



103 NEW AFRICA HOUSE  
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*NOMMO is a Kiswahili word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.*

## **NOMMO: A NEW VISION**

By Suzette E.B. Hunte

Previously a news-oriented publication, *NOMMO* needs, requires, a new vision in order to be truly in tune with the unique cultural, educational and social needs of today's student of African descent. Instead of regurgitating the news, we need to create it; instead of merely existing within a system, we need to impact it—make it work for ourselves and for the betterment of our collective—people of African descent; instead of simply "talking" about institution building—*nation time!*—we need to do it, not when we graduate or some other time in the future, but now, today, right where we stand. That's what *NOMMO*, your *NOMMO*, is all about.

Institution building—casting your buckets down where you are. This is *NOMMO*'s motivating principal, the foundation upon which we will all build. *NOMMO*'s focus on institution building is why *NOMMO* will periodically be printed out side of the collegian as an independent organism, fully staffed and operated by students of African descent.

*NOMMO* will exist as a microcosm of a mission and vision necessary for the true progression of our people:

*Institution building: A vision representative of the cultural and political metamorphosis taking place in our community....*

The importance of institution building cannot be stressed enough. As a people, we have perhaps the greatest amount of purchasing power, but possess the smallest means of production. *This must change!* Not only on a collegiate level in our participation with *NOMMO*, but, most importantly, when we graduate. Independently owned Black business is an element essential to the realization of our African greatness.

Ownership of the means of production:

By utilizing desk-top-publishing technology, *NOMMO* will have greater creative control over the product produced during every stage of its development.

Networking: *Strengthening family ties...*

We have to start communicating with one another in an effort to establish family ties that go beyond the boundaries of your immediate social circle. By sending *NOMMO* to alumni and other students of African descent in the five college area, Southern colleges, etc., *NOMMO* will be the springboard for the establishment of valuable alliances, contacts and mentors.

By focusing on issues and commentary, *NOMMO* will educate and encourage those who read it to think rather than react—to find a harmony within themselves and their environment. *NOMMO* will touch on a number of issues facing students of African descent at UMASS and abroad. Interviews with the Black faculty/administrators, articles on

political activity in South Africa, entrepreneurship, male-female relations, health-related issues, etc., will all serve to take the minds of our collective to even higher heights.

*NOMMO* is evolving. Our new name (from "NUMMO") is indicative of that change. "NUMMO" is a syntactical variation on the original "NOMMO." In keeping with the publication's quest for a truer African-centered reality and identity, this change, with all due respect to the publication's founders, was made.

All are encouraged to write. Students, faculty and staff of African descent at UMASS and throughout the Five-College area are encouraged to get involved. *NOMMO* meetings are held every Monday at 4:30pm in room 103 of the New Africa House.

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## ROBESON: AN UNSUNG HERO

By Akemi Kochiyama-Ladson

When I first learned that Don Oliver, the star of the one-man show "ROBESON", based on the life musical career of actor/singer Paul Robeson, was going to lecture at my theater class, I was very excited. I didn't know a whole lot about Paul Robeson, the man, but I had heard a few of his recordings as a child and remembered that my grandmother always spoke of him with great admiration.

The first thing Don Oliver asked the class when he began his lecture was, "Who here has ever heard of Paul Robeson?" I laughed because I thought it was a stupid question. However, I quickly grew serious when I saw that less than half of a class comprised of 100 students had raised their hands. Don Oliver did not appear the least bit surprised and proceeded to continue his lecture. As Oliver spoke, it became clear to me how very little I truly knew about this great African American hero.

In 1860, Paul Robeson's father escaped from slavery by way of the Underground Railroad at age fifteen. By 1876 his father had graduated from Lincoln University and went to settle down with his wife and children as minister of the Presbyterian church in a strictly segregated Princeton, New Jersey.

Paul Robeson was only six when his mother, who was a college graduate and a school teacher, passed away, leaving Paul's father with the task of raising his five children single-handedly himself. Life was hard, but Paul's father managed to send four of his five chil-

dren to high school and college at a time when Blacks were not allowed to go above grade school in Princeton. Although all of the Robeson children were high achievers, it became clear at an early age that Paul was gifted.

Robeson graduated at the top of his high school class and won a four year scholarship to Rutgers University where he began his higher education in 1915.

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While in college, Robeson managed to tutor languages (he spoke seventeen of them), coach a girls basketball team and perform in plays and concerts as a hobby. When he graduated in 1919, Robeson was the valedictorian of his class, delivered the graduation speech, was an All-American football star and had earned

varsity letters in basketball, football, baseball and lacrosse. From Rutgers, Robeson went on to Columbia law school.

Upon receiving his law degree from Columbia, Robeson quickly came to the realization that a Black lawyer was simply not going to be accepted in a white racist society. Singing and acting had always been Robeson's joy and he had had a lot of experience performing in church as a boy and as a young man in college. To those talents, Robeson successfully turned.

Robeson gained popularity quickly and received critical acclaim throughout Europe where he became the first Black man to play *Othello* with an all-white cast in front of an integrated audience. When he returned to New York, Robeson opened in the title role of *Othello* at the Shubert Theater. *Othello* ran before sold-out audiences for 299 performances on Broadway, setting a record for Shakespearean drama on Broadway. Robeson believed strongly in paying homage to the music of his own people and in 1925 decided to do a concert of Negro Spirituals in the United States despite offers to do more European tours and Shakespearean plays.

While in Europe, Robeson came into direct contact with the horrors of Nazism and was very moved by the oppression of the Jewish people. It was then that Robeson realized that oppression and suffering had not been confined to one race and upon returning to the United States, he began to show his support to all oppressed peoples of the world by singing songs for them. Robeson did not limit his concern to people of color; he reached out to poor people, auto workers, miners, steel workers, foreign born people and of course, to his

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When I was a child, I was ashamed of Africa,  
 It is not that way now that I am grown, but it was not easy learning.  
 Now why was I ashamed of my ancestral homeland? It is because I was ignorant  
 of the truth of Mother Africa.  
 When I was a child, all they taught me was that my forefathers had been  
 brought from Africa as slaves, and I was ashamed.  
 When I saw the pictures of Africans in my geography book of witch doctors with  
 bones in their noses and rings around their necks, I was ashamed.  
 When I saw pictures in magazines and movies of the strange black people who  
 were so foreign to me, I certainly did not wish to be identified with them.  
 I was not taught about Africa at home, nor did I learn the truth about Africa  
 at school. And my church taught me nothing about Africa.  
 All that I saw or heard made Africa seem a frightening place full of frighten-  
 ing people. And though the Africans looked just like me, same color, same  
 features, same hair, I was ashamed of them  
 And being ashamed of them I was ashamed of my own image.  
 I yearned to be anything else but an American African.

Then growing up and going to school, there welled up in me the need to search  
 out my roots, to ferret out that body of knowledge long denied me, to fill  
 in the gaps in my education, to find the truth and isolate the lies which  
 justified my enslavement.  
 It was not easy. I had to thumb through many books to glean bits and fragments  
 here and there until at last MY STORY was pieced together.  
 And what a story it was! A glorious story! An epic rivaling Beowulf.  
 The more I read, the prouder I became. I experienced a rebirth, I found that  
 Africa was the cradle of civilization and that Mother Africa gave great  
 gifts to world civilization.  
 That six hundred thousand years ago, out of Africa came the first human being.  
 And that for centuries the only people who inhabited the earth were my sunburnt  
 ancestors. For two thousand years my Ancestral homeland, Africa, was looked  
 upon as the civilized world.  
 My Africa was the wonder of the ancient world at a time when Europe was but a  
 wilderness. In my ancestral land, in ancient times there flourished great  
 kingdoms of splendor, wealth and culture.  
 Like Mali, Songhay, Ghana, Benin, Kush, Meroe, Axum, Zimbabwe and others.

Consider if you will the gifts of my Mother Africa to Civilization;  
 There is the music, folklore, rock paintings from the Bushmen,  
 The domestication of animals from the Hottentots, agriculture and cattle  
 exchange from the Bantus, and the mining of gold and silver, the trade in  
 precious stones, the creation of pottery and metal work; the law, literature,  
 music, natural sciences, medicine and school systems of the Songhay, the  
 weaving of the Sudan, the smelting in brass, bronze and gold of Benin.  
 But for the ancient Africans, there would be no knife, saw, drill, spade, hoe,  
 skyscraper girders, or hard metals for machinery.  
 Now this knowledge gave me inspiration for the future.  
 It turned me away from the paths of delinquency. It inspired me  
 To get an education and to pattern myself, like those unsung African  
 forefathers and foremothers of mine, about people like Shaka, Nzingha  
 Hannibal, Aesop and so many others  
 To catch the torch which they tossed to me; to make it burn brightly by  
 adding my bit to their achievements; then to pass the torch on to you  
 of today and to those who come after; to make my parents, my people, and  
 my country proud of me.  
 Yes, when I was a child; I was ashamed of Africa.  
 But today all of that is different. Today I speak with pride of Africa.  
 Of an emergent Africa. Of an Africa of black presidents and prime ministers,  
 building and taking their places in the family of nations.  
 Of Nkrumah, Izikwe, Keita, Senghor, Toure, Kenyatta, Banda, Nyere, M'boya  
 and many others. I salute them all with pride in our kinship.  
 They're cousins of my cousins cousins, I salute you!

By Margaret Taylor Burroughs  
 December 9, 1963

## Slavery in Massachusetts

The Nation of Islam  
Historical Research Dept.

Black people in America have begun to question when the Caucasian will pay the Black race for the building of his country after he murdered the Red Indian and stole his land. There are at least one hundred million (100,000,000) Black skeletons on the Atlantic Ocean floor after having been murdered by the White slave traders. Indeed, no White man or woman has ever been held accountable for this holocaust. A bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature (Senate No. 1621) seeking reparations from the beneficiaries of these heinous crimes - the slave master's children. But what part did the residents of Massachusetts play in the enslavement and exploitation of Black people? Most people have been told that slavery occurred only in the South and that the North was an oasis of liberty and freedom. The evidence does not support this contention.

In 1641, Massachusetts became the first of the colonies to officially establish slavery. Boston was the focal Northeastern port for the Triangular Slave Trade, the infamous and trading circuit that sent rum to Africa in exchange for African citizens, who were brought to the isles of the Carribean, exchanged for sugar and molasses which were brought to New England to be distilled into rum. It was a financial center for the investors in slavery and the point of embarkation for the hundreds of ships that engaged in the most lucrative business that White people had ever seen. So many of the great fortunes of New England's gentry were made from the kidnapping of innocent African citizens that nearly all of those familiar colonial names of history had some part in it.

Slavery was established in Massachusetts even before the Pilgrims arrived in Plymouth. In 1614, Captain Thomas Hunt, an English "explorer," enticed the friendly citizens of Cape Cod

*"Most people have been told that slavery occurred only in the South and that the North was an oasis of liberty and freedom. The evidence does not support this contention."*

onto his ship and then tried to sail back to Europe with them. Many were killed and at least 27 "poor silly savages" were sold in Malaga. Those that escaped became weary of White colonizers. By the time the Mayflower arrived in 1621 the Indians shunned contact with outsiders, preferring to retreat inland.

The "Pilgrim Fathers" had 18 of their own slaves - White slaves which they brought from England in their hypocritical quest for "religious liberty." Among the "Pilgrim Fathers"/slaveholders were: Isaac Allerton, William Bradford, William Brewster, Samuel Fuller, William White, Edward Winslow, Stephen Hopkins, Christopher Martin and William Mullins. When the work became too difficult for their pious white hands, they began attacking the Indian settlements. Soon thereafter, in 1638, Captain William Pierce brought a cargo "of salt, cotton, tobacco and negroes" into Boston Harbor.

In 1645, Emmanuel Downing wrote to his brother-in-law and governor, John Winthrop, "...I do not see how we can thrive until we get into a stock of slaves sufficient to do all our

business...And I suppose you know very well how we shall maintain twenty Moors cheaper than one English servant."

By 1646, Blacks and Indians were enslaved in the Old Colony. The Pilgrim government established a law that specifically approved the slavery of Indian captives of "just wars and strangers [that] willingly sell themselves or are sold to us." With this license, "just wars" began to occur throughout New England where "justly" captured Indians were exchanged for Black Africans from the Carribean.

By the end of the 17th century Blacks were being kidnapped and enslaved "for the Lord" and used in every New England trade. There was no limit set to the number of slaves one could own except by lack of funds. They were the artisans and highly skilled workers that engineered the New England economy, in high demand because of their unpaid status. White slaves could not be made to work and the Indians were too well acquainted with the land to keep secured. By 1752 there were approximately 4,500 Black people enslaved in Massachusetts, 1,541 of those in Boston, in 1776 there were 5,249, and by 1790 the United States census report set the number at 6001. Scarcely a household in Boston except for the very poor lacked a Black servant. In 1687, a Frenchman wrote of "Negroes and Negresses: there is not a house in Boston, however small maybe the means, that has not one or two. There are those that have five or six."

Nearly every issue of the Boston News-Letter carried ads for the purchase or sale of African citizens. In fact, the very same issue of the Boston Gazette dated July 22, 1776 that carried

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the Declaration of Independence advertised a stout, healthy negro man for sale. One 1742 ad read, "To be sold, the very best Negro woman in Town, who had the smallpox and the measles; is as hearty as a Horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a Beaver."

The Africans were treated cruelly with hundreds regularly running away. Nearly every newspaper was filled with advertisements for the return of freedom seeking Black people mockingly given names such as Cato, Pompey, Newport, London, Violet, Nanny, Neptune, Caesar, Primus, Felix, Zil, Shuba and Prince, among others. Some had physical deformities that indicated ill-treatment such as missing fingers, eyes, limbs, scars and brands. According to an observer, "Negro children were reckoned an encumbrance in a family, and when weaned were given away like puppies."

The primary interest of the New England colonies, and Massachusetts in particular, was to furnish slaves to the southern agricultural regions. The terrain and climate of New England precluded the extensive reliance on African free labor though the European showed no signs of an aversion to using him when needed.

## Liquor Distilling

The critical element in the Triangular trade was liquor. Molasses was imported from the Caribbean and distilled into rum in such quantities that it was estimated that Boston distilleries alone could supply the consumption of all of North America, the Indian trade the Newfoundland fisheries and the African trade. Liquor was used in Africa much the same way that it had been used on the Indians to cause their inebriation to facilitate the theft of their land and/or persons for abuse by the White man.

## Shipping

In the early 18th century there were at least 16 major ship yards as well

as other less important ones building and outfitting (with bondage hardware) ships for the slave trade. In 1738 there were 41 vessels built in Boston alone and just 40 years earlier one count showed that Boston merchants owned at least 194 ships. The governor at that time estimated that Boston alone had more ships than the entire countries of Scotland and Ireland.

The European's need for African slave labor to grow the sugar in the Caribbean was insatiable. The Boston merchants saw this as an opportunity to share in the immense profits of slavery launching hundreds of African expeditions from Boston and other Massachusetts ports. Between 1747 and 1748, 540 vessels left and 430 entered the port of Boston, not including fishing vessels of at least an equal number.

Blacks and Massachusetts Colonial Law

The colonial government passed several laws to tax and control their growing slave population.

•1703-voted by General Court that Indians under ten years of age, taken in war, and Indian women, were to be sold as slaves.

•No Indian could be taught a trade except by the allowance of two judges and no Indian, mulatto, Black servant or slave could be absent from their owners

house after nine at night without written permission of their master.

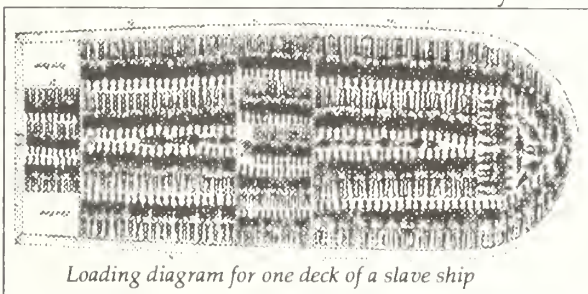
•July 1, 1728 "...no Indian, negro, or mulatto within the town, except such are as lame or decrepit, presume to carry any stick or cane, either by day or night, or a walking stick or cane that may be fit for quarrelling or fighting with, or any other thing of that nature."

•1728 - "An Act For Laying A Duty on Negroes Imported," "Be it enacted by the authority foresaid, That whoever shall purchase or bring into any town of this province as aforesaid any negro or negroes for which the duty has not been already paid shall be obliged, within fourteen days after the said negroes being so brought in, to make an entry with the clerks of the town where the said negro shall be brought, to pay the duty of four pounds per head..."

•In 1739, some of the principal slave-owners, Edward Ruggles and Jonathan Seaver among them, petitioned the town to prevent or punish negro servants "abroad in the night at unseasonable hours."

•There were penalties for freeing a slave in Massachusetts with the owner having to put up fifty pounds with the town treasurer as a guarantee that the freed man would not become a public charge.

•In the years 1732, 1736, 1738, 1741, 1742, and almost regularly thereafter, the Boston Selectmen, instructed the constables to patrol the main-traveled Boston-Roxbury road on Sunday



Loading diagram for one deck of a slave ship

mornings to inquire of all passersby, especially "Loose vain Persons Negroes &c" why they were absent from public worship."

## Free Blacks

There was no such thing as demonstrated by this passage from the historical literature, "In 1708, the free negroes were required to work at repairing and cleaning the highways."

Given this requirement the definition of the term "free" is unclear. The French traveller, Brissot de Warville noted in his writings in 1788 that "Those Negroes who keep shops live moderately, and never augment their business beyond a certain point. The reason is obvious; the whites...like not to give them credit to enable them to undertake any extensive commerce or even to give them the means of a common education by receiving them into their counting houses."

### Abolitionists?

There were early attempts to abolish African slavery. In 1706, a writer in the Boston News Letter complained that Blacks died too easily and because of that White servants should be employed. He had other complaints; "...Negroes do not carry arms to defend the country as Whites do...Negroes are...great thieves, much addicted to stealing, lying, and purloining..."

Despite persuasive evidence to the contrary, the historical image of Massachusetts is that of the home of tireless workers for the abolition of slavery—the center of the "free northern states", the "cradle of liberty." After all, the publisher of the anti-slavery newspaper *Liberator*, William Lloyd

Garrison made his home there, as did the former slave-turned-anti-slavery-lecturer Frederick Douglass. Yet, when in 1847 Douglass made an independent move to start his own newspaper in another state, Garrison and the White "abolitionists" resisted and boycotted, denounced and sabotaged his effort. The White anti-slavery forces sent a clear message of what kind of freedom they were fighting for when they called Douglass an ingrate and insulted his personal assistants. The freedom to establish themselves as arbiters of the welfare of the Black people. Boston's Black community endorsed Douglass and his newspaper, handing Garrison a stunning defeat.

### Did The Slave Dealers Make Money?

"It was generally agreed that it was possible to gain almost \$175,000 on a single successful voyage, and even if this averaged one out of four trips, the reward was worth the risk." The slave ship *Espoir* made a profit of \$436,200 on one trip. Banker's son and kidnapper C. A. L. Lamar estimated that his African expedition would bring a \$480,000 profit. He wrote in July of 1860, "The trade cannot be checked while such great percentages are made in the business. The outlay of \$35,000 often brings

\$500,000...No wonder Boston, New York and Philadelphia have so much interest in the business." With the introduction of steamers in the trade, the profits were even greater, for these vessels were able to carry many more slaves than even the terrifically overcrowded sailing ships.

When England considered imposing a tax on imported sugar with the Sugar Act of 1764, the Massachusetts merchants drew up an elaborate paper entitled *A Statement of the Massachusetts Trade and Fisheries*. Asserting that sugar and molasses were the main ingredients of the slave trade, the merchants claimed that any duty imposed upon these articles would ruin the fisheries, cause the destruction of the rum distilleries, and destroy the slave trade. They said destruction of the slave commerce would throw 5,000 seamen out of employment and would cause almost 700 ships to rot in idleness at their wharves. Not only would it affect those immediately engaged in these industries, but its blighting effects would topple the whole dependent economic structure. Barrel makers, tanners, coopers and even farmers would be reduced to poverty and misery, if the act were enforced. The Sugar Act more than any other, with its ominous threat to the slave trade was the chief cause of America's Revolutionary War.

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own African-American Brothers and Sisters. Robeson's theatrical and social commitment won him the Spingarn Medal on November 3, 1945 "for his outstanding achievement in the theatre, on the concert stage and in the general field of racial welfare."

Robeson was always well informed and publicly voiced his opinions concerning the oppression of Blacks in South Africa in the 1930's when such actions were unheard of. In 1940, Robeson went to Harry S. Tru-

man and asked him to pull American troops out of World War II in order to deal with America's domestic problems—racism, poverty, etc. On April 20, 1949, speaking at the Paris peace conference, Robeson said it was unthinkable to him that Blacks would fight against the Soviet Union. Immediately following that meeting, Jackie Robinson, The Brooklyn Dodger baseball star, disputed Robeson's statement before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Robeson was labeled a communist and was summoned to appear before the

Committee for Un-American Activities. Angered by Robeson's comments, rightists organized the Peekskill riots of 1949, using violence to keep Robeson from singing or speaking. Following that hearing eighty-nine of his concerts were cancelled, his visa and passport revoked and Paul Robeson, at the height of his career, was banned for eight years.

Many of Robeson's bourgeois  
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Black friends had pleaded with him not to address issues concerning racism or prejudice against African-Americans. They encouraged him to simply continue to perform and make money (He was making 2 to 3,000 dollars per performance at that time). But Robeson refused to compromise his beliefs and for that his successful career was revoked. Because his health had deteriorated so much during his eight year "vacation", Robeson was only able to perform two more years before he retired. Robeson died of poor health in Philadelphia at age 77 on January 23, 1976.

After Don Oliver's lecture, I was so impressed with Paul Robeson's social and political activism as well as his successful career that I was full of enthusiasm and excitement when I went to see *ROBESON* at Bowker Auditorium on February 14, 1990. Right before the show began I looked around to see what kind of turnout there was since it was Black History Month. I was saddened to find that there was, at best, 300 people (100 of whom were in my theatre class and were there because they had to be) and less than ten percent of those present were people of color. Taking into consideration that there are at least 300 people of African descent on this campus, I thought there should have been at least that many students of African there.

Oliver's performance was as entertaining as it was informative and I was sorry that more people of color couldn't have been there to share that learning experience. Paul Robeson was the kind of hero, role-model, activist and entertainer that we should know about, tell our peers about, model ourselves after.

Paul Robeson didn't compromise his values or pride in his cultural, historical and ethnic background. He never let anyone, Black nor white, intimidate him into silence or quiet acceptance of this society's oppression of people of color and the poor. He fought for the dignity that he believed our people were and are entitled to, even at the cost of his own career. I think that we can all learn a great deal from the unselfish, principled example we find in Paul Robeson.

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## NEW AFRICA HOUSE REVISITED

By Rudy Krigger

February 1990 marked the second anniversary of the New Afrika House takeover of 1988. For those of us who slept on the floors of the Shirley DuBoise Library, as well as for those of us who were not there, it is good to take a moment to reflect upon the New Afrika House takeover experience and the many lessons that our collective struggle for justice, freedom and equality have afforded us.

On Friday, February 19, 1988, Third World students took over the New Afrika House in protest over the racially-motivated beating of two Afrikan American men and a European-American female by six European-American males the weekend before. The group of protestors numbered in excess of 250 Afrikan Americans, Latino, Native American and Asian students, faculty, staff and community members. We quickly moved to formulate a set of demands that included, among numerous others:

- A comprehensive and stringent code providing for the punishment of perpetrators of racial harassment
- Increased funding and autonomy for programs designed to address the needs of Third World students (CCEBMS, BCP, etc.)
- Physical improvements to the New Afrika House (providing funds for the establishment of the Benjamin Banneker Center, etc.)
- Ensuring the New Afrika House's autonomy as an Afrikan American academic and cultural center.

Other demands that we considered to be absolutely vital to our interests were those that addressed the need for greater recruitment, admission, and hiring of Third World students, faculty and staff.

We held the New Afrika House for five days during which we met almost constantly amongst ourselves, negotiated with members of the administration, dealt with a deluge of media from around the country (F\_\_\_ the press; my car! My car!) and organized the internal structures for the maintenance of security, distribution of food, ect., for the hundreds of people inside the building.

Our takeover yielded many victories. There have been undeniable improvements made in the physical structure of the New Afrika House (funds for the Banneker Computer Facility that Professor Ernie Allen and others had struggled for years to acquire "suddenly" became available) and more Third World faculty and staff were hired in the last two years

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## NEW COLONIALISM IN PANAMA

By James Arthur Jemison

The United States invasion of Panama in Operation "Just Cause" has received a great deal of media attention in the American press. Little attention, however, has been focused on the effects of the invasion on the citizens of Panama, and even less on the Panamanians of African descent who make up a great deal of the nation's populace.

With the support of both poor Panamanians and Panamanians of African descent, Manuel Noriega was the first president of Panama. Because of his ties to the poorer, predominantly Black Panama City slums he grew up in, Noriega's policies demonstrated his concern for this constituency. What has U.S. intervention and the placement of white Panamanian leaders, led by president Endara, done to the situation of Afro-Panamanians? Most of the sources we consulted agreed that, in the words of Cleveland Donald, instructor of "Latin America: Colonialism to the Present", "Afro-Panamanians are going to suffer." In the words of one Afro-Panamanian, "People of color in Panama have been set back 50 to 60 years."

In order to better understand the situation Afro-Panamanians in present-day Panama, we must look at Panama's intriguing history. As a part of New Granada (now Columbia), Panama was discovered for Europeans by Ferdinand Balboa in the early 1500's. Soon afterward, the despicable practice of slavery began to bring Africans to Latin America en masse. According to Professor Donald, while the number of Africans brought to Latin America were vast, the numbers brought to Panama were not as large due to the fact that most of the European settlers regarded Central America as a "frontier" region. The sugar cane harvesting done by African captives in Central America was much more physically taxing than the cotton harvesting of their North American counterparts. According to Afro-American Studies Professor Ernest Allen, sugar cane harvesting was so rigorous that "The average slave had an expected life span of 7 years after their arrival. Often the plantation owners would harvest twice a year. So while Latin-American slavery was indeed different from the form that existed in America, the former had been no less difficult or debilitating for its victims."

Like the slavery system of the United States, the ramifications of Latin America's peculiar institution reverberated long after its demise in the 1850's. Most former slaves were confined by their conditions, being little more than sharecroppers for their former captors.

Little changed in Panama until the Canal issue came to the fore in 1903. In its pursuit of a more efficient trade route, the U.S. decided to build a canal through the isthmus of Central America. After negotiating with Columbia unsuccessfully, the French Canal Company financed a group of revolutionaries who in 1903 took over the capital and declared independence for Panama. The United States recognized the new nation and promised the new republic freedom from Columbian reprisals if they granted America permission to dig the canal and rent the land that it occupied. The Panamanians agreed, and in 1904 construction began on the Panama canal.

This project created another great movement of people of African descent into Panama. According to Professor Donald, most of these people came from the neighboring islands of the West Indies. The atrocities that transpired during the building of the canal were numerous and over 30,000 lives were lost. Once the project was completed, many of the laborers (those who survived) went back to work on the plantation. With the exception of the few economic innovations that the canal brought, little else changed for the poor and Black of Panama.

In more recent history, the establishment of a drug economy in the late seventies and early eighties, Panama, like most of the other nations in Latin America, experienced tremendous changes. With the rebuilding of the economic structure Professor Donald calls the "dual economy", Latin America saw the creation of new revenue. Donald says that historically this dual economy was created because "the colonizers never cared about the welfare of the Latin-Americans, so they had to create their own economy in order to keep themselves alive."

*"It is not that cocaine is the crop of choice in Panama or in any of the other countries of Latin America; the pure economics of supply and demand dictates what each farmer decides to grow."*



At one point in time it was the pirate slave trade that kept the settlers afloat; then it became gold as Latin Americas mines were investigated; now, according to Donald, drugs have become the ultimate cash crop of Panama. It is not that cocaine is the crop of choice in Panama or in any of the other countries of Latin America; the pure economics of supply and demand dictates what each farmer decides to grow. Why sell nutmeg when coca creates more revenue?

Cocaine is a product in high demand throughout the United States and the money generated by the cocaine industry provides a means of support and survival for many people. Because the primary mission of the United States during the era in which Manuel Noriega came into power was keeping communism in the USSR, the United States government was usually willing to look the other way as long as a nation pledged to stay a democracy. Panama like many other Latin American nations had long been experiencing a financial depression. Because of its neglect by the U.S., it's de facto occupier, Panama adopted the dual economy theory—the commodity being cocaine rather than the enslaved Africans or the stolen gold of yesteryear.

Thus, in an effort to serve the interests of his country, Noriega looked the other way and allowed coca to become a major part of Panama's economy. This made things better for many Panamanians, but it was the wealthy land owner in particular who benefited. The quality of life was somewhat upgraded. This increased prosperity, in addition to Noriega's increased representation of Black leaders in important posts, served as early signals of progress for Afro-Panamanians.

When the U.S. invaded, however, the steps taken toward the realization of a new Panama for its members of African descent came to a grinding halt. The new government established by the United States government was chosen from the faction of white landed gentry who had been disempowered by Noreiga's supporters, the Black and poor peoples of Panama. Operation "Just Cause" and the new puppet government the United States installed has, for all intensive purposes, reintroduced colonialism to a nation and a people who had just begun to throw it off, leaving Panamanians of African descent with a new colonialism to contend with. ∞

## A PAINFUL FREEDOM

last night i walked down the streets of Soweto  
what is left

death has already claimed  
torn and bloodied

i taste the air of my motherland  
it is filled with salt and bitterness

i fight til i can't fight no more

kill til they catch me

all of us

and them

Oh God

why have you forsaken mother Africa

the root of all civilization

die dying dead

so many dead

so many dead

last night i walked down the streets of Soweto

and it was hot

and the roads were slick

and my feet were burned

but my search for freedom is a never ending battle

my watering eyes

always seeing destruction

they believe i am primitive

because my skin is black

but they do not realize how deep my soul reaches

my tolerance weakens everyday

we mother Africa are surrounded by wickedness

ready to swallow us whole

but freedom is close

so close

i can feel it

soon

so very soon

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## RIGHT RELATIONSHIPS

Brothers and Sisters, we must stick together. While we recognize the urgency and importance of our respective individual and personal agendas, we must also remember and be ever-aware of the owed responsibility we all have to the fortification, well being and character of the greater community of brothers and sisters who look just like us here at UMASS and in the Five-College area.

Minister Louis Farrakhan teaches us that right relationships build power in our community. I respectfully submit to our Brothers and Sisters here at UMASS and in the Five-College area: We are in need of power. Although we are all trying to make it here in this wilderness of Western Massachusetts, I entreat our collective self: Let's stick together, let us stay strong together, let us succeed together. We must understand that that we should go out of our individual ways to foster an atmosphere of collective respect and peace amongst all of our Brothers and Sisters.

If you see your Brother or Sister, greet your brother or sister. If you see your brother or sister and do not know them,

introduce yourself. This shows solidarity and support in a hostile environment that warrants it!

Most of all Brothers and Sisters, never raise your hands in violence against your Brother or Sister—Never! No matter how deserving a person may seem to be of receiving a good old fashioned ass-whopping; we should never let a problem get to that point. We should instead find out and practice alternative ways and methods for mediating and dealing with problems in our community.

In my conclusion, We are natural warriors, troopers and soldiers. If we were not such, neither we, nor our fathers before us would have never made it this far. Let us never waste our fighting spirit, that which the creator blessed us with— in conflict with each other. Let's build right relationships. We must remember to reserve any and all of our energetic capacity for conflict for our *open* enemies.

∞

Andre M. Jones

### A Blk/Woman/Speaks

i am deep/blk/soil  
 they have tried to pollute me  
 with a poison called America  
 they have tried to  
     scorch my roots  
 with dope  
     they have tried to  
 drown my dreams with alcohol  
 with too many men who spit  
 their foam on top of my fruit  
 till it drops  
     rotten in America's  
 parks.  
     but i am deeeeeEEEp  
 blue/blk/soil  
     and you can hear the  
 sound of my walken  
 as i bring forth green songs  
 from a seasoned breast  
 as i burn on our evening bed  
 of revolution.  
     i,being blk  
     woooOoOMAN  
 know only the way of the womb  
 for i am deep/red/soil  
     for our emergen Blk Nation.

by Sonia Sanchez

### EMBRACE

Embrace the People!  
 colorful as the continent; voices raised in protest,  
     raised in sorrow, raised in song.  
 The hopes, the dreams, the struggles reflected in the  
 liquid eyes of a sleeping child in a land whose people  
     are about to awaken.

### EMBRACE!

Embrace the Land!  
 unscarred beauty of a barren plain  
 interrupted by a lush fertile valley'  
     Rich in minerals as it is in spirit,  
 Resting place of Sheba, battlefield of freedom,  
 Darkened by the shadows of hunger and greed,  
     illuminated by the light of its children.

### EMBRACE!

Embrace the Culture!  
 speak to me of your history, your ways,  
 play it with your drums as ornamental patterns dance  
     in rhythm, telling me their story;  
 sing it in that beautiful language, let it flow like water.  
     I want to drink.

### EMBRACE!

by Pamela Enyasi Wilkins

## New Africa... Cont.

than in any other two-year period of the University's history since the early 1970's. Unfortunately, these victories, like the triumphs of many other political actions, were coupled with some unquestionable defeats.

A Monitoring Committee was set up to monitor the progress of those demands that the administration had committed itself to and to press for real commitments on those demands that Chancellor Duffey said he agreed with "in principle" (Since then, we have learned alot about what "in principle" does and does not mean). However, the committee soon proved powerless without the strength of a fully mobilized community to back it up; it survived for only one semester.

As Afrikan American enrollment and retention rates at UMASS steadily decline, the University

has continued to be either unwilling or unable to exert the effort and support necessary to effectively address these problems. The ever-present possibility of becoming the next victim of a racially-motivated attack on this campus still exists as a reality for students of Afrikan descent, despite the "Civility". It has become common knowledge that there is at least one violent racial attack upon a person of color *every* semester.

Students of Afrikan descent were perhaps hardest hit by the negative feelings that have arisen between them and several UMASS administrators and faculty. Most of us were forced to learn the hard way that while some

administrators and faculty members may be sympathetic and helpful to students of color on this campus, many of the former do not necessarily have the same interests at heart.

The alleged "sell out" of students of Afrikan descent has done much to further exacerbate the rift that had already existed between students of color and their corresponding faculty and staff members. For example, in the absence of the New Africa House Space Committee, a group formed in February of 1988 that would utilize student and faculty input in order to establish guidelines and policies for New Afrika House space allocation, *outsiders* used that opportunity to set student and faculty members needlessly at each others throats. Until this tragic rift is properly

*"Unfortunately, these victories, like the triumphs of many other political actions, were coupled with some unquestionable defeats."*

addressed, persons of Afrikan descent on this campus will continue to be severely hampered in our struggle for true justice

and equality.

It is important, however, to realize and reflect upon the many important and positive lessons that the New Afrika House takeover experience have taught us. Young Afrikan American and other "Third World" students dared to seize the moment and took their destiny into their own hands. Our struggle and sacrifice was and is the very essence of a people striving to be free. Before February of 1988, few would have dared to believe that we possessed the will or the sense of community required to take over a building, organize hundreds of people into a purposeful and disciplined political force capable

## WE MUST

In Egypt  
which is Africa  
I've walked the golden sands  
I've basked in the glory of my history  
in the places where my fathers ran.  
And every time the sun would rise  
it was an inspiration in itself  
I knew the complexion of my skin  
has collected in it's wealth.  
The struggle of my people is the substance of my character.  
The essence of my fathers is alive forever after.  
The sparkle in the eyes of all the African Kings was for the beauty of their soulmates  
the prophetic African Queens.  
And on the faces of those Queens  
there was a special smile and a prayer in their hearts that said:  
"God please bless my child."  
And out of this love we ruled the lands in peace but the malice of our detractors would never, ever cease.  
So we have fallen humbled as the dust we look to rise again by the grace of God we must.

ANDRE M. JONES

of generating worldwide attention and to, even for a moment, take such a bold leap onto the stage of history. In those five mementous days, whether we knew it or not, the Third World Community of the University of Massachusetts did just that.

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## COMMUNITY CALENDAR

**Thursday, March 8, 1990, 7pm**

International Women's Day Observance

Campus Center rooms 163-164

University of Massachusetts at Amherst

This program is free and open to the public.

For additional information contact: 545-2517

Sponsored by The Office of Third World Affairs • Student Affairs Cultural Enrichment Fund • Commuter Collective

**Friday March 9, 1990**

The Black Student Alliance with the Brothers of Kappa Alpha Psi invite you to come party at the Mwangi Cultural center. From 10pm - until come dance to the best music in the valley spun by D.J. Kevy-Kev.

**Saturday, March 10, 1990**

**"A TOAST TO THE DIAMOND LIFE"**

An evening with live jazz starting at 7pm, reception and hors d'oeuvres at 9pm, dancing by the moon light. Semi-formal attire. Brought to you by the Brothers of Kappa Alpha Psi.

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**March 16, 1990**

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*NOMMO is a Kiswahili word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.*

## Charles Richard Drew:

### PROFILE OF AN AFRICAN AMERICAN

By Michelle Y. Alleyne

**C**harles Richard Drew, one of four children, was born in Washington, D.C. to Nora and Richard Drew on June 3, 1904. The parents of Charles R. Drew were achievers themselves, categorized as Washington D.C.'s "Black elite." Nora was a graduate of Howard University, while Richard Drew, despite his less formal education, was a carpet layer by trade. As a union member, Richard was a financial secretary, as well as the only Negro member. From the beginning of his life, Charles R. Drew was surrounded and influenced by the hard work and perseverance of his family. For Charles, education was stressed by both parents, who saw their son as one having the intellect to succeed, despite his initial lack of enthusiasm for academics.

In 1918, Charles Drew entered Dunbar High School (named in honor of the Black poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar), where he was academically challenged. Dunbar, one of the finer secondary schools, was noted as the best public college preparatory school in the nation's capital. Here Drew would excel in athletics, eventually landing a partial scholarship to attend Amherst College, in Amherst, Massachusetts.

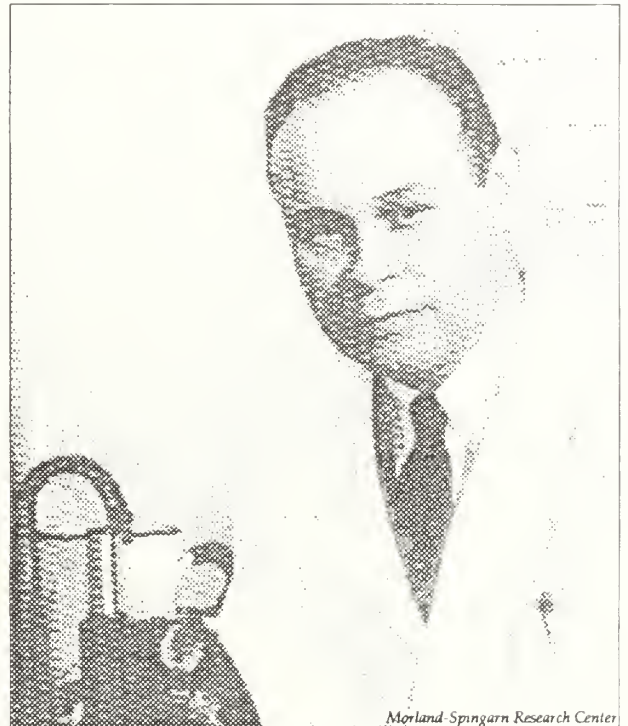
While at Amherst College, Drew was not without complications nor despair. Monetary matters were in question, causing Charles to request loans and other related funding until his graduation. The thought of not being able to complete his collegiate years at Amherst College was unsettling, yet Drew continued to work hard. Allocating much of his time to athletics, Drew's

academic studies were slightly neglected. Receiving honors such as the Thomas W. Ashley Memorial Trophy (awarded to those contributing substantially in athletics) and letters in track and field, Charles Drew was the "All-American" athlete. His impressive accomplishments in sports would only be surpassed by his later contributions and accomplishments within the realm of clinical science.

In 1926, Charles R. Drew graduated from Amherst College. His desire to pursue a medical career was momentarily put aside be-

cause his financial situation prevented his enrollment into medical school. Subsequently, Drew accepted a job as Director of Athletics and Instructor in Biology and Chemistry at Morgan College in Baltimore. Two years were spent at Morgan when, in 1928, McGill University in Montreal, Canada welcomed Charles R. Drew into their medical program.

Turning into the intellectual his parents knew he was destined to become, Charles Drew soon acquired the respect and praise of both professors and peers. He was inducted into Alpha Omega Alpha (an honorary scholastic medical fraternity), and was awarded the Williams Prize for excellence. In 1933, Charles R.



*Morland Spingarn Research Center*

*The portrait of Charles Drew that hangs at the Clinical Center of the National Institute of Health.*

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• HAITI: BEFORE AND AFTER AVRIL PG 3

• THE DEATH OF HUEY P. NEWTON PG 6

• BERLIN'S PG 8

*(Continued from page 1)*

Drew received his Doctor of Medicine and Masters in Surgery (M.D.C.M.) degree from McGill University.

After completing his studies at McGill University, interning at the Royal Victoria Hospital and at the Montreal General Hospital, Drew became an instructor of pathology at Howard University. This position allowed Drew to continue learning new techniques as he taught his skills to others. He would later embark on an advanced training program at Columbia University, where his research in blood chemistry and blood transfusions began. Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center was where Drew, under the training of Dr. John Scudder, developed the "Blood Bank" in 1939, a concept encompassing the storage of blood necessary in transfusions.

With the onset of World War II, the need for blood transfusions grew. As casualties increased, a new type of blood source of a less perishable nature was also needed. In response to this demand, the research of blood plasma had begun, research in which Charles Drew greatly participated.

The pale-yellow, protein-containing fluid portion of the blood was found to be useful in the treatment of severe shock or trauma. Unlike whole blood, plasma whether in liquid, dried, or frozen form, rarely transmits malaria during transfusions. Plasma can also be stored for a much longer period than blood which is again an advantage. With the aid of the blood plasma transfusion, Drew would continue to save lives endangered by war.

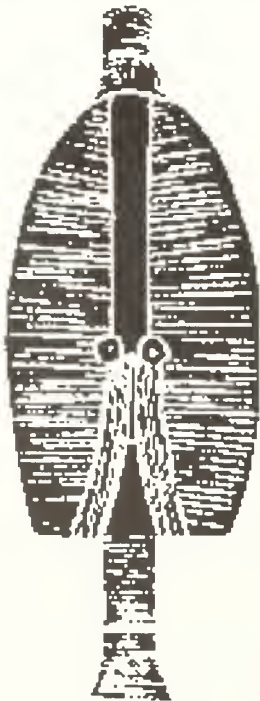
Drew continued his work in medicine, becoming direc-

tor of the Red Cross blood bank in New York City, where his surgical techniques were learned and implemented. He would also be a part of the first mobile blood bank, a project he felt was needed for those without hospital access in time of disaster. It was also while at the Red Cross, that Drew encountered policies of segregation within a field that he felt should have been prejudice-free. Blood collected for the banks were labelled with the race of the person who gave it. Firmly believing that the science of medicine was for all, Drew fought against those policies. Unfortunately the abandonment of such segregation was not to end in Drew's lifetime.

On April 1, 1950, a car accident on a North Carolina highway would leave Charles Drew near death. Drew worked hard to save the lives of others and would ironically die as others refused to save his life. The very policies Drew opposed led to his demise as he was left to die at age forty-five when a "whites only" hospital refused to admit him.

Despite the premature termination of Charles R. Drew's life, his tremendous contributions to the field of medicine continue to live on. Drew went on to become one of America's outstanding doctors, remembered primarily for his war-time efforts with blood plasma. Drew devoted himself to aiding and instructing others, all without neglecting his family of four children: Bebe, Charlene, Rhea Sylvia, Charles Jr. and wife Lenore.

A man of determination, a man of medicine, a man of African descent, a man named Charles Richard Drew. □



**NOMMO** is an effort we encourage all to take part in. Community response thus far has been tremendous. For that, we thank you.

We have taken this space to invite you to our weekly meetings, held every Monday at 4:30pm in room 103 of the New Africa House.

As always, we encourage all Sisters and Brothers to submit poems, news items, etc.

P E A C E .

## HAITI: BEFORE AND AFTER AVRIL

By James Arthur Jemison

The resignation of President Prosper Avril has again cast the light of the world on Haiti, a Caribbean nation in severe economic and social turmoil. Haiti's anticipation for free elections, the threat of their further delay and reports of military-initiated street violence have been cited as possible reasons for the president's resignation. It is also believed that Avril resigned under pressure from the increasingly hostile populace angry over the harassment of leaders of opposing political parties in Haiti. With an increasingly severe AIDS problem, a chronic economic depression and a volatile political situation, this Black nation faces destitution with little hope in sight for relief. A brief look at the history of this country will provide us with some of the reasons behind Haiti's continuing misery.

Sharing the island of Hispaniola with the Dominican Republic, Haiti was colonized by the French in the late 1500's. Utilizing African captives, the French brought so many Africans to the island that soon the nation was, as it is now, 95% Black. While the major crops, coffee and sugar, brought much prosperity to the French colonies, their slaves, while laboring in the fields, were subjected to some of the worst conditions imaginable. The harvesting of sugar cane remains among one of the most physically taxing and tedious forms of work and was extremely difficult for the slaves. One tactic the colonizers used to defuse thoughts of revolt was a pattern of systematic miscegenation. When they arrived in Haiti, many of the Frenchmen left their families at home. Most of them raped the African women and the mulatto offspring, according to Lyonel Panquin author of the book *The Haitians: Class and Color Politics*, were "definitely born with a head start over the rest of the pack." Being the son or daughter of the "Master" afforded the mulatto child more favors over his or her darker counterparts, favors that gradually led to a false sense of superiority. It was the mulatto overseer and taskmaster that eventually assumed the colonizer's role as slavemaster. This division, and the mulatto community's refusal to marry anyone darker than themselves, further perpetuated the artificial division between the Black and mulatto community. The oppressor's creation of intraracial class divisions based on skin tone serves as an important lesson demonstrating how the acknowledgement of false boundaries (light or dark skin tone), or perceived class distinctions can stop a group of enslaved people from uniting against a common enemy.

With these social boundaries in place, the French colonizers were able to divide the Black population and eventually defuse any possible revolts. This relative calm ended 1791 when a slave revolt in the north of the island gained momentum and made the slaves into a united force to be reckoned with on the island. The period of anarchy and chaos that ensued scared white colonizers into the safety of Port-au-Prince's naval and military power. The French then sent for military support from Paris, but the chaos of France's own revolution made it impossible for the French to divert and resources to the colonies. In an attempt to placate the rebellious slaves, the French colonists declared the abolition of slavery on the island. Their efforts, however, were unsuccessful and the carnage

continued.

While the losses on both sides were, for a time, of equal volume, the Black's superior numbers soon outweighed the superior fire power of the French. The first stage of this conflict ended when the son of African royalty Toussaint L'Ouverture united the Black armies and initiated a truce. The French, hoping to salvage a little of their previous situation, allowed L'Ouverture to become the official governor of the island. When he seized what the French perceived as being "too" much power, the new French leader Napoleon Bonaparte was unwilling to allow further transfer of power. When a French occupying force arrived in 1802, they were quickly defeated but managed to capture L'Ouverture, who later died in a French prison. L'Ouverture's successor, Jean Jacques Dessalines, proceeded to extinguish the remainder of the French on the island with the exception of a few doctors and clergy.

With the revolution over, the Haitians now had to contend with the ruins of their former economy as well as a island stripped of much of its resources. In an attempt to rejuvenate the economy, President Dessalines, tried to revamp the sugar industry, but a populace newly freed from bonds of slavery was unwilling, seeing that they would have been forced to work for pittance, under slave conditions and worse, for the mulatto son of one of their former oppressors. With revenues dwindling, Haiti found it harder and harder to refurbish the old economic system. People went back to subsistence farming and the situation continued to worsen throughout the 1800's.

Although attempts were made for a more formal structure,

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*"With an increasingly serious AIDS problem, a chronic economic depression and a volatile political situation, this Black nation faces destitution with little hope in sight for relief."*

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## HAITI ... Cont.

elections were often little more than a morass of violence and cheating by incumbents. Many times Haiti's elections were aborted entirely by a tyrant with the power to scare and intimidate the voting populace. The actual elections were often tainted by obvious ballot box stuffing or voter coercion courtesy of the "Tonton Macoutes." This band of so-called military police harass, persecute and often kill those who resist the wants of the ruling party.

Between Dessalines in 1804 and the U.S. invasion and occupation in 1915, Haiti has had 26 heads of state. The United States administered the affairs of Haiti until the hostility of Haitians, angry about their occupiers rape of their nation's various resources, drove them out in 1934. Again the Haitians had been the victims of a colonial occupying force that plundered their meager financial and natural resources.

After the despicable subjugation of Haitians by American puppet-governments led by Francois "Papa Doc" Duvalier and later by his son, nicknamed "Baby Doc", Haiti emerged with a semblance of freedom in 1986. The fact that the Duvalier government sanctioned the pillage of Haiti's resources causes one to conclude that the these "leaders" had wreaked havoc on Haiti in many of the same ways that their French colonizers did. Government documents found after the departure of the Duvaliers indicated that they had divided Haiti's foreign aid money amongst themselves. In an effort to eliminate dissent, the Duvaliers systematically killed or beat into submission all in opposition during their reign.

General Avril is alleged to have been a part of the Duvalier administration and to have taken part in the embezzling of government funds. He has also been alleged to have been behind the beating of opposition leaders as well as the sudden violence that has erupted on Haiti's streets. Some Haitians believe that Avril has used the violence as a reason to delay elections that are already two years overdue. Some Third World analysts believe that the United States policy of giving financial aid to Haiti is in

some ways preventing real change. Any government that supports a program that empowers the people or shuts off access to nations like the U.S. is denied aid on grounds ranging from communist leanings to human rights violations. The decline in the standard of living that results from the loss of financial help makes the populace angry

*"Although attempts were made for a more formal structure, elections were often little more than a morass of violence and cheating by incumbents."*

and thus dooms any new program to fail. It seems that Avril is just another in a long line of Duvalier-style leaders whose actions have been forced and engineered from the outside.

The criminal activities of Haiti's occupiers and enslavers have obviously taken their toll. U.S. government statistics indicate that the Haitians were left with a Caribbean nation in which only 4% of the land was forested, only 20% arable and an unemployment rate of 50-70%. Haiti is one of the poorest nations in the Western Hemisphere and most of its people do not have access to clean drinking water, medical facilities, or sufficient food. The scourge of AIDS is rampant in Haiti due to its terrible sanitary and health conditions. With an external debt of 820 million and an astronomical infant mortality rate, Haiti was and continues to be in deep trouble. Without the rich natural resources of other Caribbean islands, Haiti is presented with little hope for the future.

The United States and other nation's refusal to give aid to Haiti on account of human rights abuses is merely serving to

*(Continued on page 10)*

## PEARLY WHITES

by Rachael Scott

Me hear di odda day how  
One a dem bacra bwoy  
sey Dat Jamaican no know how fi  
Talk propa.

Im mussa tink se since  
Im skin fava  
One duppy rass

An im daddy drive one Bimmo  
Dat im cyan tell me wha kine a words is  
Propa!

Well me hear fi tell yu baby  
Yu bumborasselaat!

Now how is dat fi de 'propa' way  
To sey yu is a hignorant hass  
(Am I hemphasizing my hatches "propa"  
enuf fi yu?)

You go roun a lissen to my music' because  
Dem sey It mek you "cool mayne."  
But yu no undastan de beat, de rydim,  
De vibes.

Yu no know what it mean fi have  
A rub-a-dub paadna-

To feel a rydim dat wine yu  
Soul like it wine yu wais'.

Yu no know notten bout Jamaican body  
moves.

I waata pumpee,

Di slow wine wey no stop.  
Well dat a my language.

Who no like it a fi dem business, seen.  
But if you wan fi get kooff  
Jus come a me face come tell me 'bout  
"Propa."

When yu cyan show me a dictionary  
Wey have de word "gonna" den  
Maybe we cyan chat.

But fi dat

Rememba sey 'when goat laugh,  
Everybody fine out sey  
Him no have no tset!'

\*Some people should keep silent and hide their  
ignorance.\*

*Reprinted from "In Other Words"*



## Major changes in Haiti's Recent History

**Oct. 22, 1957** Francois Duvalier becomes President in a disputed election; in 1964 he proclaims himself President for Life.

**April 21, 1971** Francois Duvalier dies and his 19-year-old son, Jean-Claude Duvalier, becomes President.

**Feb. 7, 1986** Jean-Claude Duvalier flees to exile in France after a month of anti-government unrest leaves more than 50 people dead. A three-man junta led by the army Chief of Staff, Lieut. Gen. Henri Namphy, takes power.

**March 29, 1987** Voters overwhelmingly approve a new Constitution putting elections for a president and National Assembly in the hands of a civilian election commission.

**Nov. 29, 1987** As voters flock to the polls, thugs kill at least 34 voters and confiscate ballots. The election is called off three hours after it begins. General Namphy and the junta dissolve the election commission. The United States suspends \$70 million in aid in protest.

**Jan. 17, 1988** Leslie Manigat, a 57-year-old university professor, is elected President. Few Haitians vote, and most opposition leaders refuse to participate.

**June 19, 1988** Troops storm the National Palace, deposing Mr. Manigat and reinstating General Namphy, who abolishes the National Assembly a day later.

**Sept. 17, 1988** General Namphy is ousted in a coup led by non-commissioned officers. The next day Lieut. Gen. Avril, chief of the Presidential Guard and a former Duvalier adviser, declares himself President.

**March 13, 1989** General Avril partially restores the suspended 1987 Constitution.

**March 28, 1989** Four high-ranking army officers are reportedly accused of drug trafficking and discharged. The action comes one day after an American official ties resumption of United States aid to progress in stopping the drug trade.

**April 2, 1989** Gunfire breaks out at the presidential palace. The Government later says it has foiled a coup attempt by rebel officers.

**Nov. 2, 1989** The Government arrests three opposition leaders. A week later the country is paralyzed by a strike called to protest the arrests and the apparent beating in police custody of the three.

**Jan. 19, 1990** Unidentified gunmen shoot and kill an army colonel, his wife and their housemaid. The next day General Avril imposes a state of siege, sends seven opposition leaders into exile and arrests dozens of people in retaliation for the killing. He also censors press reports of events in Haiti.

**Jan. 29, 1990** The Government lifts the state of siege and ends press restrictions, and a week later the political prisoners are released. General Avril again promises to hold elections.

**March 5, 1990** A stray bullet fired by troops breaking up a student demonstration kills an 11-year-old girl studying on her porch. The killing triggers five days of anti-Government protests demanding General Avril's resignation.

**March 10, 1990** General Avril steps down as Haiti's leader, handing power to the army Chief of Staff, Maj. Gen. Herard Abraham.

*Provided by the Associated Press*



## Perseverance

One love, one destiny  
 ... living, respecting  
 and working  
**together**  
 we will conquer all ...

# THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY AND THE DEATH OF HUEY P. NEWTON

By Kit Kim Holder

**W**ith the death of Huey P. Newton there has been a renewed interest in the activities of the Black Panther Party (B.P.P.). In order to understand how and why Newton died one must examine the conditions that the BPP struggled against, conditions that continue to afflict our people today.

