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Editors Notes

Has the revolution begun? It seems as though it has. Never before, at least in my lifetime, had I witnessed what I saw in Washington D.C. on the sixteenth of October in 1995. I have never even read about it in history books. Over one million Afrikan men; together in peace.

I wonder, do we really understand the significance of the Million Man March? What does it mean for Afrikan people? Does White America understand? Does it matter if they do?

Not only has it shown that Black men can come together in peace, but it also reveals that our community can mobilize and come together in unity for a common interest. It says to us, and the rest of the world, that the Afrikan community in America is a force to be reckoned with.

Never before have our community, as diverse as it is, come together under one banner. Nationalist, Pan-Afrikanist, Integrationist, Baptists, Muslims and all other facets of our community marched to the same beat.

It was, indeed, a beautiful day for the Afrikan community. But what now? The true test of what is to come of us as an Afrikan nation, all depends on what we do now.

We must build on the spirit of the march. Build on what it meant. Now is not the time to let the motivation fall by the way side. The after math is the true test. It was, above all else, a day of atonement and reconciliation. Black men, for what ever reasons, have let our communities down.

But we must acknowledge the error of our ways, mend those wounds that we have inflicted and help our women build a nation for our children and our children's children, so that one day we will be, once again, at the height of civilization.

This is our tradition. We must realize that. We must return to it. For we are only children who have gone on a long; painful journey. But we must return home now. Return to when we were great and the keepers of truth and knowledge and the model for all of civilization.

The theme for this issue of Uhuru is: It takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Black! Only as a unified front, can we restore what was systematically stripped from us. Long live the spirit of the Million Man March!

Uhuru 2
Since the day that Europeans brought our ancestors to this country, this nation has been divided. They made one crucial mistake; they did not realize that we are a people too strong to be defeated. We were diligently shown how to despise and destroy ourselves. We are a mighty people who were born into freedom and bound without remorse by chains. The scars run so deep that sometimes it is hard to believe that we will ever be healed. On October 16, 1995, I turned on the television and witnessed over a million of our Afrikan-American men coming together for one cause. It was overwhelming just to think of it. That is when I knew that the healing process was in effect.

We are that nation of millions that is holding us black. Why do you think white America was so outraged by a group of strong Afrikan men marching into Washington D.C.? Could it be because it was not about them. The focus was on our people. It it hard for them to believe that our time has come. Why criticize those who come together to positively reinforce themselves? The media tried its best to manipulate the message. It has always been fine if we love ourselves behind close doors, but the second we step out into the public eye, it is referred to as white hate.

We do not have to believe in Farrakhan's beliefs to believe that our men need to be unified. The divisions among our people have become so great that we were arguing with each other on whether the Million Man March was right. We do not come together to display our hate for white America. I think that many of them would like to believe that we come together out of this so called hate, but it is not even about them. We are trying to eradicate a disease that has been disseminated into our communities and left to destroy us. It is time for our people to get our act together. It is time for us to start putting our own in check. We are dying out here. It does not amaze me that this American "empire" is built on stolen land. It could hardly astonish me that those who stole it kidnapped Afrikans to build it. I would not even say that I am surprised at how they tried to break our spirit. They did not know that we have a voice inside our soul. I can hear it speaking. “Oh, rise my mighty people. Rise!” We do not hate white America. We have just moved beyond them. Our people know that our time has come.
Because of the recent Million (African) Man March held in the nation’s capital, the name Minister Louis Farrakhan, leader of the Nation of Islam, has resurfaced in the news and in mouths of the African community after a self-imposed moratorium. And once again comes the vociferous callfor and loud lamentations of Louis the hatemonger.

But before we try to defend him or before we try to say that Africans are not all robots and that we don’t agree with everything he says, let us humor ourselves for a moment. Since most Africans already assume that we (Africans) are totally incapable of formulating our own opinions or coming to our own conclusions, let us humor ourselves a moment and imagine if he is a robot. It is not an easy thought to entertain, but one that might be worth the effort.

This is a man who has a program of hate and absolutely nothing else. A ruthless and cynical old man who profits off a campaign of bone-chilling, incendiary rhetoric that inflames the passions of gullible Africans. As Dick Feagler stated in one of his respected news columns, Farrakhan "represents a return to evil." He’s the opposite of white supremacy and white bigotry.

If this is true, then Farrakhan represents nothing more or less than a reflection in the mirror to the Caucasian.

If he represents hate, then he represents a reflection in the mirror to the Caucasian, whom have NEVER crawled out of the caves of criminality.

America fears and loathes a Farrakhan. But he is exactly what it deserves.

But that is just the problem: he does not truly reflect the morally debased and decadent Caucasian world. No, not quite.

Actually, Farrakhan nor any other African leader in America has ever been a true reflection in the mirror to the Caucasian. Farrakhan, for all his pronouncements and all of the nonsensical hoopla that has been generated by American media, lacks the power, prestige, wealth, tools and equipment necessary to implement the type of furious hell that has—and continues to be—inflicted upon African people.

Farrakhan is in charge of no army or Air Force to defend himself nor his followers nor his fellow Africans. Likewise, with no armed forces, he could not invade foreign Caucasian countries and decimate, desecrate, pillage, rape and destroy the host country and its people as the Caucasian has always done. If he were to do this, he would be an accurate reflection in the mirror to the Caucasian.

Farrakhan has no police department at his disposal, which routinely shoots Caucasian males in the streets and murders Caucasians “accidentally” or beats them down in the streets like rabid beasts. You have never heard of a Black police officer shooting and killing a Caucasian male because he thought that the Caucasian was THINKING about reaching for a gun. Caucasians are not fearful of their police officers pulling over Caucasian for traveling in an African section of town for any of the ridiculous and preposterous reasons that Africans always hear. Unlike Africans, Caucasians actually view the police as friends.

Farrakhan does not oversee any local, state or federal judicial body that puts one out of every four Caucasian males in prison—even though FBI statistics every year show that most drugs in this country are sold, distributed and consumed by the Caucasian race.

Farrakhan is in charge of no financial institution that consistently and arbitrarily denies much needed loans to Caucasians; Farrakhan has no control of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank that feast on the jugular veins of so-called third world nations.

Farrakhan is not in charge of the American Educational system that incessantly miseducates, neglects, stereotypes and stigmatizes Caucasian children. The current system does not breathe a sense of inferiority into Caucasian children and make them feel as if they are a problem, irrelevant or a liability.

Farrakhan does not control any Hollywood that uses movies to propagate and promulgate blatant lies about Caucasian culture and religions; he is not the one who uses Hollywood to retard social growth and influence foreign policy to the benefit of a mother country (those of you who know who runs Hollywood and most of this country’s influential newspapers and magazines, know what segment of the Caucasian race I am referring to).

Farrakhan does not own any powerful defense contracting corporations that are responsible for the production and proliferation of nuclear, biological and chemical weapons that could be used for the near obliteration of the Caucasian race and then the enslavement of the few survivors.

Farrakhan does not operate the home of the ill-repute; he does not own a factory that manufactures, distributes, then gets rich off child pornography and the exploitation of women.

If Farrakhan had all of these things and did all of these things (plus much, much more), THEN we could say that Farrakhan accurately reflects the Caucasian controlled world. And this is what Caucasians fear. They fear that one day, someone will rise up and inspire the masses to revolt against a racist Caucasian system.

There is one more thing. If Farrakhan or Malcolm or Marcus Garvey or the Black Panthers or Kwame Ture or any other African leader in America had of ever reflected a mirror image of the Caucasian world, then few Caucasians would walk the earth free. As a matter of fact, if Caucasians truly got what they deserved—as a reflection in the mirror—then few Caucasians would walk the Earth period. Instead they would reside DEEP BENEATH the Earth (where many of their victims now reside).

But, of course, this is not the case. If anything, Farrakhan has repeatedly demonstrated an insatiable desire to permanently exclude African from meetings of the Caucasian race. He would like to get as far away from these people as possible.

Caucasoide/Europeans have never shown this character trait throughout their existence; no, quite the contrary. They
have shown an intense proclivity or propensity to barge into the lands of the free world and exterminate the indigenous populations. Caucasian/Europeans HAVE NEVER delivered light to backward, barbaric countries; the backward, barbaric Caucasians PUT THE LIGHTS OUT of civilized nations. If Farrakhan were to mirror these people, then he would have to return the favor to Caucasians.

This multi-faceted campaign to demonize Farrakhan has absolutely nothing to do with religion, morality or truth; it has everything to do with power. This is part of perpetual (and well-oiled) campaign to deny any African’s legitimate, authentic power and the autonomy to control his or her own destiny. It also serves to deter any other member of the African populace from emerging from our pre-designated position.

