowers around his head- just like the ones we made in Sunday School. I couldn't say

much to him, I simply walked home.

People always ask me, "Christ! Kantcha talk?" I never understood them. What do they want me to say? They have denied me everything- love, attention, peace. Why don't they leave me alone, let me at least enjoy my Morning-glory-blue eyes? I just want to stop suffering and thank Jesus for giving me eyes with which I can see the world clearly, just what it is and not what people make it out to be.

I feel so clean when I see through my Morning-glory-blue eyes! I think people are so... so stuffed with flesh and food and grease and dirt. They are not clean inside. The problem is that they don't have Morning-glory-blue eyes to see that they are yucky! You see, only special people have Morning-glory-blue eyes. I am special. My eyes are bluer than any doll I will ever find. My eyes are a special blue, a different blue- I can see through them. Believe me, Jesus told me this secret last night. Everybody was asleep when I crept out my window and stood beside the Dandelion pot. That is when he told me this secret.

The only problem with having Morning-glory-blue eyes is that the rest of the world cannot see me as I can see it. The outside seems desolate and cold. I always shrink when I leave the house with Mrs. Breedlove. I get small then smaller and finally become the smallest moving being amongst the people. I feel as though I am drowned in the air around me- I can't swim and I can hardly breath... I can only see it.

Oh, the outside is so stuffy and unhealthy- just like the river bank. There are no sharks, fishes, not even Dandelions. I always seem to picture myself there, splashing against the current (remember, I can't swim) and my body constantly being slapped against the rocks. Scratched, wet, dirty, cold, I become a tiny wrinkled raisin. The brown waves will then thrust me (my own true self) ashore an unknown island. There, I will see Jesus all the time. I will talk, I will laugh, I will cry, I will bloom...

Telling My Story: Our Campus Self- Help Support Group

by angela y.m. riley BC'93

I'd heard about it. I knew people who were involved with it. The stuff i'd heard was good, real good, but sort of....oblique. What was this Black Women's Health Project? Oh, it's a self help support group. I understand.

Yeah Right.

I'd heard it was like nothing else, no other experience but until i became involved (i mean made a commitment to self help and to giving and receiving help to and from other black women) i really had no idea.

It's hard and it's painful and it's wonderful. it's scary and exciting. And demanding. It's draining and invigorating.

But i've made a decision to become whole and remain whole. I've made a choice to become and remain well.

And i will.

In other words, i could have talked about the premise behind the project, and why the project was founded, and how the groups are run, and.... But it's a real personal thing, really. What the project is to me it may not be to you. I think the best thing is to make a commitment to give it a try--a real try--and then jump in and get involved.

Questions. Call Odetta at (212) 222-8332 or angela at (212) 853-1108. Or call or write the New York Black Women's Health Project at P.O. Box 401037; Brooklyn, New York 11240-1037, (718) 596-6009. Or call the National Black Woman's Health Project at 1-800-ASK-BWHP.

WELLNESS IS.....

Waking up smiling, singing
Energy, enthusiasm, zest
Feeling and actual power
Creativity
Lust for living

Being centered
Peace
Dancing
A sense of wonder,
questioning,
doubting
Eating for life and health
Joyful living
Loving
Being angry at the right
people for the right
reasons
Knowing what you need
Asking for what you need/
want
Knowing the power within
Laughing, crying, screaming,
feeling
Hugging, snuggling, touching
Being loud
Being curious, playful,
assertive, trusting,
outrageous
Being vulnerable, tender,
gentle
Being cullud
Appreciating self and others;
community building

*The above and below are excerpts adapted
from BWHP brochures.*

NEW YORK
BLACK WOMAN'S
HEALTH PROJECT



PRESENTS

OUR 4TH ANNUAL RETREAT

Friday April 24, 1992, 5:00 pm
through
Sunday April 26, 1992 1:30 pm
KINGS' LODGE
Otisville, New York

Vision:

A Solution In Every Challenge.

FROM THE ARCHIVES.....

(letter to Bulletin '87)

I happened to be present when BOBW was asked to "make a statement for the minority experiences is," to be given to the Bulletin preferably within two or three hours. As one of the few Black women here at Barnard, this is not the first time that I have been asked, indirectly or otherwise, to deliver a neat and succinct comment on the "Black perspective"- something involving four hundred years of history- on whatever the questioner had in mind.

