On the Backs of Our Elders
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Everything we do is related to the past. Every thought we think, and emotion we feel, someone before us has thought and felt the same thing. We are products of love and struggle that existed before us and we, as African Americans, reap the benefits of seeds that were planted years ago.

This generation tends to forget the sacrifices of our ancestors trapped in materialism, empty relationships and our own shallow selves, we fail to look back, thus, never being able to clearly see our future. Each generation that passes seems to fall deeper into an amnesia that many wonder if we will recover from. This issue of Uhuru is dedicated to those who have dedicated their lives to our remembrance. When one thinks ancestors, one tends to think of just those who have surpassed this life to enter the next. Rarely do we look closely at our elders, viewing their lives as markers of sacrifice and knowledge. We often get caught up in what we have lost, never truly appreciating what we have right in front of our faces.

Individuals like Dr. Edward Crosby, his wife Shirley, and Mr. Wiley Smith III who have sacrificed their time and dedicated their energies to preparing each generation that passes through the doors of Oscar Ritchie for a future, that the American educational system has left us ill prepared for.

We take for granted these sacrifices, forgetting that just 5 generations ago we were considered just chattel in this country.

It’s past time for remembrance. Not less than 2 years ago, Dr. Edward Crosby was almost taken from us. We never really took the time to tell him, just how much we love and admire him. Now is the time to do so. It is past due.

So, we take this time, on behalf of all the Africans who exist to this day, to acknowledge the sacrifices of those before us and
examine our history laid out on the pages of this magazine. And on the shoulders of our ancestors we stand to reach closer to whole-ness of self.

Assistant Editor’s Notes
Idris K. Syed

I came to this University in the spring of ’90. I had gone to an “exclusive” high school in Bloomfield Hills Michigan. This school provided me with a strong background of the “fineries of Western civilization”, English, History, Art etc... One of the, not so, fineries I also became aware of was racism; in its blatant and subtle forms. In my first semester at Kent Trum-
bull I read voraciously, hoping to answer some disturbing questions, about my own ignorance and the hideous plague which ravages our society. Upon reaching this yard, one of the first things I did with my mother-sister-friend, Keita, was to visit Oscar Ritchie Hall. We were awestruck. The commitment to the department was visible by the art in the building alone. Little did I know what was waiting for me, true education. The dedication shown by professors like Dr. Crosby, Mr. Smith, Mr. Daniels, Dr. Dorsey, Dr. Nantambu, Mwatabu Okantah, Dr. Barnes-Harden, Ms. Calhoun, Kenyette Robinson, Mr. Moore, and staff like Mrs. Crosby, Gladys Bozeman and others is unequaled. They work for the social, political, educational, and most importantly, spiritual enlightenment of Africans, but it is not limited to Africans. I am an Indian (that’s Asian, not American) with Middle Eastern roots, I am a Pan-African studies major, and the two complement each other beautifully. Our elders have provided us with the ability to analyze material critically, but more importantly, they have prepared us to go out into the world to help humanity, not just ourselves; for this I thank you!

A Luta Continua.
Hotep.
A View From Stono

Africa’s Roots Taking Hold in the Southern United States

Mwatabu Okantah

This article is taken from a larger essay entitled A View From Stono.
There is something about being in South Carolina low country that has always moved me. For a long time, I could not say what that very definite something was: I could not name it. I just knew that whenever I visited the low country, it spoke to me from the trees. It did not speak to me; rather, I could hear it speaking, could hear voices wind whispering through the leaves. It is always in the rustling of the trees. Over the years, I have come to know it as the speech of African ancestors who are restless in their eternal sleep. During my first visits down south, however, I knew it only as an undefined, yet nagging inner feeling. I remember that first bus ride.

My imagination played tricks on me then. When we pulled into this nation’s capital, my mind slipped into another world. Some call it “Chocolate City.” Black people live in rows surrounding a big, white house: from Freedmen’s bureau lines to standing in welfare lines. We live behind gates and bars on windows and doors. We need protection from ourselves on urban plantations today. Riding through Virginia, run aways and run away slave tracers appeared, darting from tree to tree, outside my window. I was reading Sterling Brown’s, Negro Caravan, as the bus barreled down I95 South. Old slave songs echoes in my ear. Still motherless children, at that moment I knew I belonged to another generation of my people, still wandering this still strange land.

I come from families who escaped north, one during slavery, the other during the early 20th century Great Migration, never to look back, never to return. “Down south” was something we did not discuss; there were no fond “down home” stories told. As I rode that bus south, all that I thought I knew had come essentially from my reading, and, even more vicariously, through the always pregnant silences I inherited from those remembered things my maternal grandmother never said. I began making pilgrimages south in desperate search for the Africa hidden inside those stories black people know, but choose not to tell. On that first ride, it seemed as if the very atmosphere changed as the Greyhound rolled deeper south.

I rode in silence. The more lush and beautiful the landscape became, the more I realized how monstrous is the white lie this nation continues to force upon itself. I remember changing buses in Richmond. I was dressed in African clothing. A white southerner making the same connection mistook me for a native African. I had already noticed him watching me, and I sensed his need to say something. He talked. I made no effort to respond. I listened. Nodded. I played to his lead. It was surreal. He even warned me to be wary of “nigras.” In his mind, “nigras” and Africans from Africa were clearly different beings.

His arrogant, though innocent insanity only served to intensify my sense of purpose. Nigras or Africans? His unwitting distinction between the two spoke volumes. The enormity of this quandary began to take definite shape for me during those early trips into the American black belt, Virginia. The Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana. The plantation south, the former Confederate states. There is a Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond. The Confederacy is something they would never want to forget. A brochure even informs the reader that Richmond’s Monument Avenue was laid by hand. Not too coincidentally, “laid by hand” is never made plain. One is left to wonder. No words for the real power of black hands.

They preserve plantations, and Civil War battlefields in today’s south. They restore mansions, and gin houses, and stables, and work sheds, and period decor. At the Bell Plantation, along the James River, the tour guide could not say where the one thou-

sand slaves slept. At Boone Hall, near Charleston, you are told nine cabins accommodated some 250 people. It is clear America preserves her myths in restored plantations. Tour guides conjure idyllic memories from a past that never really existed. Our story is not preserved in statuily, antebellum big houses. It cannot adequately be told in sanitized museum exhibits. Our story is too often lost in the slave quarters that have been too conveniently left to time’s destruction.

For me, going south has always provided the creative means through which my own poetry could rise out of my inner voice. Something about the south generally, and, South Carolina in particular, has always allowed me to hear with my inner ear. Our story has been lost inside our own need to forget. It was the poet in me that was drawn south in search of our ancestral voices. I searched along the dirt roads, and in the back woods hollows just to hear our silence. I confronted the blistering summer heat of our failure to remember, because something deep in my core wanted never to forget. Black poets are born to not forget. I come south because the great black poet tree growing in my soul draws from African roots transplanted deep in a ravaged American soil.

I was traveling back-south to Africa. Instinct drew me into America’s black lore. As Americans of African descent, we have to find Africa in ourselves before we can truly know ourselves. Until then, we can never know what being New World Africans really means. For better, or for worse, we are what the descendants of enslaved Africans in America have become. I travel back-south to find the Africa that still lives quietly in the familiar there. America calls it “southern.” It is the Africa our ancestors brought with them. It is the Africa that shapes America’s dark face. I did not fully comprehend it all then. I rode in silence. I contented myself in the knowing.

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that our story is ancient. It continues to unfold. It must be told. The view from Stono because of my need to take part in the telling, Stono, to insure the ancestors' voices will be heard.

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It is almost forgotten now, except for the rare mention in history books. Like so many things, it has been forced into hiding deep in the backwoods of our racial memory. Only the foundation remains from the old way station. It is almost completely obscured under a dense cover of weeds and underbrush. My untrained eyes would not have known it is there. This location is not recorded in any official historical register. It sits just off of U. S. Hwy. 17, a few miles south of Charleston, next to a farmer's co-op, on Johns Island, between Wallace Creek and the Stono River. It is in the low country. There are no tourists here, only an ancestral presence so strong it was palpable in the silence.

As we approached the site of the former Hutcheson brothers' trading post, I was giddy. I was here. Too long wandering ancestors called my name. I was standing on the actual spot where the event that came to be known as the Stono slave insurrection claimed its place in the greatest history never told. I stood in what used to be a doorway, feeling a feeling inside that must have been these very thoughts before they became words to be written. The Stono rebellion stands as testament to our age old will to resist enslavement. Like any people, we fought to retake our freedom. In 1739, an African some say was called, "Angola Jimy," led an attack on the Hutcheson brothers' trading post, igniting what the Charles Towne plantation owners dreaded most.

As early as 1730, a slave conspiracy was uncovered in Norfolk and Princess Anne counties in Virginia. Rumors took on lives of their own, and traveled further south. The question of so many slaves in the colonies haunted European imaginations. In Carolina, low country planters clamored for the skilled rice cultivators. Profit seeking slave traders raided for them in West Africa, in what is now Sierra Leone. They came to be called Geechee negroes, by the late 1730s, Africans had become the majority population in the low country black belt. Stern precautions were routinely taken. Punishment for "bad nigger" Africans was both swift and severe. Peace was uneasy. White men who would later fight for their own freedom found themselves living in fear. Indeed, America's stark contradiction is older than her own revolutionary years.

Angola Jimy may have been a free African. He may have been enslaved. On that account, no one seems certain. What is known is that he was accorded an unusually wide ranging freedom of movement. An expert trapper and fisherman, somewhat mysteriously, this African was allowed to keep, and play, an old drum. He may have been acting in retaliation. Plantation overseers were known to have "unbreakable" Africans' heads placed on stakes after public executions. Even Africans could only choose freedom or death. Why should Africans be expected to choose otherwise? Angola Jimy just wanted to be free. He played his drum in traditional fashion. He called to an African God. He called his people to task. He called those who would listen to join him in making war.

It is important to understand that black people in the Americas were not merely "slaves." They were enslaved Africans in the so-called New World. This distinction is not semantic, it is crucial. Enslaved Africans rebelled against slavery precisely because it was alien to their collective sense of their own humanity. In other words, Angola Jimy took the action he took because he knew
who he was, and he understood what it was he had come from. Others joined him because the Africa they brought with them had already prepared them for the burden they would have to bear. One man became many. Rebel souls. They responded to the drums. Warrior drums. Oath drums. They left the Hutcheson brothers heads on the steps outside their trading post. They dug escape tunnels. They raided plantations for warriors and women. They headed deeper south into the bush. They moved toward freedom. They dared.

Their numbers swelled into a guerrilla outfit of almost three hundred men, women and children. Slowly, they headed south toward Spanish Florida. They knew the stories of maroon villages in Florida. They could live free amongst the Seminole native people there. They knew the white men were afraid to follow them into the deep bush. Even then, the whites were not at peace with nature. They came to America to own the land. The natives, and the Africans knew the land. They talked to it. Listened to it. Caressed it. Loved it. To them it was their Greater Mother. Angola Jimmy's rebel band moved slowly south. Near Walterboro, they stopped to gather themselves. They played the drum. They danced warrior dances remembered from home. They had moved undetected for three days. They knew freedom for three days. They knew free for seventy-two hours.