So do not be fooled by the propaganda. No one has ever reflected the Caucasoid world.

Let us face it, if we even tried (at this point) to match the Caucasoid with the tools of violence (which would reflect their behavior), it would be a match that we would lose, and lose miserably. No one in the world knows the tools of violence and destruction better than the Caucasoid world. They have perfected it and turned it into an art form.

When you really think about it, the only people on this planet who could accurately reflect the Caucasoid, would be the Caucasoid.
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Let U.S. Make A Difference For You
The FBI’s Secret War Against Black America

by Adisa A. Alkebulan

The FBI waged a secret war against Black America. It used illegal tactics to cripple and in most cases to destroy African-American leaders and organizations. The FBI’s illegal, immoral, unethical and unconstitutional acts against African-Americans, dates back as early as 1919 when J. Edgar Hoover and the Bureau put Marcus Garvey under surveillance.

In 1956, the Counter Intelligence Program (COINTELPRO) was designed to disrupt and destabilize, cripple, destroy or otherwise neutralize dissident individuals and political groupings in the United States. The unscrupulous behavior of the United States government against its African citizens has yet to be seriously addressed or challenged. The FBI broke virtually every law and violated not only the civil and human rights of Afrikan-Americans, but their God-given rights as well.

Hopefully, light will be shed on the FBI’s secret war against Black America and the illegal practices of the U.S. government will be revealed. Although the FBI targeted many Afrikan-Americans and Afrikan-American organizations, this article will focus on Marcus Garvey, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., El Hajj Malik El Shabazz (Malcolm X) and the Black Panther Party for Self Defense.

Marcus Garvey struck the interest of the United States’ government in the summer of 1919, which was commonly known as the “Red Summer” because of the race riots that swept the United States. J. Edgar Hoover, who at the time was the General Intelligence Division chief, led the charge. Tony Martin, author of Race First: the Ideological Struggles of Marcus Garvey and the Universal Negro Improvement Association, asserts that government officials as well as large corporations determined that “Garvey was a dangerous character.”

Garvey often spoke of capitalist European nations who exploited Afrikan and the wealth of Afrika. Martin writes: “There was little about Garvey’s program that could not be construed as a threat, direct or indirect, to the United States. His doctrines of militant racial struggle could sometimes be transferred into strikes against... powerful United States corporations...”

Hoover had devised a plan with the intent to neutralize Garvey and his influence. Hoover wrote a letter to the attorney general urging that some action be taken against Garvey even though no crime had been committed. The letter proposed that Garvey be framed to limit his political effectiveness.

The letter, dated October 11, 1919, in part read: "Unfortunately, he has not as yet violated any federal law whereby he could be proceeded against on the grounds of being an undesirable alien, from the point of view of deportation. It might be some proceeding against him for fraud in connection with his Black Star line propaganda..." (Memo: JEH-GPO, 10/11/19). Ward Churchill and Jim Vander Wall authors of The COINTELPRO Papers: Documents from the FBI’s Secret Wars Against Dissent in the United States, writes: ...the Garvey letter... is not written about an individual who is believed to have violated (or is planning to violate) any particular law... the FBI director is recommending... that the federal government devote its vast legal resources to contriving a case, any case, against Garvey, to make him appear guilty of a crime. In this way, the black dissident’s eventual imprisonment could be made to seem a simple ‘criminal matter’ rather than the act of political repression it actually was. The key to understanding what really happened in the Garvey case lies squarely in appreciation of the fact that the decision to bring about his elimination had been made at the highest level of the bureau long before any hint of criminal conduct could be attached to him.
Garvey was kept under constant surveillance. But, since no crime had been committed by Garvey, it was suggested (in a memorandum mailed anonymously to the Department of Justice) that he be charged under the Mann Act (which prohibited the interstate transportation of women for immoral purposes). At the time, Garvey was engaged to Amy Ashwood who accompanied him across state lines on a tour of the United States.

The FBI used several other techniques to destroy Garvey’s movement. Infiltration and surveillance of the UNIA were techniques used to cripple the organization and Garvey’s influence. Of the four African-Americans that Hoover first hired to work the Garvey case, one was hired to infiltrate the organization.

An African-American government stenographer was given the assignment of “discreetly” taking verbatim what was said at a UNIA meeting in Baltimore, Maryland as early as 1918, Martin wrote. In 1921, James Womley Jones or “Confidential Agent 800,” was an informant who was hired to infiltrate the UNIA. Jones was paid “work his way into a position of trust within the UNIA.” Even with this inside informant, the FBI was still not able to obtain any evidence to make a case against Garvey. However, the surveillance and infiltration continued.

In an FBI report made by FBI agent Harold Nathan, dated February 8, 1922, Nathan wrote: “...arrangements were made to secure the services of a competent and reliable Negro informant to cover any meeting or meetings at which subject (Garvey) might appear.”

Amy Jacques Garvey (Marcus Garvey’s widow) writes in Philosophy and Opinions of Marcus Garvey: “Garvey’s complaints against Amos included collusion with anti-Garvey individuals, membership in the NAACP, authorization of prejudicial news releases during the 1923 trial, encouragement of civil litigation against Garvey, and unjustified raid on the Harlem Liberty Hall, and much more.”

Every facet of the UNIA was under surveillance by the FBI. For example, Garvey’s paper, the Negro World, although it was not banned, it was kept under surveillance from its beginning. In 1919, Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, wrote a Department of Justice report entitled, “Radicalism Among Negroes as Reflected in their Publications,” in which, the Negro World was one of the first African-American publications examined in his report.

After five years of unsuccessful attempts, the FBI finally succeeded at “nabbing” Garvey. The United States government indicted Garvey on “bogus” mail-fraud charges. Garvey accused his attorney of making a deal “inimical to his clients best interest.” Garvey fired his lawyer and served as his own attorney but was eventually convicted on June 21, 1925 and was sentenced to five years in prison. From the very beginning, Garvey’s presence was unwanted and the United States government would eventually get a conviction at all costs, the irregularities of the 1923 trial illustrates this fact. Martin writes:

Right at the beginning Garvey made application to the trial judge, Julian Mack, to disqualify himself on the grounds that he was a member of or contribu-
sources... A seventy-one page report on King dated September 28, 1960, outlined all the information available on King; however, the report contained mostly synopses of newspaper articles about the civil rights leader. Although the Bureau had little original information, King’s SCLC was never the less considered a key target for communist infiltration. The Bureau tracked any influence that communists had in the organization...

As time went on, FBI surveillance of King intensified. The FBI, under Hoover’s watchful eye, stopped at no cause to discredit King and his influence. The FBI initiated a campaign to try and associate King and SCLC with the CP.

On October 23, 1962, the FBI’s New York and Atlanta offices were ordered to initiate a full COMINFIL investigation of SCLC. The FBI tried to link King with the CP because a close friend of King’s, Stanley Levinson, was supposedly once a member of the CP, who now served as a legal advisor to SCLC. King was warned by the Justice Department that Levinson was a communist. This was another technique used by the FBI called “Red Baiting.” The FBI often contacted organizations and informed them that some of their members were communist. Often, the FBI would send information on the organization to the media trying to tie them to communism; this is also a form of “Red Baiting.”

The FBI never connected King with the CP but that did not stop the FBI’s war against King. King was subjected to constant electronic surveillance. On May 11, 1962, his name was placed in section A of the Reserve Index. This meant that King would be “picked-up” in the event of a National emergency. All of this in spite of a thirty-seven-page report submitted by the Atlanta office in April of the same year, determining that “neither King nor his SCLC were under any communist influence.”

The FBI continued its surveillance of King. No longer did the Bureau try to connect King with the CP. It now focused on King’s private life, collecting anything they could to discredit King and neutralize his influence. Hoover instructed his agents to follow King around the country, installing wiretaps in hotels where King would be staying.

Wiretaps were also placed in his home and office in Atlanta. The FBI’s justification for the wiretaps was given in a memorandum dated January 14, 1964, from Cartha DeLoach to J. Edgar Hoover. The memorandum stated that the purpose was to “record the [private] activities of Dr. King and his associates so that he could completely be discredited.” (King FBI file: 1/14/64)

After following King around the country, the FBI succeeded in obtaining information that might discredit King. The FBI began making allegations that King par took in unsavory activities. They obtained evidence of King’s infidelities. The FBI tried using the “friendly media” technique to discredit King, but for the most part, it did not work. In trying to convince reporters to run the derogatory stories on King, the FBI played parts of the tape to reporters. Nonetheless, fearful of printing possible libelous material, most of the reporters refused to print the information. The FBI, however, continued to disseminate derogatory information about King.