Throughout my years at Columbia University, it has always amazed me how for some reason, I am supposed to be a walking database on Black Everything. For example, being a major in women's studies and religion, I am not particularly knowledgeable about Black women writers. That didn't stop a certain professor I had last year from demanding supplementary information from me in reference to it and every other subject involving the Black Perspective every time it came up in class, rather than doing a little research on her own. This is not just limited to professors in class situations. I could tell some really fascinating tales about lectures I was supposed to give on growing up in Nigeria to certain fellow students. (I'm not from Nigeria, but the fact that my name is Nigerian is for some reason sufficient to convince many that I was raised deep in the jungles. The concept that lots of Blacks give their kids African names is one of those

idiosyncrasies that I am also supposed to explain.) I could go on and on forever, but I won't. Put simply, it is clear to me, and to many other students of other races here, that when we are in a class, or in an elevator, or in a bathroom, we are not simply ourselves going to school. We are Representatives of Black America (or whichever group) on duty. And as these forced volunteers without pay, it is *our function* to Educate, else we are not keeping up some part of the unseen and unsigned contract we agreed to when we decided to come here.

To be quite honest, I always find it difficult to believe that the people asking for statements like this are really that lacking in the imagination and creativity involved to formulate their own responses. Why can't people do their own research? Why can't people ask their questions of people more qualified to answer them? Another obvious question is why can't people ask Black professors, but all two of them would no doubt find the task a little demanding, as do the half dozen or so in Columbia.

So I am not going to give a little, neat, and easily ignored statement about the Black Experience at Barnard. I could discuss the blatant racism and subtle insensitivity and the whitewashed curriculum and the lack of people of color on the faculty, but I won't. Just use your creativity and intelligence, and spend a few minutes, hours, or days researching on your own, what the "minority experience at Barnard" must be.

Eno Jackson BC '88

BARNARD COLLEGE

September 25, 1970

Dear

In the past two years, the enrollment of sisters at Barnard has increased to well over a hundred. Along with our increased presence has been our growing concern to create an atmosphere that would make our adjustments less painful and our lives more productive.

We recognize, though we come from all over the country and varied backgrounds, that we share a common experience with our brothers and sisters of every black community. We understand that our involvement with and service to black people both within and outside the boundaries of our campus is essential to our growth as black women.

At the same time we face problems, academic, social and financial, as black students at a white institution that you, as a former student, can no doubt appreciate.

However, much has changed since you were here. Mrs. Lemoine Callendar, Assistant to the Dean and advisor to sisters, is a black woman we all feel free to approach with problems, suggestions and ideas who has made our stay here more bearable. In addition, Dr. Gibbs and Dr. Francis, both sisters, have joined the counseling staff of the medical service at Barnard. Sharon Lloyd is a sister who joined the Placement Office last spring and is working closely with our organization.

We wish to extend our hands to you, for we feel that we must all join in an effort to help one another and sisters who will come here in the future. We want to foster an ongoing exchange of ideas, advice and help between us all. In this light we hope that you will respond to our invitation and let us know how you are, where you are and what you are doing.

We are all, in Don L. Lee's words: "Good sisters - gettin' better".

Sincerely,

Karen Butler '73
Mila Oden '72
Co-Chairmen B.O.S.S.

I am a woman, and I'm blac
I am blac, and I'm a woman
I'm a blac woman

I love bein a blac woman
b-cuz
a blac woman
haz a way of walkin
a blac woman
haz a way of talkin
She haz a way of smilin
She haz a way of laughin
A blac woman
haz a way
of bein
A blac woman

I love a blac woman bein
I love bein a blac woman

I want a blac man
(pure mandingo.)
who loves bein a blac man
b-cuz
a blac man
haz a way of walkin
(ummm...)
a blac man
haz a way of talkin
He haz a way of smilin
(yes.)
He haz a way of laughin
A blac man
haz a way
of bein
A blac man

I wanna blac man
who loves being
a blac man
bein
a blac man

B-cuz
I am a blac woman
and
I love bein
a blac woman

and

We cold love bein
togetha.

(I'd love bein togetha in love)

angela y.m. riley BC'93
5/4/90



by J. Prento

itsy-bitsyy, teeny-weeny summaries of

"Must Reads"

"Poem About My Rights" (Guess what, it's a poem) by June Jordan
makes serious connections of many types of oppression

a poem called "Celebration" by Mari Evans
black love poem--Beautiful

When and Where I Enter by Paula Giddings
easy to read, informative, fact-filled history of the Black Woman in Amerika

Toni Morrison
anything written by her will be Powerful...

Octavia Butler
only Black woman science fiction/fantasy writer....even if you don't usually like scifi, you'll love her

The Black Student's Guide to Positive Education by Zak Kondo
practical, usable, readable applicable guide for any (serious) black student dedicated to black people

Jambalaya by Luisa Teish
makes a lot of spiritual connections, by a sistah for sistahs

Black Women in White America edited by Gerda Lerner
collections of documents/primary sources focusing on Black women's history

Celebration of Black Womanhood Week March 30th to April 5, 1992

Monday, 3/30 ..



Noontime Entertainment in McIntosh Center,
featuring local Black and Latina performers
Time: 12 p.m. to 2 p.m. Free

Faye Wattleton, former President of Planned Parenthood
McIntosh Center, Sponsored by the Center for Research on Women
Time: 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Free

Tuesday, 3/31 ..