Many have been devastated by the circumstances of Newton's death. Some have even uncritically placed complete blame on the government. While the government has used force and fraud to combat almost every progressive movement and individual fighting for Afrikan American liberation, it would be a mistake to pinpoint the government as being solely responsible in this case. Under the pretense of the FBI-led secret Counter Intelligence Program (Cointelpro) against the Afrikan American liberation movement, the BPP and Newton in particular were targeted for a massive, illegal, and often deadly campaign of destruction. It must be pointed out that during the late 1960's and early 1970's, Newton and the BPP were the main targets of every domestic intelligence and law enforcement agency in the U.S. The years of dirty tricks, arrests, shootouts, prison terms, etc., took their toll on Dr. Newton. Huey Newton and the Party fought to rid the Black community of "killer" cops, poor housing, poor education, and drugs. If Huey had been killed instead of wounded by the Oakland police during his arrest on Oct. 26, 1967, no one would have questioned the identity or motives of his killers. But killer police did not take Newton's life, another killer which the BPP was struggling against took him; drugs.

If anything, the death of Newton illustrates that today we are still afflicted with the same genocidal conditions that necessitated the existence of the BPP and propelled it into becoming an international organization twenty years ago. Just because Newton had at one time identified and acted upon some of the critical ele-

ments of our oppression does not mean that he could not be susceptible to being caught up in them.

One of the reasons why many are unable to come to grips with the manner of Newton's passing is that the BPP and many of its

*"If anything, the death of Newton illustrates that today we are still afflicted with the same genocidal conditions that necessitated the BPP and propelled it into becoming an international organization twenty years ago."*

supporters built Huey up to be a superhero. Along with Eldridge Cleaver's masterful ability to manipulate European American society and the media, in particular, the Party produced the famous wicker chair and spear photo and the poster of Newton and Bobby Seale in black uniforms displaying firearms. The image of an armed and thinking Black man ready to protect the Afrikan American community was a powerful one, and the Panthers made Newton the focus of that image. It was the chant of "Free Huey" that swept across this country in the late 1960's.

The Party used Huey's incarceration as a major rallying point of the Afrikan American liberation movement of that era. They created an image of Newton as the "baddest" revolutionary in history. Members constantly quoted Newton as if he could say no

wrong. Newton's picture appeared on the front page of every issue of the Panthers newspaper, and he was heralded as THE great revolutionary leader. These tactics proved useful in attracting people to the Party. Thousands upon thousands of people throughout the world came out in support of Newton and the Party. The "Free Huey" movement proved successful when in August, 1970, Newton was released from jail.

By the time of Newton's release, the BPP had long been transformed from a "Free Huey" organization into a political party with extensive community programs ranging from community self-defense to free health clinics, to food programs that served thousands of people on a daily basis. For many members, the focus of the revolution was not Newton, but the people—the Afrikan American community. The long efforts and focus on Newton and his release, however, were hard to eliminate. The same actions that worked to build the Party were now inhibiting its development.

The realization that Newton was no "super revolutionary" was one that many members of the Panther Party came to grips with over 16 years ago.

In fact, many ex-Panthers say that Newton left the revolution a long time ago and that the manner of his death, although tragic, was not surprising. Furthermore, through their struggle and interaction over some twenty plus years, these individuals have come to understand that projecting a people's power upon one individual is counterproductive to the ideas and actions of the struggle.

A major point of concern rests in the fact that with the passing of Huey P., many will dismiss the great contributions the BPP made to the struggle for Afrikan American liberation. The ideas of the BPP did not die with Huey on that Oakland street this past August because the ideas of the party were never Newton's sole possession.

The lesson of Newton's death is twofold. First, the Afrikan American commu-

*(Continued on page 10)*

# WHO I AM!

I am the root of a coming Black Nation  
I am the essential to the progression of Black Man  
I am a human being, with enough power to move the world.  
I am an early bird searching for the Worm of Knowledge  
I am a positive creation  
I am the commander of my thoughts and actions  
I am the father of the invincible and powerful Black Posterity  
I am the follower of positive Black Men and Women  
I am the teacher of young Blacks  
I am an intelligent Black Man waiting to be told of African Kings  
I am the Black Man, who wants to know about the Kingdoms of  
    Kanem-Bornu and Songhai.  
I am the Black Man, who wants to be told about Jupiter Hammon,  
    Gustavus Vassa, Phyllis Wheatley, Benjamin Banneker  
I am the Black Man waiting to be told about Blacks who fought in  
    every war America had, but were not seen as human beings  
I am the Black Man, who wants to know who was Marcus Garvey  
I am the Black Man, who witnesses the death of a powerful Black  
    Nation to drugs, and violence  
I am a Black man, who respects his Mother and Father  
I am a Black man, who adores and respects the Black Queens of my Nation  
I am the Black Warrior the enemy could not find  
I am Black  
I am beautiful

**I am a Black Man!**

by Bryan Jackson

## BERLIN'S

あけみ こちやま ラドサン

By Akemi Kochiyama-Ladson

It was 6:30 and as Sherri started up the engine of her 1979 Toyota station wagon, Joanne could not help but comment on the way the sun was beginning to set behind the trees. It was sinking beneath the horizon on the edge of the world miles and miles away.

*"It is so fuckin' beautiful here. That's one thing I can say for this backward place."*

She scratched her curly kink of hair as if in bewilderment that she had found something that she could actually appreciate in the small college town.

*"What? You never seen a goddamn sunset in New York?"* Sherri smiled jokingly, *"You goddamn ghetto girl."*

*"So where the fuck are we going anyway?"* Joanne screwed up her face, *"Springfield? Is that in Boston? This soul food better be worth my while 'cause I'd eat at the D.C. right now I'm so fuckin' hungry. Word."*

*"Girlfriend, this food is goin' on! Let me tell you, they can make some greens, goddamn, better than my father. So you know it's worth the trip goddamn. I hope I can remember where it is. I remember it's in a slum neighborhood near a funeral parlor."*

*"Well that's good news. I know the food'll be on point if it's in the ghetto. All real ghettos got plenty of funeral parlors and all real ghettos got to have some good ass soul food. Word."*

They drove in silence for a while. Joanne was gazing out of the window at the turning leaves and the vast green fields which seemed to span for miles. For the first time she felt as if she was appreciating the serenity of the country. As she closed her sleepy eyes, her long, bushy eyelashes tickled the skin beneath her eyes. She could smell the color green. The brisk wind was cutting through her curly kink of hair which was cut bluntly to the top of her ears and she discovered, strangely, that she felt good. When Joanne opened her eyes again, Sherri was cursing at a guy who had sped up and passed her, beating her to the exit to Springfield.

*"You goddamn country ass! I swear I hate these white people. They have no respect for niggers here. At least in Chicago they pretend to respect you."*

As she pulled onto Main St. in what looked to Joanne like Downtown Springfield (if there was such a thing), she noticed that the streets were immaculate. It certainly looked nicer than New York, but it couldn't possibly be more fun.

*"Why do they have all these fuckin' buildings and malls and shit and no people in them?"* Joanne was almost disgusted by the emptiness of the so-called city.

Sherri didn't answer. She was looking for Peachtree Street. *"Joanne, honey, ask someone where Peachtree St. is, I'm not sure which way to turn."* Joanne gave her head a good scratch before rolling down the rickety window to ask some woman on the corner

for directions.

*"Hey, where's Main and-"* Joanne hesitated for a moment. The woman turned around. Her face was heavily cratered and scarred with bruises which looked like they'd come from one too many beatings. Her hair was a dry heap of straw, she was thin as a rail and looked as if she'd been on the streets for God knows how long. One look at the woman's swollen hands and Joanne could tell where she had been and where she was going.

*"Excuse me,"* she said politely this time, *"Where's Main and Peachtree at?"*

*"Oh, Peachtree, just make a left at the end of this block and you'll hit it after about five or six blocks. O.K. baby? Just make a left at the end of the block. Say honey, can you spare..."*

*"Thank you."* Joanne rolled up the window and Sherri pulled away before the woman could finish her sentence.

*"So Springfield's got its junkies too. Well at least now I know they don't all chill in Harlem."* She gave a pessimistic laugh, knitted her brow and shook her head. *"Black people, what we gonna do?"*

*"I don't know goddamn, but I know we gonna eat soon 'cause we is definitely in the ghetto now."*

*"Word,"* Joanne said, scratching her head as she looked out the window. In a matter of seconds, they had gone from semi-cosmopolitan Downtown Springfield to ghetto.

*"There's the funeral parlor. Goddamn, I knew I'd find this place! Only a couple more minutes 'til we're jammin' girlfriend."* She heartily slapped Joanne on the knee.

*"What's this place called anyway?"*

*"You know what? I don't even remember. Goddamn. Just look for a little soul food spot. You know what they look like girl."*

As they turned down the block of the funeral parlor, the first place that looked like a restaurant was a white shack with "Berlin's" painted sloppily in blue on a piece of lumber which was haphazardly nailed above the door. Joanne was sure Sherri wouldn't eat in there so she didn't mention it.

*"Oh goddamn, we must've passed it. I don't remember it being this far from the funeral parlor."* They had been riding for quite some time now.

*"Sherri, is this place kind of funky with a home-made sign?"*

*"Yeah, you saw it? Where was-"*

*"Is it called Berlin's?"*

*"Yeah, yeah that's it."*

*"Hell fuckin' no, Sherri. My black ass is not going in that country shack with some country ghetto negroes who are probably gonna call us stuck up. No, I'm not with that, not tonight."*

*"Girlfriend, I didn't drive all the way to the ghetto not to eat goddamn. I'm telling you the shit is goin' on."*

*"I swear if there's some Jerry Curl negro in there, I'm gonna break out 'cause that shit is country funky."*

Sherri couldn't help but laugh because she knew Joanne was probably right. *"Oh just come on, goddamn."*

Upon entering they found a one room shack with one table and a counter that separated the kitchen from the dining area. Sure enough there was a Jerry Curl negro sitting in the corner lounging on a chair in the corner watching Sanford & Son reruns on the little black and white that sat in front of the lone table. Joanne nudged Sherri.

There was no one behind the counter and Sherri and Joanne were standing for some time when the commercial finally came and the Jerry Curl turned around.

*"Oh, how y'all doin' this evenin'?"* He smiled a big smile, his gold tooth just a sparklin'.

*"Fine, thank you."* They said it in unison.

*"Lolita! Lolita, goddamn. We got us some customers, come on in here."*

*"They even sound like they from down south,"* Joanne whispered to Sherri.

Lolita came up the steps to the back door slowly, dragging her feet as she came to each new step. Before entering the greasy kitchen, she took a final drag from her cigarette and flicked it into the weedy backyard.

*"What can I do for y'all gals this evenin'?"*

*"I want the smothered pork chops, rice and gravy, yams, macaroni and cheese, and some cornbread."* Sherri was smiling a big smile when she leaned over to Joanne, *"I'm goin' to town tonight goddamn."*

*"And you darlin', what you want?"*

*"I'll have the same, thank you."*

Joanne couldn't help but be polite in her manner when in the company of Southern people or at least people who reminded her of Southern people. It made her think of her grandmother. After paying only four dollars a piece, they sat down at Berlin's one table and commenced to greeze.

*"Isn't this food good, goddamn?!"*

*"Um hmmn."* Joanne was sucking on a pork chop bone.

*"And this cornbread is jammin'!"*

*"Um hmmn."*

Joanne was deeply enjoying her meal which she had drenched in hot sauce, it was a luxury she hadn't been able to enjoy since she had arrived at school. She noticed that the Jerry Curl was watching them closely now and was carefully examining their clothes.

*"Y'all go to Prep school?"*

*"No, we go to UMass, it's a state school."*

*"That ain't the same thing?"*

*"Well no, not really, it's...Yeah it's the same thing."* Joanne didn't feel like explaining, she didn't think he'd understand anyway.

*"What y'all majoring in?"*

*"Economics,"* Sherri managed, gulping down a mouthful of

yams.

*"Oh, me, I'm undecided."*

*"What's that mean? You don't have a major at all?"*

*"No, it means I haven't decided yet."* Joanne hoped that there wasn't a condescending tone in her voice but if there was she couldn't have helped it anyway, she hated dumb questions.

There was an uncomfortable silence and Sherri kicked Joanne under the table while they all pretended to be intensely interested in the opening credits of the evening news.

*"Tonight's leading story is about the growing membership of the Ku Klux Klan in the New England area..."*

*"Oh goddamn, the Whiteys is coming to get us."*

*"Word. I hope they let me finish my pork chop before they come with the posse to lynch me."* Joanne and Sherri both laughed.

As the story on the news unfolded, it told of the growing numbers of young whites involved in the organization. It told of the growing popularity of neo-nazism. And there was a long segment telling about the rising number of television and radio programs which were being aired by the Ku Klux Klan with Ku Klux Klan money as well as support from numerous organizations and individuals. "Berlin's" seemed to stand still.

Lolita had stopped cooking, the Jerry Curl had stopped wiping the grease from his forehead, Sherri and Joanne stopped eating and the other customers who were now leaning on the counter looking at the television program had stopped their small talk. For the next 29 minutes no one said anything.

*"That Emancipation fuckin' Proclamation don't mean shit. It never did. I swear every time we think we've taken two steps forward, they drag us three steps back with their ignorance and racism. It's so fuckin' sad."* Joanne was pissed.

*"Not if I can help it, goddamn. They try and kill me and I'm just gonna kill them back."*

*"Word."*

*"That's what you gotta do sista', that's what you gotta do. Y'all need to take care of yourselves and watch yourselves up at that Prep, I mean, State school o' yours."*

*"We will."*

They were putting on their jackets now and getting ready to leave but not before soaking up the last bits of gravy off of their plates with some cornbread.

*"Thank you for the meal, ma'am, reminded me of home."*

*"You're welcome darlin', come back soon."* Lolita smiled a warm smile at Joanne.

Before walking out the door, both young women turned to the brother in the corner, who had resumed wiping the grease from his forehead now, and waved good bye.

*"Take care sistas' and y'all do well, y'all hear me, do well."*

(Continued from page 6)

nity is involved in a war of destruction and the principle tool at the moment happens to be crack cocaine. Drugs are destroying our communities and our youth as demonstrated in the cases of Huey P. Newton and Tyrone Robinson, Newton's 25 year-old accused murderer who presently faces life imprisonment. The lives of two more Afrikan American males have been taken from us thanks to drugs.

The second lesson of Newton's life and death is that Afrikan Americans must stop looking for a messiah who is going to lead us to some "promised land." As the poet and musician Gil Scot Heron once reminded us, "There ain't no such thing as a superman." We as Black people must realize that one man or one woman is and always will be unable to lead us. We must realize that leadership will only come from the hard work and struggle of thousands of so-called ordinary people. There are no secrets to our freedom, so we had better wake up and realize that we are the only ones with the ability to effectively change our condition. The only thing that separated Newton and the Panthers from any one of us was the fact that they were willing to take the first step, to be up front. They dared to struggle and "Seize the Time."

In short, Newton was idealized as a revolutionary superhero but could not live up to the billing. Newton fell victim to the conditions he had fought to eliminate. Now he is dead and the same destructive and exploitative conditions that he and the BPP faced continue to plague our people. The question that I ask is not why Newton died in the manner that he did, but rather what are we going to do to deal with the conditions that led to his death. It is here, in looking for solutions to today's menace, that the Black Panther Party offers many examples and lessons.

The conditions of today, although very different from those of the late sixties, present Afrikan Americans with alarmingly similar problems. As was true of the heroin plague that swept the urban centers of the late 60's, today we are faced with a crack epidemic that is tearing apart our communities. The unemployment and future outlook for many Afrikan American youth is just as bleak or even bleaker than twenty years ago. Incidents of racial terrorism have shifted from the rural South to the urban North. Today the Klan has been replaced by "skin heads" and working-class white youth. Many of the artifacts and players have changed, but our collective misery and lack of control over our destiny

remains the same.

It is not from a sense of nostalgia that we should mourn or remember Newton's death and the Black Panther Party. Rather, we must analyze the work of the BPP within the context of searching for solutions to contemporary problems. The questions of today should not be focused on Newton the man but rather on the Party.

The BPP was first and foremost a group

**“Under the pretense of the FBI-led secret Counter Intelligence Program...against the Afrikan American liberation movement, the BPP and Newton in particular were targeted for a massive, illegal, and often deadly campaign of destruction.”**

of proud, militant, and intelligent activists. Party members were not afraid of their people. They were proud to be Black and proud of their people. Unlike many of the earlier civil rights activists, the Party did not work among the privileged sectors of the Afrikan American community; they worked among those who few others wanted to even recognize. They organized prisons and prisoners, the homeless, the hungry and the drug addicts. The Party's motto was "Serve the People", and they developed programs which demonstrated that they were serious about their revolutionary love for our people.

The Black Panther Party was also a very militant group. They did not ask for justice but rather they demanded it. They saw the manner in which Afrikan Americans were treated by police forces and, instead of crying to the government, the Party developed programs to educate the community on methods of resisting racist attacks.

Another important aspect of the BPP was that it had a comprehensive program. Although many members were angry and hostile towards European American society, the Party always saw themselves as an alternative to spontaneous urban rebellion, such as riots and indiscriminate killing of whites, and they were in fact the founders of the first "Rainbow Coalition" in their work with other groups. The Black Panther Party offered constructive programs to aid their community and called upon the youth of their communities to struggle in a more organized and scientific manner.

The above mentioned qualities of the Black Panther Party are characteristics which are desperately needed within our community today. □

*Editor's Note: Kit Kim Holder, a former Black Panther, is a doctoral candidate in the School of Education.*

## HAITI ...

(Continued from page 3)

further impoverish this nation. The behavior of President Avril coupled with Haiti's other difficulties points out the dire need for help on the island. The history of this island country reveals many lessons about the evils of colonialism in both the past and the present. The Haitians, a strong people, have refused to give in, even under the severe conditions that continue to exist on the island. Their resolve is the sort that we presently in America should look to emulate as we continue in our struggle against the difficulties that exist within our own backyards. □

## *The Difference Between Those Who "SAY" and Those Who "DO"*

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## **THE ONLY AMERICAN**

The Black man is the only American  
Who came here not seeking freedom  
Because he had been robbed of it;  
Not looking for a home  
Because he had been snatched from his;  
Not as a fugitive from persecution  
Because it awaited him;  
Not in search of opportunity  
Because it was beyond his reach;  
Not in pursuit of happiness  
Because he had left it behind;  
Not hoping for love  
Because there was none for him;  
And not willingly  
Because he came as a slave  
In chains.

*Author Unknown*

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*NOMMO is a Kiswahili word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.*

## PUBLIC ENEMY

By Kevin A. Mitchell

Each decade since World War II has seen the emergence of a new phenomenon in black music. Every new style has had a profound effect on its black audience. No music has moved an entire generation like Hip-Hop has in the eighties. Hip-Hop is the strongest institution instilling mores, culture and history into black youths today. In this article I will attempt to uncover the chilling impact of rap music on the black youth of America.

In its ten year existence rap music has evolved from concepts of ego-tripping, mike battling and fast women to ideals of self-determination, black nationalism and anti-establishment. Rap started in discos, not the midtown glitter palaces like The Ritz but the gut-wrenching speakeasys like Club 371 in the Bronx. A Young Harlemiter who called himself DJ Hollywood spun records on the weekends at 371. Black club jocks generally made it a practice to talk to their audiences in the jive style of the old personality deejays. Hollywood, just an adolescent when he started, created a more complicated, faster style, with more rhymes, and call-and-response (a traditional African practice handed down from the work song of the slave to the gospel where the crowd responds to the singer) passages to encourage reaction from the dancers. At local bars, discos, and many illegal after hour spots, frequented by street people, Hollywood developed a huge word-of-

mouth reputation.

Tapes of his parties began appearing around the city on the then new and incredibly loud Japanese portable cassette players flooding into America. Back in the seventies, while disco reigned in the media, the Black main streets of New York were listening to DJ Hollywood and learning.

In the early eighties, two major Urban contemporary stations in New York city, WBLS and WRKS, began to feature entire program slots that featured Hip-Hop. Hip-Hop was soon solicited and distributed by a series of independent labels throughout New York city and some areas of the United States. Rap and the electronic drum machine driven music, that it evolved into, scared the hell out of major label executives. It was black executives who were most repulsed by it. Rap was urban jungle music. It was street entertainers wearing Adidas sweat suits. A lot of them were drug abusers, unemployed and economically disadvantaged young black men or high school drop-outs. Image conscious and bound-at-the-navel to crossover styles, Black executives were generally unwilling to give rap a break.

It wasn't until 1984 that a rap artist signed with a major label. A significant number of black radio stations failed to put rap into their programs. Many of them were fearful of a decrease in advertising revenue due to a low arbitron rating. Rap music was being "played" like a fat boy on the beach. Nobody wanted to give it a chance. Hip-Hop Activist and

Media Assassin, Harry Allen, was quoted in this month's Black Collegian, "There are many people in our own Afrikan community, however, who still see hip-hop as noise, non-musical, savage—in short, everything that was said about Louis Armstrong, Thelonious Monk and Ornette Coleman. If you think it's a fad, name one form of Afrikan music that came in and went out a fad, that didn't, instead, leave behind a rich white populace, cheering Afrikan crowds, and broke performers, as well as an expanded, re-Afrikanized notion of what music is."

Rap music was a highly innovative form of music. Unlike other forms of music, it focuses on the hard-driven beat. Producers used drum machines, synthesizers and guitars in a way that was specifically tailored to rap. It was this kind of

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- I AT UMASS AND BEYOND. . .  
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BY TAMARA HARRIS
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- I HYPERTENSION  
BY ANITA BERMISS
- D FEAR OF A BLACK PLANT  
BY REGGIE PERRY

# N O M M O

2

sonic experimentation that made the scratching sound of club jocks like Grandmaster Flash, a standard part of pop music's aural landscape.

In 1984 rap musicians and a promoter created a revue under the name of the "New York City Fresh Fest". This revue would consist of several rap artists and it toured the U.S. To the utter surprise of the record industry, the twenty-seven city tour grossed \$ 3.5 million, sold out 15,000 seat arenas and moved lots of records. Records by Run DMC, The Fatboys and Whodini went gold. Sales of this magnitude could not be ignored, and it wasn't just the record industry that started paying attention.

Hip-hop, in clothing style, language and dance spread through these records and through commercials into every corner of the country and right into the voraciously consuming homes of the suburbs. Sweat suits and Adidas sneakers became the garb of thousands of black youths across the country. From the back hills of Greensboro, North Carolina to the projects of Fort Green in Brooklyn. Every time they came from a concert or watched a new music video they had to have the new gear that the group was wearing.

The popularity of music videos brought the fervor into the living rooms of America. Black Entertainment Television was the only cable channel that aired black music videos nationally until 1988 when MTV broke their discriminatory practices and formulated YOMTVRAPS!. YOMTV RAPS! is the most popular show on cable television. Millions of black youth come home from school everyday to view Black music videos. Most of these videos feature rap artists performing their hits with a story line or a theme. Most of the concepts revolve around sex, violence and materialism. The violence is generally promoted toward another brother. Rappers have a tendency to disrespect and demean other rappers. The nature of their rhymes are competitive and boastful as to challenge any rapper that will attempt to rhyme better than him/her. Videos can portray the aggression that the artist has toward another

rapper who are, generally, other black males. This practice is termed battling. The test of their affectability and skill is to battle one-on-one with another MC (master of ceremonies) reciting an improvised verse of rhymes each trying to out do the other.

Materialism is one of the more damaging evils that is projected through rap music. Icons of fast cars, wads of money, fancy clothes, gold and diamonds, plush apartments, "big-but" females and beepers are what we see. Gold is the biggest of the status symbols that was perpetuated through rap music which is contradictory because it is funding apartheid in South Africa. All these mores have life-long effects on children. The belief that one must have money and possessions to be somebody in life is the image stressed. With the success of a rap star being unrealistically attainable, the glamour and profitability of drugs becomes a reality. Youths learn to value the dollar more than education, God and family. Materialism has an indirect correlation to drug abuse, single parenthood and crime.

Black women are also exploited heavily in rap music and videos. They are constantly pictured in tight skirts, spandex, high heels and gold. Most of these women are physically gifted with protruding butts, breasts, and thighs. Thus presenting the image that money, power and gold will give you the finer things in life, like beautiful women with strong physical attributes. Rapper Ice-T would never have sold as many copies of his "Power" LP if it wasn't for his wife's hellified body on the cover.

In 1989 a female rapper named Queen Latifah released an LP entitled "All Hail the Queen." This LP is the first positively orientated rap that embellishes women and combats some of the negativity. Her second single entitled "Ladies First" has a video that shows all of the black women that have made America what it is today. Her lyrics glorify the black woman's place in Afrikan history. The Jungle Brothers, another popular rap group, have an album entitled "Done By The Forces of

Nature". It has a cut called "Black Woman". It teaches black men how to respect the Mother of Life and the "Queen of the Earth". The record is the first of its kind performed by a male rap group. "She Watches Channel Zero" recorded by Public Enemy focuses on the brainwashing that black women receive watching daytime soaps and network television. "Your blind baby, blind to the fact of who you are 'cause your watching that garbage."

While skepticism about the long-term viability of rap music remains, the ability of rap to speak to urban youths goes unchallenged. With the drop-out rate of inner city youths being over fifty percent, the classroom is no longer a major force in the lifes of millions. Rap has served as their classroom. The beat on the street is their lesson plan along with history by KRS-ONE of the mighty Boogie Down Productions. KRS's song entitled "Why is That?" was one the most powerful songs ever recorded in the history of music. The lyrics of the song are straight out of the bible but this is not the King James version, it is the original version highlighting the origin of man in Africa. It names everyone from Moses to Nimrod to the Son of Ham. It gives the biblical account from a black perspective along with his perception of the American school system. "You can't teach a dog to be a cat, you can't teach a white kid to be black , why is that? Is it because we're the minority? Black kids follow me..." Millions of black youths across America were singing the lyrics of a new found prophet. The message that black youths are receiving is far heavier and more influential than any American school system.

"Rap artists all share an intimacy with their listeners, an outsider's view of mainstream America, and the ability to reach beyond the so-called limitation of the genre to recast pop culture into a vehicle for their expression." Rap, since day one, has mirrored the hard street life of urban America and put it in poetic form. No where else in music can you hear what it really is to be black in America. Every rapper that has released an album has in-

cluded a cut that reflects his own personal experiences with white America. Topics of drugs, violence, injustice, crime, poverty and the government are discussed with the help of a drum beat and a rhythmic pentameter.

The sensation and energy that can drive the beat right down your throat can have a gripping hold on you. The summer of 1989 saw an ugly flashback from the sixties. The urban uprisings of that bloody summer was revisited when a black youth was killed in a racial murder. The infamous Oakland police shakedowns resurfaced in southeast Los Angeles as gang violence escalated. Rap was there every step of the way.

The LA connection has taken the rap world by storm with their gang-land style of rapping. Groups like the Rhyme Syndicate and the Ruthless Posse flooded the summer of 1989. In 1988, rapper Ice-T performed the title cut, "Colors", for the controversial movie about the LA gang scene and hit top forty charts as well. The explosive rap group, Niggers With Attitude (NWA) caused static nationwide with local authorities and the FBI.

"Fuck Da Police" was one of the most disturbing records to date. Produced by Eazy E and Doctor DRE of NWA, "Fuck Da Police" promoted the killing of any police officer who would harass you. It reflected the anxiety surrounding the problem of police brutality on black youths. This was one of the primary reasons for the self-defense stance of the Black Panther Party in the sixties.

Shortly after the release of their album NWA released the title cut called "Straight Outta Compton". This song gives a gruesome look at the reality of the California jungle, in the midst of gang warfare and drugs. None of NWA's material received any air play on commercial radio. The album went platinum after the summer. The crew had a serious following that was virtually word of mouth.

Black youths got in conflicts with police officers everywhere, frustrating them

with the song blaring from their boom-boxes or car stereos. In mid July committees formed in every city to stop the sale of the LP. Groups from churches and mosques as well as law enforcement agencies collaborated to ban this record. The movement halted sales slightly, due to record stores succumbing to the pressure. Every car that contained black youths this summer was jammin' NWA and Eazy E (a fifteen year old high school drop-out who financed his entire operation on drug money). The group couldn't perform after awhile due to protests from groups. In a Long Beach performance the group was told not to perform "Fuck Da Police" but they did anyway, only to be arrested on stage.

In Boston it created a lot of friction between youths and cops. The city was in turmoil over the department's new tactic of on-site body searches of suspected gang members. This formulated problems because most black youths wear basically the same type of clothing which means you can't tell a gang member from an "A" college student. The song became an anthem for the victimized youths. Every time a patrol car was spotted the radios began blasting the jam. The police began to arrest youths for disturbing the peace and insulting an officer. The community was torn between the stiff unjust treatment and the power of 16 D batteries and a Japanese name brand radio.

The "boom box" was instrumental in the spread of this new fangled music. The box became the most powerful means for expression for a youth who has no role in the American mainstream. It soon became a stereotypical icon of black culture when white's began coining the phrase "ghetto blaster". In this summer's box office smash, "Do the Right Thing", the character, Radio Raheem, was killed because his boom box was blaring in the face of a white man. Nynex advertised a noise control consultant who smashed radios in their Yellow Pages commercial. The radio is a new symbol of hope and power.

The strongest force giving hope to millions of black youths is Def Jam Re-

cording artists, Public Enemy. Their previous Lp, *It Takes a Nation of Millions...* was the runaway choice as best album of 1988 in a poll of the nation's leading critics that appeared in the Village Voice. Their last Lp entitled *Fear of a Black Planet* has caused a nationwide hysteria awaiting its April 10th release date. CBS Records has got the album under top secret security in its New York headquarters.

The group's leader Chuck D is one of the most influential and powerful black performers in the world. He is frequently called to speak at various colleges, universities and community group sessions. The group made a historic visit to the Riker's Island prison facility where they performed live for the inmates. The group was ordered by the warden not to perform their hit single "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos". The song addressed the problem of half the college-aged black males being incarcerated. The video simulates Chuck D on the way to execution in the electric chair. Chuck is almost rescued in a prison break by the Security of the First World (The para-military back-up group somewhat like the Fruit of Islam). The prison board felt that it would incite a riot. After the performance the group held a press conference that rocked the American music scene. It was at Riker's that PE made their views known to the world. They maintained that they were not racist but pro-black and their music contains self-deterministic lyrics that are crucial in educating the black and white youths. The conference was a lot to swallow and the group came under constant scrutiny from then on in. Chuck D labels it media assassination.

The media's constant attacks never hindered the group's progress, in fact it helped it. Even though the group was termed, "the racist rap group", they sold millions of records and their label Def Jam/CBS Records was extremely satisfied with their revenues. Harry Allen, journalist for the Village Voice, became the groups media assassin and hip-hop activist. Harry and a few members of the group attended Adelphi College on Long Island. The media  
*Cont. on page 4*

# N O M M O

4

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assassin's job is to combat the negativity portrayed through the mainstream. Thousands of youths nationwide were "PE CRAZY." Public Enemy continued to receive acclaim internationally. In 1988, PE won best new group of the year at the British equivalent to the Grammy's. Despite the steady controversy, the group continued to excel until the summer of 1989.

Having just completed a performance in Washington DC, the group was resting up for another date. "Do the Right Thing" was hot and PE's "Fight the Power" was the hit of the summer and the anthem for Radio Raheem, the character who was murdered by the New York police department in the film. The Washington Post had requested an interview with Chuck D which he refused. The Post had traditionally been one of the more insensitive newspapers and Chuck did not want to speak to them. After the reporter was denied an interview he approached another member of the group, Professor Griff (the leader of the Security of the First World) for an interview. He readily accepted and began speaking to the Post. Griff has traditionally been looked upon as the seed of the hate that PE is supposedly projecting. This was somewhat validated when Griff expressed his feelings about the world and said, "...the Jews were responsible for slavery and 'Jew' was a prefix for jewelry." He said things that would make Hitler give him a "high-five." Griff's statements caused a great deal of static for the group.

The press jumped on the Spike Lee bashing bandwagon and brought Public Enemy along for the ride. Headlines across the world told of the "anti-semitic" group's quest to take over the world, corrupt the black youth and kill the Jews. This accompanied Spike's "racist" movie with a soundtrack including the lyrics, "Elvis was a hero to most but he never meant shit to me you see straight up racist that sucker was simple and plain mother fuck him and John Wayne cause I'm Black and I'm proud I'm ready and hyped plus I'm amped most

of my heroes don't appear on no stamps sample a look and find nothing but red-necks for 400 years if you check."

CBS Records was not too happy with Professor Griff's statements and they ordered Chuck to fire Griff. Chuck succumbed to the pressure, fired Griff and broke the group up. Upon evaluation Chuck got the group back together and re-hired Griff as the Minister of Public Service (his former position was Minister of Information). The group got dragged through the mud for a good number of weeks.

In the Fall of 1989 Def Jam/CBS Records released "Welcome to the Terrordome," the first song off the *Fear of a Black Planet* LP. A few days after its release, the Anti-Defamation League deemed it anti-semitic. They claimed that the song contained lyrics that were insulting to Jews: "Crucifixion ain't no fiction, so called chosen frozen, apology made to who ever pleases, still they got me like Jesus...Welcome to the Terrordome." Chuck clarified the situation and explained that it wasn't a blasphemous statement. The group was back in the thick again. It was concluded that the heat wouldn't be off until Griff and the racist stigma was removed. Chuck concluded that Griff wasn't going anywhere and the group's position hadn't changed.

*Fear of a Black Planet* contains songs like "Anti-Nigga Machine", "Burn Hollywood Burn" and "Power to the People". This album will hit a lot harder than the previous one. The lyrics are like spoken prophecy delivered to blacks from a mountaintop called Def Jam. "I'm just a rhyme sayer, skins protected against the ozone layers, breakdown 2001, might be best to be black or just Brown countdown...Fear of a Black Planet"; "But this time the rhyme, gonna ask who did the crime, then let's get down to the nitty gritty, like I wanna know who picked Wilsons pocket, after he rocked it, fact he shocked it, same kinda thing they threw at James, an what they did to Redd was a shame, the bigger the black get, the bigger the feds want, a piece of that booty. Intentional rape

system, like we ain't payed enough in this bitch, that's why I dissed them, I learned we earned, got no concern, instead we burned so where the hell is our return? Plain and simp the systems a pimp' but I refuse to be a ho, Who Stole The Soul?"

The rhymes that are included in this package are ripping the world up. Youth, especially those of African-American descent, are learning the ills of Blacks being exploited in the entertainment industry, Blacks being cut out of the Hollywood pie, Blacks educating our young men to be self-sufficient and taking care of their responsibilities. African-American children are learning that people of color are no longer minorities in the year 2000. Public Enemy has touched on primarily every issue facing the Black man in America. Issues of unemployment, crime, drugs, Black-on-Black violence, mainstream brainwashing, disrespecting of Black women, Yusef Hawkins' murder and the Virginia beach incident are all addressed on this album. The children are learning. They are learning in a way they least expect to.

America hasn't quite realized the potential of rap enlightening the Black youth. Just like the radical generation of the fifties and the music that supported those notions. It's the "daisy age" of the late sixties and the music that enforced it. Rap is the music that will pull Black children out of the doldrums of ignorance. Rapper Ice-T said, "Unity" is the new word for the nineties. The **Stop the Violence** movement brought rap's greatest together to discuss the problem of Blacks killing Blacks. Chuck D, of Public Enemy, and Ice Cube, of NWA, have allied forces and are united as one. The most feared and hated performers in America have combined forces to stand as one united front which is countering the me-for-self era of the eighties.

The interesting thing to watch is the court case against Luke Skywalker of Luke Skywalker Records. The state of Florida maintains that Luke is guilty of violating obscenity laws because a record,  
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## “PURE FLAVUR?!”

I heard a sister crying last night, but I know not where. I went to comfort her, yet I could not find her. Her cry so painful, and so beautiful. I called to her, she responded with yet more crying. My heart went out last night, but I know not where. I saw a brother fall this morning, so close, still so far. I ran to his aid, the closer I came, the further he was. He stood once more, but fell again. The pain, the humiliation, the brother I could not help. I saw the strong this morning, so close, still so far.

*I saw a recipe for a strong nation, and it read as follows:* The old are wise and know the way that we must travel. The young are strong and can bear the infirmities of the weak. There shall be joy in the morning.

1. Add the experiences, struggles and the pain of the old to a young and eager Afrikan-American nation.
2. Supply an ample amount of stories along with some tales that the wise hold dear to them.
3. Test the young nation, it should have begun to rise, and darken.
4. Show the young the feet, the hands, and the scars of the old. Here is the first lesson in respect to the young nation.
5. Mix slowly, so the pain that the old have suffered loses no effect.
6. Take the young nation and give them the power of the ages. Add in small concentrated amounts, for best results.
7. After all is done, let sit for 24 risings of the Afrikan sun. This will give the young nation diversity and the patience to wait on what will come.
8. Take the young nation in hand. It should be dark, yet not black. Carmel, yet not white.
9. They should have risen a great deal by now. NOTICE: growth is determined by the amount and strength of the ingredients put into the box.
10. Take the young nation and try it through the fire of segregation, discrimination, and oppression. Here is another lesson, so start with a flame and progress to a blaze.
11. We recommend a blue flame. For whatever passes through the fire is either purified, or destroyed.
12. Finally add your knowledge to them, for this recipe is never complete.

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AT UMASS AND BEYOND...  
THE NEED TO EMBRACE A BLACK AGENDA

By Andre M. Jones

As this Spring semester of 1990 comes to an end, we all complete yet another stage of our ongoing academic and human development. Some of us will move another semester closer to an undergraduate or graduate degree. Others among us will even attain their degrees with the completion of this semester. But we must remember that no matter who we are, or where we perceive ourselves to be going, we have a duty and responsibility to embrace the development of Black

people. Our mothers and fathers gave their sweat and their blood, for generations, at the hands of our oppressors so that we would be able to carry the struggle of our people for real justice to an even higher plateau.

We are commissioned, by virtue of our merits, and by our presence here at UMASS and at learning centers across the United States, to embrace an agenda for the salvation and redemption of our people in America, and all over the world. We must

remember that in this regard we do not have a choice. Scripture says "to whom much is given, much is expected." As members of our respective communities who have been fortunate enough to make it to this level of educational attainment and development, it is with us that the responsibility lies.

Many of us possess a desire to "go for self." This is a legitimate desire. There

rant leadership with a solid and uncompromising agenda for the deliverance of our people. We must place ourselves at the vanguard of this new Agenda. We must choose not to close our eyes and turn our backs on a struggle for freedom, justice and equality, that existed long before us, was born in us, and that will exist long after us.

In my conclusion, I admonish our collective self, as one of our greatest Black brothers, Jesus, said it, "pick up your cross", for the best among us are servants. Let us take that which God has blessed us with, and live

*"...we must remember our duty and responsibility to embrace the development of Black people."*

is absolutely nothing wrong with us wanting to be "paid in full." However, we must also remember that the concept of "self" and "people" are and should rightfully be, a concept one and the same. For as long as the masses of our people continue to languish in the damnable condition that four hundred years of slavery has left us in—then so are we in that same damnable condition. For in the eyes of the world, no man or woman can rise any higher than the condition of his or her people. The problems that challenge our community today war-

our lives to serve our people. Let us embrace a Black agenda, and seek and find a way to make that agenda applicable to all of our individual careers, disciplines, and areas of study. Remember, we who decide to take the course of being a hard-hearted, stiff-necked people, opt not to forthrightly embrace the struggle of our people. We will go down down in history as the greatest losers that ever lived. We can be, as Malcolm said, either a part of the problem, or a part of the solution. What will we be, winners or losers? □

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by the Two-Live Crew, which contains swears, was sold to a minor. The funny thing is that there are a lot of other records that could violate this "law" two times over yet they have been overlooked and a rap record has become the focus of this new legislation. Interestingly, this case began after Skywalker signed Professor Griff to a solo contract. The eyes of the American entertainment community are on Miami.

As long as Rap is in the hands of Black performers, the nail will always pierce the wrists and the wolves will come out to feast. The infamous NWA has broken up but the Ruthless label has

the group, Above the Law, to replace them. If anything happens to Public Enemy, somebody like Professor Griff and the Last Asiatic Disciples will replace them.

As long as the American school system, television and motion pictures don't reflect African-American issues, concerns, heritage and images, Rap will continue to take their places. The Black pride and power movement is prevailing as a concept. Black children may not have to watch the TV news or go to school to be educated. They may go down to the five and dime and buy "The Blueprint of Hip-Hop," by KRS-ONE and the Mighty Boogie Down Productions. □

## SELLING OUT... YET ANOTHER STRUGGLE

By Tamara Harris

The issues of racism and stereotypes that exist for people of color in theater today need to be addressed in the 1990's. This struggle in entertainment isn't new, it has been around since the minstrel shows emerged in the 1840's. Minstrel shows portrayed Blacks as immature and childlike. Slaves were depicted as happy with the conditions of their lives on the plantation. The "darkie" character, the center of the minstrel show, was created by Thomas Rice, a white man from England. In the minstrel show, white actors would paint their faces black and unrealistically mimic the way Blacks danced and talked. A picture of Blacks as backward, stupid and carefree was engraved into the minds of white America. However, after the Emancipation Proclamation, black minstrels evolved with Black actors portraying these roles. James Bland, Bert Williams, Bessie Smith, Gertrude "Ma" Rainey and W.C. Handy all began their careers in the minstrel show. To "sell out" or not to sell out was and still is a conflict for black performers. The black minstrel actors attempted to depict realistic scenes of plantation life. They focused their shows on the sorrows of slavery and the joy of emancipation. These black actors also brought authentic dance and song to the stage for the first time. Regardless of these adaptations to the minstrel show, some Blacks felt betrayed by a Black person who would put on black face and act in a minstrel show. They felt it was insulting and derogatory to all African Americans. Why did these people contribute to the perpetuation of a myth? They did it for the same reason that African American actors today accept demeaning roles like drug dealers and pimps and will probably continue to do so in the 1990's... MONEY. Another reason why black actors of that time accepted these roles is because they were the only forms of artistic expression available to them. Fortunately, more opportunities are arising.



It's obvious that the reason African, Latino, Native and Asian Americans can't find decent roles to portray is because they aren't writing the roles. Enter Spike Lee, a Black film maker: innovator of the future. Instantaneously, after producing three successful movies centered around African American life, Spike Lee is held responsible for answering all questions for the black community! For this reason, more participation in the area of writing and producing is essential by and for people of color.

I recently went to see Giancarlo Esposito speak at Amherst College. He is best known for his character, "Buggin' Out" in Spike Lee's phenomenal film, Do the Right Thing. Giancarlo Esposito explained that we as African, Latin, Asian, and Native Americans are a product of America's racist views and we accept entertainment that is primarily offensive to our integrity and participate in it in spite of this fact. Do the Right Thing was a controversial film because it entertained the topic of racism and acknowledged that it exists. Esposito added that when he started out acting, he considered himself primarily an actor with no political or social responsibility. This attitude changed after he played a recurring role as a drug dealer on Miami Vice. It took an incident with two drug

dealing fans, who idolized this character to awaken his social responsibility. These fans were convinced that he truly sold cocaine to Don Johnson and wanted to compare prices with him! Giancarlo then realized that he, as an African American actor is a role model and has to make a commitment to people of color. Aspiring actors must find their own personal awareness soon. This issue has been addressed numerous times but it must be resolved now due to the negative effects it has on our people.

It's going to take more than a Robert Townsend or Spike Lee to combat the racist ideas bound in the psyche of American society. We must all work together to combat these damaging stereotypes. □

# THE ENEMY

By James Arthur Jemison

Police harassment in the Black community is and always has been a constant horror for people of African descent. The possibility that one of our loved ones could be killed, maimed or just harassed by an officer as they walk down the street is an experience the African American contends with daily. Why are we perceived as a threat to this society? What is it that we as people of color possess that makes us the victims of so much police harassment? The answer always seems to be, "I'm Black, what did you expect?" Unfortunately, because of all the negative perceptions of Black people that are circulated and perpetuated by our environment, the answer is correct.

*"Fuck the police, coming stright from the underground, a young nigga got it bad cause I'm brown." --NWA*

Police harassment has a long history in America. While every society is in need of protection, a society that began its history enslaving another group of people certainly needs a force to protect it from the angry and hostile masses that it held in bondage. Police have always served the purpose of controlling and manipulating subjugated people; only the name differs from the days of slavery. It was once "Paterollers", now it has been upgraded to Officer. Many argue that while the superficial situation, we can vote etc., the conditions are no different on a psychological level. Researchers Robert M. Fogelson and Robert D. Hill, authors of the Supplemental Studies, an addendum to the Kerner Commission Reports on the riots of the sixties, pointed out that, 50 to 90 percent of Black males in ten major cities had criminal records. When an entire population is defined as a criminal element, at least by the police, something more than deviant behavior is involved. Because Black people are still perceived as the enemy and police serve as the wing of

society charged with the duty of handling unwanted or disliked people, the two groups are bound to be in constant conflict. For all intents and purposes the police merely act out the anger and hostility of the general society. It appears that until these patterns of misinformation and media distortion are broken, the police will always be in conflict with us.

*"...cause the police think they have the authority to kill a minority." --NWA*

Because black youths do commit crimes in increasing proportions, police are undergoing pressure to deal with them forcefully. Harassment of youths may therefore be viewed as a proper crime prevention technique. In a nation that once considered us 3/5's of a person, Black people are constantly viewed as second class citizens whose lives don't have the value of the lives of white citizens. A Black death is deemed less important. The historical devaluation of Black people coupled with our constant depiction as ignorant, lazy criminals merely feeds the societal belief that our lives are less valuable. Due to the impact of media, events that receive the most press are seen as the most important. In addition, the incomplete justice that often plagues Black deaths are at the hands of police. For example, Chicago Black Panther organizer Fred Hampton's death was at the hands of police. Evidently, the methods of a tacit societal approval of the killings of Black people coupled with the media and police portrayal of Black people as a social menace contribute to the police belief that they can take a black life without fear of verbal or physical reprisals.

*"for a punk motha fucka with a badge and a gun to be beating on..."--NWA*

Another contributing factor to the police vs. Black community conflict, is the officers themselves. Often officers are taken from white ethnic groups who feel that

Blacks are a threat both financially and socially. According to Fogelson and Hill, the average policeman on the beat comes from lower class white ethnic groups (Irish, Polish, etc) which perceive themselves to have a great deal to fear from Black advancement. Most importantly, it is the opinions/myths that the officers hold about Black people that create the problems. For example, one-third of the officers surveyed in the Campell-Schumann study of police officers, felt that the Black people in the neighborhoods they patrolled were not industrious. When a black person must contend with the personal biases and fears of an officer who has something to gain from the further subjugation of Black people, it is easy to see why conflicts exist between the Black community and Police.

After the days of slavery the police role in the Black community was still one of harassment and often open violence. During the race riots of the Red Summer of 1919, police took an active role in the killing and maiming of Black people as well as the destruction of Black property. When police did not actually participate in the violence, they would merely turn their heads and look on as white mobs killed Black men and women in cold blood. Later, for the sake of appearance, the role of police would become more covert. The death of Chicago Black Panther organizer, Fred Hampton, serves as undeniable evidence that the police role in planned violence against the Black community had not stopped. In fact, it had only gone somewhat underground. The 1970's saw the riots that broke out in Miami after the planned killing of a respected Overtown citizen. It only takes a look at recent events to remind us that police homicide is a ready possibility at all times in the Black community; the deaths of Eleanor Bumpurs and Michael Stewart at the hands of police illustrate a new assault on the security of the Black community from those who were supposed to protect it. One would hope that circumstances have changed somewhat

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by Anita Bermiss

Hypertension, more familiarly known as high blood pressure, is not one of the many diseases today that instills panic or fear in most people. Because of its lack of publicity, most people when confronted with the term "hypertension" rarely know what it is. Hypertension is a disease that afflicts many Americans. It is more common than most may think, in fact, the prevalence of essential hypertension in the United States is among the highest of any group in the world according to Akinukube, 1985. Essential hypertension in Blacks is approximately twice that of White Americans. The cause of hypertension is presently unknown, but what is known is that this disease is the number one health problem in the Black population today.

Health authorities have different theories as to what causes hypertension. One physician, Clarence Grim, of C.R. Drew University of Medicine and Science,

believes that the reason that there is a higher rate of cases in Black Americans is due to the institution of slavery. He claims that when the captured slaves were brought over on the slave ships, their bodies had to retain higher levels of sodium because of lack of nutrition. This is only one theory, but the consensus of most health researchers is that the cause is socio-economic. It is

## HYPERTENSION

believed that Blacks, as a group, face disproportionate economic hardships, racism and higher levels of stress and emotional tensions. This higher level of stress can then lead to the hypertension condition. Hypertension occurs when the blood circulates through arteries at a higher than normal pressure, it often has no symptoms, and when left untreated, can eventually lead to heart attacks, heart failures, strokes, or kidney failure. This disease can also accelerate the aging process there by putting

millions of Americans at risk for premature death.

Although there is no cure for hypertension, there are many ways of reducing the risk of getting it or even lowering the level if you have the disease. The first thing is to be aware of the sources of sodium in your diet. Cutting down on salt will lower your sodium level. Read labels on foods because things like smoked and pickled foods are very high in sodium. Read labels on medication taken regularly because often, the active ingredients can be obtained

without sodium. People with essential hypertension can often have their blood pressure lowered by drugs, proper diet, or a combination of the two. This disease can be controlled if caught in time by getting tested for high blood pressure regularly. The decision is up to the individual. If you eat in moderation and stay away from foods high in sodium, you are already reducing your chances of getting this disease.

□

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## The Enemy Cont...

since the East St. Louis riot of 1919, when my great grandmother had to hide her son from marauding hordes of white killers by placing him in a garbage can. Unfortunately, I have to report that 4 generations later, her great grandson still has to defend himself from a hateful police force. I submit that as long as African Americans are perceived as the Enemy and the police exist as the maintainers of White Anglo Saxon dominance, police and the Black community are bound to be in what Fogelson and Hill call "a state of subdued warfare with the police". □

## By Reggie Perry

Sometime in November I was told to look for the new album from Public Enemy. Then the date was pushed back to February, and finally April 10 was chosen as the world release for Public Enemy's third album titled *Fear of a Black Planet*. "Simply brilliant!" are the only words that come to mind when I listen to this masterpiece written and arranged by the crew from Hempstead, Long Island.

In the summer of '88, *It Takes a Nation of Millions...* made its debut. It had significant impact on the world because Public Enemy stated that they were of a new breed of rappers, in effect, who were politically conscious of the evils that were and are perpetrated upon the Black race. Now that *Fear of a Black Planet* is out, after all types of delay, it is my opinion that it's the group's best work yet.

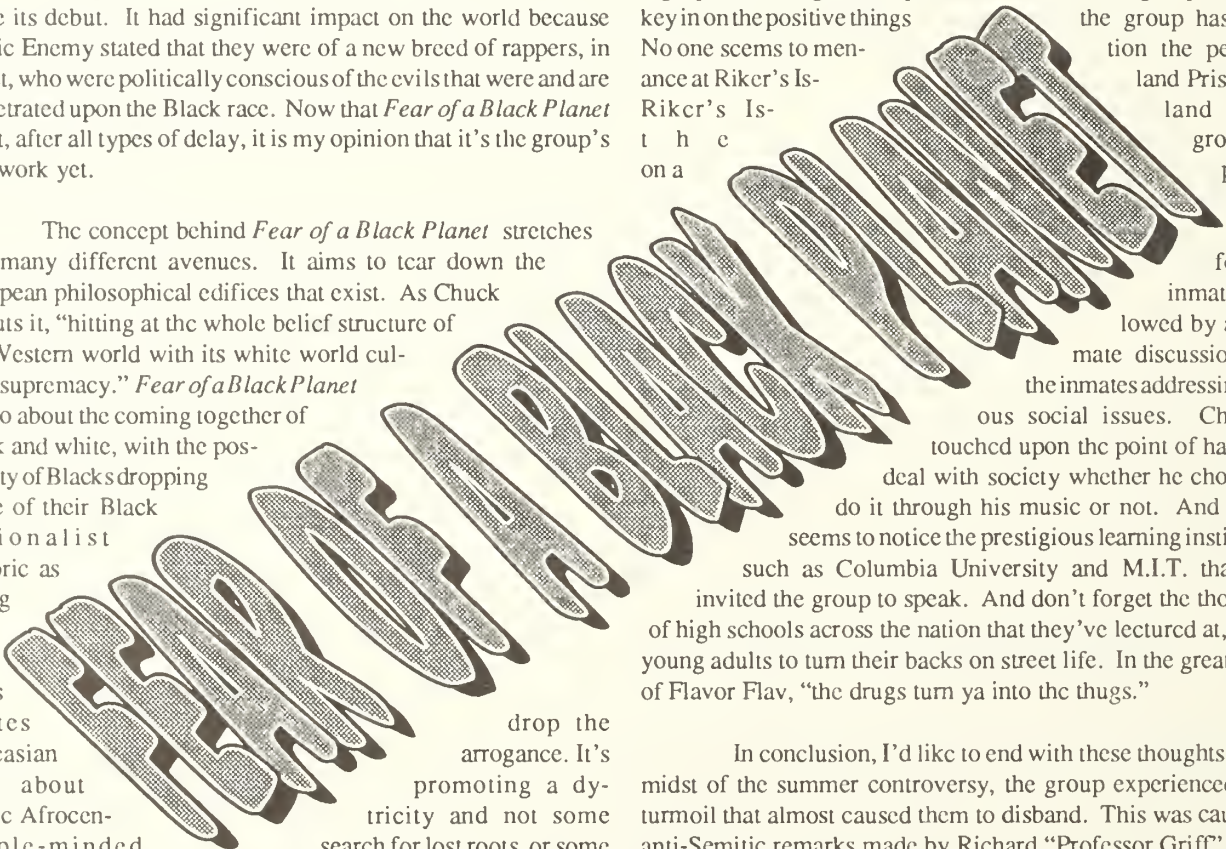
The concept behind *Fear of a Black Planet* stretches into many different avenues. It aims to tear down the European philosophical edifices that exist. As Chuck D. puts it, "hitting at the whole belief structure of the Western world with its white world cultural supremacy." *Fear of a Black Planet* is also about the coming together of black and white, with the possibility of Blacks dropping some of their Black nationalist rhetoric as long as whites Caucasian also about simple-minded nostalgic back to Africa jive. Public Enemy is stressing Afrocentricity because it's apparent that we live in a structure that promotes white supremacy. At the moment, we have to hold on to our blackness out of self-defense. Let's not forget white comes from black- The Asiatic Black Man- and Africa isn't the Third World, but the first world, the cradle of civilization.

The education begins with the single, "Revolutionary Generation", which encourages the black man to show a new appreciation for the black woman. "Who Stole the Soul" attempts to explain American mass culture, especially in music, which is greatly influenced by Blacks, yet only gives Blacks an infinitesimal

percentage of the profits. Finally, Chuck throws "Pollywanna-craka" at you which gives a viewpoint on race mixing, not necessarily his own opinion.

Eventually we get to the point of those who have been brainwashed by the media and ask the question: "Is the album anti-Semitic?" No! and I'll be at the first one to "bumrush" anyone or anything that answers otherwise. In my opinion, Chuck D's views represent the majority of a people who have been oppressed and kept back for too long, and he intends to lead us to the light by doing what he does best, "tell it like it is". Instead of dwelling upon the negative reputation the group has, let's key in on the positive things the group has done. No one seems to mention the performance at Riker's Island Prison. At Riker's Island Prison the group put on a performance for 250 inmates followed by an intimate discussion with the inmates addressing various social issues. Chuck D touched upon the point of having to deal with society whether he chooses to do it through his music or not. And no one seems to notice the prestigious learning institutions such as Columbia University and M.I.T. that have invited the group to speak. And don't forget the thousands of high schools across the nation that they've lectured at, urging young adults to turn their backs on street life. In the great words of Flavor Flav, "the drugs turn ya into the thugs."

In conclusion, I'd like to end with these thoughts. In the midst of the summer controversy, the group experienced some turmoil that almost caused them to disband. This was caused by anti-Semitic remarks made by Richard "Professor Griff" Griffin which appeared in the May 22nd edition of the Washington Times and printed in part in the Village Voice June 20th. One of the few remarks was "the majority of the wickedness that goes on across the globe is caused by Jews." Such remarks aren't in the character of Public Enemy and as Chuck D puts it, "We aren't anti-Jewish, we're pro-Black, pro-Black culture, and we're pro-human race. You can't talk about attacking racism and be racist." What was interesting, at this time, was that there was more of a demand from the white community for the group to stay together than from any other group. To me that says that Public Enemy has started opening the eyes of the world. This author feels that Mr. Ridenhour (Chuck D) is the Mozart of rap music.



