of constant struggle:

ON-SITE STORAGE
reflections of the past, predictions of the future
Editors' Notes

Articles

5
Check Your Clocks Jason E. Shelton
Transiciones Cynthia Tapia
Colorblindness & Other Ailments Troy Gregorino
Violence: European Style Dr Kwame Nantambu
Bullets in the Night Jagina Y. Cash
Ghetto: A State of Mind Andrea "Drue" Pope
Liberation Through Communication E. Timothy Moore
Storm Warning Mwatabu S. Okantah
The Truth Beyond the Imagery Manuela Da Costa-Fernandes
Why African Student Activism Will Not Abate Keita Saad
Then or Now

Kuumba

19

6

8

12

14

16

24

28

30

28

34

88
In the face of so much disension, the struggle can, all too often, become nearly unbearable. Amidst a fleeting barrage of never-ending accusations of "racism," "anti-semitism," and the like (as if we truly had the power necessary to be either), I marvel at the prospect that so many of us, “Blacks and Whites, Jews and gentiles, Protestants and Catholics (my obligatory reference to Dr. King, which, of course, makes me civil),” may believe the impending tension between factions to be something new, unprovoked, or, indeed, “re-emerging.”

The truth of the matter is that if these same...uh...individuals (I remain civil), who prance about, entering into subjective conversation and intellectually masturbating in classrooms, public meetings, adorned offices, and over coffee with their Ph.D. contemporaries were actually worth the paper upon which their much undeserved paychecks were printed, they would know what the contemptuous hellions about whom they speak have known, and tried to articulate, since Middle Passage, and well before: that there is a principle, or force of nature, if you will, called “reciprocity.”

This is not a threat, by the way. Indeed, even if the oppressed sat back, allowing themselves to be totally annihilated, purists would propose that this law would abide, all the same. Many of us, however, are not purists, and insomuch, bear no apprehension to assisting Mother Nature at times.

I’ll be arrogant enough to speak for all of humankind when I say that a most benevolent method of overcoming any tension is discourse, spoken, printed, or otherwise. We must be ready for it, however; and when it does, as is necessary, leave a bitter taste in our mouths, hoping that it will be riddled with unwarranted pleasantries in lieu of honesty, or trying to lobby it out of existence will solve little. Indeed, if the problems between cultures are not solved with pens & paper at universities in Kent, Cambridge, Cairo, and Jerusalem in 1994, they will be solved with guns and knives in the streets of Kent, Cambridge, Cairo, and Jerusalem in 2004. Have we not already witnessed this?

In this spirit, Uhuru rises, after 25 years of struggle, as an avatar of freedom, justice, and liberation, for the Afrikan... and for all. Ashé!

To Maat be true.

-94
Twenty five years of constant struggle, so the title so profoundly states. Although I am young in the struggle, and have witnessed only the last four years of it at Kent State University, I find myself in a very familiar predicament, as if I, in 1969, marched across campus with a clinched fist with many of our elders who once waged the same war that we find ourselves in today, a war 25 years in the making.

Having spent four years at this university, I know all too well the evils of the western world, i.e. those Europeans who have enslaved us, and refuse to set us free. Oh no, we still ain’t free! At one time in our not-so-distant history, we were told that we could not read, and that we could not write, now, in contemporary Amerikkka, we are told what we cannot read and what we cannot write.

Yes, the shackles of mental slavery have, indeed, been broken, but they still dangle from many of our necks, reminding us that we still ain’t free. What we are experiencing today is merely the reflection of our elders’ past. With what we are experiencing today, we can only predict what our children will be up against when their time comes. We can predict it with either optimism or pessimism, I elect the former. Although those shackles still dangle from some of us, there are those of us who will continue to express ourselves and define ourselves in our terms, and on our ground... solid Afrikan ground!

It is only fitting that in our 25th year, another publication born out of the same social, political and creative genius, of which Uhuru magazine was created, be published consistently, that publication is the Black Watch newsletter. The war that we (Afrikans across campus) wage today, is the same war that our elders waged 25 years ago, and out of those devilish forces waged against us, these publications were created.

Yes, the struggle continues. It is an ongoing process. This fight will, indeed, last beyond my years, but this semester, I found myself paying far too much attention to factors outside of our community. A distraction either by design, or by circumstance, or perhaps by both, but a distraction nonetheless.

We have witnessed the loss of two bros in our community, Marshawn Long and Derrick “Dink” Trimble. I knew them both, or should say I “know” them both, because they both still live within me, and within all who know them. They are truly not gone, they have only ascended to the realm of our ancestors, but our relationships have undeniably been altered forever. And why?

This editorial is not to preach about the deterioration of our community-at-large, and what we must do to stop the cycle of violence. No, for we already know what we must do, we must take action, that is to say, the “cycle of violence” has hit home, and I am not sure that our home can afford to take another blow. Now, how will our community elect to defend itself?

Marshawn and Dink, two distinctly different men, but they remind me so much of each other, always at the center of attention, and the “life” of the ceremony. As much as their physical presence is missed, we must remember that the struggle continues. We must also realize that with the loss of these two cherished lives, there are two forces working against us.

Although there are two forces, they were both bred from the same evil, racist, white-supremist stock. 25 years ago, a publication was created, during a time when tensions were high and battles were fierce. I find myself in a familiar circumstance, the same battle brews, from 1969 to 1994, a war 25 years in the making.
What up, nigga? Hey, nigga! Nigga, please! I’m tired of hearing it, and being called it. It’s time for the “nigga” mentality to come to an end.

Since I was a child playing in the streets, it’s been an everyday thing to acknowledge other black males as “nigga.” I used to hang with people who were older than I, and they did it, so why couldn’t I? Plus, I was down! Whatever that means.

I guess that when you’re called something for long enough, you begin to believe it. But I can assure you now, I ain’t no nigga.

For the last month, I’ve made a successful effort to banish the word from my vocabulary. I’ve adopted new words to take the old one’s place; words like “brotha,” or “bro.” I’ve even called people “cats.”

I guess what really made me check myself was when, one day, I said to my “bro” Fisod, “What up nigga?” He glared at me with a look as cold as Alaska, and said simply, “Are you a nigga?”

Without hesitation, I answered “no,” and realized the contradiction. If I wasn’t a nigga, how could my brotha be one? I’m no better than he is!

Brothas have called one another nigga since slavery. I’ve even heard brothas call white people niggers! They act like they don’t care. Maybe they just don’t know how to react.

I guess that you could argue that the usage of nigga is a “black thing.” Some say that it stands for “Never-Ignorant-Getting-Goals Accomplished.” Others say that it breeds a form of unity. This is a fallacy.

Not all of us call each other nigga, so there’s no unity. There is no justification for the usage of the “N” word. We continue to brainwash ourselves.

According to the Oxford Pocket Dictionary, a nigger is a “Negro, dark-skinned person; a nigger in the wood pile, a hidden cause of trouble or inconvenience.” Now brothas, are you still a nigga?

People have asked me, “If black people call themselves niggers, then why can’t white people?” I could never give a straight answer. Maybe that’s because I knew we were wrong, and I just didn’t want them to know.

You never respect a person who doesn’t respect himself, so how could I tell them not to call me a nigga, when I called myself one? I didn’t want a white person to call me a nigga, but I would accept it from my “brotha.” It’s worse hearing it from a member of your own race!

I can’t speak for anyone else, but I know that I ain’t no nigga. My name is Jason Eugene Shelton, and I am proud to be a Black American. I refuse to put down my race by calling my brothas a derogatory name that should have been left at the end of the Civil War.

So brothas, the next time you say, “Hey, what up, nigga?” ask yourself, “am I a nigga?” I hope the answer is no.

-Jason E. Shelton
African Community Theatre

And The

Mbari Mbayo

Players

CENTER OF PAN-AFRICAN CULTURE

The Department Of Pan-African Studies

Kent State University
Kent, Ohio 44242

(216) 672-2300 or 7937, Fax 672-4837

JIPENDE AFRIKAN
Books and Things

A Good Book is the Life Blood of a Master Spirit

We invite you to share the richness
of our heritage

Fabrics • Fashions/Accessories • Greeting Cards
• Oils • Incense • Art • Tapes • Bahamian Diet

Hand Car Wash • Health Center
on premises

Miss Bey
(216) 453-LOVE
1957 E. Tuscawasas
Canton, Ohio 44707

Graffiti Print Shop

CUSTOM PRINTED & AIRBRUSHED
T-SHIRTS, SWEATS, JACKETS, AND CAPS

FAST SERVICE, QUALITY WORK
QUANTITY DISCOUNTS
*CORPORATE LOGOS*FAMILY REUNIONS*SPECIAL EVENTS
133 E. CUYAHOGA FALLS AVE.,
AKRON, OHIO 44310
(216) 535-5532 OR (800) 699-5532

ICE ARENA
1st halfway Drive To 2.2414
Kent Student

EASTWAY RECREATION CENTER • 672.2095
Kent Student Center • 672.2004

UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE
672.2762
Kent Student Center • 672.3030

MARIO’S
Tri-Towers • 672.2639

These services are proudly provided
by Kent State University Auxiliary Operations.
No longer do children rely on the family for strength and support, but rather they disregard their parents, and adopt the American “ideal” of individualism.

In today’s Puerto Rican households, family bonds have been largely severed, weakening a necessary network of support.

by Cynthia Tapia
we are still regarded, to a large extent, as “late-comers.” As a result, Puerto Ricans are asked to adopt a new culture, while in the process, sometimes losing track of their own.

Although I grew up in the United States, I am still very aware, and proud, of my Puerto Rican heritage. My mother did her best to teach me about my culture and native language. To the older Hispanic generation, the survival of this culture begins with, and depends on, the family.

Unfortunately, though, cultural pride is not shared by all Puerto Ricans. Many of today’s Puerto Rican youth cannot even speak the language, and know little or nothing about the culture, and its traditions.

Because Puerto Ricans come from a background quite different than that of the mainland United States, we are still regarded, to a large extent, as “late-comers.” As a result, Puerto Ricans are asked to adopt a new culture, while in the process, sometimes losing track of their own.

This transition can most clearly be seen at the heart of Puerto Rican culture, the family. Puerto Ricans bear a deep sense of family obligation, and one’s primary responsibilities are to family and friends.

In today’s Puerto Rican households, family bonds have been largely severed, weakening a necessary network of support. No longer do children rely on the family for strength and support, but rather they disregard their parents, and adopt the American “ideal” of individualism.

Puerto Rican children need to be taught about their culture to ensure that our heritage and family values continue.

