Editors' Note

Articles
Afrocentricity  Dr. Kwame Nantambu, professor
Lock Down: A sistuh's story  Krista Franklin
What Do Caucasoids Owe Africans in America?  Terry Shropshire
Memories of an Old Head  Aundrey “Bunni” Somerville & Tanya Smith
America The Beautiful  Ruby Khan
America, Be Beautiful.  E. Timothy Moore
America The Beautiful  Arana Lynch
On Race and Class:
Should There Be An Alliance Between Poor Whites and People of Color?  Jinida Ojjwah

Poetry
When Caged Birds Sing Free  Mwatabu S. Okantah
Once while driving from Dayton to Kent my attention was drawn from the highway to the scenery as I passed by. It was fall, a beautiful time of year, and I was suddenly overcome by the green, yellows, and reds of the trees and grass as I drove by. In the distance I could see a house set back from the highway and on the front porch I could just make out the red, white and blue of an American flag. My riding companion and I weren’t saying anything, just listening to the tape player as it rolled on and on. When I reached to turn it down and said, “You know what? America really is a beautiful country.” She looked over at me and without missing a beat said, “Yeah, too bad it doesn’t live up to that shit.” Blamm. There it was. I turned the radio back up and stared back at the road, suddenly reminded of the concrete cities that the picturesque rural area around me had left obscured from view. Yeah, America the Beautiful.

I was born and reared in this country. I know no other reality but that which I see everyday. Neighborhoods that I’ve lived in and places that I’ve visited, all portray a varying reality. Some of it is pretty, some is not so pretty, but one thing it all is distinctly American. The African experience in America is much the same way. We are the only people in this country who did not come here voluntarily, or as one wise African American said, “Africans are the only people who did not come to American shores with a visa.” We could not, in the same way that Europeans could, return home, and because of this situation our experience here has been somewhat of a “prisoner of war” experience. We were forced to become a part of American culture or die. We could not leave and integrate back into West African society without some difficulty or struggle, and after being here for so long, being told so many falsehoods and myths, many of us had no desire (and still do not) in being affiliated with the so-called “Dark Continent” at all.

So, the African experience in America is a very distinct one. It is one that cannot be compared to any other cultural experience here, filled with nightmares as well as dreams (as represented in the popular political philosophies of Malcolm X and Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.). When people asked me what the theme of the fall 1993 issue of "Harri“ would be and I replied, “America the Beautiful,” the general follow-up question was, “Do you mean that sarcastically?” I told each person who asked me that, “yes and no.” There is no one view of America through the eyes of Africans and other people of color. Although the dominant experience may be one of negativity, multi-faceted oppression and mental subjugation and colonialization, there are African Americans who would tote the philosophies of the American way as if they were Superman himself, going on and on about truth, justice, and the freedom to do and be whoever and whatever you want to. There are African Americans who live in ruins in American areas where no human being should have to live, in conditions that is often left out of the travel brochures and television programs sent via satellite to outside countries leaving these people misinformed about the total American experience. At the same time there are African Americans living in blissful pseudo-whiteness, individuals who have “pulled themselves up from their bootstraps,” and made a way for themselves and their families. The only problem is we are forced to acknowledge that those living in economic security are disproportionate to those who do not. This is when America does not seem quite the idyllic place that others would like to believe that she is. She is only idyllic for those who are tasting her ripe fruits instead of her bitter. This is the African American experience. Bittersweet.

Once while explaining to my aunt that I no longer said the Pledge of Allegiance or stood up for the National Anthem, she looked at me with a strange look in her eye and told me something that I will never forget. She said: “America was built on the backs of African people. It is our blood that has literally become a part of the soil and foundation that this country is built on. This is my country more than any other person on this land (barring the indigenous people, i.e. Native Americans) and if anyone has the right to lay claim or love it, I do.” Those words rang in my head. They still do, much like the liberty bells that drown out the screams of Africans and indigenous peoples whose lives were blotted out of the history text books and primary school lessons.

This is America the Beautiful in all her bittersweet dichotomy. Peace to all those Africans who lived and believed in her possibilities, and to those who have long given up on her. You are all justified.
1993 is upon us and our focus this year is America the beautiful. It truly is a beautiful land with beautiful people in it. There are, however, serious problems which cannot, and more importantly should not, be ignored. The Colonists “discovered” a land which had previously been discovered; in fact inhabited by civilizations which the colonists felt needed to be civilized. The founding fathers set up a society which upheld life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; however, Jefferson “owned” (and may have raped) many enslaved Africans. After Americans of African descent fought for the French in World War I (because “good Americans” wouldn’t have no “nigras” fighting under their flag) they returned to America the beautiful only to find that they did not have the rights, in America, which they fought for the Europeans to have in Europe. Today we will release a rapist or a murderer, but Geronimo Ji Jaga Pratt, Mumia Abu Jamal, Leonard Peltier and others, who struggled for their peoples true freedom, are still behind prison walls; others like Malcolm and Martin have been killed, for they threatened people so by demanding equality and human rights. We are a country, with a relatively small population, but we consume up to 60% of the world’s resources. These examples show that we are living in a land full of stark contrasts. Our examination of American society needs to go beyond our preconceived notions of of what the American Dream is, and how we can achieve it, to what the American Reality is and how we can improve it.

In his article, “Beyond racial identity politics: towards a liberation theory for multicultural democracy,” Manning Marable states, “In the United States, ‘race’ for the oppressed has also come to mean an identity of survival, victimisation and opposition to those racial groups which exercise power and privilege. What we are looking at here is not an ethnic identification or culture, but an awareness of shared experience, suffering and struggles against the barriers of racial division. These collective experiences, survival tales and grievances form the basis of an historical consciousness, a groups recognition of what it has wit-nessed and what it can anticipate in the near future.” This seems a very appropriate quote for this issue of Uhuru. It is evident even from the staff, the most integrated I have ever worked with since I started, that our focus is multifaceted. In fact, in our society today we see this holding true. We cannot succeed if we approach a problem from only one perspective. This is not to propose that Uhuru is a “multicultural” magazine. From its inception Uhuru has followed the cultural aesthetic which Maulana Karenga proposed, to be by the people (African), for the people, and of the people. Nothing has changed, however, also in African tradition the magazine needs to be, and is, holistic.

Finally, Uhuru has always been a strong proponent of education. What does education mean? Does it mean getting your degree, I think not. We are in a very precarious position here at the university, we can go two ways work as individuals for our own individual success, or work together for collective success. I chose the latter from the outset. My education has included watching a mob confront my friend/roommate, during the Gulf War, telling him, “You better not burn that flag you fuckin’ hippie.” or when he and another friend got attacked by a group of drunken “men” because he wore long hair, dressed differently, but mostly because he espoused ideas different from the “norm.” So you see, even some white people in this society are exposed to this sort of oppression. My education has included seeing lecturers like Tony Browder, Na’im Akbar, Wabun Inini, William Moses Kunstler, Jonathon Kozol, Nikki Giovanni, Angela Davis and many others. My education has been spending what little money I have on books, magazines and newspapers which would give me an overview of geo-political issues and events. We, as an American people (and as some would prefer, American individuals) need to recognize that we do not live in a vacuum; there is a reciprocal effect between what goes on around us and what we do. With this, let us make America the beautiful land it could be.
A f r o c e n t r i s t y i s a s t a t e o f m i n d , a 
A f r i c a n p e r s o n . " I c o n t e n d t h a t 
A f r i k a n p e o p l e s ; e r g o , A f r i k a n p e o p l e s 
e x i s t a n c e . T h e h u m a n f a c t o r / e l e m e n t 
the centrality / totality of all 
the being (male and female) as 
africaness of a people which posits 
the human being (male and female) as 
the centrality / totality of all 
existence. The human factor/ element 
is not central in Eurocentrism.

Afrocentrism pontificates that 
Eurocentrism has committed the sin of 
educational/psychocultural incest on 
African peoples; ergo, African peoples 
are now culturally comatose, brain- 
dead, and brain-damaged. More 
specifically, Afrocentrism seeks to cure 
African peoples of the deadly disease 
of Afro-sclerosis that Eurocentrism has 
inflicted on them over the past 500 
years. It teaches that the blood that 
unites African peoples is thicker than 
the disparate water, accents and 
culture that separate and divide them. 
It also teaches that our African 
nationality is an accident of birth 
based on our disparate European 
geographic dispersion but our 
originality is based on the reality and 
authenticity of Mother Afrika and that 
is no accident. Afrocentrism not only 
trains but also equips African peoples 
with the necessary tools and research 
methodology to engage in critical 
thinking and analysis of themselves, 
their history, and their future from 
their perspective and reference locus. 
Through the process of Afrocentrism 
or Afrocenrification, African peoples 
would be imbued with a positive/sub-
conscious sense of self-confidence and 
self-empowerment and thus be fully 
equipped to eliminate and permanently 
eradicate the mental paralysis, induced 
collective historical-cultural amnesia, 
collective lobotomy, menticide, and 
psychological genocide, Eurocentrism 
has imposed upon them. Afrocentrism 
proves that we are the ancestors of 
Europeans.