They never made it to Florida. Their dream was deferred in a clearing near Walterboro. While they were dancing, a white traveler returning to Charles Towne from Beaufort spotted them so engrossed in ceremony they failed to notice him. He circled around them, and continued on to Charles Towne where he sounded the alarm. They called the militia to arms. On horseback, they were able to catch up to the rebels that same day. They ambushed the Africans at Walterboro. Angola Jimmy was killed. Those who escaped disappeared. They scattered into Florida. All the others were killed, captured and executed. Their heads were staked on mile markers all the way back to Charles Towne. They wanted to warn their "slaves" that the price of freedom was death. The mounting price of their power to warn is living in fear. The view from Stono is about bringing Angola Jimmy's memory back to life in our minds. It is about continuing to make a way out of no way. It is about not giving up on the idea of going home. Home must first exist as a place in our minds. Stono is to remind us that home is near.
Haiti: Democracy or Hypocrisy?

Dr. Kwame Nantambu

Any analysis of the current situation in Haiti must be conducted within the historical and geopolitical context of European-Haitian relations. Since the seventeenth century, these relations have been cold, acerbic and violent. Europeans have always hated African-Haiti with a passion: a passion that was overtly manifested in the historical reality that Africans in Haiti were the only army to defeat the greatest European army at that time: the French under Napoleon Bonaparte in 1791. Europeans have never erased that global humiliation from their subconscious mindset. Ergo, current Euro-American policy toward these descendants of Africans in Haiti must be viewed within that historical contextual reference point. Disparate Europeans have never (and probably will never) forgive these African-Haitians.

In 1804, a former ex-slave, Toussaint L'Ouverture achieved political independence for Haiti through armed revolution against the French. At that time, Haiti was the only African-dominated independent country in the western hemisphere. The African-Haitians burned the country down to the ground because they were determined to send a message to the Euro-French that not only did they have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness but that they were also determined to use any and all means necessary to achieve their freedom and total liberation.

As a riposte for this humiliation by former African slaves, Euro-America then invaded Haiti in 1915 under the geopolitical sobriquet for the 1823 Monroe Doctrine. This illegal, immoral and vicious invasion involved 2,000 U.S. marines. Euro-American then occupied Haiti (in place of Euro-France) until 1957. In 1957, Francois Duvalier, or "Papa Doc," declared himself "President for Life." During the 1957 elections, the U.S. State Department did not send officials to monitor this "democratic election" and the U.S. government did not withdraw diplomatic relations from nor impose economic sanctions on, the Haitian government for these dictatorial, authoritarian and fascist actions. It was business as usual between the democratic American government and the undemocratic Haitian government.

"Papa Doc" was therefore allowed or permitted to rule until 1971-- a rule that was marked by
corruption, brutality, denial of human rights, elimination of all opposition political parties, repression of all student political activities, dissolving of all trade union activities, forcing all political rivals into exile, and banning or attacking opposition newspapers. Again, the Euro-American government knew of these undemocratic and fascist activities, but did nothing to destabilize, overthrow or invade Haiti in order to restore democracy to Haiti. Democracy was not the rule of thumb but the geopolitical reality that finally, Europeans had in Haiti a contemporary geopolitical house-servant (albeit a President) whom they can use to inflict revenge on those Africans in Haiti for the 1791 defeat of the Euro-French army. Europeans may forgive, but they never forget— they have never forgotten those Africans in Haiti.

In addition, in order to secure "Papa Doc's" neo-colonialist rule, the "Tonton Macoute" was created with the blessing and training of the American Military establishment. During "Papa Doc's" illegal rule, more than 50,000 Haitians were killed or executed through state-sponsored terrorism. Again, no attempts were made to teach the Haitian leader a lesson (a la Saddam Hussein in Iraq).

When "Papa Doc" died in 1971, he was succeeded by his 19-year-old son, Jean-Claude, or "Baby Doc," because in 1964, "Papa Doc" was able to nominate his own successor. "Baby Doc's" rule was no different from his father's, and although he allowed the operation of opposition political parties, he was still 'President for Life.'

Repression in Haiti still continued to be severe, massive and persistent. Human rights violations continued, opposition to the government was a daily political activity and the death squad, "Tonton Macoute," continued its killing, tortures, and executions as usual. This carnage against the Haitian people continued until "Baby Doc" was ran out of office in 1986. He was flown by the U.S. Embassy into exile. Again, no attempt was made by the Euro-American government to destabilize, overthrow, or invade Haiti as a result of the repressive, fascist, violent and undemocratic rule of "Baby Doc."

The bottom line is that as long as a government maintains, protects, and defends the multifaceted interests of Euro-American nationalism (not democratic principles) then the genre of treatment the government inflicts on its citizenry is null and void. It just does not matter. The only thing that matters is the extent to which that government permits/allows Euro-American corporations to maximize their profits coterminous with geopolitical considerations.

However, on 16 December 1990, putative democracy and peace came to Haiti with the democratic election of reformist Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide as President. President Aristide received 67 percent of the Haitian vote (as opposed to President Clinton who only received 43 percent of the American vote). Democracy did not last long in Haiti. On 29 September 1991, General Raoul Cedras organized a brutal coup d'etat against President Aristide. The fall-out of the coup is as follows: 3,000 killed in one year, 300,000 displaced, 40,000 encamped on Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and 50,000 fled to the Dominican Republic. Again, no attempt has been made by the Euro-American government to destabilize, overthrow, or invade Haiti and to remove this government which came into power using the barrel of a gun and not through the democratic process. Let us recall that Aristide was the first democratically elected president of Haiti, yet he was not allowed to govern, but undemocratically elected leaders were, and are, allowed to rule.

By November 1991, repression reached its zenith in Haiti and this precipitated the flooding of Haitian’s in boats to the United States. They became Haitian refugees. However, the Euro-American government again displayed its ethnocentric, xenophobic policy toward African peoples. This is nothing new. The Bush administration shipped most of the refugees back to Haiti claiming that they were economic migrants and not political refugees. In shock, a U.S. District Judge in New York, Sterling Johnson, Jr., stated that: "This court is astonished that the United States would return Haitian refugees to the jaws of political persecution, terror, death, and uncertainty when it has contracted not to do so."

Moreover, during the presidential campaign, Governor Bill Clinton resoundingly blasted the Bush administration’s policy toward the Haitian refugees, but now as President Bill Clinton, he supports Bush’s policy and announced that "Haitian’s trying to reach U.S. shores would be forcibly returned to Haiti." This policy reversal should not be surprising. As Africans, we must realize that the over-riding policy mind-set against Haiti is rooted in the humiliation of 1791. No president of Euro-America, Democrat or Republican, can afford to forget, ignore, or go against this 18seventeenth century humiliation. He just cannot.

The denouement in this Haitian scenario is that all refugees, including those from communist Cuba, are allowed to seek asylum in America, except those from Haiti. In punishment for what they did in 1791, the Africans in Haiti will never see the light of democracy but must be relegated to the darkness of Eurocentric hypocrisy, ad infinitum.

Dr. Nantambu (formerly Linus Hoskins) is an Associate Professor in the Department of Pan-African Studies and Director of the Institute of African American Affairs at Kent State University.
Mentocide:
The Crisis in American Education
African educator and lecturer, Jawanza Kunjufu, spoke at Kent State University in Fall of 1991. His lecture centered around the state of Africans in America and he said that the poverty and crime that plague our communities are not two separate causes for the state that we are in here; instead he said that they are merely symptoms of one very large problem. A self-esteem problem. African children who are educated in this country as well as most children of color have a self-esteem problem.

African children who are educated in this country are told many lies about the history of their parents (our people). We are told among other things that we are the heirs to a legacy of oppression and that all we can look forward to in life is never-ending struggle. The only role models we are given within those four walls of classroom are "savages" that they refer to as our African ancestors. They make us read books like LITTLE BLACK SAMBO, who chases a tiger around a tree so fast that the tiger melts into butter and LITTLE BLACK SAMBO and his FAMILY spread the tiger butter over about eight hundred pancakes and enjoy a delicious breakfast. We are told to read these books in class (elementary school) . . . and the brainwash begins. We are given role models called slaves. We are told that we, the Africans, were slaves to white people. They are called our "masters". They give us mammys, maids, and butlers. They brought black and white films to class to amuse us on the
days when it was just too nice outside to study. So we watched LITTLE SHIRLEY TEMPLE and we loved her, too. We thought she was perfection, and so talented. We paid little attention to the expertise of Mr. Bo Jangles, who danced right along side her, who taught her to tap as she did (elementary school)...and the brainwash began. Where were the scholars, the inventors, the writers, the voices of our people? WE SURELY HAVE HAD THEM AND CONTINUE TO HAVE THEM. So where were they?

They were hell-bent (no pun intended) on convincing us that the only alternative that Africans would ever have to being oppressed was struggle with no victory in sight. They told us about Martin, they killed Martin. Martin was oppressed. Martin struggled. But when Martin fought, Martin was killed. As was Harriet. As were most of the Africans that they didn't forget to mention. But about the ones they neglected to mention.....think for a moment. Did they tell you about Marcus or Malcolm or Assata or Kwame Ture”? Of course they didn't. Doing that would break their hold on you. They made sure you knew about Crispus, who chose to die FOR white america but they never spoke much about Nat who CHOSE to die Fighting white america. And they won’t because then they’d have to explain why there was a need for our people to die fighting against what this country was founded on. So they called the African in america, “second class”, and Africa, “third world”. They explained that the greatmelting pot made america special. And because they brainwashed us so thoroughly, we never asked them who was “first class” or where the “first world” was. We knew that we were being stirred into that pot along with all other people of color in this country, but when did we ask about who was stirring that pot?

Or whose mold we were being melted into? Or why it was even necessary for our identities to be “melted away” in the first place? They called us “nigger” and brainwashed us so well that today we greet each other with their insult..."HEY, MY NIGGAH!"

Their hair was pretty, our hair was ugly, they said. So today we justify our perms..."Girl, I just do it cause it’s easier to manage this way." If they were better, we believed that we should be worse, because they said so. And if they were rich, then by their definitions we should be poor. We bought their lies subconsciously and we are letting their lies destroy our community. They have given us a great deal of incentive to take the easy way out of a life of struggle.

They have given us their tool to break the cycle. CRIME. They stole you from your land. They raped your mother’s mothers. They lie to you on a daily basis but they tell you that this is wrong. They allow “white collar” but lynch Black neck. The easy way out? Or the easy way in...to prison that is? Crime is acceptable for white so we watch Neil Bush serve no time for STEALING a billion dollars from tax payers. Ronald Reagan can say

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“I forgot,” and Ollie North can say “I’m sorry,” and serve no time. The L.A.P.D. can beat the hell out of our brother in our face and walk. Understand where this lack of self-esteem comes from. Seeing oneself through the eyes of the enemy means becoming an enemy to yourself. And the brainwashing begins...