Noontime Entertainment in McIntosh Center
Time: 12 p.m. to 2 p.m. Free

Alumnae Reception with Barnard Students
Time: 7:30 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Wednesday, 4/1 ..

Noontime Entertainment in McIntosh Center
Time: 12 p.m. to 2 p.m. Free

Thursday, 4/2 ..

Noontime Entertainment in McIntosh Center
Time: 12 p.m. to 2 p.m. Free

Friday, 4/3 ..

Annual Celebration Dinner featuring New Alliance Presidential
Candidate Lenora Fulani, the James Room, 4th Floor, Barnard Hall
Time: 5 p.m. to 8 p.m. Cost: \$6 adults, children free

Saturday, 4/4 ..

Panel on Community Activism
Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor Barnard Hall
Time: 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. Free

Sunday, 4/5 ..



Rap Session and Brunch with HEOP Director Francesca Cuevas
Sulzberger Parlor, 3rd Floor Barnard Hall
Time: 12 p.m. to 2 p.m. Free

Keynote Speaker: Actress-Poet-Author Ruby Dee
James Room, 4th Floor Barnard Hall
Time: 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. Cost: \$4 adults, children free



Renowned Research Center on Women Available to All

by Asali Solomon BC'95

According to Dr. Temma Kaplan, former director of the Barnard Center for Research on Women, in addition to the dozens of journalists and researchers from all over the world, each week approximately fifty to seventy students use this special resource. Are you one of them? In its twentieth year of existence the Center has a great deal to offer women of color. Located on the first floor of Barnard Hall, open Monday through Friday from 9:30A.M. to 5:00P.M. (and until 9:00P.M. on Tuesdays) this noncirculating library is cited in a ninety-seven page bibliography listing materials by and about women of color. Especially strong is the Center's periodical collection, which includes subscriptions to 146 publications, and puts special emphasis on the international community.

Another valuable resource the Center has to offer is its provision of access to accomplished women. Through its Associates Program, scholars, authors, activist and a host of other thinkers can be sought by students through appointments made by the Center. Associates like Paula J. Giddings, for example, an expert in the history of African American women, meets faculty needs that haven't been met on campus. Also, in addition to being present to meet with on a one-to-one basis, many of the associates share their knowledge through lectures or presentations sponsored by the Center. Another excellent human resource affiliated with the Center is its staff. Dr. Kaplan, a tenured professor of history was one of the first to teach

Women's Studies, and Associate Director Ruth Farmer has worked as a community activist focusing on such issues as African American women's health. In addition, to Center's structural features, of special interest to women of color, is the programming. A grant from the Ford foundation is marked to help include the perspectives and knowledge of these women into the curriculum. This fall the Center is sponsoring presentations on such diverse subjects as African missionaries, Native American women and low-income urban teenagers. An extension of events like these is the publication of The Barnard Occasional Paper's on Women's Issues, which are transcripts of selected lectures.

Another point of interest at the Center are its organizational files. There is a broad base of information on women's groups, from the Brooklyn Women's Political Caucus, to the Japanese Association of University Women, to the International League of Women Composers. At the Center students can learn about, or find out how to contact an impressive variety of current women's institutions.

For twenty years, the Barnard Center for Research on women has been a place for students to gain knowledge through using its materials, or by being exposed to extraordinary women such as Alice Walker and Ntozake Shange, both of whom the Center brought to the campus for residencies in the past. As Barnard students of color you may take to heart Dr. Kaplan's description of the Center as "Barnard's face on the world"...especially since the "face" of the center (including many of its illustrated pamphlets) often looks a lot like your own.