The FBI did not stop there. They threatened King to either commit suicide or resign from SCLC. The FBI sent King an anonymous letter that read: King, look into your heart. You know you are a fraud and a great liability to all of us Negroes. White people in this country have enough frauds of their own but, I am sure they don’t have one at this time that is any where near your equal. King, there is only one thing left for you to do. You know what it is. You have just 34 days in which to do this... You are done. There is but one way out for you. You better take it before your filthy, abnormal, fraudulant self is bared to the nation.

The letter was accompanied with excerpts of the FBI’s surveillance of King. The tape included sounds of King engaged in sexual activities and making lewd sexual jokes. Churchill and Vander Wall point out in Agents of Repression that King’s suicide was the FBI’s objective, but in Martin Luther King Jr.: the FBI Files, Friedly and Galen suggest that it is more likely that the letter was an attempt to persuade King to resign from SCLC rather than to commit suicide. Either way, it would appear that the FBI was committed to get King off of the national scene. This by far was the FBI’s cruelest COINTELPRO operation aimed at King. Furthermore, King’s disapproval of the Vietnam war only made matters worse.

By the end of 1967, as King grew in stature and his opposition to the Vietnam War intensified, J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI decided to expand the COINTELPRO operations to include “black nationalist hate groups.” In spite of its non-violence/integrationist stance, King’s SCLC was included with the likes of the Revolutionary Action Movement (RAM), the Nation of Islam (NOI) and the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense.

The FBI memorandum, dated August 25, 1967 stated: “...The purpose of this new counterintelligence endeavor is to expose, disrupt, misdirect, discredit, or otherwise neutralize the activities of black nationalist hate-type organizations and groupings, their leadership, spokesmen, membership, and supporters, and to counter their propensity for violence and civil disorder.” (King FBI file, 8/25/67)

In March, 1968, the FBI outlined the expanded COINTELPRO operations. The Bureau saw the need to “prevent the rise of a Messiah.” As the FBI contended, King aspired to be in that position and could very well succeed if he “abandons his supposed obedience to white, liberal doctrines (non-violence) and embrace nationalism.”

On April 4, 1968, one month after the previous memorandum was written, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was murdered in Memphis, Tennessee. One could only wonder whether or not his murder could have been prevented, considering King was under constant surveillance. Such was the case with Malcolm X.

When Malcolm X was spokesman for the NOI he was never the prime target of the FBI. When he was alive, he was only the Bureau’s “secondary target to the Nation of Islam,” notes O’Reilly. Malcolm’s mentor and spiritual advisor, Elijah Muhammad, was the Bureau’s chief concern, and even then, the NOI
was miniscule to the FBI. In the fifties, the NOI was not considered to be subversives, in fact, black nationalism as a school of thought was not even a concern at the time. The FBI directed much of their energies toward communism and the cold war. In Malcolm X: the FBI File, Clayborne Carson explains:

Malcolm X's affiliation with Elijah Muhammad attracted the attention of the FBI, but during the 1950s and early 1960s, the federal government did not view the Nation of Islam or black nationalists in general as major threats to national security. Instead, during the Cold War era, leftist internal subversives was the nation's concern... [Black nationalism] was not seen as a major element within African-American politics.

It even took two years after Malcolm's death before Elijah Muhammad became a COINTELPRO target. The FBI did, however, seize the opportunity to neutralize Malcolm's influence when he left the NOI. Through its surveillance and informants, the FBI documented the widening rift between Malcolm and the NOI and in some cases contributed to it, eventually leading to the murder of Malcolm X. This is one of the techniques used by the FBI, encouraging violence between rival groups. Muhammad Ahmed explains that the FBI often attempted to capitalize on hostility between target groups even when such programs resulted in murder.

Kenneth O'Reilly, in Black Americans: the FBI Files, writes: "...the things the bureau did to worsen the break between Malcolm and Muhammad were routine. Panning the flames of fractionalism... The FBI is guilty because their federal police force pushed on knowing that murder was a possibility and further that their own efforts to exacerbate tensions made it that much more likely."

The FBI even took credit for creating the climate that killed Malcolm X. In a FBI memorandum dated January 22, 1969 the special agent in charge(SAC) wrote: "Over the years considerable thought has been given, and action taken with Bureau approval, relating to methods through which the NOI could be discredited... through... fractionalism... factional disputes have been developed - the most notable being Malcolm X Little." (NOI FBI File: 1/22/69)

The FBI would not have been able to cause "added" tension to the NOI and Malcolm X split, had there been no collusion. The NOI and the OOUA(which Malcolm started after leaving the NOI) were both infiltrated by the FBI.

After the split, the Bureau literally followed Malcolm X all over the world keeping him under heavy surveillance. Malcolm X traveled to Africa and the Middle East trying to get support from various heads of states in bringing the United States up on charges before the United Nations of violating the human and civil rights of African-Americans.

The FBI immediately sought to find some sort of violation of Malcolm X to try and curtail his dealings overseas. Carson writes: Malcolm's apparent success abroad must have begun to worry the Justice Department. ... W. Walter Yagley, Assistant Attorney General in the Internal Security Division, indicated to Director Hoover that he had knowledge that Malcolm had urged foreign governments to "take the issue of racialism in America before the United Nations as a threat to world peace."

Yagley requested that the FBI look into Malcolm' dealings and see if there were any "activities abroad indicating a possible violation of the Logan Act," the act forbidding U.S. citizens to influence foreign governments without permission from the state... investigators were instructed to review Malcolm's foreign travels and report any violations.

In 1965, Malcolm X was poisoned while over seas, possibly at the hands of the CIA. The state department issued a memo on Malcolm stating that he was detrimental to U.S. foreign policy. Malcolm even pointed out that there was a tall, thin, dark, olive skinned man who followed him in his world travels and returned to the United States when he returned.

Malcolm X was murdered on February 21, 1965, in the Audubon Ballroom in Harlem New York, although the FBI denies any involvement or prior knowledge in Malcolm X's murder, there is much to be speculated, considering his constant surveillance. George E. Curry of Emerge magazine wrote in the March, 1995 edition that: "Given the infiltration of Malcolm's group and the Nation of Islam(NOIS), the surveillance of [his] every move and wiretaps on telephones... there is every reason to believe local and federal law enforcers would have known of plans to kill Malcolm..."

Although "black militancy" was not initiated under COINTELPRO until after Malcolm X's murder, it was definitely a "dry run through" preparing Hoover and the FBI for future operations. Carson asserts:

By the end of the 1960s, the federal government had developed a policy toward black militancy that clearly distinguished between groups and leaders that were considered potential threats and those that were not. The criterion for inclusion on the list of COINTELPRO targets was not advocacy of racial separatism; black political groups and leaders were treated as worthy of aggressive counterintelligence projects according to the extent to which they sought to undermine capitalism and to mobilize mass confrontations with government authorities... the emphasis was on potential rather than existing threats posed by black nationalist leaders and organizations... Ultimately... the Panther[s]... were clearly the political offspring of Malcolm's last years.

The most extensive war waged by the FBI against Black America was the war against the Black Panther Party for Self Defense. Of the 295 COINTELPRO operations against the Black Liberation movement, 233 were aimed at the Panthers. In September, 1968, J. Edgar Hoover described the Panthers as:

...the greatest threat to the internal security of the country. Schooled in the Marxist-Leninist ideology and the teaching of Chinese Communist Leader Mao Tse-Tung, its members have perpetrated numerous assaults on police officers and have engaged in violent confrontations with police throughout the country. Leaders and representatives of the Black Panther Party travel extensively all over the United States preaching their gospel of hate and violence not only to ghetto residents but to students in colleges, universities and high

(Continued on page 42)
Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Inc. was established as a mechanism through which men could better themselves by **ACHIEVEMENT** and as a support network through which men could foster a sense of brotherhood. Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Inc. was founded on January 5th, 1911 at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, by ten great men led by “The Dreamer” Elder Watson Diggs. The Fraternity is continuously growing with chapters across the United States and the world.

The undergraduate chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi Fraternity, Inc at Kent State University is the **GAMMA TAU CHAPTER**. The chapter was chartered on May 15th, 1949, and represented both Kent State University and the University of Akron. On January 23rd, 1993, forty-four years of collective dedication led to the chartering of the XiXi chapter at the University of Akron, and now Gamma Tau represents Kent State University as its own unique individual chapter. The Gamma Tau chapter actively participates in guide right and community service programs including: PEC (Progressive Educational Community) School; K.S.U. Upward Bound Program; Kupita/ Transciones, mentoring program for incoming minority freshmen; Happy Days School, recreation and motor development activities; Food and Clothes Drives; Red Cross, blood donors; and a variety of others. While assisting with the local needs, the gentlemen of the Gamma Tau chapter still uphold and demonstrate **ACHIEVEMENT** whenever and wherever possible.