European american children are damaged similarly in the american classroom. They also are lied to. They are told that they are the heirs to the greatest achievements in the history of the world. Their self-esteem is over nourished from the moment that they walk into the classroom. They are given a legacy of conquerors, kings, queens, presidents, entrepreneurs, etc. They are told that their ancestors were inventors, geniuses, and powerful people. They are told that their ancestors were the great thinkers...were respectable...were righteous....and brotherly to all humans... what? That's right! You remember? If we were brainwashed to believe in our fictitious inferiority then of course whites were brainwashed to believe that they are superior. They read the same tired lies and trash that we read- but more importantly when they went home after school, they ate dinner with, laughed with and loved the writers of the lies.

The members of the Ku Klux Klan are white, the lynchers are white. Certainly not all white people in this country are participants in the hate, but they definitely all benefit from it. And when it comes to pin pointing the original enemy of my people, they are found in the white race. When we turn on Oprah or Montel, those cross burners and haters who call my people “less than”...are white. They believed that George Washington was your fore father. THEY BELIEVED THAT LINCOLN GAVE A DAMN ABOUT YOU. They believed that you enjoyed being called “black” and that you should think of apple pie and glory too when you think of “amerikkka the beautiful”. Haven't you had to deal with their recurring question after our speakers come and enlighten us about what white america has done to you? " WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP? I WANT TO UNDERSTAND," they say. Then they leave the crowded auditorium or Okantah’s Black Experience class and do nothing. Blinder's back in place.

How can one possibly be expected to grasp the idea of unity when the concept of "united states " has always been a lie. How can they grasp the idea unity when...

"...if the classroom stopped spoon feeding European children with lie after lie, called history, they would not be so paranoid about losing their mythical superiority."

since day one in the american classroom they have been taught that they are superior. So the main symptom of white america's conceited self, is their refusal to allow the identity of others in this society...RACISM.

America has no culture. Think about that for a moment. What would american culture. In music, or art, or language, or aesthetic....did you learn to speak american in class. I didn't. I speak english . I speak spanish. That was emphasized in the american classroom. I had to spend thousands of dollars at college to have my culture emphasized in an american classroom. Now I have an opportunity to greet my people with “JAMBO”. I eat at italian restaurants and enjoy an occasional chinese meal. Name an american ...anything. You can't. Jazz came from MY people, don't be confused. Children educated in this country have lost their cultural identities in the four walls. Think of any class you've been “taught” in. We , as students, all have different names, different ways of expressing our selves, and different backgrounds. All these differences give us our own identities but together we still make up an english class. I am Tnea or I am Kabir and we are an english class. In our society however, these differences are not respected and this disrespect is mirrored in the lessons of the american classroom.

In school, for instance, we are taught that Ethiopia is a country in Africa. However, when we get into a discussion of Egypt (Kemet), europeans try to claim this African country as their own due to the profound impact on thought that Egypt had on the western world. (If you don't believe this, see the text book for Art History I, where Egypt is referred to as the Near East.) As far as Ethiopia, they don't teach us of the history of her great kingdoms and rulers, instead, they saturate our brains with images of a starving people dependent on the “kindness” of white america’s National Geographic to publicize their plight to the world.

Don't be fooled. African children in america are not told of their heritage prior to Middle Passage. We should be told of what existed in our land - B.B.A ( before the beginning again, before 1619, before the Enslavement of African People [Asante 88]). We should be told that our ancestor, Ptahotep, taught Aristotle many of the conventional canons of rhetoric (see Michael Fox’s article on “ Classical Egyptian Rhetoric” in “

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Rhetorica”). Pythagoras, the so-called “inventor of the Pythagorean Theorem” went to Africa to learn the concepts of mathematics. It has been proven that the ancient Egyptians were mathematical geniuses, and the existence of the Pyramids of Gizeh, built by the hands and minds of my people only reinforces this truth. But when did they ever teach you that? The father of medicine was Imhotep, of Egypt. Did they teach you this about the homeland of your people, of course not? We are denied the privileged knowledge that Africans were rulers and members of the kingdoms of the world. The originators. The original.

They forgot to tell you how white america was formed from the criminals of europe who were exiled here due to the overcrowding of europe’s prisons. They forgot to mention that these criminals were the descendents of savages who roamed the Caucasoid mountains for centuries. They forgot to mention in detail that the europeans went with purpose into Africa and brutalized your people and stole them to use as free labor. They didn’t mention the murder, the rape, the lynch, the hate, or stripes across the African back. Maybe with a knowledge of the truth, we could easily deal with the lie that cast Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra. The lie that made us love Shirley Temple and hate ourselves. And by the same token, if the classroom stopped spoon-feeding european children with lie after lie, called history, they would not be so paranoid about losing their mythical superiority. They would do more than ask us to help them understand why we are upset and fed up with this country’s racist mentality. They would understand. They would embrace the concepts of humanity possessed by other cultures and would acknowledge their historical lack of humanity. But, alas, as long as america’s classroom is filled with lies, the brainwash continues.

Our history classes were the first of many steps in the brainwashing process that continues to plague our society. These books, which are severely outdated in many cases, teach that the African in america is black. This brings about the question of definition. If you look up “black” in the dictionary in the American Heritage Dictionary, it says:

“is an adjective that means: 1. being of the darkest achromatic visual value; producing or reflecting comparatively little light and having no prominent hue. 2. having no light whatsoever. 3. Negroid 4. dark in color. 5. evil 6. cheerless. 7. sullen 8. calamitous

is a noun that means: 1. an achromatic color value of minimum lightness or maximum darkness; one extreme of the neutral grey series of colors, the opposite of white. 2. a Negro”

We are taught that the dictionary is the final authority on the true meaning of every word, and the dictionary tells us that that black is evil and calamitous (meaning trouble-making, according to the same reference). Now isn’t that interesting?

This is an adjective used to define peoples of African descent. The nature of this definition al one calls into question the many preconceived ideas about African people, thus it cannot be beneficial as a definition of African people. This also is an instance of relegating people of color to a lower rung of the social ladder by defining them in terms of the oppressor’s definition. He (white) is supposedly pure and
unblemished, so therefore African people are defined as the opposite of that, black- others are called red or yellow or brown. This preserves the self-esteem of the oppressor. If he could not define African people in this country as 3/5 of a human being during slavery, then he would have had to deal with his less than 3/5 of a human behavior towards mankind and nature.

We are still today being taught that white is good - black is bad, using color instead of culturally specific terms (i.e. The white light bulb symbolizes an idea, yet the term "dim wit" is used to represent ignorance. Also see blackballed, black mailed, black been put in place to destroy our Tuesday, etc.) The implications of African identity. Self-esteem, be these words are taken out of the lack of, or the excess of context and further perpetuate based on lies, is the root of the racism inherent in our America's problems. The problem educational system and in many began in all of us as children in of the children who are products of this system.

America is what it is because of the combination of the cultures that make it up. This is what America needs to teach its children in the classroom. Jawanza Kunjufu identified the existence of the mentocide that this country is trying its best to commit against our people. He said that the best way to destroy a people (genocide) is:
1. take away their history
2. destroy their family
3. destroy their image of themselves.

Na'im Akbar in his book, Chains and Images of Psychological Slavery, also helps us to understand this process that has blackballed, black mailed, black been put in place to destroy our Tuesday, etc.) The implications of African identity. Self-esteem, be these words are taken out of it the lack of, or the excess of context and further perpetuate based on lies, is the root of the racism inherent in our America's problems. The problem educational system and in many began in all of us as children in of the children who are products of this system.

Teaching the truth by provided viable, true alternatives to history, such as Afrocentricity and other world views, is the only solution. This is a necessity because our people were the beginning and our children are the future. They need to be able to distinguish the truth from falsehood so that the next generation can take care of some serious busines.

An incomplete and incorrect depiction of my history unlocked my anger. Truth is the key needed to unlock peace.

Positive Education Always Corrects Errors (PEACE).

This is the key we need to pass on to our youth.
It is fundamental truth that business only produces wares for which it has or can create a profitable market. By 1444, Henry the Navigator of Portugal went poking around the West Coast of Africa in an effort to help assuage European upper class' growing, insatiable demand for sugar. He was trying in vain to find sugar cane fields that were not within a fiercely protected Arabian domain. He never did locate the much sought after cane fields, but he insidiously thought of something far more profitable that he could use to grow cane elsewhere-- African slave labor. The blacks Henry observed were capable of working arduous hours in the very climate in which cane thrived-- tropical heat. Henry knew of no white man who could labor under the sweltering conditions required to grow sugar cane. In addition, this crop had to be hand cut so, he knew he needed an agrarian people. Henry
the Navigator stole 235 such blacks from Lagos and sold them into slavery.

This was the beginning of the black man's fate being intertwined with sugar.

By 1454 the sugar trade had become such an intricate part of the European economy that many were willing to turn aside from the obvious destruction of slavery in the face of such tempting profits. The Pope even offered the sanction and blessing of the Catholic church upon slave trafficking. Ostensibly the slave catchers and masters were to lead this new-found labor force into Christianity and thereby spare the heathens a dark and godless future.

Christopher Columbus, having an astute eye for a profitable business deal, recognized that sugar cane was the crop of the future. He proposed to Queen Isabella that native West Indians could be enslaved to work on Spanish owned cane fields. Queen Isabella was vehemently against such practices but Columbus had only to await her death and present his ideas to King Ferdinand. The King was more driven by money than morals and by 1510 blacks were toiling in the Spanish cane fields.

Queen Elizabeth I of England, like Queen Isabella, disagreed with the entire institution of slavery and felt it was a detestable practice for which heaven would one day demand vengeance. After a few years of observing Spain's burgeoning profits from slave-powered sugar, the Queen flung Christian principals aside, dismissed the wrath of God, and entered England into the all out quest of sugar.

Prior to enslaving the black man to work in the cane fields, sugar was available only to the very wealthy. According to records, in the 1300's sugar sold for what would now be approximately $25 a pound. However, by the mid-1500's commoners could afford as much sugar as they chose to eat. In spite of the health ailments that excessive sugar consumption induced, it was staunchly defended by both political and church leaders that day. Due to their incredible economic value, sugar and slavery, became horrifying, indivisible siamese twins.

There were, in those times, and the ensuing years, voices of reason condemning the injustices and inhumanity of the slave trade and the sugar industry which necessitated it. One of the most articulate protesters was Claude Adrien Helvetius, the French philosopher. He denounced the use of sugar and felt that "no cask of sugar arrived in Europe to which blood is not sticking." He contended that the misery of the slaves was enough to make any person of true feelings refuse a personal pleasure that is "bought with the tears and death of countless unhappy creatures." Times being what they were, and money-driven political maneuvers being the same then as now, Helvetius was eventually forced to recant his castigations of the sugar industry and suffer the public burning of his book.

Tragically, by the time the last slave was emancipated, sugar had exacted a terrible toll on the black man. Four hundred years of separation from homeland, cultural destruction and forced labor had produced havoc--all for sugar profits.

Noel Deer, the English historian, wrote, "It will be no exaggeration to put the tale and toll of the Slave Trade at 20 million Africans, of which two-thirds are to be charged against sugar."

