By Kecia Cole

Even though freedom is a road seldom traveled by the multitude of African people need freedom now! (UHURU SASSA). We need freedom by any means necessary as brother Malcolm used to say. And so this publication from now on be called UHURU, which is the Kiswahili word for freedom. Any African-American calling her or himself free must not know the true meaning of the word freedom.

Webster defines freedom as the "exemption or liberation from the control or power of some other person or arbitrary power. Political liberty. The exemption from discomfort. Exemption from imprisonment and being able to act and move without the hinderance of restraint." Does this sound like the situation existing for the African living in America? I think not.

We are controlled by everyone in the world but ourselves. We don’t control our means of economics or our means of education. We don’t even control our so-called “Black neighborhoods” where we often don’t own so much as a corner store. Instead of instituting Ujamaa, cooperative economics, we continue to support any businesses other than ones belonging to us. Emancipation, which means to free from hand, describes the situation of Africans living in America. Lincoln did not free the slaves—he simply emancipated them.

To be free is to be exempt from discomfort. I think that being perpetually lied about, lied to and ignored by the authors of America’s history books is quite enough to cause discomfort. I think that the constant vice-laden, negative portrayal of our race by the Euro-American media is enough to cause discomfort. I think the perpetuation of economic servitude that we are bound to is discomforting. I think the fact that there are more African-American males in prison than in college is discomforting. (The list goes on). Our race is free. We are free from something called comfort, self-love and economic independence.

Our freedom lies within knowledge of self—a knowledge that we as a people do not possess. The African contribution to the world is immeasurable, yet we know almost nothing about our great history. African people started civilization. They were the first scientists, mathematicians, navigators, physicians and philosophers. This clandestine knowledge is part of the key to our freedom, yet we cannot expect Europeans to tell us the truth about our history. We cannot depend on anyone else for our freedom but us. African Freedom lies within the truth.

UHURU hopes to bring African-Americans closer to their long awaited freedom by simply telling them the truth. We will no longer wait for freedom to be given to us because we have waited 400 years too long.

We must always strive to educate ourselves. Africans learning from a total Eurocentric perspective yields nothing but miseducation, and will only perpetuate our mental servitude.

Who wants freedom? I believe that everybody wants freedom, but if wanting to be free would make us free, then freedom would have been ours long ago. Our fight is not a passive one in which we all gather around singing “We shall overcome someday...” while the racists beat our heads in. The song should say “We shall overcome TODAY,” not someday.

Although we struggled in the 60s for equality and freedom, our fight is far from over. The Virginia Beach incident lets us know that the riots are not merely things of the past. The endangerment of the Black Man as a species on this earth lets us know that genocide is not a thing of the past. But oftentimes when African-Americans get a little bit of money from working for Caucasian people, they walk around as though they were free. They no longer have to fight for freedom, or so they think. But how can you be free if your race is still enslaved psychologically, economically and otherwise?

We all claim to want freedom, but we will never be free unless we actively seek it out, claim it, steal it and live it. We must obtain our freedom by any means necessary!
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Progressive Education Community School

Help Our Youth Today,
So They Can Help
Themselves
TOMORROW

Would you like to educate, motivate,
and inspire young minds?
If the answer is YES,
See Denine Parks-Graham
in
The Progressive Education Community School Office,
Room 11C
Center of Pan-African Culture
Call Her at 672-2300
or
Robert Johnson
Community Affairs Relations Officer
B.U.S. 672-7985
Journalists are lazy. That was the main conclusion gathered at the panel on "Critiquing Media Coverage with Racial Overtones." This discussion, organized Kent State Journalism School Director Dr. Judy VanSlyke Turk, was held in the Student Center.

The panel consisted of Glen Proctor, Knight-Metro editor of the Akron Beacon Journal; Ted Joy, freelance writer; and Rich Barnett, news reporter for WAKR radio of Akron. Moderating was Dr. Stan Wearden, professor of Journalism at Kent State.

The discussion opened with each panelist remarking and commenting on the issue of Blacks in the media. Proctor commented that the issue of covering events with racial overtones "is important to me because I'm black, and because I'm a journalist." He feels that the way race relations are portrayed in the media is extremely important.

"In order for it [media coverage of racial issues] to be better, we must have a better understanding of each other as races, age groups, religions..." said Proctor. "In general we have to know each other."

Ted Joy has had articles published in the Beacon and Quill magazines concerning the Gilmore shooting in Cleveland. He recalls covering an incident in Cleveland in which a white man was beaten by African-American youths. It received little coverage because of the very conclusion gathered by the panelists, along with fear.

"Journalists can go to Grenada, but they can't go 68 blocks up the street into a Black neighborhood," said Joy.

Rich Barnett argues that African-Americans and minorities are not the only groups who are victims of media ignorance and misrepresentation. According to Barnett, members of the minority communities are not treated with the same respect as the majority of society.

In response to the question, Proctor admitted that crack is a problem in the inner cities (which are inhabited primarily by African-Americans), and controlled by African-American and Hispanic gang members. However, he added that cocaine, heroin, and other "yuppie drugs" which abound in White upper-class society are not dealt with. Proctor's experience as a crime editor led him to believe that it's easier for any police officer to arrest crack dealers in the inner cities than in suburbia.

"Black folks don't have airplanes, we don't have big pleasure boats--so how does it (drugs) get here?" asked Proctor.

Wearden made reference to Patricia Raybon's commentary in the October 2nd issue of Newsweek which criticized media coverage of African-Americans. She complained that the media coverage of African-Americans depicts us as poor, criminal, addicted (to chemical substances), and dysfunctional. Like Joy, she also labels this journalistic ailment as "lazy journalism."

"In her article, Raybon also mentioned the criticism by movie White working-class are also victims of media ignorance.

Because Barnett is a member of the media, he admits coverage of news in minority and African-American communities is different from that of the print media. However, he also admits that the goals of both entities are basically common.

"How high are the ratings, and how much money can you make?" said Barnett.

The question posed by Dr. Wearden which prompted the most discussion among the panelists was "Is crack (coverage in media) a racial story or a crime story?"

Reviewers which said Spike Lee's latest film "Do the Right Thing" was not a true depiction of an African-American neighborhood because there were no drugs. The members of that evening's panel commented on that statement. Barnett, who grew up in the predominantly White town of Lakewood, Ohio, said that in the daytime one may see couples walking dogs and children playing as was seen in "Do the Right Thing," but dangers such as drug pushing and gang violence arise as soon as the sun sets.

Barnett admits that he himself was "petrified" to go into an African-American neighborhood to cover a racial shooting. However, he discovered the family involved was anxious to talk to the media. Proctor feels that it is a reporter's job to cover all news--no matter what the circumstances are surrounding it.

"Scared be damned," he said. "You have to do your job. Sometimes you have to get dirty."

Proctor himself has covered Ku Klux Klan meetings. "Was I scared?" he asked. "You bet I was."

When it comes to depicting Third World peoples more positively, Proctor and Joy agree that it is the job of a reporter to find appropriate sources. Barnett feels that this is a task within itself. He says that if he were covering a story with a medical angle, "nine times out of ten" he would be interviewing a white doctor because "there aren't many Black doctors around." And the same excuses follow if he were covering a business story. "Why should I have to search?" he asked.

While racism exists in society, it is inevitable that it will also continue to exist in journalism, as Proctor pointed out. No matter how objective a "true journalist" is supposed to be, personal biases are sometimes inescapable and purposely unavioded.
There is a crisis in America, a crisis of the Black culture. At a time when the number of African-American college students are on the decline, urban gang activity is on the rise. Joint Black male and female run households are on the decline, while the number of Black males sent to prison is on the rise. This is just the beginning of a list of discrepancies that exist between the two most critical, culturally distinct groups in America, the White culture and the Black culture.

This cultural separation is due to the long, often frustrating and violent relationship that existed and continues to exist, between them. We all are well aware of the circumstances that lead to this rather destructive cultural malaise. It is an illness born of rejection, fear and ignorance. This crisis is not only one of a nation, it is also one of local communities and small neighborhoods. But more importantly it is also a crisis for the individual.

I am an individual who was born Black, raised Black and more importantly was cultivated Black. What exactly does that mean? It means having a father who warned you of the proper behavior when in the company of Whites. It means having a mother who worked as a domestic although always believing she could have been a school teacher. She worked on her knees at night cleaning floors, and yet she thought she was somehow better than her Black neighbor because her hair was straighter and her skin was much lighter.

For me, walking with my head lowered and facing the ground and always feeling apologetic for being who and what I was, was a way of life. “Young, gifted and Black”--yes, but self actualized--no. Self assured--no. Self confident--no. Determined to prove my worth--yes. In other words, my worthiness to aspire to the so called American Dream has been my personal journey as so many before me. My aspirations lead me only to be reminded that our cultural development is either less than adequate, or of no value at all when factored into the greater American cultural experience.

Let us for a moment talk about the manifestations and impact of culture. Culture is the composite of a groups basic rituals of behavior. It is the “in-rules” of distinct groups, as well as the assigned values and importance of symbols and events. These symbols arrive from sources specifically associated with the group. Customs and styles in language and dress are prime indicators of distinct cultural groups.

Culture and its related structure, however, does not always arrive from a healthy or progressive set of experiences. This learned behavior seemingly becomes much larger than the participants. It becomes all-intoxicating. An example of this is found in the evolution of the Afro-American--former slave, former African, along with his counterpart, the Anglo-American--former slaver, former Englishmen.

These two individual cultures preceding the domination of North-America, are as diametrically different as the circle and the square. These cultural differences, in addition to the overt racism and racial separation, have almost been preferred. They have often been manifested in civil disorder and in institutional protest.

One of the major dilemmas is the one responding to these challenges of the Black citizenry. It seeks appropriate regress for the inequality which pervades the system. In fact these social ills have more to do with distinct cultural differences and perceptions than the failure of the constitution or our legal system.

Examples of these cultural biases are evident by the fact that Black people still need legal remedies. Why would a group with a tradition of patriotism and service to a country need legal resource, if the individual’s worth and rights were secure by virtue of United States citizenship. It seems almost as if the past legislation such as the Civil Rights laws of the 1960’s, the Voting rights Act and of course, school desegregation remedies, and the Housing laws are merely symbols of the intolerance of White America to be civil to Black America. To vote with us, learn with us and last but not least, live with us.

