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Inside Cover Photography: Amy Sorokas
This year marks a change in the face of “Uhuru”. There are many different faces, and many different ideas. I have taken on the formidable task left to me by the Queen of “Uhuru,” both the magazine and the word (power). Krista Franklin moved from editor of “Uhuru” to the vice presidency of Black United Students. However she is far from gone from the magazine as she still functions as the BUS adviser. Krista, if I could dedicate this issue of the magazine to anyone, it would have to be you. Your constant work for your people’s struggle is inspiring, and your leadership is responsible for making “Uhuru” what it is today.

The theme of this semester’s “Uhuru” is Africa: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow. A tough theme. Africa is the land of a glorious past which was brutally interrupted by European enslavement and the subsequent underdevelopment of Africa and her people. Today, Africa and her people, both on the continent and in the diaspora, are suffering the ramifications of these grave injustices. Tomorrow, however, we can, and will, stand vindicated. We will win the struggle for justice and self-determination for all people, for we will not stop fighting until it happens. As the honorable Robert Nesta Marley O.M. (Berhan Selassie) stated, “I as a man do not come to bow, I come to conquer.”

We shall conquer, but struggle is involved. The struggle necessitates serious study, serious will, and most of all serious commitment. As Kwame Ture stated in his February sixth speech, “We do not mean to imply that the struggle is easy, it is not...struggle is constant.” What then are we struggling for? We are struggling to define, for ourselves, who we are. We are struggling to place things in their true historical perspective. We are struggling for a sense of spiritual harmony and balance in a world which seems to have gone mad. There is no escape from this struggle; in fact, some questions have no answer, but struggle is constant.”

A Swahili proverb tells us “Life has meaning only in the struggle. Triumph or defeat is in the hands of the Gods; so let us celebrate the struggle.” We hope that this issue is both a celebration of and preparation for the struggle called life.

Also implicit in this struggle is the need for serious introspection. This issue is an expression, through both literary and artistic fashions, of this introspection. Self revelation carries with it various levels of emotion: from tenderness to anger, but the ultimate goal is to attain balance and harmony. In this search we will uncover many things: good and bad.

This year has provided a great deal of controversy for our student body. This controversy did not, and will not, end. What we do when we fight for freedom is always going to be controversial. Now, to set some straight. We are not, nor have we ever been, hate mongers. We stand up for people’s humanity all over the world, and always have. We do, thus, have the responsibility of discussing instances of inhumanity so as to prevent them from ever occurring again. This is done, marvelously, in schools all over the country with the issue of the Jewish Holocaust. What we do is try to educate people on the Holocaust of Afrikan people, a Holocaust seemingly ignored by the “mainstream” society; and, perhaps, the most destructive holocaust ever. Once again we are not hate mongers, we are simply truth seekers. We are not concerned with destruction of anything or anyone, but the creation of a balanced harmonious society. We will never allow injustice to destroy the just, we will always fight this. And we will always remember the struggles of our ancestors, for they have paved the road for our present, as we will pave the road for the future.
"1994 C.E."

Ponder that, Afrikans. 1,994 years ago, nations, the world over, sent forth their greatest to the shores of ancient Kemet (Egypt) to learn, in fellowship, from the creators of the obelisks, the great pyramids, and the legendary sphinxes. The fruit of her labors can be seen to this day in guises (or disguises) ranging from the tenants of “Judeo-Christian-Islamic” belief, which bear witness that “the love of money is the root of all evil,” to the symbolism so pompously displayed on the back of our money, for which many will now sell their minds, bodies, souls...and people; or, as we have seen in cases of the more cowardly, another’s... if one lets them.

Ironic, is it not?

That which was achieved in Kemet was taken back to other lands, embellished upon, perverted, and used to advance the selfish agendas of these newly learned “leaders.” This can be seen in the game where players pretend that the Laws of Moses really were “faxed” to him one day on Mt. Sinai from heaven (check a translation of the Egyptian “Book of the Coming Forth by Day and by Night”, written some 2,770 years earlier by other indigenous Afrikans). This is evident still in more contemporary times in Hollywood’s debauchery of depicting the Egyptian (Afrikan) queen, Cleopatra in the guise of an Anglo, bourgeoise, purple-eyed, 300-pound, starlet/whore (I won’t mention any names). On the other hand, however, now having access to much of the historic information that has been hidden for so long, many of my brothers and sisters, instead of buying a book about the Afrika which they so endear, would rather invest in a 40-ounce of malted liquid crack, a tape where authorities (again, no names, here) explain how “bitches ain’t shit...” a $300 Coach bag, or a gold chain produced by South African slave labor.

??????

The point is this, people: If humankind is to survive the 21st century (and there are those of us who are very skeptical), some things must be addressed. As everyone wishes to go to heaven, but no one wants to die; some of us say we would like to live a Utopian dream where “we can all get along,” and where we’re “giving peace a chance,” but no one seems willing to endure the necessary pain that comes with building such a reality. Now, whether I am one of those dreamers or not, I do know that Brotherhood/sisterhood is built on love, trust, honesty, and mutual self-criticism/discipline (“mutual” being the operative word, here). Brothers/sisters must be able to address one another when violated.

With that, many of us must be called out, made a spectacle of, and repri-

manded, because many of us have been violators, whether we like it, or not. Take notice, also, that it is always harder to build (anything), than to destroy. Considering, any improvements will be more taxing, more painful, and will take a lot longer than all that has been done to propagate negativity.

For Afrika (and I would suggest, for all of the world), our liberation does start with the past- the distant past. We must realize that time is a continuum. Anything that happens at one point, will effect what comes thereafter. Only the confused, the guilty, or a devil could rationalize otherwise. Therefore, the affairs of our ancient Afrika are important. The affairs of old-world colonialism are important. The affairs of our brothers and sisters in the sixties are important, but what is more important, is that we must take this experience as a people, a nation, a single collective conscience, and apply it for a healthy, fruitful life today. Done perpetually, this will ultimately refine tomorrow.

We must remain wise, remain vigilant, and remain foresighted. We are the kings, queens, sages and scribes that would be spoken of 1,994 years from now. Afrika, and all of humankind, has a long, hard way to go. There will be more tears, more sweat, and knowing the nature of our situation, more bloodshed, as can be seen in the present state of our contin- dent; but in speaking of Afrika, I can say we have been everywhere, seen everything, fought every treachery in creation, and yet we are present in 1994.

This one goes out to the ancestors. Let us begin...
I said I would never write a gloomy article. One in which I am still oppressed, depressed and repressed. But damn it’s so true. According to an article in the Daily Kent Stater some believe that dogs work well for crowd control. According to the nightly news, we’ve shot each other for the umpteenth time. According to a piece in the “Harringer” (a conservative campus newspaper), African-American aerobics is basically racist. According to Rush Limbaugh, a conservative White journalist, we should blame ourselves for any of the problems that arise because of the government. According to a roommate that I had, Rodney King was a jerk and should’ve been in jail anyway, and according to my political science classes only Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. had any valid African-American political thought. Right about now we should all be having nervous breakdowns.

Every morning when I wake up, I see some kind of negative connotation of who I am. From commercials, where being blonde, blue eyed and 125 pounds is best, to Little House on the Prairie where Mrs. Olsen teaches her children that Blacks have no soul, and, finally, to my own bathroom mirror where I see this extremely pale skin and wonder how these full lips and wide nose got attached to it. It goes right down to my friends who say things like “You look like a White girl trying to look Black. Don’t talk to me, I just saw Mississippi Burning,” or “One of your parents must be White.” Even my mother would say, “Go and put some makeup on those pale lips and face,” or “You need to go sit out in the sun a while.” I want to scream and say, “But this is ME, the Black, unchanging me! It’s ironic to hear people say “She thinks she’s better than everyone else because she’s light-skinned,” when actually it’s worse. Who the hell wants to be pale as fuck, especially in the winter? Through all of this, how can I find the strength to love myself? Do I look up everyone’s heritage to see if they owned slaves and be angry at them, or should I just be angry at everyone because they have let it perpetuate this far? Should I be angry at the Asians who sell me my hair products? The Arabs who sell me my “shorty” of gin and juice? The European Jews who sell me my groceries, or the other White men who sell me my racist education? How, then, do I vent my anger? Do I boycott television? Do I grow dreadlocks? Do I join the Nation of Islam? Do I dress in traditional African clothing, or do I just move to Africa? I feel as if I am slowly drowning in the Atlantic Ocean between Africa and the United States.

How do I teach pride to my children? It seems that all they would have to do is to live to contradict most things that I say. I understand that Africa is a continent rich in culture and beauty, but I need to find that in Black America first, before I can move on. This may anger some of you more “aware” people, but I feel more American than anything else, whatever that is. I once heard someone say that we should call ourselves Africans, but I cannot call myself an African until I feel it inside. Africa seems so foreign and unreachable to me. Sometimes I am almost ashamed to be Black, especially light-skinned. On one hand I am ashamed because it’s rare to find African American culture that is beautiful just as it is, and not because it is fighting for something or against someone. On the other hand, I see all the wrongdoing that White America has committed against me, and then I have to see it reflected in my complexion.

Sometimes I blame my parents for my lack of cultural pride and understanding.

They never taught me anything about my culture, they didn’t even subscribe to Ebony or Jet magazine. They raised me in upper-middle class, predominately White schools and neighborhoods, and in Connecticut, of all places. They taught me the “proper” way to speak, and shielded me from all that the Black community had to offer. They then let me loose in college, where I began to have Black friends who would stare at me in disbelief when I’d cry on the phone to my parents because I wanted more money than they had sent me or when they told me I had to ride the train instead of flying home. The only thing I ever remember having was a Swahili counting book; and as far as I know, I never did relate that to my history. I’ve always wanted to trace my roots to find out exactly where I came from in Africa, but what happens if my only link to the motherland has been incinerated like someone’s trash, or just doesn’t exist? I think I’ll feel as if I have no beginning, no hand to grab me up from the depths of the ocean.

I’ve often asked where I should start and the first answer I usually get is “All you have to do is go to the library.” So off I went. I read “Black Like Me,” by John Howard Griffin, but that just reiterated the fact that we are oppressed simply because of our skin color. I read books and poems by Alice Walker, Toni Morrison, Terri McMillan, Sonja Sanchez, Langston Hughes and Assata Shakur. They’ve told me of the oppression I get from the White man, the policeman, and the Black man, and that made me angry because I am a political science major who is now thinking twice about having anything to do with the American government. I’ve read the life stories of Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr., Nat Turner, and Martin R. Delany and these have told me that standing up for my rights is close to impossible, and could lead to death. I’ve read “How To Eat To Live,” by Elijah Muhammad and “How Not To Eat Pork, or Life Without The Pig,” by Shahrzad Ali and these have told me that the White man is trying to force me to consume a diet that is bad for my health. Even the Pan-African studies classes that I have taken told me that most, not all, of my Black heritage was, and is, spent being oppressed, depressed and repressed. I’ve decided to stop reading this reality and go back to the White and wonderful make-believe world of Danielle Steele.
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Throughout elementary school, high school, and college, I have always been one of the so-called "safe Blacks"; the ones that White people feel they can talk to. Maybe it’s because of my disarming, unthreatening features: light skin, almost oriental eyes, ultra-permed hair, and the most obvious fact that I am a Black woman, but I have always been semi-approachable to White people. They’d ask about the recent Black pop "crossover" hits, or other superficial topics such as recent "Black headline news," Black studies classes, and of course, the latest Black sitcoms and movies. They would look at me with silly little smirks on their faces, searching for a little “blacky” common ground. They would say, "Have you heard the new Whitney Houston song...you know the one!,” or "Have you taken Black Family class? Would I like it?" So many times I would want to blurt out, “No, I haven’t heard the new Whitney Houston song. As a matter of fact, I hate Whitney Houston. I would much rather listen to some Miles Davis or Billie Holiday; and no, I don’t know how much you’d like Black Family. Why don’t you take the damn class and find out for yourself?” But being unintentionally conditioned by my parent to be the "safe Black,” I’d answer with the usual response of, "No, I haven’t heard the new song by Whitney Houston," or "No, I don’t watch “Martin”, I usually study around that time.”

I would go along with these charades day in and day out. I would sometimes act as if I hadn’t a clue of
what they were talking about just so they'd stop asking me such ridiculous questions; and hoping that they would leave me alone was out of the question, as far as they were concerned, they would press me further and further until either I would get up and leave the room or until they noticed that I was thoroughly upset. When the day was over, I would sigh in relief that I made it through another day in the sad "White world" that so many of us on Kent State University's campus are familiar with, and I'd retreat to the "Black" one, loosely held together by the small number of Black students on this campus.