You may say, "This is all a very sad history, but what does it have to do with me, a modern African American?"

A recent televised expose' revealed that sugar cane in 1992, just like in 1492, is still being harvested by black slave labor. This time the large plantations are in Santo Domingo and the slaves are abandoned and orphaned Haitian children. These children are being stolen off the streets of Haiti and put to the hard labor of cane harvesting under the watchful eye of black gun-wielding overseers.

Unfortunately the similarities to seventeenth century slavery do not end there. Once again, the living conditions of the enslaved are deplorable - ragged clothing, filthy shacks with improper bedding and toilet facilities, and woefully inadequate medical treatment. Once again, the children are not cared for nor educated, only worked from predawn to sunset ("can't see to can't see..."). Once again their bodies are mutilated from attempting to use machetes that are almost as big as they are.

This is an American problem because the majority of globally consumed sugar is purchased by this nation. Please think of these children every time you eat anything with sugar in it. Oh, not just desserts or what you sprinkle in your cereal or morning coffee. Most of our sugar consumption is in the form of prepackaged foods. Sugar is in everything from cat-soup, biscuit mix, au gratin potatoes, canned vegetables, breads, even so meat entrees, just to name a few. All of us would do well to read the content label and follow the advice of Helvetius and "renounce these wares" that contain sugar. Thereby we assure ourselves that we are not a party to the destruction of helpless black children.

You may ask, "What good would this go? I'm just one person." However, if enough of us withdrawal from this destructive, unhealthy habit eating sugar, we could change the course of those children's history. Remember, this is still a capitalistic society. Business is still, unfailingy producing only those things for which it has a market. 

Boykin is a graduate student at Wright State University.
Many factors have gone into the conceptualization and setting up an African-centered educational process on an essentially reactionary predominantly white campus. Had it not been for the stridency and tenacity of African American students in 1968 and 1969, this venture would have never happened. Furthermore, had the students given in to the structural suggestions of the administration, the potential vitality of the enterprise would have been subverted. The proposed educational program would become a meaningless hodgepodge of loosely connected academic rambling leading toward nothing. In fact, when the committee interviewed me for the position, the Afro-American Studies Planning Committee confronted me with a long list of already existing courses that contained information about African Americans. After reviewing the list, any thoughtful person would easily discern that this supposed relevancy amounted to no more than a series of footnotes or ill-founded comments on the deviancy of the African American “sub”culture (i.e., inferior culture) from the model dominant or superior culture of Euro-Americans and Europeans. Black people would remain the objects under discussion and never become the subject of academic discussion. The students saw through this patently transparent attempt of the university to

One man or woman who thinks and creates is worth more than ten men or women who think but create nothing!
maintain its Eurocentric hegemony over what should be taught and who was qualified to teach it.

The students had clearly won the battle waged to pacify them, but the war continued. To prevent our linking African American life and affairs to the life and affairs of our people in Africa especially, the university proposed and created a nominal African Studies program:

With respect to the disposition of an African Studies program, ... the group (committee) recommend[s] to the Director of the International Studies Department that plans proceed on an African Studies Program which will be in the department of International Studies (Minutes of the Afro-American Studies Planning Committee, March 6, 1969).

Clearly, then, the university was intent on maintaining its intellectual hegemony and privilege by participating in what Ali A. Mazrui and others have called "cultural colonialism":

The African university became the clearest manifestation of cultural domination. By the 1950's it had replaced primary schools and churches as the prime symbol of cultural penetration. The functions served by these ... institutions have been mutually reinforcing. The university is a cultural corporation with political and economic consequences, and the multinational commercial company is an economic corporation with political and cultural consequences. ... University graduates in Africa, precisely because they were the most deeply Westernized Africans, were the most culturally dependent. They have neither been among the major cultural revitalists nor have they shown respect for indigenous belief systems, linguistic heritage, modes of entertainment or aesthetic experience. The same educational institutions which have produced nationalists eager to end colonial rule and to establish African self-government have also perpetuated cultural colonialism ("The African University as a Multinational Corporation: Problems of Penetration and Dependency," Harvard Educational Review, Vol. 45, No. 2, May 1975, pp. 193-194; see also Chinweizu, The West and the Rest of Us: White predators, Black Slaves and the African Elite. New York: Random House, 1975; and John Henrik Clarke, "The Fight to Reclaim African History," Black World, Vol. XIX, No. 4, February 1970, pp. 10-15).

In the 1960s, cultural colonialism was used to ward off pressures by how and why did the students' demand for an "autonomous" Institute prevail? Why did the university try to get students to set aside their decision to offer me the position of Director of the Institute for African American Affairs in favor of some lesser candidate? I have come to see that what disposed the university against me was my adherence to the principle that African American students had the unchallengeable right to demand enlightenment concerning their heritage, their communities, and the Pan-African World rather than socialization into the American crucible and training to become wage slaves in corporate America. I have come to see that what disposed the university against me was my adherence to the principle that African American students had the unchallengeable right to demand enlightenment concerning their heritage, their communities, and the Pan-African World rather than socialization into the American crucible and training to become wage slaves in corporate America.
some pursued graduate degrees. To my knowledge, one African American has received her Ph.D. Several others have earned MA degrees. My colleagues and I did this well before Black Studies or African-centered education became fashionable. Kent State University felt I would not settle for less control of the curriculum and faculty. Some in the administration feared I had "clear-cut ideas and might be single minded, even perhaps a bit inflexible in [my] method of carrying them out" (Dean, College of Fine and Professional Arts, June 11, 1969).

We have to look backward to understand the intricacies and nuances of academic programming for African people in white America in the roaring 60s.

When I entered Kent State University as a first year student in 1951, I had no idea where this thing called a college education would lead me. I had come to avoid being drafted to fight in Korea a non-white people who had done me and other Africans no discernible harm. I had no other objective. As I matriculated through the university, however, I matured, became conscious of what responsibilities I had in life, and the role an education could play in helping uplift a once mighty African people. Seven years later, it all began to come together. My furious passage into and through the turbulent and exciting past thirty-five years follows.

In 1958, just before completing my MA in German Languages and Literature at Kent State University, I applied for a teaching position at the historic Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Missouri. When I was offered the position, I received a letter from the president informing me that I would witness some things happening on the campus that I would not understand or like. But I should not express any negative comments about them. In other words, I should just keep my mouth shut. This admonition prompted me to seek a position elsewhere because I had never been one who could remain silent when wrong was being perpetrated. I had been substituting for the former head of the Modern Languages Department at Kent, Dr. Meinke, who became ill and died within a month. Since I could teach German as well as some of the Spanish instructor's courses, after resigning at the same time, I applied for both positions using the point that I could do the work of two! The Dean of the College agreed with me and I was hired to teach German and Spanish full-time at Hiram College. It was only after arriving in this quaint college village that I realized that I was making educational history. When I joined the Hiram faculty, I became the first African American to teach at the college since it was first founded in 1850 and James A. Garfield was its president. At the time I was just twenty-seven years old, had been married for two years, had a six-month-old son, was still writing my MA thesis, and needed immediate employment.

Being the only African American on the teaching staff, indeed, being the only black family living in the village, made life for me and my wife a relatively lonely one, particularly during the first few years. But as the African American student population increased to fifteen or so, our social life on campus began to revolve around the activities of these students. It was during these social sets that my wife, Shirley, and I developed an educational partnership in which we could lean on the strengths of the students and they in turn could lean on us. In 1960, I decided to take a leave of absence to attend the University of Kansas (KU) in Lawrence to pursue a Ph.D. in Medieval German Languages and Literature and Medieval History. During the two years I spent in Kansas, I had my first opportunity to read and study African and African American history and literature. I had already developed an interest in this subject earlier while attending John Adams High School in Cleveland. However, I never had an opportunity to discuss what it meant for me and my people, until I met Andre Swancy, an undergraduate at KU. The long conversations we had about issues confronting African America helped me come closer to full consciousness. Having been the first African American to enter the hallowed halls of white academe at Hiram, I was close to being co-opted by it. Now I could make sense of what my mother had told me years earlier: "Edward, when you get an education, you should give that knowledge to your people, for they need it more than anyone else."

After completing the course work and other Ph.D. candidacy requirements in 1962, I requested additional leave time so I could join the faculty of Tuskegee Institute (now University) where I would teach German and Spanish. We traveled to Alabama harboring all kinds of fears. For me, it was especially worrisome. I had never been south of Washington, D.C. Moreover, the Civil Rights Movement, the brave work of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Malcolm X, and others had announced to the white establishment everywhere that "We ain't gonna shuffle no mo!"

Again, my wife, Shirley and I, based on our previous experiences at Hiram College, devoted ourselves to students, those enrolled in my several German and Spanish classes and those who were not. Of course, there was no problem having African Americans to socialize with. Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, was a solid black enclave. The problem was that the older generation of faculty, staff and community residents held values that were at variance with those held by me and the students I mentored. The Tuskegee Improvement Association
under the leadership of Professor Gomillion had been somewhat successful to gaining some civil rights from the white establishment of Macon County. However, the students wanted to do something to remove more effectively the vestiges of slavery that were still present in Macon and surrounding Alabama counties. In fact, they wanted to march on Auburn University to protest its racist admissions policies. Since I was vocally in favor of this and other actions, I was branded as a Black Muslim, which I considered an honorific title. My clean shaven head, the absence of a mustache and beard solidified this impression of me. I was not a Black Muslim of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad variety (I had joined for a brief period a Muslim Mosque in Cleveland in the early 1950s and entered Kent using the alias Rasual Abdul Mustaquim). After spending a year at Tuskegee, it became painfully clear to me and my wife that we would be better off were we to return to Hiram. We had come South to join the struggle and discovered that some people we were struggling for we really had to struggle against. For the so-called black intelligentsia in Tuskegee had an entirely different program in mind. Liberation to them meant being able to imitate what white people were doing regardless of the paucity of ethical, moral, or spiritual values in their way of life.

Back in Ohio, Shirley and I continued teaching and counseling African American students, but this time our mission was clear. We had to help the students—black and white—get involved in the struggle where they could do the most good. In keeping with this objective, I organized a group of students that I would drive twice a week to Akron to tutor African American public school students enrolled in the Urban League’s Akron-Summit Tutorial Program. Two years later, in 1965, I completed my dissertation and promised my wife that I would
give up teaching German (I had already dropped Spanish) and seek some better way to put my education in service to the black community. I took leave without pay from my tenured position at Hiram and as a volunteer, joined others in establishing the Summit County-Greater Akron Community Action Council (CAC).

I went about my work in President Johnson’s “War on Poverty” with youthful zeal. But I was as completely unprepared for the task as was the black community. I was unmindful of the fact that the North’s petty bourgeoisie black elite was not willing to have “maximum feasible participation of the poor” to alleviate the ravages of poverty on employment, recreation, housing, education, political representation, family life, and traditional values. Just as the CAC had begun to achieve a semblance of stability, I received an offer to join five individuals I had attended Kent State University with in an educational effort that would enroll in Southern Illinois University (SIU) 100 low-income high school graduates from E. St. Louis, Illinois. This program would be a fully innovative, all expenses paid, two-year high school—11th and 12th grades—and a two-year college program, named the Experiment in Higher Education (EHE). At the successful conclusion of EHE, the students would be granted full scholarships to continue the last two years of their studies at the Edwardsville Campus of Southern Illinois University. EHE was funded more than $1.2 million by the Office of Economic Opportunity. Although EHE federal funding to operate for four years, it did not actually close its doors until 1982.