My personal belief is that such ingrained intolerance has resulted in three cultural modes. First, under all circumstances our patriotic American cultural impulse is one nation under God with the flag raised high. But as the sun sets, America becomes a culture with racial distinc-
African-American rolled in the America as dearly as its other sex. Why not try doing it like it. Let us stop getting high on the drugs, apologizing, and start recognizing the power of possessions, and the domination of others because of race or sex. Why not try doing it like it should be done. No. It is time to stop apologizing, and start recognizing that this gross lack of effective recognition and respect of cultural integrity has stifled the growth of both cultures. This relationship of accommodation and cultural insensitivity is not unlike the relationship of mistreated stepchild and a hostile stepparent. Yes, this Black/White thing in America is like a love hate thing. Black-America is loving America as dearly as any of its other inhabitants, but is also hating the limp embrace it affords us in return.

As a professional artist, I've often found myself in deep turmoil over the lack of cultural respect experienced in my career. I am presently the only African-American enrolled in the Fine and Professional Arts Graduate program at Kent State. Because of this I have experienced the same type of cultural invalidation. One example that comes to mind is the "Black art" category, which is designed to umbrella all art created by Black artists. It is interesting to note that I have never heard the term "White Art." That term would be ludicrous. Why then isn't the term "Black Art" just as ludicrous? We can see cultural estrangement has also entered the world of fine art.

Spike Lee, one of America's finest young motion picture directors, has stood at the door of our racial and cultural intolerance. He has knocked as forcefully as he could with such works as "School Daze" and his recent release "Do The Right Thing." He knocks at the door of our failed efforts to share our humanity. White-America and Black-America are like lovers under the sheets, clinging tightly to the edges of their territorial bed. They attempt to make love while fully clothed. I salute Spike for having the artistic courage to snatch away the covers--to reveal the falseness of this union.

The recent fear by certain conservative factions of our community, Black and White, is that Lee's recent work might incite riots in the streets. This only reveals the basic truth that Whites fear the loss of their whiteness, and Blacks fear the permanence of their blackness. This fear is truly the result of long and painful periods of deeply psychological, emotional, and more importantly, cultural breaches in our collective respect for our cultural differences. This is true even though they were born of the same need for survival in America.

We ask that the lights be left off in this room of despair and cultural fear. It is time that all America's children were treated fairly and lovingly. America continues to treat the Black race as if we are her stepchildren, telling us we are free Americans with full access to the American dream. If this preferential treatment persists the American nightmare in the inner cities will only continue.

Mother America seems to offer her breast of nourishment only after nights filled with long hours of tears and screams. She snatchers her breast from my mouth at her earliest chance, never really knowing whether my crying is the result of hunger for food, or cries of neglect and alienation. We watch her favorite son fill himself to excess with the rich milk of opportunity, as we are oftentimes pushed aside.

A stepchild, a stepculture--a culture developed from the dregs of slavery and abject poverty is certainly not as grand or imperial as that of Europe. And although her memory is buried deep in our souls, we know our real mother--mother Africa. And we are lost in our effort to survive the forced orphanhood that brought us to our new mother.

Well here we are in this distant frontier of alienation. But only a step away from the truth that will free us and white America as well. If only we truly believed that one nation stood under God indivisible. I stand at the closed door washing the dishes of all the other children. I hope to hear someone summon me. To take my place at the table. To join in the dream.

By Curlee Holten
All Migh/ty (y.t.)

Lead me from oppression
all mighty y.t.

Rescue me from my ignorance
before it is too late
before I become one with you

Save me from myself
that is/ the darkness from within

Lead me from confusion
all mighty y.t.

tell me who I was
tell me who I am
You know
the power to define is
the power to control
and White definitions equal
Black bondage.

Shoot me down
then
pull me up with
your liberal white hands
open to the world.

I am bleeding
White man.
Will you lick my wounds
and taste my Black blood
so familiar to your tongue.
Is it bitter?
Come be my messiah/ my massa
all mighty y.t.
bear the burden
of Blackness
like a cross
on your back.
Like a thorn
on your head.

Tell me
Y.T.
Is your God dead?

Old Woman (for Betty Jean)

You remind me
of my
grandmother
leaning
back in that
chair with
That Bible
spread out
on your lap.

That Bible
that's worn
on the soft
leather corners
and covered with
your fingerprints
from the
ritualistic
page-flipping
that purifies
your soul
like a daily
shower.

You look over
at me
and bow your head in worship
to your God
who has brought you
and allenotherBlacks before you
through the dances
with death and
the days when
there was no
money in your purse
or
food on your table,
and who
delivered you from
confrontations with
demons who now quack
in your presence.

The chocolate brown skin
that is as familiar
to me as my own.
The big Black sturdy
legs that have stood
for hours in front
of nameless stoves
and in the middle
of the gardens
that you
planted and tended
with your own weathered
hands watching it's
growth as that of
a perennial child.

Your wisdom,
Grandmothers,
is unmeasurable
and your
collective spirits
unbreakable.
You know that
all the Ebony
children that sit
at yo' feet
grasp furtively
at all the jewels
that you contain
behind those
eternal Black brows.
For they know
that within you,
your African elder,
lies the knowledge
of the past
and the insight
to the future.

‘Ebe (Where?)

And I'm roaming the city. A voyage for that "good time" wondering if I could make this world all mine.

Searching for identity
Inspiration of the streets
Influence of the neon lights
comes
stays
and lives in me.

And I could tell you about the drugs, the whores the color of me

Black.
They told me to be proud
But the pride crashed into the infested gutters
and down it went with the beggars and their brew.

Place it on the shelf
The mist is blinding my eyes.
My mind
Making me forget
and not to see my color
and only remember
what is not mine.
- the fallacy with which they drew me that
I am no man
neither black nor white
For I have no color in this world
It is not mine.
Only ahome lost in the darkness
With no identity.

I am an animal
still searching for the good times
always hungry
for home.

By Kecia Cole

By Krista Franklin

By Adaeze Igwebuike
When I took on the responsibility of writing this article about the late Huey P. Newton I was immediately faced with a dilemma. The dilemma was one of an ethical nature dealing with the problem of telling half of the story. This introduction is for the benefit of everyone who reads this article, whether you know anything about Huey or not.

Huey P. Newton did a great many things for his people, and although he was a great man, he was just a man. By this I mean that although he made great changes in the African-American mentality, he also made a few mistakes which affected his credibility.

I do not intend to write about those mistakes. The purpose of this article is to pay tribute to the late Newton, not to judge him. After reading articles in the European media following Newton’s murder I was appalled to find that the only positive thing mentioned about him was a two-line paragraph at the very end of the article. Therefore, if you want to know about the mistakes and human faults of Huey Newton, please consult your daily (European) media because they made special efforts just for us to paint a criminal picture of Newton.

Death of a Revolutionary
Now, let's pay tribute.

On August 22, 1969, Huey P. Newton was shot and killed near his home in Oakland, California. After being out of the media's ever-watchful eye, Newton had, in their definition, become a Black icon of the past.

Newton played a large part in the Black Revolution of the 1960s. He was an extremely intelligent and articulate man who was very politically involved, and who was very acute to the predicament of his people. He was very politically involved at the college that he attended and this political involvement helped to form many of Newton's political ideas. Early in Newton's involvement with the African-American struggle, he was involved with such campus groups such as the Afro-American Association and he spent much of his time in discussion groups which tackled issues that affected the destruction of the African-American community. It was Newton's belief that African oppression should cease and that drastic changes needed to take place. Newton expressed much of the weariness of the African-American masses who were tired of all the talk. It was a time for action—a time for revolution.

On October 15, 1966, Newton and his friend, Bobby Seale, met to discuss the founding of a totally new political party whose objective would be to free the Black victims of oppression through political awareness and involvement. Through this knowledge the African-Americans could begin to seize control of the destiny of their communities, economically and politically, and he recognized that this control could not be taken peacefully. It was time to put the peaceful marches behind us, was the theory of this new party. The only way the African-American could get the freedom and power that he wanted was to take it through struggle. To express this new theory Newton adopted the slogan of the communist Mao Tse-tung, "Power also grows out of the barrel of a gun."

Newton and Seale drew up a ten-point platform on which to base their new party, which they named the "Black Panther Party for Self-Defense." The platform consisted of the following:

1. We want freedom. We want power to determine the destiny of our Black community.
2. We want full employment of our people.
3. We want an end to the robbery by the white man of our Black community.
4. We want decent housing fit for shelter of human beings.
5. We want education for our people that exposes the true nature of this decadent American society. We want education that teaches us our true history and our role in the present day society.
6. We want all Black men to be exempt from military service.
7. We want an immediate end to police brutality and murder of Black people.
8. We want freedom for all Black men and women held in federal, state, county, and city prisons and jails.
9. We want all Black people when brought to trial, to be tried in court by a jury of their peer group or people from their Black communities, as defined by the Constitution of the United States.
10. We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice and peace."

The Panthers became a highly active and well-known group in the African-American communities and eventually in the eyes of the American media. The Party actively searched for new members in the youth who lived in the low-income African-American communities. Newton preferred the pro-active minds of the ghetto youth over the upper-class, educated, all-talk-no-action Black bourgeois who attended the colleges.

Bobby Seale, Newton's contemporary and the co-founder of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, explained this logic in his book, Seize the Time:

"Huey wanted brothers off the block—brothers who had been out there robbing banks, brothers who had been pimping, brothers who had been peddling dope, brothers who ain't gonna take no shit, brothers who had been fighting pigs (cops) because he knew that once they get themselves together in the area of political education (and it doesn't take much because the political education is the ten-point platform and program), Huey P. Newton knew that once you organize the brothers he ran with, he fought with, he fought against, who he fought harder than they fought him, once you organize those brothers, you get niggers, you get black men, you get revolutionaries who are too much."

This closeness with the street youth gave Newton much credibility when it came to the hustlers, pimps and boys on the block. He was well-known in certain street circles and had a reputation for being able to hold his own in the street situations. This reputation helped to encourage activity in the Party and discouraged criminal activity in the communities. Newton's influence helped to show the communities that the real enemy was- the system, not each other.

Around the time of the formation of the Black Panther Party there were several racial uprisings. Newton believed these were signs of the African-American uprising against their white racist, oppressive societies. He worked to channel all the anger of the ghetto into the productive organization of the Panthers.

