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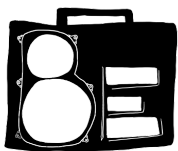
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Author(s): Janise “Jay” Powell

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The Black Educology Mixtape is an open access mixtape that moves beyond academic articles to feature various art forms and voices that are typically muted. Our scope and sequence focuses on the past, present, and future of Black education, which has been historically and systemically caught in the underbelly of western education. The main tenets of Black Educology’s educational vision are rooted in critical race theory, with a focus on counter-storytelling, Black critical theory, Afro-pessimism, and Black educational epistemology. Our work is grounded in creating mixtapes that are both revolutionary and emancipatory in the name of love, study, struggle, and refusal.



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Black Magic: A Collective of Lived Experience

Janise “Jay” Powell

Abstract

Anti-Blackness is a pandemic that plagues societies across the world and across histories filled with the murder of Black lives, spirits, and dreams. Yet, throughout it all, Black folx have found strength and been leaders of resistance, radicalization, self-emancipation, and liberation. Black Magic is a collection of tracks that Powell has formed in relation to critical race theory and the ways in which Black folx have found solidarity, liberation, freedom, and healing in a world that seeks to destroy them. Utilizing short stories told through spoken-word poetry, Powell shares her experiences and the experiences of those who she has been blessed to be in community with. She endeavors to go beyond sharing about systems that prevent eradication of anti-Blackness, instead highlighting the ways in which Black folx are experiencing anti-Blackness and finding joy despite them. This collection of tracks seeks to name and draw to light that which we know through lived experience: the magic of Blackness.

Each track is named after a Black woman who is the living or lived personification of that story. A real life example of Black magic, specifically a real life example of Black Girl Magic.

This track is named after Linda Goss, sometimes known professionally as Mama Linda. Goss is an American storyteller and performer in the African diasporic oral tradition. She is a co-founder of the National Association of Black Storytellers, which works to preserve folk traditions.

Mama Linda: Critical Race(ism)

Racism

An endemic
Pandemic
Take power; add privilege
Built into every social structure
Makes the world go round
Burn it to the ground
Build the phoenix from its ashes
So we can all be found

Cause cures are more than **interest**

convergence
More than Black getting a step and white a mile
They say we must move at your pace for solidarity
Accept your definition of my humanity
But your interests are not mine

And free
Not slaves of **whiteness**
The head start
Moved closer to the finish line
Got time
Got wealth
Got land
Got stealth
The privilege its system has
rewarded
Acknowledging the power of
whiteness
A symptom but not the only cure

And I don't have time to wait for them to
align
You can shorten the time of the fight for our
lives
But with or without you the fight will thrive
We will do more than just survive
We will live our lives
And become **storytellers** of our joy

The story of our Blackness
The story of our Black men
Our Black women
And their **Intersectionality**
Tell the story of Black sex
Black religion
Black Mental Health
Black wealth
Black, Black, Black
And the intersections of all that
The story of Black Magic

This track is named after Fannie Lou Townsend Hamer, one of the most important, passionate, and powerful voices of the civil rights, women's rights, and voting rights movements and a leader in the efforts for greater economic opportunities for African Americans. She is known for her famous words "All my life I've been sick and tired. Now I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired."

Fannie: Idea(ology)

I am tired of being tired
No, I am angry
More like, hurt?
Am I afraid?
I have no earthly words
As I sat down to write a piece about all the injustices happening
About how I feel
About the protest
The riots
The news
About America and the world

I wanted to find a way to express that I can't turn on the TV anymore
I can't go on social media anymore
I can't talk to anyone
I can't tell them that I'm stuck in a nightmare
That I can't wake up
That I don't know if I can answer the phone
I don't have the strength to stand anymore
I don't have the will to fight anymore
I don't have anything to offer
Because I am broken

Every murder, a direct hit
Every hashtag, a shattering soul
Every social media, every news station, everything reminding of the trauma
But not the person

Nor the history
Everything a reminder that we were never part of America
Even though it was built with the white bones of our ancestors
Painted red with their blood
And covered in blue bruises
Every star a reminder of my ancestors, lost
But still shining in the night sky

Still shining through the darkness
Still praying for their children
And their children's children
And their children's children's children
Until they reach me
And how will I use this moment?
How will I seize this time?
Will I be the answer to their prayers?
And if not, what then?
When will this oppression end?
When will my ancestors be able to dim their lights
And rest
And know that their prayers have been answered
Know that I can turn on the TV
That I can speak
That I won't be tired anymore
Because we will be truly free
In every sense that that word could mean

This track is named after Harriet Tubman, an American abolitionist and political activist. Born into slavery, Tubman escaped and made multiple missions to rescue enslaved people using the network of antislavery activists and the Underground Railroad.