Dr. Donald Henderson, the current Provost of the University of Pittsburgh, became the Director when the founder of EHE, Dr. Hyman Frankel, left to help establish an experimental college program at Old Westbury, Long Island, and later North West.

Throughout the life of holistic African-centered studies on this campus, we—students, faculty, and staff—have had to overcome various obstacles placed in our path. The first was financial support, the second...

spent in E. St. Louis that I became aware of some of the educational strategies I have attempted to carry out first in the Institute for African American Affairs (IAAA) and later in the Department of Pan-African Studies (DPAS). Therefore, my first act, after hiring Wiley Smith III and Mrs. Kathy Ragain as IAAA’s Assistant Director and secretary respectively, was to prepare a concept paper outlining the Institute’s goals and objectives and convene a conference of African and African American educators to design curricular strategies and content and to suggest potential lecturers and faculty members. Among the conference participants were Chief Fela Sowande (the African world view), Paul Welcher (humanities) Eugene Redmond (African American literature), Oliver Jackson (African and African American art), Niara Sudarkasa (anthropology), Babatunde Olatunji (African Music), and Donald Henderson (sociology).

During the conference, the participants decided to utilize closed-circuit television to offer the three courses I had proposed. The university had awarded the IAAA a paltry budget of $61,668. This budget was to pay my salary, the salaries of the assistant director and secretary, student assistants, and current expenses such as telephones, postage, office and educational supplies, travel, etc. Obviously, we would not have sufficient funds for hiring faculty. We had to come up with a method that would allow us to offer courses that could be replicated. Television was the answer. We would bring ten scholars in to lecture on, say, art and literature. These lectures would be recorded and could therefore be offered during a subsequent term. We could also, then, hire full- and part-time seminar leaders to hold discussion sessions based on information contained in the live and subsequently televised lectures and also provide additional information on the topics addressed. My second act, therefore, was to hire Ron Daniels, Subashchandra Shah, Willie Robinson, and Anne Adams Graves as Curriculum Specialists.

Throughout the life of holistic African-centered studies on this campus, we—students, faculty, and staff—have had to overcome various obstacles placed in our path. The first was financial support, the second...
This thinly veiled attack on our incipient discipline was easy to denounce. I had already been made aware of what the university thought about me and the academic program I was proposing when I came across a short memorandum (dated August 27, 1969) from the then vice president and provost to the president. It read:

"For your information, and perhaps reaction, I am forwarding to you a statement on principles which I composed as guidelines for the Institute of Afro-American Studies. I am sure that you are aware of my motives in putting together this statement. At any rate, I thought you might like to see the responses from members of the University Committee, the academic deans, and "concerned" full professors. I would appreciate you reading the statement critically and letting me know what, if anything, should be done with the statement. I have implied to Dr. Crosby that the statement represents a "harness" for the Institute [emphasis added]."

The attack that came from the Dean of the Human Relations Center (HRC), a black man with whom I had attended public school and had graduated from Kent with twice, was much more difficult to deal with. Given my need to preserve the unity of the black community, both on campus and off, I was surprised at the attack's vehemence. As a condition for their return from "self-imposed exile" in 1968-69, the Black United Students had demanded that the university create a Dean for Human Relations (read Minority Affairs) and created for the students' benefit a learning development program. Ironically, the Dean was now aligned against the very students who had forced the university to create his position. When the Black United Students elected to be advised by IAAA, that was the last straw this Dean could bear.

We are all aware of the illness that clear that existing leaders of BUS and IAA see HRC as not being sufficiently militant. While HRC has cried for viable programming, they have cried for space. While HRC has cried for responsible behavior, they have cried for Black self-determination. But HRC controlled the funds, and their strategy shifted to working around HRC by the establishment of relationships with the Office of the Vice President for Student Affairs and with the Office of the President. In brief, their strategy has been to make HRC blacker. Their strategy is to try and force HRC into a subordinate but integral part of the Institute for African American Affairs that would convert the Institute into an experimental program congruent with the Experiment in Higher Education, the program Dr. Crosby and Mr. Smith were associated with prior to their coming to Kent. If successful, they would have a building, an academic program, a student personnel program, and a student organization. They would have the making of a Black college.

Though it never occurred to us to create a "Black college," it is interesting that we failed to consider this possibility. For that would have made more academic history than the twenty-five successful years the Black United Students, IAAA, the CPAC, and DPAS have persisted in being Afrocentric educational forces locally, in the state, and in the nation. Of more
A Retrospective A Retrospective View A Retrospective

importance is this Dean's fear that we wanted to take control of his job, which is one of the primary symptoms of the "First Nigger Syndrome." Furthermore, while the reactionary black and white campus communities were seeking to destabilize the IAAA, we continued to go about our business and refused to get embroiled in a fight designed to sap our physical and intellectual energies, divert us from our proper course, and burn us out squabbling about the trivial jealousies of Negroes and the unfounded fears of

Center was completed. In 1972, the university granted our request and allocated the entire groundfloor of this building to IAAA and CP-AC. In 1976-1977, IAAA became the Department of Pan-African Studies, and the Black United Students petitioned the Board of Trustees to rename the "Old Student Union" in honor of Oscar W. Ritchie, who was highly respected on the campus and the first African American to teach at any state-supported university in Ohio. In 1980, the African Community Theatre an inte-

now need to design the path along which our struggle will proceed in the remaining years of this century and well into the twenty-first century. I have recited those influences that have predisposed me to the directions I took when my wife and I joined the faculty and volunteer staff of Kent State University in August 1969. As I approach retirement, it is necessary that the person replacing me, at least, can maintain the commitments made to students, black and white alike, to holistic and African-centered educa-

administrators and faculty and staff. The Dean wanted a public battle. We refused to accept his invitation. When he saw that we would not accommodate his attempt to goad us into a fight, he tried to establish a competing culture center named the Center for Human Understanding. Struggle, if waged properly, demands concerted movement along a well-thought out path. Struggle cannot allow itself to be sidetracked into areas that do not further the goals and objectives of the struggle waged. We followed this principle; therefore, we have been successful up to this point. On the other hand, that is why after little more than a year, the Center for Human Understanding was undermined by termites and the envy and treachery of its founder. The Human Relations Center was abandoned in 1976. Has the torch been passed on to the Office of Human Resources and some of its components? Check it in!

The Institute for African American Affairs, on the other hand, began its work in 111 Kent Hall, which was partitioned to make space for the director and his secretary. In 1970, after the May 4 tragedy, IAAA gained additional space on the second floor of Lowry Hall. Later, in 1971, IAAA and the Black United Students began negotiating for space in the Old Student Union (now Ritchie Hall) that would become free when the construction of the new and much larger Student
From the President Elect of
Black United Students,
Andrea Duvall.

View of the Future

Dr. Edward Crosby...our own living legend. In a time when Black was just vogue, Dr. Crosby had the foresight to create a Department of Pan-African Studies. It is this same vision that allowed Dr. Crosby to remember his roots and to work for the interests of African American students. Dr. Crosby and Mrs. Crosby have been a source of inspiration and motivation for me. They serve as not only an example of harmony between African men and women, but also as an example of dedication and sacrifice for a righteous struggle. The two things that I have learned from Dr. Crosby that have had the greatest impact on me are to think for myself and to realize that my thoughts and theories are just as valid as anyone else's. Thank you Dr. and Mrs. Crosby for all that you have given to us over the years.
On the Backs
A Look Back on the Life

The spring semester of 1993 witnessed the passing of an era for the Department of Pan-African Studies. One of its founding fathers has come to the point of retirement. Uhuru pays respect to our elder by conducting this interview with him. We bring you Professor Wiley Smith.

Soyini Gonzalez

Uhuru: Would you tell us where you were born and a little bit about your childhood? Focus on the times, not just for you as a child but what it was like for African Americans generally.

I was born in Steubenville, Ohio. In terms of the family, I was the youngest. There were eleven or twelve children before me, but not all of them survived infancy. In reality, I had six older brothers. My mother and father were unique in that I had no thoughts of poverty. It wasn't until I was older that I realized that I wasn't poor but my parents were. We lived in a house with only three bedrooms so when it came to dispersing people around, to have a place to sleep was not problem but we always had to sleep with someone else. I slept in a bed with two of my brothers, most of my life, up until the time I left home. A lot of times, I wound up on the floor and there were fights for covers.

Steubenville seemed to collect a lot people moving from the south to the north. My parents came to Ohio just before the decade of the 1920's. My mother was born in 1892 and my father was born in 1890. When they got to Steubenville, my father was able to get a job as a laborer and he helped a lot of other people who had newly arrived from the south. He always managed to keep a job, a low paying job, but steady. As a result of that, my childhood was pretty stable.

There was strict segregation in public accommodations like theaters and restaurants, although blacks and whites went to the same elementary and high schools. It wasn't until I was eleven or twelve that I really understood the difference between blacks and whites. Up until that time, I really didn't sense anything except when we went to the theater, where we had to sit in the back row, or in the balcony, or that we were not allowed to eat in certain restaurants - that we could not go to. The fact that we were in school together, though, seemed to make a big difference.

Uhuru: Was it legal segregation?

In the south, but not in the north. Certainly it was implied in the north. Therefore it was very confusing growing up. There was segregation going on but yet up to and including high school there was the mingling of whites and blacks. There was the sense of something going on but no one ever talked about it. They didn't discuss it in the schools, of course.

I was very active in school, including being class officer in high school and taking college prep courses, largely due to the influence of one of my older brothers who had been to college. He didn't graduate but I was someone who influenced by his worldliness. He spoke a little French, had traveled to California and seemed to exhibit qualities that I admired. He liked jazz and I came to like because of his feelings for it. Along with the college prep courses were math, chemistry and French. I was never really good at math nor chemistry, but was able to complete the courses. In those days, even though there wasn't much money, I knew I was going to college, so I prepared for it. I got good grades in school and was very active. I belonged to many organizations and was class officer my junior and senior year. In my class of 380, there were only 27 blacks which gives you an idea of the proportion of blacks in the school at that time.

Uhuru: Does it also give an idea of how many blacks were able to make it through school at that time?

Yes, there might have been a 50% attrition. Because of the lure of the steel mills - the lure of employment - many students dropped out, especially males.

Uhuru: Another factor that seemed to contribute to your staying in school was family support. Often time we have such low-esteem that we pass it on to our children by telling them "Boy, you'll never be able to do that, you need to do something else." It sounds as if you had the support of your family.

Very much so. Usually, in terms of my wanting peace and quiet, they would assure me of a little corner in the house somewhere. Whatever I wanted to do, if it had to do with education, they...
were all for it. Due to the interest of one of my brothers, in particular, and all of them in general, I knew they were supportive of my educational desires.