When Puerto Ricans migrated to the United States, we brought with us a huge part of our culture—our language. Spanish spoken by Latino Americans has since been transformed by cultural changes, mixtures, and attitudes.

Now, although Puerto Ricans shall always regard Spanish as our first language, we are not reluctant to learn English, since, of course, English is very important for success in a country that is English-oriented. A problem, however, arises in that Puerto Ricans are not only speaking English to “get by” in the United States; many of us are now speaking English in our homes to our children. As the cycle continues, Puerto Rican children will learn only to speak English, and never their native language. Even living in an area that is more than 50 percent Latino, I have seen the effects of this in my community...

Entering my high school Spanish class the first day of school, and noticing that the majority of the students were Hispanic, I later learned that only one out of two of my peers knew how to fluently speak the language.

How did this happen? These Hispanic students should’ve been fluent in Spanish, considering the fact that most of their parents weren’t even born in the United States!

Perhaps the students’ parents actually tried to teach them Spanish, but failed, since family ties are not as strong as they used to be, or maybe the students were so influenced by outside forces such as television, school, and friends, that learning to speak Spanish simply wasn’t a priority.

Whatever the case may be, today’s Latino children need to be taught Spanish in the home.

The future of Puerto Rican culture rests in the hands of today’s Hispanic youth. They will determine the fate of the Hispanic language and traditions. If this responsibility is neglected, Puerto Rican culture will diminish from generation to generation, and will ultimately be lost forever.
Enslavement, emancipation, integration... equality? Not quite. Now that America has progressed virtually into a fully integrated nation, her citizens too often confuse minority "freedoms" for complete equality. This illusion, which implies that all Americans begin life's journey at the same starting point, has led to desensitization regarding the need for true respect and acceptance of racial "minorities," particularly African-Americans.

This lacking understanding among the majority of white America stems in part from disinterest as well as misinterpretation of non-white activities. Many caucasiens are skeptical of any function or organization in which African-American interest is heavily, or perhaps exclusively, emphasized (e.g., the NAACP, Miss Black America Pageants, the United Negro College Fund, etc.). Often, I am challenged by other caucasiens with questions regarding why "we" can't have a White United Students, a Miss White America, or a United Whites College Fund. My response to such questions is that there is simply no need for such functions in our historically and presently white-dominated society. Institutions that are intentionally all white not only reinforce an already oppressive situation, but are in fact the very reason that many African-Americans are forced to seek the unifying spirit of traditionally-black organizations. These bodies are not some spiteful, racist attack on white oppression, but are a natural occurring product of a society which still refuses to acknowledge African-Americans as absolute equals.

Further obstructing the simple need for respect is what I call the "Colorblind Syndrome." Ironically, this hindrance to mod-orblind" are those who attempt to compensate for their racist, white upbringing by denying the very existence of color differences. Therein, the beauty and uniqueness of non-white cultures are not only neglected, but are held up for comparison to the accomplishments of a presumably superior "white culture." A classic symptom of colorblindness is a statement such as, "I'm not prejudiced. I don't mind working with anyone, whether they're white, black, brown, red, green, or whatever!"

Statements such as this are common, and are little more than racism in disguise. Given the obscurity of the color green (for example) to represent an individual, this statement may be more accurately translated as, "Though I prefer working with other whites, I'm willing to work with those of another color, no matter how ridiculously far they may be from the preferred color. Aren't I noble?"

Whether in the form of blatant discrimination or simply naive failure to recognize social injustices, racism remains America's modern day "peculiar institution." Whether in the form of blatant discrimination or simply naive failure to recognize social injustices, racism remains America's modern day "peculiar institution." Whether in the form of blatant discrimination or simply naive failure to recognize social injustices, racism remains America's modern day "peculiar institution." Whether in the form of blatant discrimination or simply naive failure to recognize social injustices, racism remains America's modern day "peculiar institution." Whether in the form of blatant discrimination or simply naive failure to recognize social injustices, racism remains America's modern day "peculiar institution." Whether in the form of blatant discrimination or simply naive failure to recognize social injustices, racism remains America's modern day "peculiar institution." Whether in the form of blatant discrimination or simply naive failure to recognize social injustices, racism remains America's modern day "peculiar institution."
That our neighborhoods are no longer ghettos are just havens for violence, that our neighborhoods are no longer safe, and that America is now, suddenly, the numero uno violent country among the Western European industrial democracies. Now while all these reports may be true, it seems to me that an incorrect analysis has been applied to the issue of violence in America. Historically, America became an independent nation through violent revolution, and the Constitution has always given citizens the right to bear arms. Americans are driven by aggressive, excessive competition, at times both legal and illegal (in the traditional spirit of Charles Darwin); and, in some instances, society actually celebrates, rewards, and praises supposedly “macho” individuals, even though they commit disparate acts of violence.

That’s the crux of the problem of violence that now plagues the very fabric of American society.

For example, in 432 A.D., Pope Celestine I sent a former British slave named Patrick to convert the peoples of Ireland. In the name of Christianity, Patrick introduced the Roman alphabet and Latin literature into Ireland, baptized more than 120,000 persons, and founded more than 300 churches, killing thousands of Irishmen in the process. As a reward for his brutal, violent acts against humanity, the Vatican made Patrick a saint, and today millions of Irish-Americans celebrate these violent acts on his feast day, St. Patrick’s Day, March 17th. To the average person who dresses in green, wears shamrocks, and marches in parades, this day commemorates the myth of the man who drove the “snakes” out of Ireland. What most people fail to realize is that the snakes St. Patrick drove out of Ireland and into the sea were not those that crawled on the ground, but the “snake people” who walked on two feet, and were once known as Druids. They were human beings.

In 333 B.C., a 24-year-old Greek warrior named Alexander defeated the Persian army of Darius III, then violently murdered and enslaved thousands of people. He continued, later in 332 B.C., to militarily (violently) “liberate” Egypt. Yet, in American history books, he is rewarded for these violent acts, and celebrated as “Alexander the Great.”

We may also find that Americans celebrate the genocidal and violent acts Christopher Columbus committed against the Caribs and Arawaks in the Caribbean, and against other Native “Americans,” generally. His reward for these acts: Columbus Day, October 10th.

In parallel, we find that when the French general Napoleon Bonaparte violently invaded Egypt on May 19, 1798 with 35,000 soldiers, he was so angered by the high cultural and architectural achievements of the Afrikins, that he ordered his men to blow off the nose of the Sphinx. The stone structure was so strong and perfectly built, however, that it took Bonaparte’s soldiers 21 shots to blow the nose off of the Afrikan-built edifice. Today, Americans celebrate such savagery as the “21 gun salute.”

On another note, it is no secret that the American founding fathers, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, were slave owners. In fact, although he signed the Emancipation Proclamation to “free” slaves in 1865, the records show that, in reality, Abraham Lincoln never freed his own slaves. Yet, ignoring his debauchery, Americans show their honor on Lincoln’s birthday, February 15th, and on President’s Day, February 21st. Apparently, his-story has forgotten that, indeed, Abraham Lincoln was quoted as saying on September 18th, 1858 that:

“I will say, then, that I am not, nor have I ever been in favor of bringing about, in any way, the social and political equality of the white and black races, that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people.

And I will say in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality; and inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together, there must be the position of superiority and inferiority, and I, as much as any man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race.”

Moreover, we find that in the shadow of Western European nations fighting against Central European powers between 1914 and 1918, these escapades are celebrated in American history books as “World War I.” When the Western European Allied Nations’ forces fought against the Eastern European Axis Powers between 1939 and 1945, these global acts of violence are celebrated in American history books as “World War II.”

Still, more recently, Joey Buttafuoco was sentenced for committing sexually reprehensible acts on teenager Amy Fisher. Currently, however, in light of all the charges that have been brought against him, he has been rewarded with multiple TV appearances on A Current Affair, as well as a number of future book and movie deals. His violent acts will make him a millionaire.

And finally, we have the case of the sadistic Jeffrey Dahmer. This 33-year-old was to serve 16 consecutive life terms for killing, dismembering, and eating 15 young men and boys. Yet, despite all of his brutal acts, Dahmer was still being sought by the American media for lucrative appearances, statements, etc. The American media wanted to make Dahmer a multi-millionaire, while on the other hand, they seek now to make his father, Lionel Dahmer, a wealthy man by purchasing all rights to a book chronicling his son’s violent crimes.
America cannot continue to call itself a civilized society while all these atrocities are being constantly committed, celebrated, and rewarded financially.

It seems to me that an incorrect analysis has been applied to the issue of violence in America.

Culturally oriented/inspired violence cannot be legislated out.

Now, notice that on a different vain, it seems ironic that the celebration honoring an American who actively stood for non-violence, and who died a violent death, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., is met with such dissidence every January 17th. In this non-violent situation, either by accident or design, there are some Americans who acerbically object to according Dr. King the same genre of celebration and reward as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, St. Patrick, or Columbus... peculiar, indeed!

Although there is ample room to pass blame around, America’s television media has a pivotal role to play in the staying power of violence in the society. Culturally oriented/inspired violence cannot be legislated out. According to the popular adage, “What you see is what you get.” It follows, ipso facto, that if the American society sees a plethora of violence on its TV screens, then that’s what the society will get in its daily lives. Society cannot have its cake and eat it too! It just doesn’t work that way in the real world.

The recently passed Brady Crime Bill attacks only the effects, and not the causes, of the problem. “Three-strikes-&-you’re-out” legislation, the death penalty, increased police patrol, the building of more jails, and the like are just stop-gag/band-aid solutions that are only targeted at African-Americans... by design and by accident. The current upsurge in violence reflects a total breakdown in the American society’s cultural ethos, family structure, and its educational system; therefore, any real solution should have a socio-cultural-economic context, as opposed to a solution that blames the victim for his/her victimization. In such a context, emphasis should be placed on pre-natal care, vocational training, equal educational opportunities, and a strengthening of the Head Start program- so that young people can spend their lifetime in school, and then on a job, rather than in a jail.

Essentially, what is needed is a new American cultural value system of which the centrality or spinal cord is the human being, instead of crass materialism and the acquisition of wealth (power) by any and all means necessary, including disparate acts of barbarism. Violence in all forms is uncivilized, and America cannot continue to call itself a civilized society while all these atrocities are being constantly committed, celebrated, and rewarded financially.

Wake up and smell the coffee, America, it's burning! Wake up, America, and face the stark reality that history has already repeated itself. Don’t let the farce become the future’s reality. Wake up, America, and re-examine, re-evaluate and re-define your cultural value system. This is what you MUST do... Anything less would be “uncivilized.”