Harriet: inter(SIN)tricity of race and racism

Safety
Peace
Freedom
I now know the meaning of these things
It only took my life, until this very moment
It only took a plane and car
A hike and an open mind
I came face to face with the wild
Of mountain lions and bears
Caves and creeks
Off grid is what I had to seek

In the wiles of wild
I found safety from them
Peace amongst the animals we were taught to
fear
Freedom where God intended
I had to leave the world of them
The world of hurt and pain
Murder and destruction
I ran from those who have not only said they
want me dead
But pulled the trigger
Stabbed me and laughed in my face
In that world
I am prey to be hunted
A sacrifice to their power
A way to prove their superiority
In that world I was...
Dead

I saw myself
Face down, hands up, heart empty
My head
That lead the resistance
They destroyed
Tortured and burned
My dreams of freedom
Dreams not for myself but for those who
follow
I dream not for myself but for those who
follow
So I knew the safety I had found
The peace I had
The freedom I explored would be short lived
I had to return because I do not dream for
myself

Why can I not imagine freedom and safety for
myself?
For this time, this moment
Why, when I imagine freedom
I am not here, not part of it
I am watching from above
An angel among my ancestors
Because freedom comes with sacrifice, with
death
But I won't be a martyr
Because
I do not choose this death
As I did not choose this life
But I will stand for this life
Celebrate it and turn nightmares into dreams
Dreams into life
Even if it is not a dream for me
Even if it is not a life for me
Even if it is not for my lifetime

This track is named after Ruby Bridges, an American civil rights activist. She is one of the first African American children to desegregate the all-white William Frantz Elementary School in Louisiana during the New Orleans school desegregation crisis on November 14, 1960.

Ruby: Power of the (Counter) Story

My niece told me she was good today
That the teacher said she was the example child
A good girl
It was the first time

I asked my niece
Well what did you do today to make you good?
She said she was quiet
But you are not quiet
She said she did not talk
But how did you share your ideas and your thoughts?
She said she did not share
She said she listened
I asked her what she listened too
She said the teacher

The teacher told her to stop talking
The teacher told her to be quiet
The teacher told her to be still while everyone else moved
The teacher told her it wasn't allowed while everyone else made the same sound
The teacher told her to be good
To be the example
She must follow directions
Color inside the white lines
She must bleach herself from the inside out
The teacher said she must not: be her

I said but you
You must be you
Who else can you be?
She said I can't
If I am me, I will not be good
There are no good students that look like me
She told me
I want to be good, Titi

My dear niece
How do I unpack this with you?
How do I tell and convince you
That bleach is deadly

It is corrosive and dangerous
Bleach is damaging to dark clothes

My dear niece
You are more than good
Something they can't understand
You are the dreams of your ancestors
The result of decades of generational curses broken
You are the beginning of a new life
A miracle

My dear niece
They don't know you
You have been empowered with every word a Black woman never said
Every eye roll, head roll, and attitude hidden
You are the legacy of brilliance
Education we fought for
You have been prayed for, blessed and dipped in the tears of God
You are the Joy
And the light
And the pride

My dear niece
Everywhere you go you bring truth
They don't want to hear it
But you say it anyway
You say it unapologetically
Everywhere you go you bring a smile to their face
But they don't want your happiness
Don't let them take it
Don't let them break it
Don't let them break you
Kill your dreams or imagination
Don't let them stop you from becoming everything they fear
You!
You are everything they fear a Black woman could be
You are their nightmare
But more importantly, you are our dream
You!
You are so much more
So much more than good

This track is named after Assata Shakur, civil rights activist and leading figure in the Black Panther Party and Black Liberation Army. She has continued the fight for human rights, from the 1960s to the present.