I had a friend who was a musician and who played in night clubs. I was frequently able to get in as a result of his being in those clubs. I could always use the excuse that I was looking for one of my older brothers too. So, at a very early age I was going into bars and nightclubs, experiencing life as it really was in a small town that was at one point referred to as Little Chicago. It had open gambling and prostitution. I delivered papers for houses of prostitution and made a considerable amount of money for just a couple of hours on Sunday mornings, running errands, and, how shall I say, experiencing the underworld.

also saw Sarah Vaughn, Duke Ellington, Pegleg Bates, Count Basie - as a youngster, I got to see a lot more than most youngsters would have been allowed to see.

Uhu: Did you go directly to college from high school?
Yes. Since I had a good idea that I was going to college, and I had picked Kent State...

what is now Stopher Hall, which was the end of the campus in those days. I wasn't too sure what I wanted to be, but chose pre-law.

Uhu: How did you pay for your education?
I had saved money running the errands I told you about. I also caddied on the golf course. I had learned how to play golf and I
managed to save the money I made caddying through my elementary and junior high school years because we had a school bank - we played bankers. I always showed my mother what I made and would tell her to take what she wanted. She would always take something. I didn't know it but she was depositing it in a bank herself. When I got ready to go to college, she showed me a bankbook that had about $400 in it. I have saved about $900. Tuition at that time was about $150, including room and board, so I knew I could pay for at least my first two years. My parents could take care of extra expenses. I got a job right away, in fact, I worked two part-time jobs. I abandoned pre-law and decided I wanted to be in personnel management, so I took a few business courses, but abandoned that also. I realized that I had gotten all A's in my English courses, so I decided to major in English. I switched to Arts and Sciences. Then I thought that I might like to teach English, so switched to the College of Education. By that time, I was almost at the end of my sophomore year.

The Korean war came. If you were in the ROTC, you could get exemption from the draft, but if you weren't, even if you were in college, you had to submit yourself to the draft. You could get deferred if you signed up and were in college. But sometime during the Korean conflict even those in college were eligible to be drafted, so I dropped out of school recognizing that my money was running out. I couldn't depend on my parents because prices were beginning to escalate; not a great deal, but enough to be worried about. I thought that the only way I could go to college was through the GI bill, so I submitted myself to the draft which was two years. I was drafted in January of 1953. I spent all of my time, except for training, in Japan. I had gotten overseas during the war but four days after I had reached Japan, getting ready to be shipped to the front, they signed the armistice. I ended up being sent fifty miles from Tokyo and spent the rest of my tour of duty there. I really enjoyed my stay. I learned a little about the language and the culture and got out in December of 1973. I was to be separated from the service at Fort Knox, in Louisville, Kentucky. I had traveled from Tokyo by air while everyone else had to come by boat. For some reason, I was selected to fly, via Guam and Hawaii, to California and then take the train cross country by myself to Kentucky. I was given vouchers for meals and everything. It was like I was on vacation.

I got to Louisville early in the morning and went into a restaurant to have breakfast. Some of the waitresses were in the corner laughing and joking. It was about seven thirty in the morning. After I hadn't been waited on for a while, I finally said "Excuse me." They said, "May we help you?" I said that I would like to have some breakfast and they said that I had to go around to the back where it said "For Colored Only." I told them that I had forgotten. I went to the back, where there were a couple of bacon, eggs and coffee. She served it up and I couldn't eat it. She asked me what the matter was and I told her that I had lost my appetite. I had been gone for so long that I had forgotten we had to be in separate places and I apologized for not eating. She understood. I had lost my whole appetite for breakfast, being reminded that I was back in America. I had to get ready for what I was to endure. I spent four days in Louisville, which was in the South, and knew that I would not be in the north again until I went through Cincinnati and got out of the black car and could sit wherever I wanted. It was a jolt. I was coming back from my vacation and was brought abruptly back to reality.

**Uhuru: Waking up from a dream into a nightmare.**

Yes. The time I spent in Japan allowed me to further define my goals. When I got back I was going to make $10,000 a year. I started off in 1957, when I got my degree, getting $5200. I knew that my goal would be all that I needed. In those days, the top of the scale for a teacher, after seventeen years, was only $23,000. After I had gotten three or four years experience and was only making $8,000, I had to decide if it was what I really wanted to do.

At this point, I wanted to tell teachers how to teach. I was in a predominantly black school but the teachers were almost all white. I was the yungest faculty member when I came on board in 1957, at John Hay High School, in Cleveland. It was mostly a girls school because they taught business courses. Before long, I wanted to be chairman of the English Department in the school, but that didn't happen. Then I wanted to be principal, but at that time only guidance counselors became principals. Then I tried to be a superintendent, to no avail. After ten years I resigned.

I had an opportunity to go to Missouri to direct an Upward Bound program that Dr. Crosby was already involved in. I had been to school with him at Kent. He was involved in a two year experimental college that covered the first two years of college. Then I came in to direct a program that dealt with the last two years of high school. Combined, we had a four year program. We spent almost three years at Southern Illinois University, in East St. Louis. By then, it was 1969 and students at Kent State had walked off the campus. They had demanded certain things, such as a program of black education and a culture center. Dr. Crosby was one of the people interviewed to launch such a program. They liked him and hired him. He then came to hire me and that is how
we began, at Kent State in 1969, to develop a black educational program that resulted in the Department of Pan African Studies, the Institute for African American Affairs and the Center of Pan African Culture.

**Uhuru: Did Missouri serve as a stepping stone for how the department got developed here?**

I had experience in public education. Dr. Crosby had experience teaching at the college level because he has taught Spanish on the Kent Campus and German at Hiram. We took the experiences we had to the experimental program there. Dealing with an all black constituency, we had maybe a total of 200 students.

He devised a curriculum and I created some of the pedagogical rationalization for what we did. Together we developed pretty much what we would eventually have to do at Kent State to start an educational program here.

We developed some ideas based on our experiences and a re-fashioning and re-positioning of our educational experiences coupled with our real-life experiences that we saw in a new perspective with regards to how black education should be conducted. By the time we got here, we had had time to experiment and we knew exactly what we wanted to do, even though the administration had its ideas of what it wanted to do. Dr. Crosby was strong enough to resist those ideas and had the courage to move forward on ideas that we had as far as developing a program based upon educational philosophy and principles that we wrote up and shared with the University. Everything was above board.

We would deal with black students in particular and all the students in general. If they wanted us to deal with all of the students, they would have had to give us more than the $65,000 they did to start with. We told them that we would need a year to decide what we were going to do. They wanted instant programs and said the courses were already here, but that was in order to design a program that they wanted. We were unable to do that.

There were shaky moments but always we relied upon organization and planning. That meant we had to strategize and talk about how we were going to proceed step by step. There were certain strategies we took that were right on. In some cases, we discovered that the ones we had anticipated taking were incorrect. But usually, because we organized and planned and talked about what our strategies were, we were ready for anything that came along.

We took that first year to plan our program. We didn't have any money to hire anyone to teach our educational program for black students. We set up a symposium and invited ten scholars to do twenty lectures, two apiece. We would video tape it and conduct the class in the studio for the students enrolled. When the course was over, we would have it on videotape so that we could teach it again. We wanted to recruit 50 black students. We ended up with 45 black students and 5 white ones. We offered it in spring of 1970. In May, the shootings occurred and the course was interrupted. The University allowed students to complete course work by correspondence and that is how our students completed that first course. It was called "Towards a Black Cosmology and Aesthetic," what is now called "Introduction to the African World View." Students could never think of cosmology, they called it cosmetology, plus we weren't sure that they were conceptualizing cosmology so we decided to deal with it from within the class.

**Uhuru: What is your proudest moment at Kent?**

The fact that over twenty five years I have seen something spring from nothing, which says to me that we can build if we have the desire and capacity to stick to it. It might be hard, but we have to develop a line of thought that is independent of practically every other influence. Normally, we think that we can't do anything because of white people. But if we stopped thinking of white people, we would be surprised at what we could do. But if we think that they won't let us do it, or that we are going to need money from them, or that we are on a predominantly white campus, then we will be immobile most of the time and certainly will not develop independent thinking.

We recognized that we were in the lion's den but knew that we had to think as independently as we possibly could, and that's what we did. It wasn't that we didn't concern ourselves with our jobs, but we said that if it comes to that we would just have to lose them. We wanted to develop something that represented the best that we could that would be independent of white people and we did. I feel that is unique. I have seen others engage in activities and get stymied because they were thinking about white people. We both knew the foundation had to be free of that influence. Dr. Crosby has been a strong force in keeping that basic foundation intact. We can now deal with external influences because we have the philosophical and pedagogical base and we invite anybody to challenge us with regards to that foundation. We also recognize that at any given time, it can disappear. We never escaped the realities but have always built upon a great plan and solid organization that could be implemented. We are still trying to do that.

**Uhuru: What can students do to aid in the continuation of the program?**

We couldn't have existed without the students. They demanded us in the first place. We have
always maintained that connection. That is why BUS leadership, whenever it changes, is compelled to come here to find out what the history of the organization is. BUS is us. It has to have its head on straight as the leadership for black students. Black students, in return, must know their connection to BUS, so that if anything happens to the one, it is understood that it is also happening to the other. Students and faculty have a responsibility to ensure that the connection remains strong. Students are aware of what the conditions are. In recognizing those conditions, there are certain actions that have to be taken in order to protect yourselves and certain things have to be remembered. Hopefully, these necessities are ingrained so that when a successor is chosen, that successor will know, and must know, what these things are all about.

Uhuru: In watching the students and their changes over the last twenty years, do you feel the young people are getting stronger or is tomorrow’s child slowly fading out on us? Do we have to find ways to get to them younger?

I tend to think so because by the time I get them at the college level, they have no sense of history, their skills level are on the one hand greatly improved, but their area of development seems to have deceased. Therefore, there are some who develop further but many who rely on what they have when they get here and think that it is enough, so they skate through. Whereas the students of the sixties and seventies were increasing their levels of awareness and consciousness. They wanted to do that and took the initiative to do so in large numbers. Something has to be done now to increase the number of those who are aware and conscious so that we can have many more creative minds applying themselves to the task of building or reshaping our communities. In many ways, it may mean that we have to start with another generation and develop them. Many of the students enrolled now, seniors and juniors, really aren’t equipped to be creative. I’m just hoping that they can graduate and that’s shaky. There’s a great deal of need to shape a whole new generation to be our creators, thinkers and builders.

Uhuru: Thank you, Professor Smith.

You’re welcome.

We appreciate the contributions that our elders have made to create stepping stones for our development. It remains upon us to stand upon their backs and continue the work that must be done.
The American
To Work Within

Ohvahdyah israel

The voting process was one of the most important liberties that the ex-enslaved Africans could use to demonstrate their humanity, that is: that they were not 3/5 of a human being, but 5/5.