## NILE

By Douglas P. Ward

There I was at one side of the Nile gazing across her breadth to the other side. I have seen for my very eyes that Mother of queens and kings, throughout the centuries of the timeless kingdoms of Kemet. Thanks be unto you for your generosity and trust of the people that inhabited your banks. You gave them the basis of their existence and the will to never forget the great gift of Life and invention your waters bequeathed to them. You always taught the people of the Nile to love the life that flourished along your side. The seeds of wheat, millet, barley and rice were your answer to giving the people an Ital diet. Along with this life giving power your ceaseless flow gave the great people of Kemet and example of immortality. The erecting of magnificent temples and tombs was in homage to the eternal partnership you and the sun have had which created the very essence of this once confident and mighty African civilization. I shall never forget the secrets you have told me about what their world was and what this world could be, for the ideas of possibility and wonder –are the core of my life. I now will reflect silently everyday about the task ahead: To tell the little ones of your wisdom and gift, in order so they may regain the strength of life and possibility so violently snatched from their ancestors.

**This is the last NOMMO issue of the semester.  
Look for us in the Fall.**

**Good luck on finals and remember:  
support your Brothers and Sisters.**

# THE NOMMO COLLECTIVE

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*NOMMO is a Kiswahili word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.*

## UMass' First Black Newspaper

By Joanne G. Paul

In the Spring of 1974, the *Massachusetts Daily Collegian* (*Collegian*) printed a cartoon that depicted the Chancellor of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, as a minstrel character. Randolph Bromery, an African American was the Chancellor of UMass at the time.

The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), an African American organization, launched an investigation of the existing media organizations on campus and discovered that they were operating without any African American input. CORE then protested and led a 1960's style sit-in at the *Collegian*, a white-run newspaper, in order to force this organization to utilize adequate Black representation on its staff. The result of this action created two positions on the Editorial Board of the *Collegian*. Rudolph (Rudi) Jones became the first Black Affairs Page Editor in the history of the *Collegian*. Vangie Brookfield worked as the Assistant Black Affairs Page Editor.

The Black Affairs Page was established to give people news from an Afro-centric perspective.

This move contributed to the growth of the Black News Service (BNS). The BNS provided students with publication opportunities which

hadn't existed before.

The following year, Sherwood Thompson became the Editor of the Black Affairs Page at the *Collegian*. Cal Whitworth became the Assistant Black Affairs Page Editor. Sandra Jackson worked consistently with Thompson and Whitworth to provide local, national and international news about Third World People to the UMass and surrounding communities.

"We always had more information than the *Collegian* would publish," Thompson said. "So we decided that the logical solution to publishing a large volume of Third World information and news was to start our own tabloid newspaper. We also felt that by starting a tabloid newspaper, we could have greater autonomy in deciding what features and articles we published as well as setting up a training ground for students of color who specifically wanted to learn how a newspaper operated. So we organized a committee of students on campus to publish a newspaper and work with the Black Affairs staff of the *Collegian*. We planned to publish a tabloid newspaper and we researched an appropriate name and format for the paper. And that is how *NUMMO News* was formed."

"UMass was a much different

campus..." said Kandi Bourne, who was the first Managing Editor of *NUMMO News*. "It was a time of struggle... There was a critical mass of Black people on campus... more than twice as many as now... Because of the critical mass there were a lot of people able to get things done. The fact that we were able to get a Black Affairs Page Editor at the *Collegian* is quite evident of this struggle."

*NUMMO News* was the first African American newspaper at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. The first publication of  
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### INSIDE

- Why we must organize!
- Value of a name in the Afrakan tradition.
- A Riot Ride.
- Blast from the past.
- Wedding Bells are ringing.

### NOMMO



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NUMMO News came out on April 25, 1975 and was laid out in tabloid form. It consisted of 8-12 pages and came out weekly. Thomas A. Johnson, the father of Deborah Johnson-one of the founders of NUMMO News, printed it.

NUMMO News provided students with an opportunity to gain experience in Journalistic skills- writing, editing, advertising, lay-out and production of a newspaper.

The word NUMMO was derived from Paul Harrison's book, "The Drama of NOMMO." (cq). NOMMO is a Kiswahili word which means the power of the spoken and written word.

The founding NUMMO Collective consisted of Sherwood Thompson and Rudi Jones, Executive Editors; Kandi Bourne, Managing Editor; Tim Johnson, News Editor; Leslie Banks, Copy Editor; Sandra Jackson, Cultural Affairs Editor; Deborah Johnson, Layout and Production Manager.

Both Thompson and Jones went on to earn a Ph.D. Thompson is now the Director of the Office of Third World Affairs at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Jones is the Assistant Director of Admissions at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. Kandi Bourne is a doctoral student and Residential Director of Van Meter and Butterfield residence halls at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. In addition, Bourne is a member of the W.E.B. DuBois Foundation based here at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Sandra Jackson is a freelance writer for *International Publications* and a writer for *Essence* magazine.

Historically, NUMMO News was a Black run news media designed for the enjoyment and information of the Black community. The staff of

NUMMO News recognized that the most effective means of touching the masses of Black and Third World people is through the Black Press. They provided the Black and Third World community with a medium for constructive change, and self-determination.

In the Spring of 1990, the staff of NUMMO News decided to change "NUMMO News" to "NOMMO News" (cq). NOMMO is the correct spelling of the word which means "the power of the spoken and written word."

"Many members of the group last semester, myself included," Suzette Hunte said, Editor-in-Chief of NOMMO News in the Spring of 1990, "expressed concern as to why the name "Nummo" existed as it had when in the classes that many of us had taken and were taking at that point and time always sighted "Nommo" as being the magic power of the spoken and written word. When I went to Sherwood Thompson, one of NUMMO's founders, I was told that "Nummo" was a syntactical variation on the word "Nommo" that the original members used to avoid infringing upon the copyright of the word "Nommo" used as the title of a play that had come out around the same time that NUMMO was created. Given the knowledge that the Collective shared of copyright laws, we found the reasoning behind the original variation to be invalid and decided to change the name of the publication- from NUMMO News to NOMMO News, by a unanimous vote...Not out of disrespect to our founders and those after them, but as a tribute to them in our efforts to breathe new life into a well-needed service."

Presently, the staff of NOMMO News is dedicated to the expansion of news coverage and information by and about people of the Third World community. The struggles of Third World people have

been trivialized in the media for far too long.

In the words of Malcolm X, it is said best:

"The Press is so powerful in its image-making role it can make a criminal look like he's the victim and make the victim look like he's the criminal. This is the Press, and irresponsible press. If you aren't careful, the newspapers will have you hating the people who are being oppressed and loving the people who are doing the oppressing."

We can no longer allow others to represent us in the press, if we do, then we will be distorted in the media and misinformed about who we are. We must pull our resources together, combine efforts and work hand in hand for our own survival and elevation.

Please submit articles, editorials, poems, artwork, advertisements, and ideas addressing your concerns to our NOMMO News office. •

The opinions in this publication are those of the individual writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of NOMMO News, UMass, or the Five College Area unless otherwise noted.

.....  
We, NOMMO News, would like to apologize for the lateness of this publication. We regret we weren't able to publish sooner due to circumstances beyond our control.  
.....



Yvonne Adel Zephleen John  
February 1939 - December 1990

Yvonne Adel Zephleen John, restauranter, author, and community leader of Amherst, died of cancer on December 8, 1990 at Cooley Dickinson Hospital in Northampton at the age of 51.

John was born in Guyana in February, 1939.

In 1967, John arrived in Amherst with six small children. To support her family, John worked at a series of humble jobs cleaning the homes of local families and working on the house-keeping staff of the Howard Johnson's Motel in Hadley.

"Yvonne was amazing," said Michael Thelwell, a professor at the University of Massachusetts/Amherst. "She gave a new resonance to the term 'the dignity of labor.' When I met her, she held three jobs. She would get up at 5 a.m. in order to fix breakfast at a senior citizens house in Amherst where she'd prepare lunch to be served by the staff. Then she'd be at an Amherst College frat house by 11 a.m. to prepare and serve lunch and dinner and start preparation for breakfast. By 9 p.m., she would be at The Drake Bar and Restaurant where she ran the kitchen until closing at 1 a.m."

Prior to opening her restaurant in Hadley,

John was, for four years, director of the New Africa House cafeteria where she was known for feeding without charge or question, any student who was broke and hungry.

Through the University Without Walls program, John earned a Bachelor's Degree in Food Science and a Master's Degree in Multicultural Education in 1977. At the time of her death, she was working on a doctoral dissertation in that discipline. She is the author two books on Caribbean cuisine, *Seeds of Souls* and *Vegetarian and Seafood Meals*.

John is survived by 15 siblings dispersed throughout the Caribbean, England and the United States. Four of her six children graduated from the University of Massachusetts/Amherst.

Her children are Steven of Hadley, an Engineering student, Loida of Springfield, an attorney, Diane of Silver Spring, MD., an industrial engineer, Wendy of New York, who has a Master's in Food Engineering and is currently enrolled in Public Health and is also in a Pre Med Program and Eon, living in England who is a reggae musician and whose first album is currently in production.

John is also survived by her daughter-in-law, Mary Lou John of the Phillipines and three grandsons Azad, Brandon, and Omar.



# Why We Must Organize!

By Rudy Krigger, Jr.

I am writing today about a situation which we have all discussed and complained about but have failed to properly address. The fact of our need for an organization which will address the needs of all people of Afrikan descent on this campus is so obvious as to refute any attempt at contradiction.

As we all know, the Afrikan community as a whole has certain problems, needs, and desires which are particular to it and which, in one way or another, affect all its members. To begin with the most obvious of such problems, we all face the specter of the violent racism that is so prevalent on this campus and its surroundings. (It is not without reason that this place is called 'Massissippi'.) No one knows which of us will be the next victim of a racial assault which may or may not be more brutal than the last. It could be me. It could be you. Clearly then, in an issue that can affect us all equally, there is a need for collective action. However, in the absence of an umbrella organization which would address our needs as a black community, our response to racist attacks have often been haphazard at the best of times and non-existent at others.

Let us take, for example, last year's attack on the freshman brother with the pizza in Southwest. All of us were outraged about the attack and every one felt that they were tired of the same old marches, rallies, and takeovers that have not solved the problem and which seemed to be an inadequate and

timeworn response in the face of the constant racist attacks to which we are prey. Clearly, some other course of action needed to be taken, but what?! A few scattered groups of people got together to discuss the problem and possible solutions but nothing concrete came of any of the meetings. A

impossible to struggle effectively for ourselves on this campus or anywhere else! After all, how was a community response to the racist attacks to be formulated if no meeting of the community was called? If so, then who was to call the meeting? The leaders? Who are the leaders?

Are they the Greeks? BMCP? Afrik-Am? The Pan Afrikan Student Association? Who?! No one really seems to know for sure. As a result, in the absence of any organizational structure in which there is a formalized framework of responsibility and accountability (such as having a person or committee with the responsibility of calling community meetings in times of crisis) we often go without having crucial matters attended to.

Then again, on the other hand, sometimes leaders just seem to emerge in the course of the struggle or crisis and for a moment, it appears as though things may get done in spite of our lack of organization. Sometimes, it seems, we're just "Too Black; Too

Strong!" for anything to get in our way no matter how disorganized we are as a community. However, these hopes also soon prove themselves to be false and thus add to a general sense of disillusionment and apathy. The unfortunate truth is that in the absence of organization, the de facto "leaders" that so often emerge "in the course of struggle" tend to be of two basic groupings or types:

1. Those who have been involved in certain organization (which
- continued on page 4*

*"As a result, in the absence of any organizational structure in which there is a formalized framework of responsibility and accountability (such as having a person or committee with the responsibility of calling community meetings in times of crisis) we often go without having crucial matters attended to."*

speaker (Minister Don Muhammad of the Nation of Islam) was brought in and promptly told us what we already knew or ought to have been able to figure out for ourselves - that the only way to prevent and deal with these savage attacks is to organize ourselves and display unity. Whether we deal with the issue of self-defense or whether we deal with the issue of the alarmingly high attrition rate among Afrikan American students at this institution, the same necessity for organization and unity arises. The fact is that without being organized it's



*continued from page 3*

may or may not have the same interests as the black community in general), who know enough people, and who are brazen enough to take it upon themselves to print up some flyers, pick up the telephone, and solemnly call a meeting of the Afrikan community.

2. Those who are hand-picked by certain administrators, invited by them to the various meetings and luncheons, and are thus chosen by others to be leaders over us.

In such a set of circumstances as described above, the interests of you and I, the Afrikan community, when served at all, are served only through sheer luck and accident. Some of the self-appointed, self-annointed leaders or sometimes even some of the handpicked ones, will occasionally disappoint the hopes of the administrators and demonstrate a certain combination of political skill and genuine concern for and dedication to the interests of the Afrikan community. In such a case, some lovely sounding and stirring words may be uttered and the community will rally around an issue for a brief while and will even win a concession here, a tidbit there. Perhaps we may even be rewarded with a carefully chosen dry bone (such as the famous \$8,000 dollars allocated for cultural events) which we will be expected to fight over and gnaw upon until the next racial incident comes along. However, without an organizational base that can undertake heightened and protracted political action and pressure, we are and will continue to be unable to wrest truly substantial victories from the oppressors or *even to really* consolidate and build upon the fruits of the minor victories.

In many other cases, the dispensation of leadership may be less fortuitous for the black community and we are forced to endure the blight of leadership that is inept, or which has interests that differs from or even clashes with those of the community at large. Usually these unsavory characters are distinguished by a number of traits, some of which, unfortunately, do not become apparent until after the damage has been done.

One of these traits involves an overeagerness to hobnob with the administration and thus deal with 'the seat of power' rather than to mobilize their own people and develop the political strength of their community. Such people are our enemies in that they show no faith in our ability to gain any effective power. Therefore, their strategy is to use their individual skills of diplomacy to seek concessions from those that they view as being powerful. Such a view is not only damaging to our empowerment, it is also extremely naive. Such a person is assuming that in the absence of a truly independent power base, that he can outlick the oppressors at negotiation or that he can sway the oppressors through an appeal to their conscience. How ludicrously childish. To descend to a game of trickery and meaningless phrases with the administration is akin to playing pool with the local pool shark - it is playing to their strong point, for they have a much greater background in deceit than we as students do. The other assumption that such a course of action presupposes, moral suasion, is even more naive, for how can we attempt to appeal to the conscience of people who have shown repeatedly that they have none? People who attempt this path inevitably throw themselves into the embrace of the oppressors and are nothing more than modern day versions of the traitorous house negro.

The other type of self-appointed 'leaders', the ones who attempt to exercise control through demagoguery, gamesmanship, and deception, are in many ways even more dangerous than the obvious house negro type. This type, the 'mis-leader', may employ the rhetoric of populism and mass action. In doing so, the individual will often successfully (at least for a time) conceal the fact that they do not really believe in the people and that their purpose is to use us rather than to increase our power. With this in mind, we must beware of those who attempt to trick people into doing the right thing. Advertising step shows when one really intends to show a video is but one example of this type of misleadership. While one may argue that such a person is trying to educate people and reach them from where they are at, this does not change or override the fact of what this trickery demonstrates. Such Rasputin-like fakery shows that these mis-leaders do not believe in you and me enough to be convinced that we will do the correct thing once its desirability and necessity is demonstrated. Instead of engaging themselves in political education, they take the easier and unprincipled route of political mis-direction. They assume that like animals, you and I will only do a good thing if we are bribed or lured into doing it.

Besides the obvious moral implications and shortcomings of the position just mentioned, it also contains some very real political problems. First, if one doesn't have confidence in the ability of the people to rule themselves, it is impossible for that person to engage themselves in a principled struggle for that people's liberation. If they don't believe that Afrikan people, for

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example, can or will make the right decisions when presented with the right facts in the right way, then why do they claim to be struggling for our liberation from European domination? Does this mean that they are struggling to "free" the Afrikan masses from Europeans only so that they and their social class (or fraternity or club as the case may be) can take up ruling us where the Europeans left off? The problem of Afrikan people is not one of choosing which people we will be subject to, it is one of eliminating oppressors - and deceiving the masses is a form of oppressing them.

The great Afrikan political leader and political theorist Amilcar Cabral said many years ago, "Claim no easy victories. Mask no difficulties. Tell the people no lies." This dictum concerns more than just the obvious theoretical problems posed by the phenomenon of mis-leadership; it addresses some very concrete political realities. It recognizes a simple fact which everyone knows — if I can trick you into doing something positive today, I can trick you into doing something negative tomorrow. As such, this type of leadership style destroys the trust between the masses and the leadership, for nobody knows what hidden agenda the mis-leaders may have up their sleeve this time. Afrikan people have been the victims of such deceit and trickery from others too long for us to justify doing the same thing to each other, regardless of the professed goals.

As we all know by now, when people such as those described above take leadership or have it thrust upon them, anything but anything can and does happen.

Funds for cultural events end up going for Greek shows. Books and t-shirts disappear. Funds disappear. Unity and purpose disappear.

Unfortunately, this has been the political situation of the Afrikan community on this campus. Contrary to the claims of many of our so-called leaders, the problem on this campus has not been so much that the "masses" are apathetic as much as it has been a problem of organization (or the lack of it) and absolutely pitiful leadership. Proof of this lies in a careful analysis of recent political events on campus. For instance, when Minister Don Muhammad came to speak on campus after

*"Through the formation of an All-Afrikan student organization our community will be able to vastly increase and widen the strength and scope of its political and social activity."*

the latest Southwest attack, he arrived about an hour and a half late. When he arrived, the Malcolm X Center was still packed with people waiting for him to speak. That does not look to me like a sign of an apathetic community.

Another example lies in the case of the New Africa House occupation. Though the process involved with mass democracy was often long and frustrating, it was there that we achieved the best results and the most positive aspects of the occupation were seen. One example of this was the list of demands. The list of demands was not formulated by any secret cabal in a back room as were some of the other decisions and processes in the occupation, but were decided through a proc-

ess of participatory democracy whereby each person had an opportunity to contribute demands and discuss what it was that we wanted as a Third World Community. As a result, the list of demands was comprehensive and was one which earned the respect of the university and world community for its reasonableness and thoroughness. In contrast, when the decisions of the majority were contravened (such as when a well-known and respected Afro-Am professor arranged to have Duffey conduct the negotiations in private despite a unanimous resolution to the contrary), defeat and demobilization was the result.

There are some concrete lessons to be learned from this. The chief of these is that no one knows better than we what it is that we want and need. Therefore, when we have communal problems, projects, and desires, we should never let anyone act as our representatives of go betweens; we ourselves must act politically in our own interests. In no case should we let others, based on

reasons of greater expertise or knowledge, act for us. Though a shoemaker may know how best to make a shoe, only the wearer knows how the shoe fits and where it pinches.

While we have addressed the question of the consequences of disorganization, we have yet to deal with what an organization can do and how it will lead to our empowerment. First, organization is the only way that the collective talents and energy of our community can be utilized in a systematic, orderly, and democratic way. If we can establish a mass organization which will provide a framework of respon-

*continued on page 6*



*Organize!* continued from page 6  
 sibility and power, no one person or set of persons will be able to monopolize the political life of the community, and the burden of the work will not fall solely on the shoulders of a few. An organization of even 50 people (roughly 1/9 of our campus population) can spread out necessary tasks in such a way that no one person will be required to spend more than a few hours a week doing political work. This alone would significantly improve our retention rate.

Most importantly, the formation of an All-Afrikan student organization would make for the empowerment of the majority of African people on this campus, most of whom are now disconnected from any real sense of community life and who do not have any forum in which to act politically. With the formation of such an organization, there would be a structure and a defined constituency that is immediately identifiable and to whom any political actors dealing with or for the African community would be held responsible.

Through the formation of an All-Afrikan student organization, our community will be able to vastly increase and widen the strength and scope of its political and social activity. Organization gives a people the necessary structure by which we can carry out sustained action, and by which we can plan for the future and take appropriate measures. For too long we have been politically hamstrung by our inability to conduct purposeful, planned, and protracted struggle which leads to our empowerment rather than appeasement. The establishment of an organization such as described above is the only way that we will be able to see our way out of this predicament. It

will not be enough for a few of the same old people to be the participants in such a formation. It will require the efforts of all of us (Yes, I mean you!) in order for such a body to be effective and to truly represent the aims and aspirations of the majority of our people. It will be an arduous task, but not an insurmountable one, and it will certainly be easier in the long run than continuing to deal with the harsh climate and conditions that we face in the pitiful manner that we have often done in the past.

The challenge is before us, and we have but to move purposefully and boldly to meet this challenge. The alternative is the continued slow death that Afrikan people have been faced with on this campus for so long. The reward for organization is renewed and meaningful social and political life. Which shall we choose? •

### MOTHER AFRAKA

Mother Afraka

Draw me back to my ancient home  
 When I once knew my place  
 and my role on earth.

Mother Afraka

Tell me of my greatness and of yours  
 Where I once built the pyramids  
 and lived according to your order.

Mother Afraka

Give me the strength and determination  
 to free myself & you Where we will  
 recreate the paradise that once was.

Oh Mother Afraka

Embrace me into your bosom Remind  
 me of your love  
 For it is here that I belong.

NiMaatRa Niiquerty  
 Khamit, Luxor  
 7/25/89

### ROMANTASY

A Romance can make cold reality  
 very beautiful and warm;  
 To share emotions & experiences  
 with someone special To live and  
 love through all of life's many trials.

A Fantasy can change cold reality  
 into a dream  
 (in hopes of becoming a pleasant  
 reality); To ponder the future and all  
 that it might bring, To imagine and  
 hope that all of life's trials would  
 fade.

A Romantasy can take a beautiful  
 romance out of a distant  
 reality out of fantasy; To believe in  
 your's and another's love (a Fantasy)  
 as to change a sometimes formidable  
 reality, To turn the tables on life and  
 all of its many trials.

But, Romance, Fantasy, and Roman-  
 tasy often conflict  
 despite their seemingly complimen-  
 tary definitions; To bring an impos-  
 sible fantasy into a dream reality  
 can have disastrous effects, To live  
 and love within fog and shadows of  
 imagination, is to be overrun by  
 life's many trials

Romantasy can only become reality  
 if it is continuously  
 and consciously viewed in the light  
 of reality and not in the shadows of a  
 desired fantasy.

NiMaatRa Niiquerty  
 Howard University Graduate



## Third World Defined

The term "third world" is a relatively new word and many people do not understand what this concept means: We, therefore, offer the following brief explanation of its derivation and meaning.

The **first world** consists of the capitalist, imperialist nations, including the chief oppressor of humanity, the United States, as well as the much weakened European nations of England, France, Germany, Belgium, Portugal, etc. and more recently, Israel.

The **second world** is composed of the socialist nations led by the USSR and includes Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany, Bulgaria and other white socialist nations of Eastern Europe. These nations have broken the bondage of capitalism and are working to create socialist societies.

The **Third World** consists of the colonized or formerly colonized countries of the world. These include the nations and peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. They have the unique distinction of having been oppressed and pillaged by the first world, i.e. by the colonialist European and American powers.

The advent of western industrialization brought with it imperialist expansion and oppression of the nations and peoples of the Third World. However, this industrialization also perfected communication and transportation systems which had the effect of exposing the international nature of the oppressor.

Through the process of slavery, African peoples found themselves scattered throughout the world, all victims of systematic

exploitation by the Western powers. The Asian peoples likewise, found their lands invaded and pillaged and their cultures and religions trampled upon and repressed.

The original inhabitants of Latin America had the unfortunate experience of having been "discovered" by Europe, and as a result were colonized and their populations completely decimated. After throwing off the chains of European feudalism, the Latin American population—made up of people of Spanish-Indian African ancestry, were immediately re-colonized by their northern neighbor, the United States, and the familiar process of rape, murder and exploitation was continued.

Within the confines of the United States, the third world consists of the descendants of people from Asia, Africa or Latin America. This community is made up of Afro-Americans, Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, Latinos, Asian-Americans, Native Americans and Eskimos. We have all suffered from the same kind of exploitation and colonial oppression as our brothers and sisters in our homelands.

Nations and peoples can be part of the Third World (by definition) and still be oppressors and exploiters, however. Japan is the classic example of this reality. Several African countries are run by puppets of neocolonialism and are a further example of this fact. And need we mention Roy Wilkins again, or Governor Ferre? or Chiang Kai-shek? or Mobutu and on and on.

It would be a mistake, therefore, to think that the concept of the third world represents an ideology unto itself. When we use this term, it merely describes lands and peoples who have suffered the oppression and

exploitation of colonialism.

Some people use this expression in an attempt to cop out of the ever-sharpening conflict between revolutionary and counter-revolutionary forces in the world. They talk about adopting a position of "neutrality." In spite of these proclamations, the fact remains that there can be no middle road between capitalism and socialism.

You cannot be neutral in the world today. There can be no fence straddlers. We are engaged in a war to the finish between the oppressed and the oppressors; between those who produce the wealth of the world and those who own it; between those who pursue a capitalist path and those committed to socialist development.

To combat an international enemy (i.e. imperialism) an international resistance is needed, therefore the need for third world unity.

The concept of third world unity encompasses the struggles for liberation in the Americas, the Caribbean and on the continents of Africa and Asia. It is our belief that a socialist is committed to the liberation struggles of African, Asian, and Latin Peoples, wherever they may be. These struggles must be interlocked with one another in order to obtain the most effective results. It is clear, therefore, that mass migration back to our respective homelands is not necessary for Black and other Third World peoples to achieve freedom.

We must likewise be concerned with the long range results of our struggles. Since we have a common oppressor, we must also have

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the same goals. We must try to achieve a society which is free from racism and the exploitation of man by his fellow man, and nation by nations, or woman by man. All third world people have suffered under the yoke of white racism and economic pillage by the imperialist powers.

In spite of cultural differences, this common historical oppression unites us all in the struggle to eradicate these evils. We occupy a unique place at a critical time in history. We are located in the belly of the monster. China has cut off a tentacle; Guinea-Bissau and the Palestinian guerilla struggles are in the process of cutting off yet another tentacle. But these very important events have only weakened this octopus. It is up to the Third World peoples living in the belly of the beast to destroy his ability to reproduce; we must kill it. •

## The Value of a Name in the Afrakan Tradition

In Afraka<sup>1</sup>, we have elaborate naming ceremonies to introduce the child to the community, as well as to impart to the child certain positive characteristics. There are as many different ceremonies as there are groups in Afraka. For the purposes of this paper, I will detail only the Yoruba tradition. "The Yoruba name the male child on the ninth day and the female child on the seventh day after birth. Twins are named on the eighth day after birth."<sup>2</sup> The celebration is held at the parents' house. The whole community is invited. Upon entering the home gifts are given to the parents. On an altar in the center of the room are placed several vases contain-

ing water, red pepper, salt, oil, honey, liquor, and kola nuts. The mother enters the room with the baby in her arms. She gives the baby to the elder who is to conduct the ceremony. The elder turns her/his attention to the altar. The baby is given a taste of each of the substances on the altar in turn. Each substance has symbolic meaning. An example of this is the water which symbolizes the purity of the body and spirit and the wish that the child be free from disease. After the baby tastes the spices, the assembly is in turn given the opportunity to taste the spices. When the ritual is over, the feasting can begin, along with the rest of the festive events.

It is important to note that we don't consider a child a person until s/he has a name. The name is not given until the elders agree that the child has come to stay. The naming ceremony is regarded as completing the act of birth. If a child dies before it is named it is considered not to have been born or to have been stillborn.

In the Yoruba tradition, the child receives three names in the ceremony. The first is the *oruko* (personal name), the name the child is born with, or the *abiso*, which relates to the circumstances existing in the family at the time of birth. The second name is the praise name, *oriki*, which is a hope for the future of the child. This name is otherwise called an attribute name. The third name is the *orile* name, which is the name that identifies the child with a kinship group.

How many of us know what our names mean? And what significance attends the giving of our names?

I have been asked to write a paper on the value of an Afrakan name. People have often asked me why I would want to change my name—after all, I had that good slave name that is indicative of my Amerikkkan experience. My answer is complex and enlightening, so follow closely. One's name is exceedingly important. In fact, it is the label of your consciousness. In this way it keys in to the inner-most recesses of our minds. This

means that it is the most personal expression of your personality. For the conscious Brother or Sister, the name also symbolizes our antithetical<sup>3</sup> relationship with the European ideology and value system.

Your name will link you to your culture, land, heritage, language, and God. Brother Malcolm X said that we should have good names that link us to Afraka, and not to the European oppressor. Malcolm tells us in his autobiography that he has changed his name many times. These name changes can be looked at as markers that delineate between the different segments of his life, which also reflect the difference in his philosophy. He began as Malcolm Little, proceeded to Malcolm X, El Hajj Malik El Shabbazz, and finally Omawole. The last of these names he received in Nigeria.

Malcolm teaches us that if it sounds strange to call a Chinaman, a so-called Yellowman, by a whiteman's name, then it follows that it will surely sound strange to hear an Afrakan, a so-called Blackman, called by a whiteman's name.

The changing of one's name represents a revolution in thought and a rebirth. I know that there are a lot of you out there that are thinking that you can be Afrakan without having an Afrakan name. This is certainly true, but you still must realize that your exterior is an manifestation of your inner consciousness. The Afracentrist seeks to uphold the Afrakan way. Our way says that we should be free to be ourselves, define ourselves and name ourselves. If we are Afrakan we should do Afrakan things.

The Afracentrist realizes that a name is power. Naming oneself is a powerful act of consciousness. Maulana Karenga teaches that dogs and cats are named by others and that People name themselves. To illustrate the power of names, think of Nzinga, Ramessu II,

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and Yaa Ashantiwaa. One can feel the energy of the ancestors as one says the names. Any one of these names is able to strike fear into the hearts of the European elite and, more importantly, will inspire courage in the hearts of Afrakan people.

I will give an example that illustrates the transforming properties of a name. I have a younger brother named Akinsheye. When I was seven and my brother was four, my mother, brother and myself had just come home from shopping and we were in the lobby of our house. My mother told Akinsheye that he should not take that heavy bag upstairs and to let me take it. Akinsheye said to our mother, "Have you forgotten what my name means: a person who is strong is honorable." He proceeded to take the heaviest of the bags up the stairs. This shows the transformative power of the name. Imagine if we were all to have Afrakan names at an early age and were given the meanings as well as the cultural significance of them. My brother had already developed an identity around his name at age four. This is the power of the name.

<sup>1</sup>This is the Khamitic (Ancient Egyptian) spelling of the name. We like to emphasize the Ra which stand for God. The Af stands for the flesh, & the KA the soul. Thus we are the flesh and the soul of God.

<sup>2</sup>Chunks-orji, Ogonna. Names From Africa Their Origin, Meanings, and Pronunciation. Johnson Publishing Co, Inc. Chicago, 1972, p.79.

<sup>3</sup>To Have a natural or inherent opposition to.

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by Akinwunmi A. Heru-Khuti •

### Still I Rise

By Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history  
with your bitter, twisted lies.  
You may trod me in the very dirt  
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?  
Why are you beset with gloom?  
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells  
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons, and like suns  
With the certainty of tides.  
Just like hopes springing high,  
Still I rise.

Did you want to see me broken?  
Bowed head and lowered eyes?  
Shoulders falling down like tear-  
drops,  
Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?  
Don't you take it awful hard,  
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold  
mines  
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words.  
You may cut me with your eyes.  
You may kill me with your hateful-  
ness.  
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?  
Does it come as a surprise  
That I dance like I've got diamonds.  
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of History's shame,  
I rise.  
Up from a past that's rooted in pain,  
I rise.

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,  
welling and swelling I bear in the  
tide.

Leaving Behind nights of terror  
and fear,  
I rise.  
Into a daybreak that's wondrously  
clear,  
I rise.  
Bringing the gifts that my ances-  
tors gave,  
I am the dream and the hope of the  
slave.  
I rise.  
I rise.  
I rise.

### YOU MUST REACH ONE STEP HIGHER

To look over my own personal  
genealogy  
I see the strength of my forebears My  
great, great grandmother unbeknownst  
to me.  
I must reach one step higher.

The pain, the struggles, the result, ac-  
ceptance  
The anger and the violence erupted  
emotion The prayer, the demonstra-  
tions produced awareness  
A battle won and the war being fought  
I must reach one step higher.

To have been robbed of my history  
I see the growing apathy My role, my  
duty, my honor.  
I must reach one step higher.

The solitude in knowledge  
the multitude in ignorance Lord, be  
my stay, my guide  
I am reaching for just one more higher  
step.

NiMaatRa Niiquerty  
Howard University Graduate

## A RIOT RIDE

By JoElla Costello

I was 12 years old, it was 1976, and I was in the 6th grade when one day in class in the "white part of town," from the corner of my eye, I saw a Yellow Cab pull up with my mother in the back seat. She rushed open the door and started running up the hill to the school office. The driver waited with the engine running. An office aide came to my class informing my teacher that I would be leaving for the day. I went to the cab along with my older brother, Marcus, who was 14; my uncle Bobby Joe, who was 13; my uncle Carl, who was 13; and my aunt Beatrice, who was 12. Before I entered the cab, I asked, "What's going on?" "Shut up and get yo' ass in the cab!", my mother nervously shouted. "I ain't going no place until I knows what's going on," I demanded. Wham! She slapped me across my head and then I obliged. The ride home to "our part of town" was filled with stoic, silent, scared faces. Breaking the silence, my mother told my brother that there's a riot at the high school between Blacks and Whites trying to kill each other. I thought "A r-i-d-e?" Being the mother/child that I was, I noticed the confused look on my aunt's face looking as she always did for an answer of clarification from me. I whispered my conclusion's, "Bea, somebody Black musta taken somebody white's car and drove away riding and the white dude musta gotten mad and told other whites and that's why they are fighting." "Oh," she responded.

As we made it home, my grandmother was there crying and shouting to the Lord. We "young-uns" were ordered to our rooms. I couldn't understand the confusion, yet I thought it would all pass like other traumas did, in due time. Soon afterwards, I heard my uncles voices, they were saying, "Man, we beat the shit out of those white honkeys! You should have seen Marvin L., he was knocking white folks out cold!" They also talked of the police brutality to Black students- how the police beat them with clubs. My ear was glued to the door as I tried to rationalize what was going on and why.

I sneaked out of the room to grab the afternoon paper, I tried to read and discern its contents about the fighting. Yet, I only remembered my reaction to the printed words, "School will be cancelled." "Beatrice, Beatrice, no schoooool, Yea!!!!!! Yea!!!!!!- Thank the

Lawd!!!!!!!" Then for a brief moment a panic that I had not known rushed all over my body. "It must be pretty serious if they cancelled school," I said to myself. Yet the thought of all day television wiped away this panic.

Nevertheless, fear was tantamount- the smell of fear was everywhere, everywhere. Mama was afraid of going to work cleaning white folks houses. Fear. We'd hear conflicting reports of Blacks being beaten by mobs of whites. Fear. Yet, I managed to mentally escape this. I had known fear all my life- we'd get over this as we always did. This fear would pass with time.

Then, it happened- three days later. I was in the bedroom with my aunt playing our traditional game-counting the Blacks on each page of the new Sears book. I heard faint shouts which sounded as if they were coming from a bullhorn. I saw them. A car caravan of white sheets with people yelling, "Niggers, go back to Africa! We are going to kill you!" I fell off of the chair rushing into the living room to alert Mama and the others. FEAR, FEAR, FEAR! The next thing I knew I was sitting in a pool of urine as I wetted my pants in fear. Mama, acting as if she had been through this before, cut all the lights out in the house and made us get in a circle. "Hush, hush. Don't say nothing and don't move an inch," she warned.

**"A car caravan of white sheets with people yelling, 'Niggers go back to Africa! We are going to kill you!'"**

The whole madness finally stopped with a death. My cousin, Keith Sneed, who had earlier been beaten in the stomach with a police baton "apparently" died of internal bleeding. (The so-called investigation following his death ruled out any foul-play. According to the report, he died as a result of internal hemorrhaging from playing extended hours of basketball.) PEACE, PEACE, PEACE, PEACE, NOW!, I prayed. His death shocked the people in my small town of 20,000. At Keith's funeral, it was packed with both Black and White mourners. A lot of promises were made allowing both sides to agree to cease the violence before it claimed another life. Soon afterwards, things appeared as if nothing ever happened.

Yet, I couldn't forget- the memories continued to riot in my head. Why did this happen in my small town? What made these Black people rise up like this with such a fury??? It took years for me to figure it out. That year, 1976, was the Bicentennial Year. I used to listen to Elton John's "Philadelphia Freedom" constantly blaring on the

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radio. Additionally, it was the year in which a Black man's novel about his ancestral history was shown on television. "Roots" captivated the American people and made them look at the history of slavery in this country.

When I saw the first television episode of the mini-series, I freaked out. Hitherto, I thought slavery was an Egyptian time concept. That human slavery did indeed exist only thousands and thousands of years ago. I had no idea that it was so recent- my 4th great grandmother was a slave! The mini-series was unbelievably displaying the brutality, the lack of humanity, the cruelty, the injustice, human chattel slavery! Where was God? How could he allow such evil? The following morning, after the first episode of "Roots," I went to school and hit a white boy who had the same last name as the slave captain. He asked, "Why are you picking on me?" Hitting him again and again, I responded, "I'm doing to you what yours did to mine!" It was only a matter of time before this rage would spread to the high school as it did. Why did my small, southern town have such a deadly race riot? I attributed it to the many years of festered humility and oppression which surfaced with an unleashed fury. Could this have been prevented??? One way to prevent it from happening again is to never forget the injustices of the past and present. **Please learn and teach our history!!!** We must fully understand and discern our past. This is the only way we can stop history from repeating itself.

Alex Haley empowered me to appreciate my history and myself. His family's history touched me in a very special way. (Until then, I was so ashamed of my race: African American and Native American. I was made to feel that I was racially inferior- a curse by God. After all, society- particularly the media, supported this image.) Yet, Alex Haley's "Roots" gave me a sense of pride and understanding of my people. He inspired me to write about my ancestral past.

Finally, a tribute to Keith Sneed: "I admire you and will never forget you or your efforts."

"The war then was different than the war now." The war now is inside my head, ideas and attachments taking up arms and doing bloody battle, first one side taking a hill, then the other after a long retreat, advancing to overcome its foe. The only relief is in the flood of tears that sooner or later pours from my eyes emptying the battle ground of its weapons and bringing a truce for the moment. My mind at last empty, there is peace."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Quote from a poem by Randall Jarrell

## The Negro (A PURE PRODUCT OF AMERICANISM)

By Don Lee

Swinging, Swinging,  
thru cotton fields,  
small southern towns,  
big ghetto darkness where  
his mind was blown,

Swinging, Swinging,  
to assimilation into whi  
te madness called civilization/  
by those who have the  
power to define,

Swinging, Swinging,  
with power to define, whi  
te power; indians were never  
the victors—they were massacred/  
black history was booker t.  
& george c. & a whi-te lie  
over black truth,

Swinging, Swinging,  
with ray charles singing  
the star spangled banner/  
all his soul didn't change the  
colors/ red, white & light blue,

Swinging, Swinging,  
working, saving all year/  
working, saving to buy  
christmas gifts for children/  
just to tell them a whi  
te santa claus brought them,

Swinging, Swinging,  
into aberration where there  
is a black light trying to  
penetrate that whi-teness  
called mr. clean,

Swinging, Swinging,  
into blackness/ away from  
negroness/ to self to  
awareness of basic color/  
my color, i found it,

Swinging, Swinging,  
by  
his  
neck. (nigger)





## African-American Hero Costume Party

By Joanne G. Paul

Black History does not just happen in February, it exists everyday. It is important for African Americans to know their history, especially the children of today. The Black Mass Communications Project (BMCP) recognizes the importance of educating our young children about our history. On October 31, 1990, BMCP sponsored an African-American Hero Costume party at the Malcolm X Cultural Center at the University of Massachusetts for children in the Five College Area. The children, ranging in age from 6 months to 13 years old, had to come dressed as an African-American either from the past or present. There were a variety of activities- Dance Contest, Steal the Bacon, Musical Chairs, Potato Sack Race, for the children to participate in.

Jawad Brown was Dr. Charles Richard Drew, an African-American, discovered ways and means of preserving blood plasma in what are commonly known as blood banks. Jawad wore a white lab coat and carried a plastic bag of blood plasma (a ziploc bag filled with cranberry juice.)

Seven-year-old Jason Brown was Matthew Henry, an African American, who discovered the North Pole. Jason wore a winter coat with a hood.

Nine-year-old Addison Hazard was Frederick Douglass, an African American former slave, who was an abolitionist and founder of the *North Star* newspaper. Addison wore a gray wig, beard and mustache and a blazer.

Seven-year-old Kaya Hazard was Florence (FloJo) Joyner, who is an African-American 1988 Olympic gold track medalist. Kaya wore colorful pink spandex and a pink sweatshirt.

Two year old Shayla Hazard was Don King, an African American boxing promoter, who trained the 1986 heavy weight champion- Mike Tyson. Shayla wearing a suit had her hair in an Afro that was colored gray.

Thirteen-year-old Tamisha Joyner was Mary Eliza Mahoney, the first African-American registered nurse in Massachusetts. Tamisha wore a white nurse's uniform and cap.

Tarik Joyner was Thurgood Marshall, the first African-American United States Supreme Court Justice. Tarik wore a black robe.

Marisha Joyner was Shirley Chisholm, the first African-American Congress woman in the United States. Marisha wore a blue skirt and matching jacket.

Adenike Graham was Josephine Baker, one of America's entertainment expatriates who first became an internationally famous variety show dancer and a celebrated music hall star in Paris during the 1920's. Adenike wore pink jeannie pants and a matching top.

Natalie Bodie was Janet Jackson, an African American popular R&B and pop singer and dancer in 1990. Natalie wore black pants, Janet Jackson t-shirt, and a black hat.

Jamille Hazard was Nefertiti, an African Queen. Jamille wore a gold pedesa (dress).

Amirah Thompson was Amirah, an African Queen. Amirah wore an African outfit.

Keifr LaValley was Keifr, another African Queen. Keifr also wore an African outfit.

Valerie Jiggetts was a Princess of the Nile. Valerie wore an African dress and headcovering.

It is important for us, African Americans, to learn and understand our history. The textbooks do not tell us the achievements of our forefathers- so we must teach ourselves. It is especially important for our children today to learn and know our history. Uplift our race by learning and teaching our history to one another! •

## Malcolm X

By Gwendolyn Brooks

Original.

Hence ragged-round,  
Hence rich-robust.

He had the hawk-man's eyes.  
We gasped. We saw the maleness.  
The maleness raking out and making guttural  
the air  
And pushing us to the walls.

And in a soft and fundamental hour  
A sorcery devout and vertical  
Beguiled the world.

He opened us—  
Who was a key.

Who was a man.

• *BLAST FROM THE PAST* •

*Blast from the Past* is a supplement of Nommo News that introduces articles, poems and editorials from our brothers and sisters from the past. This section is a dedication to those who fought to bring Nummo News into existence. Their courageous efforts and continuing struggle has not gone unnoticed. We are a great part of that struggle that they began in April, 1975 and without their commitment to unity and the struggle for our inclusion in the mass media of the Collegian at the University of Massachusetts, our voices may never have been heard. From their past struggle, we have been informed about the underlying continual misrepresentation of the Third World community by the media on this campus.

We must learn that our solidarity has to be maintained if we are ever to expose those who continue to downplay our culture and history. And if we are to continue as an educational and informational resource for our community, then we must set aside our own prejudices against one another and unite to fight for our right to be equally represented in the mass media on this campus within the context of a larger struggle for LIBERATION.

To our distinguished alumnae, we, the staff of Nommo News dedicate this section to you:

**We belong to you.**

As I approach him seeming to walk faster as he nears, an excited and almost childish feeling races through my bones. He's blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh. We look, talk, walk, eat and sleep alike. I'm awaiting the brightening of his eyes, the warm grin his mouth will create when we pass each other. And finally....a simple "Hi...How ya doin?", will assist in patterning the rest of my day into being something simply beautiful.

My dreams of having a sincere brother and the peaceful love and unity that could exist between us is so real in my mind I can almost taste it.

But all of this quickly disintegrates when I don't see his eyes light up....in fact, as he passes me he casts his eyes downward as if to avoid speaking to me. I don't receive the pleasure of watching a beautiful grin blossom on his face. And last, but most important.... the only existing sounds between us were fragments of stale silence as we briskly passed each other on the street.

I don't dare look back for fear that that same coldness that just passed between us is standing directly behind me. "Why, dear brother?, I attempted to smile in your direction but when no indication of a mutual feeling came from you, I quickly erased the thought of us being close friends even for a split second, as we pass each other on the street."

"No, I don't know you personally my brother, and just because I may smile in your direction it does not mean that I want to run a game on you. Possibly, you may have had some bad experiences with sisters who smiled

at you while deviously calculating a master spiders web in their mind, in which to capture and destroy you."

But, you are my brother, and believe me there are many of us who want to be true sisters to you. Not necessarily your "chick on the side" or "the chick by your hip" who you have at your fingertips.

You are my brother. And I doubt you realize the value of your love and consideration to me.

Why is it that so many brothers ignore sisters? And so many sisters ignore brothers? We pass each other on the streets and actually try to pretend we don't see each other, which would justify our not speaking to each other. A whale could swim through the gap between us with absolutely no trouble.

If you are a fairly physically attractive sister, you may get a few "What's happenin sister?", from the few brothers you pass daily. If you are not too attractive physically you find yourself never even receiving a smile from the brothers you pass daily not to mention a "What's happenin?" And the brothers that do say it sometimes sincerely do not know the answer to the question their asking. "What is happening?" We all walk around blank not knowing what is happening in the world we live in. Consequently, we walk around asking each other...."What's happenin." My usual response to this question is "Oh, not much"...or...."Nothing much" . I'm responding to the courtesy the brother had in speaking to me and not the question itself. If I seriously ran it down

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on what was happening around me I'd be there taking up all of the brothers' time. But I realize that my brother was merely gesturing that, "I see you sister and I recognize that you are a part of me," when he spoke to me. I'm not capping on brothers who use the phrase, "What's happenin'", as a greeting. In fact, I praise them for having enough concern to speak. And you're right brother....as your sister I belong to you, and I thank you for sharing your consideration and intelligence with me.

But right now I want to address my attention to my brothers who don't speak when they see me. Not myself, personally, I'm speaking on behalf of hundreds of sisters. I'm addressing my attention to my brothers who don't have the courtesy and the intelligence to clean up their language and borrow some manners while they are in the presence of sisters or women period. My brothers who have the disease of prejudiceness eating away at their hearts....who will escort a white woman to her doorstep and leave his BLACK sister to stumble home in the dark, the prey of any wild beast in the streets.

My brothers who may have been blessed to have received love and affection from a Black woman by her allowing him to make love to her, but he destroys the whole essence behind that action by broadcasting it to his so-called friends, who are unfortunately, just like him. All because she trusted her emotions with what she thought was a man.

These are my brothers who I want to address my attention. You are still my brothers because I love you and I want to see you change.

I want to talk to you brothers. I want to show you the gap between us, how big it is, how it got there and how to close it. Hopefully, we can begin to learn how to be true brothers and sisters.

I realize that the sisters are just as guilty if not more. There are many women who live to destroy men. And I realize that some of my brothers that I'm addressing now are an exact product of female demons. Be careful of who you let in your heart. For the devil is not a color nor a sex, but a mentality, which comes in all sizes, shapes and colors.

We, who want to be true sisters to you are awaiting for you to take your rightful role as rulers and lead. We can only respond to what you give us. I guarantee you ....we are behind you 1000 per cent.

I'm telling you this because you are my brothers. If we as your sisters, did not love you we wouldn't care if you lived or died. But the relationship between us is quickly dying. This is what myself and many other sisters are trying to save.

Because....you are our brothers....We are your sisters and We belong to you."

By Karien Zachery (NOMMO Files, October 4, 1977)

### Enjoy Yourself

Notice I said Nigger and not a man. A Nigger is not determined by color, but by actions. Anything that lacks a knowledge of itself, is dead in its mentality and the only mind it has is that of some other mind dictating to it. Anything that does not possess self-motivation, but waits for some outside force to move it, is in fact....dead and is labeled as a Nigger.

This is why we as Black people were labeled as Niggers. When you get angry at the school system for not treating your Black child justly instead of pooling your money and building your own schools, you are behaving like a Nigger.

Now....I would like to get back to my original subject, which was entitled "Enjoy Yourself." First I had to explain my conception of life and why it is truly worth living.

I see nothing wrong with partying, dancing, enjoying company and overly having a good time.

But I do see something wrong with having to rely on false means and avenues to grant you, what is called, real happiness. By this I mean, getting drunk to the point where you don't even remember what kind of time you had. Getting so high that nothing you see in your fantasizing exists anywhere in reality.

Your mind can provide you with any altitude of high you desire or any depth of low you want. Your mind

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has the ability of being able to place you in any state you desire. You shouldn't have to rely on reefer to make you happy. If so, then that reefer or that liquor, rules you.

There is a such thing as a natural high that you can provide for yourself, whenever and as often as you want.

You've experienced a natural high several times and I'm sure that if your ingredients are mixed correctly, that natural high can sometimes be more enjoyable than that false high everybody craves. Proof of it is.....it is well known and understood that sex is one of the most natural and High highs you can have....if it is done respectfully.

So....do it anyway you wanna do it....but don't do anything you really don't want to do for the sake of others. Fantasize, dream, party, fornicate, adulterate....if that's what you want to do....whatever puts a glide in your stride and makes your liver quiver....do it....and dag gone....,"Enjoy Yourself."

By Karien Zachery (NOMMO Files, October 4, 1977)

## Seduction

Subliminal Seduction.....Seduction below the level of consciousness of oneself.

The word subliminal means below the level of consciousness....for example, when one is day dreaming they are not conscious of the happening around them; however, their subconscious is picking up and recording vibrations and messages given off by the environment.

Seduction can be in forms from a request to a con. It simply means to somehow convince to submit to a stronger will....to win over.

Very few people are familiar with the term, subliminal seduction, yet the essence of the meaning exists everywhere in our environment: in the forms of television, radio, movies, concerts, records, plays, ad infinitum.

We are definitely a direct product of the "melting pot" of America, especially, the Black population. We have been subject to more influences than any other people ever existing. At least the Polish, French, German, Italian, Chinese people, etc.. still have some form of their original culture. Its hard to even imagine what you would be like if you were not raised under this western influence.

But....everyday the masses are molded, shaped, fashioned, grown and killed....mentality. America has the ability to make its people think and act in whatever manner she desires. Your likes and dislikes are the likes of this culture. You are what you eat, mentally and physically. If you only eat certain things, how can you be anything other than that? Stretching the main idea of this passage a bit....we are, in fact, human robots. Our lives are dictated to by such things as, "Good Times," soap operas, cartoons, etc.

Have you ever noticed while you're watching T.V, a commercial advertising McDonald's comes on displaying a luscious double decker and a cool, frosty vanilla shake. Suddenly, you get this burning desire to eat....your taste buds start to dance in your mouth and you can almost taste the food. "The power of suggestion." How many children and adults do you know who are running around claiming they're "The Fonz?" How many Superflys do you know? How many Kojaks and Wondergirls.....do you know?

All of these ideas are picked up from various means of communication to the public. The point is that no one individual has a mind of his/her own, even though he/she may think he/she has.

Influence and warped minds is the order of the day. Everybody's trying to find out who they can get over on....whose mind is weaker than theirs. Just as society has the ability to feed the people weak and degenerate ideas, it can also feed them strong ideas....it's simple; thus, the production of a strong nation.

By Karien Zachery (NOMMO Files, October 4, 1977) •



### The Duke Ellington Committee

The Duke Ellington Committee is a faction of the Union Program Council. Its purpose is to produce concerts of R&B and Rap acts.

Students can work these concerts as security or hospitality or help out in promoting these shows.

The UPC/DEC office is located in room 406 of the Student Union Building at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. For more information call (413) 545-2892.

### The Black Mass Communications Project

The Black Mass Communications Project was founded in 1969 to provide the Third World Community in and around the Five-College area with a wealth of radio and television programming. BMCP also hosts social and educational events such as cultural films and plays, guest lecturers, and the annual BMCP "Funk-O-Thon."

BMCP assists in collaboration with other Third World organizations such as Afrik-Am, the Duke Ellington Committee, and the Office of Third World Affairs, keeping in mind the everchanging interests of the Third World Community.

The BMCP office is located in room 402 of the Student Union Building at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. For more information call (413) 545-2426

The Black Mass Communications Project can be heard only on WMUA 91.1 FM.

### My People

By Langston Hughes

The night is beautiful,  
So the faces of my people.

The stars are beautiful,  
So the eyes of my people.

Beautiful, also, is the sun.  
Beautiful, also, are the souls of my people.

### Dwight Tavada

By Mike Pierre

Dwight Tavada, is the Associate Director/Academic Advisor of the Minority Engineering Program. He carries a large load upon his shoulders as it is his mission and goal to see as many students of color as possible to graduate from this university. Dwight has been with the program for eight years and over those years, he has been responsible for recruiting and implementing MEP's two summer programs: Engineering Career Orientation (ECO), and Minority Engineering Freshman Orientation (MEFO).

When I had a chance to talk with him candidly, I asked him about some of the rewarding aspects of his job, and he had this to say: "The most rewarding aspect of my job is seeing students under my supervision graduate from the University. When people ask what I do as an Principle Academic Advisor, I tell them that it is my function within the Minority Engineering Program to advocate for students of color within the College of Engineering. Most importantly, I must help them to understand and negotiate the many systems within the University. I feel that it promotes invaluable ties as time goes on. I've seen many of my students come to me with a world of problems, and it is very essential that I motivate them to help themselves for that is what makes them excel."

Dwight Tavada's office is located in 127 Marston Hall. He is there to respond to the need of minority students with an interest in Engineering, Math, and Science. •

## WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING

BY AYO SHESHENI

One morning, after five years of cohabitation, Joel suddenly decided that he simply *must* be married. And so before Leila was even awake, he set about to the task of convincing her that the idea was indeed a prudent one. He ran down to Cafe Parisienne for croissants snatched fresh from the oven and cappuccino to go, pilfered a single rose from the bud vase on one of the tables and rushed back to the apartment, intent on setting the scene before Leila woke, else the script not proceed as written.

As it was, Leila was so deeply asleep that her snoring vibrated the light comforter which was pulled round her face. Joel finally gave up tickling her with the stem of the rose and resorted to an abrupt shake of her shoulders. Sleepily she opened her eyes, smiled upon seeing Joel, issued a mumbled greeting, and promptly resumed her snoring. Despairing, Joel went to the stereo and flipped in their "Greatest of Jimi Hendrix" CD, pushing the volume up about four decibels too high. Leila sat up and turned to him quizzically, requesting that he turn the music down, and once he ascertained that she was now truly awake, he did.

Before she could lie down again, Joel hurriedly picked up the bed tray from the table where he had rested it, and carefully placed it over her lap, grinning nervously all the while. Leila's look of puzzlement grew as he uncapped the cappuccino and broke open a croissant for her. She raised the cup to her lips and took a tentative sip. Assured that this was indeed cappuccino, sweetened the way she liked it and not too

hot, she had just drawn in a mouthful when Joel revealed his purpose. She choked, spraying coffee out onto the comforter. Joel looked at her anxiously as he dabbed at the droplets with one of those fancy pseudo-cloth paper napkins. Leila sighed, as if she had known she could only escape the question but for so long and replied—"If you *really* want to. . . ."

Joel ignored her apparent hesitancy and grinning, grasped her face, planting a loud kiss on her forehead. Then he climbed in bed next to her, snatched up a croissant, took a huge bite, and chewed noisily.