However, it does not follow that all 
African people or people of African 
descent are Afrocentric; in fact, the 
reverse is sometimes true. Being of 
African descent is not a sufficient 
condition of Afrocentricity. Today, the 
majority of African people throughout 
the diaspora are Eurocentric or 
possess a Eurocentric mind-set 
because of the Eurocentric mis-
education that was and still is, 
imposed upon them. Afro-
centrification proves that African 
people are the Subject of human/ 
world history and NOT the Object of 
HIS-STORY. We might have come 
from the ‘Old’ World (Afrika) to the 
‘New’ World (Europe) in different 
European slave-ships but we MUST 
achieve total liberation in the same 
Pan African Nationalist freedom boat.

Afrocentrism represents the most 
potent challenge to the European 
power structure (European 
Nationalism) over the past one 
hundred years. Europeans are scared 
to death of the cyclical historical 
reality which dictates that their time is 
up – the demise of the Eurocentric 
world view and modus vivendi are at 
hand. Hense, slogans such as cultural 
diversity, multiculturalism, 
Eurocentrism, and cultural pluralism 
(which are mere cultural throw backs 
of the 1960s integration slogan) are 
just survival actions and techniques by 
the global minority. And at times, 
these survival actions have taken on 
military manifestations against the 
global majority. The Eurocentric 
mind-set is to resort to any and all 
necessary means of survival. European 
survival is the name of the game.

It is the geopolitical objective of the 
Afrocentric movement or the Afrika-
centered curriculum to relocate us to
In this historical/geopolitical scenario, the major problem is the inability or arrogant resistance on the part of the European (descendants of the slave masters) to treat, accept and respect the descendants of the former Afrikan 'slaves' as equal, full-fledged human beings. As the historian Dr. John Henrik Clarke once surmised:

"... The major problem facing the European of the future (21st century)... is that the European will ask himself, how will I walk this earth in peace and security when I am no longer its master? The European assumes that he cannot walk the earth in peace and security unless he is the master of all of it; unless he is the master of its mineral wealth, master of its land, and master of its people and their minds..."

This is the nature of the struggle between Eurocentrism versus Afrocentrism. Afrikan peoples through their intellectual class action suit (Afrocentrism) are determined to take their minds back, and to rescue their minds from under the control of Eurocentrism. As such, Afrikan peoples are determined to cross the time-line into the 21st century a united, empowered, Afrocentricized, global majority people through the process of Afrocentric global re-education.

"Dr. Nantambu (aka Linus Hoskins) is an Associate Professor in the Department of Pan-African Studies at Kent State University. His forthcoming book is entitled Decoding European Geopolitics: Afrocentric Perspectives."
1993-94

KENT WOMEN'S & MEN'S BASKETBALL

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- Tickets can be purchased day of game, or by calling 672-2244. Students free w/valid I.D.

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As I walked up the gravel lot toward the fences with the curly barbed wire tops, I thought about all the brothas inside. I couldn't help but feel fearful—all alone on a beautiful day that should have been spent out in the sunshine—here I was getting ready to visit someone trapped in this powerfully dark building. I kicked at the rocks and fought an overwhelming urge to turn back to my little maroon EXP and hightail my ass right back home. But the 45-minute ride up here made me even more determined to do what I set out to do—visit Shawn.

Shawn was the ultimate trip. A nigga to his heart. He was also my ninth grade boyfriend, and one of the first heartbreaks I ever had. I don't remember the day I met him, but I remember the day that I broke up with him. Walking down the hallway of Trotwood-Madison High School, I saw Shawn in the middle of a circle of kids whom I often longed to be accepted among. He was smiling and laughing, always the center of attention, and when I walked up to say something to him, he sent off a stream of words that hurt me so bad then, but that I can't even remember now. I told him in so many words to forget about what we had going on, and went home that afternoon to his persistent phone calls and apologetic attitude. Hysterical and full of tears, I hung up on him three times that day and demanded that he stop calling me, but when he called me collect from lockdown four years later, I accepted the call and his new attitude.

"I miss you," he said to me.
on one of my infrequent days at home, i climbed in my car and rode 45-min-
utes south of Dayton to the medium-
security Lebanon Correctional Facility.

They really struggled to make
prison look like a humane place to be.
The building that i was presently
approaching was set back from a well-
maintained lawn and an orderly sign
that said "Lebanon Correctional
Facility" stuck in the ground like a dis-
covery flag. A long winding drive led
you to the gravel lot and the sorry real-
ization that the place you were about
to enter was far from a luxury hotel. i
walked through the doors, picked a
metal number that was hanging by the
second entrance, and sat on one of
the church-pew benches until they
called my number.

"Number 12," this older white man
said in a jocular voice. as i walked up
to the counter where he stood, he and
a fellow guard laughed at a private
joke.

"I'm here to see Shawn Setliff," i
said to him, still fighting nervousness.
"What's his number, sweetheart?"
i looked up at the man's eyes. "This is
too deep," i thought, "no longer an
identity, only a number." Well, it's
something that we still had in common
- he's a number in prison, i'm a num-er in college. Only difference is mine
was a little longer. i rattled off the
number that i had written and seen on
countless letters leaving and coming
from this unseen place. The guard
reached behind him to pull a file from
a drawer.

"Shawn Setliff," he said, as if i
never said the name to him to begin
with. He held my driver's license in his
hand and checked to see if my name
was on the list. seeing that it was, he
told me to sign my name, Shawn's
name and his number to another form
attached to a clip board and directed
me to the radar detector. As i slipped
my license in the back pocket of my
favorite black jeans, i walked over to
the second guard, another older white
man who told me to take off all my
jewelry and metal objects, put them in
the little basket sitting on this table,
and walk through the radar gate. i did
what he said, tried to smile and laugh
at his corny jokes, and prayed that
nothing dumb would happen to pre-
vent me from getting through the doors
to the left of me that slid open every
10 to 15 minutes. As i walked
through the radar gate that was
shaped like an upright rectangle with
a space to walk through, i thought of
that stupid childhood song, "London
Bridges." And as the refrain "falling
down, falling down," went through my
mind, the radar beeped; i stood on
the other side trying to figure out what
was going on.

"I don't know what it is," i said,
looking down at my jeans and black
Reeboks, feeling my earlobes. It was
then that i realized i had forgotten to
take off the diamond stud in my left
ear. "Here it is," i said and backed up
to walk back through, putting the stud
in the basket with my other belong-
ings. The beeper was silent.

"You can put your stuff back on
and go to that door over there," he
said. "They'll let you in."

i stood at the door and allowed
myself to feel the slightest bit of humili-
ation that had been crawling up my
stomach since i walked through the
front doors. i looked behind me and
looked for the unnamed "they" that
the last guard referred to who would
open the door for me. i turned back
around when i saw that no one was
paying any attention to me and stared
at the window of the door that i was
standing in front of. i studied the little
diamond-shaped wires running
through the middle of the glass until
the door buzzed and slowly slid open.
i stood in the middle of another closed
off partition as the door closed slowly
behind me. i put my hand on the door-
knob of the door that led into an area
that looked like a big cafeteria, only
to find out that it was locked.

"You have to put your hand under
this light," a muffled voice said, and i
turned around to see a man behind
another glass window behind me. i
walked over to his window. "Under
here," he said again, and tapped the
desk in front of him. i looked down
from his temporary home at the
where he tapped to see a small hole
in the window, a little above where
my hands were at my sides. i instinct-
tively put my right hand, the hand that
i write with, in the hole, and saw a
glowing symbol on the top of my
hand. It was something that they had
stamped on my hand before i went
through the sliding door.

"Okay," he said in approval, "go
stand by the door and i'll buzz you
in."