Some notable Kappamen include the following:
- Wiley Smith III - co-founder of the Dept. of Pan African Studies at KSU
- Arthur Ashe- professional tennis player
- Johnny Cochran- Attorney
- Michael White- Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio
- Ed Bradley- “60 Minutes”
- Kenny Lofton- MLB
- Anfernee Hardaway- NBA
- Chris Sanders- NFL
- Greg Lloyd- NFL
- John Singleton- Film Producer and Director

**Not all great men are Kappas, but ALL Kappas are great men.**
To you from fading hands we pass the torch. Tis yours to hold high. If you break the faith with us who have died we shall not sleep, though poppies flow in Flanders Field.”... unknown.

Do you carry the torch of focus, determination, and respect? or do you idly sit and let someone else carry it for you?

Aretha said it in 1965, R-E-S-P-E-C-T. Yes, she deserved respect, more than the little bit she was asking for. I say it in 1995. Yes, I deserve R-E-S-P-E-C-T, more than the little bit I ask for.

Do you respect yourself?
Do you respect the black woman?
Do you respect the black man?

Brothers and sisters take a look at the way we are treating one another. What is going on? Enough respect due to the African, but are you acting like one?

Africans demand respect. Remember people respect those who respect themselves.

To my brother, a sister cannot respect you if you cannot give her the respect she deserves. Do you hurt her? Do you rape her? Do you go and spread lies about her? Do you degrade her by your actions, thoughts and words? Do you encourage her to abort the life in her womb after you find out your the father?

If you take part in these things then surely you could not be my brother. For my brother is a strong man who nurtures and cares for his sister. He is her protector, her backbone, her friend and companion. Please do not make me ashamed to call you my brother.

To my sister, can a brother respect you if you do not have respect for him? Do you have true love for your brother? Do you ignore him when he speaks? Do you roll your eyes and walk the other way when he respectfully calls you? Do you degrade him by your actions, thoughts, and words? Do you use him for what he has? Do you go and spread lies about him?

If you take part in these things, then surely you could not be my sister. For my sister is one who builds up her brother. She stands by him, and he by her. My sister is royalty, there is nothing perverse about her ways. The law of kindness is always on her tongue. She blesses and does not curse. She builds up and does not tear down. In her womb she holds the promise of a race. Please do not make me ashamed to call you my sister.

Our ancestors have gone before us, and have built the very community we tear down today, a community of respect. Are you part of this community, or are you just an on-looker? Do you really care at all? Do we make our elders bow their heads in shame or do we make them proud?

Dare to look at life with focus, determination, and respect. Our very livelihood depends on it. Are you up for the challenge, or are you too weak to carry the torch? YOU TELL ME!

by Anika N. Lackey
Washington, D.C., I am reacquainted whispering through the trees on that problem. Each time I visit the way: “... I am not included within the people, our ancestors command us to remember and retell their stories in the face of this society's dogged and insistent call for us to forget. New World Africans. We are descended from enslaved Africans who were quite literally forced to refashion themselves into new peoples. Here in the U.S., no people who could be called "African-Americans" existed before the 17th century. As a new and culturally distinct people, we have managed to create and sing a new song as spite of this still strange land. Poet Maya Angelou proclaims, "the caged bird sings because it must..." For the better part of this century, the uniqueness of our singing has fallen on deaf ears because we live among people who essentially do not care to listen. There is no deeper irony is the degree to which America has taken our music and claimed it as its own. Elvis has been pushing King of a music he did not create, and, it occurs to few that Cleveland has now been enshrined as the place where America gave black music its current white face. Names, Rock and Roll obscures real origins. Our song is not blue, it is black looking to the right that gives birth to day. It is soft. It is hard. Its melodies are as sweet as they are painted. Theoharios Monk called it "Ugly Beauty." Our poets and our musicians are here to remind us, "the caged bird sings or it dies." It sings because it does not know how not to sing. To sing is in its nature. There is still music in our people today. We have stopped standing in awe of eloquence: "... if I do not faithfully remember those bleeding children of sorrow this day, 'may my right hand forget her cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! To forget them, to pass lightly over their wrongs, and to chime in with the popular theme, would be treason most scandalous and shocking and would make me a reproach before God and the world." Now more than ever, our ancestors command us to remember and retell their stories in the face of this society's dogged and insistent call for us to forget. New World Africans. We are descended from enslaved Africans who were quite literally forced to refashion themselves into new peoples. Here in the U.S., no people who could be called "African-Americans" existed before the 17th century. As a new and culturally distinct people, we have managed to create and sing a new song as spite of this still strange land. Poet Maya Angelou proclaims, "the caged bird sings because it must..." For the better part of this century, the uniqueness of our singing has fallen on deaf ears because we live among people who essentially do not care to listen. 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reemerged to the absolute dismay of the more conservative elements within African-American leadership. Admittedly, there is no consensus within the national black community. There are those who think it is futile and counterproductive to even raise such an issue. They feel it will only further alienate and enflame an already hostile white majority. We are accused of living in a past our detractors, black and white, simply refuse to acknowledge. We are labeled haters of white people, and have been erro-

neously charged with further dividing an already historically divided nation. We have become a convenient scape-
goat for those who lack the will to admit that America's race problem is the creation of Americans of European descent. Skin color as a criteria for social advancement and acceptance, in this society, is a direct consequence of the European experience in the New World. The current state of race rela-
tions in this nation are no better or worse than they have ever been. Who can look at the nightly news, or, the new "real cop" TV programs and deny that America continues to ask: "What is to be done with Negroes?" Speak-
ing in an interview published in the New York Times Magazine (9-11-94), novelist Morrison offers this insight: know, the term 'political cos' has become a shorthand for ing ideas. What I think the \ correctness debate is really the power to be able to defi-
definers want the power to 100 And the directed are now take-
power away from them. 17 people in search of our nam long as we remain confused proper group name, we will stu-

nated people; a people who become an increasing danger themselves. This nation's status q acceptable. Our American experience has rendered black people strangers to ourselves. We have no real memory of ever having once been a whole people. We have grown too accustomed to liv-
ing as "Afro-American Fragments." In too many not so subtle ways, too many of us have become more American than the Americans. Our only real choice is to begin to pick up the shattered pieces of our lives. Entry into a burning house is no solu-
tion to our problems. Our task is to restore our own house. We must look away from America's blinding white-

ness if we are to see and become our this country from the perspective of the people who were here when Europeans arrived at staggers. They have never been "Indians," except in the minds of the people who conquered them. As mutually conquered peoples, we have lost sight of ourselves looking outward toward white society. A coming 21st century now demands that we look inward toward our own spiritual center if there is to be any Healing. Atone
tment. Reconciliation. Purification. Our bitterness and anger and frustration, our pain has turned us in on ourselves. Niggers and red sam-

bos. What happens to peoples who become the caricatures of themselves? In real terms, there can be no genuine dialogue with others if we do not enter into serious dialogue with all of our fragmented and fractured selves. On December 9, 1994, an African centered spiritual process of purifica-
tion and healing was begun in Ghana that will have international ramifications for black people at home and abroad. Fihanka. More than three thousand people participated in the inaugural "Ceremony of a Stool and Skin" performed in Accra, Ghana. Fihanka is a term from the Akan lan-
guage of the Ashanti people of Ghana. It refers to one of the Akan symbols. Each symbol represents a philos-
ophical concept arising out of the Akan people's cultural heritage. Fihanka signifies the "concept of completeness or total security in the house." The concept concept of Fihanka "is believed to reinforce its meaning of completeness and indivis-

ibility." The circle is regarded as the "aboriginal symbol of the perfection of God, for like God, the circle has no beginning and thus no end." Both the stool and skin are sacred symbols of divine authority in which resides the very spirit and soul of the people. This traditional purification ceremony was important because it marked the first time that contemporary African chiefs had gathered publicly to specifically perform rituals to atone for the mis-
deeds of those ancestral rulers who helped to sustain the trans-Atlantic trade in African peoples initiated by European powers in the 14th century. Present day Ghana's culture as the Gold Coast, was a major point of demarcation. Over forty sla
tles flowed from this ceremony. The Fihanka ceremony was intended to restore to Africans born in the diaspora two sacred symbols in one to reaf-
firm the cultural and spiritual ties that have been denied to us for so long. During the summer of 1995, a delega-
tion from Ghana sojourned in the U. S. to follow-up and continue this process of the Purification of Fihanka for those of us who could not be in Ghana for the historic inaugural cere-
momy. Their visit was conducted under the theme: "Fihanka, Reuniting The Divided House." The delegation was lead by Odenho Nana Odurto Namapaa II, President of Ghana's National House of Chiefs.