• • • •

It was the night before the wedding day. The preparations for the ceremony had exhausted Leila and put a pinch in her lip. Even during the preceding months, when the ceremony was still far off, she was plagued with doubts. Now she just wanted to be allowed to sleep, but her friends from school, work and the health spa had joined in an improbable committee to plan a bachelorette party for her, and they refused to allow her to back out. One of her friends from work picked up Leila and the rest of the various items she would need for the next day; the gown and headpiece were already at her mother's house, where she would be dressing. (Joel's mother ignored the fact that her son had already seen his bride in much less than a dress, and spoke petulantly about bad luck. Leila figured that this was just another unnecessary aspect of an unnecessary ceremony, and packed.)

When they arrived at the hotel where the party was taking place, the festivities were already well under way. A small function room was nearly full with, it seemed, every woman she had ever met, some even who she was not sure she had ever seen. The nucleus of activity appeared to be a table where a be-spectacled and be-bowtied

bartender stood pouring drinks. A disc jockey was playing Top-40 dance tunes softly, but there was no dance floor; small tables were clustered at an appropriate distance from the bar and another table which was laden with all types of finger food.

Leila sank gratefully onto a chair, raising her hand in return salute to the wave of enthusiastic greetings reaching her ears. One friend brought a drink. Another fixed her a plate. For the first time in ages the iron rod up her back which had been keeping her spine straight and head erect seemed to dissolve, and she began to think that this party was a good idea after all. Several drinks later, plate untouched, to hear *her* tell it was to believe the party was her idea. The acrid taste of the gin and tonic which magically reappeared in her glass each time she set it down lent its sharpness to her wit, and to her tongue, and soon the center of the party shifted to her table, as friends and acquaintances all gathered round to hear her philosophize humorously on all aspects of cohabitation, marriage, the masculine mentality and male anatomy.

As the hours wore on, the room gradually emptied, each woman stopping at Leila's reigning throne a moment to pass on a bit of advice before she departed. Most of it was negative, and the married women in particular seemed invariably to advance a version of "It's never too late to change your mind." But the greater the level of her inebriation, the more Leila liked the idea of the wedding, if not the marriage, and she shooed away the naysayers with accusations of jealousy.

About two in the morning, Mr. Bowtie closed his bottles and scurried out, and there remained only a small core of women, mostly

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close friends whom Leila had met in college. These held a short whispered conference and then converged upon Leila, giggling excitedly and chattering about nothing as they propelled her from the room, through the lobby and onto the elevator. When they arrived at the suite they had rented for the night, one disappeared within, leaving the others facing a blank door. But soon she was among them again, nodding and winking to the others, and urging Leila to enter.

They settled her comfortably in a couch at one side of the room and found seats for themselves. One pushed a button on a portable tape deck and some pop song—inevitably about sex—came blaring out. And the door to the other room in the suite came flying open to reveal a sublimely muscled man in a strong man shirt and flaring matador pants. Leila was not left to wonder at his purpose long, for amid the laughter of her friends, he came before her and began to dance, gyrating his hips directly in front of her face.

It seemed as if the alcohol abruptly left her system—Leila could feel it draining away, as her face flooded with color. One of her friends commented on the unbelievable fact that she was blushing, but Leila could barely distinguish anything from the words which reached her burning ears as she watched “Libido” (as he had introduced himself) go into a full scale strip routine. What was most embarrassing to her was this discomfiture—she was not known to be shy, or stinting in her use of bawdy language. She desperately fought to control the urge to bolt, but when he jumped up on the couch, one foot on either side of her, she lost it. She ducked out under his legs and re-

treated to a corner on the other side of the room, hands pressed to her hot face. Unabashed, he waltzed his way over to her and forced her to dance as well, pulling her to him and placing her hands on his now nearly-naked behind. She stood stock still, and soon he moved away to tantalize her friends. Yet no sooner had she breathed a sigh a relief than he came bouncing back and, with a wicked grin over his shoulder at her friends, he—briefly, for mere seconds, but nonetheless completely—yanked down his satiny, sequined boxers. Leila foresaw his action and quickly threw back her head, squeezing her eyes shut and wondering insanely to herself—do male strippers wear “g-strings”?

When she finally opened her eyes again to the pleas of her friends, Libido had vanished, along with the tape deck, and Leila relaxed. A few more women left, and the five or so remaining set about the business of getting ready for bed. They were still talking in the living room of the suite, having converted the sofa into a bed, when they heard a rap on the door. Her friends exchanged glances and one jumped up to answer it. In filed a group of men, enough to couple up with all the women who remained, including Leila. They did not immediately reveal that this was their intent, but the steady boyfriend of one of Leila’s high-school friends was among them, and these two soon left the larger group in favor of the more private bedroom.

They continued to chat over the grunts and screams issuing from the television, tuned to a channel which was featuring a poor horror movie—one of those in which you can see the strings that operate the toy dinosaurs—and soon the pairing off had been completed. Leila found herself receiving a back-rub from an exceedingly handsome and dangerously sensuous man.

She could not help thinking how bizarre the situation was as twinges of desire rippled down her spine with his touch, but by this time weariness had permeated every cell, numbing even her brain, and she allowed herself to relax completely. Once she felt the man’s lips on her neck, and without opening her eyes, she informed him that she was getting married in a few short hours. She didn’t listen to his reply, and didn’t bother to resist when he eased his arms around her. She was asleep.

When she woke, the man, whose name she had already forgotten, was gone, or so she surmised when her hand encountered empty space next to her on the bed. She could not see, for her eyes were crusted completely shut. She lay there for a minute without moving, until she realized that the voices she was hearing were coming from the TV—it was the twelve o’clock news! Moaning softly, she felt her way to the bathroom, tripping over the bodies of the friends who still lay asleep on the floor. After several soakings in warm water, the crust finally melted away, and Leila opened her eyes to the frightful sight of her face in the mirror; her hair was matted, there were large bags under her eyes, her skin was pale. And the pounding of her head did nothing to alleviate the problem.

Glancing at the clock as she hurriedly gathered her things, Leila noticed that someone had turned off the alarm she had so carefully set. She was abysmally short of time before the ceremony. She called a cab and dashed off, leaving her friends where they lay.

Her mother shook her head at Leila’s appearance and, sighing woefully, took over. After putting Leila in a steaming bath with a hand-

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*Wedding... continued from page 17*  
ful of "restorative herbs" added to the water, she called Leila's hairdresser, the florist, the church, the caterer, the photographer and the limo company.

Amazingly, a very short ten minutes after she was originally intended to leave the house, Leila was ready. Her hairdresser had come to the rescue, designing a hairstyle guaranteed to withstand hours of battering, and applying camouflaging make-up with an expert hand; those who didn't know better would have sworn that Leila had gone to bed early the night before. Bouquet in hand, headpiece in place, smile on her lips and pounding excitement in her heart, Leila left for the church.

After standing still for the obligatory "Arriving at the Church" pictures, Leila retired to the pastor's office upstairs, where her bridesmaids and flower girl were biding their time. All were silent, waiting for the organ music which would signal that the groom and his attendants had taken their places. Leila was lulled into calmness by the quiet pre-service music which emanated from below, and caught herself humming accompaniment. She smiled as the first verse of "Always and Forever" began, and remembered Joel's face as he proposed, not to Heat Wave, but to Hendrix.

One ballad after another was played, and Leila fell silent, closing her eyes to listen, thinking about the significance of the day, and wondering whether the ceremony would actually change her relationship to Joel. Finally the whispering of the bridesmaids and the restless bouncing of the flower girl pulled her out of her reverie. She glanced at the clock on the wall, her friends watching uneasily. The

wedding was to have started nearly an hour ago. Leila looked back at them, surprised. Trying not to appear concerned, they shrugged their shoulders. Leila got up and went downstairs, despite their protests. She peered into the church from the small window in the door at the back of the sanctuary. Family and friends from both sides were seated there, waiting, but the raised dais where the minister and her betrothed were to be standing was empty.

Leila turned at the sound of footsteps falling quietly on the carpeted stairs behind her. It was the minister. He regarded her solicitously, and she raised her eyebrows. What had happened to Joel? Was he alright? The minister stood silent for a moment, as if evaluating her unspoken questions, then laying a hand on her shoulder, attempted to lead her back upstairs, saying that perhaps she should sit down. She gently shook off his hand and stood there, by the doors of the sanctuary where she was to be wed, awaiting whatever news of catastrophe he had for her.

"It appears," the pastor said quietly, "that Joel is not coming." Leila stared at him blankly, waiting for the reason, waiting for the horrible details. The minister saw that she did not understand and, laying his hand on her shoulder again said softly. "He's changed his mind." Leila stared at him incredulously, he looking worriedly back into her wide eyes. Suddenly, unmindful of the full church just beyond the doors at her back, and without a hint of hysteria—in fact, rather merrily, and certainly loudly—Leila threw back her head and laughed.

© 1990 Asha Mehrling-Alexander  
*Ayo Shesheni is a UMass undergraduate Afro-Am Major.* •

## Definitions

**CAPITALISM**- a system of economic exploitation where a few greedy individuals and corporations (or in some cases, the state) own and control all of the industry, profits and labor which is produced by the people.

**IMPERIALISM**- a policy of conquest by one nation over another with the aim of stealing the conquered nation's treasures and exploiting its raw materials and population.

**COLONIALISM**- the imposing of direct political, social and economic control by one nation over another. As the process of colonization moves forward the colonizer tries to destroy the colonized nation's sense of its own identity by wiping out the people's history, language and culture.

**RACISM**- a practice whereby one race for reasons of exploitation, defines the values, lifestyles, culture, etc. of another race, by its own standards.

**SOCIALISM**- a system where all of the people work together for the benefit of all. Where the labor and wealth is controlled by the people themselves and one person does not exploit another. Socialism is the way of the future for all oppressed people of the world who will finally put an end to the capitalist system of imperialism, racism, and genocide. •



# Dissatisfaction Brings About A Change

(NAME WITHHELD)

Balance is said to be the natural order of all things and creation is said to be in constant motion. Creation will inevitably bring about change, lest it will destroy itself trying to maintain balance.

The term "move" classifies anything that is in motion. Thus anything that does not move in some manner is not alive, by the term "move." It is an obvious, if not unanimous, agreement among those who can see the naturalness in the ideology that life is motion and motion is life. Examples of this are in daily occurrences, such as a newborn infant is not classified as living until it moves in some way...and at the opposite extreme...a human being is not considered dead until his brain ceases to function.

All of these factors are very real. They have been drawn together to direct themselves towards one specific theme: that time is motion, which brings about constant change. At some point in time, change that disrupts the natural order of all things will affect social, political and economic growth in the world. I mean growth is either a progression or a retrogression in which some form of movement is necessary to bring about change.

Change is a daily routine in many of our lives. I believe that change is influenced by people's beliefs, attitudes and behaviors. The most powerful motivation for

change in people is dissatisfaction. The more dissatisfied a people are, the more disturbance they will create: thus, you have constant friction and motion. In the world, the negative and the positive occurrences (war and peace, respectively) merely bear witness to this fact.

I'm merely saying that dissatisfaction is a very good thing, if its needs and demands are met. It merely shows that the people are alive and fighting to remain alive. If, however, the needs and demands of dissatisfaction are not met, the cry of being unfulfilled will get louder and louder until a change, something that disrupts the natural order of things, occurs.

If a man feels one of his many cries...hunger, he has a need to be fed. He is dissatisfied because hunger pains. The longer he neglects or ignores that cry the louder it gets. Eventually he will either continue ignoring that cry and die from starvation or he will be taken under control by that desire and probably be forced to steal or kill someone for food. In this situation we have a clear picture of a unmet need brought about by dissatisfaction that results in some form of change. Either way dissatisfied needs unmet have destroyed this individual. In the second example, he was not destroyed physically, but being forced to kill another man, under pressure which in his balanced state of mind he would not have done, has destroyed him mentally.

Man becomes disenchanted quite easily, but is reluctant to do something to change his situation. In other words, modern man is more of a lip professor than an executer. The causes of many of our negative moods could be eradicated with little effort, if not individually, then through unity. However, no one problem is insolvable. Obstacles are placed in your path to test and grow you as an individual. If one has never tried, how will he/she ever find out the strength of his foundation and if whether or not he can survive.

The growth of man revolves around change, caused by dissatisfaction. If you are totally satisfied with everything you are not in heaven; you are on the road to hell. Total satisfaction eradicates challenges, it erases surprise and new found curiosities. So, what reason does the totally satisfied person have to continue living for. For him, life has nothing else to offer. Stagnation is a definite sign of immobility.

Challenges, burdens, problems, and misfortunes are not necessarily something you should look forward to; however, man should not live to avoid them. They are mere credits to you if you seek to meet and overcome them. Hard times are difficult, but they mold and shape the character of a person. But after hard times,....comes good times.



## FUNKY DRUNR, DRUMIN'

BY B. KENNETH JACKSON

LAST NITE I HEARD A SOUND OF RHYTHMIC COMPLEXITY  
A SOUND THAT WAS FULL OF LIFE, LOVE AND BLESSINGS TO COME  
SUCH A SOUND COULD NEVER HAVE COME FROM THE EAST, OR WEST

(I REMEMBER SEEING COLORS, NO.. JUST BRONZE)

THE SOUND WAS A TRYBAL UNLEASHING OF RHYTHM, WHISPERING  
WE SHALL OVERCOME...

THERE IS POWER IN...THE UNSPOKEN WORD

LAST NITE I TOUCHED A SOUND OF RHYTHMIC COMPLEXITY

SOFT...

EAST NOR WEST HAVE EXPERIENCED SUCH BEAUTY

WHAT MAKES HER SO... MAKES YOU GLOW

KMPT HAS FLOWERS

LAST NITE I BECAME A SOUNOTED OF RHYTHMIC COMPLEXITY

WHO AM I? WHO ARE YOU!

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When I was born, I was black.  
When I grew up, I was black  
When I am sick, I am black.  
When I go out in the sun, I am black.  
When I am cold, I am black.  
When I die, I will be black.  
But you...When you are born you are pink.  
When you grow up, you are white.  
When you get sick, you are green.  
When you are out in the sun, you are red.  
When you are cold, you turn blue.  
When you die, you turn purple.  
And you have the nerve to call me colored.

Nicole B., 12  
Miami, Florida  
Miami Herald, January 1989

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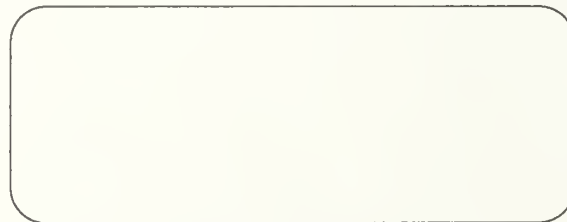
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*NOMMO is a Dogan word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.*



CONSIDERING THE PRESENT STATE OF OUR COMMUNITY,  
WOULD THEY STILL BE SMILING?

**Two Heroes!**

by L. A. Williams,  
A.B.B.O.T.S. member

I frequently wear buttons or T-shirts that display the images of either the Minister Malcolm X, the Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King, or both. I think I prefer the Malcolm X images because they are not as safe: they always seem to evoke an either positive or negative reaction from anyone who recognizes him. I was never terribly concerned about offending people because I had a macho, I-don't-wanna-be-down-with-no-sucka-who-ain't-down-with-Malcolm-nohow-and-anyone-who-ain't-up-on-him-should-be, attitude. In life, however, one occasionally runs across people who do not share or understand your views, and yet - somehow- manage to be good, likable people. When I encounter such people, and they question my choice of heroes, I feel that they deserve honest answers. They often ask something to the effect of: how can I admire the radical, violent, racist Malcolm and still admire Reverend King? Who do I really prefer?

While Malcolm X and Martin Luther King differed in their strategies and mannerisms, they saw eye-to-eye on what many of the country's and world's biggest problems were. Because of the recent increase of praise for Martin Luther King in this country, too many people tend to forget that many view Malcolm X and Martin Luther King as detestable "extremists". Both civil rights leaders accepted that charge: King proclaimed that he was an "extremist for love"<sup>1</sup> and Malcolm justified being one because Afro-Americans were in an "extremely bad condition"<sup>2</sup>

"Both were sons of activist Baptist preachers. Both were well read, though one's education was formal and the other's not. Both spent time in prison..."<sup>3</sup> Martin Luther King and Malcolm X both agreed that all races could benefit by learning about one another, and they agreed that the United States' government was a hypocritical one. Malcolm had been taught, when he was devoted to Elijah Muhammad, that white people were

**"If violence is wrong in America, violence is wrong abroad. If it's wrong to be violent defending black women...and black babies and black men, then it is wrong for America to draft us and make us violent abroad in defense of her."**

inherently evil "devils". Eventually, experience taught Malcolm just the opposite, as he discovered there were trustworthy, respectable whites; however, he still felt that the majority of white Americans *were* racist and would never willingly tolerate any changes that would create significant black advancement, especially if those changes came at the perceived detriment of any whites. Even if the majority of white Americans *were not* racist, "Malcolm believed that the government, constitution, and laws were inherently racist..."<sup>4</sup> according to his friend, Ozzie Davis, and Martin Luther King agreed with this, and charged that:

"The Declaration of

Independence...was always a document of intent rather than reality. There were slaves when it was written, ... when it was adopted; and to this day, black Americans have not life, liberty, nor the privilege of pursuing happiness, and millions of white Americans are in economic bondage that is scarcely less oppressive. Americans who genuinely treasure our national ideals...should welcome the stirring of Negro demands...[because the demands are] requiring America to reexamine its comforting myths and may yet catalyze the drastic reforms that will save us from social catastrophe."

"If you'll notice," Malcolm said, "whenever I refer to America, I don't say 'we'...and you'll notice this thinking is increasing among black people today..They say 'your President, your Congress'...The founding fathers - the ones who said 'liberty or death' and all those pretty-sounding speeches- were slaveowners themselves...When Lincoln said 'of the people, by the people, for the people', Lincoln *meant* 'of the white people..for the white people'... I'm not interested in being American, because America has never been interested in me."<sup>5</sup>

Martin Luther King and Malcolm X also realized that a country that generally chose to ignore murderous acts in cases of racial killings or to commit these acts, in cases of unprovoked wars, would eventually suffer because of these choices. Regarding the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, Malcolm said:

"...it was, as I saw it, a case of 'the chickens coming home to roost'. I said that the hate in white men had not stopped the killing of defenseless

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black people, but that hate, allowed to spread unchecked, finally had struck down this country's Chief of State...it was the same thing as had happened with Medger Evers...some of the world's most important personages were saying in various ways, and in far stronger ways than I did, that America's climate of hate had been responsible for the President's death. But when Malcolm X said the same thing, it was ominous."

And Martin said Kennedy

"was assassinated by...the same climate that murdered Medger Evers in Mississippi and six innocent Negro children in Birmingham, Alabama. So in a sense we are all participants in that horrible act that tarnished the image of our nation. By our silence...our conscious attempt to cure the cancer of racial injustice with the vaseline of gradation; our readiness to allow arms to be purchased at will and fired at whim..."<sup>6</sup>

Martin Luther King's and Malcolm X's condemnation of hypocrisy is further demonstrated by their protestation of the United States' involvement in the Vietnam war. Many politicians, religious leaders, and celebrities endorsed non-violence against racism and deadly force against communism, which Martin and Malcolm respectively responded to by stating, "...it would be very inconsistent for me to teach and preach non-violence in this situation and then applaud violence when thousands and thousands of people...are being being maimed and mutilated and many killed in this war." and "If violence is wrong in

America, violence is wrong abroad. If it's wrong to be violent defending black women...and black babies and black men, then it's wrong for America to draft us and make us violent abroad in defense of her."<sup>7</sup> Both leaders correctly predicted the United States' eventual loss in Vietnam. They further echoed each other on the issues of poverty in America and Apartheid in South Africa.

Martin and Malcolm believed that many of the country's problems could be alleviated if blacks gained our full voting rights and had the opportunity to elect more socially

conscious officials. They would argue that the United States government should send troops to protect Afro-Americans who were trying to register to vote. When someone challenged the legality of such an action, Malcolm would note, "Uncle Sam wasn't worried about legality" during the undeclared invasion and war on Vietnam, and that these legal concerns only manifested themselves in regards to Afro-Americans. He declared that as long as Afro-Americans were not denied

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THE OPINIONS IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE THOSE OF THE INDIVIDUAL WRITER AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF NOMMO NEWS, UMASS OR THE FIVE COLLEGE AREA UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.

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- "Misinformation causes Miseducation"
- Blast From The Past
- "Zora Neale Hurston: A Literary Queen"
- "Silent Majority"

*Heroes con't from page 3*

their right for a fair vote, America had a historic opportunity to have a "bloodless revolution" and that white Americans needed to choose a preference for dealing with "the ballot or the bullet". King proclaimed, "Give us the ballot and we will no longer plead the federal government about our basic rights...we will transform the salient misdeeds of bloodthirsty mobs into the calculated good deeds of orderly citizens."

Many see the Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King and the Minister Malcolm X as two completely opposite figures. Perhaps this is because their public styles, backgrounds, and audiences of the two were so dissimilar. Perhaps this is because the media portrayed them so differently by the use of creative editing. Perhaps it was because the two leaders would oftentimes emphasize their differences by playing "good cop/bad cop" roles, in which the more "radical" Malcolm X would frighten whites towards their "only reasonable, responsible Negro alternative", Doctor King.

Despite the superficial dissimilarities between the two figures, the similarities are greater. They both stood against the many forms of hypocrisy, oppression, and injustice. Both figures had ideas and tactics that could be very effective under certain circumstances and detrimental under others. They knew their opinions would be unpopular ones. Both leaders were banned from speaking in certain countries, such as South Africa. Both endured having their almost every movement watched, and usually recorded. They were spied upon by agents of the United States Government. Their phones were tapped. Both leaders had former friends and supporters

attack them because the two men chose to express their convictions. They endured constant threats toward their families, and then endured having these threats acted upon with the bombings of their occupied homes. They lived with the daily knowledge that they would one day be murdered and they were both assassinated at the age of thirty-nine. Both leaders either suspected, or knew, that each of these events would occur if they vocalized their beliefs, and they also knew that they would be in far less jeopardy if they chose to become silent; yet, they both chose to make the great sacrifices that they did.

There can be no denial that Martin Luther King and Malcolm X were two unique, and therefore by definition, different personalities. What is sad, however, is the fact that too many people seem to feel as though they must choose between the teachings of these two men, as though only one of them had a worthwhile message. People should choose between opposing athletes or teams. People should choose either "heads" or tails.

**People do not have to choose between heroes. •**

<sup>1</sup> ng, Martin Luther "Letter From A Birmingham Jail" Why We Can't Wait p.88

<sup>2</sup> Haley, Alex The Autobiography of Malcolm X p.349

<sup>3</sup> "Malcolm X Remembered" Emerge Magazine p.84

<sup>4</sup> Ibid p.34

<sup>5</sup> Goldman, op. cite p.71

<sup>6</sup> Haley, op. cite p.301

<sup>7</sup> Adler Books, op cite p.65

<sup>8</sup> ibid p.45

<sup>9</sup> Breitman, op. cite p.17

<sup>10</sup> Adler Books, op cite p.107

**Editor's Note:**

LA. Williams is a UMASS Student

**I STILL HAVE A DREAM**

Beyond the sight of man  
shines a brighter light  
For darkness curse the  
wrong, so blessed is he who  
does right  
King had a dream, yet that's  
not so rare  
For a system that breeds  
hatred turned his dream into  
a nightmare  
One can't blame all for the  
dream's downfall  
But the mirror can reflect the  
tumbling down of the dreams  
walls  
Was "X" so wrong for his  
self-defense  
For people who were  
stripped of their pride and  
self confidence  
It's not a question of who's  
better than who  
But rather an answer that I'm  
equal to you  
Don't give me anything for I  
will earn it  
Don't plant a cross for I won't  
burn it  
Just respect me and as Moses  
said "Let my people go"  
Whether economically or  
socially and we will grow  
For my heroes still live inside  
of me "X" and King  
And their spirits lives on for I  
STILL HAVE A DREAM.  
#22 Jerome Bledsoe

"He who starts behind in the  
great race of life must forever  
remain behind or run faster than  
the man in front."  
Benjamin E. Mays



## The Father of Negro History: Carter G. Woodson

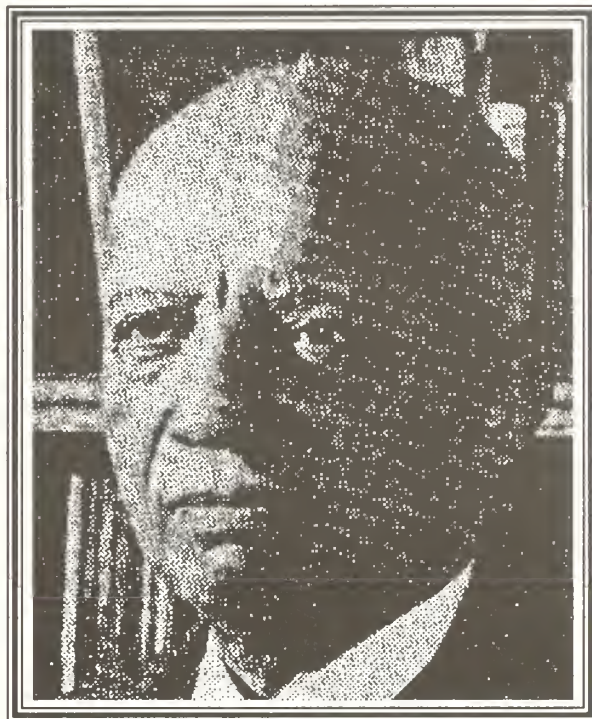
by Michelle Y. Alleyne &  
Michele Monteiro

Born in Canton, Virginia in 1875, the son of former slaves, James and Anne Eliza, Carter G. Woodson had little opportunity to attend school. Despite a disadvantageous childhood, Woodson supported himself working as a coal miner in order to follow his high school education with formal studies at Berea College in Kentucky. Once receiving his degree from Berea in 1903, Woodson would then serve as principal of his former high school. Further studies were pursued at the University of Chicago where Woodson received his Bachelor of Arts in 1907, as well as his Masters a year later

Carter G. Woodson terminated his formal studies with a Doctor of Philosophy degree from Harvard University in 1912. Three years later, he organized the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. It is at this point that Woodson began to fill a neglected gap in America's educational institutions. With the Association's publications highlighting the Negro's past and present roles in America, Woodson succeeded in relating an important history.

In 1926, Carter G. Woodson found a need to not only recognize African American achievements, but initiated the observance of Negro History Week to celebrate and remember our ancestors. Through his pioneering efforts, Woodson attempted to show the Negro as a dominant figure in "early human progress and a maker of modern civilization."

Today we celebrate Black History Month showing a definite progression from the advent of the Negro Week, by why be content with a month? Carter G. Woodson has shown America that the Negro is not to be overlooked and through his own work, Woodson has graced us with great knowledge. •



*As a tribute to African Americans, each issue of Nommo News will continue to focus on this grand heritage, as we highlight the achievements of our people in a variety of disciplines. We realize that African American history should not be confined to one month, especially when the contributions of our people are far too numerous to touch upon in a mere 28 days.*

### Bibliography

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"You don't have to be a man to fight for freedom. All you have to do is be an intelligent human being."  
MALCOLM X

"If a man hasn't found something he will die for, he isn't fit to live."  
Martin Luther King Jr.

## *Identity and Unity*

As black people who are struggling to free ourselves from negative conditions such as racism, police harassment, drug- polluted communities, inadequate housing, unemployment, poor schooling for our children , and no meaningful political voice; it is an absolute necessity to know our correct identity so that we can unify and move as one against our common problems. Identity is the first requirement for correct political direction.

Understanding clearly our identity will enable us to answer the fundamental questions—1) Who are we? 2) Where did we come from? 3) Who are our friends? 4) Who are our enemies? 5) Where are we going?

The source of our problems and the direction that we must take in solving these problems become crystal clear once we understand our true identity.

### Basis of Identity: Common Race, Culture, and History

All people come from a land and these people collectively determine their identity on this land as they struggle to control nature and to organize themselves in a manner that will guarantee their survival and progress. As a result of this struggle which took place in different real conditions for different races, the particular people develop a culture and history which belong to and is a reflection of them and them alone.

Their identity or cultural personality is based on the things that they hold in common within their culture and history and it expresses itself in common values toward people and objects, common customs, common mannerisms, common music, common dance,

common dress, common living conditions, etc.

The identity of a people is defined by their commonalities although there will be differences owing to varying climate, terrain,, and resources within the land or unusual historical circumstances; however, the commonalities far outweigh the differences and bind the people together as a distinct group.

The people of Afrikan origin are a distinct race with a common history and culture just as the people of European or Chinese origin have a unique characteristics as separate groups of people. Although all racial groups hold some general traits in common, they have each developed a culture and history particular to them which makes it easy to recognize the difference between n Afrikan and a European and a Chinese.

### cAfrikan—Negro—Black—Afrikan

As we intensify our struggle, we must uncover our actual identity to ensure the correct basis and proper course for our struggle. History rewards us best in this pursuit. We were brought to the Red Man's land, in what is now called the U.S.A, Puerto Rico, Brazil, etc. over 300 years ago. We were Afrikan captives stolen by European kidnappers who defined us as "Negroes" and "slaves" in an effort to erase the identity of a proud people. This illegal renaming was a key part of a systematic attempt to cut off our culture and history because the Europeans knew that a people's culture and history are the foundations of their identity and their will to live an independent existence free of foreign domination. Although Europeans were partially successful in certain areas such as changing our language and way of dress, they couldn't overturn one fundamental natural

law— the people are the main ingredient in the development of their identity, culture, and history, and only with the extermination of the people can you prevent the continuance of their identity, culture, and history.

We have survived as a people owing to the courageous struggle of our parents, grandparents, great grandparents, great, great, grandparents, and great, great grandparents, who are our ancestors. We still hold one identity, culture and history i common with all black people (alive, dead, and yet unborn) who originate from Afrika no matter where they now live. There are some differences due to the fact that some of us were forcibly taken from the land (slavery) on one hand, and on the other hand some of us had the forcibly taken from us (colonialism and settler colonialism); however, all of us were exploited as Afrikans and as workers. The commonalities in our history and culture are clearly dominant. We share a common destiny. We are one people— Afrikans.

During the 1960's in the U.S., the masses of our people pulled most of the covers off our hidden identity as we discarded the term "Negro" and defined ourselves as black people, Afro- Americans, and Afrikan-American, with the utmost pride in our culture and history. These more accurate definitions of who we are corresponded to the forward movement our struggle as we moved to a higher level of political activity. We had a more correct perspective on ourselves as an oppressed people and the direction and requirements for our

*con't onto page 7*

*Identity...con't from page 6*  
total liberation. We were reaching for Afrika.

Now is the time that we move to the truly correct definition of who we are. We are Afrikans and our destiny is one whether we live in the U.S., Brazil, or Azania (South Afrika). We belong to the Afrikan nation.

Our destiny was/is/will be forged with the destiny of our homeland and until Afrika is united under an all-union socialist government, the Afrikan around the planet will not be free.

We must clearly understand who we are, where we came from, who are our friends, who are our enemies, and where we are going so that we can unify and charter a course leading to total liberation.

The Struggle Intensifies

Today the question of identity must be answered correctly by

the masses of Afrikan people throughout the world, because today we are witnessing Europeans whose ancestors forced their way onto Afrikan soil over 300 years ago with their European identity, culture, and history claiming to be white Afrikans. But if we investigate the culture and history of the white people who are committing the crimes against black people in Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), and Azania (South Africa) on one hand and the point out the oppressor of black folks in the U.S. on the other, we will find that the same European with common history, culture and oppressive systems based on capitalism and racism. History shows us that there is no question of their European identity. It also points out that they can no more be white Afrikans than we can be black Europeans, black Americans, black French, black Germans, etc.] The white man of European origin is European racially, culturally, and histori-

cally wherever he may now reside just as the black man is the Afrikan based on the same criterion. Any other position is at best confusion and at worst a conscious lie.

As Afrikans we must unify around our common interests on a local, regional, national, and international level. We must defend each other whether we find ourselves in the neighborhood or different parts of the world.

Victory will be ours in Southern Africa and it will mark a qualitative leap in the worldwide liberation struggle of the black man—the Afrikan revolution.

Ours is one interdependent struggle! We as a people have no permanent friends or enemies, just one constant interest—the total liberation and progress of all Afrikans!

**Editor's Note:**  
From the files of NOMMO

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**Time's Up**  
*The Truth Has Arrived*  
 by Keith Campbell

*This article was originally meant to be just a review of one of last year's best albums—Time's Up, by one of last year's best bands: Living Colour. But earlier this summer I had also planned on writing an article about how rock and roll is also a form of black music, so I might as well "kill two birds with one stone"—so to speak.*

Let's briefly look at the beginning. The old catch phrase in music is that "the blues had a baby and its name was rock and roll." No one in their right mind can claim that the white "giants" of rock and roll - the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, Elvis Bruce Springsteen, Jerry Lee Lewis, Led Zeppelin and others - weren't moved to pick up their instruments and seek their fortunes by the sounds of the black experience, sung by blues giants such as Willie Dixon, Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley and Little Richard. Of course the reason the world first went nuts over the Beatles rather than Chuck Berry was because the four Europeans with the weird haircuts were more acceptable to the white middle class than the black man with the greasy hair and the funny walk.

The Sixties brought in the great God of rock and roll, Jimi Hendrix, a man whose influence still hovers over the world today. Hendrix was the first guitarist to make the guitar sing and scream. After his death, his psychedelic-blues-rock influenced the first black rock movement in the 60's and 70's. This movement included the Isley Brothers, Sly and the Family Stone, Mandrill, Parliament-Funkadelic, the Ohio Players, Edwinn Starr the JB's,

War and Mother's Finest. The 80's brought the Bad Brains, the one group that would influence all black rockers and hardcore bands to come.

The Bad Brains were a group of rastafarians out of Washington D.C. who would throw together a mix of punk, hardcore, reggae, funk, heavy metal and Jah on stage and on vinyl and play it all at a speed (five minutes worth of fury crammed into two or three minutes length of a song) that was unheard of before. With their hardcore mix, incredible energy and spiritual lyrics, the Bad Brains would become to hardcore what Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five would be to rap—one of the first, one of the ultimate, and one of the most influential hardcore groups of them all.

The second black rock movement led by Michael Jackson's cross-over smash hit *Beat It* and Prince's *Purple Rain* album came later in the 80's. This movement started the onslaught of the "jheri-curved", adronystic, falsetto voiced, pout-lipped pretty boys such as Ready For The World, Dreamboy, Circuitry, Jaz and countless others. The only true black rock acts to come out of this movement was the heavy-metal band Sound Barrier, Xavion, Jon-Butcher Axis and the multi-racial, World Sitisenz. Fishbone, who had a very diversive sound, mixing rock, reggae, ska, punk funk and jazz was also emerging in the public eye.

In 1983, Vernon Reid, an accomplished guitarist with Defunkt, Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society, James White, Greg Tate and the Blacks formed the Black Rock Coalition, (BRC), an organization which was used as a network for frustrated, unsigned black rock and jazz acts trying to get a foothold in the industry. Reid also formed Living Colour, which included bassist Muzz Skillings, drummer, Will Calhoun and

singer Corey Glover. Glover is also an actor. He appeared in the movie "Platoon". (He shouldn't be hard to recognize; he is the only brother who survives.). After building a strong New York cult following and catching the ear of Mick Jagger, Living Colour was signed to Epic/CBS Records, and released *Vivid*, which featuring the hits "Cult of Personality", "Open Letter" and "Funny Vibe", sold two million copies. "Funny Vibe" also featured Public Enemy and Daddy-O. The group then went on to tour with the Rolling Stones in 1989. 1990 produced "Time's Up" which was very important, because it not only established Living Colour as a major band of the 90's, but it also signaled that the third impending black rock movement will be no joke. "Time's Up" opens up with the title track, a furious hardcore romp about the destruction of the environment. This one song alone captures all of the energy of Living Colour on stage.

After a brief history lesson, they launched right into "Pride", which was featured on the Stones tour. A funk-metal anthem in the same vein as "Cult of Personality", it includes the thoughtful lyrics, "Don't ask me why I play this music/Cause its my culture, so naturally I use it". The next song, "Love Rears Its Ugly Head" is a shining moment for Glover. It's a funny and funky song about the worst side of love. "Elvis is Dead", is a must-listen, coming down on the "pimps that are using Elvis' name" and challenges him being termed "king" when it was a black man that taught him how to sing. It includes cameos by Maceo Parker and Little Richard.

The centerpiece of the album is "Undercover of Darkness", an honest look at seduction and safe  
*con't onto page 9*

*Time's Up* con't from page 8

sex. It has a jazz background and a driving hip-hop beat, with a guest appearance by Queen Latifah. Another rapper, Doug.E.Fresh, duets with Glover on "Tag Team Partners" and serves as the percussion on "Solace of You", a love song with a South African swing, propelled by Reid's guitar work. Other songs include the first single, "Type", "Information Overload", "Someone Like You", and "New Jack Theme", a song about an over-confident drug dealer. The album ends with "This is Life", a moody, psychedelic piece that sums up the theme of the album, that we all have problems and that we should work together to solve them.

Besides being all of the above, this album also gave hope to the other unsigned BRC acts on the club circuit, such as Uptown Atomics, Eye, and I, J.J. Jumpers. Andre Anthony and the Deed the Veldt, Harvey, the Good Guys, Karen Davis, Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!, the Michael Hill Blues Band, Mascara Faith and Tuff Nutz.

In conclusion, I'd like to note that music has no color. Acts such as Los Lobos, 3rd Bass, Teena Marie and Living Colour prove that. I'd also like to note that it is no crime to be black and like rock music. But it becomes a crime when the group most responsible for the creation of an art form is unable to make a living from it because of the racism of the record executives, club owners and the audience. By the way, since we now know all of this, shouldn't the American Music Awards be called the African Music Awards? If you'd like information on the BRC, you can write to:

The Black Rock Coalition  
P.O. Box 1054  
Cooper Station  
New York NY 10276

## War in the Gulf: Opinions of the Brothers and Sisters

By Michael R. Pierre

Since last year, the American government has been preparing for war. This beast has been sweeping up not only individuals, but mothers and fathers as well, so that they can "defend freedom"? One of the questions that was asked by many was, "Why is there such a disproportionate amount of Africans there? Is "Ole Whitey" trying to emulate Dan Quayle?" Anyway, a few members of the community were asked "How do they feel about the war, and if they had the reigns of responsibility, what would they do?" Here's what these college students had to say:

Honeydew of Boston  
Class of 1994 Engineering  
"Personally, I'm glad I'm not over there, but I also feel that the U.S has an obligation to protect it's own interests. Not so much interests of other countries but itself, and if that involves protecting some other nation, hey, go for it. But I wouldn't be in charge of this shit for nothing!"

Greg Magny of Boston  
Class of 1994 Engineering  
"I don't see what being black has to do with my opinion...but as far as the U.S. and the war is concerned, I question as to why there is a war. They (the U.S.) say they want to liberate Kuwait, but I feel that their interests are more for oil than to liberate Kuwait. Because in Haiti, the Dominican Republic is next to Haiti. If the same situation were to occur between either of the two, the U.S. wouldn't be so

quick to break up either of the two. The U.S. is there only because of Kuwait's wealth. If I were in charge, I don't know what I would do because I don't have all the facts."

Geraldine Philip of Dominica  
Class of 1993 Pre-Med/ Legal Studies Minor  
"I don't think that the U.S. should be involved because they are wasting unnecessary lives at the cost of what? That's what they need to ask themselves. I wouldn't want to be in charge."

Yaina Francis of Puerto Rico  
Engineering Major  
"I hate the fact that the war is going on. Actually I'm a pacifist, so I'm totally against it. Yet this guy Hussein is a real jerk, and if we are there, then we should win this war. I don't think it should have been started, but if it is started then what can we do right now? There's no way that the U.S. can pull out the way things are right now. I'm worried about the ecological effects of his oil spills and chemical warfare. It'll effect everyone everywhere."

"Janice" of North Carolina  
Class of 1992 Accounting Major  
"I don't think any brothers or sisters should be over there. We still here fighting for our rights, our freedom, and yet we still go over there fighting and dying for the fascist white oppressive regime. Yo Bush, get the hell out...." •

"Knowledge reigns supreme over nearly everyone."  
BlastMaster K.R.S. - One

## SILENT MAJORITY Name Withheld

Isn't it amazing how quickly we forget.

Less than a year has passed since the Bush Administration vetoed the Civil Rights Bill that could have opened the way to entirely redefining black and white relations. Yet Bush continues to paint our enemy as external—foreign and beyond. With a war brooding on the homefront for African-Americans, many have been shipped abroad to fight for the same oppressor who oppresses us—the U.S. government. It's too bad that most people are missing the strategic battle.

Are you ready for war? For what? and for whom? Will such violence really solve the problems we as a race hold?

No folks, this time the struggle is within, and the battle is over consciousness ("with race, that is!"): a vision of power that pits technological rape over ecological harmony.

It's a war over capitalist values—social relations of inequality and hierarchy, competition and inner isolation—all fueling a generally blues-like mentality of fear and alienation, seething for expression within the AmeriKKKan character. As a race, our progress has always been built on the promise of democracy, always undercut however, by a Western patriarchal ideology of social alienation and a historically dominant culture of natural rape. The basic social unit of the male-dominated family allowed support for culturally-Western progress in our land of incredibly vast beauty and wealth—AFRICA. Yet "upward mobility" for some, meant mass murder and enslavement for others. Africans and African-Americans have

been abused as "property"—to be owned and possessed as commodity—with no respect and yet still we are expected to defend this Western culture. The U.S. capitalist patriarchs have taken this nation to an inhumane and unprecedented level of world terror and violence. To African-Americans, this is nothing new. For years the ideology of racism, conditions of discrimination, and mass poverty have brought African-Americans into the streets to put forth the contradiction of "democratic" capitalism. The African-American struggle is against the never-ending chains of inequality, violence and impoverishment imposed by the capitalist structure which infests our communities with drugs and provides us with the most degrading of social jobs. In simple terms, only the ignorant, racist values of most AmeriKKKans—maintaining repressive social relations of competition and private property—allow the vastly irrational human inequalities of capitalism to continue. This, and the Gulf War brings the battle home to the African-American community.

January 15, marked the 62nd birthday of our most prominent Civil Rights leader, Martin Luther King, and in many African-American communities the day echoed with irony and anger. Externally our vision is being focused by the overwhelming destructiveness of war and racism—since the majority of men on the frontline are our people of color who are most likely to experience the harsh formalities of war. Internally, however, the dominance of Western thought has somehow blinded us from our historical struggles. Power is too often conceived with a macho confrontational battle (Bush's response, "we're going to kick his ass")—This mentality totally ignores the deeply confused and alienates feelings of the "Silent Majority."

Expecting a quick victory, with

operation desert storm in full effect, and cutbacks for increased military spending, "in this time of national crisis," our problems are focused on an external enemy: oil in the Persian Gulf.

But don't be fooled folks—the game plan goes much deeper. The contradictions of capitalism and its archaic set of values have gone too far. The only war to come has its battlefield in the hearts and minds of many African-American people.

It's time for the coming of America! A truly democratic revolution recognizing the mistakes of HISTORY: a patriarchal ideology of nature rape and repression, and social alienation, allowing us to view relations in the world as separate and distinct, without innate connections.

Look to the future! For progress does not move in a linear hierarchic historical process. Rather it happens through conflicts and contradictions—moving in sometimes hidden and backward ways. Today, the lie of "democratic" capitalism has unleashed within itself forces beyond control, thus it is up to us to create a People's New World Order. •

"When you control a man's thinking you do not have to worry about his actions. You do not have to tell him not to stand here or go yonder. He will find his "proper place" and will stay in it. You do not need to send him to the back door. He will go without told. In fact, if there is no back door, he will cut one for his special benefit."  
Carter G. Woodson

"The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line."  
W.E.B. Du Bois

**“Misinformation Causes Miseducation”**

by Joanne G. Paul

Wise Intelligent, Culture Freedom, DJ Father Shaheed are the Trenton, NJ rap trio that makes up “**Poor Righteous Teachers.**” Their debut Lp Holy Intellect has been met with rave reviews and their hit single “Rock Dis Funky Joint” went Top 10 on Billboard rap charts. PRT grew up together in Donnelly Homes, a low-income housing project in North Trenton, NJ. They decided to get involved in rap music due to a “lack of proper information. Misinformation causes miseducation. Rap music is the first music that Black people ever gained access to that administrates information.”

Working in a basement studio on a low budget, using whatever donated equipment they get their hands on, PRT combined a mixture of hard driven rhythmic beats, poetic lyrics/lectures on Black consciousness, knowledge, and an awareness of our history to create a unique hip-hop sound.

NOMMO News had the opportunity to interview PRT recently. Here’s what they had to say:

**NOMMO News (NN): “What are your names and their significance?”**

**Culture Freedom (CF):** “Culture Freedom God Allah. I got my name from the established Nation of Islam. Once you know your history, you can be free. If you don’t know your culture, you can never have freedom.”

**WI:** “Wise Intelligent. Telling it like I see it. Be it death, development within the God’s Land, Lands so I correct gifts with freedom like they rightly should be Rakim knows no devils, so I commence to take him home. Come again? G-Rock gives the perception of what we mean when we say ‘Jam!’ all across the

country.”

**G-Rock (GR):** “G-Rock. The “G” is for Gangster. I’m the dancer.”

**DJ Father Shaheed (FS):** “Father Shaheed. And I’m the DJ.”

**NN: “Who is the leader of this group?”**

**WI:** “We’re all leaders. That way if one of us fell, we have three other leaders. You hear what I’m saying? That way you’ll never go wrong.”

**NN: “How did you all meet?”**

**WI:** “We grew up together in the Divine Land. Divine Land where ma stand. Black man comming again.”

**NN: “What do you mean when you say “Divine Land?”**

**WI, CF & FS:** “Center of Jerusalem.”

**WI:** “It’s like this. You ask the questions about Culture Freedom, Shaheed, and our founda-tion, not negative but what have you got? You’ve got to get positive God’s cree-a-tion. So? They want to know more and more about Jerusalem. Well, come follow me now. I’ll take you to see the set. Divine Land is low-income project complex. It’s very poverdated.”

**CF:** “Very poor.”

**WI:** “Very poor. So, it’s not really no front as far as where we come from and things like that because everybody knows. We bear witness to both sides of the gate. You know we’re really in the battle- evil, positive, negative, double dip. We bear witness to life on both sides, especially we think we’ve seen it all. You know? *It comes as no surprise we come from the ghetto. Pure poverty. You know? Oppression.*”

**FS:** “Wise, you’re coming again and again and again. What’s the deal?”

**NN: “What does rap music mean to you? Why did you get involved in it?”**

**WI:** “Because we saw a lack of information. Lack of proper information. Misinformation causes miseducation. Rap music is the first music that Black people ever gained access to that administrates information. You know? If you know information is power, and if you’re misinformed, you’re basically miseducated, so what we need is the proper information. That’s why we have Chuck D, you know coming in the name of a Minister of Information and so on and so forth. Grand Verbalizer Funkin’-Lesson Brother J from the X-Clan, he is administrating information from way back of how Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, and so on and so forth are not the fathers of philosophy. This is the information that has been kept from us for over 435 years! But now it’s not being revealed by some house... (pause)”

**FS & CF:** “Nigger!”

**WI:** “Exactly. Some uppity house Nigger beat if you will, but it’s being administrated by some ghetto youth. You know what I’m saying? It’s like if you hear this truth from some, well, if Jesse Jackson were to go on television and say ‘Black people are the Fathers of Philosophy,’ and so on and so forth, ghetto youth wouldn’t adapt to it instantly. You know what I’m saying? But if I were to come to the ghetto and tell them this, they would take heed to it because I’m from there. And I know exactly what it means to be there. Know what I’m saying? So it takes a people from the neighborhood to relate to people from the neighborhood. THEY can’t relate to me because they don’t know what I

*con’t onto page 12*

*PRT con't from page 11*  
 consist of on the inside or the outside.”

**FS:** “ Instead of using the term ‘House Nigger,’ we’ll use the term ‘Token.’ You know what I’m saying?”

**WI:** “You know it’s like history relives itself. Slavery then, we had our House Niggers and we had Field Niggers. You

There’s a God in Heaven. There’s a God on Earth. There’s a Devil in Heaven. There’s a Devil on Earth.’ To these Devils lying to Blacks and do the teaching, truth will come.”

**WI, FS, & CF:** “Jesus Thou Christian. The sun, the sun, the moon, the stars, the sixty shades of Black. There’s proper education hey, so to be exact. Your life is yours, you lose your love the knowledge of

you?”

**WI:** “Self-savior to self. You know? The 19th letter of the alphabet is ‘S.’ It means self-savior. We call it Supreme Alphabet. It’s what we deal with. Supreme signs of letters because everything is real. Meaning everything has meaning. Everything has manifestation. Manifestation of self is knowledge. Knowledge is the realization



know? And then now adays slavery is just modernized. You still have your House Nigger and your Field Nigger. You have your rebellious brothers. You have your descendents from Nat Turner, Denmark Vessey and so on and so forth. Just as well as your descendents from Chicken George. The Fiddler and so forth. Those that decided not to rebel. You know? Call me Kunta Kente, if you will. It’s our will to rebel. When we possess the proper information, it causes omission. So this is what caused us to get into rap. You know what we see in the street. Nations will fight. Like the Islams: ‘Thy Kingdom come, thy shall be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.

yourself. And if you don’t know who you are, you don’t know no one else.”

**NN:** “How long have you been involved in the rap industry?”

**WI:** “As far as the business goes, we just really got into it. A year and a half.”

**WI:** “It seems like we’ve been here for years.”

**NN:** “Was it hard getting a record company to sign you?”

**WI:** “Most definitely!”

**NN:** “So how did you do it? Who helped

of everything that exists. So when I say we are the Self-Saviors of Self, I’m simply saying that nobody is going to help you but yourself. That’s where you get the saying ‘You can take the mule to the water, but you can’t make him drink it.’”

**FS:** “Being victorious in other words.”

**WI:** “Youth’s saving our self.”

**FS:** “We saved our self practically.”

**CF:** “Like Hammer be praying, we prayed.”

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*PRT con't from page 12*

**NN:** "Do you think that rap music plays out towards the violence and drugs?"

**CF:** "NO!!!"

**WI:** "It depends on the listener. You know? If you give verse to a murderer, he's going to be a murderer. It's the way your child grows up."

**FS:** "It may influence him-"

**CF:** "Word! Do you think that television encourages violence and drugs? When you go and watch Scarface...."

**FS:** (interrupting CF) "It's entertainment!"

**WI:** "Exactly. Did you see Scarface?"

**CF:** "You've got positive tv shows and you've got negative tv shows."

**WI:** "You've got positive rappers and you've got negative rappers."

**FS:** "It's the obtainer."

**WI:** "Exactly."

**FS:** "You know what I mean? It's the one who perceives this "

**WI:** "Exactly. The obtainer. The way he obtains it."

**NN:** "What is the future for rap music?"

**WI:** "Let's put it this way. As long as there's oppression, there will be rap. Because Black people are always going to need a way to get across what's happening to them. You know what I'm saying? So that's what rap music will do. Rap music will let you know that we are sick of poverty. You know what I'm

saying? We are living in pure poverty. We've got to tell about this. You know. People's got to hear what's going on. People's got to know what America is doing to us Black people here. You know what I'm saying? If we ain't subjected to poverty, we some uppity House Nigger in somebody's house, you know what I'm saying? Or in some big office building, some Congressman or something thinking they got a spot reserved for them in Heaven. When the killers start killing, they'll be the first ones to be killed. You know? It's simple."

**NN:** "What messages are you concerned about when you rap?"

**WI:** "Unity basically. Because Black people are in desperate need of UNITY!!! All other people already have unity. It's like this for instance: when they had that nuclear explosion over in Chernobyl, they all turned to the Americans and the Americans went right over there and helped them. That's unity between Caucasian people. People over there in Russia are just as Caucasian as these people over here in America. You know what I'm saying? The Japanese people when they need help, they can go right to Japan. It's like this for instance. They come over here. They build empires and they go back home at the end of the day. You know what I'm saying? Black people they get raped, murdered, killed, hanged, lynched for 435 years. But they can't go to Africa and say 'Yo! Come help us.' You know what I'm saying? They can't do that because they have no UNITY!!! So, Black people are in desperate need of unity. And UNITY is POWER!! That's what they don't realize."

**FS:** "Unity means to understand-"

**WI:** (Interrupting FS) "You know those move people in Philadelphia getting bombed with bombs and so on and so forth? Who came to their aid? Nobody. Who got the blame? A Black Man! Why?

Because they don't have no unity. If the Mayor was good in the science of unity, he would've said 'Ain't nothing up. Y'all never get a bomb on those people as long as I'm the Mayor here.' You know what I'm saying?"

**CF:** "Well, they had to come outside for cover."

**WI:** "You know it. They had to come outside for something."

**FS:** "That's why they named this place the UNITED States!"

**WI:** "Exactly. They wouldn't have named it that. Black people are the only ones disunited in the United States. Then you've got the media making the rappers of the West Coast thinking they're different from the rappers of the East Coast and rappers of the East Coast thinking that they're different from the rappers of the West Coast. Like for instance, Ice Cube said Self-Destruction is not a key function. Self-Destruction don't pay the fucking rent. Who was he talking about? **KRS-ONE, to be exact!** Then KRS-ONE said now I've come to show you how the East Coast rock. Who was he referring to? We live on the East Coast. He wasn't talking about 'Poor Righteous Teachers.' Who was he talking about? **Ice Cube and them!** Because the media is making them look different. You know what I'm saying? But what they've got to realize is that's not a common problem. Their common problems are the same oppressor. Know what I'm saying? You go to California, the same blond-haired-blue-eyed-white-so-called-Caucasians is doing the same damage he's doing over on the East Coast. Know what I'm saying? So what they's got to do is put the differences aside and deal conwith their common problems. You know? Unity is the key. Unity is strength.  
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*PRT con't from page 13*

It makes its power. Once you get this power and learn how to apply it, you raise a **Mighty Nation!**"

**NN:** "What's your message to Black youth?"

**WI:** "Our message to all youth is Man can create a pyramid that is incomprehensible in this day and time. Man can defy the laws of gravitation and go as far as the moon there is nothing is on planet Earth that Man can't accomplish. Man can conquer anything that he desires. So if there is anything that any youth on planet desires to do, He can do it because it's within the realm of Planet Earth and Planet Earth is small time."

**NN:** "Who are your heroes?"

**WI:** "As far as heroes go, we're dealing with Imhotep, the Father of Medicine, the Man who created the pyramids and blueprints. Men that left land marks and it's incomprehensible meaning that His mind was on a level that people can not comprehend. He was almost immortal. You know? And they're logical too. That's a Hero to me! Culture Freedom. Father Shaheed. They're Heroes."

**NN:** "Do you categorize yourselves as educators, entertainers, or both?"

**CF:** "We categorize ourselves as educators and educatees as well."

**WI:** "Exactly. Because the teacher can be taught."

**FS:** "We just desire to teach what we know and what we believe to be truths. You know what I'm saying?"

**WI:** "Exactly. To improve it, if you were to go through all the American schools and Universities, you would only

obtain 33 and 1/3 degrees of existence when there are 360 degrees involved with life. That's a very small portion of life. So there's indeed something else that can be taught."

**CF:** "I think if you learn something good, you should pass it on. You know what I'm saying? Yo! If you're civilized and you got an uncivilized person living next door to you, he's going to throw trash and things like that on your property so you've got to teach him how to be civilized, so you can live in harmony."

**WI:** "Exactly. I agree. It's like this. You teach him to clean himself up. You know what I'm saying? And after he takes his time out to try to learn and do like you, then he cleans himself up and you let him come amongst you. But if he doesn't clean himself up, you exile him. You know? It's simple. Each one teach one."