The door buzzed and i walked in
the large room, hearing the door shut
securely behind me. i scanned the
room for Shawn, realizing that he
wasn't there, i walked to a table clos-
est to a window. i looked at the room
as i walked; in front of me, on the
other end of the room there was a
place where you could have your pic-
ture taken with your incarcerated
loved ones. Right by the door that i
walked in there was a guard sitting at
a bench that was elevated. It
reminded me of all the judges benches
that i had seen on all the cop shows
and criminal movies i had seen on TV
and in the theaters. i took a seat fac-
ing the door, watching where the
inmates walked in from their invisible
area. i wondered what it looked like
on the other side of that door as name-
less white and black men walked out
from there to be greeted by family
members waiting at tables around the
room. Families hugged and squealed
at the seemingly emotionally guarded
men in the blue uniforms. Several
images began to race through my
mind, and i wondered if i would even
recognize Shawn when he walked
into the room.

i thought days in high school, and
driving downtown to pick Shawn up
from his temporary home at the
YMCA. i thought of his letters and
what he would look like now; whether
or not he would look as healthy as he
always had been—so full of smart-ass
responses with that smug wicked grin
plastered on his face. Shawn always
looked "hard," like he was prepared
for anything to jump off at any given
time. i was used to his sometimes tact-
less honesty and his never-ending abil-
ity to get on my nerves, and i was
anxious to see if any of that had
changed. His cocky, "i-got-it-all-under-
control" attitude was nothing but a sad
front; it was all just a barrier to hide
the real insecurity that he never really
could measure up. His letters were full
of that honest inferiority, and so full of
fond memories of a childhood that
had long since passed both of us by—
his in correctional facilities and boys'
camps in Dayton, and mine at high
school and college, hanging out in the
club scene in the lily-white outskirts of
Dayton's suburbs on breaks.

i got anxious each time another
inmate walked into the visiting area,
and my heart slowed down its frantic
racing with each unknown face. i
began to look out the window to pull
my mind away from all the nervous-
ness. The fenced-in lawn outside the
window just made me feel trapped. It
amazed me how not 30 minutes ago i
was on the outside of that fence. i
imagined what it would feel like if i
could never leave. i strained to see the
road that i drove up on and felt a
relief when i realized that it was
beyond my sight. How torturous to
be able to see the road to the outside
and never be able to get back on it...

"What's wrong with your hair?"
Shawn's raspy voice snapped
me back from the claustropho-
bia i began to feel. Still
his same tactless self.

"i'm dreading it."

"Oh, shit," he said and sat down. i
gave him a good once-over. His face
was broken out and his blue suit with
the orange tag on his left chest
showed the number that i had just rat-
tled off to the guard outside. One-Five-
One dash zero-eight-zero.

"Why you always doing some-
thing fucked up?" he said, i reached
out and touched his face, and won-
dered when was the last time he had
been touched by a woman at all.
Locked up in here with a bunch of
other men... i pulled my mind back in
and fought rage, both at him for his
rudeness and my own frustration of
being locked up with him.

"What's wrong with your face?" i
retorted. "Why's it all broke out?" i
pulled my hand away before he could
touch it with his own.

"I don't know," he said quietly,
looking down. "Stress."

And in the brief time that we were
in that room looking occasionally out-
side the window at the fence with
the curlie curls, i understood
that word more than i ever had.
Not the stress of having to cram
for an exam, or pull an all-
nighter to type a paper that i procrasti-
nated on, but the frantic,
sick-to-your-stomach stress of being
locked up somewhere, never being able to go home.

"What would they do to you if you
tried to run and climb that fence?"
Shawn laughed at me and gave
me one of his certified "poor-suburban-
Krista" looks.

"Probably shoot me."

"What's at the top?" i said, igno-
ring his laughter. "Those curly things? Is
it electric?"

"No, it's razors— sharp as fuck. If
someone did get over the top they
would be fucked up."

"Did anyone ever try to get over
it?" i asked, totally enthralled with the
idea of freedom.

"I don't know. Probably at some
time. But I doubt he made it over." He
changed the subject and asked about
my mom, whom he had occasionally
him, looking around, confused about just what would happen in here if actual human contact went on. Something so natural to me on the outside was suddenly blurred by the uncertain rules of captivity.

"Give me a kiss," he said.
"No." I laughed nervously and looked over at the judge-guard who wasn't paying me and Shawn any attention. Consumed with paranoia, I continued to stare at the guard while Shawn leaned over and kissed me while my attention was diverted. It was a powerful, urgent kiss that filled me up with more nervous rage than I felt before he did it.

"Quit it!" I scooted my chair back where it was, but he just pulled it back and smiled.

"I'm not playing with you, Shawn," I tried to put on the hard act, but couldn't resist smiling back at his foolish grin. I put the palm of my hand on the crown of his close-shaved head and fought the anger rising in the pit of my stomach. He pulled my chair close again.

Each time I went to visit Shawn after that first time, his physical health seemed to deteriorate. As my knowledge expanded with each new lock on my head, I continued to write and visit him when I could, more acutely aware of the condition of captivity with each visit. He seemed to shrink before me. His body got thinner, along with his hope. His nails were bitten to the quick, and his hands shook more with each passing visit. He always chain-smoked, laughed rarely, and smiled only a little more than that.

One strange and rare occasion, Shawn's cocky, self-assured attitude jumped out at me, rubbing my face in the fact that my good friend had been driven away to be replaced by someone with his face, but not his spirit. It was a warm day and we sat in our normal spot by the window. It was like the first day I came to visit, and there was a tone of familiarity that his constant on-guard attitude hardly ever let us have anymore. We leaned in toward each other, our elbows touching on the table, talking about the outside. I always did my best to convince him that he wasn't missing anything, trying to convince myself as well as him. We both knew that he was missing something—his life. Time ticked away while he rotted in a cell, being taught how to be a better criminal by the other inmates when he got out. I remember watching Shawn's eyes real careful that day. I'll never forget how they darted around the room. He looked like an animal backed into a corner, something that I think I was blissfully unaware of until that moment. He looked trapped, waiting for one more thing to jump off. One more wall of bars to close in on us, one more door to lock on us. I listened very closely to what he said and leaned in even closer to see what he really meant behind the words. He talked candidly about his release coming up in a year, and hope sprung up to grab the words as they left his smoke-tainted mouth:

"I'm never coming back here, Kris. Once I'm outside those doors, I am never coming back here. I'm not going to do anything to come back, but if I ever did, and they came for me, I would die first."

I walked slowly to my car when visiting hours were over, and thought about Shawn back in his cell; no sunshine, nervous. I sat behind the wheel with the keys in the ignition, let the hot tears run down my cheeks, and my hard facade slip off to mix with the brown interior of the floor.

I rode home with the windows of my car rolled down that day and let freedom blow on my face. I thought about those last words Shawn said to me, "I'd die first," and breathed sunshine, the green smell of trees, and the smell of tar on the highway.

I couldn't say that I blamed him.
WHAT DO CAUCASOIDS OWE AFRICANS IN AMERICA

Terry Shropshire
The United States of America is undoubtedly and undisputedly one of the richest and most influential nations within the last 6,000 years. By the conclusion of the Second World War, America had already accumulated and enjoyed an unprecedented amount of power, wealth and prosperity. America is a nation that ascended to levels comfortably far above the former empires of Great Britain, Rome, Egypt, Greece, and Mesopotamia.

When one thinks, in retrospect, of some of the astonishing accomplishments of America and the Western community... the monumental scientific breakthroughs... the medical discoveries... laser surgery... the highly technological and mobile underground government... stealth aircraft that are capable of eluding the most sophisticated and advanced detection equipment... men and women in space... space satellites that are able to take precision photographs from thousands of miles away..... One would have to be either mentally decrepit or comatose not to be awestruck or dumfounded by some of the things that the human mind can produce.

I look, however, at the true history of America with absolute repulsion and repugnance. All too often overlooked are the systematic procedures, techniques and modes in which the acquisition of power, wealth, prestige, control and influence came about. All too often glossed over in the history books of America is that the industrialization and empowerment and enrichment of the Caucasian-Western world coincided with the Eindustrialization, DEhumanization, degredation and exploitation of Africans and other people of color. In short, America’s glamour and status as a world power came at the expense and to the detriment of dark people worldwide. And NOT because of intellectual brilliance or physiological superiority.

What do caucasoids owe Africans in america?

Conservative estimates assert that Caucasoids slaughtered approximately ONE HUNDRED MILLION AFRICANS before, during and after the Middle Passage, just to have at their disposal a few million of us Africans to be the perpetual burden bearers of caucasian aristocracy.

What do caucasoids owe Africans in america?

They systematically and maliciously separated our mothers and our fathers from one another, as well as separated the parents from their children. Consequently, there would be no one there to indoctrinate the children with that which would be sufficient enough to produce healthy human beings, whether mentally, emotionally, spiritually or physically. Hence, the children grew up to be blind, deaf and dumb to their name, their language, their history, their land, their culture, their heritage and their people.

What do caucasoids owe Africans in america?

They worked our mothers and our fathers for 310 years, from can’t see morning to can’t see night, for no pay (an extremely lucrative enterprise for caucasians) which resulted in the enrichment and the empowerment of the early americans in a spectacularly short amount of time. In essence, we were the capital that built america and the currency that revitalized a decadent and backward europe. America has not even uttered as much as a syllable’s worth of an apology for they did. They didn’t even say thank you.

What do caucasoids owe Africans in america?

Our fathers fought in every theater of war—of every war—leaving our African bodies all over the planet earth, to help maintain “freedom” and “democracy” here in america for Caucasians. Every conflict from the Revolutionary War, to the Civil War, to the Spanish-American War, to the War of 1812, to the Two World Wars, to Korea, Vietnam, Panama, the Persian Gulf and anything in between, Africans in america have disproportionately and inordinately fought on the front lines in foreign and hostile land—willingly and fearlessly. Yet everytime our fathers returned home and expected to be received with open arms, they were instead subjected and made victims to the same old “democratic” treatments: racism, discrimination, hangings, murder, torture, incarceration, castration, police brutality, judicial mistreatment, mass unemployment, etc....
What do caucoids owe Africans in America?