Even if you aren't doing any particular research, stop by the Center just to see for yourself what it has to offer and simply what you've been missing. Not to mention, you can study there or just hang out. The Center is always interested in meeting new students.



~~~~~  
A message to all of those sorry black men who think that they about something but dedicated to all my girlfriends.

## My Girlfriends

by Unknown Student

Let me tell you something. I don't need to go out to a party with a member of the opposite sex; or be in some sleazy club and have some men rub all up against me to have a good time. I enjoy the company of my girlfriends.

Black men will pounce on you when you hot and avoid you like the plague when you not. But you know what? Not my girlfriends! They tell me when my shit is dragging and when to get my black ass together. Not like these sorry ass men who'll drop your ass for a glance at some pretty young thing and will laugh at you when your shit is not together.

Tell me who has kept -and is keeping- the black race together? And don't tell me about Martin, Malcolm and Mohammed. They played out like a 78' record. Tell me about Harriet who brought your black behind out of slavery and Sojourner who educated you. Not the same 3,4 M's that you keep namin'.

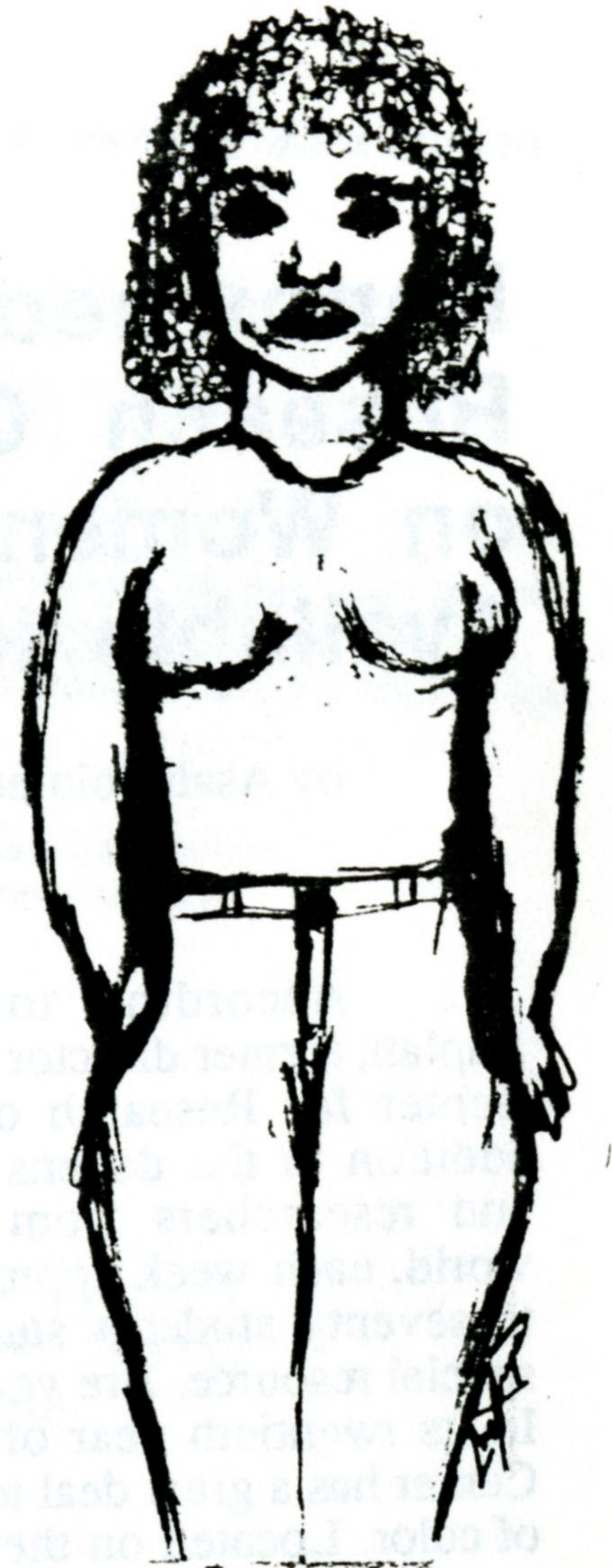
And I ain't sayin' that all black women have it together either. Some of 'em just as bad -if not worse- then the men. Some of their shit is fucked up too. But whether we're talking about being dogged out or about fixing our positions, we - my girlfriends and I- are together. We bond. We love. And can't no man bring me that high -that is, unless he's mine. But you understand what I'm sayin', right?



Mama  
Matriarch  
You guide me through life  
sometimes carrying me--as from infancy to childhood  
feeding, nurturing, loving  
Sometimes holding my hand--as from childhood to adolescence  
holding, protecting, teaching  
And when in adolescence--that awful time in life--I tried to yank my hand away,  
to run wild in an uncaring, unforgiving world  
You held my hand more firmly in your grasp  
And we walked  
Introducing me to the world in that most tender, loving way  
Sure and proud were you as you boldly stated

"World  
this is Mama--Matriarch  
and this is my child  
Be kind  
Be gentle  
for she is young, malleable, impressionable  
But I have left my mark on her  
a little below that of Jesus--The Elder Brother  
And she shall not stray  
No!!

None born of Mama-- Matriarch shall stray  
But, hardest of all Mama  
You let me go  
For you have given me the tools to forge my own way  
You have given me your strength  
to go on without you  
For your pace has slowed and your steps have faltered  
And I have quickened mine strong, sure, bold  
But I will slow mine  
For I will walk you to death's door  
And deliver you to Jesus himself  
And Mama--Matriarch--  
Wait for me--  
For I am coming to find you--  
in Paradise  
Wait for me--  
Mama Matriarch  
Wait--  
For me  
Wait--  
For--  
Me.



Kellie Newman BC'90



# 360° of Beauty

By Lisa Velasquez BC '94

Queen Esther, a specialist on physical, mental, spiritual and economical healing, made a presentation November 12 at the Zora Neale Hurston Lounge.

Physical healing deals with the food a person consumes along with special plants and herbs used to purify and rid the body of the many poisons consumed. Through physical healing one discovers how an illness is caused and then determine its cure. For example, asthma, an allergic disorder marked by differently in breathing and a cough, is caused by suppressing personal emotions and eating too much starch and dairy. Since one knows the causes, one only has to reverse it in order to get cured. According to Queen Esther, by alleviating ones emotions, changing one's diet, and rubbing eucalyptus oil on the chest one cures asthma. An excessive intake of starch and dairy products also causes yeast infection, a popular infection in women. A possible cure is a drink of red raspberry tea and a douche with apple cider vinegar and warm water. Lastly, Queen Esther mentioned certain herbs which are medicinal for different parts of the body, for example, gota kola and shell caps are good for the brain, red raspberry is good for the female organs and eucalyptus is good for the throat and the respiratory system. In a similar manner, massages and hot water baths with perfumes and crystals are medicinal because they relax the body and mind. Chronic backache sufferers will find much alleviation from the massages and baths.