Moreover, the voting process also gave this displaced part of humanity a heightened self-esteem, due to the fact that the only part of humanity that was PRIVILEGED to vote was white men, in which they were affectionately enunciated as men; thus, the African males in America believed that this privilege would juxtapose them with white men, that is, specifically denoting them as men also. Consequently, the Africans in America who were enslaved deemed this expression of voting as more profound than that of an American right or duty due to one's citizenry. Indeed, this liberty to vote shaped only their beliefs of how they perceived themselves, but more importantly, they internalized (consciously or unconsciously) that voting would change the ideology of White America's opinion of them. The irony of it all is that it did not.

In today's society, while a substantial proportion of white people are preoccupied with psychic phenomena and the new age movements, Africans in America are still grappling with the issues of what it really means to vote. This who do not vote have somehow disrespected the struggle and plight of their ancestors who fought so gallantly to earn this right.

The aforementioned statement could not be further from the truth. Ex-enslaved Africans did not die for us to vote, they died for their right to cast a vote. With this right they hoped that their vote would confirm their liberties with white America as being free.

Moreover, the voting process also gave these displaced part of humanity a heightened self-esteem, due to the fact that the only part of humanity that was PRIVILEGED to vote was white men, in which they were affectionately enunciated as men also. Thus, those Africans in America who do not vote have somehow disrespected the struggle and plight of their ancestors who fought so gallantly to earn this right.

The registration of black voters in Richmond during the first municipal election after the Civil War.

The American
To Work Within

Political System:
\textit{it or Against it}

Katherine Jeffries

Bill Clinton was at this
Rothchild/Bilderberger meeting because he is an ally of the Bilderbergers, and they were testing him with questions regarding his views on their agenda. This testing would determine if he would be the man they would back to be the President of the United States. In voting for this meeting because they are considering backing him to run for the presidency of the U.S. in 1996.

It is a fact that the manipulation of these powerful families and organizations can, and do, determine who will be the president of this country, and of any other country; and which country will rise or fall financially. This reality is being completely misunderstood by a high percentage of the American citizenry. Consequently, Africans in America and White America, particularly, believes that America is Democratic and its destiny lies in the hands of the voting American populace. Therefore, to make any meaningful and/or lasting changes in this society we must vote these changes in.

As an example, in 1991 in Bate-In-Bate Germany Bill Clinton was summoned at a meeting which included the Rothschilds and the Bilderbergers. For the record, there was no other candidate that was running on the Democratic side for the presidency there at this meeting. But, there was someone from the Republican side, Dan Quail. For the record, there was no other candidate from the Republican side, not even George Bush at this meeting.

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...so it is important for African students to not rely on the D.K.S for its news, or whatever else it claims to offer. We have to rely on ourselves, and our own publications, to accurately represent us...

Michael Dale

The misrepresentation of Africans in the Daily Kent Stater is attributed to not only a conscious (often a subconscious) racial mentality, but pre-conceived stereotypical views of Africans by the largely European staff, as well as the lack of understanding and/or knowledge of African culture. Racist views and ignorance of African culture compromise the fairness and objectivity the newspaper claims it wants to maintain. By no means do I suggest that every Non-African affiliated with the Daily Kent Stater is an ignorant racist, but as a collective entity they are making the mistakes the African students and staff have already had written in appropriately addressing the needs of African students and have failed in adequately portraying their so-called, "Minority Affairs". The reason for this is because of ignorance, due to it's lack of understanding and racist tendencies. The former paid reporter for the beat, Kelly Shaw, was removed from the beat after a clearly racist letter that she had written was brought to the attention of the editor. Her letter stated "...it's okay for the African-American people to belong to any number of color oriented organizations and still claim you advocate equality. If equality or diversity were really a goal... it wouldn't be necessary to have organizations like BUS, Uhuru, or CPAC, which stress the difference in our color... Shes(George Bookler) is not pro-equality as she thinks she is, because if she were, she would not be a member of these groups." Kelly Shaw has no respect for anything African students have on this campus. She doesn't think that we are legitimate, worthwhile organizations, yet she was being paid to cover us. I believe that her view of us and our contributions to our advancement is common not only to the DKS staff, but that of the mainstream society.

After deciding to further investigate our misrepresentation, I decided to focus my investigations on, not why the poor coverage is what it is, but how the DKS deals with the concerns of African students and how far they will go, or won't go, in handling these concerns. I decided to speak with DKS staff writers who covered the so called "Minority Affairs", to speak to those "Minority Affairs" paid reporters, which the DKS claims to have, in order to inquire how much knowledge of African people and culture that the staff writers had. I first approached the current paid reporter for "Minority Affairs", Laura Sprockett. Sprockett is a bit of a mix, as she is black, but also has a bit of a Saxon in her. I had to speak to her about this because of hari she claimed, was just like the Cleveland Plain Dealer and the Akron Beacon Journal. She said any questions on Minority Policy I had, I would have to discuss them with the editor of the DKS, John Horton or the faculty advisor, Barb Hipzman. I had concern of Minority Policy or how the DKS is run. Africans being covered have every right to know what knowledge of Africans the writer covering them has. I asked her what would happen if she did speak to me, that she did not know. Soon after speaking with Sprockett, I came across a threatening letter that the editor, John Horton, had written to the DKS staff. The letter told the staff that if I approached them about how the DKS operates that they should either hire a new editor (Horton) or Barb Hipzman, and if they commented they might be removed. "Stater policy on how to handle these inquiries[How the Stater covers minority affairs] will be the same as the Beacon Jornal's and the Plain Dealer's... All questions concerning how the Stater operates... should be direct to myself or Barb." After hearing of this lubricious policy, I spoke with employees of the ABI and the CPAC, none of whom heard of this policy the DKS claims to pattern it's policy after. "I have never heard of such a policy", says an ABI employee, the National Editor of The Akron Beacon Journal, Roger Mezger. The Bureau Chief of the Cleveland Plain Dealer says, "There is no policy prohibiting reporters from speaking with other journalists, but the only thing a reporter can do is publish other writer's opinions", Michael Holley of the Akron Beacon Journal, neither of which heard of such a policy. Horton's letter also states: "If someone feels they absolutely have to comment, I will not deny anyone their first amendment right, but I... I don't see... I don't wish to hide anything anyone wants to... As a reporter you have to be objective... you can't have a stated opinion and cover a group or anything." Although I knew the truth, I asked Horton if there was a real policy. "It's how most papers operate... Anything on how newspapers work or what policy is, is made by editors, the reporters don't really have the authority to answer that question... It puts a reporter in a real bad spot." But what about how African students feel when we pick up a Stater and see blatantly racist articles and cartoons? That objectivity is obviously not a concern of the DKS. At first I thought maybe I was making myself clear, but because I of the words of African students are taken out of context by Europeans, so I assured Horton that I got out of the interviews was the only non-answers that I could receive were to come directly from Horton and Hipzman, it can be seen that he does know about African Affairs. I asked him if there would be a problem with a writer speaking with me if their objectivity is not in question. Horton said, "Any chance a reporter can lose their objectivity... then we can't take that chance... It destryos the newspapers reputation... it destroys the reporters reputation." Surely I wouldn't want to tarnish the reputation of this fine news gathering organization, or it's extremely talented writing staffs.

In my interviews with John Horton and Barb Hipzman, I found that they wouldn't even answer the questions that they prohibited from talking to other journalists and said, "That's not the policy... The policy concerning tone of coverage of what eventually ends up in the paper and what doesn't end up is strictly up to the editor... They are welcome to comment on just about anything, but when they start talking about their beat and how they covered something or why... to use that's expressing an opinion about the topic." The only thing she said that corresponded with Horton was the objectivity bit. Hipzman and Horton should have collaborated and formulated an identical non-existing policy, and then presented it to me. I asked Hipzman If I asked a staff writer, what knowledge or experience he had on a particular subject, would it compromise his objectivity? She said, "That's a hard question to answer..." But what about how learning environment and I don't want the students[Staff writers] to be treated. I don't want them expressing an opinion... I just don't think that's a reporters position... The only thing I got out of the interviews was the only non-answers that I could receive were to come directly from Horton and Hipzman, but I don't see... I don't wish to hide anything anyone wants to... As a reporter you have to be objective... you can't have a stated opinion and cover a group or anything...
doesn't ignorance destroy any chance of objectivity.

One of the most important reasons why a solution to the problem of the DKS's inadequate coverage of Afrikans is not in the foreseeable future is because the editor and the advisor, both, refuse to admit that Afrikans at Kent have a legitimate complaint. I asked Horton and Hipsman if they felt that Afrikans are misrepresented in the DKS and Horton said, "No, I don't, I really don't... It's a misunderstanding that sometimes maybe the writer doesn't understand, they may go to an event and something is said that may go over their head or they may not pick it up. Some times that creates a problem." Hipsman responded by saying, "No, I think that the Stater is a learning environment... students are walk ons, they come from classes, they come from all walks of this campus... I kind of resent the way you phrase the question, it assumes that there are problems..." Oh my God! Hath I offended thee? Not only do they refuse to admit a problem exists, but they think that a staff writer's ignorance of African Culture does not directly equate to the misrepresentation of Afrikans in the DKS.

Horton publicly admitted at Sigma Gamma Rho Sorority's program, The Misrepresentation of Blacks In The Media, that the Stater failed in covering certain events. Particularly Shaw's articles concerning what has been commonly known as "The Fights," even though Horton wrote a view point in the February 7 edition of the Stater supporting the way Shaw covered the stories. None the less he admitted that the Stater had failed in covering those stories. If Horton and Hipsman can point out that some students are incompetent, why can't they admit that their incompetence is the reason for a lot of the poor coverage of Afrikans in the DKS? Furthermore, if the DKS truly wants to be fair and objective, why don't they publicly admit to the mistakes they make. Founder of Re-Education of Afrika's People (RAP), Tanea Woodberry agrees, "You(Horton) made a purposeful action of putting something in the Stater to give us the impression that we have no need to worry about what Kelly Shaw is doing, how is she misrepresenting the black students on this campus and how you were behind her 100% and what she has done. If you can take the time to applaud her writing skills and as a writer on your staff, now that you have admitted that she did a poor job, why won't you also take the time and say in the Stater that Kelly Shaw did a poor job, and apologize for the damage the Stater has done." At this program, Horton assured Woodberry that the following week, he would personally put an apology in the Stater. Weeks after the letter was supposed to appear, it finally ran, however, once again Horton stood behind Shaw 100% in the way she covered the incidents, and did not apologize for the problems that he admitted to. Instead, he contradicted everything he said to the small crowd at the program. In his view point, he only mentioned why Shaw was removed, and not that she did a poor job. He knew that the Stater would reach far more people than what was at the program.

During my interviews with Horton and Hipsman, I asked them: since there is no problem, as they see it, then what can Afrikans students do to solve the problem that we have with the Stater? Horton answered, "They can call, they could come in and I could show them how the Stater operates. That is part of the problem, how a newspaper operates, that's what people don't understand." Now, am I to understand that the problem is our ignorance? Since we don't know how a newspaper operates which is not true that is where our problem lies? Shame on you! Don't you dare use the very people, that you successfully degrade, as your scape goat! Accept the responsibility for yourselves!