The syndrome of the "safe Black" is not uncommon, but those of us who are elected to fill its position reap very few benefits, while dealing with the frequent disadvantages. The curiosity is not the problem. I can understand why many Whites have questions about African-Americans, and other ethnic and racial groups. Let's face it, they are just as tired of the conceited, self-indulgent, Eurocentric educational system and media as we are; plus, African-American culture is everywhere, in music, fashion, art, language, etc. Many Whites crave the knowledge and diversity that other races and ethnic groups have to offer. But, you see, the ones who are truly interested do more than wonder ignorantly, stereotyping and assuming certain aspects of the "Black lifestyle.

These people actively seek out the true answers to their questions. These are the students you see in your Kiswahili classes, your Black Experience classes, and all your other Pan-African Studies classes. These students may also read novels about African-American issues to gain some insight on their questions. Unfortunately, however, these students are the extreme exception. The other 98 percent of the population is who I'm talking about. These are the ones who blindly go around, doing things like staring aimlessly at Black men and women trying to absorb what they are saying or how they are saying things in order to create their own distorted image of how all Black people talk or act; or the ones who watch "Martin," "Good Times," and "The Fresh Prince of Bel Air" to get an "accurate" perception of Black life; or even (and this is very common) the White students who want to go out with you to observe and imitate Black lingo, dance steps, hair styles, dress, and gestures to make themselves seem "cooler." While all these things are a part of Black culture, they are not the entire picture, or even the experiences of every Black person.

The African-American lifestyle and culture is as much, or even more diverse than any other ethnic or racial group in America. The culture endured matters that called for the almost complete severing of all indigenous traditions, coupled with the simultaneous influences (in formal educational institutions and otherwise) of everything other than that which was African, continuously, for 400 years (a circumstance unique to the African in this country). Economically, socially, and culturally we have things, which are unique to each of us; it is our sense of African origin and nationality, though, that we have in common (those of us who are conscious). The nationalistic pride, love, respect, and identity is what we embrace, as we very well should. Unfortunately, however, as I have stated, 98 percent of the White population seemingly does not understand this, or would like us to believe they don't. That is why throughout my life I've gotten questions such as "Bunni, why do Black girls roll their eyes?" or "Do Black guys ever smile?" or "Do you get a regular degree at a Black college, or a Black degree?" As I matured, the role of the "safe Black" grew increasingly intolerable. I challenged my position as "safe Black" my senior year in high school once, when I asked, "Why do you ask me these stupid questions? Do I look like the international spokesperson for Black people?" Well, of course they couldn't understand why I was sooo upset, responding with, "Well you don't have to take it so personal, we just thought we could talk to you because, well... you're not like the other Black girls." This actually shocked me when I first heard it. This made me realize my position as the volunteer "modern day house nigga," and it made me realize that it was almost as much my fault for answering their stupid questions, as it was theirs for asking them.

To fully understand my predicament, I had to examine the conditioning of my role. While unintentionally doing so, my parent made sure I would not question the role I played in being viewed as a "safe Black." I was always told to ignore the silly comments and remarks White kids had to say. "Just laugh it off or ignore it, don't let them know that they are getting to you." My mother would answer, when I told her about the things they'd say at the majority white elementary school I went to. Mother also made sure that I was a very "presentable" looking and sounding child. "Don't talk like a nigger-speak properly, and don't say 'ain't', it sounds so ghetto." I could never understand this. Since we really DID live in the ghetto, why couldn't I sound like we did? Actually my mother knew what she was doing- she was trying to protect me and help me as best she knew how. She knew that with being a "safe Black" came advantages...

It was common knowledge that the "safe Black" is usually the first one hired at the all White grocery stores and restaurants to make the establishment look "integrated." As it turns out, this was true, since at the ripe old age of 16, I was the second Black hired at "Marc's-Bernie Shulman's" located in the majority White suburb of Fairlawn, Ohio. I remember the interviewer saying to me, "Well Aundrey, from the way you sound, you will certainly be a plus to our environment here at Marc's (what he really meant was, "You look and act like a good nigger, we'll give you a trial run.")." I remember him asking me things such as: "So... do you go to Buchtel?" Buchtel is the majority Black high school in Akron, Ohio. "No sir," I'd answer, "I go to Firestone." "Oh really!" His eyes lit up. Since Firestone is was a majority White high school, this was an added plus on top of my "safe Black" facade.

There lies the end of the so-called advantages that "safe Blacks" inherit with their role, that is if you are one of the ones who are unhappy with its position. Of course, as always, there are those who are content with the position, because they don't have to
be perceived as “the enemy,” or as being "too-Black." They accept their "house nigga" status, and live comfortably behind its veil. However, there are those of us who accept and embrace our Blackness as being positive and are not satisfied with this position. We see its position as being exactly what it is, nothing more than burdening baggage, strapped onto us by White America, who feel that since the "safe are the only accessible, and acceptable Black people in their environment, then they are the elected “Spokespook” for all Black people.

In my attempt to end this cycle of ignorance among Whites, and ourselves, I have comprised a list of things that you can do if you are a "safe Black" and are sick of it:

1) First of all, don't be afraid to speak up. Let them know that their questions are racist and stereotypical because they group people's actions into categories, when in actuality everyone is unique. Help them realize that we are all merely victims of this society. White people (and Black, for that matter), tune out the madness called "THE MEDIA" and get a perception of what is true. Of course the media is going to portray Black people as being happy-go-lucky, dancing, singing, rapping, potentially dangerous fools. These images have more of a powerful hold on our minds than we are able to admit.

2) Let them know that if they are truly interested in finding out the true answers to their questions, you are not the source to which they should turn. Many Black scholars have done extensive research on Black culture and its origins. Tell them that their questions can be easily answered by checking out the library over in Oscar Ritchie Hall, or even registering for some classes in the Pan-African Studies Department.

Believe me, those who are truly interested will investigate it further. However, most White students will probably disregard this information because they really don't want to know the truth, or feel that African culture is not "worthy" of any investigation. This is where response number three comes in.

3) Seeing that I love to be sarcastic, this is my favorite answer for their questions, and the one I've used the most. When they begin to ask why Black people do this or that, you respond, "You know, I have had some of the same questions about White people. For example, why do White people country line dance?" or "Why do White girls swing their hair around so much?" And if they ask you about the latest R&B songs, ask them, "So has Billy Ray Cyrus come out with anything new for you people lately?"

At least this will shock them, because White people are actually disarmed when they are faced with the same stereotyping and racism that they place on others...Who knows, it might even wake them up!

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Th's actually happening.

One hour late (c.p. time, as usual), but we're really getting to interview De La Soul. Place: Cleveland's Lakeside Holiday Inn, squeezed in the elevator with three of my girls and De La's road manager — Mike Joliquier, none other than the big brother of Trugoy the Dove. Giggles and jokes reverberate through the enclosed space, and an older white man crowd-
ed in the back glances quickly at the faces, “dreds,” and “tros,” and watches the floor until the bell signi-
ifies his stop. Once he steps off the altos and sopranos seem to increase with Mike playing silent observer. The constant chatter takes the edge off the nervousness, as I mentally review the notes Katka and i prepared in the car. I pray my tape recorder won't act up, and try not to stare at Mike who bears an uncanny resemblance to Dove.

“Mike's Dove's brother,” Katka told me as we waited in the lobby for him to come get us. “He looks like Dove, but taller.” I hugged when the brother stepped off the elevator, came around the corner and walked over to us. “So which one of y'all got a time problem?” he says. I laugh. He offers a half-

around smile, and we shake hands.

“This is my stop,” Mike says, pulling my mind back into the crowd-

The elevator door closes behind him and we begin our ascent, everyone talking shrill and quick, giddy like a helium-induced bubbloone mindstate high.

De La Soul's third and latest album drifted in quietly on the hip-

hop population like a bright, wind-

blown balloon. The first single, Breakdawn, the easy going track with the "Off The Wall" Michael Jackson sample, introduced the listeners to a nouveaux-ride into the minds of one of hip-hop's most innovative groups.

From D.A.I.S.Y.'s to death to resurrec-
tion, the brothers of De La are always full of surprises, and their current effort sweeps up kids like the rapture. One of the first tracks even opens up like the Second Coming, with Maceo Parker, who takes on the role of the angel Gabriel, "blowin' the soul out of s/'ern." And while Maceo blows horns, Pos, Mace, Dove and this new sixth Shorty, blow minds with enigmatic, tricked-up lyrics that most don't grasp until the one-hundredth listen.

Bubbloone Mindstate, to say the least.

"What's going on in your heads at the moment?" I ask Dove as we step out of Elevator 1610. He looks back, his face a fusion of surprise and amusement.

”It's a question of what goes through my head,” he answers. “I try to stay out of my head. "It's not me, it's the music. I'm not the guy that says, 'I'm going to say something profound today.'”

Dove: "Off the Wall" — it's a good track, but it's not what I expected. I expected something more like a rock song, but it's a hip-hop song. It's a good track, but it's not what I expected.

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sometimes it’s a bit disrespectful to little kids out there who are listening. A lot of the kids, they find it easier to become a gangsta than to try to become a rapper. All you gonna do is mimic what you hear and they don’t see it as, “I like Snoop Dogg, and I want to be like Snoop Dogg: a rapper,” (they say) “I like Snoop Dogg and I wanna be like Snoop Dogg: a gangsta.” It’s easier for them to do that. So, I guess individuals don’t really just take time to realize what they’ve written. Even though it’s cool, and even though it makes money, it also makes crooks and criminals. It does that, too.

Uhu: Do you do a lot of reading?

Dove: Yeah. There’s been times when I was just really stuck into books and then there’s times when I drift off and just more or less try to concentrate on different things, but we definitely do read. It’s important. Whether it be information, whether it just be news on a day-to-day, or whether it be just stories, fiction, non-fiction.

Uhu: What are your personal inspirations when you write?

Dove: It can go from anywhere. Rap has really inspired me. The rap that I’ve listened to in the past when I was growing up, d.j.ayin’ at my friends’ house around the corner and rapping. So rap is one of the big influences. Music itself, you know? Whether it’s country, rock-n-roll, jazz, hip-hop, as long as it sounds good. That’s inspiring, you know, it really makes you feel good inside. And I guess just basically inspirational-wise, it’s just being able to see what’s going on, you know? Some people are blind to the fact of what’s happening around them and just being able to understand and bear witness to what’s happening around us. You know, that’s kind of basically a big inspiration, just being able to write about (what’s happening around us). That’s what we’re really inspired to do.

Uhu: What kind of impact would y’all like to leave on the whole hip-hop scene?

Dove: If anything, people just turn around and say, “De La was always true to what they did. They did it the way they wanted to. They weren’t trying to get women, they weren’t trying to get all the fancy expectations that are in this business, they were just loving the music and doing it. That’s what we do, and that’s what we would like a lot of rappers to do. We appreciate those who just come out there and do it for the music, who really just concentrate and develop something new each time they come around.

Uhu: Do you do a lot of reading?

Dove: It’s just basically for us looking deeper than what the surface tells you. There’s a lot of things within the business that people don’t see, and which, I’m not going to say that we’re the only ones capable of it, but we do see. And there’s a lot of things going on in the world that we just take note of that people aren’t really paying attention to, you know? In essence, there are a lot of things that people are just on wax talking about day-to-day, and there’s a lot more to see. There’s a lot more in your face to talk about, there’s a lot more to witness. And to develop as a person you can’t just develop just by the things you see, you have to go even deeper, and just to do that is about breaking things down up here (taps his forehead). That’s basically your Third Eye – your mind. And this whole album ties in that way. Buhloone Mindstate, just basically meaning expanding your mind. It just ties in all the way around. Just looking at things in a different sense. Much deeper than what it is.

Uhu: A lot of people I know say that people who make music have a different interpretation than those who just listen. So who are some of your favorite people to listen to from the aspect of a creator?

Dove: I like to listen to Prince. He’s kinda deep in what he does. You can tell he’s real particular about what he does. In the past two years I’ve really been trying to catch on to jazz. I also listen to the Funkadelic and the Parliament, stuff like that, you know, just to understand where they come from, you know not even just for the music, or the horn sounds, and all the beat sounds, just to understand what they were thinking at the time in the studio, why did they do it that way.

One of the other groups that inspires me as far as rap is A Tribe Called Quest. I always try to think how Q-Tip would think when he went about doing a song. It’s not all about “oh, I like the beat, or oh, I like the bass line.” It’s like why did he pick it from that point, and why did he take that drum sound instead of this drum sound. So it’s more or less trying to decipher what people are doing not more or less what I’m into and inspires me to really enjoy what I do also.