_Shem Hotep (I go in peace)_

Dr. Nantambu is an associate professor in the Department of Pan-African Studies at Kent State University, and author of “Decoding European Geopolitics: Afrocentric Perspectives” new expanded edition (August 1994).
African-Americans are resenting their own people because they are plagued by an image that some disturbed white men conjured into existence. 

thought. But this disease has run its course, and it is time to eject it from our system.

Since the beginning of slavery in what we now refer to as the United States of America, there has been white racism. This is not a disputed fact, but a redundant discussion. This racism, however, has bred into the African-American society a prejudice so fierce that we have turned it against ourselves, like a bullet in the night, hitting whatever lies in its path. African-Americans are resenting their own people because they are plagued by an image that some disturbed white men conjured into existence. We are the ones who continue to break our race down. But does the shade of one's skin determine one's right to claim their African heritage? It is time to realize that we are all of African descent, regardless of our respective skin tones. As victims of racism, let us not be producers and carriers of prejudices that we did not create, because divided people fall when they go to fight.

From where does this color barrier come? Upon viewing the film Ethnic Notions, I was made aware of many images that filtered into our society, immensely changing our lives. Our ancestors were introduced to creations like the "sambu," an image that represented African-Americans as ugly, ridiculous, and unintelligent pseudo-humans. The sambu, with his enlarged lips, senseless grin, and lazy walk, eventually became for many African-Americans, the perception of themselves; and, thereby, a deadly weapon that would be wielded against their very own children. Imposed upon them also were images of the "mammy." Indeed, the desperate attempt for European based idealism did not allow for African-American women to be beautiful, even to their own people. But perhaps the most difficult image for even the most passive African-American to ignore, was that of the minstrel, white men in black-face representing what they felt was the "true" African-American. It was not uncommon, in fact, for African-American actors to be called to place soot upon their own faces, because their true image was not what the stereotype called for; but even the blackest soot from the ground couldn't do justice to the natural beauty of the blackness hidden beneath.

Later, upon viewing The Question of Color, it became apparent even further just how deeply these images, from a time hardly forgotten, have impacted our lives. Some darker-skinned African-Americans, even today, find fault with lighter-skinned African-Americans, because of the belief that they are "trying" to be more European. Some lighter-skinned African-Americans resent those with dark skin, because of the feeling that they must prove their "blackness" in every situation; all this, while none of us, to my knowledge, has had the ability to choose the tone of our skin before birth, or pick our line of ancestry! Too many of us still embrace the mentalities of the "house nigger" and the "field niggaz," yet we refer to these terms as if they were the misfortune of a time long forgotten. Wake up! They are an omen of our future, if we continue to let this disease run its course!

The 1960s in the United States brought about a realization that "black is beautiful," despite the fact that for so many decades, African-Americans were told they were the sambu, the mammy, and the minstrel. With this realization, however, did not come the destruction of the color barriers that had already filtered into our own systems. Essentially, we were saying that we would no longer accept European-derived stereotypes, but the weapon had already been handed to us, and we had already begun using it on ourselves. We must ask, though, as El Haj Malik El Shabazz once did, "Who taught you to hate your own kind?" We fail to understand that a man turned against himself cannot fight against an aggressor. One must make peace in their own house before they can expect to be victorious beyond those walls. We must remember further that whether one's virtue was stripped of them in the "house," or they sweated blood in the fields, to a master, they were both nothing, but slaves. Color barriers haven't ended, because we, as African-Americans, are afraid to admit our own prejudices, and misunderstand the source of our insecurities.

I familiarized myself with a piece of literature written by James Weldon Johnson, entitled The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man. As an extremely light-skinned child, Johnson was not aware that he was, indeed, black. When, finally, he was made aware that he was a "nigger," he was brought to tears, because he new that regardless of his "fair" skin, when it came right down to it, he was still a negro. Though it is true that back in the day, one might have been subjugated as a field nigger, or may have "qualified" it be a house nigger because a white man would feel less threatened by their skin tone, let us understand that in this regard, we cannot any longer let the considerations and fears of another race penetrate our existence to the point that we begin to fear what they have said about us. Once we do, we lower ourselves, and only then could we begin to justify the color barriers among our people.
Throughout history, Afrikans have broken many barriers set in place by White America; barriers in the workplace, and in our neighborhoods. For example, 20 years ago, Blacks were not permitted to live in this nation's suburbs. But now, Blacks flourish in these areas, showing (arguably) that we have progressed. Now, however, the situation at hand is that some Afrikans are in a confused state, choosing to separate themselves according to class. Not only this, but many of these Afrikans believe that because they live among Europeans, they are "exceptional."

Foremost, we as Afrikans must realize that, as a people, we share the same struggle, regardless of where we choose to live. I don't see fault in our people being able to have a choice in where to live, but I do see fault in our people who have "moved on up" the so-called social ladder, migrating to the "Heightses"—Shaker, Bedford, or wherever—and, all too often, looking down at those who remain in the city.

It has never failed that after telling someone I lived in Glenville, a certain neighborhood of Cleveland, I am dealt many strange looks, often accompanied by comments addressing the roughness of the people who lived in my "ghetto" neighborhood. In fairness, although I've had my share of troubles throughout school, they haven't stemmed from my environment, they've stemmed from my personality. Knowing myself, I can safely say that I would probably have run into such problems under any circumstances.

It is my understanding that there are certain Afrikans who have been raised to believe that receiving "home training" and living in the suburbs are mutually exclusive phenomena. Experience in dealing with some of my suburban peers has shown me different. As a senior in high school, I went on an Urban League-sponsored college tour. To my surprise, there weren't
many city schools in attendance. The highest representation was that of suburban school students, predominately those of Cleveland Heights, Shaker Heights, and East Cleveland.

Although I fit the typical “Heights” stereotype, bearing Coach, Nautica and Guess, I was instantly considered an outcast, because I went to Glenville High School. As usual, I endured the ignorant jokes... and those looks. Over the course of the trip, each school secluded into their own clique, leaving me and the other “hoods” outside of their snotty groups. Though we were on this trip to learn about prestigious Black colleges, and to meet new people—our people, the opportunity turned into a competition between the bourgeois, all of whom were stupid enough to turn against one another.

According to a “suburban,” a “hood” is supposed to be a person with no home training, like me; but the only hoods I saw included sistas fighting over “their men,” 16 and 17-year-old brothas and sistas sleeping together, and kids riding the elevators and pranking phones. In one instance, the phones were pranked so badly, that upon arriving at the subsequent hotel, we were prohibited from placing calls. All this, perpetrated by “sophisticated,” bourgeois brothas and sistas who call themselves “better” than my friends and I, because of their damned address. It doesn’t matter where you live, though—“no home training” means NO HOME TRAINING!

This separation amongst our people is one of the main reasons why we remain in our present state. While some Europeans discriminate against us because of our color, we tend to do the same thing among our own people when we prejude each other because of our respective homes. Just as I choose not to find fault with those who live in the suburbs, I expect that those who live there find no fault with those of us who remain in the “hood.”

In correlation to many Blacks feeling superior because of their European surroundings, some also tend to feel that they are, therefore, more “acceptable.” Can we really think, though, that when some White woman clutches her purse as a Brotha passes, she may resolve, “Oh, that Black guy is from Beachwood. He’s okay.”? Can we think that when we are followed in The Limited, or The Gap, the salesperson may consider that since we might live in Shaker Heights, our fingers aren’t as sticky? Can we actually believe that just because one has “moved on up”
among some whites, they cannot be viewed as the “typical Black?” If so, we are fools in the making. We as Afrikans may climb the ladder as high as, or higher than some Europeans, but to too many of them, we are still just niggas... with money. Prejudice is prejudice.

Just ask O.J. Simpson, for example. Here’s a Black man who lived in an affluent Los Angeles suburb, and in his stardom, he chose to surround himself with Whites. Now, the same Whites that O.J. once enjoyed enjoy watching him, as a black man, being persecuted in the media for allegedly killing a White couple. When it all comes down to it, despite the White women, the fortune, and the fame, O.J. Simpson’s White so-called friends now view him just as they would view some “Boy ‘n the Hood,” which brings me to my last point...

We as Afrikans must realize that we all have the same problems in dealing with White America, regardless of where we choose to live. It seems that in retrospect, my mother was right. I recall telling her about how people made me feel ashamed of the place that I called home. Although I knew there were some differences between our neighborhoods, I had not, until then, anticipated that people would hold such a harsh preconceived notion of me, because of where I lived. I thought telling my mother of my shame would be okay. I made a big mistake. I assumed my mother would hug me, and tell me everything would be “okay.” Instead, this strong Afrikan woman proceeded to pin my ears back in the only way she knew would get to me. She spoke of her and my father’s struggle to ensure that their children had more than they did. She reminded me of how she and my father made certain that we were well-rounded children by making us watch the news daily, introducing us to African history, and taking us to see different parts of the country throughout the years. She went on to tell me that I had no reason to feel inferior, that my peers in the suburbs didn’t really have anything; those houses belonged to their parents. She told me what the word “ghetto” actually meant, and that those who used the term so loosely and maliciously were ignorant, and needed to be taught that the ghetto is not necessarily a location, it’s a state of mind.

After this “talk,” I realized that although I lived in the hood, my parents had never had to visit me, or any of my siblings, in jail, that all of us were productive members of society, that none of us had children before our time, and that we had not chosen to abuse drugs or alcohol. We had made it that far because of our strong upbringing; parents who taught us right from wrong, and instilled pride in us as Afrikans. Most importantly, our parents also taught us that they would not tolerate any child who stayed from their views. The pride that my parents have instilled in me follows me throughout my years here at Kent State University. But although I am armed with this knowledge, it pisses me off, to this day, that I still get that occasional strange look, along with a joke, or “No, what school did you really go to?” I still get comments about how ghetto “The ‘Ville” is, and how “they don’t mess around down there.” I don’t usually respond, because I figure that they are too disillusioned to remember that we are all here at Kent State now, paying the same damn tuition! Being as “low-class” as some seem to think does not get me any grants from this university, and when the Bursar’s office gets my tuition check, it looks just like everyone else’s, no matter where it came from.

Instead of Afrikans separating ourselves by class and neighborhood, we need to look at one another individually, and realize the we are all in the same damned race. Ponder, reflect...
Someday I only wish to see a little honey
I walk those streets halls, and byways along
wishing for a glimpse of chocolate lovers, holding on
Seducing each other with the rich bitternests
promises of tomorrow's kisses
reminiscing on sweetness missed.