With their nationalist ideas in motion, the Panthers began to focus on the problem of police brutality and the outright murder of the African population in their own communities. To keep the police in check, and to show the people that someone cared and was aware of the injustices that were being perpetuated against them, the Panthers began to patrol the neighborhoods with guns of their own.

The goal was to protect the people and their rights and to stop the police's wickedness. The Panthers were determined to show the police...
that their brutality was going to end. They were determined to show the African-American public that they had Constitutional rights, and to protect them from whatever the police was doing to harm or offend them.

This action against the police was a consistent thorn in the side of the capitalist institution which strove to keep the African down. It wasn't long before the police, along with the media, tried to make life very hard for the Panthers. Newton especially was under constant pressure from the police. They attempted to catch him on whatever charge they could in order to stop his actions, and to taint his image in the American media. Newton was a consistent victim of police harassment and media slaughter.

The European masses were unaware of the enslavement of the African-American race, while the Black bourgeoisie gained the only knowledge of their people from the press. As a result of media slaughter, Huey was perceived as nothing more than an outlaw.

However, those who worked with him on a daily basis—great men such as Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale, had only great things to say about Huey. He was considered to be the "genius" behind the Black Panther Party as well as a warrior who fought against the capitalist oppression of African peoples in this cesspool of inequality that we call America.

Huey strove toward the education of himself, as well as the education of his people. He taught the importance of the African-American knowing his history, and was a key figure in instituting Pan-African classes at Merritt College.

He was a thinking man who read many books by strong political figures such as Mao Tse-Tung and Frantz Fanon. Huey patterned his life and his political ideas after men who had made changes in their communities and environments through action, not talk. Men such as the late Malcolm X and Stokley Carmichael played a large part in the formation of Huey's nationalist ideals and on many of the ideas upon which the Black Panther Party was based.

The main objective of all his actions was for the empowerment of his people. He was aware that through revolutionary activity, change is brought about and power structures are restructured. When the African-American takes control over his own life and environment, only then would he be truly free from European, capitalist hands. Huey knew that the only way to freedom was to attain power.

Huey also strongly opposed any African-American organizations such as the NAACP, CORE (Congress of Racial Equality), and the Urban League, which he considered to be ineffective when handling the progression of the African in America. He pointed out the possibility of such organizations as seeking personal advancement of the African people and presented the BPP as an alternative, pro-active organization in which social advancement for everyone was the main objective.

We should all look to Huey as an example whether we are forming strong political ideas or organizing our people for the purpose of unification and action. We should hold his memory in high esteem just as we hold the memory of Malcolm X, Marcus Garvey, and Kwame Nkrumah as a man of action who refused to allow injustices to perpetuate against his people. We should speak his name to many African-American generations to follow. May he rest in perfect peace with all other African ancestors.


I would also like to thank Dr. Christopher Williams for the use of his books and for the time he spent just rapping with me about Huey. Also, thanks to all the Pan-African department staff for their quotes. Peace.

Quotes on Huey P. Newton from the Pan-African Department Staff:

Dr. Christopher Williams: "I would think that he was a man who was far ahead of his time. A man who certainly had a vision and one who contributed immensely to the Black Revolution, but whose contributions have not been given the notoriety that he certainly deserves."

Dr. Barnes-Harden: "I remember his name being associated with Freedom schools and free breakfast programs sponsored by the Black Panthers for children in African-American communities... Those brothers from the Black Panthers and Malcolm X were my political conscious trainers. If it were not for them, I would still be naive about how the system operates to oppress Black peoples. Before them I did not see any wrong in what the White man had done. They kept me on the path, really. They showed me how Black men were politically perceptive."

By Krista Franklin
FREEDOM

TO BE OR NOT TO BE
THAT IS THE QUESTION

By Ovahdyah Israel

How do we thwart or annihilate oppression, manipulation, exploitation and capitalism that are the catalyst of the African American's nightmare? Do we embrace these catalyst and just accept the reality of "that's the way that it is?" Do we hope, perpetually, that the situation will just change, as we sing "WE SHALL OVERCOME SOMEDAY!" until another great leader is liquidated? Or do we fight the power that be?

We must not just sit on our bureaucratic laurels and assume through solidarity meetings, and cultural presentations once a year during BLACK HISTORY MONTH that sooner or later time shall heal all wounds--wake up and smell the reality my people!

What must we do to bring about more than just another Black Organization that is more than a superficial remedy denotatively called: pacification?

To fight the catalysts of our nightmares, the negroism and African American self-hate (that destroys all life at the roots and causes displacement of identity), we must bring about an extreme, revitalizational movement; otherwise we compound our massive problems with perpetual socio-cultural suicide-- when will it end?

We must stop the psychological manipulation and the influences of other cultures upon us. Moreover, stop the blind-eyed faith of hoping that our world leaders shall one day be submissive and widen the road of the American dream for us all.

Don't be bought-out by the system of pacification because it will only take you longer to escape to true freedom. To hell with the rhetoric and propaganda of the status quo that claims to have been fighting the problems of the poor. Actually it has been immortalizing the problems through social programs that are devoid of a viable, tangible solution--wake up and smell the reality!

We must be cognizant of who the enemies are, and counteract any entity that is anti-African-American by killing the problems at the roots: NO COMPROMISING! NO ACCULTURATION! NO ASSIMILATION OF IDEOLOGIES! And most importantly, "FIGHT" to be who you are! Then only can we change the "WE SHALL OVERCOME SOMEDAY!" to "WE HAVE OVERCOME TODAY!"

Freedom? To be or not to be, that is the question--wake-up my people and smell the reality!
Kwanzaa is the first non-heroic holiday in this country established solely for African-American people. Although it was long overdue, Kwanzaa should be well-appreciated.
Kwanzaa, the holiday, derives from the word, Kwanza (note spelling with one ’a’), which is Kiswahili for “first fruit.” The holiday in modern terms is a time for gathering; such as harvest times in traditional Africa, analyzing, regrouping, appreciation for self, and reorganizing as a people, explains Dr. Arlene Barnes-Harden.

When Dr. Maulana Karenga conceived the idea for Kwanzaa in 1965, he did not intend for it to gain as much negative and positive publicity as it has. However, one goal in establishing the holiday was to remedy a ‘cultural crisis’ among African-Americans, as Dr. Barnes-Harden explains.

Dr. Barnes-Harden, professor of Pan-African Studies, celebrates Kwanzaa in her own home. She agrees with Karenga’s grievance. “We in the United States tend to practice popular culture instead of national culture.” Hence, Karenga’s idea to bring a value system behind Kwanzaa—that value system being the Nguzu Saba, or the Seven Principles around which Kwanzaa is centered.

The Nguzu Saba are:
1. Umoja—unity
2. Kujichagulia—self-determination
3. Ujima-collective work and responsibility
4. Ujamaa—cooperative economics
5. Nia—purpose
6. Kuumba—creativity
7. Imani—faith

Each day that Kwanzaa is celebrated reflects each of these principles.

Kawaida is the ideology behind Karenga’s establishment of the holiday. The thrust of Kawaida, as Karenga defines it in the article called “Kwanzaa: Concepts and Functions” printed in the Black Collegian is defined as “both a social theory, and social practice toward a continuous cultural revolution based on the creative synthesis of tradition and rational adaptation and development.”

Dr. Barnes-Harden elaborates on the ideology behind Kawaida. She explains that Kawaida is the “theory for Black consciousness...an ongoing synthesis of Pan-Africanist, Black Nationalist, social thought and practice.”

Karenga had more than culture in mind when he established Kwanzaa on that September day in 1965. The holiday is celebrated the last seven days of the year; from December 26 to January 1. This was done because the commercialization of Christmas caused some people to spend too much money on gifts. With Kwanzaa being after Christmas, shopping would be more convenient, and some may have saved money. Let it be understood, however, that Kwanzaa gifts, Zawadi, are to be gifts with a substantial purpose. Gifts which have some kind of cultural meaning or value are the ones which should be exchanged. They are often homemade.

Shirley Crosby, assistant director of the Center of Pan-African Culture, stresses that the holiday itself is not a carryover from traditional Africa, but the concepts are. In the 70’s, Crosby belonged to a Pan-African Women’s Committee, which held Kwanzaa celebrations every year. However, the committee no longer exists because of decline in interest toward the late 70’s. “Some people are so busy integrating that they don’t participate (in Kwanzaa and cultural activities),” explains Crosby.

In the early 70’s, about 70,000 people observed Kwanzaa, according to Dr. Barnes-Harden. Now she claims almost 1/2 million people celebrate the holiday. Those who would like to add to that number of people who observe Kwanzaa must follow some basic rituals. For Kwanzaa observation, one must first display the Nguzu Saba throughout the house, along with significant African symbols. Of course, red, black and green should be the colors of the decorations and symbols.

The seven basic symbols are:
1. Mazaa (crops), symbolic of traditional harvest, reward for productive labor.
4. Vibunzi (ears of corn)—Symbolic of our youth, the future.
5. Zawadi (gifts)—Symbolic of labor and love between parents and children.
6. Rikombe Cha Umoja (unity cup)—Symbolic of principle and practice of unity.
7. Mishumaa Saba (seven candles)—Symbolic of the Nguzo Saba.

Two important artifacts necessary for the celebration of Kwanzaa are the Mkeka and the Kinara. The mkeka, a straw mat (which must be straw), is symbolic of the foundation of life—our youth. The kinara, candle holder, is also extremely instrumental. The kinara is a seven-candle (mishumaa saba) holder, which is symbolic of the seven days and seven principles. The candles must be red, black and green with a single black candle in the middle; three red candles to the right of it; and three green ones to the left.

On the first day, Umoja, the black candle is lit. The second day, Kujichagulia, a black and a red candle are lit. The third day, Ujima, black, red, then green candles are lit in that order. After the third day, the lighting procedure alternates and the order is black-red-green-red; black-red-green-red; black-red-green-red; black-red-green-red, etc.

A Kwanzaa ceremony is to be opened up with the pouring of libations and drinking from the Unity Cup (kikombe cha umoja).

Crosby, who used to celebrate Kwanzaa in her home when her children were younger, exchanged Zawadi on the seventh day, Imani day. However, it is up to the individual to choose which day to present Kawaida. Crosby now attends public Kwanzaa celebrations (which locally can be attended in Cleveland, Akron and Youngstown).