Uhu: What’s up with the whole Native Tongue posse?

Dove: It’s just a name. The name
Dove: Deep underground. It’s bigger than here. Yeah, brothers over there they just wanna really rap, they wanna freestyle, they wanna d.j., they wanna stay raw. They don’t wanna get too dancing and glitter. They just really wanna stay raw, down in the basement, scratchin’ back and forth, it’s like real popular, everything, the whole hip-hop scene is real popular over there. It’s like, Pumas are $250.00, second hand clothing is real big out there, so if you got an old hoodie you could sell an old one for like $70.00, so it’s that kinda thing. Hip-hop is like real big over there. Brothers like the Beastie Boys they got stores out there, Spike Lee got stores out there. So it’s like real blowin’ up. They’re like capitalizing on the scene out there. Hip-hop is big out there. Real big.

Uhu: What track are you doing now (referring to a beat that Dove was putting together on his Powerbook when we interrupted)?

Dove: Just doing stuff cause we got a lot of things that are coming out. We’re working with a lot of groups. Well, number one we’re working with Shorty. So it’s just like tossin’ up stuff and if she likes it she takes it. Shorty’s cool, she’s really eager to get it done, so it’s going to happen for her. She’s on a different vibe, she’s not trying to be “I hate men,” and “I’m trying to be a fly girl” either, you know what I’m sayin’? She’s just trying to come from the left, she fits into that classification of being the “different female rapper.” She’s not going to be a Lyte and she’s not going to be a Latifah, she’s going to be just a straight up individual human being.

Uhu: That’s why on the inside of Tribe’s liner notes...?

Dove: [Laughs] Oh, yeah, Q-Tip says, “Accept Pos cause he hates it.” It just became that everybody wanted to be down with Native Tongue, everybody thought it was just like the “in” thing, you know. Yesterday some kid wrote Q-Tip a letter, and he handed it to him backstage, (it said) “ I wanna get recruited in to the Native Tongue,” you know what I’m sayin’? It just became, it became like, I guess, a cult, and it wasn’t that kind of thing it was just friends that you’re down with.

Uhu: How long have you known all the brothers from Tribe?

Dove: About six or seven years... it was just in the beginning bumping heads with the Jungle Brothers, hangin’ out with Red Alert, you know just now coming together and we just adding more and more people to our family. It doesn’t necessarily have to be on wax — you know, just like the Violators, they’re not on wax, but there like just family. They’re just people who were always beside us, hangin’ out and having a good time. It’s more than just the entertainment part of it, the business aspect. It’s just like real friendship.

Uhu: Where did you guys get the two Japanese rappers?

Dove: Those are friends of ours. When we first went over to Japan back in ’90, we did a tour over there for a little while and we didn’t bring anybody from the States with us, so we just more or less tried to get some exposure to the people out there. So we had two bands out there performing with us. And ever since just going back and forth, and even them coming to the States we would just hang out. They’re like family, too. Friends who look out for you and in into the States. So, they just happened to be in the States at the time for the New Music Seminar, and we was recording at the time, and they came to visit at the studio. We’re just the kind of people it doesn’t have to be the “in” person. It doesn’t have to be Busta Rhymes, it doesn’t have to be Guru that we have to get on there. They’re friends, you know what I’m sayin’, and if they are friends they come down and check us out, and if it happens to be the spot for them to do something, they’ll do something. So we was like, “Yo, man, we don’t wanna really rap on this, you know what I’m sayin’, so why don’t y’all just go in there and do it.” And, yo, it’s cool. It just showed a lot of people that rap is everywhere, it’s worldwide.

Uhu: What’s the scene like there (in Japan)?

Uhu: (in Japanese)

Uhu: When the record companies got a hold of it they put it through the money train, you know what I’m sayin’? “We gonna ride this one as long as we can go,” and that’s not what it was. It was just a group of people who were just basically good friends with each other, family, and just really enjoyed each other’s company and basically shared the same values and ideas in music. That’s what we were. From us, all the way down to Jungle Brothers, Latifah, Monie, Chi Ali, all of them, you know what I’m sayin’? We just kicked it like that. We were more than just friends, we were like family. Spent the night at each other’s houses, we went and did things, went to Great Adventures, we did those kinds of things. So, you know, it was basically family, and the record companies more or less wanted to make it an explosion, an extravaganz, a circus. “We want y’all to all go on tour together, and do a theater, do a play.” (Laughter all around) It went that far. And it could’ve worked, it definitely could have worked, it could have blown up, and it did work to an essence, but it worked to where it’s just that we stayed as friends – that’s what really worked. That was the heart of it. We more or less killed the name of it. You’ll find a lot of quotes on the album where Pos is saying a lot of things about the Native Tongue, but it isn’t the people. We are individuals, Native Tongue was just a name, and he just disses the name and not the people.

Uhu: That’s why on the inside of Tribe’s liner notes...?
I suppose everything that happens to a man in his life happens for a reason. Sometimes, this reason is not known until years have passed. In this respect, some might say I’m one of the “lucky ones,” because I knew the reason before the event even occurred. Unfortunately, I didn’t act on my knowledge at the time, so my fate was sealed like the next man.

When I awoke to a murky, gray Monday morning, I had no idea that my entire life was about to turn upside-down. It was Labor Day. I was a freshman at Kent State University. I had money in my pocket, food in my belly, and contentment in my heart. The only thing that I regret having in my possession that Labor Day morning was a .357 snub nose magnum. Of course, at the time, I thought nothing of it; I had many types of guns, and I was accustomed to carrying a weapon, or being “strapped” as the homies (fellow gang members) used to say. To be perfectly honest, I was rather excited about owning a .357, because for years, I had listened to the homies brag about what “nice sized” holes they make in the “fools” that happened to get blasted by them. Well, I dressed myself in blue clothes (the only color clothes I owned), stashed my weapon (after taking a couple seconds to admire it), then headed outside. Since I was at home in the “peaceful” town of Bedford Hts., I did not find it necessary to be strapped right then. Had I been at my father’s house on St. Clair Boulevard, in Cleveland, or in California, I would never have left home without it. I walked across the street to Rico Suave, a fifty-two year old Puerto Rican, whose house was the neighborhood “chill” spot, where anyone who was “down” with the crew could get high, drunk, or whatever. At Suave’s, I ran into my brother-in-law, K-Mac; his homie, Meat; B-Love; and my “tight,” Fattmann.

“What’s up Fattuzz?” I asked.

“Just me and that Seven Gang,” he replied throwing up his gang sign. As we walked across the street, he filled me in on what they were doing at Suave’s this morning, and on how tired he was.

“So what you sayin’? You too tired to chill with your homies tonight, or is it because you owe me those eight bones?” I asked, jokingly.

“Awe nigga, you know we gettin’ bent tonight. I’m just about to go with ‘Mace and them for a while... get blunted (get high), and all that. But tonight we is gonna die!” Fattmann said.

“Just make sure you don’t die before you give me my eight-fifty. I’m about to head out with my sister. She said that she wants to get some movies, or something. Then, I’m gonna buy some drink. So, we’ll hook up in a couple hours.” I said.

“Bet!” ...and then he was gone.

I proceeded to go along with the day in good spirits; for it was Labor Day, and even though we didn’t work, we needed a little party - if only just to celebrate the fact. My sister took me to
the movie store. I rented “Malcolm X,” and then we headed for the State Store. I bought a fifth of frost-white Christian Brothers, and a liter of Bacardi. Then, I spent an additional twenty dollars on beer at Twin Value.

By the time I made it back home, all the homies were at my house chillin’ and drinkin’. My mom didn’t mind us drinking, and since she was in a good mood, we could drink in front of her. The mood in the house was light and very enjoyable, and as the music got turned up, we had started what looked like the beginning of a block party.

At about this time, my mother popped “Malcolm X” into the vcr and everyone calmed down to watch the movie. I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see Fattmann beckoning me to my room, so I quietly got up and crept to the back.

“Let me see your gat,” he said...

which was fine with me, because I had the urge to play with the gun myself. I took out my magnum, opened the cylinder, and checked to see if it was on “safety” (actually, I checked to see that the empty chamber was in firing position, because with revolvers, there is no safety). I kept five live rounds in the cylinder, which holds six; because at that time my stepfather liked to act crazy and hit my mom. I had decided that if he was going to act “crazy” while I was around, I was going to let him have it. I handed the gun to Fattmann. He took it, pointed it at my television, and pulled the trigger.

“CLICK!”

“Man, what the hell is wrong with you?!” I yelled.

“Just calm down, chill. I know what I’m doing.” I could tell that he was drunk, but since I was as well, I let him keep holding the gun. He put the cylinder on the empty chamber, aimed it at the dresser, then pulled the trigger.

“CLICK!”

“Give me the gun, you fat &%*!!” I said!

“Hold up, hold up! What if this mug went off. Just imagine the trouble you’d be in! CURTIS, TAKE YO ASS BACK TO SCHOOL,” he said, impersonating my mom, “YOU GOOD GANGBANGER, YOU!” I had to laugh. His impersonation of my mother always made me laugh. He took the gun and repeated the process, but this time the gun was under his chin.

“Hold up, nigga! If you gonna kill yourself, give me my eight bones!” I wasn’t worried about him putting the gun to his head, we had all done it before. It was our way of finding out who was the craziest... I always won. Then, he took the gun, put it to his right temple, and said, “I ain’t afraid to die.” He pulled the trigger...

“BOOM!!!”

At first, I thought he missed because of the way he fell, but when I looked at him, I knew his aim held true.

“FATTMANN! OH MY GOD! NO! FATTMANN! NO! NO! OH MY GOD! NOoooo!!!”

It was too late. I stood frozen as people came running into the room asking, “What happened?,” and shrieking with pain, and in tears, as they found out. All I could do was watch as the blood from my best friend’s head spilled out onto my bedroom carpet.

As I stood there in a trance-like state, I envisioned myself floating... then crashing to the ground. I don’t remember moving, but somehow I was now in the living room. I could see flashing lights, and strange people were asking me questions. I couldn’t hear them; all I could do was stare. I suddenly felt as if I were losing my mind. Then it happened. A scream so horrible, so all-encompassing that upon completion, my mind... went...

I remember waking up on my sister’s couch, relieved that the dream was over, until I noticed the blood on my shirt. All at once, the pain took hold of my stomach. Tears poured down my face. My family all waited with me by the couch. They all tried to comfort me, but I couldn’t accept comfort. I felt responsible. I felt that if I hadn’t shown him the gun, it would never have happened.

It wasn’t until the funeral that I realized my crime wasn’t showing him the gun...it was being the gun in the first place.

It has been some time since Fattmann’s death; and since then, I’ve gone through many hard, and painful changes. I had to leave school, since I didn’t feel that I could handle it. Also, I ended my gang involvement. The other homies decided to let me go without any problems; I suppose in memory of Fattmann. With everything over, except the nightmares which I would presumably forever keep, I had time to analyze my life. That’s when I realized that my gang involvement could have ceased the moment I decided to go to college... to do something with my life.

At the time, I thought I could “have my cake and eat it, too.” I suppose inside I knew that it would one day come to an end, but since I did nothing with that knowledge, I had to pay for it.

Needless to say, I’ve learned some things about my life, about myself, and strangely, about Fattmann as well. The life he led was similar to a lot of our Black youth, myself included. As children, we saw the wondrous beauty of life, but as we aged, something happened to us. Whether it has been bad experiences, or society itself, we have stopped seeing the beauty of life and have begun to hate it for all of the ugliness that must accompany it. For some, this ugliness is hardly a hindrance; but for others such as Fattmann, my homies, and for a long time, myself, this ugliness could not be overcome. It has taught us hate instead of love, shown us greed instead of generosity; it has made us into a pack of wolves instead of the peaceful sheep most religions would have us to be.

But I suppose the worst thing it has taught us is retribution, while the gift of forgiveness has eluded our soul. My purpose is not to preach, nor to warn, but to inform:

We are dying in America. We need the support of you who have seen what fate and fortune has kept hidden from our eyes. We need to be taught how to love, how to be generous, but most importantly, how to forgive. If not, some will have to learn the way I did, but what is far worse... many may never learn at all.
The Moral

The hiss of the old truck’s muffler came to an abrupt halt as its screeching wheels disrupted the peace of the stones that comprised the driveway. The massive thud of two large work boots sounded off simultaneously along the ground in an almost ceremonial ritual at exactly 7:35 a.m. every morning. Each pulsating step grew increasingly louder as the large figure wove sideways to the front door. As the door cracked open, an even more common ritual would take place in the house. The other members of the family worked like ants, each knowing their particular chore in the comforting of this imposing yet caring person. In efficiency, it resembled George Jetson’s arrival home from “Spacey’s Sprockets.”