Someday I only wish to see a little honey
I search for honey, walnut, pecan, praline and plum
and all I want is just some other "blackness", which to gaze
But all I see is cold brutal snow,

Finally! Someone who looks like me!

I search for honey, walnut, pecan, praline and plum
searching for my own, crying for my own.

But all I see is cold brutal snow,

My heart pounds, my adrenaline races
I want to exult them, kiss them, hold them, and cry.

They look me in my windows,
and see me inside
and know
That for too long
I've been in the World of Snow
and all I want is just some other "blackness", which to gaze
But all I see is cold brutal snow,

Someday I only wish to see a little honey
I walk those streets halls, and byways along
wishing for a glimpse of chocolate lovers, holding on
Seducing each other with the rich bitternests
promises of tomorrow's kisses
reminiscing on sweetness missed.

Someday I only wish to see a little honey
I search for honey, walnut, pecan, praline and plum
and all I want is just some other "blackness", which to gaze
But all I see is cold brutal snow,

Finally! Someone who looks like me!

I search for honey, walnut, pecan, praline and plum
searching for my own, crying for my own.

But all I see is cold brutal snow,

My heart pounds, my adrenaline races
I want to exult them, kiss them, hold them, and cry.

They look me in my windows,
and see me inside
and know
That for too long
I've been in the World of Snow
and all I want is just some other "blackness", which to gaze
But all I see is cold brutal snow,

Finally! Someone who looks like me!

I search for honey, walnut, pecan, praline and plum
searching for my own, crying for my own.
BROTHERS,

Tame N. Woodberry

Brothers
Kings they are.
African Kings.
African Kings, they are.
And I love them.
they are our brothers.

Brothers
are our brothers
our fathers and sons
our cousins
our men.
I would never turn my back
on them.

But when she said
"he hurt me, he hurt me
he tore away my pride
he raped me inside
my body... my mind...
My brother.
and now I'm afraid"

I cried with her
because brother, too,
made me cry
Each day I live in struggle
to forget what I remember
about Brother.

Never again do to Sister
what oppressor has done
to you, brother.

Who hurt you?
your body... your mind.
I've only cried
for you Brother.
King.
Each and every night
for your pain.

You made Sister afraid
when Sister would lay
down her life
for you.

Sister is sister to you... Mother of you...
Believer in you... A Queen
Your Queen...
Remember Brother.

Remember?

---

STRIFE,

Sonja D. Kabel

white man's strife
like a knife
that slices and
turns in me
it will burn eternally
fueled by the atrocities
taught by his-story
the more i learn
the more i hate
what he perpetrates
can't you see
what lies in me
a fire burns internally
fueled by the atrocities
taught by his-story

THUNDER & RAIN,

Enloe Wilson

On wings of seraphim
does rise the angst of
all our rebel scorn,
like locusts over Kemet
on that bright & antiquated morn;

like riders above Atlantis
that shook fierce The Isle of Wight;

like unto embars over Babylon
that dark & antiquated night.

Thunder
& rain

...and all the world says, "Woe."

---

PLEASE FIND HIM!,

Ehimavan E. Amune

Oh! Please do not look for me.
I am asleep.
I am a good-for-nothing, closed-minded
idiot.

Come, tell me I have not been born.
I will believe.
Say the pyramids of Egypt were built by
space creatures.

Of course, you are right.
Come, say Christ was English or
Zambian.
I will accept,
...or, Hey! There is no God, the creator of
Heaven and Earth.
Praise the lord for you.

Tell me astronauts say life began in Peru.
What knowledge on Earth!

Come, say the magnificent Edo FESTAC
mask of Nigeria...

is now for the British.
How excellent the truth is.
...or dentists say that Mt. Sinai is in
Greece.

Look, I totally believe.

Oh wisest of all generations,
any philosophy or wise sayings of this
age,
I will believe.

But please wait, I almost forgot.
Any alphabet of a word
contrary to the Holy Scriptures of God,
through Christ,
I will be pleased to reject,
because it is like telling me
that Africa is the least of all civilizations,
or Columbus discovered America.

I am just a closed-minded idiot.
So come find me and try again. I might
believe
that my cell originated from a bacterium,
or I was once an ape.
Please! I am tired.
Away with you all...

...and your endless confusions.
MY JAPANESE GOWN,
John Haun

You treat Pearl Harbor as a joke.
Every December 7th, you go along
with your co-workers' good-natured
jabs.
So why do you wear my Japanese
gown?
You show no remorse for Iwo Jima;
you show no despair for Hiroshima.
You laugh at the "Ah, so!" from
mocking boys.
So why do you wear my Japanese
gown?
Oh, vain, forgotten son of Edo!
Do you not feel your slanted eyes
becoming round?
Do you not feel life slipping from you
day by day?
Is this why you wear my Japanese
gown?

A MAN GOING INSANE,
Blue

Sometimes as I walk along the second
floor of the Student Center,
I want to punch off the heads of the
students looking out the window.
Sometimes as I walk across campus,
I want to slap the faces that give me a
fake smile.
Sometimes when I get into the pool in
the Annex— and everyone gets out,
I want to drag everyone back in, and
drown them one by one.
Sometimes when I apply for a job and
am told that I have a lot of potential, but
I don't fit the job description,
I want to crack open the interviewer's
head with their computer.
Sometimes when I walk down the street
and people lock their car doors.
I want to pick up the nearest garbage can
and bust open their front windows.
Sometimes my thoughts scare me, in fear
that they will become my realities
One more smile, one more hello, one
more turn down, and I might click.
WATCH OUT.

FORGOTTEN,
Jagoz Y. Cash

I am the forgotten black man.
I am hidden in the pages of history.
I am the forgotten black man.
I am just a part of the white man's story.
I am the forgotten black man.
I have no name to call my own.
I am the forgotten black man,
destined to travel through the world alone.
I am the forgotten black man.
I still search for a life.
I am the forgotten black man,
the stolen ones of my child and wife.
I am the forgotten black man.
You can not silence my anger.
I am the forgotten black man.
I am your most feared stranger.
I am the forgotten black man.
My throat shall grow sore.
I am the forgotten black man,
who will be shackled no more.
I am the forgotten black man.
Look here, here I am.
I am the forgotten black man.
With great pride I do stand.
I am the great black man.
You could not lose me if you tried.
I am the emerged black man.
I will no longer hide.

FREE AT LAST,
Tiera A. Burnett

Jesus loves me, so they say,
but why am I not always treated that way?
What makes me so different from any other?
Red, white, or yellow... they're all my brothers!

With the upmost respect is how I wish to be treated.
I want to be known now; not have my past repeated.
See this face? Remember this look...
for this face will never be seen in any history book.

As I stand before you
in my native dress,
an African Queen's crown
upon my head does rest!

My people, they come from a far off land,
with African water and African sand.
But, "Black by nature and proud by choice!"
these are the words echoing from my small voice.

One side of my hand is Indian, and the other is Black...
So what does that make me?
What do you think about that?

As a race, my people are looked down upon...
No hope for our children,
our daughters, our sons!

But we shall succeed, as we've done in the past.
That is when we shall shout...
Thank-You! We're FREE AT LAST!
THE OVERDUE LESSON,
By Anna L. Copeland

“As I look across the earth,
I regain the strength of my land,”
she says as she walks across the Sahara desert.

Holding her shoes in her hand,
her feet step onto the hot, baked sand
where her feet sink; and with every step,
her toes carry these small grains between them.
She is soothed.
Onward, she battles the strong desert winds.
Eyes squinted,
Head forward.

“This is my land, the land of my birth,
to which I shall always belong,”
she continues during her journey.

Her kinte cloth flows, hindering to the air’s force.
It is protective and versatile
The foot prints disappear into the other sand.
While her color deepens, her blood riches.

“I have returned and accepted my roots, I am
golden-bronze resembling the pharaohs,
those before me.”

She stops, wipes her brow, looks up to
the sun, raises her hands, and smiles.

“Now that I am enlightened, I must regain
my royal status, teach my children,
and live as I was initially meant.”

She looks to her side for reassurance.

Smiling, the African elder responds with a nod,
saying: “You have listened and learned well,
now let’s continue to walk, and please, begin again.”

RAINY DAYS,
Curtis Hill II

Time and time again, I watch the water
fall from the sky.
It makes me wonder is all that thunder
the sound of my God’s cry?
What makes you weep? What could ever
cause such rain?
Is it because you saw your children
taken off in chains?
O’ lord of sky and everything, such greatness
found in what you do.
I am but one of the many things
that are of a part of you.
So why do tears fall from one
who creates life at a whim?
Is it because you are the father whose children
don’t remember him?
Cry not, my Lord, for many of us
remember the world is Thee
I humble myself before you, and cherish
the lessons you teach me.
My maker, The maker of all,
what makes you call your water?
Is it because your children lead
themselves into slaughter?
Is it because your children once possessed
the power given by Thee?
Is that why when we forgot your ways,
you gave us slavery?
What can I do? Is there a way?
How can I ease your pain?
Somehow I feel only all of us
can help stop the pain.
THE INFORMATION HIGHWAY IS ABOUT TO OPEN!
COMMUNICATE THE DREAM

Gathering, preparing and delivering information is one of the fastest-growing career fields around. It's the leading edge of the cutting edge. Be part of it! Have an impact on the world.

Make a difference

CONTACT:
Nona Bowers,
Assistant to the Director
School of Journalism
& Mass Communication
130 Taylor Hall
Kent State University
Kent, OH 44242
216-672-2572
fax 216-672-4064

Major In:
News
Broadcasting
Advertising
Photography
Public Relations

A Celebration of the Creativity and Diversity of Black Culture Featuring Cleveland’s Largest Selection of Artwork, Greeting Cards, Fabric, Hats & Clothing

3592 Mayfield Rd.
Severance Mall
216.381.8108

471 Northfield Rd.
Randall Park Mall
216.475.4494
...This was the slogan and the attitudinal objective of The Black United Students. It was their original expression of a journalistic voice on the printed page for its constituents, and other members of the KSU campus community 25 years ago, in 1969.

The newspaper as it was then, had the name Black Watch, and was a necessary voice for the post civil rights, revolutionary, cultural, and ideological black student experiences of that era. For the black college students getting exposed to this “newfound subject” in American academia called “Black History,” learning that we also had a noble past of which to be proud, and a cultural heritage that was not negative in reality, but had been distorted by the producers of the history books, these revelations were unique and original in their effects.

So, we now had control over a printed voice that could speak to our needs and concerns on this predominantly white campus, one where our articulations could occur on subject matter that was not, and could not be expressed the same way in the Daily Kent Stater.