Crosby stresses that we must know what Kwanzaa is, attend the openings, and display symbols in our homes. Kwanzaa should be a time for us to gather friends and family—or as Crosby points out, “those who still eat together.”
Is Ashley going to marry Stone? Is Tulip going to tell Nash that their son is really his brother’s? What will Sunshine do when she finds out she’s illegitimate? For those of you who watch soap operas, these are the type of questions we look forward to finding the answers to five days a week.

Soap operas as a form of entertainment are not truly harmful—in fact, to me they’re just ridiculous ways to escape the real world. However, they can subconsciously have a harmful effect on the watchers—especially African-American women. I’m not trying to play “Freudette” or Miss Sociologist, but I know because I watch a soap opera. Although on the surface, I know that real life couldn’t possibly be as simple as it seems on television, I sometimes used to find myself saying: “Now what would Ashley do in this situation?” or wanting to buy the types of clothes I see them wearing—knowing that the average person does not dress that extravagantly every day anyway! Seriously, if you watch soaps, you know what I mean. These women all wear expensive jewelry, Sax Fifth Avenue clothing, and don’t go a damned place! Some don’t even have jobs!

On the serious tip, though, soaps can be more harmful subconsciously than they appear on the surface. Take the subject of love for instance. The television media alone try to give us their interpretation of love, which usually does not relate to African-Americans. Now in the soaps, love is on the whole portrayed as a lustful, sexual, physical relationship between a white man and a White Woman (although recently African-American women and White men, but I’ll get into that another time).

African-Americans, however, are not often seen falling in love on the soaps. If a love relationship does exist, it is ruined by disagreements, divorce, or the male in the relationship is killed or disappears from the story-line. In soap operas, things which most of us would consider immoral are being advocated and accepted as “normal” behavior. Adultery, fornication, sexual promiscuity of the women, incest, deception for material gain, divorce, and abortion are portrayed in an everyday fashion—as a part of life!

One soap opera that I used to watch had a story-line in which a lady had a love affair with a “long lost cousin” of hers, who had been in and out of the family through marriage. In the same show, a 45-year-old woman had an affair with a 21-year-old man whom she later found out was her nephew! And what makes it so bad is that after she found out, she still continued with the relationship!

Now I don’t know about the rest of you sisters, but I know if I found out I was romantically involved with a 3rd, 4th, or 5th cousin of mine, that relationship would have to cease! Don’t you think? The soap opera I currently watch includes a man whose son is married to his wife’s sister! And what makes it worse is that they divorced once, and then remarried! I could write this entire commentary on the ridiculous things that go on in the
world of soap operas, but I must stick to my main purpose, and this is the effect that these things may have on African-American women.

One general aspect of television is their portrayal of beauty. We all know that to be beautiful on television predominantly means to be White or fair-skinned (not to knock the beautiful fair-skinned sisters), have long, flowing hair, and to have a five-inch waste. The same holds especially true for soap operas. All you have to do is watch. The sisters who are seen in the soap operas usually have weaves (perhaps their real hair, but some I know for a fact are weaves), or are very fair-skinned.

The emergence of “Generations,” the most recent addition to the NBC soaps, was supposedly to give African-Americans “equal time” on the screen. However, from my few times watching that program, I have gathered that the African-American actors are only carbon copies of the White actors—only their skin hues are darker.

Some Kent State students that responded to a survey said they related to various soap opera characters. One African-American respondent said she could relate to Billy Lewis of “The Guiding Light.” Another listed Jessica from “As the World Turns” as a character she could relate to. Some other characters said to be relatable were Eden of “Santa Barbara,” and Cricket (Cricket??) Blair of “Young and the Restless” because “she sets goals for herself and she knows what she wants out of life.” One respondent, who watches soap operas solely for entertainment, says there is no character she can relate to because “there aren’t many Black characters to look up to.” The answers to the question “Why I watch soaps” varied from entertainment to the suspense factor of soap operas to escapism.

Granted, I am not saying that we should all stop watching t.v. (although with the junk they’re broadcasting now, it wouldn’t be a bad idea), but some of us should recognize when we’re watching “channel zero.” I watch channel zero myself unfortunately, and if I weren’t the type of person to question what I watch, I would be a disturbed-minded individual. I would most likely have a false sense of beauty, love, and life—not to mention self. So let us all work together to remedy the “channel zero syndrome” that will most definitely harm our youth in the future if we don’t counter it today.
When drowning in the sea of white known as college there exists a cultural refuge for students of African descent. It provides an environment of continuous self-affirmation. It is a place screaming of the Black experience. The Black culture and the Black spirit. It is a house of heritage--it is home.

By Kecia Cole
Residents of the Afrikan Heritage House at Oberlin college find themselves immersed in Africaness from daybreak to sunset. Culture is inescapable in the house. It is everywhere, from the Egyptian paintings in the t.v. lounge, to the seven principles of the Nguzo Szaba displayed on the walls of the study lounge.

The Afrikan Heritage House began as a cottage built by students in 1969. Today the building stands tall as a mecca for African culture at Oberlin. The preamble of the house calls for the “preservation and cultivation of Black history, arts and lifestyles” by its inhabitants. And that’s exactly what it does.

Nicole Mitchell, a junior jazz major at Oberlin, partially attributes the atmosphere to the growth of her African consciousness. Although she was unable to live in the capacity-filled house this year, she continues to work there, socialize there and become acculturated there. To Nikol, the Afrikan Heritage House is still her home.

“Basically, I was in a really different kind of consciousness when I got here,” said Nicole, “I changed a lot partly because of the house. I became more politically aware.”

Adenike Sharply, the director of the Heritage House, says that students do change after living there. In her opinion, the House gives the students that certain something that has always been missing in their lives. She sees this dorm as a home away from home.

“When the students come in here they are bright-eyed and really looking for something that brings Black people together. When they leave they know what that something is. We hope that they’re committed to the Black community and help in some way when they go back to their perspective homes.”

The Afrikan Heritage House offers several programs to improve the overall quality of life for the Black students on Oberlin’s campus. A thought-provoking lecture series offered every Friday night helps the students move toward cultural enlightenment. Speakers expound on various subjects relating to the African experience.

“We have speakers that come and speak here and it is open to provide education for the whole community. It improves everyone to have this house—not just the Black students,” said junior biology and Black studies major Erik Murray.

In the absence of any designated speaker you can hear brothers and sisters debating issues until all hours of the morning. Poignant debates on various issues are definitely part of the Oberlin learning process. Students at Oberlin realize that true knowledge must be attained in someplace other than the confines of a classroom. “Most people do a lot of growing when they first come here,” said Nicole. “That’s because people have discussions all of the time.”

The expression of creativity is also a big part of Afrikan Heritage House. During Soul Sessions students are encouraged to dance, sing, read poetry, play jazz charts and just do whatever the spirit moves them to do. Kuumba, a weeklong celebration of creativity, is celebrated in mid-November.

Students can see the progression of their growth from living in the House. Greg Hampton, a resident poet majoring in economics and Black studies, explains his progress as a writer and as an African-American man.

“I tend to believe that my poetry expresses what mentality I’m in at a particular time. I came here and to my surprise I changed. I didn’t think I’d change because I thought that I was down before I got here,” said Greg.

“When I first got here I was very militant. Down with whitey. Down with whitey. Down with whitey and his mamma too. That was a line from one of my poems. I can’t say that now I’m less militant, but my poetry is a lot more thought out. That comes from the classes that I’ve taken and the atmosphere that I’m in.”

The African-American students at Oberlin College try to foster a sense of family among themselves. They perceive their commonalities as people of color to be more important than any differences they might have. The students even renamed their campus African-American organization “Abusia” which is the Ghanaian word for “clan.” Yet some people on the outside looking in, or even on the inside looking in, perceive this attempt at unity as separatist. Adenike, the newly appointed dorm director, denies such accusations.

“It is not a separatist movement,” explained Sharply. “It is where Black students learn more about themselves, more like an educational dorm.

“Usually on most college campuses the minorities are lost. There is usually no cross-cultural exchange, but a majority-society exchange. The
Black student becomes a marginal student where he's never fully White or Black."

Erik, who is also a co-chairman on the Abusua board, resents people questioning the motives of the house. "I don't think the question should be why do all the Black students live together because every other dorm on this campus is basically a European cultural dorm whether it's called that or not, which is o.k. But there's a definite need for many Black students to be together because coming to an all-White school is very much a culture shock," explained Erik.

"The Afrikan Heritage House is not just a place where Blacks can come and be together. It is and Afrikan Heritage House—not a Black social house."

Many people attribute the existence of this unusual dorm to the liberalism of Oberlin College. It was in fact the first college to admit Blacks and women. However, several years after Oberlin made history students disagree with what they call the facade of liberalism.

"A lot of people say that Oberlin is a liberal college...That's bullshit. It's liberal in the sense that if you don't make it academically, you don't make it in this place. But that's the only sense. It's a very conservative college," said Greg.

Although students claim that Oberlin is not a liberal college, it does have much to offer students of African descent. They have alternative publications such as the African paper "Nommo," and a people of color paper called "The Collective."

To ensure healthy, cost efficient foods, students on campus are now organizing a Third World co-op, which will serve as alternative to the meal plan. Oberlin also has an extensive Black Studies department which offers a major. So why are there only 264 Black students at Oberlin? Money. Skyrocketing tuition rates deter many Black students from even applying to this near $20,000 a year school. Eventhough they protest its high cost, some students are willing to pay the price for the Oberlin atmosphere. To them, African culture is a priceless commodity.

Residents of the house are fighting for a tuition freeze. They are also fighting for wholesome food, more Black faculty and more Black students. The House provides them a place to fight for something far greater than any of these things—it is a place to fight for identity.
TITLE WAVE

I Took my Freedom
I Ripped my Freedom
I Stole my Freedom
I Liberated my Freedom
I Got my Freedom
I Found my Freedom
I Borrowed my Freedom...
Permanently

KOOL

White told me that I was pretty laid back
I thought I was just being Kool
White told me that I had a good chance of making it
I thought he was just another white spot telling another white lie
Being Kool is being in control
It's seeing the enemy and studying their weaknesses
Kool is about sitting back and deciding exactly who the enemy is:

E-FLAT MINOR SEVEN

Round about Midnight
The lights are low
My horn is hot
The notes are flowing
Middle of the night
The rhythms mellow
The bass plucking away
The changes are all there
Round about Midnight.