Next, Queen Esther emphasized the importance of mental healing, which includes knowing one's own horoscope and number as well as that of the people one deals with regularly. For example, a person obtains their number by adding the numbers of his/her birthdate. The following is a list numbers and the type of

personalities they represent:

- 1)The number one usually is representative of leaders. They are hard to control. They have a lot of fire and potential.
- 2)They prefer companionship and team vibrations.
- 3)Three is the Trinity. These are the communicators and gatherers.
- 4)They are builders and like stability.
- 5) They go through constant changes.
- 6)This number represents love and harmony.
- 7)This is the number for spiritual blessing.
- 8)This is the number signifying power and authority.
- 9)These are the people who like to complete what they began. It is the number for completion.



Spiritual healing is the most complex of the four. It involves acknowledging the creator in everything: what one achieves, desires etc. Also, it requires a person to let the creator live with him/her and guide him/her. Once the spirit is at ease, one's emotions can easily be displayed through one's actions and colors. The following is a list of colors and what each signifies:

- Black- It is the color for meditation and prayers.  
 Gold- This color displays intellect.  
 Green- It is the color of money, harmony, nature and healing.

Blue-This color shows peace, serenity and calm.

Red - It is the color of fire and energy.

Pink-This color signifies love and success.

Purple-Psychic ability and vibes are evident in this color.

White- This is the color for purification.

The last, and most important, is economic healing. Basically, a person should live according to his/her economic conditions. Furthermore, one should learn as much as possible and combine these skills along with one's own natural talent in order to derive a plan to improve and excel.

In conclusion, Queen Esther pointed out that maintaining a diet composed of fruits and vegetables, healing herbs and plants, along with some time dedicated to care for one's physical appearance and spirituality will give one a 360° angle of beauty.

## Ethiopia

Mother, I call upon you...  
 Mother in your wrinkled bosom  
 I lie and wail...  
 Silently, you pull me closer  
 And brush my tears  
 Against your languid cheeks.  
 Oh mother, how does it feel?  
 How does it feel to know  
 Your breast has dried up?  
 Yet you gaze at me and  
 Hold me tighter  
 Oh mother, we must  
 Endure...

By Luladey Tadesse CC'95

*Barnard College  
 Science & Technology Entry Program  
 (STEP)*

*The Mentor Program needs volunteers!! If you ever wanted to guide a young person's future, this is your chance. You have a gift to offer students grades 7-12. Call Rhonda or Ivette (212) 854-1314 for details.*



# Locking Up, Locking Out, & Locking In: My Story of Hair

lockin' UP...  
lockin' UP...  
lockin' UP...



(a hairy fairy tale

&

an interview conducted with  
angela yvonne maria riley )  
by angela yvonne maria  
riley 10/14/91

## Once upon a time

there was a beautiful little girl who didn't know she was beautiful because the evil "they" conspired to convince her that she was not only NOT beautiful, but that she was ugly.

When she was in the fifth grade her mother, the descendant of a queen from an Afrikan nation in the Sudan, convinced the little girl, who we'll call angela, to cut off almost all of her hair because angela's mother was positive that angela would look wonderful in a short 'fro. Well, needless to say, angela, at the tender age of 10 and tentatively entering puberty, had a hard time. Sadly the 'Black is Beautiful' era had long left angela's innocently still-believing mother behind--way behind. Now angela was not only skinny, black, nappy headed and ugly, but she was also ballheaded.