They robbed our Motherland of all of its wealth and all of its resources, and—to add insult to injury—they used our brothers and sisters who were left over there like farm animals and beasts to mine the hills, the caves, the mountains and the valleys to dig up all of her gold, diamonds, pearls, oil, uranium and every other conceivable valuable and precious metals, stones and resource to make all of Europe and America the richest and most powerful.

What do caucoids owe Africans in America?

MUSICAL APARTEID:

If there is one sector of society where caucoids have ruthlessly and unscrupulously raped, robbed and exploited Africans the most, then a good argument could be put in for the field of music. The latest of the get-rich schemes for caucoids is to exploit the musical genius of our African brothers and sisters. Very few forms of music are indigenous to the Anglo-Saxon/caucasian/european/american culture. Everything from rock-n-roll, rap, dance, reggae, jazz, rhythm and blues, the Motown Sound, disco, funk, hip-hop, the Blues, New Jack Swing, to dances such as popping, moonwalking, breakdancing and any variation or combination thereof, has its origin in the African community. Our music is the heart and soul of our communities. It is one of the things that help Africans maintain their sanity in a decadent, demonic, diabolically barbaric and racist society that is the united states. And all of these caucidian “artists” such as Elvis Presley, the Beatles, Hall & Oates, George Michael, Michael Bolton, the Bee Gees, Marky Mark, New Kids on the Block, Madonna, Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, and countless others all owe (to one degree or another) their fame, fortune, celebrity status, and place in history to big name or anonymous African artists to whom these caucadians HAVE NEVER given credit.

Worst yet is the fact that African artists are banned from the very same radio stations that play these caucadians who were influenced by Africans artists!! Also take into account the fact that the overwhelming majority of the record owners, producers, accountants, and lawyers are all caucadians who consistently make billions as a result of our music. These are the worst kinds of criminals: the one’s in suits and ties who fiendishly and ghastly smile in your face while robbing you behind your back.

Add into this little salad bowl of college and pro football, college and pro basketball and baseball and boxing. Just how many caucadian millionaires and billionaires have we created in this country?

What do caucoids owe Africans in America?

The names of racist and white supremacists like Marx, Freud, Einstein, Franklin, Washington and others have become synonymous with social, scientific, political, and technological brilliance and innovation. But this nation has NEVER given credence or credit to the earth-shattering and groundbreaking discoveries and inventions that the African population bestowed upon lowly and heartless America. Africans played a crucial role in the scientific and industrial progress of this country. Dr. Louis Haber’s book, “Black Pioneers,” points out the revolutionary contributions that our forefathers made. These include: Garrett A. Morgan, who not only invented the STOP LIGHT that today is used all over the world, but also invented the GAS MASK that helped to save thousands of lives during WWI; Daniel Hale Williams, who performed the WORLDS FIRST OPEN HEART SURGERY; Benjamin Banneker, who built the first ever working clock in America; Granville T. Woods, who invented RAILWAY TELEPATHY, which made it possible for the first time to transmit messages between rail cars; Charles Richard Drew, who invented BLOOD PLASMA which save countless lives during WW II, and was a pioneer in establishing the BLOOD BANK. These men’s achievements made the jobs of millions of americans easier, saved countless lives, and in some cases altered the course of history. Yet, still to this very day, Africans are still unable to reap the benefits that our
labor, scholarship and soldiering in America have produced.

What do caucasoids owe Africans in America?

If Africans were to put a price tag on what we contributed to this country, on what caucasoids have done to us, on what they stole from us, on what they exploited us for, then caucasian-america would have to turn over her ENTIRE country, all of her infrastructure, all of her government institutions, every educational facility, every research center, every military installation, all of her factories, all of her investment holdings, every body of water, every neighborhood, all of her gold, all of her resources, all of her wealth—THE WHOLE OF AMERICA WOULD BE OURS IF JUSTICE WEREDONE!!!

So if caucasoids can find it in their heart to provide just compensation for the Japanese-Americans as a result of being thrown into intern camps, and who suffered the indignity of the confiscation of their goods and property; and if caucasians can find it in their hearts to provide reparations to the Jews, as a result of the Jewish Holocaust—even though caucasian-americans had nothing to do with the Holocaust; and if America can use our tax dollars to spend four billion every year on the countries of Israel, Egypt and Russia to maintain those countries IN A WELFARE POSITION; and if America can use our tax dollars to rebuild her former enemies in that of Japan, Germany, Italy, Finland, Romania and Iraq, then certainly America can find it in her “heart” to provide reparations to the descendants of those who built her country, put her country on the map, made her rich, made her what she is and accelerated her pace as a world superpower.

So we as people should continue acting like the same old Negro, the same old tool, the same old fool. There are 30-40 million of us Africans with a collective gross income of over 300 billion dollars, which is the equivalent to the 14th richest nation in the world. So we need to stop bending and bowing and scraping in front of these caucasian-americans, when we should be walking tall and proud on the earth. We are not an inferior people, but a very valuable expression of God Himself. So remember that we are the original people of the earth and before us there was none but God, and from us came all things and all people.

So the question should not be whether or not we want to integrate with caucasians, but the question should be whether or not caucasoids are EVEN WORTHY TO INTEGRATE WITH US!!! Caucasians, after all they have done to us, are not worthy to even be in our presence, do not deserve to live with anyone but themselves (which would be the worst type of punishment, if you recall the middle ages). Caucasians, at this very moment, should be the ones bending and bowing and tap-dancing and foot-shuffling in front of us after what they have done. These people should be begging and pleading and crying out vociferously for forgiveness for the crimes of their fore-fathers and mothers. They shouldn’t even have enough audacity or intestinal fortitude to even look us in the eye knowing what monstrously evil, demonic and ferociously vicious acts those savages had committed against us. These people are fortunate and should be immensely grateful that we as Africans have not sunk down to their level and sought the heads and blood of the children of the slaveholders and owners. These people should be working sleepless nights trying to make amends for the wicked atrocities that this country was founded upon.

It is a totally fallacious myth and fantasy for caucasians to believe that they are of a superior breed or race. Caucasians are in a privileged and powerful position today only because of what Africans did FOR them and what they did to us yesterday. So if this is what we have accomplished for them, then maybe if we as Africans would institute the philosophy of cultural unity, collectivism, altruism and cooperative economics, then we would be able to forge and create a true socio-political reality for ourselves and for our children in the future.

SHOULD WE EXPECT REPARATIONS OR RESTITUTION PAYMENTS?

Don’t hold your proverbial breath. You cannot expect a heart from the heartless. You cannot expect justice from the unjust. You can’t expect a villainous and abominable institution (like the U.S. government) to suddenly and miraculously relinquish a substantial amount of wealth and power willingly. It would have to be taken. They are like the malevolent entity—a ruthless, remorseless, frightening body of individuals dedicated to the preservation of white supremacy and the status quo at all cost. I think James Cone, an international renowned African theologian, said it best in his book, “Black Theology of Liberation;” that because of the persecution of the Jews, the extermination of the Native Americans, the oppression of the Mexican-Americans, and the enslavement and slaughter of tens of millions of Africans, that a strong case can be made that caucasians are totally incapable of seeing humanity in persons of color.

And after viewing at the overwhelming evidence, who could possibly argue?

Africans played a crucial role in the scientific and industrial progress of this country.

GRATE WITH US!!! Caucasians, after all they have done to us, are not worthy to even be in our presence, do not deserve to live with anyone but themselves (which would be the worst type of punishment, if you recall the middle ages). Caucasians, at this very moment, should be the ones bending and bowing and tap-dancing and foot-shuffling in front of us after what they have done. These people should be begging and pleading and crying out vociferously for forgiveness for the crimes of their fore-fathers and mothers. They shouldn’t even have enough audacity or intestinal fortitude to even look us in the eye knowing what monstrously evil, demonic and ferociously vicious acts those savages had committed against us. These people are fortunate and should be immensely grateful that we as Africans have not sunk down to their level and sought the heads and blood of the children of
memories

It's Friday night, and everybody around us is hustling to get ready for the Alpha jam. Curling iron's are smokin', and loud voices are full of excitement about who's got to be there with their fine asses and what bitch betta not try to get fly. They slip on their bell bottom jeans, limited express silk shirts and platform pumps. We just listen and laugh. There is a knock at the door, and it's the girl who lives across from us. With drink in hand, eyes twirling from her buzz, she slurs, "What's up? Y'all nigga ain't goin' to the jam?" We just laugh and say "HELL NO!!!" "Why?", she says. "Cause we're old heads, and plus that shit is played out." She looks at us as if we were old relics from the past, shakes her head and says, "But it's the ice breaker. Damn, y'all gon miss it." We just laugh at her and say, "Have fun and don't drink too much." As the door closes we step into January of 1990. Instead of being an Alpha jam it's a harry buffalo at Big Rod's. It's the same scenario of smokin' curling iron's, loud chatter, and slurred voices.