Are they gay men, lesbians or Stiff homophobic heterosexuals?
What does the enemy wear?
Is it a color or is it a mentality?

How shall I fight this war?
What weapons should I use?
club...knife...uzy...or...KNOWLEDGE?

Shall I take prisoners?

Kool is about answering the right questions with the right answers.
Kool is what a 44 Mag-Auto-Mag is before the trigger is pulled.
Kool is what a nuclear bomb is before it mushrooms.
Kool is what I am before this revolution becomes
A REAL REVOLUTION.

IN THE TOILET

STOP!

Euro

STOP!

Euro-Pee

STOP!

Euro-Pee-An

STOP!

Euro-Pee-An?

STOP!

European.

STOP!

Euro-Pee-An-On

STOP!

Euro-Pee-An-On-Us

STOP!

Euro-Pee-An-On-Us?

STOP!

European on us.

STOP!

FLAG

American flag
red, white, blue
as all great symbols do
has meaning in it

white is racism
economic and social foundation
blue is sexism
domination by white boy
red is blood shed
blood of Africa

red, white, blue
home of the brave
land of the free.

By Greg Hampton
TOO BLACK TOO STRONG

STUDENT ORGANIZATION FIGHTS FOR UNITY
By Kecia Cole

"Fight The Power." The new anthem of African freedom blasts from the window of a 79 mustand-colored Saab. The volume is on ten. In the darkened clutter of a back seat Lugman and Abduh Shabazz reach for red, black and green bullhorns—the shotguns of truth. They tightly hold on to the horns, while breathing the Black breath of freedom into them. The P.E. is seriously kicking now. The brothers are kicking it right along with them from their respective windows.

"Cause I'm Black and I'm proud. I'm ready, I'm hyped cause I'm amped. Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps." And suddenly Kent State is afraid. They are afraid of what those horns represent. Too radical. Too loud. Too down. Too real. Too Black and Too strong.

Cuyhoga Community College is where it all started. The Student Organization for African-American Unity started with four people, fifty cents and an idea to promote unity and counter ignorance," said Tri-C student and co-founder of the organization, Lugman Muhammad Shabazz. "We pattern ourselves after the Organization for African Unity which was formed in Ethiopia."

Many people have seen these brothers in the Eastway Center, clad in Malcolm X gear from head to toe, preaching African unity to the students. They want to speak at Eastway simply because that's where African-American students can be found. "I believe in always going to the people. The organization is nothing without the population—who they are supposed to serve," said Lu-

"Gump. "Once you take on the responsibility of being a leader, you then say that you are a servant of the people." Lugman and Shabazz have several problems with many of the so-called "pro-African" groups as they exist to-day. They have problems with the moral fiber, or lack thereof, of some leaders. But most of all they have problems with hypocrisy. They just can't stand hypocrisy.

"What makes you a good man and what makes you a good woman is the responsibility for your deeds and actions," explained Shabazz. "You are looked upon as an example. If you are in that type of leadership role you should not chase women and be a womanizer. Because when you struggle, you struggle first from within and then on the outside. You have to struggle against the oppres-

"There are no White students in the S.O.A.A.U. None at all. Some people perceive this division as being a racist ideology. Lugman and Shabazz disagree. You can't have Black-White solidarity, until you have Black solidar-ity. "White can play on the defensive team and go back into their communities and fight racism," said Shabazz. "We can't be apologetic for White folks anymore."

The mentor of the S.O.A.A.U is El Haji Malek El Shabazz (Malcolm X). He brought to them a sense of religion and culture as well as a political ideology. They are nationalist. "We believe in Black Nationalism. We believe that we need our own thing. Nationalism means that you control the politics, economics and social altitudes in your community," said Shabazz.

Although S.O.A.A.U. members Lugman, Albus Shabazz and Talib Abdullah Naim recently converted to Islam, they claim the organization is non-denominational. In their opin-

"Our faith has strengthened us by teaching us how to struggle with ourselves first and then our envi-

"They are supposed to be the best breeding place for such social illness. And so they have dedicated their lives to fighting against this oppressive capitalist system. They are fighting the power that be, since in their opinion capitalism cannot be had without racism. But how can you fight against racism?"

The S.O.A.A.U. seeks to put an end to the slave mentality. They feel the only way to fight against racism is to counteract the ignorance of all races. Although they claim that they "cannot go apologetic for White folks anymore."

They differ from other African-American organizations in several aspects. They are not controlled by a university, nor do they want to be. They feel "The System" is not going to give African-Americans freedom, as much as other so-called "pro-

"Blessed are those who struggle. Opposition is worse than the grave. It is better to die for a noble cause, Than to live and die as a slave."
Who is Na'im Akbar? Many African-Americans have no idea. Maybe they live in a cultureless vacuum. Maybe they rely solely on Ebony and Jet (lifestyles of the Black rich and famous) for their information. Sometimes people remain comfortable in their ignorance. Whether or not you've heard of Dr. Na'im Akbar he is definitely on the rise. This celebrated lecturer and scholar received his Ph.D in Psychology from the University of Michigan, and is currently a Clinical Psychologist in the Department of Psychology and the Black Studies Program at Florida State University. You may have read one of his three books, listened to one of his audio tapes or you may have even seen him on "Oprah," "Phil" or "Tony Brown." He is everywhere.

Dr. Akbar recently came to Kent to speak at a conference for the Alliance of Black Student Organizations. The conference, which sought to strengthen Black leadership on predominantly White campuses, was attended by schools throughout Ohio, Michigan and Kentucky. Dr. Akbar was one of the many featured guest speakers and after a powerful hour and a half lecture, Dr. Akbar granted UHURU an interview.
UHURU: In your book "From Miseducation to Education" you spoke of a need to return to an afrocentric perspective in education. Do you think that afrocentric thought can ever become too narrow in its scope?

AKBAR: It can but I don't believe that it has. There's a speech that DuBois did in the early twenties called "The Function of the Negro College," and what he argued is that the responsibility that we have for education is that we must understand that everyone learns from the particular to the universal. In other words, we must always base ourselves in our own experience and our own reality as a launching into universal knowledge.

I think that we should never presume narrowness as a possibility. We should always be willing to learn the whole world. But one of the problems is that we're engaging in a period of reformation and reclamation—we're trying to reclaim and reform our miseducated process. That means we have to do the same thing we do when we get a disease, that is you have to get good intensive doses of the extreme to get you back to normality. So I think that the start for us means that many of us probably will be overly immersed in the African experience as a means of renormalizing ourselves. Once that is done, I think we have to use that as a foundation then in launching into universal knowledge.

I think there are people that become too deterministic in terms of their over immersion. If you have to feed children, it may become very necessary to put on a suit and tie in this society where we don't control the resources yet...Clearly we need to be aware of the realities of where we are and what kind of strategies we need to deal with the world from where it is, but at the same time we need to be immersed in our own culture.

UHURU: Do you believe that capitalism is synonymous with racism, and do you think that African-Americans can survive under a capitalist system?

AKBAR: Capitalism is the same thing as racism, but the use of capital is not capitalism. This means that the entire world requires that everybody in the world operates in the use of certain material resources in that world as a means of accomplishing ends. We take the resources from the earth in order to convert them to our use—that's capital. Capitalism is a system by which people begin to give credit to the symbol rather than to the function of the symbol. So people then, like Donald Trump, begin to acquire money for money's sake and people's lives are lost in the process—like John H. Johnson, of Ebony publications, who is more concerned about his advertisers than he is about getting certain kinds of information into the African-American community. I think that's capitalism.

I do not believe that we can call Bill Cosby a capitalist, though he has lots of capital. When you take that capital and convert it into institutions that begin to cultivate the best in African people and begin to give us resources to change our world positively for ourselves so that we can master technology, so we can use the resources of the world...when you begin to believe that the material is the thing, when you begin to believe that the capital is more important than the human, more important than the spirit, more important than human dignity and respectability then you become a capitalist. That's what makes people racist. That's what makes people sexist. That's what makes people destructive in the human nature.

UHURU: Do you think that Black business is the answer for African freedom in America?

AKBAR: No, indeed not. I believe that we need Black businesses, because it is out of Black businesses that we are able to build Black schools. We need businesses to develop the kinds of publications that produce books that we need to make a difference. Definitely we need businesses, but unless we have right, guided people running those businesses than we're no better off than not having those businesses altogether. It is not enough just to have the businesses, not enough just to have the money. It is not enough to have any of those things. If you don't have what I call the "mentatude" in terms of affirming who you are, and understanding the need to use whatever your resources are to change the world for you and for our people collectively, then I wholly maintain that you have nothing at all. In fact, what you have is dangerous.

UHURU: In your lecture you spoke of a futuristic ebony garden concerning African education. We all know about Morehouse, Spelman and Howard, but is there really such a thing as a Black college?

AKBAR: No. We don't have a one. It
makes no sense. Future generations will read our history and find it absolutely comical. The only doctoral level training you can get in African studies in the world is at Temple University. That is insane. It's utterly insane that there's not any place we can go to do that. The only other place is the Institute of Oriental Studies at the University of London. That's absurd.

We have institutions that are populated by African people, and those institutions that are now populated by African people need to be transformed to become African institutions. I think we have a better chance of doing it there ultimately than we do in changing these (European) institutions. I'm in a predominantly European institution and the reason I'm there is because the African-American institution across town (Florida A & M University) would not hire me. I went there begging those people to give me a job and they would not hire me...I represented too much concern about the issues of Black people.

**UHURU:** Do think that is why the so-called African media has literally ignored you? Although many African-Americans in a college environment have been exposed to you a person reading Ebony and Jet might not ever know there was a Dr.Na'ilm Akbar.

**AKBAR:** But fortunately there's an *ESSENCE* and there's a Susan Taylor who makes it a point to try to work people like us into the format, so people like Francis Cress-Welsing have had extensive interviews in there. I think that it is to the advantage of mainstream media to ignore me. When I say me I don't think there's anything important about Na'ilm Akbar. The only value that I represent is that I affirm what is true and what is good for most of us. That's all I do.