Angela and her hair grew and not very much later decided that they needed a perm. Angela's mom wasn't having it. 'No. No chemicals. Ain't nobody puttin' chemicals in my beautiful baby's beautiful head. Noooo!' yelled angela's mother. Angela just didn't see it... all she knew was that she had to have a perm because her hair was so nappy and so thick and so unmanageable and so ugly and she was going to DIE of embarrassment if her mom didn't get her some chemicals quick. (Plus she wanted, no needed to have that bouncin' and behavin' hair...) After a long struggle, angela was victorious, or shall i say she got what she wanted.

## The End. (....?????)

II

Angela has continued to grow and is now a woman truly beginning to come into her own. "I live in a society where the beauty standard is one which i will never fit into.. and i don't even have to try, because in the *real* world there is no "beauty standard"--each one is a work of art in and of one's self." says angela.

"I never wanted to be white. I wanted to be light skinned with long straight hair and for years i prayed for just that. I mean that--i literally prayed at night to wake up in the morning with light skin and long straight hair. Then i had a realization and i began to pray for at least long straight hair--i had realized that i was maybe asking for too much. When that failed i turned to witch craft (that was before the weave was popular)" This desire is not surprising since the media and popular culture portrays as beautiful and desirable a tall thin heavy chested blue-eyed blond woman.

"I have very curly kinky hair. My hair is coarse and my hair is thick. Many people equate the three but each is distinctly different from the other." comments angela who has done a lot of thinking on the subject of hair and even won 2nd place in her 7th grade science fair with a project focusing on split ends.

"Tightly curled/kinky hair as opposed to wavy hair or straight hair...Coarse meaning that if one compares a single stand of my coarse hair with a strand of fine hair my coarse strand of hair would be thicker. And thick meaning that per square inch i have more strands of hair on my head than does someone with thin hair."

Angela's mom never had straightened hair as far back as angela can remember (except for that time period of about a year when her mom wore her hair blow dried and curled for reasons which angela can only attribute to her mother's tendency to "phases") the definite general trend has been for her mom to have natural hair ( short afro, loner afro, 2 braids going back, twists, lots of braids all over, and now locks) which is only to say that there has always been an understanding in angela's consciousness at some level that there is nothing wrong with the



creators creation--in this case the hair naturally occurring on one's head.

"On a conscious level, in order for a being to make true progress one must continuously gain knowledge. But simply having knowledge is not enough (hence the expression 'educated fool') what is mandatory in preparation for growth is understanding. Understanding that which you know to be true along with what that means to you in your life in the world that you live in. And the growth (wonderful growth with growing pains and all) occurs when you affirm what you know and understand. Knowledge then understanding then affirmation. The affirming is the stage when one lives what one accepts as truth."

Although angela continued to perm her hair, about a year ago she began to habitually wear it as a curly pseudo-natural style...At the end of the fall semester '91 she stopped perming her hair. This summer, the summer of 1991, her "bestis" friend cut off, with a pair of scissors, her perm. "Although i was terrified--especially with my memories of my last experience of short/natural hair--i never felt so free, so real so ME as i did when i began to wear my hair in a short natural...i had nothing to hide....what you see is what you get...I felt so...free!" And now angela is allowing her hair (with a small amount of guidance--all part of the process) to grow into locks. "No \$40,\$50,\$60 perming fee, no \$10,\$20 hair trimming fee no more valuable time taken away from living..."What is most liberating and true for me is that the truth shall rise...truth cut to the ground shall rise again...