As a first semester freshman at KSU, I recall this perspective from memory, having read, and worked with, the newspaper, as an artist. The initial issues intermingled the thrust toward building a viable cultural foundation with excellent articles and photography on sensible value systems, philosophical perspectives, creative poetry, etc.

In other issues, there were also equal forms of anger being expressed in articles, poetry, and illustrations, all of which reached toward common themes that touched on points such as the police being referred to as “PIGS,” which stood for “Police Incompetence Growing Stronger.” All white people were referred to as “devils” (as was taught among the followers of the Nation of Islam). The talk of a “Black Revolution,” and matters relating to self-defense, self-determination, etc., were usually summarized by non-subscribers as either black militancy or Black Nationalism.

The president of BUS at the time was an intelligent and articulate senior named Larry Simpson. He co-edited the paper with Abdullah Shabazz, and had a Vice President named Erwind Blount, who not only became the paper’s next editor, but also succeeded Simpson in the presidency of BUS. By this time, it was apparent that the revolutionary spark had ignited in the hearts and minds of the BUS leadership, and the subsequent issues of the Black Watch reaffirmed all of the above ingredients, but with a more intensified coverage of the anger of the times, as was evident in the March 30, 1970 issue (volume 1, number 3), with coverage of the Black Panther Party. In the same issue appeared an excellent article on “A Need For Revolution,” in which the author makes reference to rearrangements which need to first occur in the mind, based on Black faith, pride, and organization. The issue started off with the following observation:

*It’s a new day. It’s a new year. It’s a new decade, but what’s changed? We still ain’t free!*

In this issue alone was the byline “Liberation Through Communication and Action.”

Socially, at this time, the BUS membership was becoming divided internally, because black women were being harassed verbally. An article ran discussing the issue of “Black Women in White Clothing,” (another NOI influence), and certain members and groups caused alienation to seep into the organization. For the next year, the membership fluctuated, but the paper continued to come out on a fairly regular basis. Some of the editors that must be acknowledged for enabling this publication to continue are Donald Morton, Marcus May, Darnell Macklin, Jerome Davis, Milford Prewitt, and Nathaniel Madison, not to mention numbers of students who contributed and/or served as staff writers, reporters, poets, cartoonists, illustrators, etc.

Black Watch continued through 1972 with regular issues, and in 1973, a new masthead was designed and used. The last copy of Black Watch in
a newspaper format was issued on January 19, 1974. Some reasons for
this development, presumably, were a growing sense of apathy on one hand, accompanied by a scarcity of production
funds on the other.
At any rate, the desire for the publication did not die, and an editor by
the name of Bill Ivey organized the efforts of 25 students, including
himself, and the first issue to come out on 81/2” x 14” yellow paper was published. The six-page publication was
printed on a ditto machine, in the office of the Institute for African-
American Affairs (now the Department of Pan-African Studies). The next few subsequent issues maintained an 81/2” x 11” format, and progressively increased in page
amounts. In February, 1977, the design of the masthead changed again, and once more in 1978.
In 1979, two students approached KSU officials with a proposal to begin
a new newspaper for BUS, and they decided to change the name from Black Watch. The students were the
then BUS President, Jeff Johnson, and Roger Freeman, a journalism student. They started the momentum, and their

efforts were assisted by two other students named Ronald Reeves and
Curtis Clingman. With an organized staff, they tried to decide between two
names, one being the Spectrum, and the other being the Griot, which
meant the “village storyteller,” or “oral historian.” Clingman, at one
point, pushed for The Spectrum Griot, but with no luck. At the end of the discussion, the name Spectrum was
chosen. The following is an excerpt from Clingman’s article in the first
issue:
It’s a good chance that most of you are wondering why the name of this paper is no longer the Black Watch.
After a long discussion, the staff of the Spectrum decided on the name, because we felt it could better convey
our attempt to reach Black students on this campus, and, hopefully, other campuses as well. As a newspaper, we
feel that we should reach people of all colors. However, this should be done by seeking out information to report
on, and by reporting information that is received by us. This form of input is much like the principles involved in
producing a spectrum of light.
Scientists define a spectrum as “a derivation of colored light achieved when shining light through a glass prism.” The staff [views itself] as just a small part of the light that enters the
prism. We need your input to help complete the spectrum. We feel that this light will help the people find their
own way. Light has always been an important factor in direction. Maybe not physical light, but the light of
knowledge. This knowledge must be passed on to future generations to assure against the oppression of Black
people.
The newspaper flourished from 1979 to 1983. Two of the editors during these years were Natalie Westor
and Lisa Ely. The articles, typesetting, and layout remained at a high quality throughout every issue until 1982, when Spectrum saw a decline in quality due to editors with little to no journalistic training. Eventually, Spectrum was discontinued in 1983.

In June of 1984, a black student by the name of Charles Satchell took it
upon himself to create a new Spectrum, sponsored again by BUS, to
be a strong voice for minority students. His original proposal was a daring
step to take before the Student Publications Policies Committee
(SPPC), because no one on the KSU campus had ever produced a magazine
until this point. Satchell originally hoped that a summer issue could be
produced, geared toward the incoming freshmen class. Budgetary plans were
presented for the production of three 20-page, two-color-cover issues of
4000 copies each. Negotiations were not solidified until late summer, and
Satchell did not return the following fall, which left a void between the
impetus that he had started and what could now be done. Eventually, how-
ever, organization was accomplished, and the first issue of the magazine was
published in April of 1985, with Rochelle Blackwell, a senior majoring
in Telecommunications, as the first editor. With a minimal staff, the next
even issues were to be edited by an African Journalism student from Uganda, named Richard Mukisa.

One ongoing factor that plagued this experience, from the beginnings of

Black Watch Spectrum Uhuru
staffing disagreements leading to delays in the gathering and preparation of information for the magazine. Many people quit their positions, leaving a void in the operations. Due to minimal staff, and late article submissions, the production schedule was consistently delayed. Notwithstanding, the issue that finally did come forth was regarded as the best that had ever been produced, and for that reason, there are very few examples to be found of the Spring, 1987 issue of Spectrum (volume 3, number 2), with Jesse Jackson on the cover.

Spectrum continued, next under the editorial leadership of a graduate student from India by the name of Niitya Rao. Rao and staff ran against some of the same obstacles that had existed since day one. People claimed to want to help by submitting articles, poems, photos etc., but never did. Oftentimes, when pieces were submitted, they would be late, which created delays in publication. Additionally, many submissions had to be rewritten and resubmitted to meet the magazine’s journalistic and editorial expectations.

Each new staff has had to “learn the ropes,” so to speak, and realize that dedication, and the willingness to see the magazine through to its printing and distribution to the populace, was a rare quality, only to be found among the few, and not the many.

In 1989, a Journalism & Mass Communications major, Kecia Cole, proposed to a group of student writers, artists, and graphic designers, the idea of changing the name of the Spectrum, moving the editorial content to a more Afrocentric direction. The idea was accepted by the BUS constituency. Since then, the magazine has been known as Uhuru, a Kiswahili word meaning “freedom,” which recalls the statement from the third issue of the Black Watch, concluding that, “We still ain’t free!”

The concept of liberation/freedom, that motivated Kecia’s efforts to put us back on the track of African-centered liberation was, indeed, a continuum of a journalistic purpose and tradition originating from the initial slogan of Black Watch. Cole graduated two years later, but her vision has lived on in the magazine’s focus and content. The articles, which are hard-hitting, and sometimes controversial, address issues such as discrimination in the United States, developing positive self-images in African-American women and men, critical analysis of historical events, concepts necessary to establishing Afrocentric values and principles, and more. The content of the magazine has generated both positive and negative responses, which are stimulating and thought provoking, enabling intellectual inquiry and reflection, leading to the growth of a better knowledge and understanding in a university environment.

Upon Kecia’s graduation, her assistant editor, Krista Franklin, took over, with Ldris Syed serving as assistant. This turnover continued with Krista’s graduation. Syed was promoted as editor in chief, with Enloe Wilson serving as assistant editor of the most recent issue of Uhuru, published Spring, 1994.

This most recent issue, being the source of praise by many of its readers, has also become the source of condemnation by others, who found offense with one of the included articles, “The Paradox of European Jewry,” in which the author addressed factors relative to information pertaining to African American-Jewish relations. Those that are truly familiar with the history of the Black Watch, Spectrum, and, now, Uhuru publication style and tradition, from its beginnings, up to the present, know that this particular article was nothing new in terms of the usual editorial content. Controversy is, and always has been, welcomed from the Uhuru readership in response to the content that the editorial board chooses to publish from the submissions of the KSU, and surrounding, constituencies. Controversy paves the way for dialogue, and a greater exposure to, and understanding of, issues that are of relevance to everyone. The attention given to this particular article has, indeed, been extraordinary, and this controversy has not yet subsided, and is ongoing, as many KSU and surrounding constituents are well aware.

“Uhuru” is an example of the continuation of Black student efforts of journalistic expression at Kent State University, as well as that of all other members of the KSU community, be they people of color, or not.” says Andrea DuVall, a former president of Black United Students. “I feel that Uhuru has benefitted the African community by providing a forum for their thoughts and views, and it reinforces that their views are relevant,” she continues, “It legitimizes their fight to have a perspective on life.”

Uhuru has a 25-year heritage behind it, and is, by its track record, a unique publication that still has an untapped potential among the larger black and minority constituency of KSU.

Many people have not taken advantage of the opportunity to have photos, articles, poems, short stories, or the like reproduced in a publication that is such an alternative to the style of the Daily Kent Stater. Further, many assume that because Uhuru is a Black United Students publication, that it is concerned with only black-related information, but such is not the case...

Uhuru, by it’s title, involves Freedom and liberation. The mental shackles of ignorance, prejudice, and hatred must first be shattered before the physical and social ones will dissipate. The diversity of all KSU students, faculty, and staff can, and, indeed, should partake in this opportunity to express themselves in the context of “uhuru” of the spoken, and printed word. Such an undertaking leads to better communication in an educational environment, through the acquisition of knowledge and understanding. This is, and should always be, the goal of “Liberation Through Communication.”
Where to begin? It seems we are already too caught up in a most uncomfortable middle ground. For those of us determined to rid ourselves of a plantation mentality, the ancestral spirit of Harriet Tubman reminds us we have come too far to turn back. Who can deny that the proverbial “black and white” of the issue is the problem? We do, indeed, exist in separate realities, and the question of “why” haunts all of us. Public pronouncements about “diversity” and “multiculturalism” notwithstanding, the unspoken truth in this society has always been defined in stark black and white terms. Skin color has always been an issue in this society, because Europeans, and Europe’s transplanted descendants have made it so.