We're buzzin' off of vodka hidden in the flavor of orange juice. We are getting ready to slip on our Guess jeans and T-shirts. We're talking about dopemans and how we could not wait to see our friends who lived in small group or in tri-towers. The scenarios are similar, but the Spring of 1990 differed in the student's character.

Things have changed so drastically. We feel like members of a lost tribe of people, who are dying fast, but hold a vital link with the future and have fond memories of the past.
When we were freshman, Kent State’s students were alive; alive with energy, power and agenda. There was barely a night when there wasn’t something to do. Sunday, it was the Varsity Club (which is now the Robin Hood. Yes, at one time they did have Black music there). Monday, you’d just study. Tuesday, there was comedy night in the Ratt (good comedy mind you), Wednesday, usually a mass meeting or a discussion sponsored by Black United Students, Thursday, there was usually a jam in the Ratt, Friday there was either a movie in the Kiva like “School Daze” or “Do The Right Thing” and/or a jam at the rink. On Saturday there was a harry buffalo at Big Rod’s off campus. Many find this unbelievable, but it’s true. Playin spades in your homesie room or creepin’ to Small Group, Tri Towers, or Terrace came after the other activities. The African organizations had the power backed by students to make sure there was something for us to do. Thinking back to those old times sparks energy and excitement. When we did something, we did it united. When there was a meeting or a discussion on a topic concerning African students, there wasn’t the pitiful crowd you see now. The room was packed, standing room only, and even standing was difficult at times. We were eager to learn, eager to help and eager to fight and take what was rightfully ours. There wasn’t the splintering of organizations you see now. It was never the Delta’s over here, the Alpha’s over there, BUS doing this and the Que’s doing that. Every Black organization represented the ENTIRE African student body and it wasn’t just profiting from a jam. When these organizations along with others such as the Men of Excellence and the Women of Excellence had discussions or speakers, people came out. But even the quality and cost of a jam has changed. You used to be able to party from 11p.m. to 4:30a.m., get beer, jello shots and harry buffalo for $2. Now, it’s $4 for a jam that ends at 1:30, and the only thing that is gotten out of it is the ability to go home and show all of your friends that you can step, skee wee, bark, and oo oop just as well or even better than any of your sorority or fraternity members. At Big Rod’s, there was no steppin’ allowed and you left your fraternity or sorority attitude at the door. And if the Greek mind set wasn’t left at the door and you did want to step there was no room. Nobody cared about seeing you step because we all came there to dance and socialize, not to step and criticize. There was never a wallflower or someone who thought they were too “fly” to kick it and if there was, that person would have been sent home dogged, splashed with harry buffalo and feeling stupid. What happened to the African college student? Have they all digressed into fly wannabees and neo Nino Browns? We challenge you, our new African students, because one day you’ll be the old heads. Will your fond memories be of attitudes and dis-unification, or will it be of old school
smiles and laughter? We will never trade our Kent State memories. We will carry them in our hearts forever.

—This is dedicated to all the "old heads." You know who you are even if you don’t want to admit it.

“What’s Up, Yoouu Bittcchh!!”
There are some people I know who have immigrated to this country, and complain about the government and the society. Yet, they never take any action to change them; in fact, they refuse to vote or participate in a society that is so against “their people.” However, when they are faced with the statement of leaving this country they do not leave. Because the opportunities here outnumber the ones in their homeland, they continue to dwell here.

From very early on, I have experienced the negativity people in this society witness; negativity for being “non-male,” “non-white,” and “non-Christian.” Over the years though, I have learned to defend my beliefs and values.

True, there are many setbacks along with the opportunities, but there are setbacks everywhere. Setbacks like discrimination, lack of money or lack of education, can be obstacles for people who have ambitions. Despite all of the setbacks, opportunities exist not only in education and the job market, but also in political change. Think about it. In any country in the world can people hold protests in front of the prime minister or president’s house? Or even in the same city without the danger of being shot? Can any country boast free voting and influencing of representatives by their constituents? Even if we do not have much influence, we are still able to voice our opinions and have the right to peacefully protest.

My attitude is not patriotic. I am the first to criticize the government or foreign and domestic affairs, but I am also trying to change it. I do write to the editor, I do vote and I do express my opinions. I am even pursuing my major (international relations) for the purpose of helping to make this a better country, even in some microscopic way.

In very few places in the world do I have the freedom to choose my religion, to choose my education, to choose to speak my own opinions, and choose people in the government to represent me. And although bigotry is everywhere, the United States is one of the few countries addressing it. In some countries, the idea of a woman getting an education or even thinking about a career before marriage is unheard of.

People ask me if I want to live in Pakistan or India after I finish college or get married. I say, “no, thank you.” It is not because I shun my culture. On the contrary, my culture is an integral part of my life. But, I am not willing to give up the chance to help change the world.

As Mr. E. Timothy Moore said, “America needs to do some housecleaning and homework” to become a better nation, overall. I agree. America, with the freedom and rights she provides for her people, can be a better nation. Sometimes, we lose sight of this when surrounded by so much injustice. But we must always believe and never give up hope for a better America and a better world. Peace.

Ruby Khan
“What difference if I hail, from north or south, or from the east or west? My heart is filled with love for all of these. I only know I swell with pride, and deep within my breast, I thrill to see Old Glory paint the breeze. This is my country, Land of my birth, This is my country, grandest on earth. I pledge thee my allegiance, America, the bold, for this is my country, to have and to hold.”

No, I am not “An Uncle Tom,” to my people’s cause for saying the above. On the contrary, this is an indicator of the first form of conditioning that I remember internalizing, as a song that was taught to me as a five-year-old, entering into kindergarten some 36 years ago.

Because I, and all humans at that age, were sponges for whatever knowledge was imparted to us, the above statement became a part of my memory, even though my experiences from this point on would prove otherwise in some respects.

I am an indirect and direct witness to the experiences now known historically as the Civil Rights Movement of the 1950s and ’60s, even though, at the time, I didn’t know the history of my own glorious ancestral heritage from Africa, nor the facts and events surrounding the horrors of the African Holocaust, (the Atlantic Slave Trade and slavery in the New World) that denied the human rights of my ancestors for close to 400 years. I grew up in the fifties with my fifth grade teacher arguing vehemently that she was a “Negro” and would not tolerate the term “Black” as a racial referent for our ancestry.

I grew up not knowing who Emmett Till was, nor Rosa Parks. Even though I remember seeing black people on television abused by violence, police dogs, and fire hoses, I didn’t understand the historical context of what was going on. Malcolm X spoke in a church 10 blocks from my home in Cleveland, and Martin Luther King delivered a moving speech to us in an assembly at Glenville High School, but I still remember wondering at that time, why everyone was so upset and crying, when he was assassinated. The same was the case when John F. Kennedy, his brother, Bobby and Malcolm would experience the same fate. Upon becoming a senior, I gained my first exposure to “Black History” for two weeks, which essentially started with slavery and ended with Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass. By this time, the Civil Rights Movement has transformed itself into the “Black Power” Movement and the “Black is Beautiful/Say it Loud, I’m Black and I’m Proud” momentum was a part of my reality. Afro hairstyles, dashikis, revolutionary activities and rhetoric were everywhere and would remain upon my entry into Kent State in 1969.

One year before at Kent State University, a black student protest necessitated the establishment of a Black Studies Program and a Black Culture Center, which were both in existence upon my arrival. Naturally, as a black student on a predominately white campus, the positive cultural atmosphere and the existing thirst for cultural reaffirmation led to the constant association of most black students with the Black United Students Cultural Center (formerly, The Kuumba House) and the academic component on the campus known then as The Institute for African American Affairs, or IAAA, or simply the “Tute”.

So, at this juncture in my growth notwithstanding the above mentioned experiences of my people in this country, I still regarded myself as an American, even though my past up to this point had been filled with racial referents ranging from the long-standing “Negro,” and it’s derivative “Nigger,” the origins of which I did not then know, as well as the vague term, “colored.” Others such as “spade,” “coon,” “jungle bunny,” “jigaboo,” etc., floated around along with the accepted notion of “if you’re white, you’re alright, if you’re brown, stick around, if you’re yellow, you’re still mellow, but if you’re black, get back!”

The first concept of self-recognition that would set me on the path of knowledge and understanding that is at the holistic foundation of my present beliefs was when the then
director of IAAA, Dr. Edward Crosby, spoke to a group of Upward Bound Tutor Counselors of which I was a part. His statement that “we are Africans living in America,” struck me like a bolt of lightning. Looking at what I knew then and coupled with what I know now, this would become a turning point in the transition of my knowledge and appreciation of my ancestral linkage to a land base and a traditional culture rather than a focus on a superficial skin color-derived racial perception.