Getting the coffee was my job, one “Sweet and Low” with three teaspoons of non-dairy creamer. My mother would find daddy’s slippers, because he would track grease across her clean kitchen floor otherwise. My brother Jeff’s job was to get the ashtray while Greg had to turn on “Good Morning America.” My father hated stray strands of gray whiskers, seemed out of place on his weathered face. When my mother would say, “Keep this up, and I’ll tell your father when he gets home,” we children would shiver like leaves in a thunderstorm. My father did not discipline us often, but when he did, I could swear that the ground would shake and the earth would stop in its orbit. He would always whip us with the leather strap which supported his bulging waist line. “I work too hard to have to come home to this blame foolishness,” he would say as his nose flared and his lips pressed firmly together. When we made him angry, he would erupt like a volcano, spilling acid and ashes for miles and miles. People could hear our screams from the street. When we would all get in trouble, we would sit on “death row,” waiting reluctantly for our turns to receive our “whoopins.” Once, some lady tried to defend us by saying, “You brought them children into the world, they didn’t ask to come. You don’t have to be so hard on ’em.” He very calmly replied, “They want to stay here, don’t they?”

When my father came home from work, the first thing I would always do was to look into his eyes. One could see so much in my father’s aged brown eyes. They were steady, spouting our warning, but you would have to be intelligent enough to decipher the message. If you were not intelligent enough, you could see the pain of his losing his mother before his 20th birthday. You could see the wear of 29 years of work as a farmer when farming was in his blood. If you traveled past his eyes and looked upon his rich chocolate-toned skin, you would see what growing up African in the segregated hell of Mississippi could do to a person. A weaker man would have cracked growing up in the shadow of “stayin’ in yo’ place, so you don’t get yo’ self killed, boy,” but the persistent lines in my father’s forehead were the medal of valor in his survival against racism. He taught my brothers and me, by example, that we did not have to submit to anyone. He told us that our dark black skin was actually a beautiful addition to the many hues that God had created. He knew this “cause his grandaddy told him.”

Though he had no college education, he had a peculiar wit about himself. His thick southern accent added local color to his folktales. Many of his stories often made fun of those people who considered themselves better than everyone else because they received a “so-called” formal education. He would point out that many of them couldn’t even fix a simple busted pipe in their kitchen or change the oil in their car.

My father’s moods shifted as rapidly as a pendulum that gained more momentum with each shift in the rope. For this reason, I could never be completely at ease in his presence. His astrological sign was “Gemini,” and he had two distinct personalities, just like the twins indicated. One was a sweet side, for example, every Saturday he would go to the nursing home and pick up an elderly woman named Geneva, who had no children. Our family would spend the day with her to keep her company, so she would not be lonely. But he had a mean streak as well. He was the only man I knew who could scare the “pumpkin” and “junkies” in my neighborhood with just a glancing look. I always hoped that he had a good night. If so, he would go immediately to bed and rest well. If not, he would always find a chore that I either had not done right or something that I had not done at all. There was always something to do—cleaning the inside of his truck, cleaning my room, emptying the trash, or hoeing the garden. The garden was the closest thing to Mississippi he could bring to Sandusky, Ohio. I would also be subjected to one of his stories about how hard his life was growing up in Collins, Mississippi.

One of my father’s multiple talents was his use of profanity. He used foul language with his tongue, like an artist would use a paintbrush, to create images that he had formed in his mind. His favorite topics were the infamous stubborn mule stories, but he also enjoyed tales about one of my deceased relatives. His eyes would dance like a ballerina, in perfect step with the music that his mouth pro-duced. He could graciously roll story after story about my grandfather, who once stopped a husband from beating his wife and was rewarded with a broom to his back from that same battered woman. His other favorite was about my great-grandfather, the town preacher, who saved all his money growing up and bought 500 acres of land so his family would not have to beg white people for food. He summed up all of these stories into a melodramatic, “If you don’t work, you don’t eat” ending. Sometimes, it would take years for me to understand the moral of his stories, but when I did, I would laugh aloud and thank him. I’ll never admit it to him, but I tell some of his stories to neighborhood children I see going down the wrong path. These parables are the foundation of what makes me the person that I am today, and they will be a part of my family’s heritage for generations to come. We never played catch or went to Cleveland Browns games together. We did not have those normal father-son talks, either. He had to work seven days a week, and at the time, I resented it. However, my father gave me the greatest gift that he could give his son. He gave me the gift of manhood. I could use his stories as a frame of reference and intelligent decisions in my own life. In fact, the “Keys Family Folklore” has been even better for me than a football game or throwing a ball around ever could have been.

I can recall one day during my senior year in high school. It was one of those days that my father was in a good mood. I could breathe easily. He was happy and very happy for him. He told me a joke that one of the guys at work had told him. It was about a preacher who was caught sleeping with a deacon’s wife. He was always true to himself, I admired that in him. He didn’t even notice that the lawn was not cut. It didn’t matter. It was a close moment between us. We did not have many close moments together, but there were enough of them, and I treasured them all.
PUTTING AFRIKA BACK IN BLACK HISTORY

In 1933, Dr. Carter G. Woodson wrote a seminal book entitled “The Mis-education of the Negro.” In it, he argued that the main problem facing people of Afrikan descent was that we were victims of mis-education. He observed that when people are educated about the culture, knowledge, scholarship, history, and background of everyone except themselves, then those people are mis-educated. He said that when people go to school and become scholars in Greek, Latin, and European civilization, and graduate with a total ignorance of their own history and dynastical civilization, those people are mis-educated, mis-directed and dislocated.

For Black history to be true and correct, it must begin with the history of Afrikan peoples in Mother Afrika during the B.C. era, not in Father Europe in the 1619 A.D. era, a la Jamestown, U.S.A. For Black history to be true and correct, it must deal with Afrikan peoples as the original peoples with original ideas; it must posit Mother Afrika as the cradle of world culture and civilization, but more importantly must posit Mother Afrika as the SUBJECT of world history, and not as the OBJECT of HIS-Eurocentric-STORY.

What is suggested here is that for Black history to be true, it must begin at the origin, when not only were Afrikan Pharaohs the master thinkers of the world, but when Afrikan peoples were the only inhabitants of the planet. Historiography tells us that for the first 110,000 years of human existence on this planet, only Afrikan peoples existed. We need a Black history that begins with Afrikan peoples when they invented science, religion, mathematics, chemistry, writing, the 365 day calendar, architecture, agriculture, medicine, philosophy, universities, astronomy, etc., all in addition to smelting iron and building temples and pyramids, which are still standing today.

Moreover, for Black history to be true and correct, it must portray Afrikans in the diaspora America as proud descendants of Imhotep, Amenhotep I, Thutmose I & II, Hatshepsut, Menthotep III, Amenhotep III & Queen Tiye, Tutankhamen, Amenhotep IV & Queen Nefertiti, Rameses I, II, & III, Piankhi, etc., and not as descendants of former slaves who built up the American South and upon whose backs American industrial capitalism was built. This is dangerous to the very psyche and personality of Afrikans in America.

I am convinced that Black History is doing a potent, delirious dis-service and injustice. Suggesting that “Black” history seems to make us “feel good” about ourselves, teaching “I am somebody!” is ridiculous and is nothing more than psychological warfare.

The current modus operandi of Black history is Eurocentric, ahistorical, myopic, divisive and dysfunctional.

In order to rectify this situation, an Afrocentric or Afrikan-centered perspective on the history of Afrikans in diaspora America is needed. We are talking about the multi-faceted empowerment of a people, not just using their history in a very artificial manner that only leads to powerlessness, historical alienation and dislocation. As a result of HIS-STORY, Afrikan peoples are brain dead, brain damaged and culturally comatose; we now need an Afrikan-centered approach to Black history so as to de-mystify, de-toxify, de-Eurocentize and de-brainwash Afrikans in diaspora America after 500 years of Eurocentric mis-education.

This new perspective seeks to relocate, re-direct, and re-focus diaspora Afrikans back to their original locus-reference point--Mother Afrika. The Afrikan-centered perspective on Black history teaches that Afrikans are everybody, because we are the ancestors-predecessors of all humankind; we are a lot more than just “somebody!” This new perspective tells diaspora Afrikans who they are, from whence they come, and what they invented, pioneered, originated and contributed to humanity. We do not need a Eurocentric Black history that only tells diaspora Afrikans what they have become at the nadir of humanity.

We need an Afrikan-centered perspective on Black history that focuses on the authenticity and specificity of our Afrikan originality and not on the diversity and ethnicity of our nationality.

Dr. Kwame Nantambu
"...In an effort to create the myth of white superiority, Europeans, including European-Americans, had to create the myth of Black or African inferiority. The Europeans saw only by claiming for themselves that which had been created by Africans could they spread the seeds of black inferiority around the globe. And that they did with such calculated precision that they were able to get the African to reject his own skin, reject his own God. The negative indoctrination of black people by some white Americans reminds one of how elephants are trained. It is said that the elephant’s trainer starts off training the elephant by putting a large chain around the elephant’s neck and pulling on the chain to make the elephant respond to different commands. The elephant’s trainer uses smaller and smaller chains to get the same responses he had obtained with the more cumbersome chain until he uses nothing but a string. The cumbersome and unwieldy chains of slavery around the world were thrown away after black people had been trained how to respond to alien commands. Many of us are walking around thinking that we have chains on our feet and minds not knowing that a mere string is keeping us in check. This string is the myth of white superiority and invincibility. What happens when the elephant discovers that a mere string has been stretching between it and independent power? We should all look around ourselves and dare to step beyond the boundaries that have been set for us and our children..."

Ergo, the validity and urgency of the Afrikan-centered perspective on Black history is that it deals with Afrikan in diaspora America as descendants of the original “having done” people in Nile Valley Egypt in the B.C. era. This is our historical clock.

In sum, the Afrikan-centered perspective on Black history, in conjunction with the Curriculum of Inclusion (Afrocentrism), represents the most potent ammunition Afrikan peoples will need so that we can cross the time-line into the 21st century, as a global united empowered, conscious, solidified, majority people. For while the Eurocentric approach to Black history gives Afrikan people a fish so that we can feed ourselves for one day, the Afrocentric approach teaches Afrikan people how to fish so that we can feed ourselves for the rest of our lives. This is empowerment for liberation.
These services are proudly provided by Kent State University Auxiliary Operations.
My Black Soul's Peace

Dear Lord,

Rest my poor black soul in peace.
Tear from me all the pain I've suffered,
all the strain, and all the grief.

Remove the curse of the white man Lord
For he horribly makes of me;
A martyr, a curser, a liar, a cheat
A whore, a demon, a thief.

Give me the glorious Black I deserve.
Give me the glorious Black I deserve.
Give me the freedom I love.
Show me the face of a strong Black God.
The only one living above.

Send me home to my own Black Folk.
Send me where I belong.
For I'm tried Lord of the white man's world
And all the white man's wrong

-S.A.M. Hall
What is America?
Who is American?
I live in Ohio but only some say Ohioan.
Ohio’s in America so you say I’m American.
If I lived in a country in Africa I’d be African.
But I’m a descendant of France, England, Rome are in Europe with beings.
So all of these people of course are Europeans.
Except in America so who’s really American.
We’re all descendants of somewhere else my friend.
Who was here first an African or Columbus?
What about the Native the so called Indian.
Is that their true title? Tell me when did all this begin?
Did Chris think he was in India? Was this a mistake?
Or was it on purpose and just another land they’d take?
Do they want to take Somalia? Did they want Vietnam?
Will the world be destroyed by a nuclear bomb?
Now if all come from black we all are African.
So why in the hell do we keep sayin
It’s where we were born and most of us live.
I guess when it comes to the past we all forget.
We live in the present and only today.
But I’m still three-fifths that’s what the constitution says
Ain’t nothing on paper so I ain’t fully American.
I live in America but I am an African.

-Sherlock

MOTHER AFRICA
FATHER EUROPE
She Loved Us
He Hated Us
Bastard children of a lost tribe
Where do I belong?
Whom do I belong to?
Am I African or American or African-American?
Each day I see my pale, pinkish-yellow skin
my wide strong nose, my thick full lips, and
drop my head
in disgust

-Lady Sings the Blues

Tie Toc went the clock
From midnight to noon.
Somewhere along the line
Papa left but now I’m doomed.
Moma struggling to pay the rent
Now I’m walking around
with more hole than a pump
Moma used to say that there would be
Better days.
But now my sisters in a stroller
And another is on the way.
So I had to live with grandma.
At the age of 12
Moma couldn’t raise me
Cose she’s too busy raising hell.
So I packed my clothes
And I headed out the door
Thought that I would never
See my moma anymore.
Hoping, begging, and pleading.
Don’t let the streets raise me.
Ollly ollly in free.
Moma come and save me.
Now she calls me up.
And says when are you coming home?
But now I am grown.
I say, no moma them days is gone.
Now the tears are in her eyes.
And her hands is on the booze.
Mentally confused.
As the Lady Sings the Blues.