Horton also said that part of the problem was lack of communication. He informed me that he took the initiative to meet with the Black United Students Executive Board to discuss some of the issues that African students raised. Horton pointed out that the biggest problem was the lack of communication between the DKS and the African-American community. I asked him how the meeting went and he said, "It went well... We wanted to be a part of the solution to solve these racial tensions." I asked what did they come up with at the meeting, and through out the interview Horton just refused to answer the question. "They made some points which were valid and we took that away with us." I continuously asked what points were raised, but Horton never answered. According to the Black United Students Chairwoman, Ketta Sa'ad, the meeting did not go well, and little was accomplished. "Very little was accomplished. I think their main reason for coming was to pacify us, and not really deal with the issues that we were bringing to them." I asked Sa'ad what were some of the issues raised, and she said, "One of the main issues was the Staters failure to provide us with a reporter that had any cross-cultural literacy, so consequently we end up with people reporting that know nothing about African Culture, who sometimes don't even understand what we are saying, they don't understand the issues facing African People." I asked if they admitted that there was any problem with their reporting, and she answered, "Yes and no, yes... because we bring it to them as a
As my interview with Horton continued, I found his comments to be contradictory in nature. He began to tell me how disappointed he is that the black community is not communicating with the Stater, after he just told me of the great strides that they were making, not that I believed him anyway. Horton said "It upsets me that a whole community would turn their backs on the Stater, like has been." Hipsman said, "I've spent lot of time in tears the last couple of weeks, because I take it personally when B.U.S. says the Stater is thus and thus and such." Yeah right! I don't think either of them have lost any sleep over the matter.

The misrepresentation of Africans in the DKS should be addressed, however, we must realize that what happens in the DKS is indicative of the larger society. Africans are misrepresented in all forms of the media. In dealing with the Africans, what they (D.K.S.) must do, is first admit there is a problem. None of the concerns that African students raise will be met until this happen. At this point the DKS refuses to admit that problems exist. It only acknowledges that African students are not pleased with what is printed in the paper and that is because we are the ones at fault, according to the DKS, we know little of how a newspaper is run. Of course this is absurd, it is only the newspaper's scapegoat. But the most important step that the DKS must take is the effort to learn about our culture or at least provide us with an African staff writer or a staff writer with some understanding of our culture and no bias towards us. In fairness to some of the DKS's staff, I must acknowledge that not all of them are unqualified writers, nor are they all racist. But currently the individuals in "power positions" refuse to remedy the racist problems that the newspaper has. In light of this, the ignorant and/or racist, staff writer will continue to degrade and sketch stereotypical images because the individual in those "power positions" will stand behind them 100%, defending everything they write. The DKS has shown that it's individual staff writers as well as the image of the newspaper is more important than the legitimate concerns of all African students on this campus. It is evident that an immediate resolution will not come, so it is important for African students to not rely on the DKS for its news or whatever else it claims to offer. We have to rely on ourselves and our own publications to accurately represent us and provide us with what the DKS does not. It is important for us to show the DKS that we are not happy with what they have been doing long before any of us were students at Kent State and continue to do today.

The history of Africans and the DKS could be found in the book, Involvement: Two Years Later. Neither the editor nor the advisor has heard of this book. All Africans affiliated with this university should completely shut out the Daily Kent Stater until it deals with concerns of African students in ways that we feel are acceptable. Until then, shut 'em out, then shut 'em down!

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37 uhuru
Ulezi: Working Toward Collective Responsibility

Krista Franklin

In 1992, Sheldon "Shelrock" Hemphill along with two other brothers came up with an idea to help promote local rap talent. Now, a year later, that idea has evolved into an organization designed to meet the entire programming needs of Kent State's neglected African population.

Ulezi, a Kiswahili word meaning "educate or education," was created to provide Kent State's African community with programs that would focus on their interests. Ulezi Vice President Enloe Wilson says that after recognizing that university organizations were not providing the African community with quality programs, the founders of Ulezi decided to dedicate their time to get the job done right.

"The members of Ulezi all saw a general need or saw a void on campus," Wilson says. "ACPB (All Campus Programming Board) is cool; they got their little diversity thing going on; but I think when you try to be too diverse, you spread yourself real thin, and you don't really service too much of anybody."

"I think our purpose is more centered because we are trying to serve a particular crowd."

Hemphill, who is president of the organization, adds that Ulezi does not want to fall under the large university umbrella called diversity. For him, diversity is just another catch-phrase; something to distract the non-European communities on campus from noticing the continuance of Eurocentric thinking and action.

"The whole idea of diversity on this campus is screwed," Hemphill says in earnest. "The idea of diversity is you being like them, not them being like us, or even us moving halfway. Giving all these programs that cater to the European student body one semester and say, 'we're diverse.' That's not diverse."

Ulezi is not diverse. We cater to the African student body. Period. Point blank. Zip."

The organization, which is made up of 10 members, strives to live up to the African name that they have chosen for themselves. Working to provide programs, which will meet the entertainment and educational needs of African people is the primary goal of Ulezi.

"Our creed is to be dedicated to programming everything. We're going to celebrate all different forms of African art," Wilson says. "We realize that our people have always been a profoundly multidimensional people, and so for us to forsake any facet of the arts would be a sin. We feel a duty to expose everything."

Hemphill hopes this exposure to various forms of African expression comes to hip hop shows to poetry readings to reggae bands to putting on actual art displays, the whole black art spectrum, everything) will help to build esteem in African students, and in turn help them to recognize their contributions to history, as well as their abilities to create.

"Organization is very important for our people, and through this organization we hope that the student body can see all forms of art and maybe use this art to make an identity for themselves and their people," Hemphill says. "Let them know that 'damn, we do everything, we done everything. The whole shebang.'"

Programmer Rob Cooper adds that African-centered programs benefit all cultures because all cultures originate from Africa.

"If you say African art, it's for everybody, because everything everybody's roots are from Africa. So if you uplift Africa, you uplift everybody else," Cooper says. Ulezi hopes to not only provide a variety of entertainment, but to provide affordable programs as well. Hemphill says focusing on addressing the needs of African people should also include a sensitivity for their economics. One dollar jams at the Ratt are just one example of Ulezi's concern for their constituents.

"When you are an African organization on campus you should be here for your people, not against your people," Hemphill states. "When you turn something that's supposed to be for your people into a profit organization, you start getting that materialistic mind."

Ulezi hopes to maintain the work and ethics that has been put into starting the organization. Keeping Pan-African themes for their programs, as well as working closely with the Pan-African Studies department are some things that the brothers and sisters of Ulezi hope to achieve in the future. But primarily, the members hope to provide an example for other African students who may aspire to organize themselves. This is the mentality needed for a nation working toward independence.

"Lots of people say join ACPB if you want to make a change, but it takes too long to try to integrate, or get together with somebody and beg for one little Silk to come when we have our own thing and go for self," Cooper says. Hemphill agrees.

"It's not about assimilation, or being accepted or separating, it's about independence. Whether you're African, European, whatever."

\[ Do you have friends or relatives interested in attending college? \]
\[ Have you meant to send them information about Kent? \]
\[ If your intentions are good, but you've been putting it off... \]

\[ Scrun out! \]

**UHURU/Elizabeth Maitly**

Ulezi members Spring 1993: (left to right; back to front) Sheldon Hemphill, president; Enloe Wilson, vice president; Robert Cooper, programmer; Rosell Deans, co-program chair; Andrea Dumas, treasurer; Michael Dale, co-program chair; Dr. Kwame Nantambu, faculty advisor; Kym Whitehead, publicity chair
Upon entering KSU as a freshman in 1969, I know now that I was an unconscious witness to a new American innovation to the educational process, called the Institute for African-American Affairs. Prior to my arrival, the Black United Students organization had started the momentum in 1967 and '68 as a youthful reaffirmation of the "Black Power", "Black Consciousness, and "Black is Beautiful" slogans that reflected the then changing attitude of Black America. This new attitude did indeed emerge on the shoulders of our ancestors, because the years just before this time had reflected the struggles of the New Negro attitude and movement of the 1920s and '40s, also referred to as the Harlem Renaissance.

During and prior to this time, Black people had been involved with serious efforts to improve their situations, ranging from emigration (back to Africa movements and migration from the south to the west, and north, in America). These occurred after Reconstruction and Emancipation following the Civil War, which was fought as America would attempt to purge itself of an unjust system of slavery in effort to become a "Land of the Free" for all of its citizens. Many lives were lost in this cause. Many more were lost through the almost 400-year process that we know as the Atlantic Slave Trade, and The Peculiar Institution of Slavery in the (so-called) New World (it wasn't, however, new to the original human inhabitants). These two processes we now refer to as the "African Holocaust." In the context of how the Jewish Holocaust is a reminder of what they want the world to know concerning their three to 12 million ancestors. We hold the same conviction with regard to estimates that start at a modest 15 million and continue, according to more recent research, to rest comfortably at 60 million, and to go as high as 100 to 200 million Africans, who were indeed sold by some of their own people in many instances, but were also stolen and traded for by Europeans to acquire a free labor force in the Americas.

The physical, emotional, psychological, and social implications of this larger holocaust on people of African descent, and the rest of the world, is still plaguing our lives today. When we really understand how and why these realities came about, we will also learn more about ourselves and our ancient African tradition's heritage of greatness that preceded this historical period and confirms our contributions to the world.

We are standing on the shoulders of our ancestors. This recognition is an academic reality that can be learned and understood by virtue of all the ancestral names that extend to us from the ancient past- those of leaders in every imaginable field of endeavor up to the present. Instead of listing the names of those past and present great ones, I am taking this time to recognize and honor three names that have made this understanding and appreciation of all the above possible.

These three are Dr. Edward W. Crosby, chairman of the DPAS, his wife, Shirley Crosby, and Mr. Wiley Smith III. These individuals are responsible for initiating the innovation, the leadership, the comfort level of students, the cultural atmosphere, the academic rigor, and content of relevant course offerings, the sense of hospitality, the persistent vigilance, the wholistic vision, the acquisition of knowledge for self, community, and nation, the unselfish giving of their physical, mental and economic resources to the black community, on and off campus, the Afrocentric Philosophical Curricular Foundation, the community oriented programming, the scholarly research, and collective wisdom, dedication, and support, that is embodied in the Institute for African-American Affairs and the Center for Pan-African Culture. Along with the Department of Pan-African Studies we will move on, standing on their shoulders at Kent State University; they have lit and carried the torch long enough. We who will remain to carry on next year, can do so with a surety of purpose, an abundance of guidance and a resolve to sustain and continue the educational mission that they made possible.

A luta continua.
The following Students donated funds to R.A.P. (Re-education of Africa's People). The re-education of our people should be the top priority for all; these brothers and sisters understand that. Peace and knowledge be with ya'.

Emily Ballard
Antonio Bowers
Dr. E. Crosby
Dr. Fran Drosey
Angelina Dudley
Ms. Carolyn Dukes
Andrea Duvall
Lawaun T. Everson
Trellis Goode
Sheldon Hemphill
Ohvahdyah Israel
Jumionne Jean-Charles
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Dr. Kwame Nantambu
Mwatabu Okantah
Willamarrie Scott
Kabir Syed
Angelique B. Troy
Enloe P. Wilson
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