**FS:** "Word up! I ain't cleaning up after someone else."

**NN:** "How do you feel about the 2 Live Crew issue?"

**WI:** "2 Live Crew? That's another case. You know what I'm saying? The media making it look like 2 Live Crew are the rotten apples in rap. Know what I'm saying? But you know you've got people who like that stuff. Know what I'm saying? It's like this. They rap different. Know what I'm saying? They talk different. They walk different. **THEY'RE BLACK!!** They don't get oppressed differently. You know what I'm saying? That's what you've got to look at. And that's all it is. A case of the oppressor thinking he can pull a poor Black Brother by his neck."

**CF:** "Those 1-900 numbers come and talk to me on the phone."

**WI:** "You know they got the obscene

porno phone duck. What they all are is porn sex over the phone."

**CF:** "Come meet somebody. She half naked."

**WI:** "So if anything that has something to do with obscene. They'll go up to 42nd Street in New York and lock everybody up because 42nd Street itself is obscene. You know? Homosexuals walking around saying 'I'm a homosexual' with sex pistol written all over their clothes. You know what I'm saying? Then they got 25-cent peep shows. Just

*con't onto page 15*

*con't from page 14*

throw a quarter in the thing and you see all the nudity you want. If that's not obscene, what's obscene?"

**CF:** "There's much more to it than just the obscene reason. Much more."

**WI:** "I see it as Black youth making a way where they're not supposed to."

**NN:** "Who would you like to work with in the future as far as other rappers go?"

**WI:** "I wouldn't mind coming through with all of them one time, at least one time. Because I admire a lot of rappers. Chuck D. You know? X-Clan... Young MC, Tone-Loc, the whole bit."

**CF:** "Whew! Hammer."

**FS:** "KRS-ONE!"

**WI:** "Yeah! All of them!"

**NN:** "You've only named male rappers, what about the female rappers?"

**FS:** "Yeah! MC Lyte.. Latifah.. Yeah. "

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*PRT con't from page 14*

CF: "Monie in the middle."

NN: "Do you admire female rappers? Do you consider them to be rappers?"

CF: "Why not? They rappers. A rapper's a rapper. The only difference is we're men and they're women."

FS: "Wait a minute. You must've ran into somebody who thinks they're not. But the majority of rappers are males! Just like the 2 Live Crew incident, they males. The Public Enemy incident, they males."

WI: "It's like this. The only reason I named the males is because of what the males do really is what I look towards. I couldn't see myself following the guidance of a woman."

NN: "Do you believe that 2 Live Crew exploits the Black Woman?"

WI: "Things that they do, we don't judge them on. What they doing, we judge them as Black people in America being oppressed. That's the way they grew up. When you're walking down the beaches in Miami, there's a beach in Miami where everybody's naked! They grew up there! We are products of our environment. We are products of our environment. We are what they made us in a sense. Due to the fact that we always hear. Speaking of the poverty song and the ghetto song, we grew up in the ghetto in poverty. We've been evicted out of houses. We didn't grow up in the suburbs, we grew up smack dab in the ghetto. Know what I'm saying? So that's what we teach about because that's where we grew up. Then you have 2 Live Crew, they grew up in the nakedness, the nudity, and the obscene, so on and so forth. So that's what they do because that's what they see-products of your environment."

FS: "You only exhale what you inhale."

WI: "Exactly. What they seen was obscene."

CF: "Exactly. That's what they seen So yo, that's what they know!"

CF: "They think it's alright you know. They need help. You know?"

WI: "No! It's not their fault what they do! You know because America allows stuff like that."

FS: "They want to get a ban. Someone tried to get a ban because they didn't want to deal with it."

WI: "They didn't get caught up in their laws. They said 'yall can't make no more of those obscene records. No more with all that foul language and all of that.' And then 2 Live Crew said 'Okay, what about your First Amendment? Freedom of Speech.' Got them trapped up in their own laws. They can't do nothing about it. They made people what they are today."

FS: "Conscious."

WI: "Exactly."

NN: "Earlier you talked about the Nation of Islam, are any of you Muslims or followers of the Nation of Islam?"

WI, CF, & FS: "NO!"

NN: "Do you practice a religion?"

FS: "No. We have laws."

CF: "We have a way of life."

WI: "Silly pigeon. Us ain't dealing in no religion. Listen.. Only don't comprehend Jim Crack. Brother loves being Black. Deal with a statement everyone can relate

to- 'Thou Kingdom come, Thou shall be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.' If there's a God in Heaven, there's a God on Earth and I hold the title. As God of Planet Earth, God means Supreme Being. Supreme meaning highly developed. Being in a state of existence. Who is the most highly developed state of existence on Earth? Man. Man is intelligent. Man has conquered every walk of life on Planet Earth. Nothing can devour Man, for Man is beyond grief. Man create disease. Man create dance. Man created drum. Man created everything that goes on on Planet Earth. Everything must abide to the laws, rules, and regulations of Man in order to exist. Man's mind is based on Mathematics. Can't build a house without Mathematics. Can't exist without the consistence of length, width, and height. These are things that Man produced. Matter, motion, time, space, electricity, heat, and energy. In other words saying that I am God. The Maker of my own world. Cream of Earth. Father of civilization and God of the Universe. "

FS: "We're bringing you the butt-naked lyric before it get all dressed up. You know what I'm saying?"

WI: "When we say butt-naked, we're not saying any sexual type of slur or anything like that. When we're saying butt-naked, we saying raw. That which is being revealed to the public. You know it's a blessing because so many people have waited for this."

NN: "Thank You. Do you have any last minute words or something else you would like to add that I should know?"

FS: "Black Man is God!" •

Original Man. Black man (the black man was the first race on the planet earth and the creator of civilization).  
5% Nation Glossary

*Balst From The Past* is a supplement of NOMMO News that introduces articles, poems and editorials from our brothers and sisters from the past. This section is a dedication to those who fought to bring NOMMO News into existence. Their courageous efforts and continuing struggle has not gone unnoticed. We are a great part of that struggle that began in April, 1975 and without their commitment to unity and the struggle for our inclusion in the mass media of the Collegian at the University of Massachusetts, our voices may never have been heard. From their past struggle, we have been informed about the underlying continual misrepresentation of the Third World community by the media on this campus.

We must learn that our solidarity has to be maintained if we are ever to expose those who continue to downplay our culture and history. And if we are to continue as an educational and informational resource for our community, then we must set aside our own prejudices against one another and unite to fight for our right to be equally represented in the mass media on this campus within the context of a larger struggle for LIBERATION.

To our distinguished alumnae, we, the staff of NOMMO News dedicate this section to you:

**Marcus Garvey:  
The Unsung Hero**  
by Simone Nicholson

A study of Marcus Garvey is at its best, enlightening, and at its worst, frustrating. He was perhaps the most underplayed of our historical Black leaders and yet he should be the most praised, for even if one is in disagreement with Garvey's ideas and views, he was the foremost inspiration for the modern Civil Rights Movements that Black Americans hold in such high regard. He inspired Black society and the Black world as no leader has since, with his freeing hand and having reached into colonized Africa, as well as the America in bondage. Garvey knew no boundaries when it came to the enslaved. What began as plans only for his Jamaican brothers and sisters, inspired by the activities of Booker T. Washington, ended with a worldwide movement from which white society has yet to recover.

The name Marcus Garvey, to the few who know more than his name, is synonymous with the ideas of the Black power and Black Nationalism. He was the advocate of a Black Nation long before Malcolm X.

Garvey is irreplaceable in the history of Blacks in America because he did more to raise the consciousness of his people than any other leader. Further study of the man, and the movement that resulted, explains in clear terms the belief after which a large majority of Black society modeled their thinking. What came to be known

to the world as "Garveyism" was a force that could not be ignored.

Garvey's experience with the racial oppression began in early childhood-born in the small town of St. Ann's bay on the northern coast of Jamaica on August 17, 1887, into a society where division by color dictated the division of a class. As a child his parents were financially stable and the area in which they lived provided him with the opportunity to interact with white neighbors; hence, he had an early education about the injustices of life. He was genuinely awakened to the existence of racism when the little white girl next door with whom he frequently played told him that she could no longer speak to or play with him because he was a "nigger." [Cronon,8] Garvey expressed his rite of passage best when he said, "it was then that I found for the first time that there was some difference in humanity, and that there was some difference in humanity, and that there were different races, each having its own separate and distinct social life."

Unsettled by this first incident, as he grew older he continued to be disgusted and frustrated by the treatment of Black people in the places that he visited, but most especially by the treatment they received at home. On his visits to Costa Rica and Panama, he saw how unjustly his Jamaican brothers and sisters in the fields and on the canal were dealt with. The social caste system which existed in Jamaica-where dark-skinned Blacks were the lower class, the light-skinned or "mulattos"

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*"If you have no confidence in self, you are twice defeated in the race of life. With confidence you have won even before you have started."*

*Garvey con't from page 16*

comprised the middle class, and white minority made the upper-class-would prepare him for his eventual trip to the United States. Here he would have to combat the same lack of self-pride that Jamaican Blacks felt due to color prejudice. However, in the U.S., the persecution was primarily on the part of white society, even though a strong undertone of color-casting existed within the Black community itself. Garvey essentially grew to despise miscegenation of any form. "We are conscious of the fact that slavery brought upon us the curse of many colors within our race but that is no reason why we ourselves should perpetuate the evil." [Martin,29]

In 1912, Garvey went to London to experience the treatment of Blacks outside of Jamaica and was introduced to a copy of Booker T. Washington's autobiography *Up From Slavery*. From that time forward Garvey wondered where the Black leadership was and resolved to try to provide the guidance that was needed.

Having read Booker T's novel while in London, Garvey returned to Jamaica on August 1, 1914 with plans to unify his people. It was at this time that he formed the Universal Negro Improvement and Conservation Association and African Communities League. [Cronon,16] This eventually was shortened to the Universal Negro Improvement Association (UNIA)- whose purpose was to unite the oppressed Blacks of the world in a collective struggle for Black power. The UNIA constitution stated that the organization would be dedicated to the idea of "universal brotherhood and would continually work towards the uplifting of the Negro peoples of the world". [Cronon,17]

Garvey wanted to establish a trade school in Jamaica modeled after Washington's Tuskegee Institute. Realizing that he had neither the funds nor the manpower to fulfill his plans he decided to solicit help from the United States. Knowing Washington had acquired large amounts of money for Tuskegee he wrote to him asking for his backing. Just as his plans for arrival in the U.S. were finalized his expected host died, but Garvey came to the U.S. anyway. When he arrived, he discovered that the African-American was in such a position of hopelessness after World War I that they warranted new leadership. Seizing the opportunity Garvey stepped in: "Where is the black man's government? Where is his king and his kingdom? Where is his President, his country and his ambassador, his army, his navy, his men of big affairs? I could not find them and then I declared, I will help to make them." [Cronon,16]

After being unable to talk to even Washington's

aide, Garvey quickly toured the United States and assessed the racial and political climate. He decided that there was a definite need for a New York branch of the UNIA. He had come to Harlem at a time when Blacks were dissatisfied with their position in society. Many had migrated from the South to the North in search of better economic conditions in "the promised land." What they found when they arrived was that they were *still* the last hired and the first fired. It was into this atmosphere of unrest that Marcus Garvey stepped.

Garvey first focused much of his attention on the West Indian population of Harlem but was soon speaking to the masses of Blacks. He spoke about freedom, independence and an independent nation. He also alluded to the possibility of a Black owned and operated steamship line to carry freight, mail and people back and forth to Africa.

Garvey had brought the UNIA to New York in 1917 and by 1919 he could boast that there were thirty chapters with two million members. [Vincent, 101] It was with this strength that the idea of the Black Star Line was made a reality. The line met with much approval and was immensely popular because it gave even the poorest Black a chance to own stock. The investor could feel as if he was promoting the betterment of his race while also making some money. [Cronon,51]

Commercially and economically, the Black Star Line was a failure. Its first and only real or legitimate purchase was of the *Yarmouth* for which an exorbitant sum was paid. This purchase, for 165 thousand dollars, would set a pattern. During the next few years the company repeatedly purchased over-priced items which left the company with no money to outfit ships, and eventually the line went bankrupt. [Vincent,103] The cause of the Line's failure was largely due to hounding by government agents, coupled with the fact that most of the stockholders had invested because of Garvey's plans for emigration back to Africa.

The Black Star Line was probably most effective as a propaganda tool. [Stein,156] Because the idea was so appealing to the Black community, Garvey spoke about it whenever he could to improve membership. The flashy parades that accompanied the voyages also bought attention and increased enrollment. Although it didn't successfully accomplish its designed purpose, the Black Star Line boosted membership of the UNIA, as well as the morale of the people. Furthermore, those who held stock in the Black Star Line really believed they were contributing to a big business, and the Factories Company

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inspired many Blacks to become small business owners. Independence breeds power and pride.

Concerned about Black youth, Garvey began the Negro Factories Company. With it's establishment, he believed he was assuring them profitable, steady employment.[Cronon,60] Through this company, stores and other private businesses were opened and many Blacks were inspired to begin setting up their own businesses. Once again, though Garvey may not have made exceptional financial gains but he did succeed in helping the Black man gain a sense of self-respect.

In 1920, Garvey announced that there would be a mammoth international convention, with delegates representing the entire Black race who would report on conditions in their communities and establish a Negro Declaration of Rights to be presented to the governments of the world.[Cronon,62] The conference was immensely successful and marked the highlight of the Garvey Movement. Followers came from as far as Africa for the month-long convention. "Cutting across national lines and banishing national allegiance, the racial doctrines of Marcus Garvey were infusing in Negroes everywhere a strong sense of pride in being Black." [Cronon,70]

The Black Star Line, the Negro Factories Co., and the conference of 1920 were the major accomplishments of a decade of enlightenment that came with Marcus Garvey. All, of course, met with opposition from the white community and, more often than not, from members of the Black community as well. In 1919 the District Attorney's office in New York threatened Garvey twice with charges of fraud. [Vincent,103] The Negro press, although complimentary of Garvey's newspaper, *The Negro World*, was critical of Garvey himself throughout the movement. This was due in part to their opposing integrationist - separationist ideologies. Garvey also felt that the Black press was solely out to better its condition and was unconcerned for the welfare of the people-ideals which Garvey considered venal and ignorant.

"Unfortunately the Colored or Negro Press of today falls into the hands of unprincipled, unscrupulous and characterless individuals whose highest aims are to enrich themselves and to find political berths for themselves and their friends, or rather confederates." [Garvey,77]

In 1925, with the help of a disgruntled ex-employee of the UNIA, the District Attorney arrested Garvey and two colleagues on charges of mail fraud. J. Edgar Hoover, who was now head of the new General Intelligence Division, had had Garvey watched for months in

hopes of finding him guilty of a deportable offense. [Stein,191] Garvey was sentenced to five years of imprisonment, but served only three. During Garvey's incarceration, Blacks began to realize the injustice and viciousness of the whites who sentenced him for a crime that was usually punishable by probation.

At this time the Black press, his lifelong adversary, felt that he had been punished sufficiently, and began to find some truth in Garvey's ideology of Black nationalism.[Cronon, 141] Instead of hindering Garvey's strength and popularity as a leader, the plan of Hoover and the government actually backfired and provided Garvey with even more support.

During his last year in prison in 1927, the UNIA was no longer strong enough to establish programs on its own, so Garvey instructed the leadership to work along with other organizations. Prejudices within the UNIA, added to outside pressures, caused disunity within the organization.

Garvey's influence did not disappear after he was deported in 1927. Although he could not restore the UNIA to its former strength, due to the demise of the Black star Line and the resistance of the African governments to the emigration plan, the dream of the UNIA becoming a world power was kept alive by using the Jamaican chapter as a base. Letters of inspiration, which were to be printed in *The Negro World*, were cabled to the United States. He continued to work with the organization until his death in 1940.

"The legacy of Garvey and his followers goes beyond the many programs they initiated. Garvey and many of his leading lieutenants were masters of psychological warfare. Garvey tried to restore to the black man the masculinity stolen from him during the centuries of slavery." [Vincent,19]

Garveyism, like it's founder, advocated Black power, freedom, unity and a return to the motherland to make it a powerful Black nation. Garvey's critics said that he won his followers by emotion-laden pleas that had no realism behind them, however, this was not the case.[Vincent,28] Garvey was an opportunist who loved his people. He came to them at a time when leadership and guidance was lacking, when the injustices they were suffering encouraged the militancy in them to speak out. The "New Negro" wanted to fight for what he believed should rightfully be his. But, the "New Negro" still suffered the same self-esteem problems that the "Old Negro" had. Marcus Garvey's restoration of a sense of Black pride in his people earned him the distinction of

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leader. "Garvey's vision for his race's redemption was of a new world of black men, not peons, serfs, dogs and slaves, but a nation of sturdy men making their impression upon civilization and causing a new light to dawn upon the human race." [Cronon, 16]

Garveyism, in its quest for a strong Black nation, has led many to believe that he advocated a total emigration to the motherland. On the contrary, Garvey wanted his people to work and establish themselves in the United States while a small number traveled to Africa to help the continent regain her freedom; from that he expected Blacks everywhere to gain prestige and strength. [Martin, 45]

Marcus Garvey was only directly involved with the American society for a decade, but his presence can still be felt. The existence of the red, black, and green flags that represent Black nationalism, and current stances of emigration back to Africa are testament to the survival of Garvey's message.

Garvey was popular and respected because, although largely self-educated, he was a great orator and expressed the thoughts of the Black community that might otherwise have been kept a secret. [Cronon, 4] Although his methods may not have been traditional in the context of what many see as the proper methods of leading a people, all his concepts of unity and brotherhood were based upon the realities of living in a segregationist society. He sought to uplift the people and instill in them the pride of being Black, independent and therefore separate from white society.

It has often been deduced by critics and the uninformed that Garveyism was largely unsuccessful because although he had grasped the ears of the nation, much of what he said was in opposition to the true

desires of the Black person.

The African-American had just recently come out of a position of slavery and was seeking to establish rights in a place where formerly they had had none. Black wanted to be successful in the society in which they lived and didn't want to run from it.

"The inherent weakness of Garveyism itself also acted to limit his ultimate influence. Garvey sought to raise high wall of racial nationalism at a time when most thoughtful men were seeking to tear down these barriers.... Garveyism failed largely because it was unable to come up with suitable alternatives to the unsatisfactory conditions of American life as they affect the Negro. Escape, either emotional or physical was neither realistic, lasting or desired." (Cronon, 221, 224)

Perhaps if Garvey were a leader of today he would find an attitude on the part of Black Americans more conducive to his desires, although it is difficult to determine what the current attitude would be if Garvey had never existed.

Whatever Garvey's contributions would have been in the 1990's, the man must be given credit for reestablishing what is the key to any successful movement of people then or now: Black Pride.

"When you tell this Black man in America who he is, where he came from, what he had when he was there, he'll look around and ask himself, 'Well what happened to it, who took it away from us and how did they do it?' Why, brothers, you'll have some action just like that... that knowledge in itself will usher in your action program." -Malcolm X •

**Editor's Note:**

\* Reprinted from Drum, May 1988

**BLAST FROM THE PAST**

**Looking For A Change?**

by Heidi Brooks

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to go to school somewhere other than at UMass? Anywhere other than UMass? Well, you can! There are several exchange programs sponsored by the University that could give you the change of pace you need.

If you're interested in seeing another part of the U.S.A, the **National Student Exchange** program arranges exchanges for one or two semesters with nearly 100 colleges and universities in the United States (including Alaska and Hawaii), Puerto Rico, the U.S Virgin Islands

and Guam. Through these schools students can take courses not available at their home institutions, and participate in almost all programs and activities available to regular students. On a more interesting level, you get to live and experience the lifestyle of another region of the country. This might be your opportunity to see what it feels like to be a beach bum on the beaches of California. Or you could spend a semester exploring the streets of New York City. There are schools in 46 states, so you can go as far or as near as you'd like.

There is also a **Diversity Exchange** with Howard University (Washington, D.C) and Spelman College

*con't onto page 21*



## Remember Stokely Carmichael

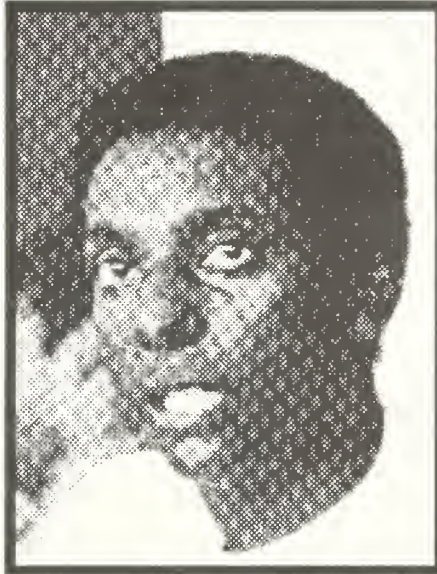
Compiled by Michael R. Pierre

Stokely Carmichael may best be remembered as one of the most controversial and incendiary of the civil rights leaders. He was born in Port-au-Spain, Trinidad, on June 29, 1941, the son of a carpenter/cab driver and a housemaid, Adolphus and Mabel Carmichael. Spending the first eleven years of his life in Trinidad, he first moved to New York in 1952, where he attended the Bronx High School of Science. Throughout his high school career Carmichael achieved an outstanding scholastic record.

It was during his senior year, when the civil rights sit-ins were just beginning to break into the scene, that Stokely Carmichael became first involved in the picketing of Woolworth's in New York and the south to see the conflicts first hand. Upon refusing several scholarships to white universities, he went to Howard University in Washington, D.C., to keep in touch with the movement.

After graduating from Howard in 1964, Carmichael became a full-time activist. He helped to organize the Lowndes County Freedom Organization in Alabama, which first used the black panther as its symbol to emphasize its search for power independent of

the Republican and Democratic parties. As director of the civil rights activities in the Second Congressional District, he played a major role in the 1964 Mississippi Summer Project for voter registration. In May 1966, he succeeded John Lewis as head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), and in June of that same year on the Mississippi march (begun by James Meredith, but joined by Martin Luther King, Jr., and Floyd McKissick), he began to use the term "Black Power," which sparked heated and widespread controversy among blacks and whites alike.



After leaving SNCC as chairman, Carmichael continued his Black Power activities in both the North and the South, along with his activities as honorary Prime

Minister of the Black Panther Party. Today, Stokely Carmichael, rechristened Kwame Turé by fellow African activists, is head of the All African-Peoples' Revolutionary Party, and makes his home in Ghana. He is one of the great Civil Rights leaders of the century, whose words are there to provide insight on who we are and what we can do to make a better solution for the future. •

### *Change... continued from page 20*

(Atlanta). This program allows students on predominantly white campuses to experience life at a historically Black institution.

If you really want to get away, there are many, many international exchanges available. The University of Massachusetts is directly involved in a few programs, but if you have a particular region or country in mind, there are books that list universities and exchange available. The University has also provided staff people who specialize in particular areas who can help you determine your options.

As a person who was on exchange here at UMass, I speak from experience when I recommend the National Student Exchange (NSE) program. I learned a lot by coming to New England from the University of South Carolina. This is a very big country, but even though the

accents are different, things at an American university are very much the same. The NSE office is next to the Five-College office in E-26 Machmer. This office also handles the Diversity Exchanges. The International Exchange Office is in William S. Clark Center, next to Butterfield in the Central Residence Area. The NSE office is staffed from 9am to 4pm (Monday through Friday) and the Clark Center is open from 10am to 12pm, and 1pm to 4:30pm during the week. •

*"It is idle, a hollow mockery, for us to pray to God to break the oppressor's power, while we neglect the means of knowledge which will give us the ability to break this power. God will help us when we help ourselves."*

Fredrick Douglass

Zora Neale Hurston : A Literary Queen  
by Michelle Y. Alleyne



From the earliest moment in history, the accomplishments of the African people have usually been neglected. Our contributions and works are questioned or claimed by others who wish to suffocate us. Nevertheless, a culture with a rich past and potential for a flourishing future is capable of achieving success in all endeavors. The African American in literature is my chosen focus (for this essay), simply because of the need to recognize those who tell our history without deceit.

One such writer who has managed to convey the atmosphere of the Negro culture is Zora Neale Hurston. Born in 1903 in Eatonville, Florida, a predominately Negro town, Zora Neale Hurston acquired an intimate knowledge of her culture. Determined to receive an education, Miss Hurston worked as both a maid and waitress, financing her way through preparatory schools at Morgan College and Howard University. Later attendance at Barnard College would secure her B.A. in anthropology in 1927.

Shortly afterwards, Zora Neale Hurston embarked upon research commissioned under the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History (the same organization created by Carter G. Woodson-educator, historian, and father of Negro history). She would concentrate on the Negro community at Plateau, Alabama, whose members are the descendants of the last slaves to reach the United States in 1859. Upon the conclusion of her study, Hurston penned "Cudjo's Own Story of the Last African Slaves," which was published by the *Journal of Negro History* in 1927, launching her literary career.

As an author of fiction, short stories, plays, and novels, Zora Neale Hurston chose to continue her focus on the Negro. Effectively combining the folklore, superstitions and speech of the Negro supplied her work with an authenticity that others lack. Although much of her writing focuses on Negroes from the rural "Deep South," Hurston did not limit herself. Her scope of the race examined every facet, celebrating the African and West Indian Negro as well. As a result, Zora Neale Hurston weaved various folk customs into her works which can be seen in the following novels: *Jonah's Gourd Vine* (1934); *Mules and Men* (1935); *Their Eyes Were watching God* (1937); *Tell My Horse* (1938); *Moses Man of the Mountain* (1939); *Dust Tracks on a Road* (her autobiography 1942); and *Seraph on the Suwanee* (1948).

In 1960, Zora Neale Hurston died, leaving the memory of a promising writer behind for all to embrace. Today her work is still a source of entertainment and more importantly, knowledge.

"HERE WE GO AGAIN"  
( D.C. AL CODA )

By AYO SHESHENI

Ella climbed the two flights of stairs as swiftly as possible, ignoring the increased stench at each landing and planting her tired feet firmly in the center of the worn treads. She paused briefly before one of the two doors on the last landing and took a quick, deep breath, then rapped loudly on the thin wooden panel. A minute passed before the door crept open. Ella peered through the crack and her eyes collided with those of the woman peering out. She inched her forehead forward, as if to thwart the closing of the door.

"That your husband out there?"

"Yes. . . Yes." The door swung a little wider, and Ella saw that the haunted eyes which met hers were red and sitting in a face mottled by tears. The woman twisted her hands and darted a glance over her shoulders. "I don't know what to do. I don't even know what to say."

"Well, is it alright if I come in? I want to talk to him."

"Oh, please. I mean, do. He—Well, you see—We lost our little girl," she blurted, as she stepped aside to allow Ella to pass and closed the door behind her.

Ella looked across the room. "Yeah, I know. I heard. She just stopped breathin, dint she?"

The woman's eyes flashed a warning. She spoke in hushed tones, picking agitatedly at the sleeve of her sweater and glancing frequently at the window on the far side of the room. "Yes. Infant Death Syndrome. . . But he's blaming himself—he hadn't checked on her for a couple hours and he was playing poker, drinking and everything. . . He thinks it's his fault." Her hasty speech broke off abruptly.

Ella was barely listening. "Yeah." She too eyed the window, outside of which a man's back was visible. He was seated on the sill, head bent. "Yo, man!" she called to him. "I had a little girl once. I lost her, too. Actually, I had more than one. . . But I never got too attached to the first one. What I mean is, when my first one was born I was only seventeen, an my mother dint like that. She didn't go for that stuff, sex before marriage. Her whole policy was, no ring no thing, know what I mean?" The woman opened her mouth, looking quizzically at Ella, but Ella held up a finger to silence her and went on. "So as soon as she was born, the social worker came an told me I had to sign these papers to have her checked out an next thing I knew she was gone. I tried to

get her back but when I went down to the community center, the lawyer, he said I was better off without her, an she was better off without me, that she had a good family takin care-a her an that no judge would take er back from them to give er to me. So I just said my good-byes an moved on."

As Ella paused for breath, the woman protested, in a semi-whisper, "I don't really think this is the time—" but Ella interrupted, loudly.

"No, ma'am, it's not. But no time is really the time is it? An I'm tryin to tell the man about my daughter, see? The one who was *really* mine. I had her for almost three years before she passed on. She was real close to my heart. You know that happens quick, cause your baby wadn't but six, eight months old, was she? An I bet you all was lovin her like she was always here." Ella had taken a seat on the sofa a few yards from the outside wall. She was directing all her attention at the back in the window, but it was the woman behind her who answered softly.

"She was six and a half months old."

"Yeah. So I know you feelin some serious pain. Cause it's right about then you really startin to feel like they yours, like they come to stay, not just some alien what dropped in on you an its people comin for it soon. So you know how I musta felt when my little girl was three, right?"

Again the woman responded, imploringly this time, as if to forestall the barrage of words she knew was destined to follow the question, "Yes, I guess I can imagine, but—" and again Ella broke in.

"Yeah, well. What happened was that I was out, tryin to relax. You know—drinkin a little at Dahomey's there—tryin to drown my sorrows cause her father just done left me. An my sister's husband's daughter was sposed to be watchin her. Course I don't fault her, cause she was only thirteen years old, an startin to get interested in boys an evrythin. She stayed on the phone evry time she was over here. You remember bein that age, dontchu?"

The woman's voice was louder now, though still polite. "Look, I don't really know how this makes any sense right now. . ." She regarded her husband, whose head was now erect, with concern.

"Listen, ma'am, I'm tryin to tell your husband a story, an I'd really appreciate it if you'd just kinda keep quiet til I'm through, cause this is real important to me. Cause I think that the man needs to hear it right about now, standin out there, just like I need to tell it."

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*Here We Go Again* con't from page 23

The pitch of the woman's voice went up. "But can't you see—"

This time it was her husband who cut her off, quietly, but decisively. "Allegra." She rushed to the window and reached out tentative fingers to touch his back. Tears came to her eyes.

"Darling, please. . ."

"I think I want to hear it." He shrugged off her hand as he spoke. His voice was low. The tension in it was palpable.

"Yeah, I think you do." Still seated, Ella continued. "What I was sayin was that she—the babysitter—was real young an not payin too close attention, an my baby went in the bathroom an got in the closet there where I keep all the cleaning stuff an she liked that blue color, you know that blue dye they put in the ammonia to make it look pretty? Only to her it looked like Smurf cool-aid. That's what she always told me. She'd say, mama, gimme summa that cool-aid. I told her it wasn't no cool-aid, but she was a hard-headed lil girl. Just like her mama. So anyways, she finally gets a chance to drink some what with Keisha up there gossiping bout her latest little boyfriend, an she comes back outta there spittin cause it dint taste like no cool-aid, but Keisha just thought she was bein nasty, so she gave her a coupla licks an put her in bed. An when I got home, my baby wasn't sleepin, man. She was dead. Just like yours."

The woman stared at Ella in horror. "Look. We have our own grieving to do. This is not the time for yours. I'm asking you to leave."

"I'm sorry to upset you ma'am," Ella asserted, "an I don't mean to do no contradictin, but that man ain't grievin. He's hatin." She spoke with an assurance born of the fact that the thin walls/ceilings/floors permitted no privacy and one had only to remove the cotton from one's ears to learn all of the most intimate details of one's neighbor's lives. And what one missed was sure to be filled in by other listeners. So, without questioning her right to act on illicitly gathered information, Ella went on. "He's hatin. An blamin. An he ain't hatin an blamin only hisself, he's blamin you. Cause you knew it was his poker night, an instead of stayin home an watchin that child yourself, you had to go and do somethin or other. Couldn't never stay home an just watch the child." A hint of disdain crept into her voice. "Always runnin, like you dint even have one. So what he's doin right about now is fixing you, real good. See. He's punishin you, too. He's out there, sweatin hard cause of what he's thinkin about doin, but glad, too, cause he knows he has you

worried."

"That's not true!" Allegra glared at Ella, the tears in her eyes glinting. "Xavier, tell her. . . I mean. . . Are you blaming me?"

Xavier turned his head so that they could see his profile. His voice was still low. "What does *she* know about us?"

"You didn't answer me."

"Listen, ya'll will have to finish this conversation later. Cause what I *know* is that downstairs, my boys is waitin for somethin to eat an their supper is on the stove. So I'ma tell you this story quick-like, an then I'll go an ya'll can have your little discussion, see?"

"No—"

Xavier twisted his torso around almost completely, clutching the sill. "I'll listen."

"Dontchu think it'd be a whole lot easier if you was to sit in here, man? I mean, I'm not tryin to trick you or nothin, but right now I think it'd be easier for me to talk to you if you was in here."

"I'd rather stay out here."

"Xavier—"

"Shut up, Allegra. Just shut up," he snapped.

Allegra's eyes widened abruptly and the tears which had been hovering there spilled over. "So you do blame me."

"I didn't say that. I just can't listen to you right now. Your voice grates. It grates like a damn jackhammer." Ella had to strain to hear the words Xavier growled.

"I don't think that's fair!" Allegra burst out. She opened her mouth to continue, but looking at her husband's back, stopped herself. She bit her lip.

"Nothing's fair, dammit. It's not fair that my fucking daughter had to die when she wasn't but a baby!" Allegra stepped back to the side of the window and stood wide-eyed and distraught, straining to see her husband's face.

He continued, teeth clenched, "It isn't fair that I have to live like a goddamn pauper because I'm not enough for my wife—"

"I can't believe you're blaming this all on me!"

"—because my wife thinks it's the *height* of achievement to get her fucking master's degree."

"How can you sit out there and—"

"I'm talking, Allegra. You wanted me to talk, and I'm talking. So listen to me, goddammit! It isn't fair that I waited two long-ass years for a child—using thermometers and waiting and getting woken up in the middle of the night when I'm dead tired to try to

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*Here We Go Again* con't from page 24

get it up so that maybe, just maybe *this* time it'll work, because my wife was so goddamn barren—" Ella saw the muscles in Allegra's jaw working side to side as she ground her teeth. She grabbed the side of the window frame and bore down, the tips of her fingers going pink with the effort. "—only to have my princess snatched out of my arms before she could even say Daddy! That's what isn't fair. That's what isn't fucking *fair*, dammit."

Allegra let out the breath she had been holding in a gasp. "I can't believe you have the nerve to go out there on that fucking ledge and threaten to take your goddamn pitiful, puny, miserable life because you think I cheated you out of something." Xavier snorted. Allegra kept talking, her voice shrill. "You're forgetting something, mister self-righteous. It was me who was working when you were going to school. Remember that?" She let go of the window and tapped him on the shoulder. He didn't turn, but she persisted, sniffing loudly. "It was me who was counting pennies and working twenty-four seven and eating baked beans out of a can because you needed books. And it was me who was sitting there with the thermometer waiting with my eyelids propped open with toothpicks until the right time came because you needed your sleep—"

"Shut up, Allegra," he growled.

"—and it was me who had to wake your grumpy ass up and try to act romantic so you could get hard just long enough to shoot me some of your weak-ass, pitiful sperm."

"I said shut up!"

"Because you just couldn't wait. Just *had* to have a son."

"Stop crying, Allegra," Xavier pleaded, choking. "I'm not falling for it this time. Stop crying and stop shouting at me with your fucking jackhammer voice."

"Look who's talking, big man. Go on. Turn your head. I can still see those tears. What's wrong, macho man? Life got you down? Couldn't make a son, and when you managed a daughter you couldn't love her enough to keep her alive. Is that it big man? Is that why you really want to jump? Go ahead then. Go ahead, dammit!" Allegra's voice had risen to a scream and she reached out as if to push Xavier, but grabbed his sweater and desperately held on instead. She gasped for breath.

"Allegra—" Xavier warned.

"No! I am not going to allow you to do this to us. I am not going to sit by and let you do that. I want to *live* goddammit. And if you want to die you're going to have

to go ahead and do it." Slowly, she released her grasp of his sweater. "Because I cannot talk through a window with a fucking stranger sitting in my living room and tell you that I love you. I cannot talk to a stranger through the window and tell him how much I love him." Her knees gave way beneath her and she sank to the floor, sobbing. "I cannot shout through a window into a deaf man's ears and make him understand that it was not me and it was not him, that it was nobody that killed our daughter, that she's dead, but we're alive and we need each other to stay that way. That I need him to stay that way. I cannot do that." Her voice diminished to a whisper. "I cannot do that."

"Are you all finished? Because I dint come up here to listen to you all hash through your dirty laundry an play who stole the cookie from the cookie jar. I came up here to tell you a story. An I'm not through yet."

Allegra glowered incredulously at Ella through her tears. She barked, "Listen, lady, I don't know who you are, but this has nothing to do with you and I think you should leave. You've started enough trouble for five damn minutes."

"Allegra, *shut up!* There you go again." Xavier twisted his body round to speak to his wife, and Ella could see that his cheeks were wet with tears.

"Listen. The both of you shut up, alright? I'm tryin to tell ya'll somethin. Xavier come inside, cause I'm gettin real tired of shoutin through the damn window. An Allegra, just keep quiet, alright? Cause my story don't end with the two daughters what died for me an I had to keep on living. That's not what I'm here to tell you. I want to tell you bout my sons. I got two sons. One of them is five years old, an the other one's eleven. The one what's eleven don't sleep too good at all, you know, cause he remembers his sister, real good. Cause that was *his* princess, an when he come home from his daddy's that week, he dint find his princess there cause she was dead. An that like to broke his heart. So he don't sleep so good, cause even though it been six years, an I give him a brother to think about right a way, he couldn't do nothin bout them dreams he had about her. Cause he always looked out for her."

"What the hell does this have to do with us?" Allegra stared defiantly at Ella from the floor where she still sat.

"I'm tryin to tell you Allegra, ma'am. I'm tryin to tell you bout my boy's dreams. Cause lately somethin else happened what keep him an his little brother up

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 nights. Him an my little Malcolm. What happened was—did you see "Do the Right Thing?" Xavier, man, whyontchu come on in here so's I can talk to your face?"

"I'm listening," Xavier said tersely.

Ella snapped, "Yeah, man, you're *listening*, but are you *hearing*? Come on in here where you can see my face, because I want you to see how serious I am about this. It's about you. Yeah. That's better. Like I was sayin. Did ya'll see that Spike Lee joint?"

"Xavier—" Allegra had gotten up and backed away slightly as Xavier slowly swung his body into the room. Now she moved back to him, touching his arm. Without turning to look at her, he reached up and knocked away her hand.

"Allegra, please! Just. Don't. Touch me. Yes, of course. We saw it."

"Well, how that *big* brother—Radio Raheem. How he got kilt by that policeman? How they just went overboard cause they dint know when to stop an they kilt him? That happened right here on this block. Right outside, a couple months before you moved in. Only they dint strangle this boy. They blew his brains out. Yeah. He turned around too quick when they told him freeze cause he was runnin down the street with this toy gun, you know the ones what shoot paint? Cause him an his uncle what just come from New Mexico was playin this war game. Only you sposed to play them in the woods where there ain't no other people on accountta the fact that them things look real. An this policeman thought it was real, so he shot him when he spun around, but the boy dint know it was a policeman cause he thought it was his uncle. He thought it was his uncle about to get him with that red paint, an he turned around quick an pulled the trigger so's he could get his uncle first, only it was a cop, an the cop blew his head off. Right out there. In front of the building. An what happened was my boys was watchin from the window—they was watchin Marcus an his uncle play. An they saw Marcus get his brains blown out. They saw that real blood. No red paint. So now my boys, my eleven year old an my five year old, they both have dreams. Only now Medger—that's the eleven year old—he dreams that he's playin with his little sister, an he turns around, an the cop is blowin her head off. Malcolm, he just keeps seein the thing what really happened happenin again an again."

Allegra looked fixedly at Xavier, ignoring Ella.  
 "Xavier?"

Xavier was gazing just as steadily at Ella as

Allegra was at him. He snapped, "Allegra! Please be quiet. *Please be quiet!* I'm trying to listen."

"Yeah. So what I'm tryin to tell you, man, is that my boys have enough bad dreams. They'll be havin bad dreams long after Allegra here done finished that degree of hers an moved away to find her a new man an had her some more children what she can keep nice an safe in some pretty neighborhood where they have parks for kids to play war games in. Where the war ain't for real like here where it's in your house an in your mind an in your dreams forever, an the ones that's the soldiers on the front line is evryone you ever loved. So what I'm sayin to you, mister Xavier man, is that I don't *care* how upset you are bout the daughter you called Aisha what means life only she's dead, an I don't *care* that things ain't the way they sposed to be witchu an your wife. Because if you jump off that damn ledge you goin to land on the sidewalk right outside my window an my boys will have some more real blood what ain't red paint to add to their dreams. An you'll be cleaned up an hauled away an you won't even get to see your princess *then*, cause she won't be where you goin. An meanwhile your wife willa done gone off with her degree an left you an the little piece of blood-stained ceement what would remind her of you—but me an my boys will have to stay. We'll still be here." Ella glanced at Allegra, then focussed again on Xavier.  
 "That's what I come up here to tell you. That's what I wanted to say. My boys don't need no more dreams."

"Lady—" Allegra stepped in front of her husband.

"My name is Ella." She stood up, facing Allegra squarely.

"Lady, it's time for you to go."

"I'm goin, Allegra, ma'am. I done said what I had to say. My boys is waitin for their supper. Naw, don't bother. I know where the door is. It's in the same damn place in my apartment. Downstairs." Ella pivoted on one foot and walked out the door, leaving it open. Allegra turned to see her husband walking towards the window. "Xavier. Xavier! You're still going to?"

He didn't pause to look at her as he tread wearily to the window, head hanging. "Calm down, Allegra. I'm shutting the window, OK? Is that alright? Then I'm going for a drink. I need a drink. I need a big, strong-ass drink."

As Ella closed the door of her apartment behind her, slumping wearily against the thin panel, she heard footsteps on the stairs above, and Allegra's voice calling beseechingly after her husband, "Xavier. . ." •

**YOU MUST LEARN YOUR HISTORY!**

February is known to many as Black History Month, but we, Nommo News, believe that every month is Black History Month. Everyday we should try to learn about who we are, so we can teach others about the contributions of our ancestors.

Carter G. Woodson is credited to be the founder of Black History Month. He understood the importance of "knowledge of self." He knew that you must know where you came from in order to know where you're going. One of the reasons why our history has not been erased totally is due to the contributions of great African-American heroes as Woodson.

The educational system as a whole tends to present what it feels is necessary, not necessarily what is important to us. We learn about "passive" Negroes as Martin Luther King, Jr. but notice how heroes like information about Malcolm X or Marcus Garvey has been erased from the text books.

So my Brothers and Sisters, it is important that you take the time to learn our history, because you will be LOST if you don't!! Below is an African World trivia that you can take to see how much you know about the contributions of our ancestors. For every correct answer, give yourself one point.

**Africa Past & Present**

1. Name the ancient Egyptian scholar and physician who has been called the "real father of medicine." He is acknowledged to have described the circulation of blood 4,000 years before Europe discovered this important body function.
2. Who was the fifth century African Bishop of the North African city of Hippo whose writings and teachings form the philosophical basis of modern day Christianity and whose synthesis of Greek, Roman, Jewish, and Eastern cultures form the basis of western culture?
3. Queen Ann Nzinga was the female Angolan leader who, in the mid 1600's successfully resisted, for 40 years, colonization by what European country?
4. On January 1, 1956 this African nation gained its independence from European colonialism, becoming the long struggle back to traditional greatness which still continues today. Name the nation.
5. Name the West African city that was a part of the Mali

and Songhay empires which flourished from about the 12th Century through the 16th Century. This city was a center of trade, culture, and learning. One of its greatest educational centers was the prestigious University of Sankore.

**Important Firsts**

6. In 1621, William Tucker became the first Black child born in the American colonies. Name the place where the first "African American" was born.
7. In 1793, James Derham, who was born into slavery in Philadelphia in 1762, became the first African-American to practice this profession in the United States. What profession did he practice?
8. Who was the first African-American college graduate in the United States, having earned his degree from Bowdoin College in Maine in 1826? He became publisher of Freedom's Journal, the first African-American newspaper printed in the United States.
9. In 1894 in Cambridge, MA, this important African-American scholar, writer, and philosopher became the first African American man to receive a Ph.D from Harvard University?
10. Name the woman who in 1905, invented a hair softener, grower and straightening comb, that revolutionized the cosmetics industry in the African-American community. Her ingenuity and ability helped her to become the first African-American, self-made millionaire in America.

**Heroes & Heroines**

11. Who was the outstanding historian who founded the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History in 1915, which was later named the Association for the Study of Afro-American Life and History. He is responsible for founding Black History Month. One of his most famous works is The Mis-Education of the Negro.
12. Called "The Black Prophet" by some, this visionary slave revolutionary led a small band of slaves on a two-day insurrection that rocked the area of Southhampton, Virginia in August of 1831. He fled to the nearby Dismal Swamp where he remained at large

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*You Must Learn...con't fom page 27*  
or six weeks before being captured.

13. This self-proclaimed "Pilgrim of God" was the first woman orator to speak out against slavery. Having set upon a personal journey for truth and freedom, she became one of the most popular speakers for African American and women's rights. She coined the popular rallying cry for women's rights- "Ain't I a woman."

14. On what date and in what city was Malcolm X born?

15. It was on the balcony of this motel that Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated upon emerging from a second-floor room accompanied by Ralph Abernathy and Jesse Jackson. Name the hotel.

#### Politics/Mass Movements/Civil Rights

16. What is the name of the famous Supreme Court Decision that, in 1857, opened federal territory to slavery, denied citizenship rights to African American and decreed that slaves do not become free when taken into free territory? It was named after that slave who sued his master for his freedom.

17. In May 1966, this prominent African American activist spokesman was named as the head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), charting a new course for the "Black Panther" doctrine. He is now known as Kwame Ture of the All African People's Revolutionary party.

18. In 1966, Huey Newton and Bobby Seale founded, in Oakland, CA, an organization which proposed a 10-point program which included reparations for past abuses of African Americans, release of African American prisoners, and trial of African Americans by African American juries. What was the name of this organization?

19. For six days in August, 1965, looting, burning and rioting plunged this predominantly African American section of Los Angeles into a state of anarchy, which resulted from the mistreatment of an African American youth by a white policeman. Name this section of Los Angeles.

20. What amendment to the United States Constitution gave African Americans the right to vote?

#### Science, Technology & Inventions

21. Name the African American inventor whose automatic lubrication system, devised in 1872, allowed for the continuous flow of oil to machinery without the necessity of stopping the machines. This African American man held over 50 patents and it is from him that the expression "The Real McCoy" originated.

22. Who was the free-born inventor, mathematician, astronomer, and essayist, called the "sable genius"? He made, completely of wood, the first clock wholly made in America. This clock kept accurate time for 20 years. He is best known for taking part in laying out the plans for the city of Washington, D.C.

23. This African American physician and scientist was the pioneer in blood plasma research. His method of storing blood plasma for the injured and wounded was a significant fact in turning the tide in the allied war effort in World War II. Ironically, this African American man died from loss of blood sustained in an auto accident having been denied admission to a "white" hospital.

24. This arctic explorer, for years lost in the shadows of Admiral Peary, was in actuality the first man to discover the North Pole. Favored by the Eskimos because of his dark complexion, this explorer proved indispensable on Peary's many expeditions. Name the explorer who actually placed the flag on the North Pole.

25. This African American inventor was granted a patent for the first incandescent lamp with carbon filament. This man also made the drawings for Alexander Graham Bell's telephone and became the chief draftsman for General Electric and Westinghouse.

#### Arts & Entertainment/Sports

26. Who was the New Orleans-born gospel singer who became known as the "Queen of Gospel Music"? Her 1945 hit "Move Up A Little Higher" sold over a million copies.

27. Who was the first African American man to coach a major professional sports team and what team did he coach?

28. Name the multi-talented artist, athlete, singer, actor who in 1949, shocked the government by speaking out  
*con't onto page 29*



*Trivia con't from page 28*

against the African American war effort on behalf of a racist society. His role as Othello on Broadway in 1943 ran for 296 performances, and was highly praised by the New York drama critics.

29. Who was the African American woman playwright whose play, *A Raisin In The Sun*, won the New York

Drama Critics Circle Award in 1959? She was the first African American to win this award.

30. Who was the legendary African American cowboy who was given the title "Deadwood Dick" for his bronco-busting, calf-roping, and riding techniques displayed at Deadwood, S. Dakota in 1876. •

**Trivia introduction by Joanne Paul**

## Answers to African World Trivia

1. Imhotep
2. Augustine
3. Portugal
4. Sudan
5. Timbuktu
6. Jamestown, Virginia
7. He was a physician
8. John Russworm
9. W.E.B. Dubois
10. Madame C. J. Walker
11. Carter G. Woodson
12. Nat Turner
13. Sojourner Truth
14. May 19, 1925; Omaha, Nebraska
15. Lorraine Motel
16. Dred Scott Decision
17. Stokely Carmichael
18. Black Panther Party
19. Watts
20. The 15th Amendment
21. Elijah McCoy
22. Benjamin Banneker

23. Dr. Charles Drew
24. Matthew Henson
25. Lewis Latimer
26. Mahalia Jackson
27. Bill Russell, Boston Celtics
28. Paul Robeson
29. Lorraine Hansberry
30. Nat Love

### How much do you know?

**20-30** You are a Historian! You would be a great asset to the Nommo News staff.

**10-20** You are aware of your history. You should write for Nommo News.

**0-10** You need to educate yourself on Africans and African Americans. There is much to be learned but you are on the right track. Continue to read Nommo News!

*\* Editor's note: This survey was reproduced from The Black Collegian, January/February 1991*



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## Shinara

At one time, all the peoples of the world lived in one country, which is today known as Iraq (and the mountains north of Iraq). This was a lush, green valley between two rivers, and there were 3 medium-sized lakes in the mountains facing each other in a triangle, with another river flowing between the two southernmost lakes and the northern one. The valley was known as Shinara, and the wild mountain country was called Arara. Everyone spoke one language, Ubari, though you might say "OO-berry" if you lived in Arara. The total population was below 5000, divided into 16 clans. There were no wars, for there were no other people, and everyone was related. Here are the names of the 16 clans, together with their modern-day cultural descendants (bearing in mind most individuals can trace ancestry to several clans):

Haldami (Dravidian races)  
Ashuri (Chinese races)  
Kesedi (Jews & Arabians)  
Ludi (Armenians)  
Arami (Arabic-speaking Iraqis)  
Kushi (Ethiopians and Australasians)  
Misremi (Nilotic and Bantu types)  
Puti (Berber, Pygmy, and Hottentot types)

Kenaani (South Americans)  
Gomeri (Cimmerian peoples)  
Japanese, Turks, Mongols, Finns, etc.)  
Magogi (Slavs)  
Madai (Indo-Iranian peoples)  
Yavani (Greeks & Phoenicians)  
Tubali (Latins & Celts)  
Mushki (North American Indians)  
Tirati (Germanic peoples)

The capital was Babili, inhabited by all 16 clans. The central government at Babili attempted to regulate areas of settlement. The outlying areas were off limits, even to exploration, unless sanctioned by Babili. However, this was frequently ignored or disobeyed by the Arari (those living in the mountains). The Gomeri Yavani were exploring the Black Sea (illegally). The Togarmen were Gomeri renegades who nomadically roamed the Caucasus- unknown to Babili. This was approximately 3000 B.C. The so-called "Old Kingdom" in Egypt had previously held sway over the entire Earth, centuries earlier- a period of wars and corruption and a much greater population. However, this civilization had disappeared completely and the area was now uninhabited. Later, the Middle Kingdom Pharaohs invented the fictional 7th-12th Dynasties to try to establish continuity with the relics they found there (Statues, pyramids, etc.)



# FEBRUARY'S FIRSTS

					<b>1</b> 1865 J. S. Rock - First Black lawyer to practice before U.S. Supreme Court.	<b>2</b>
<b>3</b> 1947 Percival L. Prattis - First Black News Correspondent admitted to the House of Representatives	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> 1895 Birth of Frederick Douglass.	<b>8</b> 1865 Martin Robinson Delany - First Army Officer Major	<b>9</b>
<b>10</b>	<b>11</b> 1958 Ruth Carol Taylor - First Airline Stewardess	<b>12</b> 1909 N.A.A.C.P. Founded in New York City	<b>13</b> 1969 Joseph Louis Searles III - First Black broker commissioned to the New York Stock Exchange	<b>14</b> 1977 Clifford Leopold Alexander Jr. - Appointed first Black Secretary of the Army	<b>15</b> 1879 B.K. Bruce (of MI.) - First Black Senator to preside over Senate in Washington D.C.	<b>16</b> Frederick Douglass appointed President of Freedman's Bank and Trust.
<b>17</b>	<b>18</b> 1688 - First slavery protest in Germantown PA.	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b> 1952 Emmitt Littleton Ashford - First Black umpire in organized baseball.	<b>21</b> 1965 Malcolm X - Shot to death in Audubon Ballroom N.Y.C. at age 39.	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b> 1962 Wilma Rudolph - First Black woman awarded the James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy.
<b>24</b>	<b>25</b> 1870 Hiram Rhodes Revels, of MI. - First Black U.S. Senator to be sworn in.	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b> 1929 "Heart in Dixie" - First all Black orientated motion picture by a major company.	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b> 1940 Hattie McDaniel - First Black ac- tress to win an Oscar.	

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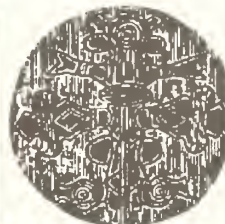
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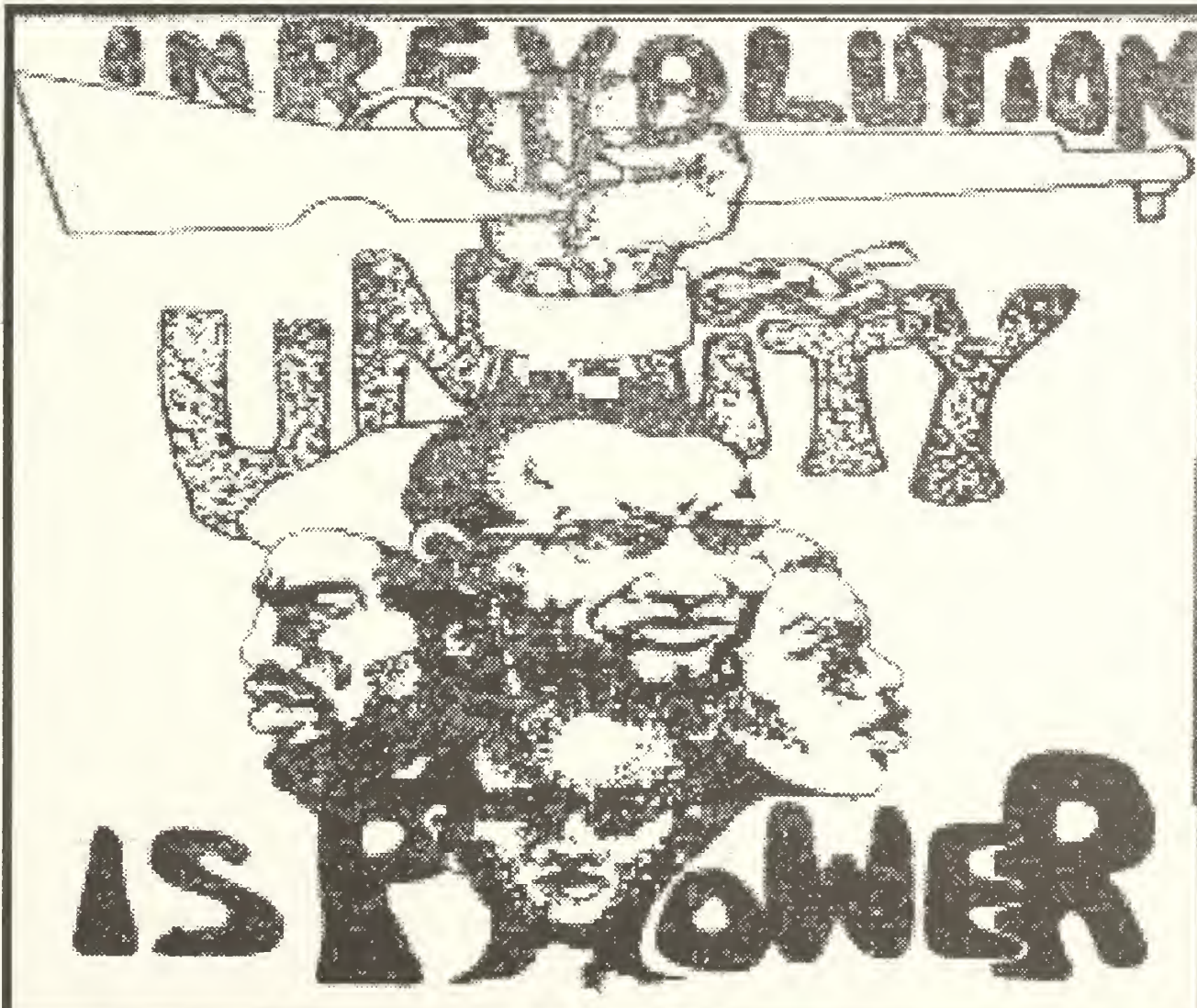


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*NOMMO* is a Dogan word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.