-Charles Hankton

-Tanya P. Smith
GRANDMOTHER'S EYES

One day a little boy looked into his grandmother's eyes, and what he saw puzzled him. For his grandmother's eye reminded him of pictures he had seen of Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, and the like. So he, with his bulging onyx colored eyes, looked into his grandmother's eyes and said, "Gwanny, how come your eyes like dat?" - as little boys do talk. And she, being wise knew exactly what he meant. So she sat him down on her lap. "Son, what you see is a result of not only what I've experienced, but also pain. What you see in my eyes, baby, are my experiences of unwarranted racism, rape, and rejection. Chile, did you know that my parents, your great-grandparents, fought so that I could sit next to some white boy and some white girl in a classroom? ... And that still didn't make us equal! And when we were forced to learn about the white man's history and culture, my elders took a stand so that we could learn about our Afrikan culture. ... And we still weren't free. As your granny grew old, I also grew tired. Tired of thinking of ways to liberate my people. Tired of trying to understand why white people hated me. Tired of attempting to find out why certain things happened in my life." "Baby, I'm tired," she said with a deep sigh, as she looked into her innocent grandson's eyes with love. "Can you understand why your granny's eyes are the way they are?"

So what about Us?
We wait like orphaned children for Him to notice us, understand us, feed us, clothe us, nurse us and Love us.

So what about Us?
You mean to tell me that after 400 years of being oppressed, suppressed, depressed, and pressed up against one another in the hulls of His slave ships that we are still his good ole Niggas? Suckling helplessly like infants from His poisonous, drugged milk.

So what about Us?

After surviving rapings, beatings, torturings, whippings, castration, manipulation, ostracization, and attempts at Physical, Spiritual, and Cultural GENOCIDE
We are so backward in our ways that we cannot notice each other, understand each other, feed each other, clothe one another, nurse each other and love, Love, LOVE! Ourselves!

So what about Us?

-Aundrey J. Somerville

celeste l. dillworth
Brown oceans, so vast; so deep, I sometimes
find it hard to maintain a stare.
Stories told, remembered, and forgotten;
yet through your eyes, I feel I was there.
I see, through your ancient eyes, the key
to the man I was intended to be.
Skin smooth and caracal, all defined
in rich, glorious, ebony.
How can you not love yourself, when your
essence is so irresistible to me?
Deeply, I drink of your flowering history, and yearn
for the waters yet to be.
Your spirit, so powerful and free, the earth bends
willfully, to your every desire.
No slavemaster's whip; or confused brother's ego trip,
could ever extinguish your eternal fire.
No fool and, my Queen, for I know the place
you hold in destiny.
My Nubian, I could not possess, for it is
you who truly possess me.
My lips, with sincere Passion, on your neck
I gently place.
And feel the flow of African blood, how deeply
it invigorates.
I know not of the future. Of my past
I still have much to see.
Stand proud, African Goddess, for I feel
the future lies in thee.

So Much it is
So Much We Take
So Much Sorrow
Too Much SELF HATE

Curtis Hill
To LIVE or to DIE
Without many years
The Sky CRIES
The Ground reaps the tears.
So Much it is
So Much at Stake
If this be a DREAM
I BEG THEE: AWAKE!

To TEACH to EACH
To REACH INSIDE
To take off the Mask
And STAND with PRIDE.

So Much, SO MUCH
Sometimes TOO MUCH
Though we SURVIVE
We are Ignorant of how to LIVE.

WILL WE EVER STOP TAKING?

Surely, I Say It is So,
But I Ask Thee,
I Ask Thee... WHEN?

- Ben Haleem Hunnicutt

It is hard to believe that
through the years
Nothing has been gained but more tears. The
harder we cry, the less it helps
Don't forget you've been put into a
pot to melt.
Melt, into what? I ask myself
Melt with the hands who have
given my people eternal wells?
Or melt into something I don't want to be I'd
rather melt with my own
across those clear blue seas.
How can I forget my troubled past
sometimes I want to kick some

..........KNOWLEDGE
To all of us African, black,
Afro-American or however
you choose to refer to your
rich heritage
It is now time to polish
our image
Live up to the potential and be all you
can be.
Now this doesn't mean, go join the Army Oh
my God, Jesus, Allah or whatever
your preference.
Wake the ---up and appeal to the judgement
The ruling is that U do not exist.
Let's fight with our base weapons
-communication, astronomy, history, &
mathematics... not with a fist.
Don't get me wrong make sure to
guard ya' grill
But remember a black eye can heal
But a mind can Kill
Young folk, understand it is our turn
with all the same mistakes I wonder,
it we will ever learn!

-Angelique B. Sow
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JOURNALISM
I was in African airspace. I was seated aboard a Ghana Airways jet bound for Dakar, Senegal. I had begun my journey in Nigeria. Actually, it had begun in South Carolina, in Charleston, in Geechee country, in the Africa kidnapped inside a wandering people’s lore. I had to find Africa on American shores. If I could not find, and see Africa in myself, in the America a held hostage people created, it would never have meaning in my personal life. Only then could I truly know, and make peace with the collective who we have become as a distinct New World people. Approximately two weeks prior to leaving for West Africa, I began my pilgrimage in the black belt, in the low country along the South Carolina coast. The flight from Accra, Ghana to Dakar reminded me of the long Greyhound Bus rides south. We flew from Accra to Abijan, Ivory Coast, from Abijan to Monrovia, Liberia. We left Monrovia bound for Freetown, Sierra Leone. In Freetown, an elder woman boarded the plane who looked so much like my maternal grandmother, I had to remind myself the passed away almost a year earlier. It occurred to me that the people called Geechee in the South Carolina low country, are descended from the enslaved Africans who were brought from what is now Sierra Leone to cultivate rice.

After Freetown, we landed in Conakry, Guinea—the land of the late Ahmed Sekou Toure. We then flew on to Banjul, Gambia—the land of Kinte Kinte; from Gambia we began our descent into Dakar. Although I never left my seat during the flight, from my window, I watched the slow, subtle change of the landscape from the edge of the rainforest, across savannah, and into the arid Sahel. While the plane taxied, I remembered those days staring at wall maps, imagining, aching to experience being in Africa, longing to walk African earth. I was giddy. After travelling in Nigeria and Ghana, I was now in Dakar, Senegal.

Dakaro, Sengale. I would learn that the French had arrogantly renamed it. Muslim Senegal. I was in the land of Mamados Bamba and tall, blue-black people; land of djembe drums and Cheik Anta Diop. I was making a second sojourn in Africa because I wanted to travel through ancestral lands. It was not important, or necessary that I know precisely where either of my family lines had originated. It was enough for me to journey into, and through, the regions where the majority of those who were scattered into the western hemisphere had come from, an area ranging as far north on the west coast of Mauritania, as far inland as Niger, Chad and the Central African republic, and all along the coast as far south as Angola.

I came home to Africa to reclaim our untold story and to sink my spiritual roots in native soil. I came to Africa to journey deeper into our collective black self. I was in Senegal because the winding river of my poetry had emptied into the Afrekan ocean, where along the battered coastline of our endurance stood Cheik Anta Diop, a towering lighthouse, guiding the wandering and the lost into safe shores. Cheik Anta Diop’s work had allowed many of us to visit places in the private corners of our minds where we had never ventured before. He helped us find the origins of our African selves. He provided us with the means to restore the historical con-

no jetliner

by

Mwatabu S. Okantah
would be nourished there. I was in Senegal to complete preliminary work on the poem in honor of Cheik Anta Diop. James G. Spady had charged me with the task of poetically informing the world of Diop’s impact on black people in America. He asked me to attempt to give Africans in Africa a better sense of who it is we have become as a distinct African derived people. He asked me to write an epic poem on behalf of all African-American poets, for our ancestral voices who still cry out in the wilderness. He asked me to proclaim before the world a sense of the real people we have become.

On more than one occasion, I have asked Spady, “Why me?” He knew, and knows, I am no Diopian scholar. Yet, I know now, when he put the idea of visiting Senegal, and travelling to Cheik Anta’s village in my mind, he knew I would find, and know, the why soon enough, would come to know it in a way he would be forever unable to explain. During the original planning of my visit, when Mbaye asked, “What do you wish to see, my brother?,” I had no real idea of the magnitude of what I thought, then, was a fairly simple request. Even though I had accepted Spady’s challenge, I still failed to see the significance of the assignment.

During a lecture on Diop, in Cleveland, in 1986 Spady mentioned the name of Ely M. Fall as one of Diop’s proteges to watch. At that time, the name was just a footnote. I did not think anything of it. Things began to become clear for me when I found myself sitting at the office of Dr. Ely M. Fall, Chairman of the Department of Economics and Law at Cheik Anta Diop University. Dr. Fall is Diop’s cousin. More importantly, he had been a close colleague and confidante. I was in the right place, with the right people, at the right time. Since Cheik Anta’s death, Dr. Fall had been looking for contacts in the United States. He considered my finding my way to his office a Godsend. Dr. Fall would arrange for me to visit Cheik Anta’s village.

Early Sunday morning, February 4, 1990, we boarded a bus filled with pilgrims ready to embark on what I learned was the third annual pilgrimage to Cheik Anta’s birthplace. Because of his deep commitment to African development at the village level, Diop asked that he be buried in his home village. Not even my travels into America’s rural south prepared me for the journey deep into the Senegalese hinterland. I will always remember boarding that bus, being given coffee, bread and fruit by the women seated just inside the door, and feeling like I used to feel when I was young and traveling with my grandmother.

When my fellow pilgrims learned I had come all the way from America, their cries of “Alhumdulillah!” (All praise is due to God!) expressed all that needed to be said. That I was carrying a copy of “Great African Thinkers: Cheik Anta Diop, Vol. I,” in English, served only to magnify Diop’s stature and the importance of the pilgrimage in their eyes. I spoke no French or Wolof. They did not speak English. We communicated in spirit, in feeling. I was stunned to learn that many of them had never read any of Diop’s work. Although we had to speak to each other through a translator, our shared experience was not lost in translation.

Throughout most of his career, Diop was suppressed first by the French, and then by Senegalese authorities in cooperation with the French. Despite the many obstacles and road blocks placed before him, he refused to be denied. He, quite literally, forced the western establishment to acknowledge his rewriting of history. His major premise that black people, during classical African antiquity, were creators of the first human civilization in the Nile Valley effectively rescued African history from the tyranny, and imposed oblivion of European definition and control.

My sojourn approached its climax as our bus joined the caravan of vehicles, led by Dr. Fall, that would make the journey into the West African Sahel. A group of stout hearted student devotees had left four days earlier, on foot, to underscore their commitment to preserving Diop’s legacy. The journey inland from the coast to the village of Thiaytou was profound. Even during the dry season, Nigeria and Ghana had been lush and green compared to
the flat brown back drop of the Senegalese landscape. I will always remember the huge, magnificent baobab trees that stood anchoring the distant line where earth meets sky.

The giant baobab seemed an appropriate symbol of African strength, as well as a fitting metaphor capturing the essence of Cheik Anta Diop’s sturdy, steadfast will to master a hostile environment. The hinterland of Senegal is hot, dry and soft-sand brown. The flat terrain is expansive, dotted with small villages and towns, and the mighty baobab. And, like the baobab, Diop emerged the strongest tree on the horizon. My first experience in the Sahel would leave a lasting impression. I rode in silence. I saw epic poetry rooted in the massive trunks of the baobab.

Diop was born in Thiaytou, near Diourbel, about 150 miles inland from Dakar. The village does not appear on the map. In many ways it is remote, but

conscious of the “delights” of Dakar, but, who, by choice, live outside of Western penetration into Africa. Another of Diop’s cousins—one named after him—confirmed my observation when he informed me that Thiaytou was left off the present-day map because of the historical role villagers played in the resistance against French colonization.

It is hard to describe the rush of emotions I felt as I sat in the midsts of Diop family members and fellow pilgrims outside the Diop family compound in the village. I was being given a sense of Diop, the man. He became more than just an author whose work had been part of my education. In the village, it became evident that his greatest impact went beyond books, per se. Like his paternal grandfather, Nossamba Sassoum Diop, who founded the village, Cheik Anta’s legacy forms one of the pillars upon which the village is built. As such, his legacy as a scholar, statesman and humanist points us forward into the future as African and African derived people.