angela refers to what her hair is doing/ becoming as locks not dreadlocks or dreads because she sees nothing dreadful about her current hair path. "I used to dread getting my hair done... i remember the fear and pain (i once had a hot comb dropped down my back--i never was one for sitting still for long periods of time) of having my hair pressed, the pain and agony of having my hair braided (eternal hours my eyes pulled up into my scalp), and the feeling which can not be described from chemically perming /relaxing (ain't nothing permanent about a perm or relaxing about a relaxer) my hair...There is nothing painful or dreadful about being me. I mean, as my bestis friend pointed out who or what can you be if you can't be yourself?!!!"

Angela says that allowing her hair to lock has been spiritual. It is a outward visible representation and affirmation of so much of the growth she's been doing..."it is my choice to accept me and love me and be me. My partner said it so well when he said, and i'll paraphrase, looking in a mirror at oneself should be a pleasurable experience...My hair is locking up, and i'm locking out all that nonsense about who i am not being enough or good enough and i am locking into me... and from her on out this 'locking in to me thing' is something I'm never going to unlock...Peace."

*Please note: Ms. Riley requested that her name not be capitalized and also that "I" be lower case; which she said is representative for her of the "relative unimportance of the i to the Us." All quoted material is printed here as said by Ms. Riley.*

## AM I STILL YOUR SISTER?

I wasn't born with your ebony skin  
The first words I spoke  
would seem alien to you  
The rhythms of my childhood  
were not the same as yours  
Am I still your sister?

I once believed I was  
You seemed to accept me for who I was;  
for what I wanted to be  
You treated me like a sister

But then you asked me to change,  
to stop listening to that music that you couldn't understand  
My skin was now too pale  
too close to that of whites

You asked me to speak English  
words that surely echoed those  
my parents have so often heard from  
our common oppressor

I thought we had a common goal  
a struggle to which we both belonged  
until I realized that to be your sister,  
meant not being me  
but, instead, being you

This is for you my sister:  
Just as a mother's womb unites two souls  
as different as night and day,  
so those our common struggle  
unite us

Accept me for who I am,  
for what I believe  
do not reject me for being different  
just as others have rejected you

Because if in order to accept me  
I must reject who I am  
then I will have answered my question  
and you no longer my sister

Berta Colon BC '93  
3/92

change the way you think





\*\*\*\*\*

## Remembering Winter

(images from Toni Morrison's The Bluest Eyes )

Salt water creeps around my eyes.  
The wooden floor I stand on is  
Cracking, splintering and  
Termites are having a bowl.  
I hear the winds whistling,  
The old *Daily News* copies  
Stuffed in the cracks of the window  
Are Falling.

I can see the roaches marching out  
From underneath the oven where  
The bread is Baking.

I hear Mama singing the Blues,  
I begin coughing,

Oh no! Mama presses Vick's onto  
my

Flat and board like chest,

Hard and solid hard rub press ribs  
Till it burns.

Two scoops go down my throat.

Salt water creeps around my eyes.

Luladey Tadesse CC '95

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## Welcome Weekend

by Karen Singleton BC'93

The Committee on Race, Religion and Ethnicity (C.O.R.R.E.), found its genesis in various racial and cultural incidents which took place in 1987. This committee is presently composed of four subcommittees each comprised of both faculty and students.