"I started with this idea in my head,  
'There's two things I've got a right to, death or liberty.'  
Harriet Tubman



## History, Unity and Purpose

By Arnold Lizana

Brothers and Sisters, who are we?  
Are we who and what we say we are?  
Are we living up to the standards of our Nubian ancestry?

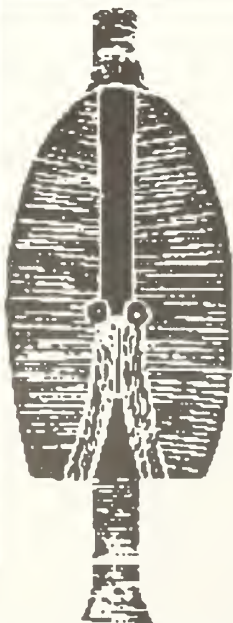
Are we as unified as we aspire to be? Would Malcolm, Fredrick, Phyllis, and Marcus be proud of us today? These are some questions we must ask ourselves as we strive to cultivate our potential to its fullest, here at this university. Let us not allow February to serve as a restricting boundary for our observation of our rich heritage. We, African-Americans, have a history far more extensive and much richer than some American historians care to record in their historical records. One month is not nearly enough time to graze the tip of the iceberg (our history).

Let's take a little time out everyday of the year to reflect back on not only the accomplishments of great blacks, but also on their goals. Let's make their goals our goals, their dreams our dreams. Let us adopt those same standards that made those legendary black men and women so great.

We can no longer depend on the government institutions to provide us with the opportunity to excel. We have to fight like hell for our opportunities, for then and only then are we assured that these opportunities are genuine. Believe it or not, it is in the "best interest" of some government officials for blacks to continue to be the devastated victims of oppression and racism. But the wall of these evils is no match for the strength of black ambition possessed by the spirit of proud and ambitious blacks like Marcus Garvey and Sojourner Truth. That same strength is the force that must unite our people and prepare us for the trials to come.

"Our people have made the mistake of confusing the methods with the objectives. As long as we agree on the objective, we should not fall out with each other because we believe in different methods and strategy... (Malcolm X)."

The differences that separate us are quite trivial. We can not allow those entities to demoralize the strength of unity. Knowledge of self is the wrench that tightens the foundation of a unified people. The more you learn about yourself, the easier it will be for you to love your brothers and sisters. PEACE, A1 •



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## Unification of A People

by Take Ten

White and light. They sound the same. They have the same amount of letters. But they are not the same. Now apply this little bit of deductive reasoning to human skin color, and you get the same answer. **THEY ARE NOT THE SAME!**

In this country, there seems to be a particular trend for people of color (ie. Puerto Ricans, Asians, Cape Verdeans, and even some Africans), not to want to socialize with African-Americans. Why is that? What have we done to you?

Politically, socially, and economically, there is no group that even comes close to the success of European-Americans, in these areas inside or outside of America. European-Americans credit their success to hard work and the American way. Whereas, African-Americans credit their (European-Americans) success to what it is, the evil exploitation of people of color.

From Japan to Puerto Rico, European-Americans are slowly diluting cultures and minds. European-Americans take their whiteness as good and others' blackness as bad; ideology Americans implant in minds all around the world. And if you are not white, they have you thinking that light is better.

Division is one of the more effective techniques European-Americans employ to keep their power. They have all of us fighting against each other, when in reality, we should be unified to fight against them.

My Puerto-Rican Brothers and Sisters, European-Americans have destroyed your country. You should know better. Your people

are exploited in the same way, and arguably even worse than African-Americans in this country. Why do you scowl in the faces of an African-American when he/she attempts to explain or rectify the evils European-Americans have done?

My Japanese Brothers and Sisters, you do not even speak to African-Americans. You act as if we were the ones who bombed your country and forced you into concentration camps.

My Cape Verdean Brothers and Sisters, European-Americans have done a good job of brainwashing you. They have you thinking that you are Spanish, even though your country is within swimming distance of Africa.

**Wake up!** Why do your loyalties lie with the European-Americans? Whenever there seems to be any lines drawn, you always seem to defend the American flag and the American way of life. Why? Politically, economically, and socially, you are excluded from America.

It seems that you have more in common with African-Americans than European-Americans.

Realize this people of color, unifying with European-Americans will get you nowhere. Smiling in their faces and thinking that you are just an American will get you nowhere. Hard work and determination are two qualities European-Americans like to profess they have and African-Americans lack, will only get you so far.

**Wake up people of color!** African-Americans have led the way for all people of color in the fight for equality. It is time we unite and fight against the real oppressor. **Do not, for one moment, believe that you are not owed anything.** European-Americans built this country on the backs of people of color. Unity without uniformity. United we stand, divided we fall. **We are willing to unite. How about you? •**

THE OPINIONS IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE THOSE OF THE INDIVIDUAL WRITER AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF NOMMO NEWS, UMASS OR THE FIVE COLLEGE AREA UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.

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## SAVE YOURSELF!

by Mr. Robert Green

Last Saturday, my day began like a normal Saturday, then suddenly, a series of events began to unfold that left me very upset. First a young man (student), whose name I will not mention, approached me seeking advise. With tears running down his cheeks, he began to elaborate. "I had a party last night and after it was over, I was cleaning up and for some reason the police showed up and one of them (a female) began to push me around. I told her to keep her hands off me and the next thing that I knew was that I was under arrest for disorderly conduct." My first question to the young man was, were you disorderly? His answer was "no, but I have to be in court Tuesday and I don't know what to do." Seeing how upset he was, I told him to stop crying and that he should go home and give it some thought, then return or call me and I would see what I could do. This encounter precipitated three others that both aroused my suspicion and infuriated me. Less than an hour later, I was approached by another young black man soliciting advertisements. While conversing with him, I was told how he had been stopped and detained by the police for 45 minutes because he fit the computer description of a young black man that had a warrant out on him from New York. Credulously, this man's story had a familiar ring to it. My son has been stopped on several occasions and given the same excuse (only the suspected man was supposed to be from Boston and he was detained longer).

Well, I asked myself "what can I do? Where can I go? Who can I talk to?" My deep mediation was broken by a telephone ring. It was my wife, "your daughter was stopped by the police last night and interrogated. "When she asked the officer why she was stopped, she was told that she had an expired sticker on her plates. After she told the officer that her sticker would not expire until 1992, he responded, "Oh, well, that must have been some other car. You can go now." Astoundingly, my son was stopped the next night and given a warning.

"Is there a pattern here?," I ask myself, knowing full well what was going on but trying to find an excuse of how not to face what I consider a hopeless situation. Why? I ambiguously concluded that the sudden increase in these incidents could be related to the filming and condemnation of the Los Angeles police beating of a black man. Incredulous as it may seem, I know from past

personal experiences that when there was a national outcry for the wrongful treatment of blacks, there appeared to be a counter attack of increased scrutiny of young black men on behalf of "some officers" to prove to the public that such actions are justified given the number of apprehensions and convictions of black people; establishing credence for that type of irrational behavior. Some of us pretend not to know why our children develop a disrespect and demonstrate for those in authority. When young white kids encounter the same acts of insipid insolence, they develop the same contumacious attitudes. These

officers know that their cynicism and consternation attitudes will probably cause you to respond negatively thus ending in your arrest and conviction. Let us not forget that the majority of our youth are recommend for special class (tracking) in most schools. In addition, they suffer the highest unemployment coupled with all the problems of adolescence. Where can they go? To a esoteric system that is designed to frustrate them to death. This system that hires what they consider safe blacks (females or interracial blacks). They feed on our inability to speak out because of the repercussions. We must teach our children to suffer silently and suppress their feelings. We cannot afford to trust our white friends because it is not possible to judge people by what they say. Therefore, it is safer to distrust everyone. Living under these conditions is like living in a state of war everyday. In fact, when our children leave home we worry that they may not return safely or healthy. Isn't it strange that we fight for world freedom yet we cannot freely express ourselves or exercise our constitutional rights? You have to revert to that old Uncle Tom subservient act of submitting to the master or you are considered radical or subversive. My solution is that we must learn to take badge numbers or names and report them to the chiefs of these officers. We must also have somebody powerful enough to compile these reports and do follow up. The question is, who wants to take on this risky task? For we well know that standing up or speaking out has it's cost. Ironically, my grandparents had these same problems in the south. The called it "sticking your neck for white folk to chop it off." This elusive hope has turned into frustration. Dr. King's dreams are nightmares. Aren't your tired of hearing white people complain about the grant awards, jobs, and special treatment

*cont. onto page 5*



*Save Yourself! cont. from page 4*

that we are getting (reverse discrimination). I do not know a single person of the sort, do you? I do know that 60% of the fighting forces in Operation Desert Storm were black and I did not hear a single white cry about reverse discrimination then. What happened? Maybe the war was too obscure or this was another convenient oversight. Paradoxically, it is healthier for these black men to be prisoners of war in Iraq than to walk the streets of America as so called free men. We as adults are suppose to be responsible for these youth, when are we going start acting accordingly? If these young people had the good sense to make an effort to better themselves, why can't we have the sense and courage to assist them? If we don't, who knows, the next person you see beaten on television maybe one of your relatives. •

## African

Song by Peter Tosh

Don't care where you come from  
 As long as you're a black man, you're an African  
 No min' your nationality  
 You have got the identity of an African

Cos if you come from Clarendon, you are an African  
 And if you come from Portland, you are an African  
 And if you come from Westmoreland, you are an African

*Don't care etc.*

Cos if you come from Trinidad, you are an African  
 And if you come from Nassau, you are an African  
 And if you come from Cuba, you are an African  
 So don't care *etc.*

No min' your complexion  
 There is no rejection, you are an African  
 Cos if your 'plexion high, high, high  
 If your 'plexion low, low, low  
 And if your 'plexion in between  
 You are an African

*So don't care etc.*

No min' denomination  
 That is only segregation, you are an African  
 Cos if you go to the Catholic, you are an African  
 Or if you go to the Methodist, you are an African  
 And if you go to the Church of God, you are an African

*So don't care etc.*

Cos if you come from Brixton, you are an African  
 And if you come from Neasden, you are an African  
 And if *etc.* (with Willesden, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens,  
 Manhattan, Canada, Miami, Switzerland, Germany, Russia,  
 Taiwan-Fade)

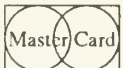
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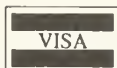
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## ARE WE LOSING OUR ABILITY TO PRESERVE OUR OWN HISTORY?

by Colette M. Greenstein

On Wednesday, February 27, I attended a presentation on William Edward Burghardt DuBois at the University Library for Afro-Am 234, entitled "Harlem Renaissance".

W.E.B. DuBois, as he was best known, was born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts on February 23, 1868, just 3 years after the Civil War. He was born into the family of what is called the "Black Burghardts". The Black Burghardts were a group of African Negroes descended from Tom, who was born in West Africa about 1730.<sup>1</sup> Tom had been seized by a Dutch slave trader named Conraet Burghardt and brought over to settle in the Berkshire Area.

William DuBois was the only son of Mary Salvina Burghardt and Alfred DuBois. One year after his birth, his father left both him and his mother, never to be heard from again. Alfred DuBois, "something of a vagabond poet", loved literature deeply and possessed a desire to travel" was a descendant of a White plantation owner in the Bahamas named James DuBois.<sup>2</sup>

Despite these odds, William DuBois excelled in school. He was the only Black child in a classroom full of Whites, yet he was always at the top of his class. At the age of 17, in 1885 he attended Fisk University for three years, and upon graduation attended Harvard University. In 1892, he studied at the University of Berlin on a fellowship. DuBois led a life that was filled with activity in every capacity.

He was a philosopher, writer, teacher, and social scientist. He taught for several years at Atlanta University where he subsequently met and married in 1951 his second wife, Shirley Graham (which the New Africa House Library is named after), a former graduate student of his. In 1910 he became editor and founder of the N.A.A.C.P.'s *Crisis* magazine. Before his death in 1963 in Accra, Ghana, W.E.B. DuBois is best known for his statement at the beginning of the twentieth century which was, "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line."

As I listened to this presentation, a sense of anger and rage began to build within me. It wasn't rage or anger directed specifically at the person giving the presentation. It was more of an anger that had me thinking that I was losing my history and my culture as a Black person in this country.

In a room with about 25 people, there were only 4 Black students at this presentation. The presentation was for a class, but there were more non-students present than students.

It seems that we, as a people, are always being studied or analyzed by White society. This sense of anger has surfaced and resurfaced at various times during the course of my stay at UMass. It seems that we, as African Americans are losing control in preserving our own rich history, traditions, and cultures.

I personally am tired of seeing presentations by Whites in regards to Black history and culture. Granted, their interest may be genuine and sincere, but it should be up to us to preserve our own history.

Often times, I get frustrated and sometimes offended when a White person has more knowledge than I do about my own culture. This shouldn't be. They may be able to tell us what they have researched, discovered and studied, but can they honestly tell me what the African American experience is really like? I think not!

Yes, I do realize that I must take control and start to seriously pursue and help preserve our rich heritage for the next generations. As a college student, in an institution of higher learning, this can be the place where I begin my "true education" of myself. It is up to us, as a privileged few, to begin this long journey in the preservation of ourselves and our people. It's time we start taking control of our African American heritage. We may not think that it is our duty to do so but if we do not start, then who will? "If not now, then when?" •

<sup>1</sup> DuBois, William, *Autobiography of W.E.B. DuBois: A Soliloquy on Viewing My Life from the Last Decade of its First Century*, International Publishers Company, Inc., 1968, pg. 62.

<sup>2</sup> Stafford, Mark, *W.E.B. DuBois, Scholar and Activist: Black Americans of Achievement*, Chelsea House Publishers, NY, 1989, pg. 20.

# GET OFF OUR BACKS!

by a Radical with a Purpose

"I believe that the black masses will rise with a simple and eloquent demand to which new leaders must give tongue. They will say to America simply: "GET OFF OUR BACKS!"

The problem will be so simply defined.

What is the problem?

THE WHITE MAN HAS CRUSHED ALL BUT THE LIFE FROM BLACKS FROM THE VERY TIME THEY CAME TO THESE SHORES TO THIS VERY DAY.

What is the solution?

"GET OFF OUR BACKS!"

How?

"BY SIMPLY DOING IT— NOW!"

A serious problem is plaguing the U.S. today: Racism.

What is racism? What causes it? And how can it be fought and defeated?

One of the best places to start is with one of the number one racists in this country today: George Bush. Let's look at some of the ideas that he has been putting forward. He's very typical of your average racist. He doesn't bluntly say that Black people are dumb, inferior, and lazy. Instead he makes racist insinuations and innuendos. He talks about the need to return to the "Hard-work Ethic" and so called "New World Order."

What does Bush mean when he talks about the "Hard-work Ethic?" He is saying that Black people's poverty is caused by laziness. Can you imagine? This man says that we, Black people are lazy. Why! the sweat and blood of Black slaves built this country! And Black people today do the hardest work and are paid the least.

Bush, like other racists, is haranguing us about "law and order."

And calling for the reinstatement of capital punishment. What is the meaning of all this talk about "law and order?" Look at the situation in urban cities. You have capitalists and liberals saying that chief problem is crime. Is crime really the main question confronting urban

cities? I think not.

When people live in rundown tenements, can not find jobs, and send their children to terrible schools, then they are forced to turn to alcohol, or drugs, or some other kind of escape. Bush disagrees with this. When he announced his support for stiffening penalties for the drug addicts and pushers, he pointed out his disagreements with what he called the "wishy washy liberals" and "do-gooders" who said that crime and drugs are the fruit of society. He said the criminal is responsible and should be punished accordingly.

Of course when Bush talks about criminals he's not talking about himself, a mass murderer responsible for the killing and maiming of hundreds in Iraq. He's not talking about high government bureaucrats, who are in cahoots with big dope pushers in Saigon and Columbia.

**"When people live in rundown tenements, can not find jobs, and send their children to terrible schools, they are forced to turn to alcohol or drugs, or some other kind of escape."**

Nor is he talking about his son-well you know. It's obvious that Bush himself is the criminal. It's not the real criminals that Bush is talking about. He is talking about the victims of his criminality. He is trying to make the real victims look like the criminals. If Black people and others who are oppressed and downtrodden are not the victims of this system of private profits and racism, then how can Bush explain the fact that we're always the last hired and the first fired? And that those of us who are hired have

the lowest paying jobs? How can Bush and other racists explain the fact that Black unemployment is twice that of whites? How do you explain the fact that in many cities an average of \$1000 per pupil is spent on education in the white community and only \$500 per pupil in the Black communities? If this racist society doesn't cause this poverty, and therefore cause the revolt against it, then how can Bush explain the poverty of Blacks? Could it be that we have a poverty gene?

And here you have an example of how racism is perpetuated. It's a very conscious and deliberate thing. It is perpetuated by the rulers of this country in order to rationalize their exploitation of Blacks as a cheap source

*cont. onto page 16*



8

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**"Black Love"**

**Black Love: Key to Self Empowerment**  
Springfield College

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Tuesday April 2nd  
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**Black Men: Rescue 911**  
U-Mass Amherst

Wednesday April 3rd  
7:00pm Campus Center  
Room 904-908

**Excellence in Academics: Study Session**  
A.I.C.

Thursday April 4th  
7:00pm Amaron Hall

**Sisters, Can We Talk?**  
Smith College

Friday April 5th  
7:00pm M'wangi Center

**Delta Beach Party**  
U-Mass Amherst  
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Southside Room  
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**Afternoon of Poetry and Song Sunday**  
Mt. Holyoke College  
Refreshments will be served

April 7th  
3:00pm Betty Shabazz

We encourage everyone to come out and help us explore these issues. All events are open to the public and free expect the Beach Party.

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MARCH • APRIL 1991

# “So much time has passed and so little has changed.”

by a Sister with a message.

“This article gets to the point - white racism is the root of all evil on this earth. There are many evils which derive from racism that are more easily identified including the existence of ghetto neighborhoods, discrimination, joblessness, poor health, and repressing classrooms. But there should be no mistake about this, for the future of America is too important; the root cause of the black wrath that now threatens to destroy this nation is the unwillingness of white Amerikkans to accept African-Americans as fellow human beings. This is precisely what I mean by racism.

This article is crucially important because it, too, goes to the heart of the matter faced by African-Americans throughout this country. I can only hope its message is notable. That message, is simple - that despite the passage of several Civil Rights bill since 1957, despite the erosion of legal supports for shear institutions, despite greater acceptance of African-Americans into our major institutions, both public and private, it is still no easy thing to be a NEGRO in Amerikkka. So much time has passed and so little has changed. Without question the hour is late and the message of this article is grim. But the restoration of domestic tranquility to this land depends on our understanding and acknowledging it-RACISM.

*“What the hell do niggers want anyways?”*

*“Every other ethnic group has made it up the ladder on its own. Why don't the blacks do likewise?”*

*“They keep raving about their rights, well, white people have rights too.”*

These and similar comments are the voices of White Amerikkka lashing back at the growing unrest of blacks. African-American people today continue to revolt against laws and customs that are deadly and humiliating. The voice of Black America has been heard in the explosions of

**“Everyday we, Black Americans, are coming more and more to realize that even our inner most suffering is due largely to a hostile White majority and with this realization gaining a determination to change that hostile society by any means necessary.”**

Virginia Beach, Howard Beach and Boston.

Aggression leaps from wounds inflicted and ambitions spiked. It grows out of oppression and capricious cruelty. It is logical and predictable if we know the soil from which it comes.

People bear all they can and, if required, bear even more. But if they are Black in present-day Amerikkka, they have been asked to shoulder too much. They have had all they can stand. They will be bullied no more. Turning from their tormentors, they are filled with rage.

The growing anger of Blacks is frightening to white America. There is a feeling of betrayal and undeserved attack. White people have responded

with a rage of their own. As the lines become more firmly drawn, exchanges of information is the first casualty.

If racist hostility is to subside, and if we are to avoid open conflict on a nationwide scale, information is the most desperately needed commodity of our time.

And of the things that need knowing, none is more important than that all Blacks are angry. White Americans seem not to recognize it. They seem to think that all the trouble is caused by only a few “extremists.” They ought to know better. We know better because we have talked to many of our brothers and sisters under the most intimate of circumstances.

Everyday we, Black-Americans, are coming more and more to realize that even our inner most suffering is due largely to a hostile white majority and with this realization, gaining a determination to change that hostile society by any means necessary.

Americans characteristically are unwilling to think about the past. We are a future-orientated nation, and facing backwards is an impediment to progress. Although these attitudes may propel us to the moon, they are deficient when human conflict needs resolution. They bring White Americans to an impasse when they claim to understand Black people. After all, the thoughts begin, “The negro is also an American and if he is different it is only a matter of degree.” Cliches are brought forth and there is a lengthy recitation of the names of

*cont. onto page 10*

*So much time...cont. from page 9*  
 famous blacks. Long association has this country. Major differences in backgrounds are ignored. Black people were brought to this country forcibly and were completely cut off from their past. They were robbed of language and culture. They were forbidden to be an African and never allowed to be an American. After the first generation and with each new group of slaves, Black people had only their American experience to draw on. For most Blacks, the impact of the experience has been so great as to even now account for a lack of knowledge of our past.

The Black experience in this country has been of a different kind. It began with slavery and with a rupture of continuity and an annihilation of the past. Even now each generation grows up alone. Now

Black groups pass on proud traditions, conscious of the benefits they are conferring. For Black people, values and rituals are shaped and indeed transmitted, but with little acknowledgment of their worth. The Jews achieve a sense of ethnic cohesiveness through religion and a pride on background while Black people stand in solitude.

White citizens have grown up with the identity of an American and, with that the unresolved conflicts of the slaveholder. White Americans are born into a culture which contains the hatred of blacks as an integral part.

Because there has been so little change in attitudes; the children of bondage continue to suffer the effects of slavery. There is a timeless quality to the unconscious which transform yesterday into today. The obsessions of slave and master continue. Both continue a deadly struggle of which

neither is fully aware. It should seem that for most Black people emancipation has yet to come.

We weep for the true victim, the Black America. Its wounds are deep. But along with its scars, Black people have a secret. Their genius is that they have survived. In their adaptations they have developed a vigorous style of life. It has touched religion, music, and the broad canvas of creativity. The psyche of Black people has been distorted, but out of that deformity has risen a dynasty. It began in the chants of the first work song. It reaped in the timelessness of the blues! It continues in the vocal voices of rap. For white America to understand the life of Black people, it must recognize that so much time has passed and so little has changed." •

"Treat your guest as a guest for two days; on the third day, give him a hoe!"  
**Swahili Folk Saying**

"I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired."  
**Fannie Lou Hamer**



Josephine Baker

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## SISTERS

by a Sistah

On March 3, 1991, New World Theatre hosted a Jomandi Production called *SISTERS*, written by Marsha Jackson. *SISTERS*, a powerful and moving play sharply focusing on the strengths and sacrifices of the contemporary African-American woman, looks at the world of two African-American women—one a maintenance worker and the other, a mid-level executive who were stranded in an office building on New Year's Eve. An invigorating narrative centering around two women struggling to overcome their personal biases and class differences; *SISTERS* attracts the audience's attention through expressive dialogue dealing with subjects ranging from class to virginity, from loneliness to ambitions, from families to skin color. Combining comedy with drama, Marsha Jackson's work treats each of these issues with respect and a sense of realism.

This energetic and solid two-women act gave a commanding performance before a mixed audience of diverse cultures at the Bowker Auditorium located on the University of Massachusetts at Amherst campus. Olivia Delphine Williams, played by Sharlene Ross, represented the image of a corporate African-American woman struggling with identity. She was featured as a chocolate mint. In my opinion, her identity was that of an Oreo—black on the outside and white on the inside. For Olivia, room at the top as an executive accountant meant realizing that there is no place for African-Americans at the top. Olivia was an ideal portrayal of an African-American woman struggling with self and corporate racism, but unaware of her own oppression—being African-American and a woman.

Cassie Charles, played by Andrea Frye, represented the poor working class African-American woman struggling with self-confidence. She was portrayed as a bitter African-American who faced everyday reality by speaking to her deceased grandmother, Ma'dear. For Cassie, dreams were no longer future prospects. They were merely fantasies that tormented the soul. With no future ideals or dreams, Cassie Charles gave up on herself belittling her self-confidence to succeed in life. However, it was her sense of self that made her strong. Her keen awareness and attributes brought out the essence of what being an African-American woman was all about.

By interspersing the play with humorous points, Marsha Jackson lets the audience digest all of its subliminal messages with laughter. "Sometimes people forget how to laugh, to love ourselves," Marsha Jackson said. "I wrote *SISTERS* in order to free us to laugh, to love ourselves, to disarm that mechanism that says "That is not me!" From this insight, Marsha Jackson was able to give a portrayal of two African-American women challenging one another to act upon their own dreams through bonding.

In the final scene, these two women share a common bond which incorporates their identity, experiences, dreams, struggles, and goals of sisterhood. Nevertheless they make decisions about their individual lives considering their limited opportunities and choices. It is during this dramatic scene that Marsha Jackson captures the essence of play as the women struggle with the needs that bind women of disparate points of views as "sisters."

This play brings together all the questionable aspects of the Women's Movement. Aspects dealing with oppressive issues ranging from sexism to economics and from racism to equality. The removal of Olivia's wig represented a symbolic stanza for women's rights. For Olivia it was her freedom from an oppressive status. But for women, in general, it should be a representation of the indifference that we must overcome, if we are ever to bond as *SISTERS*. •



## Madame C.J. Walker

by Michelle Alleyne

The chaos and confusion of a fast paced society can cause one to take things which have grown essential for granted. For millions of Black women, personal beautification has become a daily routine which enhances their outward appearance. Although today's cosmetics industry attempts to address the needs of the Negro woman, only one manufacturer, Madame C.J. Walker, has thus far served her well.

Born in 1869, Sarah Breedlove would become the first woman of any race to achieve millionaire status through personal efforts. Orphaned at the age of six in her home state of Louisiana, the former laundress married C.J. Walker at age fourteen. Widowed at age twenty, Madame C.J. Walker's innovative mind led to a new method of straightening hair. Before she invented her hair softener and special straightening in 1905, Negro women had to place their hair on a flat surface and use an iron to straighten it. The ease of this new device, generated business for Madame C.J. Walker, who would even-

tually build her own manufacturing company.

In addition to her success as an inventor, Madame C.J. Walker proved herself as a competent business woman. Organizing her employees and assistants into smaller trained divisions of her company, she created franchises which provided women with cosmetics and hair equipment. The company's payroll was over \$200,000 annually, making Madame C.J. Walker one of the top grossing businesses of her era. Despite her stable income, Walker did concern herself with the welfare of those less fortunate. Large sums of money were frequently donated to charities and educational institutions such as the West African Girls Academy which received over \$100,000.

As an entrepreneur, Madame C.J. Walker's cosmetics industry maintained the interest of the Negro woman. Before her death in 1919, Walker established over 2,000 agents selling her expanding line of beauty products. The ingenuity and determination of this African American woman paved the way for her many successful years. •

**BMCP** was founded in 1969 to provide the Third World Community in and around the Five College Area with a wealth of radio and television programming. **BMCP** also host social and education events such as cultural films and plays, guest lecturers and the Annual **BMCP Funk-A-Thon**.

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### General Body Meetings

April 11, 1991 Thursday  
(Elections will be held today)

April 25, 1991 Thursday

May 2, 1991 Thursday  
(Security meeting for the Funk-A-Thon)

May 9, 1991 Thursday  
(Final meeting)



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# The Hair Thing

By Natalie Weathers

## Forward By Tracey Robinson

*The significance of hair, for most African-American women, has taken on a meaning that is larger than life. Its mere texture and length has symbolized praise and rejection for some; abuse and rejection for others. Out of expressions of admiration, it has spurred feelings of jealousy.*

*Throughout our childhood, our "crowning glory" stood as the ultimate symbol of our beauty and popularity. Babies with the "long" and/or "straight" hair always won the baby contests, just as the little girls with the longest ponytails always had friends.*

*As grown women, we were ready to step away from such shallow requirements of beauty, through imaginative hairstyles that represented our own sense of identity and beauty.*

*And just when we thought it was safe to wear natural, dreadlock, someone else's, or no hair at all, we experienced a rude awakening. Yesterday's baby contest turned into today's beauty contest. And our family, friends, boyfriends/husbands, and the media serve as the judges.*

Some weeks ago in my African-American aesthetics class, a white female student stated, "Hair seems to be a big issue among African-American women... I don't think that it makes such a big difference to whites." She also questioned why it was a "big deal".

This question went on to trigger a flood of emotional responses and personal testimonies from many of the African-American women in the class.

For African-American women, getting our hair "done" before it 'goes back' (to Africa) is a complex act, where issues of conforming and being rejected go hand in hand with an attempt to 'look pretty'. I then ask, in chemically altering the natural texture of our hair... what are we conforming to? Who is rejecting us if we don't conform? What is the African-American beauty aesthetic? Why should it be important?

I ask these questions of a number of African-Americans who express their idea of beauty in different ways. If I found out anything

among the varied responses, it was that this 'hair thang' is deep. As the professor of the class, Kariamuwelsh-Asante, pointed out to me, historically, we have been forced to cut our hair and keep it covered. "The care and time given in hairstyling and adoration, which is an art skill in Africa, became a cost to the slave master. He demanded that the African divert her time and energy toward his profit, and away from her self-expression—we were not permitted to grow longer than one inch." Professor Welsh-Asante also stated, "For the African-American woman, hair became something of a pathological obsession, due to the historical fact that African-American women have always considered adorning themselves to be important."

In Four Hundred Years Without A Comb, Willie Morrow explored the way we lost the technique for styling our hair and appreciation of its natural texture within the dynamics of slavery.

Whenever we chemically alter our hair, we enact the 'virtue of resemblance'. This term states that

one can effectively erase physical and cultural variations while maintaining and positing surface differences as meaningful human complexity.

For example, statements like, "I might straighten my hair, but I know who I am" reflects the virtue of resemblance. It becomes a 'virtue' to resemble the power holders. We must ask, what happens in the process of trying to resemble the dominant image of beauty? Is there something lost in that process?

I would say that the image of beauty, displayed by many African-American women is influenced by several sources, which include the media, brothers and sisters and miseducation.

As an attempt to answer the questions put thus far, I will share with you the various responses I received on this topic. This article is not an attempt to make judgement call on how we should choose to present ourselves, in terms of beauty. It is an attempt to process what our ideas of beauty are and to present

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*The Hair... cont. from page 13*  
 some ideas on the ramifications of a particular aesthetic.

Gina, who wears her hair 'natural' and styles it creatively, said that she used to believe that one could "straighten her hair as long as she didn't unbraid her mind." Her view has changed. "Your hair is basically a physical outgrowth of yourself and by not letting your hair 'be' in its natural state, you are rejecting a part of yourself and accepting someone else's beauty standard," she said.

For Rhonda and Sue, 'growing out' their perm is something they feel is a complicated decision, in which pressure from the outside comes into play.

"I guess I feel hypocritical with my straightened hair because while I feel in tune to my Blackness, I use the excuse that straightening my hair is more manageable and efficient... but that's not really true," said Rhonda. I have to blow dry it, curl it, and get touch ups, which cost more money and relaxers are painful."

Sue pointed out that women in her family consider braids to be tacky and unprofessional. Her boyfriend also finds braids unattractive and she would not want to appear unattractive to her boyfriend.

Rhonda mentioned that European fashion media can glorify and exoticize the natural beauty of an African model, yet, it encourages Black women to buy perm and relaxer products which make them look more European than African. "I get the feeling that African aesthetics are somehow a less authentic type of beauty," she said.

Tricia is in a 'limbo' stage since she has difficulty deciding whether or not she wants to permanently avoid chemical relaxers. Sur-

rounding Tricia's decision were feelings of fear and anxiety, since the issue of conforming to the image of an African-American woman, with permed hair, was strong in her conscience. She said, "this hair business is a sad state of affairs." Yet, her boyfriend's support was encouraging, as she contemplated such a drastic change in her image. Tricia felt that one's physical appearance means a lot politically, because it

**"...some men (unconsciously) are practicing intra-racial discriminatory behavior; they often make values and choices based on color and aesthetic appearances that approximate a more European look."**

is a good index of political consciousness. "My political consciousness is being suppressed in a way because I have a 'ceiling on my head' (Alice Walker?)"

Denise wears her hair permed and she quickly told me that her choice did not make her 'less' Black because she knows who she is. "I never really considered wearing my hair natural because I never knew about some of the historical connections to our ideas of beauty as described in *"Four Hundred Years Without A Comb"*. She pointed out that a reason why she never considered her hair natural is because the media hasn't provided alternative images of beauty which includes the African aesthetic.

Saskia and Sara both wear their hair in dreads and the process

that they utilized to display this aesthetic was very much connected with their developing political consciousness. Saskia views her choice of hairstyling as a "political, economic, and cultural right." She views dreadlocked hair as a "cultural shock treatment" for onlookers of all ethnic backgrounds who view her dreads as 'primitive', 'crude', or 'uncivilized'. Saskia mentioned that she was fired from a major state university because she learned that others who worked with her were 'offended' by her hair. She made it clear that she does not always try to shock people. "It's a matter of bringing about a heightened awareness."

Sara eased into her dreads by wearing a sculpted afro for about two years while working for city government. In that work place, her hair was considered nappy, untidy and unprofessional. Sara said that the hair industry is one of the few places where we have made strides in this capitalist system towards economic self-sufficiency. "In an ironic way, we are contributing our cultural demise... to be able to express culture is to express power and control and in order for your culture to flourish, you have to be in power," she said.

Most of the comment, of brothers whom I spoke to were not strident opinions. Many, in fact, considered it important that women "just look good" and "attractive", no matter what texture or state her hair was in. Adam said, "the brothers aren't going to put much into the decision; it's really up to the sisters to decide how they'll wear their hair natural and do it... the brothers will fall in step."

Dr. Sonja Peterson-Lewis has conducted two related surveys: one on Black undergraduate

*cont. onto page 15*

**The Hair...cont. from page 14**

women's motivations for choosing various aesthetic practices, such as hair straightening; the other as a survey on Black beauty salons. "We are the only group of women who aren't only compelled but mandated to change what is natural to us," said Peterson-Lewis. She described a hypothetical bell curve, where in a condition that there were no outside forces, the largest portion of the curve should consist of African-American women who wear their hair natural, and then, a bell curve, where the largest portion does consist (according to casual observation of today) of women who chemically alter their hair. These curves illustrate that today, the unnatural (straightened) state has come to be valued as natural, so that those who wear their hair naturally are questioned. Peterson-Lewis concluded from her first study that there was a pattern of the "reinforcement model", which existed in her study. The reinforcement model says that those who don't straighten their hair are held back or punished in some way. Therefore in order to get ahead, positive reinforcement is the major reason why African-

American women straighten their hair. On the other hand she did not find that the reason for chemically altering their hair was based upon a self-hatred model.

Who do Black women look to for reinforcement?

"Some Black men", says Peterson-Lewis "tend to punish the women if they don't fit into the image that comes with chemically altering their hair, while they tend to reward women if they do".

*As long as women are judged by men on the basis of their appearance, the affirming (or disaffirming) values of men will be adhered to.* Peterson-Lewis says that some men (unconsciously) are practicing intra-racial discriminatory behavior; they often make values and choices based on color and aesthetic appearances that approximate a more European look. She also pinpoints the root of this intra-racial discriminatory behavior on the mothers of these Black men. "How are we raising our sons so that they will reject a woman who resembles their mother?"

Some personal observations of my own are that African-American women, who style their hair in its natural texture, tend to be more eco-

nomically self-sufficient and independent. Many have embarked on their own business ventures, which often promote some aspect of African-American culture. I am not prepared to say that many of us have become entrepreneurs out of necessity (after initial rejection from the mainstream America), or out of choice. However, it's interesting to see that some of us, whose appearance had been considered "rebellious" or "radical", have chosen to take advantage of the "American Dream" as employers, rather than employees.

Another observation is that we haven't come to a consensus regarding the African-American aesthetic on beauty. Therefore, a standard image of African-American beauty has yet to emerge within the media.

Perhaps, it is a matter of establishing new rituals of styling our hair.

We should abandon the use of chemicals and the European aesthetic model and relearn the ritual of styling and caring for our hair in its natural texture. •

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## Attention:

We the undersigned Afrikan American and other Third World students and community members wish to take a clear position opposing the showing of the Glimpses of Israel photo exhibit in the Augusta Savage Gallery of the New Africa House. We wish also to dissociate ourselves from those few individuals who would represent themselves as "The New Africa House" and thus claim to represent the entire Afrikan American community.

We oppose the showing of this exhibit in the New Africa House for the following reasons:

1. The exhibit is one-sided and ahistorical in that it does nothing to represent either the Palestinians who make up a large proportion of Israel's population nor does it make any reference to their heroic struggle for their land in the face of brutal repression by the Israeli state.
2. We want to make clear that we as Afrikan American students on this campus are in solidarity with our Palestinian sisters and brothers in their struggle and that we do not support the policies of a state which, while claiming to represent an oppressed minority, perpetrates murder and brutal repression against another people and their legitimate liberation struggle.
3. We wish to make clear that no single person or tiny group of people can represent or legitimately claim to represent the New Africa House. The New Africa House, along with the Malcolm X Center, is the geographical and spiritual heart of the Afrikan community on this campus. It was created through the struggle of students and has been maintained by students who have had to *fight* twice in two decades to keep it. It is we, if anyone, who will speak in the name of the New Africa House.

We recognize and empathize with the historic oppression of the Jewish people and we have opposed and will continue to oppose the intolerance and harrassment of Jews as well as the ideology and practice of anti-semitism. However, our solidarity with the plight of the Jewish people does not extend to the point of giving uncritical support to the policies of a state which over the course of its history has repeatedly and continuously acted as an agent of repression in relation to the Palestinian people, and which has aided and abetted the racist apartheid state of South Africa in its oppression of our fellow Afrikan people.

Editor's Note:

Over 300 people signed this petition.

### *Get Off Our Backs cont. from page 7*

of labor, and to divide Black working people from white. Racism means billions of dollars in extra profit for the capitalists. It is perpetuated by them to make it look like the problems faced by white workers—the problems of the cities, the problems of inflation, etc.—are actually caused by Blacks. And racism is perpetuated to prevent white and Black workers from getting together to solve these problems.

How can racism be fought and defeated? .....By a radical with a purpose." •

## Possitive Impressions

For More Information Contact: 6-0967

The Afrikan, because of the violent differences between what was native and what he was forced to in slavery, developed some of the most complex and complicated ideas about the world imaginable.

Amiri Baraka

## Blast From The Past

**Blast From The Past** is a supplement of NOMMO News that introduces articles, poems, and editorials from our brothers and sisters from the past. This section is a dedication to those who fought to bring NUMMO News into existence. Their courageous efforts and continuing struggle has not gone unnoticed. We are a great part of that struggle that began in April, 1975. Without our alumnae's commitment to unity and the struggle for our inclusion in the mass media of the Collegian at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, our voices may never have been heard. From their past struggle, we have been informed about the underlying, continual misrepresentation of the Third World community by the media on this campus.

We must learn that our solidarity has to be maintained if we are ever to expose those who continue to down play our culture and history. And if we are to continue as an educational and informational resource for our community, then we must set aside our own prejudices against one another and unite to fight for our right to be equally represented in the mass media on this campus and nationwide within the context of a larger struggle for EQUALITY. •

To our distinguished alumnae, we, the staff of NOMMO News dedicate this section to you:

## Who is Craemen Gethers?

(From the 1977 Files of NUMMO News)

Back in the year 1975, Craemen Gethers, then a UMass student, was convicted along with Earl Brown another UMass student for allegedly robbing the McDonalds on route 9 in Hadley. Earl Brown was freed but Brother Craemen Gethers was incarcerated.

Gethers's conviction had come at the end of a series of trials which even the most inept lawyer could have seen as being totally ridiculous to the pursuit of justice. A review of the case, the trials and its background should reveal the true indications as to the type of Justice which Earl Brown and Craeman Gethers, had received.

The case of Earl Brown and Craemen Gethers has set a strong precedent that can not be overlooked. The case has increased racism in Western Massachusetts. It has developed the old cliché that "All Blacks Look Alike." In this respect, the emphasis of these articles will clarify the facts on this case. •



## Robert Earl Brown and Craemen Gethers Case

by Robert Earl Brown

On August 7, 1974, McDonalds of Hadley (located on route 9, and approximately one mile from the Amherst line) was robbed of \$1200 by three Black males. The store was immediately closed. The state police were summoned to the scene. On arrival, the police interviewed thirteen witnesses (witnesses were the manager, dishwasher, grill man, counter women, and nine customers), of which three came forward with the clearest description. On August 8, 1974, a ground keeper (employed by the University of Massachusetts) discovered the stolen car on Rocky Hill Road (which is located one and a half miles west of the University). The police found a sawed-off shotgun, shells, a dark green coat, brown turtleneck sweater, red belt, and money bags. The police did not find any fingerprints at McDonalds or inside the stolen car. On August 9, 1974, Debra

Cooke was brought to the University of Massachusetts police station (the basic reason being, that the University has the highest number of Blacks in the area and would be the first place for the police to find suspects). During the identification process a picture of Roy Eddington was deleted and replaced by Robert Brown from Cambridge, MA (note: the picture was not the convicted man Robert Earl Brown). Debra Cooke picked an early picture of Robert Brown (from Cambridge, MA), as one of the suspects who participated in the crime (at this time Robert Brown from Cambridge was the only individual chosen). State trooper Thomas Ford asked Cooke if she was positive about the identification, and stated that she would be asked to come back when a later picture of the defendant was received. August 12, 1974, resulted in a search on



another individual (Robert Earl Brown from Elmira, New York). A search through Robert Brown's room was conducted without probable cause, a warrant, or authorization by the area coordinator who controlled the area. The reason for the search, was in reference to Robert Brown from Cambridge. On August 14, 1974, a picture from Hartford (from a larceny in February, 1974) produced an up-to-date picture of Robert Earl Brown (and not the suspect Robert Brown from Cambridge). The witnesses were called in to make another identification. The new picture was inserted next to the first picture. Ultimately, the witnesses made the mistake of thinking the first and second pictures were the same. This mistake led to the search warrant being issued on August 16, 1974. Trooper Thomas Ford and Phillip Cavanaugh (of the University of Massachusetts Security Police) conducted the second search of Robert Earl Brown's dorm room (the first being conducted on August 12,

1974, without a warrant). The objective of the search was to find a gold buckle belt, brown pants, green coat, brown turtleneck sweater and a gun (please note: that a gun, a green coat and brown turtleneck sweater were found in the stolen car). The results of this second search produced another green coat, a pair of brown pants, and an eggnog color turtleneck sweater. Ultimately this led to the arrest of Robert Earl Brown on August 23, 1974 at 3:00 a.m.

Craemen Gethers became a suspect when he was identified on August 26, 1974, at Kentucky Fried Chicken (located a mile east of McDonalds where the two witnesses were employed). The two white women identified Craemen Gethers as the suspect wearing a red belt

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on his head, sun glasses, and holding the shotgun during the crime. They stated they could remember his features, face goatee and sunglasses. Craemen Gethers was on crutches when he walked into Kentucky, he was wearing a hat that was on backward and could not expose the top part of his face, and was wearing sunglasses.

Based on Debra Cooke's testimony at the Probable Cause hearing on Sept. 26, 1974, both Robert Earl Brown and Craemen Gethers were handed over to the Superior Court. In February, Robert Earl Brown took a court appointed polygraph test that produced deceptive results. On March 17, 1975, the first Superior Court trial started. The trial lasted four days and was deliberated by a jury of one black male and eleven whites. Prior to the trial, Kathy Clark made a racial slur, which implicated Craemen Gethers as ugly. "He's ugly just like the guy with the shotgun." The main witnesses proved that they could not identify the three Black males. First, two of the three main witnesses claimed to have seen Robert Earl Brown in Kentucky Fried Chicken the last week in August (of 1974) after the arrest of Robert Earl Brown, when it was proven in Court that the defendant was staying with his mother in Springfield. Secondly, Craemen Gethers's alibi confirmed their presence on campus at the time of the alleged crime. Finally, the third black male has never been identified by the witnesses or found by the police. The jury deliberated fifteen hours before Judge Cross decided it was hung.

Craemen Gethers was tried again on July 9, 1975 by an all white jury. With a new lawyer (Serota) who took the case lightly, Craemen was convicted on July 24, 1975 for participating in the armed robbery of McDonald's. In light of the racial remarks, contradictions of witnesses, the state did not have a picture of Craemen Gethers until he was booked for the alleged crime. This was the only picture of Craemen Gethers shown to the witnesses (instead of the normal spread system). Craemen Gethers had served fourteen months of his eight to twelve year sentence. Recently, Craemen was denied a furlough by the Classification Board at Norfolk State Prison. Craemen Gethers last appearance in court was July 2, 1976 before a trial Judge Hayer for a new trial based on two polygraph test that turned out positive. Since July 2, 1976, the Judge (Hayer) has not made a decision.

Robert Earl Brown was tried again on October 16, 1975 by an all white jury. Prior to the trial an individual by the name of Robert Brown (who was white) was sentenced for rape. The same lawyer (Jerome Farrell) was unable to delay the trial because of the conflict, or the

fact that the jury was all white. Mr. Farrell, whose performance is being questioned, stated that the judge did not want the cast to be in the papers like the previous trial. Jerome Farrell was not aware that the original picture of the suspect Robert Brown (from Cambridge) chosen by Debra Cooke was not the defendant Robert Earl Brown from Elmira, New York. The fact that the picture was a mistake and its probable cause leading to the search of Robert Earl Brown's dorm room was never discussed. However, the two sets of clothing (the items found in the stolen car, compared to the items found in Robert Earl Brown's room) and the contradictions of where Robert Earl Brown allegedly was standing at McDonald's on August 7, 1974 by the three witnesses, led to the conviction of Robert Earl Brown at 4:45 p.m. on October 22, 1975 for the armed robbery of McDonald's. On October 29, 1975, before two hundred supporters, trial Judge Paul Tamburello sentenced Robert Earl Brown to a three to five year sentence in Walpole. On February 5, 1976, Brown returned for sentence reduction, and a new trial motion (without the trial transcript). The motions were overlooked by trial Judge Paul Tamburello and he remanded Robert Earl Brown to the Northampton House of Correction to allow him to resume schooling. But the decision produced conflict with the paper transfer from Walpole to Northampton, eligibility for work release, and placed Robert Earl Brown in a limbo situation. Robert Earl Brown did not qualify for the work release program until June 1, 1976 when a letter from the Commissioners Office in Boston confirmed the program. Secondly, Robert Earl Brown's transcripts were delayed from mid-April to the beginning of July. since the complications on February 5, 1976, Brown has gone for post bail in April, which was denied by Judge Tisdale who replaced Judge Tamburello because of retirement (but was reinstated by the Chief Justice on April 29, 1976). currently, Robert Earl Brown is still on the work-school release program. A trial date is being set for some time on October 16, 1976, Robert Earl Brown will be eligible for a one third parole consideration.

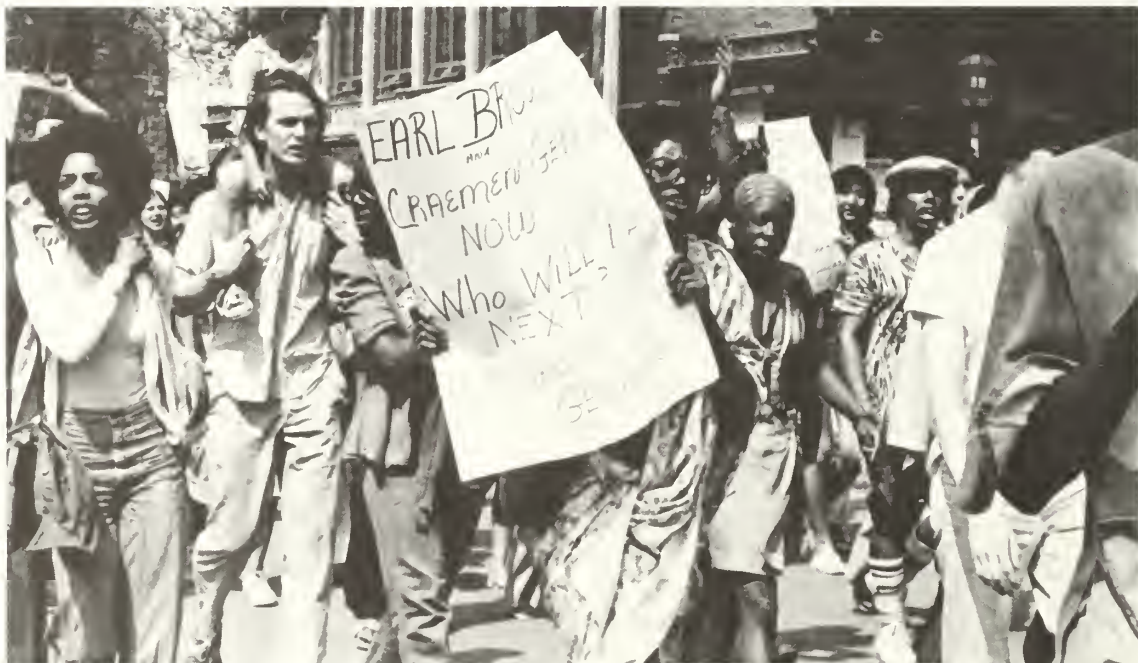
In summation, the case of Robert Earl Brown and Craemen Gethers reminds us of the Scottsboro case of the 1930's. Apparently, the racism being perpetuated in Boston and the rest of Massissippi has not changed since this time. The case of Robert Earl Brown and Craemen Gethers must be seen in the same light as the Charloote 3, Wilmington 10, Gary Tyler of Louisiana, and countless of innocent people who are political prisoners. These are the reasons we ask for your support in the Robert Earl Brown and Craemen Gethers case. •

## The Robert Earl Brown and Craemen Gethers case aftermath

by supporters for the call of Justice

Judge Hayer on September 3, 1976 denied Craemen Gethers bid for a third trial. The judge based his decision of two crucial matters. First, several witnesses came forward in the July trial to verify that Craemen was on crutches "shortly before and after the incident." Judge Hayer wrote in his response that "I find that the decision to use or not to use witnesses is a matter of defense tactics and strategy, that if witnesses were available to the defendant and were not used, he cannot be heard later to ask for a new trial on the basis that they were not called to him." Secondly, in dealing with the Polygraph, "the Court was not impressed with the experience or expertise of the examiner." Judge Hayer sided with the prosecution on every issue that was brought before him. One has to wonder when the system of justice will come forth. Obviously it takes a governor pardon, or the conscious-

ness of the Higher courts to produce this effect. In reviewing some points, it is obvious that contradictory statements can be made by white witnesses. Secondly, it is a fact that the court has predicted its own contradiction. The Scientific Security Company of Boston, MA who administered the Polygraph test to Craemen Gethers, also gave a polygraph test to Robert Earl Brown in February of 1975. In this respect if the test qualified in the first trial (March, where both defendant were tried together), why doesn't the test qualify now? Finally, October 29, 1976 will complete Earl's first year in jail. We have to seriously question if a work-study release program is really justified over freedom. If it is, then the Third World community can only expect the same remedies for Brother Leon J. Thomas, Mark B. Wimbish, and Keith B. Dixson who are being accused of robbing Cumberland Farms, and the five cases that have recently involved the Puerto Rican community. •



*NOMMO News would like to give respect to Craemen Gethers ...*

*who passed away February 24, 1991. The injustice inflicted on him by this racist judicial system has left wounds that even today can not be healed. As a race, we cannot forget the thousands of black males incarcerated for just being BLACK. This injustice should awaken us to reality: The law is not on the side of BLACK FOLKS!!*

*To Brother Craemen Gethers: ..... "Peace Be With You!" •*



# Pillars of Racism

by El Pirata  
March 4, 1991

There are five pillars of racism in this society. The first pillar of racism stems from our conception of liberty and equality, or in other words, Democracy and Capitalism. In a society where power, money, and all the consequences of capitalism are accepted as a result of a Darwinistic conception of competition, racism is condoned. Thus, if we have a hierarchical system where an elite group of people monopolize the power, it is justified to preserve that power by any means necessary. A conflict arises in a society that is founded on the conception of equality, where there is no room for rich and poor, where we are supposed to work and live for the benefit of the whole, not for ourselves as individuals, and distinct communities within a society. Are we ready to work for the society as a whole? Are we ready to strive for the achievement of the general will before that of our individual general needs?

The second pillar of racism in this society is religion. The laws of this society were founded on Christian values and the definition of good and evil, established by the Old Testament. The values that this society lives by, are those used to justify slavery, as a means to the "salvation of the soul". Even though the shackles could deprive us of liberty for ever, we won't break them off if we believe that they are justified. Should we keep turning our cheek?

The third pillar of racism is our misinterpretation of the concepts of revolt and revolution. While revolt replaces an oppressor with one that satisfies our immediate needs, revolution changes the system which oppresses us. We can keep amending society's constitution, yet the fact remains that it was written by an elite group of Christian Capitalists that were not aware of our existence as people- we were considered 3/5 of a whole. Are we ready to change the system? Are we ready to rewrite our fundamental guidelines to society, with a diverse constituency that represents the majority of us as a heterogeneous society? Or are we going to keep recycling slave masters?

The fourth pillar of racism is our lack of education. Some of us are educated in society's conception of how we should be educated in the opposite pole. Yet, there are few of us that are knowledgeable of different ideologies. For example, when we think of "Africa" or "Hispanic America", we tend to think of one people and one country, yet many of us fail to see that both interpretations were given to us by the colonizers. Moreover, in Africa there are fifty-one unique and distinct countries, as well as in Hispanic America there are nineteen distinct and unique countries. Are we ready to surpass them at their own game? Are we ready to get ahead instead of even?

The final pillar of racism lies within ourselves. We are trying to homogenize a heterogeneous society. Although we share a collective and similar oppression, we are lacking a living ideology that can adapt to our mutating values. This society has attempted to melt us into their "Pot", however we are melting ourselves into other pots. Are we ready to become one Race?

Are we ready to write our freedom with our lives? •

"This the American Black man knows: His fight here is a fight to the finish. Either he dies or he dies... he will enter modern civilization here in America on terms of perfect and unlimited equality with any white man, or he will enter not at all... Either extermination root and branch or absolute equality. There can be no compromise. This is the Last Great Battle of the West."

W.E.B. DuBois

## The New Black Thang

by Rudy Krigger, Jr.

There's something wonderful going on in the Afrikan American community. In another remarkable testament to the ability of people to be creative and to struggle against the most dire circumstances, a new positive force has arisen even in the face of crack, police brutality and racist attacks, joblessness, and despair. Although there's nothing really new about it, I call it "The New Black Thang", and I'm referring to a resurgence of Afrocentric sentiment among young Afrikan Americans that is evident everywhere we look.