Dressed in red Adidas jogging shoes, a Malcolm X t-shirt with a strip of kente cloth I picked up in Ghana draped over my neck, and jeans, it is an understatement to say that I stood out amongst the pilgrims. I was the focal point of attention from the moment we left our bus after arriving in the village. As we sat in front of the Diop house, Dr. Fall, rather matter of factly, told me I was the first African-American to make the pilgrimage to Thiaytou. I was shocked. For me, this had meaning. As word of my presence spread through the village, the curious gathered, at a reasonable distance, to bear witness. They wanted to see this Fulani looking African from outside of Senegal.

Somehow, I did not feel, nor was I made to feel, out of place. Although all eyes seemed to be focused on me, I did not feel stared at. When Mbaye told me I was the first black person from the diaspora many of the villagers had ever seen, I felt special in a way I cannot yet explain. I can say people wanted to know more about life for African people in America. I realized, then, that as African-Americans, we are a new and distinct people within the larger African family; a “new tribe,” if you will. Our’s is a unique story that must finally be told. I felt my emotions begin to rise still higher when we were called to gather in front of the tomb where Diop is buried alongside his grandfather. The Diops are interred in a simple, stark white, square shaped mausoleum. An old man stood at solemn attention waiting for the signal to unlock the

not in the way National Geographic magazine would have you believe. My first impression of the village suggested a people fully

the larger context, Diop’s work places Africa, and African people, at the center of human development.
those descended from the ancestors who were sent to the other side through Goree Island’s, “Door of No Return.” Since I had refused to eat when I entered the village, I explained to them that I was fasting during the pilgrimage. I wanted them to know that I had travelled from America to Thiaytou because I was seeking spiritual food to nourish my wounded soul. I soared even higher as they whispered “Allahu-Akbar!” (God is great!) My words flowed as they never flowed before. It was almost as if my heart had become an open book.

I explained to them the degree to which we had been denied our very humanity during our enslavement in America. I could feel the tears well-up in my eyes. I felt no shame. I knew they, too, were crying. I wanted them to know that in our struggle to reclaim our humanity, it was Cheik Anta Diop’s work that served as the beacon lighting our way back to a sense of our Ancient African selves. It was catharsis. I laid my burden down. I felt myself becoming reconnected. Time seemed to stand still during those few moments. We all stood naked before God and the ancestral spirits of Cheik Anta and Nossamba Sassoum Diop.

When I concluded my brief speech, the Marabou, in his turn, responded on behalf of the village. He warmly acknowledged my presence, my word offering, and thanked me for having travelled such a great distance. He assured me that I was welcome in Thiaytou, referring to me as, “a son returned home after a forced absence.” The assembled villagers murmured their approval. I knew that, now, in Senegal, as in Nigeria and Ghana, I was home. I was with family. My tears gave way to a sense of relief and belonging unknown to most Americans of African descent.

My experience had transcended my imagination. It was surreal. I thanked the Marabou, and the assembly once again. I tried to convey to them my belief that although I was the first, more African Americans would be coming. Like me, so many of us need to feel the serenity I felt at that moment. At ceremony’s end, when the gathering began to disperse, I was surrounded by well wishers. After being photographed with Diop family members, as well as various pilgrims and villagers, we made our way back to the bus for the return trip to Dakar. So much had happened, I was having a difficult time digesting the whole experience; not even getting lost, and having to get out of the bus to push it from the sand could spoil my day. My last few days in Dakar were somewhat depressing. I knew from my first

My experience had transcended my imagination. It was surreal.
ested in my perceptions as an African-American, and he questioned me at length about my experiences in West Africa.

I was touched by the sincerity of his questions. Here, again, was proof of a definite African interest in, and, concern for, African-American affairs. More than anything, my travels in West Africa exploded so many myths. The real Africa, both its wrenching poverty and its grand splendor, defies the distorted images we continue to receive from the American media. Habib pointed out that images of America, and, more specifically, images of African-Americans were just as distorted in Africa. To express his appreciation for my work, he blessed my efforts, and then honored me with his father’s name. In Senegal, I would be known as Mouhamadoul Monsour Sy. Mouhamadoul is for the Holy Prophet, Muhammad. Monsour means, “one who has been gifted by God.” I am now an honorary member of the Sy family.

I knew, then, that I had to return to the states because there is just so much work to be done, and because not only my people, but, American people, generally, need to hear these stories. America’s black poets are born into this world to tell.
In 1933, there was a radical shift in the balance of power in Europe and the world was about to become witness to one of the most horrific crimes ever committed against mankind. Rarely had there ever been such a callous, malevolent, premeditated attempt to remove an entire race of people from human existence. By 1945, over one-third of all of the world’s Caucasian Jews had been stuffed into ovens—as the world watched. In all, approximately eleven million Caucasian Jews, Gypsies, and other “undesirables” had been eliminated. The magnitude, the ramification, of this crime, as a result of the fascist dictatorship of Adolf Hitler, is one that is practically incalculable and immeasurable to most individuals. This event sent shockwaves throughout the globe, and the residue of this unspeakable horror can still be felt, directly and indirectly, by all of us at this very moment.

Being an individual of African descent, I can naturally empathize with any group of people who have fallen, and who continue to fall, prey to truly grotesque manifestations of oppression and arbitrary abuses of power. The Jewish Holocaust was a crime that can never be forgotten, and we must all ensure that something like this is never repeated.

VICTIMS ONLY?
The world’s Caucasian Jews have portrayed themselves throughout history to be victims of oppression and slavery of the Empire of Ancient Egypt, who had to be rescued from bondage by Biblical Moses; victims of Ancient Roman imperialism; victims only during the Spanish Inquisition; victims only of tyrannical European governments during medieval times; more recently, victims of Hitler’s totalitarian regime; victims of Stalinist Russia; victims of Caucasian “Christian” supremacist groups like the KKK; victims only of “vicious” Arabian nationalism in the so-called Middle East; and victims of alleged anti-Semitism, first by Minister Malcolm X, then by Minister Louis Farrakhan, then by Blacks in general. The latest Black to be accused of alleged anti-Semitism is, of course, Dr. Khalid Abdul Muhammad. This is viewed by many persons of color as extremely hypocritical, for Jewish anti-Black, anti-Arab behavior and words, whether it is on a local, national or international scale, whether historically or contemporarily, is NEVER denounced by Jewish organizations. Today, Caucasian Jews claim that they are victims of anti-Semitism in America, Canada, Eastern Europe, Western Europe, Western Asia, Africa, South America, etc... Do we see a pattern here?

Jews have undoubtedly been victims in their history, but according to many historians, including many of their own, Jews have exercised (what some call) an inordinate or disproportionate role in the decimation, defilement, cultural colonization, enslavement and genocide of many of the world’s people up until today; and how the same people can have the audacity—the mitigating gall—to perpetually illuminate or highlight their own victimization while conveniently “forgetting” their role in the destruction, murder and dehumanization of millions of others is beyond my ability to comprehend. As a matter of fact, a strong case can be made that Jews’ historical relationship with Blacks/Africans has been venomously and perniciously anti-
The fact is that there has been a concerted effort to disguise, distort, or marginalize this information as anti-Black behavior. For far too long, a huge veil has been draped over the other side of Caucasian Jewish culture and history, meticulously hidden from public consumption or scrutiny.

It’s time to lift that veil.

The so-called chosen people:

Michael Bradley’s, “Chosen People of the Caucasus” eloquently discusses the issues of true Jewish origins, delusions, deceptions and historical role in the Slave Trade, genocide and cultural colonization. This book is an effort to destroy all of the myths, Biblical folklore, and Hollywood fantasy attached to Jewish culture. This is a follow-up to Bradley’s first selection, “The Iceman Inheritance”, which reveals the anthropological data to support the theory that the collective Caucasian (white persons) have a predisposition for extreme violence and aggression, and have a higher level of psychosexual maladaptation which manifests itself through racism, sexism, and aggressive behavior. This, Bradley asserts, is a result of their glacial evolutionary experience during the last, and brutal, European Ice Age—an experience unique to the collective Caucasian. Bradley asserts that the Caucasian Jews are also the descendants of these people of the caves (better known as the Neanderthals).

The lecture of the “Chosen People” points out, for starters, that the “overwhelming majority of contemporary Caucasian/European Jews, contrary to popular and erroneous beliefs, have no historical or genetic relationship to ancient Palestine at all; most of them are the descendants of the Russian-steppe tribesman, from the dark caves of the Caucasus mountains, who were converted to Judaism en masse around 740 A.D., and were later pushed into central and eastern Europe by the Mongol Invasion.” What Michael Bradley maintains, in essence, is that the vast majority of modern Caucasian Jews HAVE NO RELATIONSHIP TO THE ORIGINAL HEBREW ISRAELITES. With this in mind, if the Caucasian Jews descended from ancient Eurasia, in the mountainous zones, then their claim and cry (after WW II) for a land in ancient Palestine, in the Middle East, looks absolutely absurd, ludicrous, grotesque.

The Kazir-steppe tribesman conversion origin of most of modern Jewry is a fact discovered by Jewish scholars and Jewish historians and accepted by almost all Jewish scholars. For more information about the history of Hebrew Israelites, check out Dr. Yosef ben Jochannan (an African Jew), author of “We the Black Jews: Witness to the White Jewish Myth”, and Dr. Martin Bernal’s, (a Caucasian Jew) “Black Athena: the Afroasiatic Roots of Classical Civilization.”

Spanish Inquisition and After: Aggressors and Victims Simultaneously

During the infamous and torturous campaign called the Spanish Inquisition (which began in 1350), Spain had begun a series of conversion drives to convert all Caucasian Jews to Christianity. The Inquisitors employed brutal and gruesome tortures against Jews not only because they were Jews, BUT BECAUSE OF SLAVE DEALINGS, and sometimes, for that alone. By 1460, Spanish Jews were importing 700-800 slaves yearly into Portugal. Clearly, the issue of Black enslavement and its connection with Judaism played a significant role as the subject of charges leveled at Jews during the campaign. Seymour B. Liebman, a Jew, revealed in his book, “The Jews in New Spain: Faith, Flame, and the Inquisition” that “On August second, 1492, more than 300,000 Jews were expelled from Spain, ending their five-century involvement in the Black hostage trade in that region. In fact, Jews amassed large fortunes in dealing in Christian slaves and became quite prominent within the Spanish hierarchy.”

By 1450, according to Carl Rheim’s book, “The Jewish Almanac”, “with the exception of certain parts of Italy, Western Europe had closed its doors to Jewish people. The expulsion of Jews by European governments was not unusual, with most of the complaints centered around economic exploitation, monopolization, and sharp practice—and not so much because of their religious doctrine.”

Caucasian Jews had immense influence in the expansion of Europe that began in 1492 and culminated in world domination. Bradley’s “Chosen People” asserts that four ‘conversos’ (Jews who had supposedly and voluntarily converted to Roman Catholicism after the Spanish Inquisition) “put up most of the money to finance the first voyage of Christopher Columbus. After 1550, many of the conversos were Jewish and, as such, took part in the most brutal episode of genocide and extermination the world has ever witnessed (the decimation of Native American people).” But this type of behavior wasn’t just relegated to North America, Central and South America as well as the Caribbean Islands also felt the evil wrath and onslaught of the European (Jews and Christians alike); as Bradley notes in his first book, “The Iceman Inheritance.” “The successful
Europeans stayed in Europe... and Europe opened up her prisons and released her garbage onto the known world.” By 1392, according to the book, “The Columbian Exchange”, “over three hundred of the Native American original tribes had been completely slaughtered and decimated (in other words, made extinct) by enslavement, starvation, war, and disease.” Jews were in great numbers in the New World during the slaughter of the Natives, participated in the slaughter, then were there in great numbers afterwards to sweep up and reap the enormous benefits.