The subcommittee which sponsored the Welcome Weekend for Black, Latina and Native American students was admissions and financial aid. I joined this particular subcommittee because I was aware of the urgent need to

recruit students of color to the Barnard campus. For example, last year there were only four Black transfers. The subcommittee, working alongside the Dean of Students' office, soon realized that the problem did not only lie in the number of students of color being accepted to Barnard, but their acceptance of admission to the college. Less than half of the Black, Latina and Native American students accepted to Barnard actually enroll. The Welcome Weekend was an attempt to make such students more aware of Barnard and to encourage them to enroll.

The 1991 Welcome Weekend, the first of this magnitude, was a success. Among some of the activities were cultural and museum excursions around New York City, viewing Broadway shows such as *Once on this Island*, and the one-woman performance of *A Room of Ones Own* as well as, a dinner for perspective students and hostesses at Bayamos in the village and a Sunday brunch with Barnard Alumnae. Out of the forty-one students who attended Welcome Weekend, twenty-four decided to attend Barnard. This is the highest yield thus far.

"The Welcome Weekend had a lot to do with my decision to come here," said first year student Shawn White. "In comparison to other programs, Barnard was much more effective. I felt that a school that was making such an effort to unite people from different cultures would want to make the effort for the next four years."

This year the subcommittee will make even greater strides to improve its program. Two areas that will be focused on are recruitment in individual high

schools in the inner city, and increasing students' awareness of financial aid. The subcommittee would also like to also increase its alliance with other organizations and possibly integrate the Welcome Weekend with the perspective Asian students weekend.

88888888888888888888888888888888

this  
dedicated  
to my  
soul sistah  
who's got that  
(Black Woman)  
a  
ti  
tood  
mo'  
black than  
mine,  
whose boody  
is mo'  
negritooty  
than  
my boody.  
who has  
supported  
me & Us  
in ways  
that no  
other  
"sistah"

did/would/could:

i  
got  
yo  
back,  
girl.  
u know  
what to  
do.  
move  
forward.

angela riley BC'93

88888888888888888888888888888888



All Blacks are Men. All Women are White.

# WHERE ARE YOU BLACK WOMAN ???

What are your wants? What are your needs?

**JOIN OTHER BLACK WOMEN  
IN SETTING OUR AGENDA  
FOR A.Y. '92-'93**



B.O.B.W. Pre-Election Forum  
MONDAY APRIL 6, 1992  
REID (T.V.) LOUNGE  
REID HALL  
BARNARD COLLEGE QUAD  
8:00p.m.-10:00p.m.  
(B.O.B.W. Elections will be held Tuesday April 14)



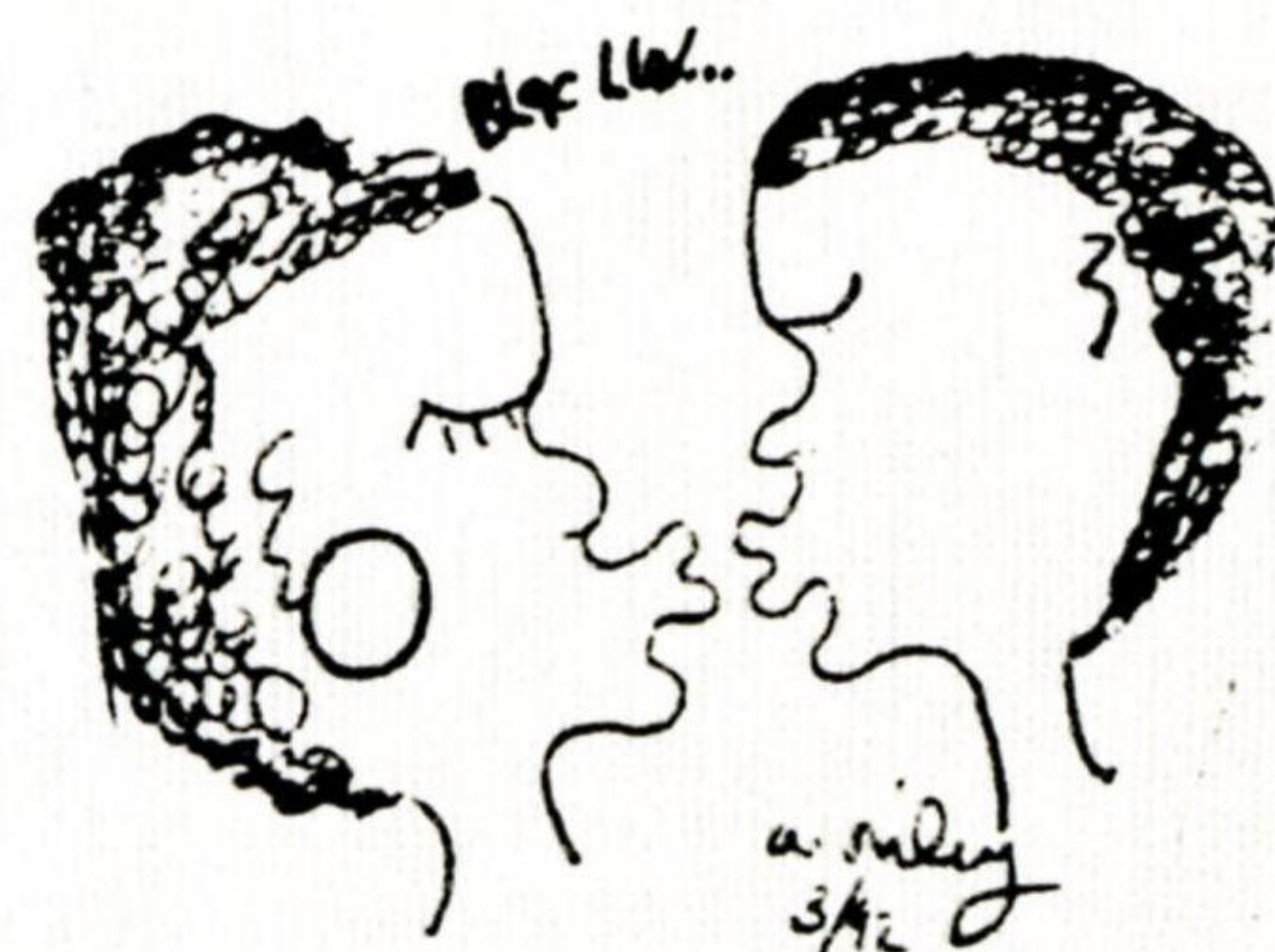
and watch for....

**Movie Night in the Lounge**

Minority Recruitment Weekend and our Informal Rap  
Session w/ Perspective Students Sat. 4/11  
7:30p.m.

A Discussion and Workshop on Black Love Tue.  
4/21 8p.m.

A Farewell to Seniors Dinner Fri. 4/24 6p.m.





### **B.O.B.W. MEMBERSHIP STATUS**

- ☐ *Active Member...Current Student who attends most meetings and events and would like to continue to receive all information.*  
☐ *Associate Member...Current Student who would only like to receive information about events*  
☐ *Alumnae Member...Alumnae who wants to stay informed about events*  
☐ *Supporter...Non-Student, Non-Alumnae who would like to stay informed about events*

*Your Full Name* \_\_\_\_\_

*Year and School* \_\_\_\_\_

*Extent./Telephone #* \_\_\_\_\_

*Campus Address* \_\_\_\_\_

*Home Address* \_\_\_\_\_

*I would be interested in...*

- ☐ *Newsletter publication*  
☐ *Student of Color recruitment and admissions*  
☐ *Celebration*  
☐ *Community Service*  
☐ *an Afrikan study group*  
☐ *Alumnae connections*  
☐ *Other campus networking*

*I would like for B.O.B.W. to....* \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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Soul Sister  
c/o The Barnard Organization  
Of Black Woman  
3001 Broadway  
New York, N. Y. 10027