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We must find our own peace."
The Simpson Verdict: Another Reaction

"We the jury find the defendant Orenjal... Orenthal James Simpson not guilty!..."

By Ceron Bryant
& Andrea Holyfield

What does all the hoopla over the O.J. case mean for African Americans? After all, Mr. Simpson certainly does not represent the norm of African Americans. Most of us are not multimillionaires. African American males do not make it a habit of marrying outside of our race. The majority of African Americans certainly do not have exclusive memberships in ritzy California country clubs. So, how can this man who is far removed, at best, from the African American community cause so many of us to embrace his happiness and act as if his verdict was our own?

This becomes a rather serious question when we take a look at a few disturbing facts. An advocacy group's report on Black men stated that one in three Black men are serving a criminal sentence, are on probation or have been paroled. Since the Simpson trial started, at least ten African American football players (college and professional, including Warren Moon) have been charged with some kind of offense against women. Black men comprise 74 percent of prisoners serving time for drug-related charges. With Blacks making up only 12 percent of the U.S. population, it is obvious that we are still unfairly targeted by the criminal justice system.

So, should we be jubilant because of a “justice” that is already supposed to be in place for us anyway? Black men still shudder from the thought of being accosted late at night by a band of policemen. African Americans are still followed in department stores like common thieves. We still endure the stares of “common” people whenever we are “out of place.”

Many people say that the justice system has failed. There are people, including Marcia Clark, who believe that emotion was the deciding factor behind the verdict. Others feel that there was overwhelming evidence and a “Guilty” verdict was inevitable. We also cannot overlook the fact that this was a rich, athlete who could buy an “All Star” defense team. These opinions should be addressed.

Pete Wilson, governor of California, is calling for the California legislature to review the procedural process of that state's justice system. Isn't it odd that the justice system should be changed now that it might be working for someone other than the ancestors of its authors? We all know the case of the white men killing Emmett Till for waving “bye bye” to a white woman. These men were found “Not Guilty” after courageous testimonies from Black witnesses. Why wasn’t there a drastic measure proposed then? Why is it that when Blacks reach a consensus, it has to be emotionally based? Are we not intelligent enough to think as clearly as others in pressure situations? Is the only reason a “Not Guilty” verdict was reached was because of Simpson’s millions? As rich as O.J. is, we can be sure that he does not have more money than the entire state of California. Why didn’t they buy a “Guilty” verdict??

From the facts and questions posed from the Simpson frenzy, it is plain to see that, we, African Americans, should not let our guard down. We have not “Overcome”.

African Americans will never forget October 3, 1995. Throughout Kent, Ohio, 44240, people in bars, at work and on the university's campus were stunned by the verdict. The verdict had far-reaching effects. There were tapes of Blacks in South Africa rejoicing. Blacks in the south were overjoyed in finally witnessing the due process that had been long denied them. We had been finally vindicated for all the crimes that were the evil of the "American Justice System." Instantly, we were reminded of the visions of slavery that started in 1619; Emmett Till's brutal death in 1955; the Rodney King beating in 1993. All the anger and the fears from racism were cashed in the "Not Guilty" verdict.

The feeling in the African American community was euphoric. O.J. had been acquitted, Mark Fuhrman and racism had been exposed, the American justice system had finally worked for the "Black man."
Jesus to whom our ancestors foolishly for believing in Christianity. Some protest personal beliefs, many of our people peace of mind that they needed each other and they just had to make it. Regardless of our personal troubles, many of our people would keep a hold on just this earth and be in the belief in that God. How many of our great African American leaders like Marcus Garvey, Malcolm X, and Martin Luther King would not have guessed our presence had it not been for the strength of those who came before them.

More amazing is what we can find in each other, not our own. Our families are breaking, while we deliberate on whether we call on Allah, Jesus, whoever, or whoever it may be. Our communities are being drug infected, may we all sing that Jesus behind him and as people the decision making is such path to destruction. To make it though this madness you have to believe in something. Or as may believe that God is or entries that there through the world and it is found to be beautiful fullness. If it had its resistance to us, let us three. As it if what some of our people end up to be in the world from scattering their whole, let them believe.

As a people we need greater interaction. The chaos of the world ends telling stories. We are not all going to believe in the same thing. This would be the chaos relatively for the God. Existing in this world without a positive paradigm is a new path to destruction. To make it though this madness you have to believe in something. Or as may believe that God is or entries that there through the world and it is found to be beautiful fullness. If it had its resistance to us, let us three. As it if what some of our people end up to be in the world from scattering their whole, let them believe.

We can now estimate the idea of being bound to chains and said in the highest hell. To be abandoned, to be sold, to be burned, to be emasculated, physically and physically that is still going on today. What can not be imagined is going from freedom into bondage. Into same bondage, we struggle to get out. To whoever pay that you present, in the same way. Want to go to new freedom. European colonizers entered Africa saying they came in the name of God. That does mean that the God that they refer to had any part of the lives that they played a man, woman your honor and saw that he has come to be in the nature of the man and woman who produce to you, take your possessions, and then leave you for dead but does not mean that these men and women we refer to as Christians have to be in the same way. Freedom. European colonizers entered Africa saying they came in the name of God. That does mean that the God that they refer to had any part of the lives that they played a man, woman your honor and saw that he has come to be in the nature of the man and woman who produce to you, take your possessions, and then leave you for dead but does not mean that these men and women we refer to as Christians have to be in the same way.

Infloring lasting scars
But still alive
My people arrived
As I heard his reply:
I have pleaded my case
But not for what you think
A glorious interpretation of all that molds my heritage.
Noighter, no better
No depositor, no woman
Just plain love.

To my nation that, my beauty is in the African culture. My civilization should be an everlasting bridge of west and east. The world of the Black woman's children.

The God you see in my eyes, and off eyes. It is just that, but with what you think.

It is mostly our own. You long to be like us. But you do not understand the line and the line you are in. And your own.

We found our children
When we were too young
To find the joy
In the Great Black Race
With these strong, Black Heads

For the privilege to live
My people died
Name and blood
For the White man's pride

I find that there is something larger than life. This is the place where I put all my pain, anger, and frustration. When you fail in belief in a positive paradigm, you put your trust in mortal men who may yet always have their way. What you're going to see is not going to be from your own or being from anywhere in the world, you need the division among our people. You may be able to win the war, but this makes it a different war.

Justice for All?
By Ronald T. Dingle

In defense of my people
Your honor needed it
To call the Black man

In several years
We were not wanted and we ignored
Our thinking and our work
The White man came

Chased and checked.
My people died
But we survived and

Some of your families
Including the Black Nation
We stood our children
Under the ruler of the land

Two were in the field
One in the hospital
With these strong, Black Heads

For the privilege to live
My people died
Name and blood
For the White man's pride

Infloring lasting scars
But still alive

The Black Self
Katrine Mines

What do you prefer to be called?
Negro.
African American...
Afro American?

Our race should measure up to what we see where we live.

And when our faces hold...
Stereotypes to be black.
Just plain black will

I am not a magnificent sculpture of splendid.
A glorious interpretation of all that molds my heritage.
Noighter, no better
No depositor, no woman
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Justice for All?
The Day They Took My Brother
by Ebonee Madison

**My Beautiful Black Child**
by Heather J. Brown

**My Husband**
by Tashiki Anderson

**A Nation Dies The Law**
by Chiwemwene Ambulu
The Million Man March
a Proactive Movement

Ohuhu 24

Fall 1995 25
When I heard of the Million man March this past August, I thought, like many of my friends that, "Ain't nobody going to that shit."

Looking back, it showed me how crazy we all used to think. But the March changed us in more ways than one.

The day before me and the “broshas” left Oscar Ritchie hall for the march was hectic. We found out, on very short notice, that our bus had been cancelled and if we still wanted to go we had to pay more money. Something none of us had more of. I spent at least an hour Sunday morning trying to figure out how we were going to be able to pay for the trip.

God really must have wanted us to go, because some how and some way, we got the money and was getting ready to go.

The March began when my homies, Lew, Jamal and I, went to Oscar Ritchie Hall to meet with the rest of the brothers that were going on the march.

The three of us never separated the whole trip. You learn a lot about another brotha when you go through an experience together.

Once we left Kent State University, the real experiences began. As brotha Rashid gave us a ride to Cleveland to catch the bus, we saw something that we could not forget.
We saw the sun shining over the I-480 bridge. But is was not just shining, you could actually see the sun rays beam- ing down on the valley. “That’s a sign, It’s got to be a sign!” Rashid screamed as the sun rays brightened his car. “That must be God’s way of telling us this trip is going to be alright.” Said Rashid.