Brothers and Sisters know what I'm talking about. Johnson's Hair Care, S Lustre Curl, and those other people are crying the blues because we've started throwing away all that chemical foolishness we used to destroy our hair with, and everywhere I go I'm seeing young brothers and sisters with Afrikan headgear or a pendant on. People are sounding different too. It wasn't too long ago that I used to often have the frustrating experience of running into a teenager who didn't know who Malcolm X was. Nowadays you can't even get anyone to admit that they haven't read at least his autobiography.

So what is really being said is that this phenomenon that we are witnessing in the Afrikan American community is producing a new set of attitudes among Afrikan American youth. The New Black Thang is about being proud and assertive about our blackness. It's about being down with the people. It's about Afrika and Afrikans. It's about us being us.

Like any cultural renaissance or resurgence of national feeling, this "thang" that we're talking about has tremendous potential to produce social change, for it reflects and contributes to the sharpening of a new consciousness which can act as a powerful impetus towards political action. The New Black Thang threatens to contribute to a breaking of the mental chains that have helped to hold Afrikans in servitude.

As we know, one of the most useful tools that an oppressor can employ against the oppressed is the colonization of the mind; mental enslavement. We see this constantly at work in today's society; from the negative portrayal of Afrikans and other Third World people in the media, to the thorough whitewash of history that is perpetrated in our "educational system" every day from kindergarten to the PhD. In what classrooms have we been taught that Afrikans voyaged to the New World and had engaged in trade and other contacts with Native American civilizations in what is presently Mexico (thousands of years before Columbus was even thought of)? In what philosophy class or history seminar will you be told that Aristotle was nothing but a minor student in the Egyptian mystery system and that the overwhelming majority of the over 150 books that he is credited with writing is actually material that he stole from the Egyptian libraries at Luxor (known by Western historians as "Alexandria")?

Through its control of the mass media and other social structures, therefore, we see that this oppressive white society consistently seeks to exercise ideological power to support and perpetuate its economic, political, and social control over our lives. The

power of the New Black Thang is that it produces a message that counters the miseducation put upon Afrikan American youth by this society. Black youth have rejected the racist and oppressive images propagated by the white power structure and in the process are constructing a framework from which we will view the world with our own eyes.

In writing of the Algerian revolution of the 50's and 60's, Frantz Fanon writes in *The Wretched of the Earth* that, "In the colonial context, the settler only ends his work of breaking in the native when the latter admits loudly and intelligibly the supremacy of the white man's values. In the period of decolonization the colonized masses mock at these very values, insults them, and vomit them up." This statement has tremendous vitality for this situation and these times, for you can see these things taking place before your very eyes. Do we not today mock at the "values" of the West? How many Afrikan Americans would dare to stand in the company of their peers and talk about "the just and honorable" intentions and deeds of the Boston police?

What we are seeing today is the first faint rumblings of another phase in the continuing struggle for freedom, justice, and equality. We are now feeling a mood and the time is soon coming for action. In fact, that time is already here. All the pride and awareness in the world will do nothing in and of themselves to further our liberation. Only our organized and purposeful action can do that. The New Black Thang must mean for us a cultural awakening and a

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## A Night Of Inspiration

by Colette M. Greenstein

The Pioneer Valley was visited by one of the finest gospel/acapella groups in the music business today. Take 6, a sextet from Oakwood College in Nashville, Tennessee performed in the John M. Greene Hall at Smith College on Tuesday, February 19, 1991.

They began the show with the gospel song entitled "I'm on My Way" from their second album, "So Much 2 Say". From the moment that these men stepped on stage, the crowd, which was a blend of men and women, Black and White, was ecstatic. The members of Take 6 which include, Mark Kibble, Claude V. McKnight III, Cedric Dent, David Thomas, Joel Kibble (who replaced Mervyn E. Warren), and Alvin Chea demonstrated that one needs more than keyboards and good looks to make it in the music industry. They proved that talent is a hot and rare commodity that one needs in order to have longevity in the music business today.

Take 6 first appeared on the music scene in 1988 with their debut album entitled "Doo Be Doo Wop Bop!". With their first hit single entitled "Spread Love", Take 6 were on their way to major recording success. In 1989, they were on the soundtrack of Spike Lee's movie called, "Do the Right Thing". In the Spring of 1990, they sang the opening theme of Oprah Winfrey's series, "The Women of Brewster Place".

In the summer of 1990, Take 6 released their second album on Reprise Records called, "So much 2 say". The first single to receive commercial airplay on Black radio was entitled "IL-O-V-E YOU". Since their debut, they have received numerous gospel awards which I'm sure is just the beginning for this talented group.

At the end of their performance at Smith College, Take 6 ended with the song, "Spread Love". Before they were able to leave the stage, they received several standing ovations. For an encore they performed, "Mary, Don't You Weep" to the delight of the audience. As I looked around the hall, Take 6 was doing exactly what their previous song said; they were "spreading love"! •

*The Black Thing cont. form page 22*

renewed energy and rekindled desire for struggle.

The facts of our 400 year existence in the West show that we have gained nothing without struggle and that even that which we have gained must be defended and developed through further struggle. As such, our t-shirts, pendants, and headgear must project much more than just an Afrikan American with an attitude. They must project a group whose love and commitment to our people is so great as to compel us to action; academic action; political action; unified action; positive action.

To quote from Frantz Fanon once again, he writes that, "Each generation must out of relative obscurity discover its mission, fulfill it, or betray it." It seems to me that our historic mission will be to draw upon the insights and resources amassed by our ancestors, from Amenhotep to Martin, from Menelik to Malcolm, and from Nzinga to Assata; and crystallize them to form the basis of a new movement which will address the imperatives of Afrikan people in the decaying West of the late 20th century. We must, therefore, drastically increase our efforts in study and struggle, for our people are depending on us, now more than ever.

A luta continua!

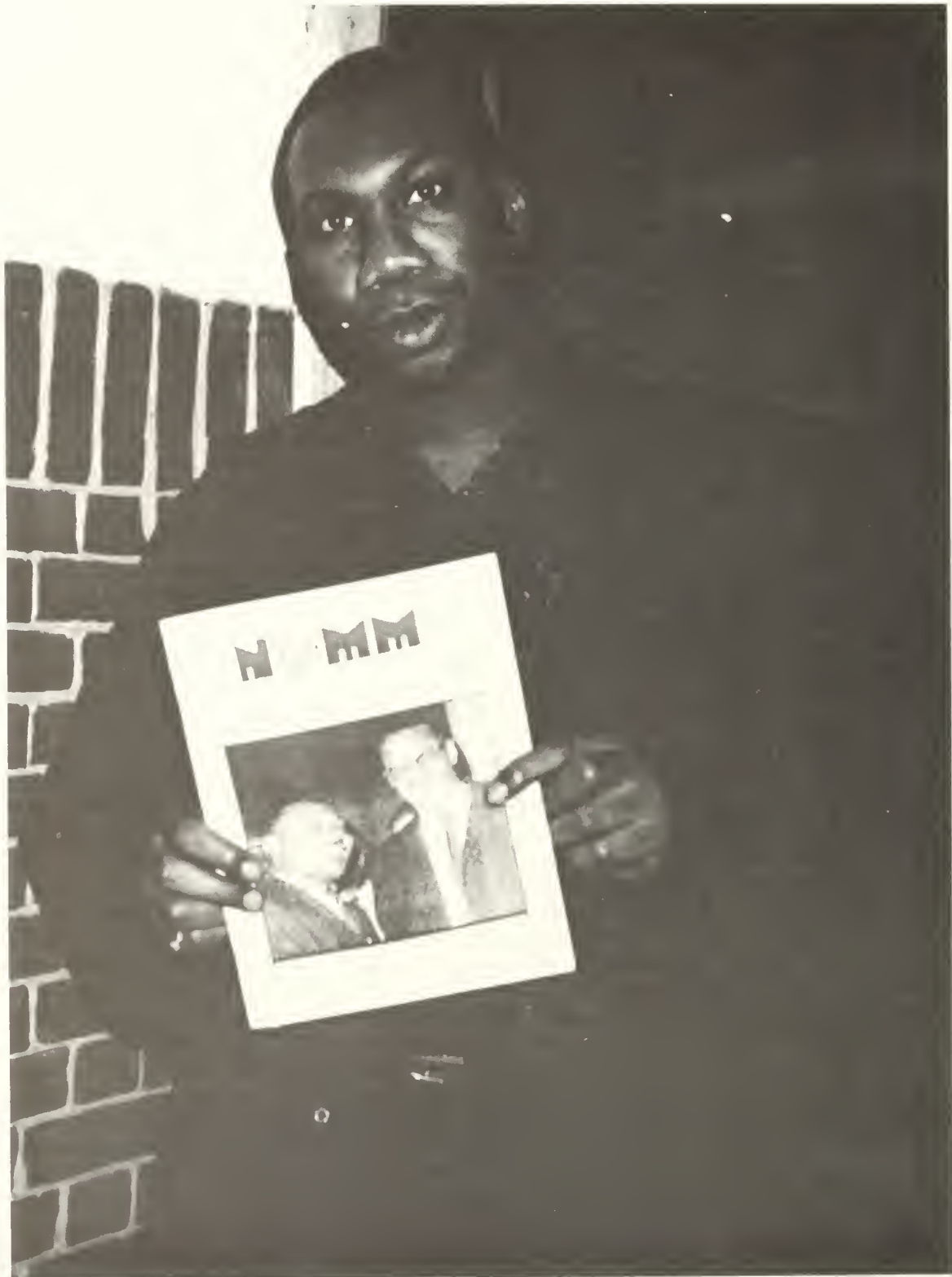
(The struggle continues!) •

*Negro action can be decisive. I say that we ourselves have the power to end the terror and to win for ourselves peace and security throughout the land.*

*Paul Robeson*

*You had better all die-die immediately, than live slaves, and entail your wretchedness upon your posterity.*

*Henry Highland Garnet*



## KRS - ONE

by Joanne G. Paul

Kris Parker, better known to many as KRS-ONE (Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone) of Boogie Down Productions, spoke at the Fine Arts Center at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst on March 2, 1991 about "The Black Culture." This event was sponsored by the Black Mass Communications Project.

According to Parker, there is a method that is used in AmeriKKKa in which the masses of the people are socialized to "walk around unconscious." Parker has coined this process the "Sleep Technique."

Sleep Technique Number One is directed to women. About a year ago, Parker was on tour with Niggers With An Attitude (NWA), IceCube, and Too Short. After Parker would finish performing, Too Short would go on next. When Too-Short performed, all the women would run to the front of the stage. Too-Short would say "Yo Bitch, Slut, etc" and they would say "We love you Too Short." Then they would buy Too-Short tapes, pictures, posters, and t-shirts. But if a guy were to call these same women a Bitch in the parking lot, they would try to strangle him with their Too-Short t-shirts.

"First of all," said Parker, "we're not going to deal with censorship, instead with who taught the masses of the people to respect sex and violence? Who taught the masses to be racist? AmeriKKKa!"

"This is not a civilization," Parker said. "It is a technoviolence stage. When they act in a civilized way, they are advanced. In a not so

civil way, they are barbaric. This is a very barbaric society. Many people measure a civilization according to technology. When technology leads a civilization, this is not civilization. This is barbaric. When barbarism leads a society, it is a civilization. Therefore we're not an advanced society. We are more barbaric."

"They say 'All men and women deserve human rights'," Parker said. "But they do not say you can have human duty." When people are asked what they are, they say Black, white, Jewish, Italian, etc. Most people go as far into the sickness and say I'm a Doctor, lawyer, accountant, janitor... They don't say I'm human. We define ourselves by ignorance. Ignorance is a mystery. In history, truth is very thin and lies are thick.

There are two systems that Parker decided to discuss-political and educational/anti-human systems. "We're going to deal with the educational system," Parker said. "Don't take anything I say for truth or fact. Go find out for yourself. The educational system is a stolen system. This country is based on kidnap, rape, and murder. We are under the illusion that Greece is the father of philosophy. Understand the history of Greeks. It is barbarism to fight amongst yourselves. Greece, Rome, Persia and Africa fought amongst itself. Africa was no utopia, but it came out with philosophy, art, medicine, fundamental of higher mathematics, physics, and science. Ethiopia is the greatest city. Egypt was the world's greatest learning center."

"Rome, Greece, and Persia are barbarians, Parker said. "They believed in the "Kill & Take" philosophy. This is barbaric. Rome killed Persia and took it. Rome killed Greece

and took it. They all united under Alexander the Great or Worse. He renamed it after himself—Alexandria. Stolen land. Stolen legacy."

"What they tell us are trick words," he continued. "About a year ago, there was a movie called *Indiana Jones & The Last Crusade*. He found his father's diary and was looking for the lost cup of Christ. He went to Alexandria. Hollywood always plays the Sleep Technique. Alexandria is Egypt. They say it was the Middle East. If that's true, we are in the Middle West. Then there must a Middle South and Middle North. Whenever they want to deter your mind from Africa, they use the Sleep Technique: Middle East. They don't say Africa. If they would, you would ask why would the cup of Christ be in Africa?"

"Greece, Rome, and Persia invaded Egypt and renamed it Alexandria," Parker said. "Then a few years later, this man was sent to Alexandria to learn and they called him the father of philosophy. The Thief, Aristotle, was the creator of Confusion, not Philosophy! He was a criminal. Political criminal. They sent him to Alexandria to study for 17 years in Alexandria. This is not recorded in history! The only place where the Pythagorean Theory appears is in the pyramids and your notebooks."

"Greece didn't have a philosophy," Parker continued. "Above Africa is Astronomy and below Africa is Geology and Geometry. Greece is a barbarian. They shaped the philosophy and education that we have now. Take this barbaric philosophy and start with Christopher Columbus."

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## KRS-ONE

*KRS-ONE cont. from page 25*

"Before I talk about Columbus," he said. "I would like to say that college is a business. Creator of the Universe put the knowledge on this earth for free, why are we paying for it? Only a barbarian will sell you something. Quiz you on something is memory, not intellect. What is American history? And if you put down rape, kidnap, and murder on your quiz, you'll fail. But it's the truth. If you master the concept of memory, then you can pass with a 6.0. Intellect creates change. Intellect changes your memory. Memory accepts memory changes. The Africans founded their educational system on the basis of intellectual thinking, not on memorex like the present-day educational system in AmeriKKKa. The educational system in AmeriKKKa is based on memory or retaining information, not on thinking. Thinking has to do with asking questions. Education traps the minds of the people and immobilizes them."

"The historians taught the masses of the people that the world was flat," Parker said. "But they knew that it wasn't. No man is that brave to take three hundred men and three ships to go fall off the face of the earth. Five thousand years ago, the Africans knew that the world was a sphere with nine planets. But when you steal from Africa, it's amazing how people get amnesia."

"Can you imagine a Red man walking down the street?" Parker asked. "They give us radioactive colors to describe ourselves. If white people looked like this paper (he holds up a piece of paper), they would be dead! But in the system of memory, no one asks any questions.

Whites are beige. Blacks are brown. We say that the people who are lightest of brown are white; the darkest black. I don't know how red and yellow get in there."

"Everyone is born free." Parker continued. "This is a lie in the scheme of humanity. Humans are born slaves. Human comes out and instantly becomes a slave to the mother and father. If an animal was born and not taken care of by its mother, it would die. It is our intellect that frees us. To imply that 'all men are created equal' is not true. That's robotics. No one is identical to someone else. The only thing that we share is life. That doesn't make us equal. You either live or die. No one is more alive than someone else. **Life is equal.**"

"Christopher Columbus confronted a civilization and annihilated them," Parker said. "The intelligent human being will not kill someone else. Native Americans did not call this America. They are not Americans. "Indians" are the only ones who had the realization that you can not own land. Even Africans had the mentality that they could own land. Land owns man. The "Indians" knew this. They were servants to the Earth."

"Christopher Columbus said 'Hey, Let's get paid when he saw cities of gold,'" Parker continued. "Kill & Take. That's barbaric. It's like this, for instance, when you steal a computer, you don't steal computer science. All you can do is get your name and a few words, but not any computer languages or programs. Columbus stole the computer and didn't know how to make it work. When he killed the "Indians", he killed off the computer technician."

"The education system is formulated by stolen computers," he said.

"We only get 5-10% of intelligence. We should be able to speak 5-6 languages. If you can't communicate to many people, then you will be at a disadvantage to those that can."

"Our counting system is based on the Deca Counting System which is counting by tens," he continued. "We have one national language- English. English is the most primitive language. English steals from all other languages. Who do you think created it? Barbarians. Understand the educational system had people believing that tomatoes were poisonous, the world was flat... Only person who knew how to operate the computer was the African- because they killed the 'Indians.'"

"*They Came Before Columbus* is an excellent book!" Parker claimed. "Have your English professors make you do research on these books."

"The original slavery was never about racism," Parker said. "Slavery is Sleep Technique #2. It's an economic crime, not racial. They didn't say we're going to rob these people because they're Black! Their mentality was to take these people out of their land and build ours. Then they got paid again off the African's land. The people who turned slavery into a racial thing were the Christian Missionaries- not the government. In their book, Ham was a sinner. So they made the descendents of Ham work off their sins. First of all, they say Ham was Black and Noah was white. Let's deal with logic and not history. Ham, the Hemedic people or Blacks created the line of David, then David created the line of Jesus. According to them, Ham was Black. David was

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*KRS-ONE cont. from page 26*

Black. But Jesus was white. The only people who stepped up against this mentality were the Quakers. They were annihilated quickly."

"Come up to Abraham Lincoln, a couple of years," Parker continued. "He was a complete fool. He was made into a hero in AmeriKKKa. Black people fought for their freedom. I call the the Emancipation Proclamation the Emancipation Procrastination. Lincoln caught everybody out there with this. Blacks were slaves everywhere. Slavery wasn't as big in the North. They just had House Niggers— like Colon Powell. Lincoln said 'I free the slave in armed rebellion. These were the slaves in the South, because the slaves in the North weren't rebelling against anything. The North believed that they owned the land. The South said 'I will take the land.'"

"Lincoln reenslaved the slave," he said. "If Bush were to step up here and say we will go by the Emancipation Proclamation, then Black people would be slaves picking cotton. Lincoln said 'I free the slave, Slave.' But he never said I free the African man and woman. Slave is a characteristic. No one can be born a slave. Lincoln is defining Blacks as slaves. A slave could not write, count, read, nor converse in his native tongue. They had no culture. No identity. They were insane to themselves. If you have identity and culture, you are sane. In 1991, you have Africans with no identity. They rob, they kill, they shoot their own Brothers and Sisters every day."

"Everyone in this room who is Black is not an American," Parker said. "If whites don't call themselves Euro-Americans, why should we call ourselves Afro-Americans? You are only an American with an afro. Black people will say in a

minute, 'I'm not African, I'm American.' If a cat had her kittens in the oven, you don't call them muffins. You don't call them cakes either. We live in the United States of America. You are more United Statesean than American. Whenever they introduce the President, they say the President of the United States- not America. He's like the manager of Burger King. If your fries are cold, you demand your money back. Then the manager of Burger King comes out, not the owner. You never meet the owner of Burger King. The same is true of AmeriKKKa. You never see the owners of AmeriKKKa. AmeriKKKa is Fortune 500 better known as the Trilateral Commission.

No one has ever mastered the mechanics of the political system like Lincoln. Lincoln tricked the masses of the people by saying that he was going to make everyone in AmeriKKKa equal. If you're a European who thinks you are superior to the African, you were tricked. Slavery is an economic crime. Lincoln realized that if he could make a billion dollars off the African, he can make the same off whites. If Lincoln never freed the slave, then what are you? White man got tricked here because now he is equal to the African.

"Capitalism is cool to the sleeping person," Parker said. "But once you wake up, it's not. Socialism is a system where everyone is supposed to own something. But capitalism doesn't even imply that. It says you're all slaves. A brief definition of capitalism is the 'Pimp and Hoe System'. You are either selling (Pimp) or being sold (Hoe). If you have hoes, you own your own business. If you start out as a Hoe, you can become a Pimp. On April 15, your mother and father gets pimped. The IRS comes around and says 'give me your money.' I'm not here to say let's overthrow capitalism, etc. I'm here to say under-

stand the system. You have to eat with the enemy, sleep with the enemy, etc. Then one day after you get the enemy to trust you, you roll over and slice his throat."

"Whenever you see the Civil Rights Movement," Parker continued, "you only see Blacks being killed. You never see whites being killed. They were written right out of the history books. Lack of education makes white people think that the Civil Rights is a Black thing. History has taught people to shut their eyes, block their ears, and cover their mouths."

"The Bible is also used as a Sleep Technique," Parker said. "Women are the first in the Bible to fuck up. The Bible treats women as a possession. In the Ten Commandments it says 'Thou shall not covet thy neighbors ox, woman,...' This is the biggest Sleep Technique. Jesus is the only one who spoke out against the Bible. He was killed. When he was twelve years old, he was asked to read from the Bible. Jesus closed the book, and said that we should live by two laws:

1. Love the Creator as much as you love yourself.

2. Love your Brothers and Sisters as much as you love yourself.

We can't even seem to do that."

Parker believes that the Creator of the Universe is in all of hearts and is not restricted within a specific religion. "If you want to find God, look within yourself."

"The Bible is a newspaper!" Parker exclaimed. "It is the most hypocritical and hyped news. You know what's going to happen before it happens. If it's being recorded since the beginning of time, someone should still be writing. It

*cont. onto page 28*

*KRS-ONE cont. from page 27*

should say Bush did this, etc...Someone tampered with it."

"In Revelations, the Gulf War is outlined," he said. "It says the West and East will have a great war (Armageddon). The Eagle (U.S) defeats the Bear (Russia). It says that the war of the West and East will have blood, earthquakes, then there will be a Messiah—Prince of Peace. This Prince of Peace is prophesized as the Anti-Christ. Who ended the war? Bush. But Gorbachev came up with the peace plan. The Anti-Christ is supposed to have a mark on his head. Either Bush or Gorbachev is the Anti-Christ."

History tells us that there were 6 million Jews killed in the Holocaust. This is a lie. It was 8-10 million, because it took the U.S two years to go over to Germany. The United States went over there after Hitler said he was going to take over the world. The world includes America, so they decided to go over there to take care of Hitler. There were also 2 million Africans killed in Germany. If you didn't have blond hair and blue eyes, you were killed because you were not part of the master race. With the exception of Janet Jackson, Blacks do not have blond hair. In addition, there were 2 1/2 million Jews killed in Germany during the two years it took the U.S to get to

Germany."

"When you raise the swastika, Jews get upset," Parker continued. They have a right to get upset, but Blacks should also get upset. It's not just a Jewish thing. Black people were killed also. Jews had one Hitler, but we have one every four years! We even vote them in."

"Blacks should also get upset when they see the American flag!" he exclaimed. "The flag is supposed to represent freedom, justice, and equality for all but there isn't any equal humanity. There were over 300 million Blacks killed. Two hundred million were killed in the Middle Passage to get 100 million Blacks over to AmeriKKKa."

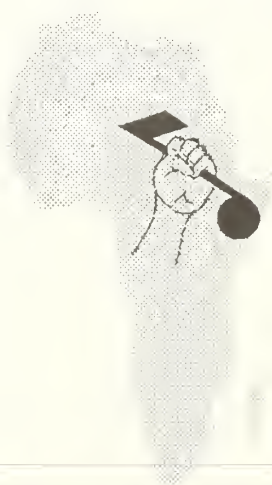
Parker concluded his speech with a point for all people:

"All people are confronted with a barbarism. Real revolution starts here (pointing to his head), in your mind. Rebel against the person you see in the mirror. You don't have to run after the enemy, he will run after you."

**JUST BE AWAKE AND CONSCIOUS!" •**

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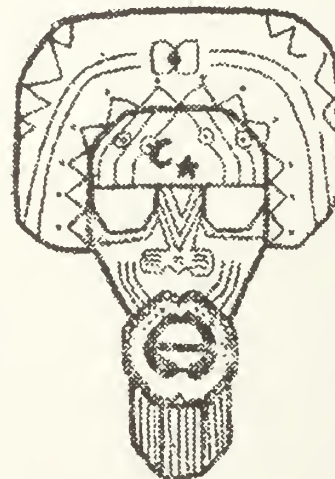
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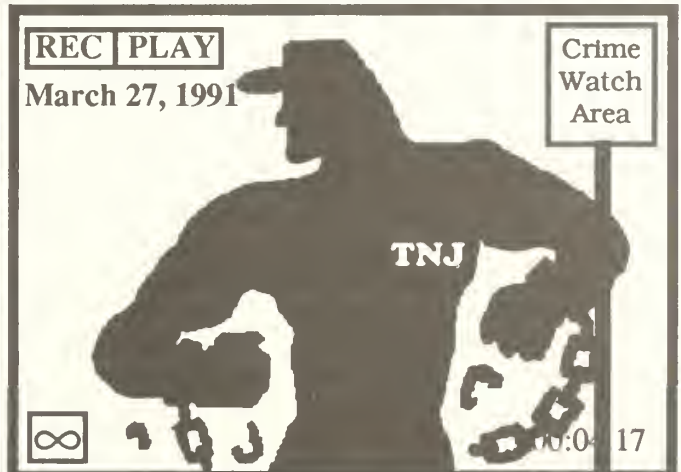
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# MARCH MILESTONES 1991

1775	1911	1945	1961	1991
1622	1827	1929	1954	1972

					<b>1</b> 1864 Rebecca Lee • First Black woman awarded a medical degree (Boston, MA)	<b>2</b> 1867 Howard University (Inc.) • 1st. univ. to establish under/grad/prof. schools for Blacks
<b>3</b>	<b>4</b> 1929 Oscar Santon De Priest • 1st. Black U.S. Rep. to serve from the North	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b> 1775 1st. Black Mason initiated (Boston, MA)	<b>7</b> 1865 Micheal A. Healy • 1st. Black U.S. Coast Guardsman appointed	<b>8</b> 1945Phyllis Mae Dailey • 1st. Black nurse inducted into the Navy Reserve Corps (NYC)	<b>9</b>
<b>10</b> 1961 Wilt Chamberland • Reached 3033 points in one season(FT. Wayne, IN)	<b>11</b> 1948 Reginald Weir • 1st. Black tennis player to partisipate in the Indoor Lawn Tennis Assoc. Champ. Tournament (NYC)	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> 1962 Wilt Chamber;and • Reached 4029 points in one season (Chicago,IL)	<b>15</b> 1947 John Lee • 1st. Black officer commissioned in the regular US Navy	<b>16</b> 1827 <u>Freedom's Journal</u> • 1st. Black newspaper published (NYC)
<b>17</b>	<b>18</b> 1972 1st. Naval ship <i>Jesse L. Brown</i> , named for a Black Naval officer, launched (Westwego, LA)	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b> 1622 Native American massacre of white people (Jamestown, VA)	<b>23</b>
<b>24</b>	<b>25</b> 1958 Sugar Ray Robinson • Won 5th. World Champ. in the same weight division (Chicago, IL)	<b>26</b> 1911 William Henry Lewis • 1st. Black assit. US Attorney General, began service	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> 1796 Bethal A.M.E. • 1st. African church Inc. (Philidalphia, PA)	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>31</b> 1870 Thomas Pearson Mundy • 1st. Black person to vote under authority of 15th. Amendment (Perth Amboy, NJ)						



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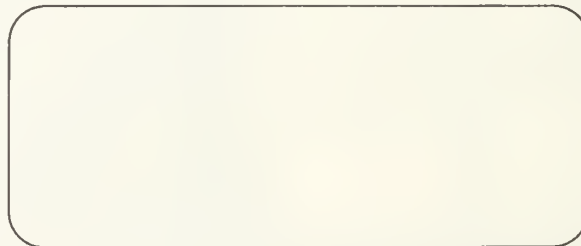
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# NOMMO

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VOLUME XXIII, ISSUE 3

APRIL • MAY 1991

*NOMMO* is a Dogon word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.

*I believe in pride of race and lineage and self: In pride of self so deep as to scorn injustice to other selves.*



*Especially do I believe in the Negro Race: In the beauty of its genius, the sweetness of its soul, and its strength in that meekness which shall yet inherit this turbulent earth.*

*W.E.B. DuBois*



## Last Chance !

Seniors, the last issue of Nommo News is dedicated to you! Give your fellow Brothers and Sisters the directions on how to get to the road called "success." Many of you have experienced a lot in the years that you were here. You can write about the struggles that you faced on a daily basis at a predominantly white university; about the organizations that you've joined since you've been here; racism; unity;....Seniors, this is probably one of your last chances to do something that the Third World community will remember you by.

Would you like to have your photo taken to appear in the last issue of Nommo? If so, call 546-0665 for further details.

We are also accepting poetry, photos, and artwork.

If you are not graduating this semester, please feel free to submit articles, editorials, poetry, photos, and artwork. •

**EXPRESS YOURSELF IN NOMMO NEWS!**

**-Editor**



NOMMO IS AN EFFORT WE ENCOURAGE ALL TO TAKE PART IN. COMMUNITY RESPONSE THUS FAR HAS BEEN TREMENDOUS. FOR THAT, WE THANK YOU.

WE HAVE TAKEN THIS SPACE TO INVITE YOU TO OUR WEEKLY MEETINGS, HELD EVERY MONDAY AT 5:00PM IN ROOM 103 OF THE NEW AFRICA HOUSE.

AS ALWAYS, WE ENCOURAGE ALL SISTERS AND BROTHERS TO SUBMIT ARTICLES, EDITORIALS, POEMS, ADVERTISEMENTS, ETC.

# Unity Calls

by Malkes Gomes

There are about forty or fifty Cape Verdean students on campus. This number includes those born in the mother country of Cabo Verde, other parts of Africa such as Guinea-Bissau, Senegal, and in the United States. We are all different in our own ways as far as how each of us has undergone our Cape Verdean heritage. Each of us has our own diversified experience as being Cape Verdean but the one thing we share is a common culture and ancestry.

Our culture and ancestry are the product of two worlds-Africa and Europe. When the islands of Cabo Verde were discovered in 1462, they were uninhabited. These islands were discovered by both Portuguese and African people. On one side, it was inhabited by the Portuguese consisting of government officials, clergy, political exiles and European settlers. The other side was settled by Africans from the Western Coast of Africa, now known as Guinea-Bissau. Guinea-Bissau is known for its various African tribes such as Fula, Mandinka, Wolof and many others. Our culture and ancestry is one which was created by both worlds and not just one or the other. The combination of European and African cultures have created our Crioulo culture of Cabo Verde. The Crioulo culture consists of music, language, food and other aspects of both worlds. It is a culture which was brought to the United States in the 1850s by the first immigrants and continues, today, with the new immigrants. The only way that our culture will survive on this campus is through the Cape Verdean students and others who are

interested in our organization.

In 1982, the Cape Verdean Student Alliance was formed out of a need to provide academic and social support to the Cape Verdean community on this campus. Upon arrival to UMASS, Cape Verdean students are welcomed by an organization that is devoted to preserving Cape Verdean culture and history. The alliance also provides social and education programs that help to maintain our identity and to teach others about who we are as a people as well as learning about other social groups. The Cape Verdean Student Alliance will continue to grow and become stronger with the support of all the Cape Verdean students on campus. It will not only take the members of the organization to keep the Cape Verdean Student Alliance functional, but also the solidarity of the entire Cape Verdean community.

Have you ever asked yourself what it means to be Cape Verdean?

Most of us on campus who associate with being Cape Verdean would answer this question in our own individual way. Our understanding of Cape Verdean history may vary depending on our ties to our heritage. Some of us may use the term Cape Verdean and have no idea of what it means to be Cape Verdean or the history behind the name. Others probably believe that to be Cape Verdean means to be Portuguese and would quickly dismiss their association with being African. Some use the name to get themselves into the university and then forget they are Cape Verdean. We should not have to disregard either side of our heritage. Instead we should start to enjoy the Cape Verdean culture and be proud of who we are.

Cabo Verde became independent from Portugal on July 5, 1975, thus making us an independent people who were Cape Verdean.  
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THE OPINIONS IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE THOSE OF THE INDIVIDUAL WRITER AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF NOMMO NEWS, UMASS OR THE FIVE COLLEGE AREA UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.

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NOMMO



YURI KOCHIYAMA  
Photo by Dondi Ahearn



# YURI KOCHIYAMA:

## *African American and Asian American Relationships*

(a lecture at Hampshire College, March 7, 1991)

With an introduction by Roberta Uno Thelwell, director of the UMass New WORLD Theater

Transcribed and edited by Alexander Nguyen

**Roberta Uno Thelwell:**

I'd like to say a few things about Yuri and I know she's probably going to yell at me later because she is so modest. I think that it is important that we get a perspective on who Yuri is. I'll speak about you as an individual, I know you'll speak about everything else. It's an honor to say some things about you Yuri. I first heard about Yuri Kochiyama over twenty years ago when I was in Junior high school, and at that time, she was already a legend in the Asian American community and... she is already frowning at me.

I remember asking my mother, who is her contemporary, also a Nisei, "who is this Yuri Kochiyama I keep hearing so much about?" My mother said, immediately, "Oh, she was that U.S.O. girl." And she went on to tell me one of the many stories about Yuri which was about this energetic and warm young woman who volunteered for the U.S.O. Who's many letters of support and encouragement, as the story goes, are scattered across Europe buried with various fallen members of the 442 battalion, the most highly decorated battalion in U.S. military history, the segregated Japanese

American battalion of which her husband Bill is a veteran.

The second time I heard about Yuri Kochiyama was from a Black activist in Los Angeles who said with real warmth and respect, "Yuri is a friend and a comrade of Malcolm X." With those two pictures in my mind, this U.S.O. girl on the one hand and this political activist on the other hand, I really wanted to know who this woman was. I heard more about her from other activists from California who, like so many before them and so many after us, have used the Kochiyama house and hospitality for this "grand central station" of the Asian American movement. That "hospitality" she has really earned, through remembering the number of meals she'd cooked for all those out-of-town visitors, the title "mother of the Asian American movement," through her hard labor, not just as an activist but through her hospitality.

Yuri's political work is really remarkable not just for her commitment but for the range of her work. Yuri's work has taken place in some of the most visible arenas and some of the most invisible arenas, ranging from some of the largest and most successful public demonstrations in the streets of New York and in the Nation's Capitol to places like the Halls of Congress and even the Oval Office where Yuri, with other redress activists, really achieved a triumph for the Asian American community and for people of color when last year President Bush officially apologized for the Japanese American internment and probably more important, in this consumer society, Congress approved monetary redress which is really

putting their money where their mouth is. Although the checks remain to be received by many people, that commitment was extraordinary.

Her work has also taken place in very invisible places, places that many of us have never seen. Places like Rikers Island, places like Leavenworth and jail cells throughout the world. One of Yuri's greatest commitments has been to the political prisoner movement. Through her personal correspondence and letters to people stretching over decades, to befriending people as they have come out of prison, to doing political work, for example, Yuri helped organize an international tribunal on political prisoners which occurred this last winter. Yuri has kept in our consciousness the leagues of people who are being shut behind bars.

Another aspect of Yuri's political work has been her consistent commitment to her community of Harlem where she has lived since after WW II with her family. Yuri and her Harlem neighbors have struggled around many issues including education, sanitation collection, police brutality and equal opportunity employment. I read in an Oral History about one of the earliest actions where Yuri got her whole family involved when there were no traffic lights in Harlem, like there were in every street corner downtown, so a lot of children were being killed by drivers going at high speeds. Yuri along with other mothers took their kids out on street corners and had sit in

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demonstrations and won that particular battle.

So Yuri's struggles have taken many forms and on many levels. These are just a few of the things that she has done. I want to say that, I guess like Che Guevara had said, Yuri's motivation "comes from a place of love like a true revolutionary," and she really is. She has never been self-righteous, she has never ridiculed the complacency of our community, rather she has served as a bridge. She has brought people together in dialogue and shown us through her examples those small and large ways that we can all be involved in the struggle.

So, I present the original "Woman Warrior," Yuri Kochiyama.

Yuri Kochiyama:

This is a place that means a great deal to me in that my oldest son, who's gone now, but who had some of his most happiest moments here in this area when he was doing, 15 to 16 years ago, work with Upward Bound. And then a year and a half ago my granddaughter, Akemi, was here. So to come back to this area means a big deal to me.

Because of the number of incidences in the last ten years or so, where African Americans and Asian Americans have had contradictions or conflicts, I think it is beneficial and positive that both groups are seriously trying to grapple with the reasons, causes and motivations behind these biased, prejudicial acts, thoughts or behavior that has taken place both overseas and here domestically. I think this is healthy and needed rather than allowing conditions and relationships to deteriorate, or to look the other way

as if nothing happened or would right itself by itself, or to regard affronts and insults as something flippant and trite.

Also, occurrences can be seen from different viewpoints: two reporters can give two different kinds of reports on any given situation. There could be an element of ignorance, or cultural differences, or hearsay via the grapevine that might effect behavioral responses. There is also just plain and simple racism, but which is never really that 'plain and simple.' One has to inquire—how did the prejudice begin and why. There are also times that unfortunate incidences are not exacerbated by racism but other factors.

I hope we can have a candid and objective discussion on all the different aspects of relationships, racism, misunderstanding and the effects of propaganda and politics.

I will begin with some of the negative aspects that have taken place and move across the spectrum to the more positive.

Let us begin with Japan. Three times in the last five years, three Japanese cabinet members have made blatant racist remarks about Blacks in this country. The first was in 1986 when Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone commented that "the intelligence level in the U.S. is lower because of the considerable number of Blacks, Puerto Ricans and Mexicans." Such a horrendous insult should have been countered by Japanese Americans here as well as by the nationals over there. There were only sporadic efforts. The anger in the Black communities was immediate and righteous, with Black newspapers front-paging the story, and the Black Caucus condemning the affront along with the Latin organizations.

Despite Nakasone's apology, the wedge between Blacks and Asians was driven leaving, too, a bad taste in

everyone's mouth.

In 1988, only two years later, Michio Watanabe, a former Finance Minister and presently the policy chief for the governing Liberal Democratic Party, said American Blacks had few qualms about going bankrupt and implied that they walked away from their debts. The furor ignited a debate in the U.S. Congress. The Black Caucus also accused three Japanese companies of producing mannequins and other products that showed Blacks in a stereotypical and degrading light. The products included wide-eyed Black dolls with red-lipped grins which had become popular items in Japan. This revealed either utter uncaringness or total know-nothingness.

In 1990, it happened again. The Minister of Justice Seiroku Kajiyama drew a parallel between the effects of foreign prostitutes on Tokyo's residential districts and the flight of U.S. homeowners forced out because Blacks moved in and "ruined the atmosphere." The appalling lack of sensitivity by the Japanese must be condemned. And too, the outright lie of the prostitution trend being blamed on foreign women when it is the Japanese businessmen and the Yakuza, the Japanese Mafia, who have enticed women from Philippines and other Asian nations into forced sexual involvement.

The Black Caucus, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), the Urban League and most of the national Black organizations immediately called Japan, wrote directly to Nakasone and called press conferences to dispatch statements. Concerned

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cont. African American businessmen took out a full-page ad in the New York Times in 1986 and in a strait-forward manner let Prime Minister Nakasone and the general public know that "Black America was outraged."

The ad also reminded Nakasone that: "Immediately after World War II, it was the Black GI's, segregated in the U.S. army, stationed in Yokohama, Kobe, Nara, Gifu and many other cities which adopted hospitals, orphanages, schools and the homeless. We fed your people and clothed them, by whatever means possible. We hired and trained Japanese civilians so as to give them some income. Many Japanese survived—because of us."

When I read that, I wondered how many Japanese Americans or Black Americans, or general run of Americans knew about that?

Japanese American response brought about one march in Los Angeles by the National Coalition for Redress/Reparation together with the Black organization. In New York City, a picket line in front of the Japanese consulate within two days was initiated, but not by Japanese Americans but by the quick-thinking of Chinatown's Asian Americans for Fair Employment, who invited representatives from the Latin, Black, Arab, Indian and Japanese community to speak out.

In 1987, the late representative Mickey Leland (D-Tex) met for 35 minutes with Nakasone, requesting \$20 million in Japanese investment in U.S. banks owned by Blacks and \$100 million in funds for Black colleges. Whether something became of those requests I don't know.

When Nelson Mandela

went to Japan last year and saw the enthusiasm for the African National Congress and the African people, he thought Japan would be generous in financial aid. Where he hoped for \$20 million, only five was forthcoming. Yet, sadly, Japan gave \$9 billion to the U.S. towards funds in the Persian Gulf War.

However, there has been a wealthy Japanese business man by the name of Seiho Tajiri, who established a Japanese-African American Society in Chicago, Illinois and Atlanta, Georgia who has taken hundreds of Blacks to Japan and placed them in factories to learn from scratch — the workings of business. He has given trips to more than two dozen Black mayors just so Japanese can meet and know that there are thousands of Black elected officials in America, and see a different image than what has been presented to them. Tajiri is also the person who has provided the Nation of Islam with the whiting fish for the past 25 or 30 years. He was so impressed with Elijah Muhammad when he first met him some 30 years ago, that he himself became a Muslim. There is now also a Japanese-African American Friendship Association in Japan which is comprised mostly of young people or students, both Black and Japanese.

Some three years ago, the unfortunate incident at the University of Nanjin where African students were attacked by Chinese students because their own Chinese women were being escorted to a dance by the African students became an international issue. The African students did not have their women students there. Thus, for a dance, there was no alternative than to ask the local women. In a college atmosphere, one would expect the harmonious interaction between men and women regardless of nationality, but the reality of racism in

China seemed to become evident. China, however, felt it was more cultural differences; that the type of music and dancing becoming popular in China was not to China's taste.

During the Viet-Nam War, when American soldiers took their R and R (Rest and Relaxation), they went to Okinawa. There, the area for bars was segregated by race. Whether the division was created by whites and Western social mores, or the influence of Asian culture, or the preference of Blacks no one seems to be sure but there was a 'dividing line' that separated Black and white soldiers. They both had their own turf and their "own" women.

Speaking of Okinawa, James Forman, a former SNCC chairperson, wrote some reflections of his service days in Okinawa in his autobiography, "The Makings of a Revolutionary." He recalled with candid, critical concern the crude and physically harsh manner that Okinawan women were treated by Black soldiers. His sensitivity to Asian women, when this did not seem forthcoming from other quarters, made me feel very good about him.

During the Viet-Nam War, Professor Tran Van Dinh of Temple University in Philadelphia was invited to a Black Student Conference at Tufts University. He told the Black student audience that during the Tet Offensive, the North Vietnamese soldiers were told not to hurt Black soldiers; that historically Blacks were friends of the Vietnamese people. These stories were reinforced by Black GI's who came back telling amazing experiences of being by-passed by the NVA during close-quarters fighting. One reason for this may be that Robert Williams, one of the Black

*cont. onto page 7*

*cont. from page 6*

American leaders of the 60's who was in North Viet-Nam for awhile, allegedly was even making broadcasts to Black soldiers to give their guns to the NVA. And I think some of you may remember some of the anti-war slogans of the Blacks here, was: "The Viet Congs Never Called Me Nigger." Robert Williams, besides actually meeting Ho Chi Minh, was also given political asylum by the Chairman Mao of the People's Republic of China.

The interactions between Asians and Blacks, or Asians and Africans are many. When did it all begin? Ivan Van Sertima, the renowned African American historian has written a book or chapters of a book titled: "African Presence in Early Asia." But we're certainly not going back that far. We'll go back, however, to almost exactly one hundred years ago — 1893, when one of the most famous Asians, a South Asian or Indian went to Africa as a lawyer. And who was he? None other than the world famous Mohandas K. Gandhi, considered one of history's greatest leaders for peace; who fought British colonialism with a philosophy he called passive resistance.

And so what did he do in Africa? Besides being a lawyer, he raised and commanded an Indian Red Cross unit of stretcher-bearers during the Boer War; he organized a hospital when the epidemic of plague struck Johannesburg, and later, in 1908 in Natal, he served with a corp of stretcher-bearers. He was assassinated in 1948 by an extreme nationalist who resented Gandhi's submission to partition.

After the turn of the century, a Japanese man by the name of Sen Katayama came to America, hoping to enter a theology school and become a Christian minister. But when he saw some of the wretched conditions of the working class, he decided to organize Japanese laborers who were kept out of the American labor movement. At some point before World War I, he is thought to have entered a Black College in the South. Katayama's interaction with Blacks happened in New York, where he hooked up with Claude McKay, one of the foremost writers of

**During the Tet offensive, the North Vietnamese soldiers were told not to hurt black soldiers. . . and I think some of you may remember one of the anti-war slogans of the blacks here was "The Viet Cong Never Called Me Nigger."**

the Harlem Renaissance Period. The two began the first Communist Party in New York and they traveled to Moscow together around 1921.

Another Asian who linked up with Blacks about the same time was one of history's most extraordinary international leaders — Ho Chi Minh, affectionately called Uncle Ho — a passionate idealist and hero of Viet-Nam. He lived in Harlem, was an admirer of Garvey and followed his movement; did odd menial jobs in America; was aghast at Ku Klux Klan barbarity to Black people; traveled the world as a seaman; was editor of the *Outcast*, a newspaper for a group of restless Algerians, Senegalese, West Indians and Asian exiles in Paris (1921);

author of "La Race Noir" or "The Black Race" published in Moscow in 1924. He spoke out in support of the African and African American struggles, the Cuban Liberation, the Chinese Revolution and all who fought imperialism and colonialism. He did not live to see the reunification of his own land, but he engineered the direction to that end. I found the *Monthly Review* article of October 1969 which Ho Chi Minh wrote in Moscow in 1924 — nearly 70 years ago. It is a document of how whites "civilized" the Blacks — by deeds not mentioned in history books — acts so horrendously brutal, it is almost too gory to read. He reveals in his own words: "These mass murders of Africans during the slave trade were blessed by the church, sanctioned by kings and parliaments, perpetrated by slave-traders and colonial administrators." Ho, an Asian/international, lived in solidarity with Africans.

And then we have Blacks who "connected" with Asia-like Rob Williams, who left as a fugitive from a kidnap frame-up in Monroe, North Carolina, in 1961. He was given political asylum by Mao Tse Tung after Williams spent some three years in Cuba. Williams was a Korean War veteran who became a member of the NAACP in North Carolina, who believed in self-defense and practiced it by protecting the NAACP President, Dr. Perry. His unwavering stance in protecting Perry and others targeted him as a threat in North Carolina. But it was the fraudulent charge of kidnapping the white couple (when he actually saved them) that he was forced to flee.

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For the safety of himself and his family, Williams left this country in self-imposed exile for 8 years. The goodwill that this one Black family extended both in the People's Republic of China where he lived and North Vietnam that he visited on occasion should be recognized. He came to know both Mao and Ho Chi Minh. His sons attended regular Chinese schools. His wife, Mable, came to know her neighbors. After his return to the U.S. and relations were restored between PRC and this country, Williams became a key liaison through the U.S.-China Friendship Association. He helped Americans in general, and Black people in particular, to know more about China and China's needs when China was coming under some critical scrutiny by Americans from both sides of the political spectrum.

Also in the 60's, another great Black leader interacted with Asians. He was sought by a rather unlikely group. The Hiroshima-Nagasaki Peace Study Mission was crossing this country enroute to Europe and the Soviet Union. Four writers were part of this mission and the one person in America who they really wanted to meet was none other than Malcolm X, then, the most maligned and derogated Black leader. The contingent of 45 men and women of various ages were hibakushas, atom-bombed victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The writers had heard the usual propoganda about Malcolm and wanted to know if he was really so evil; and also why one Black man would pose such a threat to the American power structure. They were taken aback when they found him so gracious and humble; eloquent and brilliant;

knowledgeable and candid. Malcolm was glad that these 4 writers chose to come to Harlem and see the World's Worst Fair in Jesse Gray's 114th Street area rather than the highly publicized World's Fair across the river in Flushing Meadows.

This was June of 1964, eight months before he would be assassinated. Malcolm made reference to their physical scars and said that his community and people were also scarred by a different kind of bomb — racism; and that both bombs must be destroyed. He also spoke of the Vietnam War — that the Viet-Nam people's struggle is the struggle of the whole Third World — the struggle against foreign transgression, colonialism, and imperialism. Malcolm's prophetic vision and insights were so keen. Everyone who was in our apartment to hear him, and the house was jammed - - from the living room, kitchen, hallway, every bedroom — but you could hear a pin drop.

That Malcolm would come to a stranger's apartment at a most dangerous time for him to meet Asians, is something I will never forget. But, he came, he said, because he wanted to meet the atom-bombed victims from Japan and give his solidarity. He had bolted from the Nation of Islam only two months before, and there were all kinds of rumors that he would be killed before May 29th. He came on June 4. And he came to a crowd of only civil rights activists; meaning integrationists; none of his people — Black nationalists, revolutionary types, or Muslims, or Yorubas. And he was warm and gracious to everyone.

There were also Blacks who went to North Korea. Two Panthers, Eldridge and Kathleen Cleaver, went to North Korea in the early 70's. Kathleen was pregnant and she gave

birth to her daughter there. In fact, her daughter's name is Korean. Their son was born in Cuba. The internationalism of political activists leaves a nice kind of legacy that helps to plant the seeds of social harmony.

Robert Brown, who was a professor at Fairleigh Dickinson, went to Vietnam (I think) as a researcher. His field is economics. He stayed in Viet-Nam a number of years, and can be called an authority on Viet-Nam's history and politics. He married a Vietnamese woman and brought her back to this country.

And speaking of successful intermarriages between Blacks and Asians, many of these couples are well known in their fields, are role models who are admired, and command respect for their contributions to society.

First, there's Michael Thelwell, the Jamaican writer and Roberta Uno who is the Director of the UMass Newt WORLD Theater.

There is Justice Thurgood Marshall, married to a Filipina woman from Hawaii. Jim Boggs, labor leader and writer, and Grace Lee, writer and political activist from Detroit. Rev. Cecil Williams of Glide Church in San Francisco, and Janice Mirikitani, Asian American poet.

Tarabu Betsurai, radio commentator and playwright; and Nobuko Miyamoto, singer, dancer, choreographer in Los Angeles. Maurice Telemagne, businessman from Haiti, and Eleanor Wong, a writer who wrote the book, "It is crazy to be Chinese in Minnesota." Speaking of the writers, Velina Hasu Houston, is an Amerasian playwright who has won numerous awards and recognition. She is Black, Japanese and American Indian.

Panther Brother, Doc

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Powell, a biologist who taught at the University of Zambia is married to an Okinawan, Susan Higa from Hawaii. The two lived with their children in Africa for over 10 years.

And the last subject matter is something we can all discuss together; the unfortunate phenomenon of the Korean green-grocer and Black boycott. This is happening here and there, but probably more so in New York and California where Korean store-keepers are finding more open slots in the Black communities because the indigenous people (meaning Blacks) cannot come up with the money for the high rents.

Although each of the boycott situations are a little different, the common denominator from the Black side seems to be the lack of respect shown to Blacks in their own community. Also, there is the frustration of not being able to open their own shops because small business loans are no longer available. The Korean business people are the newest entrepreneurs who are acting out a repeat performance of "outsiders" (which used to be white) coming into a community already suffering from lack of financial resources, and making a profitable foothold in their midst.

Most of us are bystanders, not actual participants on either side, but are watching the drama unfold in the safety of our living rooms on the 6 o'clock news. We become "back-seat" theorists making our assessments or posing questions: What do both sides want? What is

right or wrong, morally or legally? Can this be settled amicably? Has it exacerbated more hostility to all Asians? Do all Blacks feel the same way as the boycotters? What role should bystanders play or not play? What are the possibilities of victory? Victory for whom? Will victory bring satisfaction, justice, harmony, polarization, enmity, or precedence for future social problems? And will that be better or worse?

No one has the "right answers." We have opinions. I can

Korean business became visible. Renovations and repairs were immediate. They were Mom and Pop stores, worked by Korean family members where every member worked hard. They could not provide jobs for the community. They opened clothing stores, boutiques, wig shops, groceries, vegetable stands, fish stores and food stands. They were new to this country; spoke very little English. But their stores are well-kept, giving 125th Street an uplift.

But contradictions grew as the number of stores grew. The complaints of brusque service and disrespectful attitudes also grew. Finally, after some name-calling from both sides and few scuffles and accusations, a picket-line appeared about 1984 in front of a vegetable stand on 125th and St. Nicholas. The Blacks accused the Koreans of racism; the Koreans accused the Blacks of pilfering. Both sides were hurt in different ways. Nothing could seem to curtail the growing animosities.

I happened to be working almost across the street catty-corner from the target shop. The restaurant where I worked was a land-mark entity — called Thomforde. It was a great place to work as everybody would come in: housewives, students, preachers, pimps, prostitutes, business-folks, kids, workers, unemployed, winos, actors, playwrights, movement activists, runners, teenage mothers, name it. It was my university where I learned from my regular customers about

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**Malcolm made reference to their physical scars and said that his community and people were also scarred by a different kind of bomb - - racism ; and that both bombs must be destroyed.**

speak only of Harlem, not for Harlem. I've lived there 30 years.

Let's go back to around the late 1970's when the first Koreans began trickling in. The early Koreans were hardly noticed and diligently set up shop. Rents were already going high. Few Blacks had the "bread" to pay. Whites were leaving. They probably saw the handwriting on the wall. The newcomers were totally unaware of the sordid history of white disempowerment of Black communities. Their interest, like any business people, was strictly about business. Closed shops were noticeable on 125th street. Only those with ready cash could vie for the open spots.



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Harlem, its social mores, its aspirations, its disappointments, its highlights, its underside, its Martin Luther King-like dreams, and its Malcolm X-exposed nightmares. All the workers — cashiers, cooks, waitresses and dishwashers were Blacks — but it was a typical white-owned plantation. The atmosphere of warmth and spontaneity was great — a real community restaurant.

And so finally in 1981 we went on strike. For 7 months we walked the picket line through a hot summer and freezing winter but nobody there wanted to stop our picketing. In fact the support was incredible. Everyday community people dropped coins, nickels, and dimes and quarters: preachers and numbers-runners would give us 10 and 20 bucks — this provided lunch money. Housewives baked us pies and cakes. Students would give us an apple, an orange, or a banana. On bad weather days, guys would drive up in a car and let us sit in it through the snow or rain. Did we win or lose the strike? I don't think either side won. The owners announced bankruptcy. We lost our jobs. But we were lucky that we were paid by a Union \$50 a week as long as we were out there 8 hours a day. We felt we educated the people of the history of that restaurant — sordid history that few people knew. But we don't have time for all that now.

O.K. — to the Korean green-grocer/Black boycott issue. New boycotts began this year, but were quickly settled through negotiations. The Church Avenue boycott in Brooklyn still continues despite the store-owner being acquitted of assault on the Haitian woman which triggered the picket-line. The boycotters, which are being led by political activists, say they will not veer off from their position of closing the store. The grocers, likewise say they will not be pushed out. All the Korean neighbor grocers are helping them stay "alive" as they feel that if that one store goes, the domino theory will be implemented and one-by-one they will all be ousted.

That boycotters be clear of letting the public

know why they are boycotting without resorting to racist name-calling is important. The lessons to be learned are many; that becoming aware of one another's history and community is important — especially when entering new "turf" so that interactions will not explode through ignorance and uncaring self-interest. Ironically the Koreans were the victims of transgressions by the Japanese in their own homeland, and in Japan are still inhumanely discriminated against through Japanese racism. Thus, the unhappy phenomena of the oppressed and exploited perpetrating the same unfortunate experience of another, where the real culprits, those in power, are left untouched. In Harlem and other Black communities the problem is not a simple matter of developing cooperation and trust among two peoples, but alleviating monopolizing encroachment and understanding that the economic life of any community must be in the control of the indigenous themselves. Harlem needs dignity restored through self-determination and self-reliance. The US government has never allowed this. Community caring, lofty ideas, determination, and hope alone will not "make it." The criteria and specific need in this society is MONEY — plain money. The Blacks do not have it. The power Blacks have to use to make mileage in their struggle for basic needs and human rights is their bodies in number — for picketing and boycotts, their only weapon and vehicle. Blacks must also be informed that countless Koreans support them, want to interact with them, want to build good relationships; and work harmoniously with them. It's all of our responsibility to give effort to that end. A rainbow society must include all. Unity with diversity is strength. Economic justice, self-determination, and human dignity must be the objective. Despite unfortunate incidents (because there's always a bad apple in the barrel), Blacks and Asians have a history of positive interactions. Let's make it our legacy. •

We realize that our future lies chiefly in our own hands. We know that neither institution nor friends can make a race stand unless it has strength in its own foundation; that races like individuals must stand or fall by their own merit; that to fully succeed they must practice the virtues of self-reliance, self-respect, industry, perseverance, and economy.

