



NOISE + thirst

SECOND EDITION

NOISE

NOISE

NOISE

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a black man is beyond me.

Jamal Batts

You know, I've struggled for a long time with my relationship to the combination of blackness and maleness. For a long time, I fought (in a rather masochistic manner) for my entry into the "kingdom" of black man-ness. Perhaps luckily, I failed at every attempt. I still can't believe I'm a black man. A black person I can get to, but a black man is beyond me.

a black  is beyond .

Yet, I feel most like a black man when I'm bent over the hoods of police vehicles. When he pulls me over and asks what's that smell. When he mistakes my best friend, a black woman in the passenger seat, for my girlfriend, I feel like a black man. When he asks me how much I've had to drink tonight. When he "asks" if he can give me a breathalyzer test. When he tells me the results, but reminds me that he could have lied and sent me to jail for the night, set my life on a different trajectory. That makes me feel like a real black man.

Oh, to be real.

Shamezo Lumukanda

Black man has been such a persistent function in my life. I learned and grew through a rather intentional bubble. Before I got to grade school, never preschooled, older brothers entering college and such, born and raised in oakland. I did realize I was a man when choked on 18th and linden by police who saw this black child as a man who was too free.



Still

Static

Silent



A SIGNAL AGGREGATION

Troy Lamarr Chew III

I knew I was a black man when I grew my first Afro. I was about 12, in middle school in LA. I had a somewhat diverse group of friends. The process of growing the fro drew a lot of attention, both good and bad. There were so many questions people had. That's when I noticed I was a black man, when my differences were pointed out to me and questioned as normal.



ISMAIL MUHAMMAD

I'd never been to Georgia, hadn't ever been
east of Riverside Country for that matter,
and it would be six years more before its soil
would stain the soles of my feet red as
I wandered in the graveyard of my ancestors.

But at seven I saw the photo in some
book my parents gave me: a charred corpse
hoisted above a composed white mob
whose heads had become a single head
possessed of a monstrous grin. Men
disappeared into a party unknown.

No words accompanied my parents' gift. The
image of Sam Hose's body held aloft
was its own language of terror and nothing was
needed in addition: Georgia was
limitless, and Sam's fate was meant for me
because there was no difference between
us. No difference that a white man was bound
to respect. All of South Los Angeles
was Georgia. I felt the Global South in my gut
before I read about it in college. There
was nothing any academic could teach me that
the photograph had not already
Transmitted.

Isn't it funny how black men can move about
subterranean networks of mutual
feeling? In moving we shake that which would
affix to us, fix us. That is so much of
what it means to be a black man. Two decades
later I open a book and Christian has
chosen the photo for a spell.





CAMERON GRANGER

Growing up, my mother made sure that I was painfully aware of my reality as a Black boy in this country of ours. But home was Cleveland, and home was a constant submersion in a sea of Black faces. It wasn't until I went to college, at an art school where I was one of ten Black folks in my graduating class, and one of four in my program that I was truly made fully aware of my skin. It wasn't till I was almost stripped of it, that I really began to cling to my Blackness.

a constant submersion

NOISE
NOISE



NOISE
NOISE



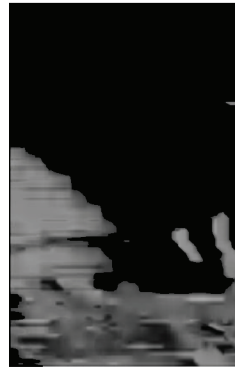
HOW DO YOU ESCAPE

THE IMPOSITION OF SOMEONE ELSE'S IMAGINATION?

akande

Pt. 1

Make records or shoot a free throw.
Neither really worked out.



I never used white people as a smithy to define my blackness- in fact I find it weak to do so. There's some James Baldwin quote about how there's a Bigger Thomas in every Negro. That's what you get within yourself when against whiteness- a sense of worthlessness, alienation, and a vague inclination to be violent. That proclivity to violence grew to its sharpest point for me after reading how far the U.S. government had gone to dissolve forward moving post-independence African governments, and to the ends they went to assassinate Malcolm X. Then I understood why Chris Donner murdered those police officers in 2013, turning now to his manifesto (in my opinion, one of the most important historical documents in modern American history):

"I told Magana not to use that word (nigger) again. I explained that it was a well known offensive word that should not be used by anyone. He replied, 'I'll say it when I want'... At that point there was pushing and shoving and we were separated by several other officers. What I should have done, was put a Winchester Ranger SXT 9mm 147 grain bullet in his skull and Officer Magana's skull. The Situation would have been resolved effective, immediately."

To be a black man up against the raw reality of state-sponsored white nationalism must be enough to drive one to murder. The driving force of the murders were due to Dorner realizing he had "lost his name" and that he must reclaim his name as his last act on Earth. What a tragically poetic call to arms! Not only is Dorner his colonial name (which is not his true name) he realized he had forgotten it in serving the USA's imperial ventures. Bigger Thomas got the better of him.

STARRING



Arrington 'Ace' West

Allen

disappeared

into a party

unknown.

X

The evening air was heavy with the promise of rain. Christian and I were walking down Franklin, my hands tucked in my pockets to keep warm, his hand in one pocket and the other inserting and removing a cigarette from his lips. He told me he'd kill himself if he was a white person, the concept of him being anything other than a black man is too much to bear. I thought about it myself and I would probably do myself in too.

When I visited the Audubon Ballroom— where Malcolm X was martyred in front of his family, no one was there to keep him company.

Can't really say I really feel like a black man in this body. I've looked at myself in the mirror and found an uncertain creature staring back. Not completely into the idea of being a doughy-bodied, American born, African male. One time I picked up a book cart from Pegasus in Albany and a cop followed me three cities over until I was Oakland Police Department's problem. My fatalistic tango with the state.