Sir Jeffery Amherst, a Jewish military commander, had a pathological hatred for the “heathenous” and “barbaric” red Native peoples, so, according to the book, “The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews” (edited by the Nation of Islam citing Jewish texts and books), this venomous hatred drove him to devise a monstrous and diabolical plan to PURPOSELY PUT THE SMALLPOX DISEASE INTO BLANKETS AND GIVE THEM TO THE NATIVE AMERICANS, OSTensibly TO DEPOPULATE THE NATIVES. It worked...like vanishing cream. The Native Americans all but disappeared from existence. No remorse, no scruples. With the potential “Indian” labor force depleted, Africans were then brought to be the inextricable burden-bearers of Caucasian aristocracy—Jews and Christian alike. And according to their own scholars, Caucasian Jews were right there at the top, financing, trafficking, slaughtering, trapping, and hauling millions of defenseless Africans like a herd of sheep. Axiomatic is the fact that millions of Africans didn’t even survive the trip due to truly inhumane, ghastly conditions onboard the ships. The manifestation of villainously, atrociously wicked minds was at work to pull something like this off. Interestingly enough, not a whisper or reference to a certain fact has entered our public school system, or that of higher learning; and that is this: Jews were major participants in the slaughter of Native Americans, and were major participants in the greatest human tragedy history knows, (no, not Hitler’s Holocaust), the Trans-Atlantic African Slave Trade.

Which brings me to my next point.

Estimates state that as many as 100 million African were killed (depending on your source) in the West Indies, Central and South America, Europe, the Caribbean, etc. during the Trans-Atlantic Slave Trade. “Jews played a significant role in this infamy,” Michael Bradley states, “a role that contemporary Jews have the propensity to deny, disguise, and distort in favor of their own victimization in Nazi Germany 450 years later.”

I won’t dare allege that Jews first conceived of the idea of slavery, and neither were the Jews alone in the participation of the Holocausts of Native Americans and Africans. What I am asserting is what Dr. Yosef A.A. ben Jochannah stated best in his book, “We the Black Jews: Witness to the White Jewish Myth”: “Jews have been conclusively linked to the biggest criminal endeavor ever undertaken against a race of people—a crime against humanity—the Black African Holocaust. They were major participants in the entrapment and forcible exportation of millions of Black African citizens into the wretched and inhuman life of bondage for the financial benefit of Jews.” THESE ARE FACTS SUPPORTED BY THEIR OWN SCHOLARS, HISTORIANS, AND RABBIS. The effects of this unspeakable tragedy are still being felt among the people of the world at this very hour. The immense wealth of the Jews, as with most of the Caucasian colonial fathers, was acquired only by the brutal subjugation of Black Africans purely on the basis of skin color—a concept unfamiliar to Moses.

Rabbi Bertram W. Korn wrote during the era of slavery in America, in his selection, “Jews and Negro Slavery in the Old South”: “It is realistic to conclude that any Jew who could afford to own slaves (and needed them) would do so. In fact, Jews participated in every aspect and process of the exploitation of the defenseless Blacks.” (for an actual partial list of those Caucasian Jews who owned slaves, refer to the book, “The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews”, pp. 214-311). This work is supplemented by another Jewish Rabbi, Arthur Herzberg, in the selection, “A History of the Jews in America”, with a most shocking pronouncement: “Jewish clergy never discussed Black slavery until 1860, and then primarily in favor of it... As was to be expected, the Jewish clergy in the South, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, ENDORSED THE CONFEDERACY.” In Dr. Jacob Rader Marcus’, “Studies in American Jewish History”, he states that “Most antebellum Jews, those in the North as well as in the South, cared little about the moral issues of human bondage” (even though they’d been through persecution so many times themselves), and not only did Jews accept this demonic doctrine, but Dr. Marcus admits, “some of them helped to formulate and circulate it.”

Caucasian Jews outnumbered their Caucasian Christian brethren in the number of slaves owned by almost two to one. And even though there was a terrible degree of resentment between Caucasian Christians and Caucasian Jews, the Jewish population profited enormously nevertheless.

REMEMBER: The lion does not sleep with the tiger, but they are both members of the cat family.

During the Civil War, many Jews, of course, fought with, or were sympathetic to the Confederacy. In the aftermath of the Confederacy’s humiliating defeat, Caucasian Jews fought to restore White Supremacy and were instrumental in the establishment, and then perpetuation of the horrors of Jim Crowism. For reference, this era of American history is further analyzed in the book, “The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews”, in the chapter entitled, ‘Jews, Slavery, and the Civil War’.

ISRAEL AND SOUTH AFRICA: AN UNHOLY, UNGODLY ALLIANCE

The full extent of military cooperation between the political state of Israel (occupied Palestine) and the barbaric, blatantly racist regime of white South Africa has been kept secret by both sides, but significant aspects have been revealed. According to the Stockholm Peace Research Institute (SPIR), military, political, economic, and social allegiance between South Africa and Israel began as early as 1962, but they began talks as early as the mid-1950s (keep in mind that this is only TEN YEARS AFTER THE JEWISH HOLOCAUST CAME TO A CLOSE). This is according to the book, “The Anti-Apartheid Reader” (edited by David Merselstein and written by Ben Beit-Hallahmi, pp. 329-333). “In 1962, the political state of Israel began selling rifles, mortars, electronic equipment, and missile boats to the country of South Africa. It has also been reported that the political state of Israel sold South Africa radar stations, were remodeling all of South Africa’s armored tanks, and that the political state of Israel was training white South Africans to suppress the majority Black African uprising.” This most shocking account is followed up by another book entitled, “The Unnatural Alliance,” by John Adams, in the chapter titled, ‘A Marriage of Money’ which reveals that once all trade is taken into account, the polit-
ical state of Israel is South Africa’s oldest, longest, and most faithful trading partner (the political state of Israel is the leading investor and the leading exporter of valuable resources and equipment out of white South Africa). Mr Adams also points out the fact that the 130,000 South African Jews are the highest per capita contributors to Israel in the world. The book also reveals that most of white South Africa’s military weaponry and military strategy was developed by her biggest benefactor, the Jewish political State of Israel.

Mr. Simha Ehrlich, then Prime Minister of Israel, has been quoted as stating this to a delegation in South Africa: “Israel would serve as a convenient way station for South African products, which would be exported first to Israel and then re-exported to the U.S. and other countries, avoiding higher taxes and political boycotts to the benefit of both countries.”

Question: Just where were the Jewish Anti-Defamation League or other Jewish defense organizations hiding when all this was taking place? And why haven’t they ever spoken out to denounce, reproach, castigate, or scrutinize the perniciously and atrociously anti-Black, anti-Arab, anti-Native American behavior manifested by their own people? And, as such, what right do they have to malign and vilify any alleged anti-Semitic language or behavior if they can’t clean up their own house? You mean to tell me that the world’s Caucasian Jews have never done wrong to anyone at anytime in anyplace? Or don’t the Jews speak out unless one of their own is attacked or affected? Perhaps I just hit it right on the nose. Do the Caucasian Jews only take care of themselves and continue to discard, and defile, and trash, and defecate on the rest of the world? Don’t be fooled by the facades and affec-
tations, for they have not behaved like friends or benevolent allies to African, Arab or Native- American people. These are the works of those who should be described as enemies of our people, our struggle, our children, and our future.

As if this weren’t enough, the political state of Israel has been collaborating with the South African Apartheid since the late 1950s in the production of nuclear weapons, and by now, the political state of Israel and South Africa may have one the highest proliferation of atomic weaponry anywhere in Western Civilization.

AGENT PROVOCATEURS: Spies and Stoolpigeons

One of the issues that I am most incensed and indignant about concerning the Caucasian Jew’s historically anti-Black behavior, is the fact that during the civil rights movements of the 1950s and 60s, the Jewish community put on a magnificent and spectacular facade and veneer pretending to be our most honored allies, while simultaneously, a prestigious Jewish organization was involved in the illegal intelligence gathering operations (spying, wire-tapping) of civil rights organizations and leaders. Those individuals who were, unknowingly, to unlawful scrutiny included El Hajj Malik El-Shabazz (Malcolm X), The SCLC, SNCC, and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. The organization that is responsible for this debauchery was none other than the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, B-nai B’rith. This was first revealed in the “New York Times” in the summer of 1992. I have yet to hear one syllable, not one iota, not one breath denouncing this type of behavior by other Caucasian Jews, or other organizations. It is becoming painfully obvious to me that the international Caucasian Jewish community will never speak out against the misconduct, impropriety, or malfeasance of any of the members of the Jewish race or religion, whether it is in the United States or in the political state of Israel (occupied Palestine). Yet the very same community would call upon the support of others to denounce alleged anti-Semitism (as if Caucasian Jews are the only Semites), and the so-called hatred of Minister Louis Farrakhan, Dr. Khallid Muhammad, the Palestinian PLO, Greeks, Germans, Egyptians, Syrians, etc. If the Caucasian Jewry continues to prove to be impotent and incompetent in her ability to reprimand or renounce those members or her faith who disregard the humanity of others, then these same Jews should not expect anyone to respect or protect their humanity or even shed a tear when something catastrophic happens to them.

FINAL ANALYSIS:
It is long past the time when the Caucasian Jewish “mys-

(continued on page 42)
An elder who has fought many struggles walks up to the chalkboard and writes three terms on the board: 1) people, 2) principles, and 3) people who faithfully follow those principles.

A day earlier, I had the pleasure of sitting and listening to Kwame Ture, after a meeting with the All African Peoples Revolutionary Party (AAPRP), Kwame Ture (formerly Stokely Carmichael) has always been in the Vanguard of his people's struggle; first with the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, then with the Black Panther Party, and finally with the AAPRP. He was a driving force in the call for Black Power in the sixties. In fact, his message has been so fierce that he has been banned in such places as England and Jamaica. Still, through all the struggles, Ture is on the front lines; in Africa, and throughout the diaspora, organizing his people.

As displayed at a February sixth workshop on “Students and the Role of Pan-Africanism,” his approach is simple, logical, patient, and above all, ordered. He clearly covers the fundamental issues, providing examples of the problems at hand; with the same clarity, he provides answers to the problems.

The first topic at hand was that of the student and their role in the university and society. Within this discussion there was the need to speak of “superstructure,” that is the structure under which the society, university, and student functions. Then a dichotomy was set up: “There are two kinds of economic systems in this world, capitalism and socialism. They both ask the fundamental question, ‘Who will own and control the modes of production?’” Ture said, “Capitalism proposes that a few will own and control the modes. Socialism, on the other hand, proposes that everyone will own and control the modes of production.” Ture stated firmly that the two economic systems are diametrically opposed, and that he firmly supported the tenants of socialism. Also implicit in the statement was the fact that socialism is a universal truth which is not the property of Marx or Lenin. “Newton did not invent that things fall at a rate of 32 inches per second, he observed it. In the same way, Marx did not invent socialism, he observed it.” This issue of the superstructure was important, because it provided the basis for how one was to view the educational process and the students' role within that process. The capitalist process of education, or as Freire would term it, “the banking concept of education,” seeks to promote the individual's desires and needs over the needs of the group. Socialists, being diametrically opposed to capitalism, seek to promote the needs of the group over that of the individual. Thus, our role as students is to promote the group, i.e., work for our people’s struggle rather than struggle for our own petty success. Ture points out, “What good is that capitalist money going to do for you when you’re in the grave...you gonna bury it with you?”

In order to work for our people, Ture stressed, we must be organized. We must study our people’s struggle, and ain’t no half-steppin’ in this struggle. The commitment must be strong. Once again, the commitment calls for organization. Ture stated, “We have unity of action. What we lack is unity of thought.” A perfect example of this is the recent uprising in Los Angeles. Unity of action was displayed in the angry response to blatant racism which still runs rampant in society; however, if unity of thought was employed by those who were uprising, the effectiveness could have been much more influential. We, as students, were told by Ture, “…the job of the intelligentsia is to make the people conscious of their unconscious movement!”

From there, he spoke of Pan-Africanism. “Power begins at the level of conception.” The conception of Pan-Africanism in the AAPRP is that of a unified socialist Africa. This concept is extremely powerful. Many of the strongest Africans have supported it; Kwame Nkrumah, Ahmed Sekou Toure, Cheik Anta Diop, etc. Africa could be completely self-sufficient. If unified, there could be no such thing as starvation on the continent... a very powerful conception. “It is for this reason,” Ture tells us, “that they do not want you to call yourself African. We went from ‘Negro’ to ‘black,’ and it scared the hell out of them. Imagine what will happen if we go from ‘black’ to African.” Further, Ture stated, “Anytime you find an African who is ashamed of being an African, that is an ignorant African.” He spoke of the glory of African heritage in the realm of religion, architecture, science and math. He also gave the title of “Moses and Monotheism”, by Sigmund Freud as a proof of the African origin of Judaism. On the issue of African culture, he urged students to read the works of Cheik Anta Diop.

Finally, he urged students to get organized. He told them to join an organization... any organization, from the Nation of Islam to the NAAACP, which struggles for the liberation of African people. “One can make progress when one is unconscious.” Ture says, “but one cannot be unconscious if they are to be liberated; they must be organized.” To those of us who have been involved, and who are probably quite frustrated at the bureaucratic frivolity we constantly face, he reaffirmed that, “You can’t stop a revolution, you can only slow it down. Human progress is slow, but it surely comes.”