The historical dynamics of race have produced today’s multicultural debate. This is to say, the evolution of the African experience in this country has forced everyone to reconsider the inherent fallacy of America’s “melting pot” myth. Andrew Hacker, in the preface to his book, Two Nations: Black and White, Separate, Hostile, Unequal, puts it this way, “In many respects, other groups find themselves sitting as spectators, while the two prominent players try to work out how or whether they can coexist with one another.” When black people questioned our own ethnic heritage, it inspired other Americans to question the relationship between ethnicity and being American.

Before the cry of “black is beautiful” during the 1960s, living in America’s melting pot meant becoming as near white Anglo-Saxon Protestant as possible. WASP cultural domination had flourished for more than 100 years in this society without being seriously challenged. The Civil Rights Movement encouraged American-born European ethnics to come out from their cultural “closet.” They could now proclaim their ethnic uniqueness as Americans! In racial terms, however, a rising ethnic consciousness and pride among white Americans has not fundamentally altered black life in this society. All the diversity-multiculturalism talk essentially translates into more of the same; Euro-Americans continue to define and control all definitions of reality. The status quo has not changed, those in power merely opt to call it something else. Hacker offers this scathing observation of European-Americans: “...there is scant evidence that the majority of white Americans are ready to invest in redistributive programs, let alone give of themselves in more exacting ways... Not only is the taxing electorate overwhelmingly white, but it is also middle class, middle-aged, and—increasingly—ensconced in insulated suburbs. In short, our time is not one receptive to racial remedies.” As the battle rages here at Kent State University, it is apparent that our time is not even receptive to genuine, and sincerely honest, racial discussion.

There will be no solution to racial and/or ethnic conflict in this society until European-Americans discuss with each other the negative impact of racism in their lives. America’s racial/ethnic dilemma is as old as this nation. That Europeans have, and continue to mis-treat each other along religious, ethnic, and class lines is a revelation to many non-white people. Racism, however, or what some of us prefer to call “Eurocentric white supremacy,” is the tragic flaw in the American character. It is a disease; a cancer eating away at the psycho-social fabric of this society. It has rendered too many white Americans unable, or unwilling, to see themselves in any terms other than their own.
When Europeans decided to systematically kidnap Africans to sell them into enslavement in the so-called New World, they quite unwittingly set historical forces into motion even they, in their wildest dreams, could not fathom. Terry Shropshire’s article, “The Paradox of European Jewry,” published in the Spring 1994 issue of *Uhu*, was, and is, a product of those forces. *Uhu* is a product of those forces. I am a product of those forces. In our ancestor’s time, the white people made it illegal for us to read or write. In our time, they would determine who we read and what we write— and woe unto the black man or woman who would question, challenge, or simply observe white people. Woe unto any one of us who would dare ask, “What behavioral pathologies have European-Americans developed as a result of creating a white supremacist-based society,” or, “How did the slavery and Jim Crow segregation eras distort basic white American sensibilities?”

...And, to those European-American Jews who have so overreacted to an article presented in a student publication, we understand your fears; yet, we will not be ruled by them. We are a diverse community, and some of us agree with historian John Henrik Clarke when he writes, “…the Jewish people of European descent are a part of the world apparatus of European control, and in the matter of white control over the world, their position is no different than that of other Europeans. I am not saying that the Jews of Europe are more bent on world dominance than other Europeans; I am saying that they are not radically different from other Europeans in this regard. Internal disputes between the Jews and other Europeans is a form of European domestic racism.” Faculty Senate resolutions, two-page ads, letters to editors, threats to withhold or deny funds, and the like will not subvert our striving to see with our own eyes, hear with our own ears, and speak using our own minds.

It is most revealing that Tanya P. Smith’s poem, “Mother Africa,” also published in the Spring 1994 issue of *Uhu*, and written out of the pernicious self-loathing that living in this society has instilled in so many of us, did not warrant the attention or public concern of the Faculty Senate; no public position from the University President when an African-American student writes, “each day I see my pale, pinkish-yellow skin/my wide, strong nose, my thick, full lips, and/drop my head/in/disgust.” It seems my colleagues find themselves too reluctant, or ill-equipped, to acknowledge white America’s role in our continued pain. It appears the legacy of the African Holocaust hits too close to home.

The real tragedy in all of this is the sad predictability of the response. It only confirms an observation Lawrence Levine offers in an article, “The Concept of the New Negro,” used in the Black Experience II class text of KSU’s Department of Pan-African Studies. He writes, “Americans in general, and American scholars in particular... have construed their dawning awareness of the feelings of blacks as a change in Negroes rather than as a change in themselves. This has given rise to the tendency to think in cataclysmic terms... when characterizing black people in contemporary America.” In the volatile realm of race relations, this kind of ignorance is most dangerous when it is paternalistic and arrogant.

At best, we are no more than familiar strangers within this society. That the KSU Faculty Senate does not really know or understand black people only mirrors the reality that white America chooses to know only what, and who, they have determined we are supposed to be. We are willing to acknowledge the exceptions, but the rule seems to be that European-Americans have become victims of their own collective imagination. Once again, we are not being heard, because the vocal opposition is too busy listening to itself. They are angry with us, because increasingly larger numbers of our people are refusing to act out according to what has heretofore been a historically predetermined script. In the classic Ellisonian sense, black people remain invisible to the average, as well as the not-so-average, white American. It seems the real problem may stem from the degree to which we are no longer invisible to ourselves. We understand that this present battle is about far more than a “campus campaign for civil discourse.”

I was an 18-year-old freshman at this university 24 years ago. I am now a 42-year-old adjunct faculty member in an academic department that did not exist on this campus when I began my formal education here. Kent State University is loathe to admit it, but Oscar W. Ritchie Hall (also known as The Center for Pan-African Culture) is “the house that BUS built.” In some quarters, it appears, resentment still lingers, because the Department of Pan-African Studies was, essentially, created against the university’s will, in direct response to black student protest and protracted struggle. The battles have not changed. Some of us are just older now as we see another generation assume their position in those same trenches.

I do not believe that history repeats itself. The 1990s should not be confused with the 1960s. The forward movement of history can only pass by the unsuspecting. While the significance of race has not declined on this campus, as a KSU alumnus who is black, and also a former BUS activist, it is more than ironic to me that it was the alleged “white-people-hating black militants” who actually created an environment on this campus where all students—black, white, and “other”—feel comfortable enough to come and study. It seems the opposition may have a vested interest in overlooking the fact that the Department of Pan-African Studies has a more “culturally diverse” student enrollment than any other department on this campus. I am not without hope, because all of my students assure me they take our courses because they are informative, not because they necessarily have to fulfill university requirements.

This battle, then, was joined before I was born. I was born to be a warrior in this struggle. Understand that as African-derived people, we love our freedom no less than anyone else. In this final analysis, I agree with, and support, Sister Brenda Werner, Chairwoman of The National Africana Women’s Studies Organization, when she acknowledges “the value of maintaining indigenous cultural autonomy.” “The rite of passing, generation-to-generation, knowledge free from outside manipulation, coercion, or intimidation ensures traditional integrity, which fosters a climate of cultural security.” She continues, “Traditional cultures should not be obligated to bow to redefinitions foisted upon them by elitist entities that gain their authority via the drive of well-organized media hype.”

Indeed, there is something going on throughout the larger Pan-African world community... and, we “ain’t gonna let nobody turn us around.”
Hearts of darkness come ten for a penny these days. “The horror, the horror, Joseph Conrad strove to suggest, has become “the hype, the hype.” “Africa today is relayed to the rest of the world... by brief and sad or shocking images that stay for a moment on the retina before fading away again,” argues the journalist Christopher Hitchens. “The swollen infant, the milkless mother, the hoarse, red-eyed street fighter, or jungle combatant, the operatic dictator, the chaotic miserable crowds—these are the images of Africa that we feel we know.”

Yet there is something beyond the pale about African traumas. After all, didn’t they drag the bodies of American Marines through the streets of Mogadishu as crowds danced with glee? Thus, it is easy for Westerners to dismiss Rwanda’s crisis as just another example of “Hearts of Darkness” savagery; out of sight and out of mind, beyond hope and redemption. “Darkness,” though, alludes not only to the skin color of Africa’s inhabitants, but also to their ignorance of American and European ways.

Rwanda is not an aberration, nor are its horrors without logic. It is simply a worst case scenario of what can go wrong with a process that is under way in a continent. The process is democratization, and it is proving itself to be harder and more painful than was predicted at the beginning of the decade, a decade that glittered with the promise of an African renaissance sweeping the continent. Instead, there is now a polarization of sorts.

At one extreme is South Africa, where racial and ethnic differences were buried by the emergence of a collective will to build a democratic nation in place of the old divided one. At the opposite end of the spectrum is Rwanda, a country that
Rwanda—the capital of Rwanda—is located in the central highlands, surrounded by the volcanic mountains of Central Africa. The country is bordered by Burundi to the west, Tanzania to the south, and Democratic Republic of Congo to the east. Rwanda is one of the smallest countries in Africa, covering an area of approximately 26,338 square kilometers.

Rwanda has a temperate climate with mild temperatures year-round, averaging around 23°C. The landscape is characterized by rolling hills and mountains, with the highest peak being Mount Karisimbi, which stands at 4,501 meters. The country is rich in biodiversity, with a variety of plant and animal species found in its forests, grasslands, and wetlands.

The people of Rwanda are predominantly Hutus, who make up about 85% of the population. The remaining 15% are Tutsis, and smaller numbers of Twa and other ethnic groups. The language spoken in Rwanda is Kinyarwanda, a Bantu language.

Rwanda’s economy is based on agriculture, with crops such as coffee, tea, and tobacco being important exports. The country also has a growing tourism sector, which is based on its wildlife and cultural attractions. Rwanda is a peaceful country, with a history of conflict and conflict resolution central to its identity.

The country has made significant progress in recent years, with a focus on development, education, and infrastructure. Rwanda’s economy has grown steadily, and the country has implemented various policies to promote economic growth and social development.

The people of Rwanda are known for their resilience and determination, and they have shown great courage in the face of adversity. Rwanda is a country of contrasts, with a rich cultural heritage and a modern, forward-looking society.
brigade. Troops were sent into the country to prop up the Hutu-dominated regime of Juvenal Habyarimana, supplying weapons and building up an army, which fought the RPF.