Throughout the whole period of slavery, there were some slaves that decided to run, and that's been the tradition all along. I'm one of those who just decided to run from the modern era--that doesn't make me any different from a whole lineage of those like that. The more you begin to let people know that they're slaves running away, the more slaves are going to run. It is to their advantage to not let people know that we're running away. Johnson Publications gets their legitimacy by highlighting slaves that don't run away. That's how they make their money. That's how he became the millionaire that he is--he's invested in that. So if he began to feature Negroes who ran into becoming Africans, he'd go out of business because of what he represents.

Only if we begin to build a media, like institutions, which affirm the best for us will we begin to find any recognition for Molefi Asante, Dr. Asa Hilliard, Adalade Sanford or any of those people who represent the best of thinking for our people.

**UHURU:** There seems to be a total denial of self for African-Americans, in that they are afraid to affirm their identity and to be in control of themselves. How do you feel about White intervention in the Black struggle?

**AKBAR:** I guess that I have the same question that you have. My sense is that we can use White players on our defensive team. I have no objections to that. In fact, some of the best defensive players are White people because they live with them and understand them. I believe that we would be very disadvantaged if we
begin to build self-affirmative structures that put them in the central part of our offensive team. Self-affirmation is the responsibility of Black folks.

There is not one scholar of note who has done significant work on the holocaust, and the social psychological functioning of the attitudes of anti-semitism who is not a Jew. Not one. They don’t invite anybody else to come be the experts on that but them. I’m suggesting that we need to be the experts on our experience in much the same way. We don’t want any White folks in the center of that self-affirmative thing... But when we begin to talk about really building institutions that represent our needs they’ve got to be ones that are controlled, dominated and effectively protected by us and for us.

**UHURU**: What do you do when those African people who are our leaders become afraid of being labeled as separatists?

**AKBAR**: The same thing the A.N.C.(African NationalCongress) does-- they get rid of them. They get rid of the Negroes and they get rid of the traitors. When I say that, I don’t necessarily mean at this point that we need to get guns on them. At this point I think we need to do it by refusing to legitimize those who legitimize other people for us, meaning we need to stop empowering Black people who empower White people. Just delegitimize those people who don’t represent our best interest.

**UHURU**: All African-Americans have been mis-educated in some form or another. After we do begin to re-educate ourselves, where do we go from there? What do we do with new-found knowledge?

**AKBAR**: The first job is to learn it and then to communicate it. You have to have a responsibility to teach others--whatever your medium. We also have the responsibility of institution building. That is, you have to begin to build structures that will make sure that when you’re there those things will continue to go on... My argument is that the job that you have after you know is to make sure that others continue to know. Whatever way you can do that you have to do it. That’s your responsibility. If you just know and you aren’t about doing that, then your knowledge is for naught--it is meaningless, it is hopeless and you don’t deserve to have it.

**UHURU**: If afrocentricty is supposed to elicit collective thought, then does it not inhibit individualism and are you personally opposed to individualism? Does afrocentricity in fact negate the diversity of the continent of Africa?

**AKBAR**: A world view does not violate an individual expression of that world view. Nature has a graphic way of teaching us these things in a way that we can understand them. Your body is so diverse--everything from a liver to an eye. From a brain to a toenail all in the system. It does its job very well, but it is all hooked up ultimately to the whole.

We must be very careful to understand that unity does not require uniformity. If everybody was a toenail, what would you then do for eyes. We cannot expect everyone to express what they understand in exactly the same way.

Some of our African brothers are Christian. George Stalings (of the Iman Temple) is a bad brother and I’m really impressed by him. He’s doing our thing in that thing. Then there’s Farrakhan, a Muslim brother...
doing our thing in the Islamic thing. I'm impressed by that. Then there's Bishop Jaromoja of the Shrine of the Black Madonna doing our thing in that thing--I love them all. I see those as all afrocentric thought. They are afrocentric in the sense that they are saying a spiritual system has to speak to our condition and our reality as a people. I do think that it's problematic when we expect uniformity in the name of unity.

**UHURU:** You frequently use Egyptian metaphors, such as the myth of Isis and Osiris, to convey a certain message to your audience. What exactly is that message?

**AKBAR:** I take specifically the Osirian myth and break down the symbolism of it as it addresses our particular situation of liberation. What I understand about the religious symbols of ancient Kemet (the true name of Egypt), is that they represent universal truth. They spoke to all situations and conditions of men of all times. Osiris and Isis at the same time that they symbolize an understanding of that time and that situation, a concept of universal truth in that time, I believe those same principals apply to now. If you break down the details of the mythology you could find keys to the same complicated human realities we have right now. We had wise men who could look into the stars and could see time beyond time. I'm suggesting they were so wise they were able to symbolically conceal in these myths and these stories solutions to problems that people didn't even know had come up yet. I think the story of Jesus, the virgin birth, prophet Mohammed's revelation--all those things are symbolic stories about what we can understand now....If we can begin to understand something about them and get an intuitive grasp on the symbols and what they mean, it gives you a handle on what the messages are.

**UHURU:** Do most people understand the symbolism, or do they take offense to your use of their deities?

**AKBAR:** Religion is a cultural expression of peoples' spirituality. I think people understand that and then use their religions as a means of generating the moral, spiritual, psychological energy in people. I think that those who somehow think that the religious system itself is the thing, they do take offense because they are caught up in the literal view rather than the real view of what's going on.

I'm not a defensive player. I'm an offensive player and I basically talk to people who are going to believe what I'm going to say or at least find something they can use. I try to actually avoid talking to audiences where I have to convince people to accept what I say first and then listen to it. I think the right people are listening.

**UHURU:** You teach in the Black studies department at Florida State and have traveled extensively to other similar departments. In critiquing these African studies programs across the country do you think that they are wholistic enough in their approach to African knowledge?

**AKBAR:** I don't think that you appreciate the times that you are living in. We are reclaiming things that have been lost for hundreds of years. The recognition of the African connection to ancient Kemet reality has been lost for at least 800 years. The last time it was seriously looked at was when the Moors in Spain began to do Kemetic studies from an African point of view. That was the last time there was any active scholarship on a wide scale to redevelop the African-Egyptian connection. The oldest documents you can find that really deal with that are all less than 50 years old in terms of substantive stuff.

The reason they can't teach it is because most folks don't know it yet--we're in the process of learning it right now. If you know it's there, then you have to go seek it out. You've got to get the tapes and whatever writings you can find to begin to develop your own basis.

What I'd really like to see is one institution where you can go from the astronomy class to the chemistry class, to the physics class to the math class and everyone of them are dealing with our perspective--with us in the center. I'm convinced that we can study every form of knowledge from our perspective. I hope that my children can live to see that. In fact, I hope they are busy doing it.

The thing that keeps me excited is the rapid change that's taking place. These kinds of meetings and gatherings (Alliance of Black Student Organizations conference) had fallen down to almost nothing. You'd call a Black studies conference and 20 people would show up just as bad as if they were everybody. Nobody else would come. The fact that these conferences are growing again and people are interested keeps me excited. There's also a lot of dead nigga's out there--they're just dead. Let's bury them and leave them to rest in peace.
As predicted in the last issue of Spectrum magazine, the African medallion, worn so proudly last year, is now collecting dust as it rests idly on drawers or on shelves. Although gone, the medallion is not forgotten. The medallion was a spark that helped ignite a new sense of Black pride and awareness. Even those who wore it solely for the purpose of jumping on the bandwagon had to educate themselves on what it meant, if only to avoid the embarrassment of giving an "I don't know" answer when asked to explain it. I hope that many declined to wear the emblem due to the fact that they knew who they were, where they came from, were proud of these facts, and no longer needed a visible sign to prove it, to themselves or anyone else. It is possible that the brothers and sisters were coherently aware of their ignorance toward their background and put their emblems away until they "read a book about themselves," or until they discovered what the White man had failed to tell us in their "his-story" classes.

When questioned on the medallions, many brothers and sisters could give only the basic answer heard time and time again: the red is for the blood, the Black stands for the people, and the green symbolizes the land. There was more to the emblem than that, wasn't there? To me, it was a symbol that stood for Black unity and nationalism. It let the White man know we had not completely lost our ancestral culture, nor did we accept the same values and political ideas that he held. A symbol that showed we had discovered, or were uncovering, who we were, where we had been, and would no longer allow ourselves to be brainwashed by the White man. At last, we were not going to allow others to continue to define who we were; we would begin to find out on our own.

Alas, I fear the emblem meant nothing at all to a great number of brothers and sisters who wore them. It couldn't have meant anything to those who were continually taking them off to fight another brother. It couldn't have meant anything to the dopeman who wore it around his neck, as he sold his drugs to Black men, women and children. It definitely couldn't have meant anything to those crackers who had the audacity to put the emblem around their white necks. All of the aforementioned individuals did not deserve the privilege to wear the African emblem around their necks. All three are taking an active part in tightening the rope which is around the collective neck of African-Americans today.

I have heard it said that fads never die but only resurface again at some later point in time. I pray that the wearing of the emblem was just a fad and the reasons behind it's emergence weren't. Racial pride, history, unity, and nationalism are things that need to be achieved and instilled in the hearts of both the young and old here in America. I hope that when the time comes to wear the African emblems again, it is worn by all the right people and for all the right reasons.

By Brian Pemberton
S'TARE THE NIGGERS BEFORE WE'RE ALL WHITE.

BY MARK JONES

NOT ABOUT HATE, IT'S ABOUT HURT.
The beginning portion of the book *Young, Black and Male in America* presents an overview of the social indicators for young Black males. It shows their interrelationship, and emphasizes the need for a set of comprehensive, well-coordinated policies and programs that will reverse the pattern of deterioration in these young people. The book implies that if Black men cannot participate in the contribution of the economy, they will drain more of its resources. And if they can’t partake in the rebuilding of our cities, the cities will cease to exist and chaos will result.

If these young people are kept out of the technological and scientific advances of the next decade, the U.S. will enter the 21st century with more serious social, political, and economic problems. Signs of the breakdown of the Black males can be seen in everyday life. One example is a 1987 Supreme Court decision. This ruling accepted a statistical argument based on the amount of women in certain management positions, to justify its decision in an affirmative action case. Less than two months later, the court rejected a similar statistical argument based on the racial amount of victims and offenders to abolish the death penalty. This shows clearly how officials react differently toward Blacks when the victims are White. History has shown that more Black men are on death row not just for the crimes they committed, but more for the social and economic crimes of being Black and poor. Of the 86 executions that have been carried out in the U.S. since 1977, 33 of them were Black males. Most of them were involved in the murder of a White victim.