Since that point, I have also regarded myself as an African American, even though I realize that the long-standing traditions of the their mother country, in order to opt for the American way of life.

We now know that in historical retrospect, the “original” American, or the indigenous peoples that previously occupied this land, were intentionally eliminated almost completely during the advent and expansion of these “new” Americans. The established treaties with these “original” and “new” Americans were disregarded and as a result of these and other injustices that can’t be elaborated here, the remaining descendants are to this day still not regarded as Americans and are not treated as such by the majority of the American population.

Our African ancestors did not present day nomenclatures of white and black (as erroneous as they are in reference to our true skin colors) will never depart from our customs of categorizing Americans of European descent, with the former and those describing Americans of African descent with the latter respectively. The argument that the American ideal suggests, would be that we are all Americans pure and simple, and that we should all define ourselves accordingly and move past all of these racial and ethnic derivatives that many feel, tends to divide us rather than unite us.

Europeans came to this country initially, to become independent of their native lands to be free of the religious, political, economic or other types of oppression that made them aspire to immigrate to these shores. Subsequently, they wished to detach themselves from their Polish, German Italian or other linguistic and cultural connections to immigrate here to escape persecution and oppression of their homeland. Everyone knows our story to some degree, but can everyone ask or answer how and why did this happen? What caused the negative perception of black people’s status in relation to other people throughout the world that prevails today? Why did some Africans aid the Europeans that snatched us and brought us here as slaves to this “land of the free,” only to be greeted with oppression, persecution, physical, psychological and sexual abuse, family disruptions and death, as they regarded us as property, and less than human, so that they could acquire free laborers for over 350 years. Since the abolition of this process 130 years ago, equal access to education has only been a law since the 1950s. The 1960s necessitated a Civil Rights Movement to obtain the equal rights that still to this day in some parts of Ohio, not to mention other parts of America, are non-existent. These practices deny equal opportunity of economic, social, and political prosperity along with human respect, dignity etc., just because of one’s skin color, and the stereotypes or prejudices that still tend to justify this behavior. Many of us in African America experience these phenomena in varying degrees of intensity, ranging from greater opportunities for some, to none for others and variations in between, this scenario is not peculiar to just African Americans. All members of the American populace can relate to similar, if not the same kinds of injustices.

Because of the recognition of the above realities of life today, the present day African American is striving to redefine ourselves and turn the tide of these injustices.

America, be beautiful.

E. Timothy Moore
In viewing this reality through clear eyes, I understand the criticism that America must endure from all of her constituents, and the above reasons are why Langston Hughes’ poem,”Let AMERICA Be AMERICA Again” deserves full reiteration hereunder for our reconsideration.

Let America Be America Again
Langston Hughes

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed –
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There’s never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this “homeland of the free.”)

Say who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery’s scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek—
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one’s own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker, sold to the machine.

I am the Negro, servant to you all.
I am the people, worried, hungry, mean—
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today— O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet, I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In that Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home–
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."
The free?

A dream—
Still beckoning to me!
O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—
And yet must be—
The land where every man is free.
The land that's mine—
The poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME—
Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose—
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,
We must take back our land again,
America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath—
America will be!
An ever-living seed,
Its dream
Lies deep in the heart of me.

We, the people, must redeem
Our land, the mines, the plants, the rivers,
The mountains and the endless plain—
All, all the stretch of these great green states—
And make America again!

Copyright 1938 by Langston Hughes.
ancestors originated from. Many factors have led to our dispersal and confusion regarding our common origins, but regardless of the reasons, a diversity of us have found ourselves planted in a recently established garden on this Earth called America.

Langston Hughes said: America will Be! An Ever-living seed, It's Dream Lies deep in the heart of me.

I have long understood this fact as a growing seed, born, raised and educated in America, and as a result of my travels back to Africa, alluded to earlier. So that I know that the traditional African attitude from ancient times to the present has always been one of holism, seeing all things in the world as having a SACRED connection to everything else in the world, and that all else in the world is related to this one reality.

The collective recognition that must be recognized first and foremost, by all of us as Human Seeds from the one Creator is that each and every one of us has a Sacred Right to life and to equal respect and treatment by everyone else because of our common heritage. Some of us in the Human family, like seeds still in darkness, without the advantage of the light of understanding, still wish to suppress the growth of others and or keep them in darkness. This can only continue as long as we, or they choose not to grow from within through knowledge of our true purpose for existence, That we all share in common.

This is a portion of my understanding of the essence of my African ancestral heritage, and it is the common thread to my American ancestral heritage as well. Part of the process that will help the black man's psychology come to the aid of America's woes, will occur when and as we African Americans demonstrate our ability to heal ourselves of the present day problems with a true knowledge and understanding of all mankind as Sacred Aspects of the Creator. This recognition has become lost to us by our own choices and actions, not the Creator's. Upon the acceptance of this realization, we must choose to find our way back, and this can and will happen by each, and every one of us through our own efforts. We can nurture and develop our inner strength of spirit that can enable us to reverse eventually, everything that is presently inconsistent with life as it was intended to be. This I know, to be a fact and not fantasy, as it may seem.

Do not allow the seeming reality of today's experiences to obscure your understanding of what once was, or your vision of what will again be. Allow the bleakness of today's problems to assure your inner perception that every injustice will be, and is always balanced with justice. Just because you may only see misery and pain does not mean that beauty and joy don't exist because they are equally present in the world. There is a bigger Plan that we all are a part of.

To quote from Desiderata, "Whether or not, it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. So be at peace with God, Whatever you conceive him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

This African American psychology then, is the ancient African attitude of the people, created and implemented in times before present-day records of history. When the Great Grancers of modern humanity lived in peace with no crime, or the thought of doing wrong to another. When African democracy was truly, ruled by the people, and not politicians or corporations. The Destruction of Black Civilization by Chancellor Williams, and the African oral traditions confirm this fact.

The African American of today, unconsciouslty, and consiously in continually increasing numbers, retains, and is reasserting the knowledge of this ancestral historical reality within his/her being, just waiting like an ember to be rekindled through educational and spiritually disciplined experiences to help redirect this floundering youthful nation called America, away from an existing course of moral, ethical, physical, mental, emotional, social, economic and spiritual misdirection.

We have to start from a proper attitude and behavior that will need to be practiced individually and collectively in the families and communities. Examples such as, the extended family concept, and a re-emphasis of concepts such as rites of passage for all children, thereby insuring the transmission of values such as respect, for self, the opposite sex and elders. Other similar values such as those inherent in Ron Karenga's Nguzo Saba, or seven principles, embodying the concepts of Unity, Creativity, Purpose, Cooperative Economics, Self Determination, Collective Work and Responsibility, and Faith, encompass some of the concepts that all of us can learn from to start in the turnaround from our present state of affairs.

This will be one of our gifts to America, along with the cultural inheritance that is also a part and parcel of the ancestral cultural heritage of each present day American's ancestry, which, when truly accepted for its value and worth, toward infusing a greater America with the best of what each of its constituents can contribute toward it, be it economic, political, spiritual, secular or any other positive aspect of human experience.

It is more obvious than ever, that the positive cultural input of All America's Constituents will be required to establish a new and more humane agenda as a model for our future progress beyond our present quandries. We as a people created them. We as a people can solve them.

This can and will enable this nation to fulfill what it has already put on paper, so that all can then truly recognize and say with pride, "America The Bold, For this is My Country to Have and to Hold."

This to me, would indeed be beautiful.
These services are proudly provided by Kent State University Auxiliary Operations.
One of the controversial issues of American patriotism is the issue of flag burning. Should the American flag be burned or not? My answer to this question is yes, to show how hot the inferno is in this living hell we call America.

For many African Americans, the idea of America being a great country to live in is a lot of bovine scatology. This country was not colonized with the interests of African Americans in mind, and it will never be a place for African Americans.

Look into the history books. They don’t lie (well, maybe some of the ones written by white Americans). America is not a beautiful place for African Americans. Kunta Kente, an African stolen from his homeland for slavery, did not see the beautiful and spacious skies. What he saw was whips and chains while he lived in America.

I recently talked to a girl from Jamaica who pictured America as a nice place with no poverty and a lot of rich people (rich white people). She was rudely awakened when she first arrived in Miami and saw the poverty and the true ugliness of America.

America tries to give off an impression of how “beautiful” it is. We are the land of the free and the home of the brave. In our country, we have political and religious freedom and all are welcome. But our free and brave country turned away a boat-load of Haitians trying to escape the problems that they were facing in their country. Now isn’t that beautiful?

What America really looks like is a graveyard with bones and crust hills. America has so many skeletons in her closet that she is literally dead.