Now, I know that it was a sign because when things went wrong on the trip I never worried because I knew that God was looking out for us.

The million man march truly made brother units. When we rode to Washington D.C. we all talked about politics and the march and suddenly the first sign of trouble came.

“I don’t care about Farrakhan. What has Farrakhan done for us. What has he done for me? Farrakhan ain’t payin’ my tuition!” One brother began to say.

His comments caused an uproar from the elders on the front of the bus. One of them came to the back preaching to us about Unity and how important it was for us to seize the day.

I think that the comments made by the brother separated the younger brothers from the older brothers. I think that separation was good for the younger group because that is when we all started to become more unified.

The unity that the students got from the march was sort of silly to me. There were about 15 of us, and all of us were from different backgrounds. Jamald, Lew and I, were known for going out and having a good time. Some of the other brothers like Adisa and Wallace were known for their constant involvement in the struggle. Michael was known for his radio show on campus and many of the other brothers were known for other things.

While we were getting closer to D.C. early Monday morning, our bus leader was giving out a lot of instructions, which many of us did not like.

When the march got started we all broke off in our different cliques. The brothers who had the most in common seemed to hang together, except for our group.

Wallace and the brothers that were in the STARS program over the summer hung out. Adisa Ceron and some of the older brothers hung out together. But Michael, the brother who had the radio show hung with us and that was the worst thing to me, because he really didn’t fit hanging with us.

I even asked Jamald: “Why the hell is this nerdy ass nigga hanging with us. His shoes is too big and he looks real goofy with that crooked ass hat on his head.”

Him hanging out with us, though, was the highlight of the march because that one brother, even though he was different, he taught us a lot about unity.

As the marchers began to multiply, Lew made comments like, “Damn look at all these people. There’s a lot of muthafuckas here.”

While we all watched the numbers grow from the hundreds to the thousands and eventually to millions, we all began to get sleepy and found ourselves sleeping on the curb and eventually on the steps of the Smithsonian.

When we woke up, everyone was ready to “kick it” except Michael. The fellas and I were ready to leave the area but Michael was still sleep.

“Just leave him here,” said one of the fellas but I refused. I said “No, we can’t leave him. He might get lost or something. Just wake him up. He’s got to stay with us.”

I don’t know why I didn’t want to leave him. Normally he would have been “shook” and walking around by himself, but I guess the spirit if unity was too strong for me to leave that brother sleep at the Smithsonian.

We spent the rest of the day just walking around waiting for Farrakhan to speak, but the day was getting later and later, and it was time to meet the groups so we could go home.

The four of us went to the rendezvous spot, but we didn’t see any one from our group. All we saw was about one million brothers waiting in the spot for their boys.

We waited later and later but we never saw any one from our group. Michael kept saying, “Lets just go back to the bus and wait for them.”

After waiting for a while, we all finally reached the conclusion that we should meet them at the bus.

It was on. We were in Washington D.C. and had to ride the subway to RFK stadium. This is when unity played another important part for us.

I had been to D.C. several times but I never had to ride the subway. The rest of the Fellas had no clue about the subway or anything, so I had to use my survival skills so we all could make it to the stadium.

I quickly asked someone from D.C. where was the nearest station. I was really excited to learn that the subway in D.C. was similar to the one in Oakland, where I used to live, so it was real easy for me to explain how to get a ticket to the rest of the fellas.

It didn’t take any time to find the stadium and within an hour we were all on the bus safe and sound waiting on the rest of the group.

When the rest of the brothers came back to the bus, they were not as positive about the march as I thought they would be. Farrakhan made all that money off that march.” said one brother on the bus.

One brother came on the bus with a hand full of stuff that he bought at the march. He complained, “If we can’t spend our money at the white businesses, then why did the black vendors charge us so much?” It seemed like the younger brothers were the ones who didn’t like the march.

But everyone else on the bus said how nice it was to see one million black men and how nice the speeches were and what they were going to go home to do, but for the brothers from Kent State the experience was not over yet.

We left D.C. at 10 o’clock that night and was slowly on our way back to school.

While riding back to Cleveland, a problem came up. We all realized that when the bus gets back to Cleveland, we wouldn’t have a ride back to school.

Our best bet was to ride the campus bus service back, but none of us had any money left.

The brothers on the bus made an unproductive effort to convince the driver to take us to school, but he did agree to drop us off at a rest area about 10 minutes away from the school.

That was our delima. Either go to Cleveland and be stranded or on the expressway stranded.

I remember Brother Wallace’s fiery speech about how wrong it was to leave us at a rest stop instead of taking us to school. “Was the day of atonement just for one day, now it is back to normal?” That caused some of the elders to get upset again.

Well, our four man posse was still sticking together, we stayed united.

Michael just gave me his cellular phone and I began to make phone calls ahead of time.
I knew that we had too much love at school not to be able to find a ride home. I eventually found a ride and we decided to get dropped off at the rest stop while the other brothers said they would go to Cleveland and figure it out from there. Little did we know, but Adisa already had a plan to get the rest of the brothas home from Cleveland. His mom "hooked the brothas up."

The driver ended up tricking the four of us when he just dropped us off on the freeway. We all walked off the bus upset but we were still united as we walked up the expressway.

We eventually got a ride about five minutes later and was back home in 20 minutes.

That day proved something for all of us. We all looked at each other different. I found myself speaking to the brothers from the trip. I even called Michael that day. I even shocked myself when I called him.

Now that the march is over, I still see some of the brothas who rode with us and we seem to have something to talk about. We now recognize each other more. I agree with the brothers that Farrakhan did make a lot of money from the march, but I think the brothas of bus number 3 (especially Lew, Jamald, Michael and I) have a common bond because of this memorable and historic experience.
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Make a difference
Women in Ancient Kemet (EGY)

Dr. Kwame Nantambu
In ancient Egyptian society, a woman was accorded legal rights equal to those of a man from the same social class and had the same expectation of a life after death.

Such consideration toward women was rare in other ancient societies. Pharaonic Egypt was not an exclusively male dominated society in which women were regarded by men merely as breeding machines or beasts of burden. Instead, it was one in which they were allowed to exert a degree of freedom and, in some cases, influence, beyond the confines of the home. Nevertheless, an Egyptian woman’s main occupations were marriage, running a household and bearing children. Inevitably, the occupations of the majority of women affected the status that men accorded them and consequently, affected the male attitudes towards them.

Age, with its supposed accumulation of wisdom and knowledge, was seen as a desirable attribute in a man but not in a woman. In tomb reliefs the wife, or sometimes the mother, of the deceased is always depicted in a formal manner, usually seated at his side. She is never represented in an undignified manner and whenever a woman is shown alongside her husband, whether in statue or relief, she generally has her arm around his waist or over his shoulder: an indication that her role was to be one of encouragement and support. One convention was that in painted reliefs and statues a woman’s flesh should be a creamy yellow, whereas for men it should be a reddish-brown. According to another artistic convention, the figure of the most important person in a relief should be the largest in it and in many reliefs, wives are depicted very much smaller in scale than their husbands: the husband, after all, was usually the tomb-owner. There are exceptions to this convention. The exception is made especially among royal ladies who, presumably because of their royal status, achieved equal representation with their husbands.

Artistic evidence that women were viewed as sexual objects is not overt: the Egyptians were in any case discreet in their artistic representations of contact with the opposite sex and there are very few depictions of a couple embracing let alone indulging in copulation. It is interesting to note that it is the woman who was expected to make herself attractive to the man and not the other way around - a reflection perhaps of the fact that, as in most societies, men considered that women were for their delectation and that sexuality in women was only permissible when it was at the service of men.

In ancient Egyptian religion, there were a great many deities, both male and female. Every city, every town, and originally every tribe
In ancient Egypt had its own gods and goddesses. Although, Isis and Hathor were universally worshipped, Egypt never had a state god. The great creator-gods were Atum, Ptah and Re; only one goddess, Neith, had her own creation legend. The great judges of the dead and gods of the Afterlife were Re, Anubis and Osiris; they had no female counterparts. There were gods of war- Iontu and Amun - but no goddesses, although several female deities, notably Sekhmet, Neith, Anat and Bastet, included warlike qualities in their nature.

In many cultures an Earth Mother plays a prominent role and is considered to be the most powerful of deities. In Egypt there was no earth goddesses, only an earth god - Geb. There were, however, mother goddesses: the sky goddess, Nut, for example, or Amun’s wife, Mut, above all, and Osiris’s wife, Isis. The chief deities concerned with fertility were male - Min, Osiris and Sobek being - the most important. A lesser deity, Renenutet was the only goddess to represent this concept. However, goddesses were the main representative of love and joy. There was no goddess - or god - of love, but several goddesses, notable Hathor and Bastet, included love among their aspects.

