

AFAM QUARANTINE SURVIVAL GUIDE

A collection of literature, poems, entertainment, recipes, exercises, meditations, and activities that can be enjoyed at home and indoors during the quarantine, curated by the AFAM community.

LISTENING FOR MS. LUCILLE



VIDEO

GET OUT: A NEW PERSPECTIVE ON

HORROR

THE CASE FOR RESTORATIVE JUSTICE IN

JUVENILE COURTS

STREAMING NOW

IMPERIAL DREAMS

Streaming on: Netflix

A 21-year-old reformed gangster Bambi's devotion to his family, particularly his son Daytone, and his family's future are put to the test when he is released from prison and returns to his violent old stomping grounds in Watts, Los Angeles. Themes include mass incarceration, the importance of education, racial profiling by police, and the many obstacles present in the system that prevent those interested in rehabilitation to survive when placed back in society.

THEY'VE GOTTA HAVE US

Streaming on: Netflix

The rise of black actors as they have gone from being the backdrop to calling the shots. This is the inside story of the turning points of black life on both sides of the lens, from Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte, to the present day. Powered by recollections from esteemed African-American entertainers, this docuseries traces the history of Black cinema.

BOSTON CENTER FOR THE ARTS | A LANGUAGE FOR INTIMACY

The artists and writers in “A Language for Intimacy”—beyond the trappings of how intimacy is typically perceived—explore intimacy around place, culture, race, time, death, and the mundane. Moreover, as our sense of intimacy is forever being challenged and transmuted into something unfamiliar, strange, and uncomfortable...

Elliott Jerome Brown Jr. with writing by Erica N. Cardwell



*Before Live Laugh Love
For Breonna Taylor*

I cannot help but notice the decay. With its quiet-as-it's-kept-tone, Elliott Jerome Brown Jr.'s recent suite of photographs meditates on problems that occur when intimacy is ignored. He makes music of decay, enticing viewers with the vibrant richness of mundane locales. Brown Jr. manages to slow us down for a long look at the condensation, the peeling paint, the overgrown grass, and the black mold fatally collected on the emerald green awnings. There is also the dust—streaked heavy across a window—the lithe and audacious rubber plant framed at her perch.



In recent months, we have given dust a new name. More than just a fictive of antiquity or romance, dust is a formulation of the temporal, a symbol of neglect, that only sentiment can save. If it weren't for the dust on the window, the plant would be standing alone, perpetrating what we've come to know about routines. We interpret its presence, recognizing the way the brick is cast bright in what appears to be an early morning sun; the window—a willful subject—too dirty, too smudged, not to be seen.

INTERESTING READS

THE MATCH BY COLSON WHITEHEAD



He smelled like a horse and made fun of their mothers, which was pretty low given the general motherlessness of the student population. Griff stole their desserts on multiple occasions—swiped from trays with a grin—even if the desserts in question were no great shakes; it was the principle. The boys rooted for Griff because he was going to represent the colored half of Nickel at the annual boxing match, and, no matter what he did the rest of the year, the day of the fight he would be all of them in one black body and he was going to knock that white boy out.

HELLO, MOTO BY NNEDI OKORAFOR



We were three women. Three friends. We had goals, hopes and dreams. We had careers. Two of us had boyfriends. We owned houses. We all had love. Then I made these... wigs. I gave them to my two friends. The three of us put them on. The wigs were supposed to make things better. But something went wrong. Like the nation we were trying to improve, we became backward. Instead of giving, we took. Walk with me. This is the story of How the Smart Woman Tried to Right Her Great Wrong.

DARRYL PINCKNEY'S INTIMATE STUDY OF BLACK HISTORY

ONE PERSISTENT ANXIETY TRUMPS ALL: WILL THIS MAKE ME LESS BLACK? FROM HERE, THE CONVERSATION EXPANDS INTO EXISTENTIAL TERRITORY...

By Zadie Smith

RECOVERING THE LOST HERITAGE OF EMERGENCY RELIEF

LOCAL TRADITIONS OF CRISIS MANAGEMENT—ESPECIALLY THOSE RESISTANT TO PREDATORY CAPITALISM—HAVE LARGELY BEEN FORCIBLY SHED ALONG THE PATH TO “DEVELOPMENT.” THE AGE OF COVID-19 IS THE TIME TO RECOVER THEM.

By Mitchell Edwards