Depending on which day you ask me, I might say I would have preferred to have been born into a continental African family.

I've never identified with James Baldwin's ethos.

The only time I feel like I perform being a black male is around black women. I feel something so ageless and absolute in listening to a black woman's thoughts and stories. From my mother to my best friends. This is all non-sexual intention of course. I feel protective around black women because I often hear the onslaught of negativity from all sides. It's enough to make your heart break. There is a balance to strike with this however, to not be exploitive in finding yourself with the assistance (or most part, at the expense) of black women. That is all I could ask for in being a black man, being pleasant and vulnerable enough for black women to feel comfortable in confiding in me and seek council from time to time. I hope I could do the same with them.

This may sound a tad hotep-ish but I can't help but imagine holding the same space overlooking the Nile River, or one of the African Great Lakes. Whew, at least I didn't say the pyramids.

My great uncle Glenn Williams looked so handsome in his army uniform when he went to fight the Koreans. He told me he cried himself to sleep every night away from his mother.

Lenworth 'Joonbug' McIntosh

HELPLESS

First time I realized I was a black man was a summer evening in 2013 after parking in a nearby neighborhood to attend an event. Police saw me walk out of said neighborhood, and then proceeded to follow, eventually blocking my path. The "there's been reported break-ins in the area, and we just want to talk to you" was spat at me, as if I fit the description—I was well-dressed. Four officers, two of which spoke to me in smalltalk, surrounded me. I had nothing to fear as they ran my ID, but the very audacity to single me out was not only embarrassing, but frightening as well. The whole ordeal was bullshit, one of the first times i've felt my frustrations, helpless out of fear.

LOWER GREENVILLE, DALLAS, TEXAS.

A high-contrast, black and white image featuring the silhouettes of two people's heads and shoulders. They are positioned on the left and right sides of the frame, facing each other. The central area between them is a bright, white, irregular shape. The text "OUT OF FEAR." is printed in a bold, black, sans-serif font across the upper portion of this white area.

OUT OF FEAR.

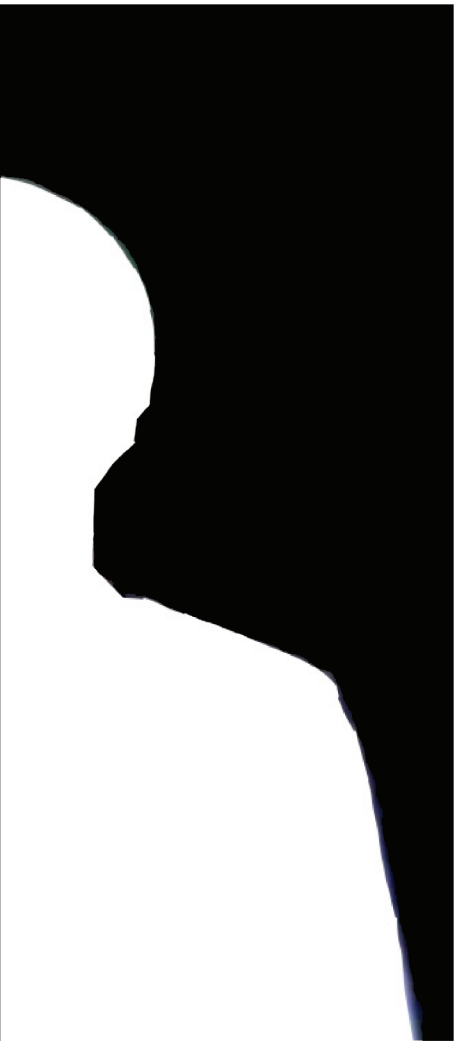
My name is

Jihaari Terry,

I'm 35 years old.

It wasn't until I was in my 30's that I truly realized that without a doubt I was a black man. I remember when I was young, my mother would tell me repeatedly before I went to school that I was a

**“Black
man
in
America”**



I don't think I wholly understood what that meant.

Until the day I went and watched Fruitvale Station by myself at Grand Lake Theatre about the Bart cop murdering an unarmed black man named Oscar Grant in plain view of other bart riders. I knew as I watched that this was me in so many ways.

No matter what I do to achieve the goals in my life. Living here in this country always has consequences written into the constitution. Serving white supremacy at every turn. I know that if I were to go outside I might not make it back to my wife Essence and that everyday for us is blessing we don't take for granted. My mother was right and It took me 30 years in to fully understand what she was saying.



NORTH BEACH, SAN FRANCISCO 2018

Take a moment and think...

Have you ever had a moment when you had to realize yourself through someone else's interpretation of your body?

Have you ever had to question your legibility?

Imagine walking into a convenient store in SF on a cold afternoon, and because its cold, you ask for hot water.

The elderly woman behind the counter refuses to sell or give it to you.

And all you want is to fill your Kanteen

WATER DENIED

Leila Weefur

HOW DO YOU ESCAPE THE IMPOSITION

Out of a naive confusion, you question why?

IS IT BECAUSE YOU'RE BLACK?

Then you quickly realize, you're safety is at the mercy of someone who has identified you as dangerous.

Imagine being accused of stealing, imagine that despite how understand your body, she tells the poice a Black man has stolen something.

Imagine that despite your biological structures, to her you ARE that black man.

OF SOMEONE ELSE'S IMAGINATION?

Joshua Weefur

We all have an idea of who we think we are. Behaviorisms hidden in our self identified persona. To identify with a culture is to relate to the history of that culture. I realized I was a Black man when I could relate to the history of the Black man. Born to be free and to roam in the pursuit of happiness. Simultaneously oppressed by many wretched institutions.

I am a Black man. I am free.

I am a Black man.

I am free.

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Leila Weefur

2018