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.

KENYA BARRIS IN CONVERSATION WITH TYLER, THE CREATOR: 'WHY CAN'T WE TELL OUR STORIES?'

WORLD

Wu-Tang Clan’s RZA Puts Out An Ice C.R.E.A.M. Jingle Like None Other

Why It's So Hard to Talk About the N-Word

An Interview with the Founders of Black Lives Matter

STREAMING NOW

RANDOM ACTS OF FLYNESS

Streaming on: Hulu
A "show about the beauty and ugliness of contemporary American life," he says. Using a fluid, stream-of-conscience approach, Nance explores cultural idioms such as patriarchy, white supremacy and sensuality via numerous interconnected vignettes, all of which showcase an ensemble cast -- including Nance -- of emerging and established talent.

LET IT FALL

Streaming on: Netflix
Filmmaker John Ridley examines a decade of tensions, civil unrest and events in Los Angeles that culminated in citywide violence following the Rodney King verdict on April 29, 1992.
WEST INDIAN LAMB CURRY

3 pounds boneless lamb (or goat) stew meat, cut into 2-inch chunks
1 tablespoon plus 2 teaspoons curry powder
1 tablespoon kosher salt, more to taste
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon black pepper
1 large white onion, coarsely chopped
2 scallions, coarsely chopped
4 garlic cloves, smashed and peeled
½ inch fresh ginger, peeled if desired and coarsely chopped
4 whole allspice berries
2 thyme sprigs, leaves stripped
4 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil, more as needed
1½ cups diced potato
1 cup diced carrots
1 to 2 small Scotch bonnet peppers, seeded and chopped
Cooked white rice or coconut rice, for serving (see note)
Lime wedges, for serving
Mango chutney or mango pickle, for serving
Fresh cilantro leaves, for serving
We were just boys, ten-, eleven-, and twelve-year-olds, five colored and one white. But for our smallclothes, each of us was most-all naked. We stood on the rickety reach of pier, its planks care-laid but well used, us colored boys’ black glistening in the noontime bright, the white one not yet leathered like the sunbeat beefs that free-ranged the island. Our britches and coveralls and burlap shirts lay pell-mell near the spot on the shore where Ebo Joe Meekins knelt, inspecting the line of the skiff he was refitting.

The lack of eyebrows made the old man’s largish eyes seem to glisten bizarrely, glaringly. On a cushion on the floor beside him, a big brown cat, equally ancient, was sacked out, sound asleep. Something must have been wrong with its nose, for it snored louder than any cat I’d ever heard. Occasionally the rhythm of its snores fitfully missed a beat. Everything in this inn seemed to be old and falling apart.

By Marcel Pare

By Neha Wadekar