Whites still label all Black males as dangerous. Owners of retail stores in the inner-city areas put bars on windows, and some even refuse to open their doors for Black male customers. There have been many reports of police brutality, which includes shootings of young Black males are seen. In the 1984 shooting of four Black teen-agers on the New York subway, Bernhard Goetz was only charged with carrying an unlicensed concealed pistol. He was sentenced to six months in jail nearly three years after the incident. Gibbs also addresses the problems between Black youth and immigrant groups. Unemployment rates for Black youth continue to rise, while White teen-
agers and immigrants manage to find jobs. The Black males are always under attack, and are used as society’s scapegoats. At the same time census takers can’t locate Black males, schools can’t manage to teach them, and businesses can’t manage to hire them—but they certainly know where to look for them in times of war. Ironically, Blacks have played a big role in the fight for this country while White men have manipulated the system and beat the draft. Unfortunately for these Black males, they are the last ones hired and the first ones fired. What is sad is that not very many “make it,” and if they do it is usually through the only avenues open to them such as entertainment, sports, or street crime.

Statistics show that one out of every seven children in the United States is a single-parent home, especially run by ten-agers are contributing to the problems surrounding the Black male.

Dr. Gibbs talks of the poverty and discrimination surrounding physical and mental health care of Black men. They are a high risk group for dysfunctional physical and psychological problems. This is due to things such as poverty or low socioeconomic status, broken down homes and neighborhoods and unstable families. All of these negativities increase the levels of stress and limitations on their mobility and life options.

Because of health concerns, opportunities throughout the life of a Black male are reduced. This also makes health care costs higher because of funding needed for research, such as AIDS research. More mental health policies would benefit Black youth—-as well as all youth. If these reforms are delayed, another generation of Black youth will be disabled, diseased, and decimated in a nation that provides high-tech medical care.

According to Gibbs the three leading causes of mortality for Black young men are homicide, accidents, and suicide which are related to the use of drugs and alcohol. In this analysis, the, finally, poor, and dropout is an expression of anger caused by his ostracism from American society.

There is no doubt that the Black community is undergoing a crisis and can’t continue to wait for scholars to debate the causes of violence. Instead, policies and programs are needed that can attack the symptoms and address the causes that have been identified, analyzed, and discussed for years.

Federal, state, and local governments must make an effort to improve the overall environment of inner-city areas by the increase of job opportunities for males and females. If these types of programs were implemented, disaster for Black youth and our entire society may be put to an end.

Co-author Barbara Solomon recommends policies in improving the status of all low-income families and youth. The importance of family income, education, and training is needed in order to provide a solid foundation in Black youth. Young Black males who are unemployed with no economical stability are more likely to have explosive relationships with women, and no relationships with their children. The first approach to policy development, is the ethic that an incredible control of wealth is held in the hands of only a few. This wealth could be shared by the public to secure the basic necessities of life for everyone.

The second policy needed for the improvement of young Black males is the relocation of Blacks in the labor force. But in order to achieve these goals it will be necessary to change public attitudes when distributing jobs that will pay enough for these families to survive.

Dr. Gibbs summarizes recommendations that she feels should be used by everyone. In her opinion these suggested solutions would reverse the cycle of despair among young Black males, and provide long-term solutions that are desperately needed.

Throughout this book policies have been both addressed and proposed, but what is most needed is organization. Comprehensive, well-coordinated sets of policies and programs sponsored by the government and private organizations are needed to address the complex, chronic, and severe problems of young Black males in America.

In reading this book YOUNG, BLACK, AND MALE IN AMERICA: AN ENDANGERED SPECIES, I was made aware of all the problems faced with the Black community, but more specifically Black males. Because I wasn’t previously aware of them, I didn’t quite understand why the Black male was being referred to as an endangered species. The facts that I ignored began to stare me straight in the face. I couldn’t ignore them any longer, if anything, this book has made me understand what I should have understood in the beginning. This book, written by well qualified authors, has been designed to touch base on all the obvious factors that I was previously unaware of.

As I read the book I found three very important issues which need to be remedied in order to establish a better community within the Black race, and in particular, Black males. The educational system, the economic deprivation that belittles the growth of this community, and the non-existence of Blacks politically, with the book when it states that education is the key that unlocks the door to social, economic, and political mobility. I’m a firm believer in education. If the system worked for African-Americans as it does for European-Americans, we would have just as many white-collar jobs as blue-collar jobs.

Since the educational system does not work for us, we now live with inadequate skills. Most Black males are put in low-vocational programs while the White students are enrolled in high-status vocational programs. However, lack of education undermines the growth of the Black community. Economic deprivation belittles the Black community also.

Studies have shown that people who have low incomes and poor employment records are more likely to break the law than those persons from more affluent surroundings.

I think that life-long problems can politically endanger the African-American community. Urban ghettos are rapidly becoming “welfare plantations,” cut off from the urban centers of culture and commerce by a number of things. Poor job skills force Black youth to accept the most menial domestic and service jobs. This causes them to be dependent on the government for their basic needs in life, thus pulling them from the mainstream of society.

Although many of the negative situations portrayed in this book disheartened me, I felt it was generally well-presented. Now I realize that it’s lack of knowledge that enables one to ignore the problems. In short, this book has opened my eyes to the existing plight of the young Black male in America.
By A. Elizabeth McNeal

Three years ago, when I was 19, I wanted to die.

My second year of college was miserable. I was having problems with my roommate and my parents. My grades were slipping. I was afraid of losing my journalism scholarship and I was weary from the strain of it all. I was going to commit suicide.

I had thought about doing it for a long time. I was depressed and alone with my feelings. No one close to me had time to talk. Mom and Dad were busy, my roommate had problems dealing with me because of my race, and my friends had their own lives to lead. So there I was—hurting, crumbling beneath a heavy emotional load and worst of all—alone. It hurt too much and I wanted out--now.

I lived in a residence hall on Kent State University's campus. While alone in my room, I began a methodic search for a weapon. Pills? The bottle only had a few inside, and I didn't want to be discovered. Scissors? There was a pair in the drawer. I could go into the shower, turn on the
hot water, speed up my circulation, slash my wrists lengthwise and bleed to death before anyone found me. I removed the scissors from the drawer and toyed with them.

Two years before, I had become a Christian. I felt like a failure at that, too. I felt so bad that I couldn’t even pray. I was too depressed to care about anything anymore.

The Lord used the key to my heart that I’d given Him and let Himself in. No one was with me in the room, but from within I could hear the question: just who do you think will find you? I don’t know, I thought. My roommate will.

The Lord made me see the unnecessary trauma that finding my corpse would cause my roommate, who was a freshman. The Lord kept asking me questions and showing me the answers. What about your parents? How do you think they’d feel? I complained, disagreed, and wallowed in the belief that no one cared about me. He showed me the people who had and did care about me.

Unbidden and with painfully vivid clarity, I began to remember people who had cared for me during my few years on earth. I could see the doctors and nurses who had taken care of my two-pound, three-ounce, prematurely-born body until I was strong enough to go home. I could see the round face of the woman who lived next door to us until I was two. She breathed life back into my limp and clammy body after I choked on a throat full of cough syrup and phlegm. Memories of the orthopedic surgeons who spent four hours in surgery to correct my congenital club foot flooded to the present.

I could hear the voices of people who care enough to shape my character. One sentence in particular flooded my memory. It was the voice of an Sunday school teacher, whose name and face I couldn’t remember. During a lesson, he warned us nine-year-olds against suicide. He told us, "You never know. The Lord could be testing you, but you would mess things up by killing yourself. You just never know," he said.

I was changing my mind about dying really fast. But the Lord wasn’t finished with me yet. He made me see and hear what my suicide would do to others, then He made me feel it.

He showed me my parents first. I am my parents’ only child. I could feel the unending torment that my suicide would cause them. I could feel that my death would be an emotional blow from which neither would ever recover.

My family would be devastated by the unspeakable, bone-numbing horror. My paternal grandparents, who celebrated their golden anniversary a month later, would be plunged into hysteria over my death. I am the only daughter of their eldest son, and the second eldest grandchild.

Everyone else who had ever known me would be interminably harassed by the forever-unanswered questions: Why? What could a 19-year-old girl want to die for? What could I have done for her? Why did she do it? The reality of the anguish I would cause those who loved me was razor-sharp. I bolted out of my room and pleaded with my resident advisor for help.

I came to realize later that God Almighty had never left me. For His presence I shall forever be grateful. Never again will I ever consider suicide. Ever. God Himself spared me from the number two killer of 18-25-year old people today: suicide. I also came to realize something else: Everything the Lord showed me, forced me to feel and think about was the raw truth.

My cousin hanged himself on June 26, 1989. At 25, just three years my senior, he left a toddler and tons of people who can’t understand. We are all tormented by bone-numbing horror. Engulfed in the throes of our grief, our family is tenuously balanced between reality and the threshold of utter madness. The person of his only brother will be forever warped by the soul-searing occurrence of finding the body.

In the days following, I was plunged into my own private hysteria. I was reliving the pain of what the Lord had shown me—nonetheless vivid than what I had felt three years before. While driving the 400 miles to bury him, the same unanswered question echoed throughout my being. Why had he killed himself?

Another question came to my mind. Since I was a Christian, why hadn’t I shared what I knew about God with my cousin? I hadn’t seen him for three years, and at that time I had been committed to Christ for two years. Why hadn’t I offered him the opportunity to get to know Christ for himself?

I knew the answer to this question. What was worse was the fact that I didn’t like it. I had never mentioned Christ to my drug-addicted cousin because I was afraid—afraid of being laughed at, called crazy or a fanatic. Afraid.

Later, I felt inescapably guilty. If only I had told him, I thought to myself. Even if I hadn’t been there with him while he was planning his own death, God Almighty would have been. God Himself would have held my cousin’s hand. If I shared what I knew about God, maybe my cousin would be alive today.