A tentative process of unraveling the three year civil war, ancient customs and complex civilizations was underway until April of this year, when Habyarimana’s mysterious assassination provoked the present day horror.

At the same time, it remains a truism that Africa is a marginalized continent, devoid of any strategic value, or domestic political relevance, that is, until things start to go wrong, and CNN starts beaming depersonalized pictures of dying children into American living rooms. By then, though, it is already too late.

The world stood by and wrung its hands helplessly as 500,000 Tutsis and Hutu government opponents were massacred, hoping that the killing would exhaust itself in the first spasms of bloodletting, and tacitly sending the message that mass murder of one’s opponents is a viable option. In the post-cold war world, the UN has misunderstood its role, preferring to hold a fire brigade mentality in regard to crises, rather than playing a preemptive role.

It was only when Hutu refugees, fearing revenge from Tutsis, fled into Zaire and started dying from cholera that the West intervened, perhaps because cholera is easier to tackle than genocide.

While this was happening in Africa, Western Europe was witnessing the breakup of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, and the revival of ethnic nationalism among people submerging for decades within the super nationalism of the Soviet sphere of influence.

This seems to reflect a complicated double-movement—the attempt by these emerging people to reconstitute themselves as nations representing both a reaction against the Soviet and Socialist state past, and a hope that “nationhood” was the only passport or entry-ticket they had to Western European prosperity.

What has resulted is a confusing spectacle of what Stuart Hall has described as “ascending and descending nationalisms, locked in a sort of combined-and-uneven double helix.”

The nationalism of “small nations” is produced as a counter-discourse to exploitation and cultural colonization. It is important to see that the drive to nationhood in many of these small yet ascending African countries is an attempt to construct an ethnically or racially closed formation to replace the older nation states, or the imperial formations from which they once belonged.

Many of these African nations are still struggling to emulate these European aspirations, which they see as the secret of success of the great white nation states of western modernity—the gathering of one people, one ethnicity, under one political roof. The history of the nation states of the West, however, has never been this ethnically pure.

Europeans have always claimed that tribal wars are an African specialty. The civil war in the former Yugoslavia, which western Europeans have always thought unfit to govern itself, shows that the Europeans are more like the Africans than they thought.

We do not call the political disputes among white people “white factionalism,” and when they turn violent, we do not refer to them as “white-on-white” violence, because diversity of nationhood is accepted for the white world. Current ethnic unrest in the former Yugoslavia is described as ethnic, and even referred to as the nationality’s problem.

The end of the cold war was supposed to usher a wind of change in Africa,
with true independence from foreign domination. Instead, the Soviet Union and the United States propped up unsavory dictators in the name of global strategy and the “New World Order.”

The West, led by the U.S., ditched former clients, and adopted a new policy linking aid levels to democratization. This “carrot and stick” approach propelled most of the continent toward some kind of reform.

But chronic underdevelopment was the legacy of nearly a century of colonialism in Africa. As the Secretary General of the Organization of Africa Unity, Salim Ahmed Salim, put it recently, “Colonial education, limited to training very low functionaries, did not prepare the Africans for the eventual assumption of leadership and management affairs of a modern state.”

Nevertheless, the end of the perceived usefulness of Africa resulted in its marginalization. Africa is the poorest continent in the world, and the only one getting poorer. The core of the problem is economic. Africa is virtually excluded from the world economy.

The North, now, has little need for Africa’s primary products, and competition from Asia and Latin America, encouraged by the World Bank, has taken the prices of Africa’s exports lower and lower.

Not that all news out of Africa is bad… In the last three years, Malawi, Zambia, Benin, Lesotho, Congo, and Niger have all ousted dictators in democratic elections. Mozambique and Ethiopia are working toward installing democracies after years of civil war. Eritrea, Senegal, Botswana, and Namibia have entrenched democratic systems.

For Victoria Britain, a metaphor of this new Africa was Thomas Sankara: In the mid-1980s, Thomas Sankara, the young president of the tiny, resourceless, former French colony of Upper Volta, changed his country’s name to Burkina Faso, which means “Land of Honest Men.”

Sankara went to war on behalf of the poorest peasants against the privileged middle class. He became a hero across the continent, because every speech was an affirmation that change was possible, and that Africa was not condemned to a future as miserable as the present.

Government ministers saw their Mercedeses replaced with small Renaults. The budget was publicly debated in the national stadium and rich and powerful men were imprisoned.

Sankara, however, was killed in a coup mounted by longtime friend, the current president, Blaise Compaore, and “Burkina Faso” backtracked to “Upper Volta.” Sankara’s death was the symbol of the lost battle of innocence and national dignity for the nation, and the continent.

Writing about Nicaragua after the electoral defeat of the Sandinistas, the Uruguayan writer, Eduardo Galeano, said, “National dignity lost the battle in the recent elections. It was vanquished by hunger and war; but it was vanquished as well by the international winds that are buffeting the left.” Africa is being buffeted by the same winds.

This can be seen in Uganda, a country with 40 different tribes, and at least 30 different languages that survived two decades of civil war after the dictatorship of Idi Amin.

Yet, Uganda’s bad luck was also her good luck. The Ugandans don’t mean to be unfair to all the nice people from the Red Cross, UNHCR, and all the others who’ve helped. After all, they did what they could; but basically, the world never paid any real attention to Uganda.

What are a few hundred thousand dead Africans? Why, it’s no topic for the United Nations!

When there were no corpses left to film, Uganda vanished from the attention of the international media.

After a ravaged land returned to normalcy, one cannot expect the American public to regard that as a media sensation.

“Today, the Ugandans have a saying, “There’s only one thing that can end a civil war, and that’s exhaustion.”
Freedom for the African in America is a concept that has failed to reach complete fruition despite years of legislation, marching, riots, and protests. The factors that have prevented the actualization of our American dreams are varied, and the responsibility is shared by various sectors in our society. Some might tend to disagree, citing the progress of Africans in the spheres of government, finance, education, etc., but advancement of a few does not constitute freedom for the masses. Individually and collectively, there are certain factors that have held back broad-based African progress, and there are an equal number of factors that we can, and should, employ to make freedom a reality.

The obvious and longest standing contributor to the denial of true African freedom has been the benefactor of the oppressive system, the European male. In direct contradiction to democratic principle, the dominant ruling class has "den[ied] freedom the entire categories of real, social human beings," as stated by Dr. Angela Davis. Since the days of formal slavery, the "slave class" has been, and continues to be, bombarded by "material conditions and ideological images contrived in the interests of the slave-holder class."

Consequently, Africans in America have been content for the past forty years to leave the question of their freedom, in large part, to the legislative body of the same government that, for years, had legislated their enslavement.

Their task is monumental,
There is an animal called the cave salamander, which after years of living in darkness, has lost its sight. A sense that is not used is sacrificed to evolution, and this is a fear concerning the ability of Africans to find lasting and viable means of challenging a system whose symbolic attempts toward equality have made them blind to the reality of their condition.

Frederick Douglass has said that “the limits of tyrants are prescribed by the limit of those that they oppress.” In other words, as long as the slave accepts the master’s will as the absolute authority over his/her life, then their alienation will be absolute.

If we fail to acknowledge and address the fundamental problems contributing to our disenfranchisement, we are destined to remain within the realms of the underclass. Foremost in the struggle of African peoples in the diaspora is the responsibility of learning our history. As a young child, Frederick Douglass heard words from the mouth of his owner that quickened his spirit and made manifest his determination to overcome life as a slave.

Through the words spoken by his oppressor, he found an avenue to circumvent the system that hindered his freedom, both as an individual and an African man in America, for according to Douglass’ master, “learning will spoil the best nigger in the world.”

With this in mind, it is not surprising that the hotbeds of African activism should be located on campuses all over America. For Douglass, the prerequisite to freedom was knowledge, and as African students gain a more profound sense of identity through academic pursuits, the level of activism will increase proportionately. After 400 years of institutional culture rape, African people sorely have the need to search the annals of their history to revitalize and nurture their cultural identity.

If we are to begin to dismantle the paradox that exists between the American doctrine of “freedom and justice for all” and the American reality of ethnic and class oppression, we will have to develop alternative philosophies that reconcile the difficulties we encounter in the contradictory nature of American society. 40 years after the “so-called civil rights movement,” African students have made a priority of acknowledging themselves as Africans, and have begun a process of enculturation to strengthen their self-image and to empower themselves so as to overcome the historical opponents of African liberation. One of the major focuses of the African student is to establish a cultural identity and history devoid of the standards imposed by the dominant society, standards that have for many years corrupted how African people thought of themselves.

Dr. Angela Davis has put forth the proposition that the pursuit of freedom is “an active process, something to be fought for, something to be gained in, and through, the process of struggle.” Following this line of thought, the African student is no longer content with the complacency of the preceding generation who relaxed after the era of civil rights pacification. They are all too aware of the chemical (crack), economic, and biological (AIDS) agents of oppression plaguing their communities that lie outside of the quiet, green environment of their college campuses. The African student on today’s campuses proceed from the platform that complacency and promotion of the American dream will not attain African freedom. For them, freedom lies in the ability of a people to express their freedom. Instead, the young Africans in America are faced with the fact that one out of every four African males is incarcerated. They are witness to the dumping of drugs in their communities, and to massive unemployment. Fifty percent of them who go to college or a university will not even graduate. For them, activism is not an option, it is essential.

Because of the role assumed by the institutions of learning in the oppression of African people, the student of today pursues, in great part, a “consciousness [that] involves a rejection of the institution[s] and all of the institutions’ accompaniments.” says Davis. The African student is no longer content to digest routinely the traditional versions of history, and have determined through study and research to develop programs that inspire a more inclusive view of the past and the future. Their task is monumental, as they must struggle to overcome the selflessness of the American ideology of cultural and historical exclusion.

If we accept DuBois’ view, we have to admit that the young Africans of today cannot hope to attain freedom through the continued acceptance and perpetuation of the system as it now operates. Such an acceptance would be tantamount to suicide/genocide. Therefore, they have determined, explains Davis, that “resistance and rejection, both mental and physical, are fundamental moments in the journey towards freedom.” Inactivity is therefore equal to acquiescence, and they cannot afford the luxury of naiveté concerning the social and academic alienation created by the American systems of education and enculturation. To quote Frederick Douglass once more, “alienation can remain unchallenged and unacknowledged, or it can be recognized in such a way as to provide a theoretical impetus for a practical thrust in the direction of freedom.”

It is my conclusion that this impetus has been felt by the African student on our campuses today. Through the development of a positive self-image, the rejection of the oppressive system, and the development of a strong community-based activism, the African student activist is determined to make the dream of Dr. King a reality, and things can never be the same again.