Maat was the goddess of justice, truth and social order; Seshat was the goddess of writing and keeper of the royal annals. Maat’s role is perhaps indicative of the fact that women were regarded as forces for stability. Seshat’s role is ironic considering that most ancient Egyptian women could not read or write. Isis was the most popular goddess in Egypt. She was usually represented either as the faithful companion and protector of Osiris or as the mother of Horus; she was seated with her son on her knee, suckling him. Isis had another aspect: that of a wily, scheming woman who used her skill as a magician to gain her own ends. She used magic in her struggle against Seth to fulfill her ambitions for her son, Horus, and she used it against the great sun god, Re or Ra, in order to discover his secret name so that she would become his equal as a magician.

Hathor was a very ancient deity whose cult went back to predynastic times. Some of the columns in her great cult temple at Dendera, which have capitals in the form of the head of a woman with cow’s ears, are a reminder that she was originally worshiped as a sacred cow in times when the Egyptians worshipped animals.

Moreover, the ideal way in which a king inherited the throne was by marriage to the royal heiress, the eldest daughter of the queen; because of this, some of them married every royal heiress regardless of her blood-line. Although, descent and kinship were traced through the female line, ancient Egypt was by no means a matriarchy. The real power lay in the hands of men; they held the great offices of state and they made up the bureaucracy that governed the land. A man’s social standing determined the nature of the burial he was accorded and thus his success in the Afterlife: a peasant was buried in a simple grave dug in the desert sand, a nobleman merited a substantial tomb. The nature of a woman’s burial depended on the social standing of her husband or father. An ancient Egyptian woman of the tomb-owning classes shared her husband’s tomb or, if she were unmarried, was buried in the family tomb which belonged to her father. Normally, only queens could expect independent burials.

In Pharaonic Egypt, property not only passed through the female line, but rights to that property often devolved on women. They could own and administer it independently, whether it consisted of land or of possessions. The economic independence that ownership and rights to property gave to the women of ancient Egypt, com-
bined with their legal status of being equal with men under the law. They ensured that they enjoyed a fair amount of social freedom. They went about freely, with faces unveiled, unlike the women of ancient Greece who not only were required to cover their heads in a seculum manner but who, by the laws of Solon, were not permitted to go out at night without a lighted torch carried before them, or to leave home carrying more than three garments; they were guarded within the house by chaperones, and sometimes guarded by eunuchs or old men.

The de jure rights of an ancient Egyptian woman depended upon her class in society and not upon her sex. The King of Egypt was chief lawgiver and upholder of the law; In theory, everyone in Egypt, both male and female, noble and peasant, was equal under the law and had the right of access to the king in order to obtain justice. In practice, as might be expected, some, notably the rich and powerful, were more equal than others.

An Egyptian woman was legally protected and enjoyed full rights under the law. She was her own mistress and, whether she was married or not, could act on her own behalf without being obliged to have a guardian act for her.

There were several ways in which a woman could acquire ownership of property: by purchase, as payment for work already done; inheritance from parents and in the case of married women, from husbands. Under the law, the wife was entitled to one-third of her deceased husband’s property. The other two-thirds was to be divided between her husband’s children (not hers by a previous marriage), his brothers and sisters.

Apart from the occupations that were deemed to be largely the province of women, there were five professions open to them: priesthood, midwifery, mourning, dancing and music. The most prestigious was priesthood. The priesthood conferred the highest professional status upon women. Religion played an important part in ancient Egyptian life and it was by active participation in religious affairs that a woman enhanced her social standing. Priestesses were generally neither administrators nor specialists and yielded little power or influence outside the temple. They did, however, play a great role in the worship of the temple divinities. Priestesses also took part in the cult ritual of the dead, which in many aspects were akin to that of the gods.

In ancient Kemet (Egypt), girls got married at about the age of twelve and boys usually married at the age of fifteen. The average life span for women was about eighteen to twenty years. Early maturity was a biological necessity.

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Growing up to be Afrikan and a Psychologist

By Carmia Robbins

At the age of eight, I told my parents that I was going to marry a white man, any white man. My mother said she didn't care as long as he loved me, but my father said that he would slit my throat first. I grew up in Los Angeles, land of European movie stars, with grand images of slim blond females. It was everything, but an African mecca, living in white suburbia. My life has spanned around 180 degrees since my total belief in the European view. At this point, my life can be divided into phases: Black and European desires. In my Black phase, I refused to do school work in groups, nor would I tutor my classmates. At some points, I would study until the early hours, just to prove I was smarter and better. My only idol was getting ahead of everyone, Afrikan or European. I didn't attend the senior prom or the senior trip. I simply dwelled in my own realm.

In my European phase, I had white blond idols adorning my bedroom walls and etchings. During this time, my life was consumed with a light of Black reality. This phase began when I enrolled at Florida A&M University and began taking history. Although it was a regular American history class, my teacher taught it from the African perspective. He opened my eyes and I fought them every inch of the way. This was the first time I had really heard and understood that I was Black and we were at war with those who are anti-African. This was when I began to feel with my entire being, the hardships and triumphs of Africans. At first, I resisted the new information. Then, I began to question my whole existence. I debated with everyone about anything that had to do with being Black. I would argue with my mother, my father, my roommate and anyone who had an opinion. This was an effort to eradicate the Black reality that was opening up for me. I became interested in reading all those dusty books my father had given me. I began making attempts to learn Black history from any source I could. I was excited because I had so much new energy. I had begun a trip on a road to self fulfillment. I would stay awake at night thinking about how oppression really works and how it really worked on me. At times, my Black reality filled me with anger, I thought of making bombs that could kill everyone without a certain level of melanin. I snarked at interracial couples, and I began to look for insults in every white person in my life. My African ambitions phase was also the first time in my life that I dated men who were not Bichon or European looking. Reading books such as "The Blacker the Berry" by Wallace Thurman helped me to see myself in the mirror. In deed, my Black reality phase saved my life. I accepted the African worldview as my own birthright and claimed it wholeheartedly.

I learned that it is not enough to simply be aware of Black issues. I had to make a commitment to the survival of my group. My African ambitions phase is when I decided to use my educational training to work toward the re-assertion of Afrikan adults in America and wherever else I can help. Being aware of mistakes made in the field of psychology in the past will shed light on what not to do in the future. During this phase of my life, I learned that my newfound energy must be channeled into proactive avenues. This also means not engaging in previously sanctioned Black activities that are not productive, such as striving for the approval of the African worldview. I have been able to scrutinize what is happening in the Black community, and what is progressive and reactive. This is the best and the hardest phase of my life because it requires the reevaluation of the European worldview and the adoption of practices and positions that coincide with that choice. As a developing African psychologist, I have come to have certain conclusions about things.
A crowd begins to form after two shots rang out from the Tavern’s alley. As everyone ran toward the alley to find out what was happening, a young man creeps out from behind the dumpster nearby. The boy then rushes out from behind the dumpster. He pulls a faded brown hat from his jean jacket and quickly places it on top of his thick black hair that stood two inches high. He pulls the hat tightly over his head so that the brim would cover his face. The youngster walks very fast trying to hide his guilt as the night
When he arrives at Manor Street, he reaches into the pocket of his black jeans from which a .38 caliber is retrieved. The gangsterous youth looks around for strangers, but he sees no one in sight. So, he drops the hand weapon into the street sewer at the edge of the curb. He walks away with a certain feeling of relief upon hearing the pistol drop into the sewer. He was walking down the street with the hope that he would reach Peace Street without being caught.

Looking back to the scene of the gun disposal, he catches a glimpse of a middle-aged woman. Walking fast again, he constantly looks back in a state of paranoia to see if he can make out her face from the alley. He begins telling himself, “If she is the lady with the big scar on her right jaw, I know she is after me. She might be Fishbone’s old lady or something. I know she is going to kill me.”

Looking back over his shoulder, he becomes even more paranoid as he tries to take a look at her face. He could not see her face, and his plan fails. He was now getting tense. He begins to panic as he tries to wipe his face with his cold, dark sweaty hands. While devising a second plan, he takes a detour to the left on a side street of Manor Street. The young gangster walks a little faster. He thinks that if it is the same lady, she would follow him. If it isn’t her, she would keep walking down Manor. He listens for her footsteps. To his surprise, the woman makes the same detour. He starts to panic and walks even faster. The faster he walks, the louder he hears the footsteps behind him. His heart was now pounding with terror because he now had no doubt he was being followed.