In a question and answer session, a young brother stood and said, “In this country our leaders are presented to us and they are put on a kind of pedestal. I have never heard anybody provide us with knowledge the way you have...” The young brother was right on. Here was a man who coined the term “Black Power”, one who has met with world leaders and constantly fought the system, but here he was proud and humble, working with students and elders alike... for his people. Who says we don’t have any leaders anymore? Shame on you.
A black and white pictorial tribute, “From Family to Community: The Legacy of the Crosbys,” spanned from one end of the Uumbaji Gallery to the other.

The first two sets of frames portrayed the family in various settings. One picture shows the entire Crosby family, mom, pop, and their young sons, Kofi, Darryl, and Malcolm, standing together in front of an enormous bush. Another shows one son as an adolescent, sporting an Afro and strumming a guitar. Most of the pictures focus on her husband (Dr. Edward Crosby)’s work in the Department of Pan-African Studies. There are two pictures of Shirley Crosby which compel me to take a closer look. Her eyes are prominent in both pictures. One shows her as a youth, wearing a floral print dress and standing against a wall. Her eyes convey a message of warmth and concern for others. The other portrays the older Crosby. In this picture, the eyes express the same qualities as the other, but now, one may discern something matronly and regal about them as well. As I sit down to talk to her about her life’s work, I gaze into those brown eyes and realize the title for the pictorial could very well sum up her entire life’s work.

If Mrs. Crosby went from family to community, she truly exemplified it with her work, for us, in the African-American community, in the Department of Pan-African Studies. She has been coordinator for the department for ten years, is the assistant to the director of the Center of Pan-African Culture, advises Harambeet, and has been vehemently involved in the research of the Institute for African-American Affairs.

“I never got a paycheck for what I have done,” she says. Mrs. Crosby explains it was natural for her to assist the coordinator of the department. “I knew some of the history of the department. The director was looking for someone with competence and commitment. They knew that I would carry things out, and were satisfied with me,” she says. “I take over any job that has no specific person in charge. I represent officials from the department, I assist staff members in carrying out their jobs, I work with students with any extra-curricular or social activity, and I act as a resource person for the department. Over the years, my house, my kitchen, and my car have all been used as resources,” she explains. This goes as far back as what she affectionately refers to as “the early days”...

After completing his Master’s program in German literature, Dr. Crosby obtained a position at Hiram College as a part-time instructor. Mrs. Crosby became a full-time housewife. Her home became the meeting place for the African-American students on the predominately White campus. “Students would come meet at our house, at the corner of the campus, for NAACP meetings,” she said. “I tried to relate to the Black students. I took them in as my own children. My house was the home away from home.”

Wherever they went, the Crosby household welcomed anyone in need. “The door was always open,” said Darryl Crosby, production advisor of Uhuru, and son of Dr. and Mrs. Crosby. “Other students would come to our house. Students would call to get advice on their academic life. We would have well-known people in our house. Some people who were not well-known, but who were doing things in the community would also come,” he said. Well-known Africans such as the poet Eugene Redmond and the percussionist Babatunde Olatunji would visit. Darryl especially remembers whenever Olatunji came to stay. “Whenever Olatunji would visit he would impart some culture on us. We would start to hear his accent, his playing the drum; we were exposed to his clothing, his way of life; he would pour libations...This was happening way back in the day--1970’s--and it’s still going on today!”

Darryl said that both of his parents impressed him and his brothers with the obligation to help out the community. “They didn’t have to say anything about it,” he said. “They showed examples.”

He remembers the time when his mother helped out a Kent State student who was in trouble with the law. “She was stopped for having too many parking tickets,” he said. “The police took the woman away. Mom took care of her infant daughter while she was away. The point is that she went above and beyond what she was supposed to do. That made an impression on me.”

“I think if you look at it, when she saw that there was work that needed to be done, she got it done,” Dr. Crosby said. “Her work goes beyond the eight-hour work day. She gives up quality time--time that could be spent with her family. Take, for example, the conference in Toledo, which various Black organizations attended. She went along with them. She gave up...
quality time that could be spent at home just to travel with them, and to make sure things went smoothly.”

The conference, the first of its kind, was sponsored by the National Alliance of Pan-African Students. It served as a forum in which African-American student groups from several campuses could come together to discuss various issues that affect their campuses.

Andrea Duvall, President of Black United Students, says she discovered a side of Mrs. Crosby that she has never seen before when she talked with her as they were going to the conference. “I got to see her as a real person. Not as the coordinator of the Center, or as Mrs. Crosby, but as the Black woman, Shirley Crosby,” Andrea says. She further explains that Mrs. Crosby has consistently been there for BUS. “No other administrator has been at the mass meetings more than she has,” Andrea says. “She provides some balance to whatever [is being done]. For example, we had a program with the anti-Klan people of Coshocton, Ohio,” she said. They were sitting in front of us, talking. She took the time to get them some water. We (the BUS executive board) looked at each other and said, ‘Maybe we should have done that.’ In doing this, she showed us an aspect that we had not thought about.”

Mudia Aimiwu, president of Harambee!, says that Mrs. Crosby has also helped with his organization. “I used to have a nonchalant attitude about the African-American community, and KSU in general. She encouraged me. When we were about to go to the conference in Toledo, she made me give a good reason as to why I should go. She has always made me do this in both academics and in the group,” he says.

Aimiwu has found her to be a source for advice concerning personal affairs as well. “As an architect student, I had a lot of work, but I didn’t seem to have the time,” he said. “I was n’t disciplined, but stressed about the situation. I went to her and she sat down and talked to me. She told me that if I was going to pursue a career in the field I had chosen, then I would have to take on the rough parts of that field.”

Mrs. Crosby plans to retire this May, but she, along with her husband, will still help out students and the department. “Don’t expect us to be completely gone. We’ll still be around,” says Dr. Crosby. Finding someone to fill her shoes when she’s not around may be a tough act to follow, though. “I regret that no one would want to take the voluntary position. They would have to do the same things that I am currently doing, and spend a lot of time and energy doing it. I regret that no one would want to take the various roles assigned to me, but then again, maybe someone is ready to do so,” she says.

Aimiwu feels the same way about the loss of her as an advisor for Harambee! “It’s just like family. She is the mother and we are her children.” he said. “Just as a mother leaves her children, and the children stay with a stepmother, the love from that mother won’t be the same.”

As Mrs. Crosby steps down as coordinator of the culture center, she would like to leave a legacy of knowledge, inquisitive and hard work to us. “My latest preaching is that all of us should be versatile. We should not see in tunnel vision. I definitely see it here on this campus,” she said. Mrs. Crosby defined tunnel vision as a “narrow focus on life, events and situations around a person.” “[This person] comes to work, but only knows where the time clock is. They don’t know where anything else is. They try to get to know other offices without exploring. Is this a naive person? No, this person has a lack of inquisitiveness to find out what else is going on.”

She does provide one remedy for this. “You can always find something new. Not by TV, or the papers, but by networking.” Mrs. Crosby said. “It leads to information. It keeps you informed as to what is going on, who is doing what, etc. Every scrap of paper, you should read. Take the information you have learned and pass it on to others.”

Darryl said his mother will leave behind the legacy of someone for “sisters to look to, and as an example.”

Duvall agrees. “She will leave a legacy that many aspiring to be the African woman should [embrace]. She is all natural—in hair and in spirit. She shows us that in order to love yourself, you must be in the natural state. She has been a model in the areas of motherhood, sisterhood, womanhood and community service. She provides the total package for what the African woman should be,” she said.

Aimiwu, who was born in Africa, also sees Mrs. Crosby as the perfect role model for the women on campus. “She would be the ideal type of woman in Africa. She earns the respect of everyone, including herself,”
continued from page 41

he said.

(I smiled a little at the statement he made. I knew what he meant. From observing the way students act around her, they treat her with as much respect as that for a queen. I noticed when I am with her, I am sometimes tempted to call her “Shirl,” or Shirley, but I call her Mrs. Crosby. The demeanor with which she carries herself demands that she be called by that name). “I think she has gone a step above being African. From talking with the women on campus, they talk Afrocentric, but they don’t know what it is about.” he continued, “She doesn’t talk it--she lives it, and she teaches it.”

She has gone above and beyond the call for both family and community. We know that there will be no one quite like her. As Darryl would say, “They don’t make them like Mrs. Crosby.”

Paradox... cont. from p.37

tique” should have been subjected to objective scientific scrutiny. The world can do without the mystique, the myths, and the delusions that have caused a whole hell of a lot of human tragedy, throughout the annals of history in collectively deranged, maniacal acts of anti-human, anti-spiritual behavior. It is my desire, however, to reconcile the differences between Africans and Jews. Jews claim to want peace, tranquility and serenity...it is my presumption that African people desire the same things. But we must come to the realization that there can be no peace, and there will NEVER be peace, as long as our relationship is continually built upon injustice, lying, thievish, murder, hypocrisy, duplicity, deceit and the distortion of historical facts. There can never be peace as long as there are those evil persons who have the intestinal fortitude to use the name of God to facilitate one’s racist, narrow-minded mentality and gutter practice of religious doctrine. We must all remain vigilant or cognizant for those who use the name of God to facilitate murder, oppression, imperialism, international warfare, the taking of someone else’s land, or the acquisition of power and wealth. The only route to racial, ethnic, or religious reconciliation is through the distribution or dissemination of truth of facts. Truth is a prerequisite to racial reconciliation.

Any person or persons attempting reconciliation without truth is a person or group of people majoring in futility and wasteful effort, which will only serve to exacerbate the animosity between the races and may militate against ethnic harmony.
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Paradox... cont. from p.37

“Mystique” should have been subjected to objective scientific scrutiny. The world can do without the mystique, the myths, and the delusions that have caused a whole hell of a lot of human tragedy, throughout the annals of history in collectively deranged, maniacal acts of anti-human, anti-spiritual behavior. It is my desire, however, to reconcile the differences between Africans and Jews. Jews claim to want peace, tranquility and serenity...it is my presumption that African people desire the same things. But we must come to the realization that there can be no peace, and there will NEVER be peace, as long as our relationship is continually built upon injustice, lying, thievery, murder, hypocrisy, duplicity, deceit and the distortion of historical facts. There can never be peace as long as there are those evil persons who have the intestinal fortitude to use the name of God to facilitate one’s racist, narrow-minded mentality and gutter practice of religious doctrine. We must all remain vigilant or cognizant for those who use the name of God to facilitate murder, oppression, imperialism, international warfare, the taking of someone else’s land, or the acquisition of power and wealth. The only route to racial, ethnic, or religious reconciliation is through the distribution or dissemination of truth of facts. Truth is a prerequisite to racial reconciliation.

Any person or persons attempting reconciliation without truth is a person or group of people majoring in futility and wasteful effort, which will only serve to exacerbate the animosity between the races and may militate against ethnic harmony.
The call of an awakened nation has penetrated the chambers of African conventions, clubs, her legislative assemblies, churches, commerce and even music. Like over-ripe fruits, the leaders are falling off the trees of African national life. New types of leaders who understand themselves (and the needs of Africa) are rising up. They hate imperialism and one-sided exploitation. They love truth and human brotherliness and sisterliness. They advocate cooperation. They respect the human personality, and they cherish the spirit of independence.

The spirit of an awakened people is on the march forward. The voice of nature and humanity is crying aloud for all nations to realize that the spirit of man in Africa is awake—-that all people must have the opportunity for self-maintenance. The rest of the world must recognize that in Africa, too, man is an end and not a means. Africa is far from being satisfied, because of the way she has been treated in the past by some European nations, but she can forgive and forget if other people will listen now to the voice of reason and decency. Let me state that the problem of the world today is not that the offended cannot forgive, but that the offender cannot repent.

It is clear that Africa is opposed to imperialism and demands democratic cooperation and democratic interdependence whereby all countries of the world shall become useful to one another, be they European, African, American, or Asiatic.

Africa does not intend to isolate herself from the increasingly contracting world. She does not mean to reserve her resources only for herself, but she desires access to that which nature has deposited for her development. She desires to control her own destiny and rid herself of want and fear.

To the people of the world everywhere, Africa pleads for mutual understanding. She has resolved that whatever the land of Africa yields will now be used, first and foremost, for the benefit of the African people, who will no longer be looking for crumbs dropped from the tables of foreigners. For many years Africa has been feeding Europe, but now she is getting hungry herself. She has resolved that the only way by which she can continue to play her indispensable role in the modern world is to remain African and to help build the continent and the diaspora of the African people.