Frederick Douglass has said that “the limits of tyrants are prescribed by the limit of those that they oppress.”
Do you have friends or relatives interested in college?

Have you meant to send them information about Kent?

If your intentions are good, but you've been putting it off...

**CUT IT OUT!**

---

Dear Admissions Office
Please send undergraduate information and an application to:

Name __________________________
Address _______________________
City __________ State ________ Zip ______
Phone (_____) _______ ___

---

Dear Admissions Office
Please send undergraduate information and an application to:

Name __________________________
Address _______________________
City __________ State ________ Zip ______
Phone (_____) _______ ___

---

MEDICAL SERVICES

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

Kent State Ambulance offers emergency services 24 hours a day, 7 days a week (during academic school year), on campus CALL 911, off campus, but within Kent city limits, CALL 672-2212

---

DeWeese Health Center
Eastway Drive

Psychological Services provides a wide variety of services to the students. Whether the student has concerns about personal issues, managing the stresses of class work and tests, or living more comfortably with other students in a class or residence hall, Psychological Services provides high quality personalized service.
We all carry Kent close to our hearts. Now you can carry it in your wallet.

Kent State University VISA®

If you like the way our new Kent VISA card looks, just wait until you hear how it works.

You’ll receive all the benefits of the most widely accepted credit card in the world. And best of all, a percentage of the annual fee and amount of every purchase you make will be donated to the Alumni Association to benefit all Kent State University alumni.

Show your support and pride in your alma mater! Apply today.* And start carrying a part of Kent with you wherever you go.

Call 1-800-395-0010 to apply right over the phone.

* Offer subject to credit approval.
The Experiences of the African-American people in this country have, as many of us know, been an ongoing set of revelations, one after another, since the arrival of our ancestors in shackles over 400 years ago.

These revelations have been both negative and positive, as were the reasons for our arrival, which were not humanitarian, but economic. Our ancestors’ labor gave economic advantage, privilege, and power to those that brought us here.

We reaped but we did not sow the fruits of our labor, i.e., better food, clothing, shelter, educational opportunity, social and economic mobility, property ownership, and political enfranchisement; in short, the privileges of citizenship.

more specifically, their experiences here at KSU.

To paraphrase the African-American poet Langston Hughes, “I am of the tribe, and it is my duty to bear the light of the tribe.” I am of the tribe also, and because of what I have learned and experienced since coming to Kent State University 25 years ago, now “I know,” as James Weldon Johnson, and Maya Angelou said, “why the caged bird sings.” I know what others did not, and still do not know about me, for the simple reason that they (like myself at one time), believed then, and still do now, that there was nothing about me, or my past or present that they needed, or wanted, to know. Many from within my tribe still feel this way, so the dren, while you didn’t take time to interact with us, or to understand us, or to try to know what makes us “tick,” and why.

Most of you will leave here knowing nothing more about us than you knew before you came to Kent State University.

Of faculty and others, many have judged us from afar, with an attitude we know, (from Mr. Herbert Spencer) as “contempt prior to investigation.” You need to “check us out” for yourselves.

To those of you on this campus who do know us, and have interacted with us, know that the above does not apply to you.

This article is for those that choose, out of their own motivations, to paint all Black people, or organiza-

Things have changed very much since that time, but the residue of much that has never been properly acknowledged and eliminated from the fabric of America’s spiritual, moral, racial, social, cultural, political, and educational life is an unhealing wound in this country.

Even though the greatness of America is evident throughout the world, its flaws are also equally apparent. While we all can elaborate on some of those details which can confirm the above viewpoint, this article is intended to help those who read it to understand the way that many of my ancestors and their descendants view their situation in this country, and implication is all the more amplified when those outside of the tribe are under consideration.

This is why even though The Department of Pan-African Studies has been on this campus for 25 years, there are still those of you who would never consider learning about the African Experience. The rationale being that our curriculum has no relevance to your reality, which as typical students, is to get a degree to get a job. This stands, even though your job may have you working alongside of, or for us; even though some of us may live in your neighborhoods, or you in ours; even though many of you wishing to teach may end up teaching our chil-

38 Fall 1994
of my concerns relative to a host of problems ranging from Black male and female relationships to the Black student attrition rate, the “probation/semester warning/low GPA syndrome” among Black students, the lack of social service projects among culturally stagnant, dance-and-fighting oriented Black Greek leadership on this campus... I could go on.

In recognition of the 25th anniversary of Uhuru, I have chosen, by reintroducing articles from past issues of the Black Watch and Spectrum newspapers, to go back to the ancestors again, for a couple of reasons. First, it is good for us all to know from whence we have come; and who better to speak for Black KSU Students (the tribe), than the members themselves?

enced this, and for those who have, that I offer these glimpses from the KSU past to inform, remind, surprise, maybe even shock. My intention is to show that these views existed then, and they still exist now. These are somewhat lightweight, and to some, it may prove to be an embarrassment (the “airing of dirty laundry syndrome”). I am compelled, however, to jolt us out of complacency and ignorance to our realities. Some of the racial referents you will read are not intended to condemn any particular racial group. They are included herein for their educational value, as samples of KSU history.

Those that do not take time to study their history are Doomed to repeat it!

daylight, El Haj Malik El Shabazz (Malcolm X) would be murdered in front of his own wife and daughters in the Audubon, Patrice Lumumba would be brutally tortured in the open, and eventually murdered, he’d called ya a fool, and said ya wuz crazy.

Well, if he thinks we’re going to put up with any more of that jive anymore, he’s the fool... and he is crazy.

**REVOLUTION TOMORROW**

There is a revolution that can jump off tomorrow; not the overthrow of the devil/cracker, but the overthrow of some devilish/crackeristic impurity in our morals. Yeah-morals. We all, every one of us, can have a moral revolution, tomorrow.

**IF**

*If you’d told a devil in 1959 that during the decade to come, Watts, Newark, Cleveland, Detroit, and hundreds of other cities would explode in Black revolution, he’d called ya a fool, and said ya wuz crazy.*

*If you’d told a devil in 1959 that during the decade to come, four little girls praying in a church in Birmingham would be bombed by beasts still running free, he’d called ya a fool, and said ya wuz crazy.*

*If you’d told a devil in 1959 that during the following decade, the leader of the non-violent movement would have his head blown off, Medgar Evers would be shot down in KKKold blood in broad daylight, El Haj Malik El Shabazz (Malcolm X) would be murdered in front of his own wife and daughters in the Audubon, Patrice Lumumba would be brutally tortured in the open, and eventually murdered, he’d called ya a fool, and said ya wuz crazy.*

We can clean up our minds, and our morals, because if we don’t, we’ll be little better than the immoral, sick baboons, poisoning the world, now. We gotta get our sisters off the corners, and straighten out the leeches pimping them. We have got to respect our women. Our women are our nation, because they are the ones who will produce our future warriors/saviors, and the future generations of Black folks. We have to start treating our women like queens.

We were raised in an imperialist, capitalist, “don’tcarehowlgetit” society. As a result, many of us have, within our bowels, a disease known as “greed.” Its symptoms are a vast desire
to acquire material goods, which in turn aggravates a don't-carehowIgetit attitude, and then everything becomes justified in acquiring money, and the things it can buy. Consequently, we have brothers pimping sisters for money; Black people in so-called “poverty” agencies stealing (to the delight of the cracker) the people's money. Black people get back the smallest portion of their tax dollar [of] any people in America, except maybe the Indian.

We gotta stop stealing, cheatin', pimping, using, [and] hustlin' Black folks-- that ain't gonna hardly get us out of the bag we're in. In other words, we, as individuals, gotta come out of the bags we're in to discover the giant trick the devil's got all of us in. We have to clean up our minds. We gotta stop jumping with every sister and/or brother, brother and/or sister. We gotta respect one another's zoi (mate). We have to stop shooting smack and scag horse boy [crack].* We gotta stop getting drunk and getting laid, to deal and return to our senses.

We gotta quit lying to others and especially to ourselves. If we don't, we'll die with the rest of the sick, polluting world, 'cause “only the righteous/ill see the hereafter/heraftc/choo-choo.”

Things have changed very much since that time, but the residue of much that has never been properly acknowledged and eliminated from the fabric of America's spiritual, moral, racial, social, cultural, political, and educational life is an unhealing wound in this country.

Honkies still ain't woke up yet to the fact that the most dangerous question[s] of the decade/century [are]:
• Not man living on the moon, but man living in peace
• Not a 3-day work week, but every man being able to be free
• Not a rise in life expectancy, but rather what a man does with his life, and the quality and value of life
• Not a cure for cancer, but a cure for the most malignant, pus-infected cyst in the bowels of mankind... racism, greed, and their contagious ramifications.

---

**SEE THE WORLD AS A BETTER PLACE**

...were the headlines of an article written by George Gallop, describing the results of the recent Gallop poll. This was an “international” poll of Canada, the United States, Columbia, Finland, Greece, Great Britain, India, Israel, Japan, Spain, Uruguay, and West Germany. All, with a few exceptions, are pro-west, or western countries. These same headlines, or something similar, were spoken by the same blind, apathetic, unrealistic devils at the beginning of the 60's. The decade “failed with hope and a promise of the future.” NOWHERE listed on the list of expected advancements was ANYTHING that had to do with eliminating hunger from the face of the Earth. NOWHERE was there anything that had to do with destroying racism and oppression, and giving Black, Brown, Red, and Yellow peoples of the Earth what belongs to them, and everything that's due them.

The future achievements listed were:
• Man living on the moon
• A 3-day work week
• A rise in life expectancy to 100
• A cancer cure
Be A Part Of It All
On Campus Living

Make the most of your educational experience by taking advantage of the residence hall program at Kent State University. Close to your classes, the halls provide you opportunities for personal growth and development through living and working with others from diverse backgrounds.

For more information contact
Department of Residence Services
Kent State University
PO Box 5190
Kent, Ohio 44242-0001
216.672.7000

STUDENTS, LIKE YOU!
The Stater is staffed and managed by KSU students committed to the free flow of news, ideas and information.

Be a part of
The Daily Kent Stater
And be a part of
One of the oldest and best student newspapers in the nation.

It's your world, your university, your paper.
Get involved, today!
Call or visit the Stater for more information.
672-2586
100 Taylor Hall
COMING SOON

UHURU
SPECIAL EDITION

Early 1995
Let us not give ourselves the liberty of disputing with the wicked and sinners; lest we should chance in time to become like unto them.

Barnabas 3:3