The juvenile is nearly in tears as he begins to run. He runs faster than he thought that he possibly could, but for some strange reason, he feels as if he isn’t getting anywhere. He is totally unaware that he is taking himself out of the way of Peace Street and heading in the direction of Banshee Street. He runs around every corner he can find. Running so fast in his terrorized state, he fails to realize that there is no longer anyone behind him. Finally, he ends up in a dark alley with only the dim alley light to depend on for sight. He suddenly stops running because he trips over a crate. At that moment, he boldly jumps up and his eyes open to the welcome sound of his alarm clock.
Many years before the first man walked the earth, there was the animal kingdom. It was a peaceful and wonderful place to live until the reign of Ode, the lion king.

An Afrikan Folktale

In the third year of his reign, there was a great famine that killed many animals. Creation was angry. The rain refused to fall; the sun at times would not shine and even the ocean was dead asleep. One morning King Ode called all the animals to his presence and said, “You foolish animals! Do I have to sit on the throne and dig too? Where are those good for nothing farmers whose fathers lived by the hoe? Where are those scholars who read so much but cannot make the situation better?”

“Your lordship,” replied the eagle, “we know what we are doing and we have done much research in hopes to change this unbearable situation but our hands are tied. There is no rain and the rivers are dried up. There is no sunlight, the ground is hard, and even our friends, the trees, are dying. Nothing can grow, my lord. It is beyond us.”

“My lord,” said Tunde the chicken, “With all due respect, I am tired of trying to plant food in a hard-headed soil with no result. So I have decided to conserve my energy for my family before death pays us all a visit.”

Just as the animals were waiting on the lion to send them to their homes, or for some to their graves, the gorilla stood up and spoke. He said, “Yes, creation is angry and I expect it to be. Since the reign of King Ode everthing has gotten worse. Even our best friend the sky has moved away from us. There is no morale among us anymore. We no longer have right or wrong. Almost everyone has become a thief. Murder and violence are being justified. I will tell you that creation is breaking down and we are a part of it. Until we change our ways, we will die in silence.” After he spoke they all left hungrier than they were before.

At midnight, when the world was asleep, King Ode called the elites, the elephant and the snake and sent them to Uyi the gorilla’s house to assassinate him. He told them that Uyi was of age and was taking up much needed food and space. Unfortunately for them, the sky came down low that night and heard them plot. Quickly, he took Uyi and went up with him. When Uyi could not be found, the king called the animals and asked what had happened to the aged gorilla. This time some felt the king was wasting their time while others remained loyal to his wishes.

Just as Ode was about to speak, the sky came down at full speed darker than black. The whole world was silent, in hopes that it was death because they felt that this was best. Then the sky spoke: “You worthless king, you planned to kill Uyi so I took him up with me. It is things like this that make me cover the sun and hold back the rain, in hopes that you will learn and change your ways. I sent Uyi your elder to tell you what the problem was, but you would not listen and even tried to kill him. No respect. Uyi has pleaded with me so I will restore everything to normal if only you will do as Uyi has commanded at first and always listen to your elders.” At this, all the animals said in accord, “We promise from the bottom of our hearts that all you have commanded we will do.”

After the sky dropped Uyi it went up becoming blue, and with a loud cry came forth the clouds and down came water like a thousand oceans. Soon the brown became green and the sun was shining as bright as it was the first time it was light. There was life again in the animal kingdom, for they changed their ways. Those who had shared with those who had none. When there was anything beneficial they all took someone along to share the benefits and they all lived for each other’s interests at heart. From that day forward everyone, including the king, learned to listen to the elders.
No matter how much you disagree with the words of the elder that cares for you, just listen and try to understand. He or she was here before you, and has gone through much of what you are going through now. Since they have apparently survived it to be around in your time, and have done years of watching and learning, their words might not be invalid after all.
schools as well.

The years between 1968 and 1971 marked the zenith of the counter intelligence operations and the war waged against Black America. Manning Marable, in Race Reform and Rebellion: the Second Reconstruction of Black America, writes that all of the techniques i.e. weapons that the FBI had at its disposal was used against the Black Panther Party for Self Defense.

The organization started in 1966 in Oakland, California with five core members but within two years, the organization blossomed to 5,000 in a dozen cities nation-wide. The Panthers instituted several community based programs at a grass roots level.

Unfortunately, their ardent opposition of the state, their rapid growth, their nationalist rhetoric, and their attempts to form coalitions with other organizations like the Student Nationalist Coordinating Committee (SNCC) drew the swift and severe attention of the FBI.

The Bureau quickly moved in to foster a split between the Oakland based organization and Stokely Carmichael of SNCC. Carmichael was “bad jacketed” by the FBI. The FBI led the BPP to believe that Carmichael was a CIA agent. This is another technique used by the FBI to cause dissension among so-called black hate-type organizations which proved to be effective. An FBI memorandum, dated June 10, 1968 read:

...consideration [should] be given to convey the impression that CARMICHAEL is a CIA informer. One method of accomplishing [this] would be to have a carbon copy of an of an informant report supposedly written by CARMICHAEL to the CIA... It is hoped that when... it is read it will promote distrust between CARMICHAEL and the Black Community...

This ultimately started a feud between the BPP and Carmichael left the country in fear that his life was threatened by members of the BPP. The coalition between the two organizations had effectively been broken.

The FBI also used the technique of encouraging violence between organizations to neutralize them. The United Slaves organization (US), led by cultural nationalist Maulana Karenga, and the BPP were pitted against each other by the FBI, resulting in several fatal feuds. These sort of tactics were being executed by the FBI against the BPP across the country. Manning Marable writes:

Local police and federal marshals raided Black Panther offices across the country. By July, 1969, the Panthers had been targeted under the FBI’s COINTELPRO... In 1969 alone, 27 Black Panthers were killed by police, and 749 were jailed or arrested. Whenever possible, the FBI provoked violence between cultural nationalists. In 1969, the FBI was directly or indirectly responsible for engineering several murders, shootings and bombing attacks between US and the Black Panther Party... The federal authorities would resort to political assassinations and any other gross violations of civil liberties to “prevent the rise of a messiah” who could lead the Black masses.

The FBI waged a secret war against Black America.

Ultimately, it wounded and temporarily incapacitated the Black Liberation movement. But there is a resurgence or reemergence of the nationalist school of thought. Furthermore, the coalitions that the FBI fought so hard to break is now beginning to reoccur. The recent Million Man March which brought together Afrikan-Americans of various ideologies together is evidence of growing unity within the Afrikan-American community. Now that Afrikan-Americans are aware of the United States’ “devilish” deeds, will we allow the U.S. to continue to destroy our leaders and movements?
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CUT IT OUT!
As I walk into a black function and see the array of black faces, I say, “We truly are a beautiful people. This is where I belong.”

Some people ask me why I choose to belong, to associate, or to be part of the black population. Funny, I did not think that it was a choice, but that it was a right given to me at birth. Another one will ask, “But, is it not easier to pass for white?” It is not easy to forget where I came from.

The “Hey” in passing and friendly nods are not thrown my way, because I do not look black. Most of the time, there is not even a glance so I can give the “Hey.” There are times when I go to a black function and I get the look of “Why are you here?”

I have had my share of prejudices from both black and white people. Some were very blatant and others were subtle. I use to say that the prejudice from black people hurt more, but then I asked myself, “Why?” I could come up with only one answer. Prejudice had been expected from white people for so long that I should be used to it. I realized that I should not expect it from white people. They are just as much my people as black people are my people. Besides, expecting it from white people is just making it easier for them to continue their prejudices.

There is a certain act of prejudice that I often come across and it angers me each time. It is the way that people treat you when they think you are black (or white). Upon finding out you are not what they think you are, they change. I get this from both black and white people, and each time, I ask, “Why?” I am the same person I was before you discovered my ethnic background.

Throughout my life, I just wanted to be that girl – not white girl, not black girl, just a girl. It is as though society is trying to force me to choose. Should I really have to choose?

America has so much diversity, yet we are not encouraged to explore it. There are not too many people who have the opportunity to experience two cultures. But then again, not too many want to experience a different culture. I consider myself very lucky to have two very different cultures to experience.

My family taught me that “family” is one of the most important things in life. Another important thing is to be true to myself. In order to be true to myself, there is no way that I can choose to be just white or just black.

I'm stuck with these questions and attitudes every day. I have come to realize that nothing is easy, and I can not please everyone. I rejoice in the fact that I am a part of two cultures, because it makes me a better person. The only choice I believe I have to make is to be proud of who I am.

“Who am I,” you ask? I am a proud intelligent woman who knows what she wants and is on her way to getting it.
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