As the closet opens up, some of the biggest bones come right out and hit you. For instance, the slavery and oppression of African Americans, the placing of Japanese Americans in concentration camps during World War II, the exploitation of the Irish and Chinese immigrants during the building of the railroads.

The bones that do surprise you are the bones that you don’t know exist. For instance, in Congress during the early 1900s, an anti-lynching bill was proposed but was never passed. Today in 1993, there is still not an anti-lynching law. Many African Americans think of Abraham Lincoln as the man that ended slavery. This may be true, but the only reason he freed slaves was to save the Union during the war. Little do many people know, Lincoln was going to compensate the slave states that were still a part of the Union.

The bones keep piling up and the situation gets uglier. There are many things that can make you really think about this “great country.” The Japanese Americans that were put into concentration camps were no threat to America during the war. The real threat was in Germany, and I can’t recall reading anywhere about German Americans being placed in concentration camps. America bombed Japan clearly when the war was practically over. Why wasn’t Germany bombed? Maybe it had to deal with the fact that the Germans were whites and the Japanese were of color.

One of the smaller bones that creeps out of the closet is the issue of segregation. Not the segregation that occurred during the Civil Rights movement, but the economic segregation that is occurring now. Right now in the United States, the rich are moving out of the inner city to nicer homes and better school districts. The poor are finding themselves in the slums of the inner city and have to send their kids to the poor inner city schools.
This segregation is circumstance. During Reconstruction, segregation happened all by circumstance. This new type of segregation keeps the minorities in the ghetto and the majority in the suburbs. With this occurring, this will keep the poor forever poor because the education they are receiving in the inner city won’t get them a good education to land a decent job and break the cycle.

This nation is an industrial nation with many cities, and the cities are where the poor live. When we look at America on television, we see the mountains, the farms and places like Beverly Hills. We almost never see the housing projects, the homeless, and the rundown inner city neighborhoods. America knows how ugly she really is and she tries to cover herself with makeup, as if she was some type of model. That makes me think back to the Jamaican girl’s image of America and what she really saw when she arrived here.

America has always been ugly and no amount of makeup or plastic surgery can change what is really there: racism, segregation, genocide, oppression and a whole lot of bullshit. Which brings me back to what I was saying in the beginning. The flag should be burned because it does not represent what it intended to: “Sweet land of liberty...Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness... All men are created equal (?)”

SIX WEEKS WITH US IN THE SUMMER COULD CHANGE YOUR LIFE

The Summer Journalism Institute at Kent State University is a six-week program designed to encourage minority students to consider graduate education in journalism. Participants receive intensive instruction in print and broadcast journalism.

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The School of Journalism and Mass Communications is applying for a grant to fund this program for Summer ’94.

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There are millions of white people who are poor and exploited and whose most basic interests are with the proletarian revolution-- Carl Dix, National Spokesperson for the Revolutionary Communist Party

At the turn of the century, W.E.B. DuBois predicted that the problem of the 20th century would be that of the color line. Looking back at the events of this century, most would agree his prediction was accurate. But, as we approach the year 2000, will the new problem of the 21st century be the problem of the class line as well?

If you notice, the rather distinct line that separates the majority of poor working class, in this country, from those in management and ownership positions, you may notice that the labor system is set up almost exactly the way the plantation system was set up during the days of "legalized" slavery. The old plantation's "big man," in the "big house," is today's C.I.O. or company president whom everyday laborers neither know, nor see. The overseers of the old plantations are today's company managers; they communicate to the laborers only through the supervisors, who are mere replacements of plantation planters.

And of course, the slaves brought to work the land from Africa are now replaced by low-paid laborers of all races--now including poor, unskilled whites.

We may call them the poor white trash hillbillies, and they may call us dirty niggers who are stealing their jobs, but are we really in the same vote when it comes to class struggle? And, will the next century reveal a time for poor whites and people of color to form closer alliances? Some say yes, others say no, but the issue of race still cannot be denied.

Even recent statistics on the working poor show that race is still the main divider when it comes to the number of white working poor compared to people of color in the same category. The U.S. Department of Labor Bureau of Labor Statistics April '93 report showed, that for the year 1991, whites made up 5.3 percent of the working poor, while African Americans were 12.8 percent and Hispanics made up 14% of working people living below the poverty line, which is marked at around $14,000 per year for a family of four. Though the number of poor whites continues to increase (the Jan. '93 report showed their rate at 4.8 percent), so does the number of people of color. Obviously, the number of poor whites in the U.S. will never be higher than, or equal to, that of people of color, but the figures showing the increases in the poor white population every year cannot be ignored.

Jennifer Storm is young, white and poor. She claims that her family did not really struggle financially as much as she is now, on her own, but her father (whom she calls "white trash"), she says, was an alcoholic and shifted from job to job while she was growing up. She says her mother is addicted to drugs and serving a prison term.

Her former boyfriend, the father of her two-year-old son, she says, is also addicted to drugs. That is why she decided to leave all of them behind, in her native Florida, and move to Akron.

In spite of these negative odds, Storm says she is trying to provide a better life for herself and her son by deciding, at the age of 21, to start school at the University of Akron, with hopes of becoming an occupational therapist. Since she is not working, she and her son live off of ADC (Aid to Dependent Children), which includes Medicaid, food stamps, and a monthly check of about $279.00 a month.

As Storm sat in the waiting room of the pre-natal clinic for low income women, located in the basement of Akron City Hospital, she complained that she and her friend had been waiting there since 8:45 a.m.-- it was then after 1 p.m. Waiting is usually a part of the life of poor people, when it comes to medical care. Little things like this make Storm really believe that poor people--both black and white--are at the bottom of the totem pole in this country.

"I definitely think we (blacks and poor whites) struggle the same, even though there is a difference in backgrounds," she said.

Her complaints about the long waits in the low-income clinics, the way companies treat temporary workers, low-quality housing for the poor, and her frustration with the welfare system were not so different from the complaints one would expect to hear from an African-American woman of the same age group, and in the same situation.

Storm's sentiments about the welfare system being yet another way to keep poor people poor and dependent on the system, also echoed the same sentiments we, in the African-American community,
O’Neal agrees that as a temporary worker, “you’re just protected out.” Like Marx said, it is the alienation of the worker—you come and go as they please.

Perhaps because of O’Neal’s education in the communist philosophy, he realizes that white members of the proletariat will never amount to anything as a whole under the current social and economic structure. The task, then, is getting other poor and middle class whites to realize this, too.

“To win a revolution we need those poor people (poor and middle class whites),” he said. “We have to show these people that they are being brainwashed. They’re being oppressed in thinking, ‘I have all I need.’ They think they’re liberated.”

Debra Sweet doesn’t quite agree that poor whites are so content with their situations. She is careful not to encourage any blanket, general image of poor white people.

“It is hard to say that there’s some profile of poor white people,” she warned. “It’s not that they have a big allegiance to this country. Nobody eats on waving flags. I think that they are just largely unheard from,” said the Cleveland artist and supporter of the Revolutionary Communist Party.

Sweet’s family was not what one would really call poor. She said her father worked in an office, her mother was a housewife when she was growing up in the ’60s.

She believed that when the time is due, as she said the L.A. rebellion of 1992 has proven, poor whites will join forces with people of color in opposition to this oppressive system, but it will take the efforts of a larger oppressed group, such as African Americans, to get the ball rolling.

“When people actually start doing something, that’s when you win the troops.”

As a white woman, she too is realistic about racism. Though she feels the working class and people of color share a similar struggle, she knows that the determining factor of who finally gets ahead in the end is going to be based on skin color. However, looking at the grand scheme, she still contends we all have the same oppressor—white imperialism.

“We have the same enemy—that’s what creates the basis for struggle,” she said. “It’s really true that the oppressor really comes down on everybody.”

“Really?” asks Ron Daniels, an Associate Professor in the Department of Pan African Studies, and former 1992 presidential candidate. He says that even when it comes to employing cheap labor, African Americans will always get the short end of the stick.

“You still have to take race into account,” he said. “Black people are still the last hired, and the first fired.”

Daniels doesn’t think we should get our hopes too high about an allegiance between poor whites and people of color in this country. “Just look at the unemployment figures,” he says.

“There’s no reason to believe that African-American unemployment will not be at least twice that of whites,” he pointed out. According to the 1992 Statistical Abstract of the United States, the 1991 unemployment rate for whites was 6.0 percent, while the rate for African-Americans was 12.4 percent. The Hispanic fell in between in 9.9 percent.

Daniels was quick to counter William Julius Wilson’s theory in his late “The Declining Significance of Race. Wilson’s theory is just what the title implies—that class is soon becoming the dominant factor in the country, rather than race. Wilson states that: “...in the economic sphere, class has become more important than race.”

Though in his book he does not try to pretend racism does not exist, he said that modern times are proving that race issues may soon fade into the background as industry leaders become more hungry and more interested in the quickest way to generate profits, no matter who is exploited.