I felt guilty until I read Acts chapter 18, verses nine and ten. Paul, after his conversion, was sent by God to preach the gospel. While speaking to the Corinthians, other townspeople plotted to kill him. God assured him otherwise in a vision. God said: “Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace. For I am with you, and no man shall set on you to hurt you; for I have much people in this city.”

I will always bear a burden concerning my cousin’s suicide because I was too afraid to speak. With the Lord’s reassurance I will not hesitate to share the gospel with others. Because of my experiences with Jesus Christ and suicide, I will never be intimidated into being silent about the gospel again. Never.
MEMORIES
OF AFRIKA
During the month of August, a most wondrous thing happened to me. I had the opportunity to make my first journey to Africa—the Motherland of peoples of African descent. And I must say that I shall always hold those days to be sacred in my life.

Being an activist in the 1960's in my hometown in the States, I was oriented toward black consciousness by the greatest of black leadership. Consequently, I developed a deep and passionate love for Black people and AFRICA. In the succeeding years, I was to find myself dedicated to the study and education of African descendants and all other interested persons. For years I have been preaching the importance of heritage. And as a part of that identification, a trip to the mother continent was a must—or at least the thought of it would be respectable.

In the past I made at least two attempts, but to no avail. But this time the spirits were operating to get me there, and I found myself traveling with my four-year-old daughter Laini in Zimbabwe via Zambia. We experienced the country on many levels.

My purpose there was to meet with a group of women representing different nationalities from all over the globe. We were to participate in the 1989 Crosscultural Black Women's Summer Institute in Harre (Zimbabwe's capital). The focus of the Institute was "Women and the Politics of Food," whereupon we studied the conditions and implications of a society influencing the accessibility to the land and food for women. A variety of other issues concerning women were also discussed.

I found the people of Zimbabwe to be a very receptive. They were just as curious about our group gathered there as we were about them. We were welcomed there particularly by women's groups affiliated with the Association of Women's Clubs (AWC) of the Harre, Zvishavane, and Bulawayo branches. Each time we arrived somewhere, Zimbabwean women received us with song, dance and drums. Thereafter, we shared ideas and engaged in intellectual discussions about our countries, and our people in the diaspora.

Zimbabwe became independent in 1980 so there is still a lot of talk about the war. I had the opportunity to attend the ceremonies on Heroes Day—a holiday which recognizes the heroes of the war at Heroes Acres. President Robert G. Mugabe was the guest speaker. The people of Zimbabwe are a proud and strong people.

Harre is one of the most developed cities in all of Africa. When I visited the great Zimbabwe National Monument and as I trekked the Ancient Ascent (path), I could feel the spirit of the greatness of the ancestors. It was amazing to view these tremendous stone structures built by the Shona-Karenga civilization between the 13th and 15th centuries AD. According to historical record, it evolved from a small settlement into a powerful and prestigious state ruled by a succession of kings whose influence spread throughout the land which is now the nation of Zimbabwe.

Perhaps the most cultural and most meaningful part of my entire trip was making contact with the rural areas and rural women. I think women comprise something like 85 percent of Zimbabwe agriculture. Literally all of Africa is fed form the toils of African women.

I saw a woman engage in the business of watering gardens and collecting firewood in a manner and way of life very different from modern approaches. They carried water in pails ("tins"), from water holes to the gardens and firewood on their heads as a part of their cultural obligations. Even though there was an aesthetic quality to it all, the women indicated that it was hard work, and there was a need for monies to install a sump pump to ease their burdens.

They seemed pleased to know that we came to offer our help in any way that we could. I introduced myself as a descendent of those Africans who had been stolen away years ago. Now I had come to “see my home,” and to offer my services to my people. Smiles and applause were the response to this.

The schools in rural Zimbabwe are seeking means of securing supplies. They need supplies such as sewing machines to educate and train people's self-reliance. The children are Africa's future.

I shall never forget Zimbabwe. I experienced it with an open and innocent heart and mind. African women uphold the tradition and inspire the struggle of survival. I shall always cherish this enlightenment given to me by my people, and I shall always keep these impressions fresh within my consciousness. AFRICA MUST BE FREE!!

By Dr. Alene Barnes-Harden
“Speak Your Mind”

“I think this school should admit more Black students. It’s a good education, but a bad atmosphere for Black students. I also think that they should stop wasting money on stupid stuff like the memorial building and start remodeling buildings like Engleman Hall and other old buildings.”
-Landy

“They charge too much money for food and give little portions...Prices are too high and I only eat twice a day.”-L.S.

“Ain’t shit to do in Kent on the weekends. They call this the ‘Suitcase campus’. Homecoming is for White people.”
-Donald

“Security is always saying something to us. When white people congregate why don’t they say anything to them?”
-Karma

“Too many people have attitudes. Black people should try to stick together. You try to make friends with people and they don’t want to be your friend because you don’t look, act, or do the same things that they do.”
-Angie

“If you are a dedicated instrumentalist then your major should be music, but if you want to major here in Kent, think twice about it. They would probably take away my scholarship if I used my real name.”-Cindy

“In the dorms white people get away with shit. I was playing my music on 2 and some white boys with their guitars wanted me to turn my music down. Security is too nosy...”
-Matthew

“Visiting hours are ridiculous. We are the only college in the state of Ohio that has these hours, and I’m paying to live here.”
-Michelle

“I have heard that 28 girls have been raped on this campus since the beginning of the school year. I heard one girl was raped at the tennis courts behind my dorm. Why doesn’t Kent State warn us about this?”
-Sandy

“Kent puts the opportunities out there, but they won’t tell you. They’ll let a Black person leave with financial problems without telling them about scholarships, financial aid, etc. You just got to look out. They should let you know.”
-Dink

“They don’t hire enough Black people, and when they do hire us they put us back in the kitchen.”
-Andre

“The nurses at the Health Center are not experienced. They don’t know what they are doing. One nurse even tried to give me the wrong dosage in my allergy shot. If the nurses are not capable of giving an allergy shot then they’re not capable to do anything.”
-Marsha

“I don’t think that Black students get involved enough on campus. Some Black females have an attitude. Black males need to mature. They still use street terminology... they are in college and they act like they are in high school. Black students need to be aware of minority activities because ignorance isn’t helping anybody. I didn’t know about the BUS meeting...”
-Nichelle
“I think that, especially Black students should get involved with the community around Kent State, especially Ravenna...like food drives and the Skeels center...Black students aren’t involved like they used to be.”

---Shelly

“In most of my classes I am often the only female student and one of few Black students. I tend to notice now that my White male teachers constantly pick on me.”

---Kia

“I was thinking that for education majors that some kind of minority affairs or cultural awareness of some type be a requirement for them. I just think with intercultural being so important now. Too many people going into it don’t know that much about it.”

---Sheri

“Black frats should do more than have parties for Black students and other students. They should also do stuff on the weekday.”

---Mark

“The music department is prejudice. They don’t have enough practice rooms so you don’t get to practice like you should. The teachers don’t act in a professional manner.”

---John

“It’s obvious that this university was not designed with the Black student in mind. They are not sensitive to our needs. Therefore, Black students need to create our own opportunities--become like Heavy D and ‘Get our own thang’--meaning become more self-sufficient and look out for one another because no one else will look out for us.”

---Smooth

“I’m tired of going to frat dances because all they do is fight. I think the members of the frats should do more to prevent the fights.”

---Kim
WORD!

1858

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME

1985
By Kecia Cole

Picture this... Peaceful melodies inspired by the soulful voice of the African queen of folk. She is back. With powerful words and revolutionary music, staging battles with the mundane. At war with mainstream.

Once again Tracy's melodic voice transcends the earthly reality of contemporary sound. It is beautiful. Upon hearing the tracks on Crossroads, Chapman’s newest album, I reached a new height of inner peace. Tracy’s voice, drives like a nail, into the souls of her listeners. It is difficult not to like this album and all that it represents. In this age of oblivion and apathy, Crossroads inspires a fighting spirit of protest. It compels the listener to feel. To act. To survive. This album stands out like a vision of blackness in a gray/white reality. Still Tracy stands untouched. Unparalleled. And unyielding in her quest for harmonious equilibrium in the world.

Crossroads picks up where Tracy Chapman (her debut album) left off. “Born to Fight”, speaks to an inner rage of rebellion which surfaces in a person’s consciousness. It is rich with blues-like melodies and, jazzy interludes. The title track “Crossroads” is a remarkably upbeat tune, and like many of Tracy’s other songs is unable to be categorized. It is reggae. Calypso. Soul. Folk. “Crossroads” a plea against the condemnation and imposed categorization of nonconforming spirits. The upbeat aspect is great, and still the fans of a mellow Chapman will not be disappointed.

This album does a great deal to soothe the spirit with its laid-back essence. Its Black/peaceful essence. Purchasing this album is more of an investment. As long as there is a spirit, Crossroads will never go out of style. It, like Tracy’s omnipotent voice, will stand the test of time. It has to.
Uhuru's Suggested Reading List

1) God The Black Man
   And Truth
   by Ben Ammi
2) Stolen Legacy
   by George G. M. James
3) Black Women in
   Antiquity
   by Ivan Van Sertima
4) A Lonely Rage:
   The Autobiography of
   Bobby Seale
5) Sex and Race (vol. 1-3)
   by J.A. Rogers
6) Invisible Man
   by Ralph Ellison
7) In Search Of Our
   Mothers Gardens
   by Alice Walker
8) The Temple Of My
   Familiar
   by Alice Walker
9) The Iceman
   Inheritance
   by Michael Bradley
10) The Prophet
    by Kahlil Gilbran

Founded 1913 Howard University
A public service organization helping
to uplift the African-American race
through education.

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Dean of Pledges ................. Jennifer Bradley
Leslie Pettway
Sandra Glover
Advisor ................................. Connie Easterly
We dedicate our lives to the continuing struggle for knowledge and achievement for all mankind. We continue to move onward and upward towards the light.
1) God the Black Man: And Truth by Ben Ammi
2) Station Legends by George C. Williams
3) Black People by Hiram Revels
4) The Temple of My Antiquity by Ira N. Aldridge
5) Sermon on the Mount by Ira Aldridge
6) Identification by John P. Jewett
7) In Search Of Our Mothers Gardens by Lucille Walker

UPDATING READING LIST

DRAFTED BY PROFESSOR LEONARD E. ROYAL

10TH DECEMBER 1972