Assata: Social Just(is)

Our resistance, like trees
Wild trees
Strong trees
Growing arms toward sky trees
Naturally adjusting to barriers trees
Things trying to stand in our way
Oops, we fell and broke the barrier trees
Supporting life trees
Bearing fruit trees
We planted

Our resistance, like trees
Cut down trees
But wood, still strong
Igniting flames wood
Burning down systems wood
Erecting new frames, new foundations wood
Damming rivers wood
Historistic wood
Spears, bows, and arrows wood
We fighting

Our resistance, like trees
Cut down trees
But wood, still strong
Til it's wood no more
Wood, turned to chips, turned to mulch
Playground cushion, catching fallen children
mulch
Catch rain to prevent the flood mulch
Informal paths guiding new ways mulch
Enhancing mulch
Composting mulch
Biodegradable mulch
Meaning it never dies
We do more than survive

Our resistance like trees
We planted
Cut down trees
But wood, still strong
We fighting
Til it's wood no more
Meaning it never dies
We do more than survive

This track is named after Angela Davis, a radical American political activist, philosopher, academic, scholar, and author. She is a professor at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

Angela: Social (Construct)ion

Wuz it mean to be Black?
What does it look like?
Feel like?
Move like?
Dress like?
Style like?
Black

Wuz it mean to be Black?
Think Black?
Act Black?
Shop Black?
Hair Black
Be Black
Be you

You decide who you are
How you feel
How you move
How you dress
How you talk
And walk
What you do
It's up to you

You Black no matter all that
You Black
You Black
And ain't it great to be Black
And define yourself
Not carry every Black person on your shoulders
So... wuz it mean to be Black... for you?

This track is named after Ellen Armstrong, who is noted as being the first American stage magician of color. She is the only African American woman of the early to mid-twentieth century to run an independent touring magic show.

Ellen: Black Magic Forever

So you want to know about Black magic?
About the collective strength of Blackness?
About how when you walked across the stage at graduation
Every Black person there cheered for you, and you didn't know why
About when that Black fellow over there smiled, waved, and said, "hey fam"
And you didn't know who he was but said, "how you doin' cousin?"
About the times in class or meetings when someone say something crazy
And you instinctively make eye contact with other Black people
Well that's just the beginning of Black magic
That's the pull of it
Trying to get you to see what you've always had access to
What's always been in you

Black magic like real-life Wakanda
Think about it
Ain't Black magic like T'Challa
Ain't it like Killmonger
Defending and challenging
Putting its people first
Ain't Black magic like Shuri and the Dora Milaje
It's brilliant and elite
Relies on its collective strength
Ain't Black magic like real-life Wakanda Forever
Wakanda Forever
Wakanda Forever

Black magic like the real-life Wakanda
Hidden away only for us
I guess you can call it our superpower
Our Vibranium
Cause we absorb, store, and release large amounts of Black energy
What else can you call it when we've taken everything the world threw at us but still found
Black Joy
When we absorb the pain of the mother who lost her son
When we release stored Black rage and make change
What else can you call it, when we do it all in the same moment
What else can you call it, besides Black magic?

You want to know more about Black magic?
Well it's a little different for everyone

But every sister and brother has their own gifts
And the world don't always understand them
That's why Black magic is our secret
Black magic is bigger than you and I
Black magic is not something one of us has
Black magic is ALL of us
Our collective power
Our way of dreaming
Our way of healing deep wounds
Our way of lifting each other up
Our way of celebrating ourselves
Our way of being Black

So if you want to know about Black magic?
There isn't much I can tell you that you don't already know
All I can do is open your eyes to what you know without knowing
That Black magic is part of you
Black Magic Forever

This track is named after Maya Angelou and Cicely Tyson. Maya Angelou was an American poet, memoirist, and civil rights activist. She is best known for her unique and pioneering autobiographical writing style. Cicely Tyson was an American actress. In a career that spanned more than seven decades, she became known for her portrayals of strong African American women.

Maya and Cicely: The Magic Within

To my dear Black family (because everybody is a cousin or an aunt or an uncle),

They are scared and always have been
When they took our ancestors from Africa they saw something in our melanin
They saw something they could never have
Black Strength. Black Rage. Black Power.

They know they can't take it so they try to silence it
Bury it,
Cause it to go extinct
But we still rise.
We make ourselves heard.
It is our time, so
Put on your crowns my kings and queens
Grab your cloaks and capes
Tell your story like Mama Linda
Be a voice like Fannie
Walk like Harriet
Learn like Ruby
Fight like Assata
Think like Angela
Pick up your wand like Ellen
Remember like Maya
Live like Cicely
Put on your wings
Soar. Fly. Find your instrument.
Release the magic within

Because you've always had exactly what you needed inside
You were born with it.
It grew with you.
A collective power. Our power. Our magic.
Black Magic,
There is nothing stronger
Nothing purer
Nothing that can stop it
Black Magic
Black Magic

It's just in you
It's in us
It is us

It is us

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