“The situation of marginality...created by the modern industrial society...affects all of the poor, regardless of race,” Wilson said in his book. Daniels, and many other African Americans who are confronted with the reality of racism and poverty practically every day, may believe that
Every 2 months of every months of every year.
Mother Africa enters my head

She comes to snatch the yee up.

When she comes she doesn't sneak in the back door, she doesn't make her way in like a servant or slave. She comes like
Armageddon loud, defiant, mad and proud. She tells my head, MA, HA, HA, HA! I'M BACK!

'course, you identify with your slave master forever. Didn't you know my dear, your "Perm" is just a "temporary". I AM REAL, your perm is the nightmare.

Every 2 months of every months of every year.
Mother Africa enters my head

She comes to snatch the yee up.

Audrey Somerville

untitled

jungle child
runnin' wild
in a concrete hell
I know too well

green trees replaced
by a pale white face.
Fresh air too clear
fills with Black male fear
Black baby faces
filled with rhetoric of racists
while Black females eyes
materialism makes blind

Course hero futilely reaching for the sky
is marred at the hands of white and盲目
Brown eyes look at me. In wonder
As I watch in horror them lose their color.
Chemical warfare perpetrated by devils
and heavy metal to the head instigates all rebels.
Angry youth yearn for the sounds of the bass
remembering the drums of a long-forgotten place
Lonely child still stands alone
looking for the culture base she calls home.

© Susan Rose, 1982
WHEN CAGED BIRDS SING FREE

MWATABU S. OKANTAH
For those of us involved in this movement, the call for reparations is personal. We remember the names and faces never known or celebrated. We are compelled to answer the call of our ancestors. It is a matter of principle. Ever since that first moment Africans were brought to this hemisphere to be enslaved, there has been resistance. The issue of compensation paid to former slaves and their descendants is not new. From the post-Civil War talk of “40 acres and a mule,” to Michigan congressman John Conyers’ bill, H.R. 40, the question of slavery and its impact on Americans of African descent is not going to disappear. This question of historical accountability is a moral/ethical dilemma which must finally be addressed.

Kenya’s Ali Mazrui opens his penetrating documentary film series, “The Africans,” with this profound observation, “We are a people of the day before yesterday, and we are a people of the day after tomorrow.” I remember a time not so long ago when I thought my people’s history began in slavery here in the United States. I had accepted the mainstream telling of our story without challenging its accuracy.

The first time I heard Mazrui’s words, it helped me to understand that although slavery marks us as Americans of African descent, it can never totally define us as a distinct African derived people. We can no longer afford to limit our vision inside the sanitized status quo version of our history.

In a form letter dated, May 18, 1993, Congressman Conyers writes, “H.R. 40 would acknowledge American Slavery as one of the cruelest and most inhumane institutions created by humanity. While slavery in the U.S. ended with the ratification of the 13th Amendment to the Constitution... on December 6, 1865, the effects of the institution and of subsequent discrimination by the federal government, various state and local governments, private institutions and certain individuals still linger and continue to mar our society.

“by creating a commission, we would be following a model of reparations for Asian Americans who were interned in the United States during World War II. That effort began with the enactment in 1980 of a bill establishing a commission to make recommendations to Congress. In addition, a commission would provide a forum to weigh, evaluate and suggest the form of reparations and answer questions of eligibility...It is past time that Congress acknowledge the injustice and inhumanity of slavery.”

Resolutions in support of a genuine reparations debate have been passed by city councils here in Cleveland, Detroit and Englewood, California. Organized efforts are underway in Massachusetts, Mississippi, Louisiana, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and New York. A networking series of conferences have already taken place, and future gatherings have been planned. To the surprise of many, this movement is attracting African-Americans across class, religious, gender and color lines. The African-American Reparations Foundation, Inc.(AARF), a Detroit-based group and the National Coalition of Blacks for Reparations in America (N’COBRA), based in Washington, D.C., are two organizations working to disseminate information to coordinate efforts at the local, regional, national, as well as international levels.

If this nation is to resolve its racial tensions, the full range of black thought must be heard. Americans of African descent are as diverse as any other American cultural group. At the same time, we do not apologize because we acknowledge a shared history and heritage as a distinctly African American group. Those of us who refuse to accept a historically imposed second-class status are not “wild-eyed, white people haters” so much as we are lovers of our ancient black selves. We are committed to healing ourselves and reclaiming our own collective sense of our own destiny.

Mainstream America must come to understand that our genuine feeling of being tired, of being no more than familiar strangers living inside what is essentially a Euro-American dominated society is a legitimate issue for us to raise. How can we be accused of further dividing the races? In U.S. American society, skin color as a prerequisite for inclusion and full citizenship status was initiated and codified by so-called white skinned Europeans. The African American experience in this society has been, and continues to be, shaped by this singular reality. This is not meant to imply that all white Americans are the same. We understand and acknowledge that they are not; that their group is the dominating force in this society,
however, is undeniable.

If interracial understanding is to be achieved, it requires the honest consideration of a view of this society that most Americans seem loathe to confront. Intransigence is the major threat to this nation’s future. Even within the black community, discussion of the true nature of our American condition is too often muted. We condemn or dismiss those messengers whose message we choose not to like; to such an extent that we must bear part of the responsibility for our own psychological paralysis. Our problems are not solely rooted in our relationship to the larger white society. What seeds did our ancient African ancestors sew such that we—their descendants—have reaped a harvest of dispersal and a life stunted by enslavement and colonial oppression?

We are a people who have survived “a holocaust of enslavement” that is arguably unparalleled in human history. Debating degrees of horror and brutality, however, is not the issue, nor is it the point. Maulana Karenga, speaking at the First Annual African Holocaust and Reparations Conference, at the Tri-C Metro campus, placed the call for reparations in a proper historical/ethical context. He framed the context with the pearl of wisdom from the ancient Egyptian text, The Husia: “Bear witness to truth, and set the scales of justice in their proper place among those who have no voice.”

He proceeded to point out that what we are doing is not just a “black thing.” Our struggle represents the ultimate in universal values. We are not the only people to suffer a holocaust. He warned us that, “our holocaust has to be a model of human suffering...we must place ourselves at the center of humanity.” America’s racial history—its racial present—speaks for itself. In moral and ethical terms, we are saying the capture, enslavement and subsequent oppression of African people is a crime against humanity. Malcolm X and the roll call of others did not die in vain. Queen Mother Moore and the role call of the still living have not struggled in vain. The demand for reparations in the U.S. is a human rights issue. We are U.S. citizens, today, the direct result of the unwarranted past violation of our ancestors human rights.

Indeed, we are citizens, or have we just been held hostage for so long that we have forgotten what freedom means? We ask: does long duration within a given society, by itself, render a people full membership in that society? These are hard questions. In the final analysis, a growing number of African-Americans are joining the movement calling for reparations. Beyond platitudes and empty rhetoric extolling patriotism and elementary civics, who in America, today, would deny black people the freedom to question the logic of our own “Amer-ican Dream” expectations? At its deepest level, the reparations movement is about understanding and making peace with ourselves. These caged birds are determined, to sing ourselves free.
Dear Students,

With only a few weeks remaining in 1993, I'd like to take this opportunity to wish you a happy and healthy holiday season. I'd also like to talk a bit about University efforts to make students a priority, and the important leadership role organizations such as Black United Students will assume in these student-centered initiatives.

A major focus of recent months has been a renewed commitment to student success — all the way through graduation and well beyond. It's a concept that is implicit in all we do, yet we know we can all do a better job coordinating programs and offices that serve students to help them operate with maximum effectiveness.

The University recognizes that the goal of helping everyone “make it” to graduation means we have a great deal of work to do in the area of retention. How do we accomplish this? By improving academic advising; by ensuring that students who need help get it as early as possible; by keeping lines of communication wide open; by keeping in mind that students are individuals with individual needs; and by building a campus environment in which there is room for and respect for all people and all viewpoints.

To achieve these goals, the establishment of a “student success unit” is under way. The idea was developed from recommendations and information presented in the University-Wide Diversity Planning Committee report, and also incorporates the work of other University groups, including the Pan African Faculty and Staff Association. Plans for the new unit will be finalized early in 1994, as will the selection of just the right person to lead it.

Our goals won't be realized overnight, but the odds of achieving them can be enhanced greatly by close and continuous contact among faculty, the administration and student leaders.

By making student success a University-wide priority, and by listening carefully to the voices of leading student organizations and the students they represent, we set the stage for many positive outcomes.

In a few weeks, at winter Commencement, it will be my great pleasure to greet many of you who have already succeeded in completing a degree. I wish you the best of luck in all your future endeavors. And good luck to all of you during finals week!

Sincerely,

Carol A. Cartwright
President
MEDICAL SERVICES

Medical services offers a broad range of services including a full time medical staff, pharmacy, x-ray, laboratory and physical therapy. Health education programs and services are offered through the office of Student Health Promotion at 672-2320.

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