Paul Robeson

It is a very grave matter to be forced to imitate a people for whom you know - which is the price of your performance and survival - you do not exist.

It is hard to imitate a people whose existence appears, mainly, to be made tolerable by their bottomless gratitude that they are not, thank heaven, you.

James Baldwin



## Rebels or Revolutionaries?

by Jomo Kamau

As at various times in our past, it has now become fashionable, particularly among us young folks to loudly proclaim our Blackness and to proudly declare ourselves as Black revolutionaries. This is not, in and of itself, a good or bad thing but it requires examination and analysis. We must scrutinize our ideas and actions to determine whether we are truly revolutionary and working towards the empowerment and liberation of our community. In short, are we actually engaging in revolution or are we indulging in youthful rebelliousness and emotionalism?

To properly address this question, we must first examine and differentiate between revolution and rebellion. We will see that although a rebellion can constitute a stage or event in the course of a revolutionary struggle, it does not in itself address the needs of our people and is not in and of itself revolutionary.

According to James and Grace Lee Boggs, a rebellion is an attack on the existing power structure by members of an oppressed group. It is usually more or less spontaneous and does not consciously seek to overturn the power structure in order to take power and restructure the society. Rebellions usually occur when members of an oppressed group become fed up enough with the existing state of affairs that they lash out against the most visible elements of their oppression, be it the police, slumlords, or other exploitative elements which

prey on the community. Examples of rebellions include the many "riots" which took place in the 1960's such as those in Watts, Detroit, Newark, and Washington, D.C. They also include the Miami rebellion of 1980, the uprising at Virginia Beach, the uprising in Teaneck, NJ after the police murder of young Phillip Panill, and other such events.

The important points to bear in mind about rebellions are that they are not premeditated or organized and that they do not address the basic need of our people, which is to take the power necessary to control our own

**" Too many of us are talking about fighting the power without working to organize our communities either in our neighborhoods or . . . on our campuses. This is not revolutionary, it is just indulging in and expressing our anger at what is happening to our people without actually taking or preparing to take the steps necessary to change our reality."**

destiny as a people. In effect, they are more or less violent means of protest; they inform the world that we are intensely dissatisfied with the present state of affairs, but they do not take the steps to carry out the necessary re-ordering of society on which our survival as a people depends.

On the other hand, a revolution is a planned, purposeful, disciplined, and protracted struggle by an oppressed people. Its principal goal is to prepare a people politically, morally, spiritually, and economically to destroy and overturn the existing power structure of the society and to

take power in order to shape a new society which will allow for the greater satisfaction of human needs and the further development of the human potential. The primary concern of a revolution is not to express grievances or to cast blame on the oppressor. Its primary goal is to take power from the oppressor and to place it in the hands of the oppressed masses.

The winning of power does not take place overnight; nor does the overthrow of the oppressor automatically usher in a paradise in which all evils are summarily eliminated and all things made new. It simply makes possible the further development of a people in a society where the possibilities for human advancement had been exhausted under the old regime. Examples of revolutions (not all of which have succeeded in actualizing their stated goals or even of remaining in power) include the Russian

Revolution of 1917; the Chinese Revolution; The Cuban Revolution; the national liberation struggles of Ghana, Guinea-Bissau, Angola, Mozambique; the Grenadian Revolution; the Nicaraguan Revolution (the one led by the Sandinistas against Somoza, not the CIA-backed counterrevolutionary struggle of the contras); and many others.

Any revolutionary worthy of the name must closely examine these and other struggles to learn the historical lessons to be garnered by the concrete experience of these

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peoples. These struggles do not represent blueprints or formulas that we should blindly copy, for each society in each epoch has its own particularities which make the specific nature of struggle different for each society. However, they do provide certain historical examples and lessons which we must learn from and be familiar with if we are to knowledgeably struggle for fundamental social change in our own society.

There are certain questions that any would-be revolutionary must grapple with if he/she intends to be even halfway serious about waging revolutionary struggle in any society, much less in the United States, which despite its evident indications of decline, is still the most developed and most militarily powerful capitalist nation on earth. To begin with, why is revolution necessary? What are the contradictions in this society that prevent justice and equality from being served under the present system? How has the historical development of the society shaped the present situation? How is a revolution to be carried out successfully in the specific society that we are dealing in? Which are the social forces that are most likely to be revolutionary? Which are the social forces that are most likely to be counterrevolutionary? How can the counterrevolutionary forces be divided, immobilized, or otherwise neutralized, and how can the revolutionary forces be united, organized and mobilized? What are the immediate tasks that must be carried out to further the revolutionary process? What roles will violence/non-violence play in the waging of the struggle under the specific conditions we face and how do they contradict or compliment each other? What is our relationship to other people who are struggling for national liberation and social justice around the world? These are but a few of the questions that we as potential revolutionaries must deal with if we are ever to move past half-baked rebellious rhetoric to revolutionary reality.

My concern is that all too few people are engaging in the study and the hard work necessary to prepare ourselves for serious revolutionary struggle. Too many of us are talking about Malcolm without having read him. Too many of us are talking about ancient Khamit without having a working knowledge of what happened in our own communities even thirty years ago. Too many of us are talking about fighting the power without working to organize our communities either in our neighborhoods or even on our campus. This is not revolutionary, it is just indulging in and expressing our anger at what is happening to our people without actually taking or preparing to take the steps necessary to change our reality.

We all have the potential to be revolutionary, but in order to realize that potential we must begin to exercise the intellectual, moral, and physical discipline necessary to be serious and intelligent warriors for our people (let me hasten to add that not all and perhaps not even most warriors need pick up the gun). We must begin now to engage in serious study of all areas necessary for our struggle and to engage in the actual work which alone will develop our people's power and give us the experience necessary to test our various theories against social reality. Let us boldly move forward and "Seize the Time", for it is running out fast. •

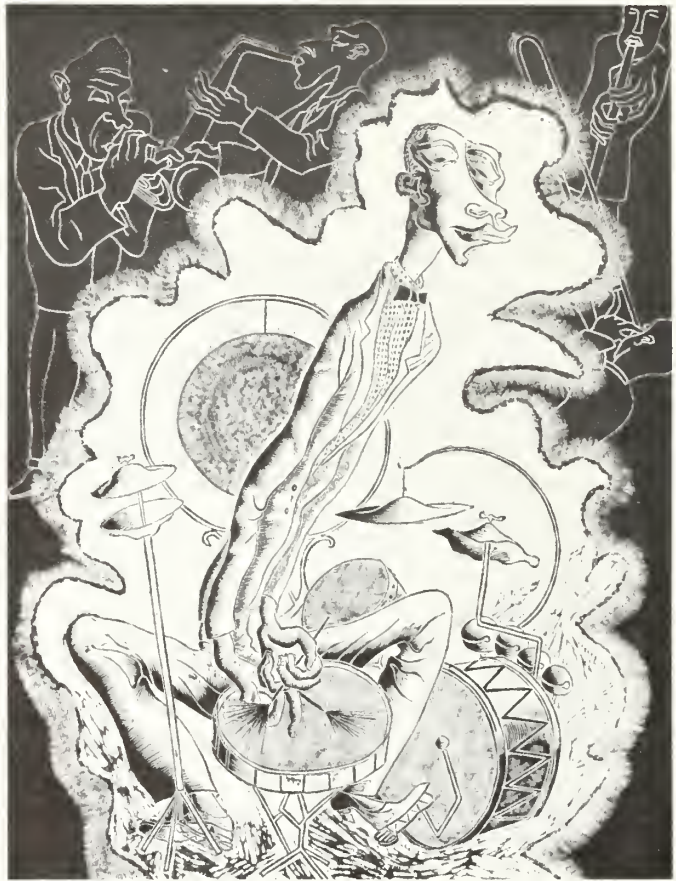
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Portugal. Denied to express themselves as Crioulo people for over 500 hundred years by the Portuguese, many Cape Verdean people such as Amilcar Cabral shed their blood. As Edward Blyden, an African from the West Indies who later emigrated to Liberia and had strong Pan African beliefs said, "The duty of every man, of every race is to contend for its individuality to keep and develop it...therefore, honor and love your race....If you are not yourself, if you surrender your personality you have nothing left to give to the world."

I have observed some Cape Verdeans on this campus who for their own reasons want nothing to do with the alliance or their own culture. I challenge you to get involved. Maybe you feel distant from your culture and you are experiencing problems with establishing your identify and discovering your culture. But that is why the Cape Verdean Student Alliance is here, to preserve our identity and teach one another.

Some of us will read this article and either think something or think nothing. Others will feel like this has nothing to do with them. And a few may even say I was born in the United States so what does it matter. Many might even take an offensive stand. But everyone should understand where I am coming from. Many of you who do understand are those who have faithfully supported our organization-both Cape Verdean and non Cape Verdean and who have always been there to take a stand when needed. You should be commended. It is our unity that will always carry us through. As the old Cape Verdean saying goes, Nos Ku Nos! •

# The History of Jazz



by Joanne Hunt

Wood engraving, *Drummer* (1935-39), by Fred Becker

Ragtime was the kind of music that used strongly syncopated melody and a regularly accented accompaniment. Originally, a piano rag had a regular rhythmic bass for the left hand and a highly complex melody for the right hand. The term ragtime gradually came to be applied to early forms of jazz, such as Irvin Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

No one really knows just where jazz was born. Although New Orleans is sometimes called the "cradle of jazz," the music did not come from any particular city. The music is a mixture of rhythms from West Africa; harmony from European classical music; religious music, including gospel songs and negro and white spirituals; work songs dating back to Negro slavery days and minstrel shows. Much of the early music that developed into jazz was played informally at Negro funerals, or strummed on battered banjos and guitars. Ragtime was the first organized music to become part of jazz.

At about the same time, especially in the south, Negro brass bands played music similar to jazz in street parades and funeral processions. In the first twenty years of the 1900's, these bands developed into "ragtime bands," playing not only rags but also blues. Blues became widely known after W.C. Handy wrote down some of the sounds he heard touring the south as a band leader. He composed the first blues numbers, "Memphis Blues" in 1912 and "St. Louis Blues" in 1914.

Early jazz could be identified by the introduction of the mournful "blue note." This term refers to the certain notes of a scale, usually the third or the seventh, that are played or sung a quarter or half tone flat. Another characteristic of jazz which has survived from its earliest days is syncopation. In syncopation, the musician shifts or anticipates the accent to a normally unaccented beat.

During the 1920's, jazz flourished the United States. This was often called the "Golden Age of Jazz." Louis Armstrong was one of the first great stars of jazz. Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington were also stars of the 1920's. Jazz took its next important step in 1932 when Duke Ellington composed and recorded a song called "Don't Mean a Thing if It Ain't Got that Swing." Soon "swing" became the word for music played with a happy, relaxed jazz beat. "Boogie Woogie," "Bop" and "Cool Jazz" soon followed.

These forms brought us to where jazz stands, today. Many forms of urban contemporary music use rhythms and beats of jazz to make music more creative. The origin of jazz and its transformation throughout history has contributed a great deal towards our musical understanding and through the music created today we keep the history of jazz alive. •

## Blast From The Past

**Blast From The Past** is a supplement of NOMMO News that introduces articles, poems, and editorials from our brothers and sisters from the past. This section is a dedication to those who fought to bring NUMMO News into existence. Their courageous efforts and continuing struggle has not gone unnoticed. We are a great part of that struggle that began in April, 1975. Without our alumnae's commitment to unity and the struggle for our inclusion in the mass media of the Collegian at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, our voices may never have been heard. From their past struggle, we have been informed about the underlying, continual misrepresentation of the Third World community by the media on this campus.

We must learn that our solidarity has to be maintained if we are ever to expose those who continue to down play our culture and history. And if we are to continue as an educational and informational resource for our community, then we must set aside our own prejudices against one another and unite to fight for our right to be equally represented in the mass media on this campus and nationwide within the context of a larger struggle for EQUALITY. •

To our distinguished alumnae, we, the staff of NOMMO News dedicate this section to you:

## The Archipelago of Cape Verde

by Anita Almeida

The Cape Verde Islands are located approximately 360 miles off the coast of Senegal, a country in West Africa. The Cape Verde Islands were "discovered" in 1446 by Diago Gomes. In 1462, the Portuguese established their first African colony. Some people believe that Africans inhabited the islands before Portuguese claimed the islands.

The archipelago consists of ten islands: Brava, Fogo, Sao Vicente, Santa Luzia, Sao Nicolas, Maio, Sal, Santiago, Santa Antao, Boa Vista.

Santiago, the capital island, was settled with 56 natives of Portugal, 16 free Black men, 16 free Black women and approximately 400 slaves.

Seven years after they settled on the island, the Portuguese signed a contract for the buying and selling of slaves. At that time slavery was their main source of income. Slaves worked in cotton fields, farms, plantations and did some domestic tasks such as weaving clothes. In 1472 the Royal Warrant legalized the slave trade. Previous to the passing of this law the trade had been conducted without authorization. The Portuguese sold the majority of their slaves to the United States, Brazil, and the Caribbean. This was referred to as the Slave Triangle. The slave trade lasted for 170 years.

The islands suffered other miseries, such as droughts and Portuguese mismanagement for a long period of time, that killed 8,000 people. During the years between 1950-1970 there was a significant amount of emigration from the islands. The people left the country because of famine, droughts and the absence of a basic economic structure. Most of the immigrants came to the United States, others went to Portugal, Italy, Holland, France, Brazil and Germany among other European countries. Most of those immigrants were able to live a comfortable life and send some money back home to help support their families.

After 500 years of struggling under Portuguese colonialism and an armed struggle from 1961 to 1974, the Cape Verdeans achieved their independence on July 5th, 1975. The number of emigrants decreased; most of them returned to the motherland to visit and many even stayed there to live. •

(From the files of Nummo News, November 6, 1985)

*Too many black folks are fools about color and hair.*

*Mabel Lincoln*



## Hong Kong: A Year Abroad Experience from an Asian American Perspective

by Carolyn Y. Lee

"Hong Kong: One of life's great adventures and the only place in the world where East meets West so perfectly."

These are the images that a travel agency facilitates to persuade you to travel to the Far East. "The shopping is outrageous, the food is fantastic and the entertainment and nightlife is always the happening thing..." So, I decided to take on this "adventure" and prepared myself for the challenge of my college career, giving up the security of UMass and becoming a Hong Kong exchange student for a year.

Although being a first generation A.B.C. (American Born Chinese), my experience might be perceived a little differently. Going to Hong Kong not only meant learning, growing and becoming more independent, it also meant discovering what my ancestors cultural roots and heritage were all about. Entering a different country is entering a different culture, a civilization of a given race and given customs. It meant going to discover the cultural differences between the U.S. and Hong Kong. Having been born and raised in America and taught American values and traditions, I was always looked upon as a "banana" or "white washed" in the eyes of traditional Chinese people. So, I thought I would use this "unique, once in a lifetime opportunity" to discover what being Chinese was all about, trace my roots and in the midst of it all, maybe find myself.

When I first arrived in Hong Kong, it was hot, humid and very crowded. My first glimpse of the active city life included numerous taxus double-decker buses, mini-buses, motorcycles, trams, rickshaw drivers, limousines and only the newest in BMW and Mercedes Benz cars. The streets were saturated with scurrying people and drivers would stop at nothing to make the light before it turned red. The fast pace, busy lifestyle that everyone had "warned" me about before I left was suddenly becoming a reality.

The "millions" of people instantly came into view. Yes, 5.5 million of them on this crowded little peninsula on the coast of China, which measures approximately 400 sq. miles. Now, I was about to become just another face in the crowd. I knew it wouldn't be long before I would have to adjust to the pushing and shoving

and accept it as a part of the normal everyday activity.

The overall views of the city was simply fascinating. Sky-scrapers, beautiful hotels and cars, spectacular lighting and lots of excitement—it was like New York City, only the people were Chinese. For once, I was not a minority. I was one of them, but even the right face is not enough—why doesn't this person speak the right language? Obviously, I was the foreigner and sometimes speaking English had its advantages because it meant that you were a "somebody"—an American. To the Hong Kong people, it seemed like America was the best place to be.

Yes, Hong Kong truly is "Shopper's Paradise"—they really do "have everything." From hawkers off the streets literally screaming out their low price merchandise, to pushy salesgirls in the shops, to elegant designer boutiques. It's no wonder the people of Hong Kong are high among the fashion conscious since everything is cheaper here and manufactured or rather "Made in Hong Kong."

And the food was fantastic. They had just about everything you could imagine from Western Style Prime Ribs to various South East Asian dishes such as pigeons and snake soup served directly from the alley streets.

The nightlife in Hong Kong really is the happening thing. The city is filled with neon lights, fantastic discos, movies with glamorous stars, harbor cruises, sailors and girlie bars, palm readers and dentists on the streets, lots of noise and the familiar sounds of mahjohng, snake shows... yes, the sites were amazing, but the skyline of Hong Kong... is simply the most beautiful in the world.

Then, there was school, life at the Chinese University of Hong Kong—a different kind of university life. Different to what one might find of the college campuses of the U.S. The Chinese University is located a half hour away from the city and all the excitement. It is situated on a mountain with a scenic view of the harbor below. The buildings and facilities are quite similar to what we have at home, but there are no: campus pubs, frat parties, women's equal rights issues, racism, students with cars, campus hotel, heat in the dorms, organized gay/lesbian groups, students on work-study jobs, cheating on exams, R.A.'s reminding you of 24 hr. quiet

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hours—it is always pretty much 24 hours of quiet, no football games, students that wear contact lenses—they all wear glasses, students that smoke...anything, shaving cream fights, food fights, arcades on campus, contact between student and professor, co-ed bathrooms, and girls that wear make-up. However, there are: huge cockroaches in the room, laundry service, Dim Sum and Chinese food all the time, maids that sweep the room once a week, a 1 a.m. curfew, bamboo scaffolding against the side of the dorm to climb into your room after 1 a.m, "sweet soup" get together, an outdoor swimming pool, lots of tourists and wedding couples on the weekends taking pictures, a fruit truck once a week, a post office on wheels, workers constantly burping and spitting, male/female visiting hours in the dorm rooms (restricted to weekends only between 12-6 p.m), Chinese instructed classes, dorm activities such as singing contests, bamboo trees, and poinsettia plants on campus during Christmas, shy guys, a 2 month rainy season, and always a shortage on toilet paper.

Classes and homework were similar to what was expected at UMass. Therefore, my learning experience lay in the actual day to day interaction with the Chinese people and culture rather than textbooks.

A significant part of this learning experience was the interaction, dealing and accepting other people and ideas, finding out what makes them who they are. Life is different for everyone. Accepting those differences by

trying and doing new things was almost an everyday activity. For example, eating on cracked stools and wooden tables in crowded dark alley streets (sometimes in the company of cats, rats, and snakes) was a way of life for Hong Kong people. I tried it, learned to accept it, and grew to love it.

The ability to adapt and get along well with others, to reach out and try to understand one another, to communicate and share our feelings and ideas. Developing those social interpersonal skills with all different kinds of people was an effort I always tried to make. And the 2 girls that I lived with were not just my roommates, they became my best friends.

I also found out what it was all about to be Chinese, who I am and where I belong, what my elders meant when they told me "this was how it was then when we were young," why we celebrated all those holidays that aren't on the calendar, and ate the things we did. I could really begin to pick out what was Asian about me and what was American, because finally, it was me against the entire Chinese culture.

Of course the year did have its ups and downs and lonely times but with all the learning and applying of what you know and being able to laugh with new friends, "problems" seemed only so minute and I was really very grateful. In the end, I think I only began to grow and become more of that independent person we all want to be. •

(From the files of Nummo News, November 6, 1985)

## Blast From The Past

Our nettlesome task is to discover how to organize our strength into compelling power.  
Martin Luther King Jr.

No person is your friend who demands your silence, or denies your right to grow.  
Alice Walker

Advertise in  
**NOMMO News**  
there is power in the written and spoken word.

I must see (Africa), get close to it, because I can never lose the sense of being a displaced person here in America because of my color.  
Paule Marshall

# Injustice to the Black Male

by Arnold Lizana

Another of God's precious living creations has made the endangered list. If yesterday's plea was "Save the Whales" then today's plea would be "Save the Black Males." A great percentage of Black males are incarcerated in United States' correctional institutions and are increasingly being arrested and locked away. Figures in Harper's Index say that about 23,000 Black males are in college compared to the 24,000 Black males in prison, in the state of New York. Black males had a better chance at surviving in the Vietnam War than on today's city streets. In 1977, "more Black men died of homicides in one year than in ten years of the Vietnam War. Recent statistics in NewsWeek calculate that Black men are six times more likely than whites to be a murder victim" (William Strickland). Blacks only make up 12% of the population, yet at least 40% of imprisoned males are Black (Los Angeles Times). These statistics paint a very grim picture of the Black man's future in America. With only "the merest glance at a college, high school, or even grade school classrooms will make it clear that Black males are disappearing" (Los Angeles Times). This issue greatly concern me for the obvious reason—I am a Black man.

Not only are Black males suffering from this crisis, but so are Black families, communities, businesses, churches, and organizations. The American industry and America as a whole suffers from the Black male's displacement from main stream America.

The government's manipulation of society is directly responsible for this crisis. They (the powers that be) target Black males because racism is deeply rooted and institutionalized in American law and philosophy. Racism is interwoven within the cloth of American justice. Justice meaning "just-us," white males.

At a time when America's economy is playing a game of "catch up" with economies of European countries and Japan, the United States refuses to invest into one of its most valuable resources—Black males. Black males, when educated properly

Unified Crime Reports says that "61% of violent crimes committed in the United States are committed by white males" (U.S. Department of Justice 15-44). The statistics go on to say that 52% of forced rape, 57% of assaults, 66% of burglaries, 64% of larceny thefts, and 74% of arson were committed by white males. These statistics bear witness to the fact that Black males aren't the only ones involved in crimes and that in actuality white males commit most crimes. Despite the fact that statistics show that white males commit far more crimes than Black males, black

faces are most commonly seen in metropolitan area prisons across the nation. The number of Black males imprisoned in the United States ranks

second only to South Africa. It is quite evident that Black men have yet to be perceived as equal before the law in America.

Mis-education is another factor that contributes to the high numbers of imprisoned Black males. Mis-education is the act of teaching someone information or philosophies that do not pertain to their needs. You wouldn't try to teach a dog how to "meow", would you? Black students have a unique nature and unique needs. What is beneficial for white students to learn is not necessarily benefiting to Black students. In most cases, mis-education is worse than not having any education at all. I can remember back to the second or third grade. When I learned that Betsy Ross designed the Amerikkkan flag and how George Washington chopped down a cherry tree and never told a lie (Big deal, tell me another one).

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**"... then today's plea would be save the black males."**

and given the opportunities to develop and to achieve success, have proven time and time again to be valuably productive to society in all areas—business, government, administration, science and many others. America chooses to destroy corrupt and ignore its most valuable resource. The United states spends billions of dollars to incarcerate Black males when they should be spending billions to educate and cultivate this resource. This (mis-directed funding) doesn't make any sense at all. This country consistently bites its own tail as the problems with over-crowed prisons are getting worse.

The oppression and plotted destruction of Black males is nothing new to America. This problem stems back well over 400 years ago—the start of Slavery. "Times have changed." The law "supposedly" recognizes a Black man's right to equal status and equality amongst his white counterparts. But recent statistics indicate differently. The 1989 FBI

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How come we did not learn about Benjamin Banneker, a Black man who designed and drew up the plans for the entire capital city of Washington D.C? I did not learn anything about Blacks until the fourth grade. Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Slavery Era were the only things I learned about Blacks in the fourth grade, but I t10 wards and forwards.

In the past, America has denied Black men the opportunity to get an education and now America is mis-educating them. This mis-education is executed through many tools, but the two most influential and destructive tools are television and the public school system. Television is the "greatest sleep technique" that America uses to control the thoughts, dreams, and aspirations of Americans. Television lures the masses of the people to sleep and renders them unable to clearly and truly think for themselves (Chris Parker). Advertising agents spend billions of dollars trying to figure out new ways of controlling peoples' desires, needs, dreams and aspirations.

The Black man is greatly effected by the abundance of negative images of Black men on television and in movies. Because Whites perceive these negative images to be true. Studies say "the average kid watches six hours of television a day" (Professor Steven Smalls). Six hours spent watching television can have major effects on a child's mind. White children who watch television grow up viewing Black men in a negative light. At the same time Black children who watch television grow up viewing themselves through the eyes of whites. If a young Black male only views Black men stealing, cheating, hustling,

killing, lying and committing crimes on television, then, these negative images become a permanent part of his "psyche." Human nature provokes men to do what they think they are supposed to do. In most movies, racist Hollywood casts Black actors to play the parts of pimps, crooks and killers. Then there are those television shows like "Amen" featuring Sherman Hemsley as a Deacon of a Black Baptist church. Hemsley's character brings back to life the derogatory minstrel "coon" character of a conniving, shucking and jiving negro who would do the most stupendous acts of self-degradation to get a laugh. These negative images have been instilled in the minds of white youngsters who have become law and policy decision-makers. When the people who are "the law" are confronted with an alleged Black criminal, it is hard for them to recognize that man is equal before the law. In the back of their mind they already believe that Black men steal, cheat, hustle, lie, kill, and are therefore guilty. For this reason I think that judiciaries are biased against Black males in the court system which results in a higher percentage of imprisoned Black males. Television is the cause and crime is the effect.

The public school system also serves an injustice to Black men. The eurocentric education that Black men receive in public schools only serves to alienate them even more. White students learn the great accomplishments of great European scientists and scholars and little or nothing about the contributions of Africans to world civilizations. Therefore white students assume that Africans had and still have little to contribute to anything or anyone. Try asking a white high school student what have Blacks contributed to society. The typical answer would probably be a few words about Dr. Martin King, Jr. and a shrug of the

shoulders. Black students "supposedly" receive the same eurocentric education as whites so that means that they too are ignorant to the contributions of Africa and Africans. The lack of knowledge about Black's contributions, inevitably gives white students a sense of superiority. In addition, it instills a very self-conscious sense of inferiority in black students. Black men who are self-conscious are not very self-confident and often lack the confidence to complete their eurocentric education. A study done by the United States Department of Education states that "nearly 20% of Black males drop out of high school, 50% in many cities. Black males score low (racially bias) standardized test and are suspended and expelled more often than white students." (State of Education Report). People who fail at education have a hard time finding a job and are more likely to resort to crime. Mis-education is the cause and crime is the effect,

Take dealing drugs for example, how can you convince a young Black male, with no sense of self-purpose and morality, that selling drugs is the wrong thing to do. A drug dealer makes more money in one month than most Americans make all year round. He is his own boss, sets his own hours and in the truest sense of the word, is an individual proprietor pursuing the "American Dream", to be rich and successful. It is a hard argument to win unless that man has some sense of self-esteem and pride. With pride and self-esteem comes a higher sense of morality. The decision not to sell drugs is a very moral decision. The public school system is not providing Black students with knowledge of self, pride and self-esteem to develop morality. Without these

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qualities it becomes harder for Black men to say no to drugs and yes to life. It is important that "children be taught the seminal role of Africa and it is very important for their development that they have an accurate picture of history" (Dorothy Gilliam). At the present time, "our children are not getting the cultural and academic education they need and deserve" (Essence 126).

America is quick to portray Black men as criminals and practices many double standards in law enforcement policies. Little action was taken when "Reagan and Oliver North completely trashed the constitution, 'that was no crime.' Meanwhile, James Brown does six years in a Carolina slammer" for a speeding ticket (Essence 52).

Over spring break, I went with a couple of friends to Katina's, a club in Amherst. As I was driving down I-91 North in my mother's 89 New Yorker flashing lights (ironically red, white, and blue) reflected off my rear view mirror. A cruiser behind me sounded his siren and pulled me over. The officer got out of his cruiser and walked up to my window as I strained my brain trying to figure out what I did wrong. "Officer, what seems to be the problem?" I respectfully asked. He did not answer and asked me for my license and registration. I told him that I did not have my license with me. I had it in my wallet, but I didn't give it to him because I heard from a friend how Amherst Policemen like to take Black people's licenses away and keep them. I gave him the car's registration. He called in my license number and registration (to see if the car was stolen) and came back to the window with my registration. I asked him again why was I stopped and he said I was driving too slow in

the passing lane. I was not even in the passing lane, but I didn't say anything. Then he threatened to arrest me for driving without a license. After he sat waiting in his cruiser for 20 additional minutes, he finally let me drive away. What was the real reason the cop stopped me? Perhaps he had acquired a lot of negative images about black males through television and public schools. Perhaps he assumed that because I am a Black man and was driving a nice car that I had to be a drug dealer or the car was stolen. These are the thoughts that raced through my mind as I drove away.

It all comes down to this, Black men are being erased from society with a government pencil. We need to hold the government responsible for the judiciary and law enforcement decisions they make. We can not wait until someone gets a videotape of a Black man getting his brains beat out to take action against these "Black Male Busters." In order to save "us" Black males, we need to rearrange a lot of furniture. One, the public school system has to be restructured and catered more to the needs of Black students. The system has yet to realize that white males are not only students attending our public schools. Two, we can no longer allow Hollywood to mass-lecture negative images into our homes and communities. Parents have to become more responsible for monitoring what their kids watch on television. More Black producers like Spike Lee and Bill Cosby need to control the images we see on television so we can begin to define ourselves. This is not a dream. We are losing a lot of good men and the time to take action is now. If action is the cause, justice is the effect. •

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*It grew on me that we,  
black men especially,  
were expected to be  
subservient even in  
groups where  
ostensibly everyone  
was equal.*

*Shirley Chisholm*

*There is a debt to the  
Negro people which  
America can never  
pay. At least then,  
they must make  
amends.*

*Sojourner Truth*



## An Elegant Evening in Black Paradise



On Saturday, March 30th, 1991, the Black Mass Communications Project sponsored their first Annual Semi-formal.

Photos by Delphine Quarles



Photos by Joanne Paul

TRAILS OF THE TRAIL

by Mbele Umene

When M.L.K. pulled his forces-back together  
tattered because of skeptics; understood by realists.  
The pressures of dialectics has forced this Black  
man into the eco-political realm;

Labour movement

As we all know his dream was never realized  
but it didn't matter...he's been to the mountain top.

The reason why his dream was never realized  
because;

as one brother said during/after the Attica  
REBELLION

"Dreams are for sleepers, wake UP!"

M.L.K. is asleep forever.

No time for jest from the so called Black Militants  
who have split the scene

Their imperfections in urban guerrilla movement that  
the treasury department masterplanned.

some split the scene completely;  
others died for the cause;

LIBERATION

The cry of REVOLUTION waned in the hearts  
of young bloods who believed  
but were never deceived

by the green grass of suburbanite areas  
with an encapsulated environment

they understand that individualism is a disease

SOLIDARITY

HAS BROUGHT TOGETHER MANY PEOPLES

when

LIBERATION was seen PRACTICALLY...not as a  
dream

utopia exists only in the minds of fanatic anarchists  
REVOLUTION is for real

Sister Nikki told you what you don't do-

YES! you must kill that which destroys

Anything and Anyone

A community is democratic only when the  
humblest and weakest person can enjoy the  
highest civil, economic, and social rights that  
the biggest and most powerful possess.

A. Philip Randolph

Our people have made the mistake of  
confusing the methods with the objectives.

As long as we agree on objectives, we  
should never fall out with each other just  
because we believe in different methods  
or tactics or strategy. . . . We have to

keep in mind at all times that we are not  
fighting for integration, nor are we

fighting for separation. We are fighting  
for recognition as free humans in this

society.

Malcolm X

THE TRAILS OF WOMANHOOD

by Annie Carpenter

While you were flying high  
on the back of false hope

That was the time when you said  
you don't need me anymore

you were so free

doing stunts of master pilot tricks

Enjoy yourself my friend

cause when your rosy red light

has dimmed

and falsehood disappears

when you come tumbling down

in a free landing crash fall

of exploding changeable reality

with many unpromising glows

look around you

Feel that penetrating current

It is I

who has been just one step behind you

since the beginning of time

through transformation of form

In your unknowing phase

I was there

and yet you don't need me anymore

I was there

when you were falling with the cousin of death

and yet you say

you don't need me anymore

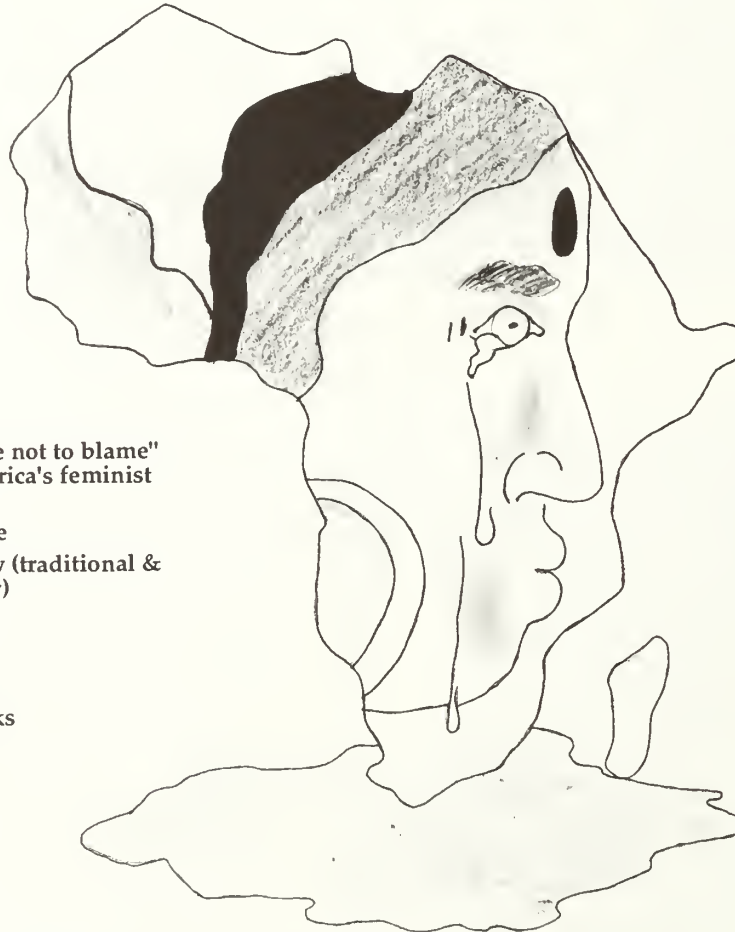
I have always been with you

And I shall remain

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# Culture and Afrikan American Liberation

by Rudy Krigger, Jr.

The question of the role of culture in the liberation struggle of Afrikan people in general and Afrikan Americans in particular, is of crucial importance in correctly determining the path towards our freedom.

The importance of this question stems from the well known and accepted notion that an important part of achieving and perpetuating one's subjugation of a people lies in destroying their culture and dehumanizing them. As Fanon states in his classic *The Wretched of the Earth*, "in the colonial context the settler only ends his work of breaking in the native when the latter admits loudly and intelligibly the supremacy of the white man's values."<sup>1</sup> If the colony or neo-colony is to be economically productive for the dominant society, a necessary level of 'order' must be maintained. For this to happen the colonial government must enjoy a certain amount of legitimacy which it can only possess if at least significant sectors of the population have accepted the notion of the superiority of the colonizer. There can be no other rationalization in anyone's mind for the violent and arbitrary imposition of domination of one people by another. Carter G. Woodson points out in *The Miseducation of the Negro* that:

"When you control a man's thinking you do not have to worry about his actions. You do not have to tell him to stand here or go yonder. He will find his "proper place" and will stay in it. You do not need to send him to the back door. He will go without being told. In fact, if there is no back door, he will cut one for his special benefit."

One of the primary needs of any oppressed people is to develop a revolutionary culture which reflects their own reality rather than the history and conditions of the oppressor. Those who uncritically accept the values and cultural imperatives of the colonizer or national bourgeoisie are generally unfit for struggle for at least two reasons. As we noted above, the explicit or implicit acceptance of another's culture as superior often induces certain sectors of the people not to struggle at all, accepting one's subordinate status as pre-ordained or as an immutable feature of their lives. Even when the dominant power cannot maintain the myth of moral acceptability, an image of the regime's insurmountable power vis a vis the oppressed is fostered, thereby intimidating the people into acquiescence through the explicit or implicit threat of force and creating a climate of fear.

In other cases, particularly in certain sectors of the "petite bourgeoisie" that may view themselves as having a vested interest in the maintenance of the system, many are inclined to struggle simply for better treatment within an "otherwise just and perfect system" rather than for real independence and self-determination. This is not simply a function of class interests, but is also rooted in the process of cultural assimilation which occurs in the course of this particular mode of class formation in the colonial and semi-colonial contexts. In such societies, where the main path to personal advancement is the acquisition of educational credentials conferred by imperialist or imperialist-controlled institutions, the aspiring members of the "petite bourgeoisie" (Fanon notes correctly that there is no real or well developed national

bourgeoisie in the colonial or semi-colonial context) is subjected to a process of deculturalization which, more often than not, leads them to view the world in ways that have been fundamentally shaped by the world view of the oppressor rather than that of their sisters and brothers in the latifundias and casbahs of the world. For these people, the "mother country" represents the "best of all possible worlds". Thus, their desire often extends to nothing more than the right to participate as equal members of that society.

It never occurs to such people that the wonderful society of the "mother country" is based on the rapacious exploitation of its own as well as the colonized people, and that imperialism itself indicates and fosters a moral bankruptcy and poverty of human values which no self-respecting people would want to imitate. Furthermore, such people never think to rediscover the tremendous cultural wealth of their own heritage which in most cases is far older and more highly developed than that of imperialist Europe and America. Carter G. Woodson aptly describes this in the Afrikan American context when he writes (and unfortunately, it is about as true today as it was when published in 1933) that:

The large majority of the Negroes who have put on the finishing touches of our best colleges are all but worthless in the development of their people. . . For the arduous task of serving [the] race. . . the Negro graduate has had little or no training at all. The people whom he has been ordered to serve has been belittled by his teachers to the extent that he can hardly find delight in

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undertaking what his education has led him to think is impossible. Considering his race as blank in achievement, then, he sets out to stimulate their imitation of others.<sup>2</sup> In yet other cases, people often rebel against colonial rule only to duplicate the old oppressive colonial structures within the now nominally independent country which remains as firmly within the clutches of the "mother country" as in the days of the gendarmes. As Steve Biko so succinctly sums up the situation, "Not only have they kicked the black but they have also told him how to react to the kick."

The cultural damage that is suffered by a subject people is not simply limited to the imposition of an alien culture, but is also related to the way in which the oppressor nation or people attempts to destroy or belittle the original culture of the subject people. In the effort to justify oppressive actions both in the eyes of the oppressing people and in the eyes of the victim, colonizing powers have generally resorted to the tactic of attempting to prove, often by pseudo-scientific cant, that the subjugated race was inferior and that the colonial experience is a net benefit to us in as much as we are thereby exposed to the glories of European civilization. In the process, the original culture is depicted as backwards and certain practices (for example the playing of drums among Afrikan captives in America) are outlawed and suppressed, since the oppressors realize perfectly well that the people's original culture constitutes a base of resistance against domination.

An oppressed people's need for the development of a revolutionary culture also stems from the way that the development of a colonized

people's organic culture is retarded and distorted by their powerlessness and oppression. The colonized people's powerlessness in relation to the colonizer places their original culture in the position of having diminished relevance to the new social realities imposed by the oppressor. The use of language probably provides us with the best example of this phenomenon. The original language

**One of the primary needs of any oppressed people is to develop a revolutionary culture which reflects their own reality rather than the history and conditions of the oppressor.**

of the inhabitants becomes useless in dealing with the power structure in such crucial areas as colonial education, employment, etc. As such, the language of the colonized people, important as it may be in home and community life, may be rendered useless in acquiring the things that are necessary to maintain life and to operate successfully within the parameters of the colonial system. This is a phenomenon that is observable from Johannesburg to Roxbury. The predominant speech pattern of the oppressed is relegated to a "subculture" status to be used only in informal use and in interaction with other members of that oppressed

people.

In other areas of culture, the traditional ways of the colonized people come to have less and less relevance to the increasingly Europeanized society. As such, two interrelated phenomena take place in the lives of the "natives" (or "niggers" as the case may be). One of these is that the colonized people no longer have the psychic security which comes from having a socially shared conception of the world and feeling sure of where one stands in it. For the colonized person, the new world shaped by the invaders (or slave traders) increasingly (or instantly, in the case of Afrikan captives in America) becomes a bewildering melangé of strange languages, unfamiliar customs, and seemingly incomprehensible laws, which must however, be somehow mastered if one is to live life under the new colonial dispensation. Assimilation of the alien culture, then, comes to have greater practical importance than the preservation or adaptation of the old culture.

The indigenous culture, which now relates less and less to the new social reality, ceases to be present or forward looking and becomes embodied in tradition, facing backwards rather than forward. In addition, the "native culture", becomes the culture of the underclass and thus becomes bound up, particularly in urban situations, with survival practices relating to poverty and crime, etc. The perfect example of this is the way that Afrikan American culture has developed two distinct aspects — rural Southern culture and urban ghetto culture. Along with the many positive and redemptive attributes of these two veins of our culture, they also carry with them certain negative aspects

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which are common to peoples for whom powerlessness is as much a fact of life as the setting of the sun and for whom reaching beyond one's socially ascribed horizons requires as much physical as moral courage. As a result, we see certain ideas, such as resistance to certain forms of technology and computerization (viewed as white man's technology), a lingering near obsession with differences of color among Afrikan people, and the pervasive feeling that struggle is useless because "the white man won't ever let us get what we need" (as opposed the view that struggle is imperative precisely because the white man won't ever let us get what we need). Clearly then, we must begin the task of building a revolutionary culture that will not only relate to our essence as a people but which will also enable us to successfully approach the 21st century in an Afrikan way.

The need of oppressed peoples to reject the culture of the colonizer and to develop and assert a revolutionary culture also lies in the fact that without a repudiation of imperialist "bourgeois" culture and the development of alternate ways of relating to ourselves and our physical environment, it is impossible to develop a new society which places human values above material greed. As Audre Lorde once noted, we cannot overthrow the oppressor with the oppressor's tools. While it is possible to find exceptions to this rule (assault rifles, computers, and saxophones being just a few), the essence of the statement as regards culture remains practically unassailable. Capitalism has fostered and has been supported by a culture whose values promote rampant greed, callous disregard for our

fellow human beings, moral and spiritual decadence and a short sighted rapaciousness which threatens the future of the earth itself. This clearly cannot be the cultural base on which to develop a new society.

This notion of cultural hegemony and the role that it plays in the subjugation of a colonized people have led some to adopt the theory that the primary task of an oppressed nationality is to regain its ancient culture that was destroyed or suppressed by the colonizers and thus regain that people's collective humanity. In response to the systematic attempts by Europeans to deny the humanity of Afrikans and to conceal and distort any facets of our history which would demonstrate our worth as a people and show our seminal contributions to the development of Western civilization, poets such as Aimé Césaire, Leopold Senghor and other figures in what came to be known as the Negritude movement extolled the special virtues of Afrikan people and culture.

In the United States, figures such as Amiri Baraka (at different points in his career) and Ron Karenga placed tremendous emphasis on identifying with our Afrikan past through such vehicles as advocating the study of Swahili and creating Afrikan American holidays such as Kwanzaa. These efforts yielded some undeniably positive effects on the psyche of Afrikans the world, as we started to view the world more and more through our own eyes rather than through those of the oppressor. In the eighties and nineties, Karenga, Molefi Asante, Leonard Jeffries, Haki Madhubuti and others have continued this tradition with the study and promotion of Afrocentricity. While we run the grave risk of oversimplifying the diverse arguments of this tendency, it is perhaps possible to give some of the basic arguments stressed by this school of thought. The proponents of

this school hold that Afrikan people, particularly in the West, have been stripped of our knowledge of self. Further, they assert that because all struggle and all independence have a fundamentally cultural base, that before we can embark on a political struggle, we must develop an independent identity as a people and develop our sense of community. As such, much of the thrust of present day Afrocentricity aims at rediscovering our sense of greatness and culture through the study of ancient Khemet; the study of different ways of rearing our children so as to prepare them for excellence rather than for the streets; promoting entrepreneurship in the community so as to generate employment within the Afrikan American community; and a number of other worthwhile projects. However, time and analysis has revealed some very real flaws in the theory and practice of these 'cultural nationalists' and 'Afrocentrists'.

On the theoretical level, it is noted that no people have ever been freed by their past culture and that the true requisite for the reclamation of a people's humanity is the seizure of the power to control their destiny. In fact, the cultural hegemony of one people over another is but a function of the economic, political, and military power that the dominant society has already begun to exert over the subjugated one. As such, the struggle to reclaim the ancient past can be no more than a secondary facet of the liberation struggle; it is not the primary contradiction. After all, once we become clear on the fact that the cultures of most of the "Third World" were in fact much more advanced in many respects than those of the European oppressors, it becomes apparent that we

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were not colonized because of our lack of culture but that other factors were at work. It follows from this that in order for a people to liberate themselves, other factors besides culture must also become operative. To quote again from Fanon:

"The native intellectual nevertheless sooner or later will realize that you do not show proof of your nation from its culture but that you substantiate its existence in the fight

which the people wage against the forces of occupation. No colonial system draws its justification from the fact that the territories it dominates are culturally non-existent. You will never make colonialism blush by spreading out little-known cultural treasures under its eyes."<sup>3</sup>

The other theoretical problem

of many of the cultural nationalists lies in the truth of the well known adage that "you cannot go home again". Culture can be defined as the sum totality of the way in which a particular people relate and cope with their environment and with each other. As such, what we commonly view as the cultural practices of any given people are intimately connected with and are often specific to the material conditions, the technological development, and the social mode of production of the area in which they find themselves. The great Afrikan theorist and revo-

lutionary Amilcar Cabral states more aptly that:

Culture, whatever the ideological or idealist characteristics of its expression, is thus an essential element in the history of a people. Culture is, perhaps, the resultant of this history just as the flower is the resultant of a plant. Like history, or because it is history, culture has at its material base the level of the productive forces and the mode of production. Culture plunges its roots into the humus of the material

**We cannot have any effect on the content of television shows unless we have the political and economic power to influence existing media institutions or to create viable media institutions of our own that have the power to reach broad masses of people.**

reality of the environment in which it develops, and it reflects the organic nature of the society, which may be more or less influenced by external factors. History enables us to know the nature and extent of the imbalances and the conflicts (economic, political and social) that characterized the evolution of a society. Culture enables us to know what dynamic syntheses have been formed and set by social awareness in order to resolve these conflicts at each stage of evolution of that society, in the search for survival and progress.

Chick Anta Diop, the well known

African historian and anthropologist, suggests that one of the primary differences between the cultures of the Southern and Northern cradles of civilization rests in the fact that the Southern cradle enjoyed a hospitable climate and thus fostered an economics of abundance while the Northern cradle, with its bitter climate, fostered an economics of scarcity and competition. As such the Southern people, according to Diop, tended to practice a culture based on

cooperation and tolerance while the Northern people tended towards a 'dog eat dog' type of existence based on the lack of resources which prevailed in the North.

This suggests that a culture is not a static thing which can be suddenly revived in its old form

after centuries of disuse and stagnation, but that it is a constantly developing thing which changes with the vagaries of time and material and social conditions. In short, the culture which was suited for the largely agrarian societies of Afrika 400 years ago cannot be applied wholesale to the situation of Afrikans in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Efforts to do so are based on an incomplete understanding of culture and is reactionary rather than revolutionary. Fanon puts it very well in *The Wretched of the Earth* (and I

*cont. onto page 28*



*cont. from page 27*

quote him again only because he states it so clearly and because he is such a darling of the many cultural nationalists who misunderstand him so completely). He writes that:

The culture that the intellectual leans toward is often no more than a stock of particularisms. He wishes to attach himself to the people but instead he only catches hold of their outer garments. And these outer garments are merely the reflection of a hidden life, teeming and perpetually in motion. That extremely obvious objectivity which seems to characterize a people is in fact only the inert, already forsaken result of a frequent, and not always very coherent, adaptation of a much more fundamental substance which itself is continually being renewed. The man of culture, instead of setting out to find this substance, will let himself be hypnotized by these mummified fragments which because they are static are in fact symbols of negation and outworn contrivances. Culture has never the translucidity of custom; it abhors all simplification. In its essence it is opposed to custom, for custom is always the deterioration of culture. The desire to attach oneself to tradition or bring abandoned traditions to life again does not only mean going against the current of history but also opposing one's own people.

This and the earlier quote from Fanon clearly suggest that there is a dialectical relationship between the cultural struggle and the political struggle for national liberation and that neither of these two aspects of the struggle can advance without concomitant development of the other. At the same time that the political struggle requires the

strengthening of the community, the health of the community is also dependent on having the political power to maintain that health. We cannot expect a discourse on the glories of our Afrikan past to hold tremendous significance for the sister or brother on the street if it is not connected, in a very concrete way, to the question of how they're going to get the landlord to fix the pipes or how they are going to feed their kids next week. Culture means nothing if it is not related to such everyday realities and to the struggle to transform them.

Just as importantly, we must begin to recognize that the ability to assert one's culture is dependent on the possession of power. We cannot have any effect on the content of television shows unless we have the political and economic power to influence existing media institutions or to create viable media institutions of our own that have the power to reach broad masses of people. Another example, one with which we are all familiar, concerns hairstyles. As "down" as someone may be, their dreadlocks, for example, may create an unresolvable contradiction between their beliefs and their desire to work in their area of expertise. Or in other cases, what happens when a cultural practice conflicts with the laws established by the oppressor, as in the case of Rastafarians and ganja (marijuana)? Clearly, without struggling for meaningful power by which we can create our own institutions and control our own communities, our cultural development will take place only within the parameters of what is non-threatening to the power structure. Imagine for a moment what would happen if initiation into adulthood required the assassination of a Klansman or racist cop! Get the picture?

Culture does not spring full blown out of anyone's head, but develops out of shared experience and is related to the everyday conditions of the creators and bearers of that culture. As such, the rebuilding of Afrikan culture among Afrikan Americans is more a task for the people than for the intellectuals, though the intellectuals undoubtedly will play an important role in this process. In addition, the building of a revolutionary culture will have to have its base in what the people already know and on the many elements of Afrikan culture that we still retain. At the same time, it will have to be such that it prepares Afrikan people to deal with the increasingly technological world of the late 21st century without being alienated from either the technology or our Afrikan-ness. Cabral again warns us:

But we must consider our culture carefully; it is dictated by our economic condition, by our situation or economic development. We must enjoy our African culture, we must cherish it, our dances, our songs, our style of making canoes, our cloths. All this is magnificent, but if we rely only on our cloths to clothe all our folk, we are wrong. We have to be realists. Our land is very beautiful, but if we do not struggle to change our land, we are wrong.<sup>4</sup>

All of this suggests that the struggle for Afrikan American liberation must be conducted on a much broader scale than we have done so far. While culture is an extremely important part of our struggle, it must be placed side by side with the political struggle for power to control our destiny. Neither aspect can be allowed to dominate to the exclusion of the other if we are to win our

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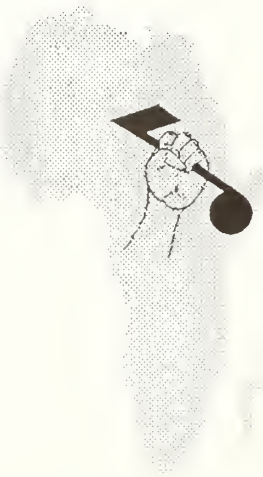
freedom. The political and cultural aspects of struggle enhance and enrich each other as each develops to new stages and faces new challenges. Furthermore, our study of the past should be placed in its proper perspective, which is to inform our development of Afrikan American culture and politics to new heights in a manner that is consistent with our particular history and our present situation in late twentieth-century Amerikkkan Babylon. It is imperative that we study Malcolm X, SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee), and the Black Panther Party with the same enthusiasm that we approach ancient Khemet, our Afrikan garments, and our music. More importantly, we must begin to engage in serious political and cultural struggle to rebuild our community and gain the power to direct our affairs free from capitalist exploitation, racist killer police, and the drug lords (the biggest of whom are not in our community but in the halls of power in this country) who bring crack into our community without us being able to do a thing about it. In short, we must begin to "Seize the Time"! Another great Afrikan revolutionary, Sekou Touré, leaves us with these words:

To take part in the African revolution, it is not enough to write a revolutionary song; you must fashion the revolution with the people. And if you fashion it with the people, the songs will come by themselves and of themselves.<sup>5</sup> •

- 1 Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth* (New York: Grove Press, 1968), p. 43.
- 2 Carter G. Woodson, *The Mis-Education of the Negro* (Trenton, NJ: Africa World Press, 1990), p.xiii.
- 3 *Ibid.*, pp.2-6.
- 4 Steve Biko, *I Write What I Like*, A. Stubbs, ed., (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1986), p. 66.
- 5 Fanon, p. 223.
- 6 Amilcar Cabral, *Unity and Struggle: Speeches and Writings of Amilcar Cabral* (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1979), p.142.
- 7 Fanon, pp.223-224.
- 8 Cabral, p.57.
- 9 Quoted in *I Write What I Like*, op. cit., p.32

## TRYBAL XPRESSIONS

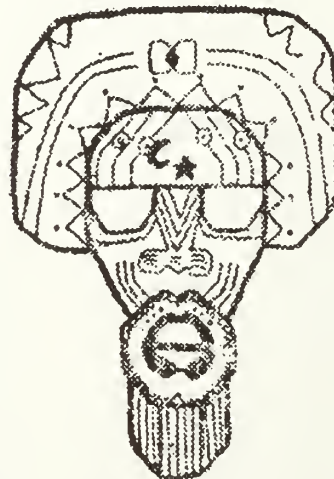
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## UNLV



by Rachael Splaine

On Saturday, March 30th, 1991, at 5:39 Eastern Time, I sat in front of my T.V. awaiting a massacre. The Runnin' Rebels of UNLV were about to play the Blue Devil's of Duke.

As I was listening to James Brown compare the different strategies between the two teams, a sudden silence overcame the crowd's cheers. My mind began to reminisce. I was gloating as I remembered just 362 days earlier, UNLV had disgraced Duke in the "most humiliating loss in NCAA final game history" (Sports Illustrated).

Hearing the whistle stating that the game had started, I was brought back to the present game at hand. After the first half I was a little upset because Ackles had three fouls along with Greg Anthony. Larry Johnson had only gotten the ball seven times and Stacey Augmon had more turnovers than he had points. But I had faith, because NOBODY could withstand the tremendous and at times flawless second half performances of the Runnin' Rebels.

The second half started and I kept waiting for their 10-15 point run, but it never came. I was sweating profusely when Greg Anthony received his fifth and final offensive foul on a beautifully executed bank shot from the left side with six Duke players fouling him at once. The game went down to the wire, and Duke won. I sat in front of the T.V. for two minutes in silence, waiting for Crusty the Clown to appear on the screen yelling "April Fools"! He never came.

By no means do I believe that UNLV lost due to the exceptional play of Duke. I don't know why they lost, but yesterday, while sitting in my room, wearing my UNLV hat in mourning, I came to this conclusion: As Anderson Hunt took the last shot of the game to win, HE WAS FOULED—This is true, it's not an excuse!!! •

*I am invisible, understand, simply because people refuse to see me.*  
Ralph Ellison

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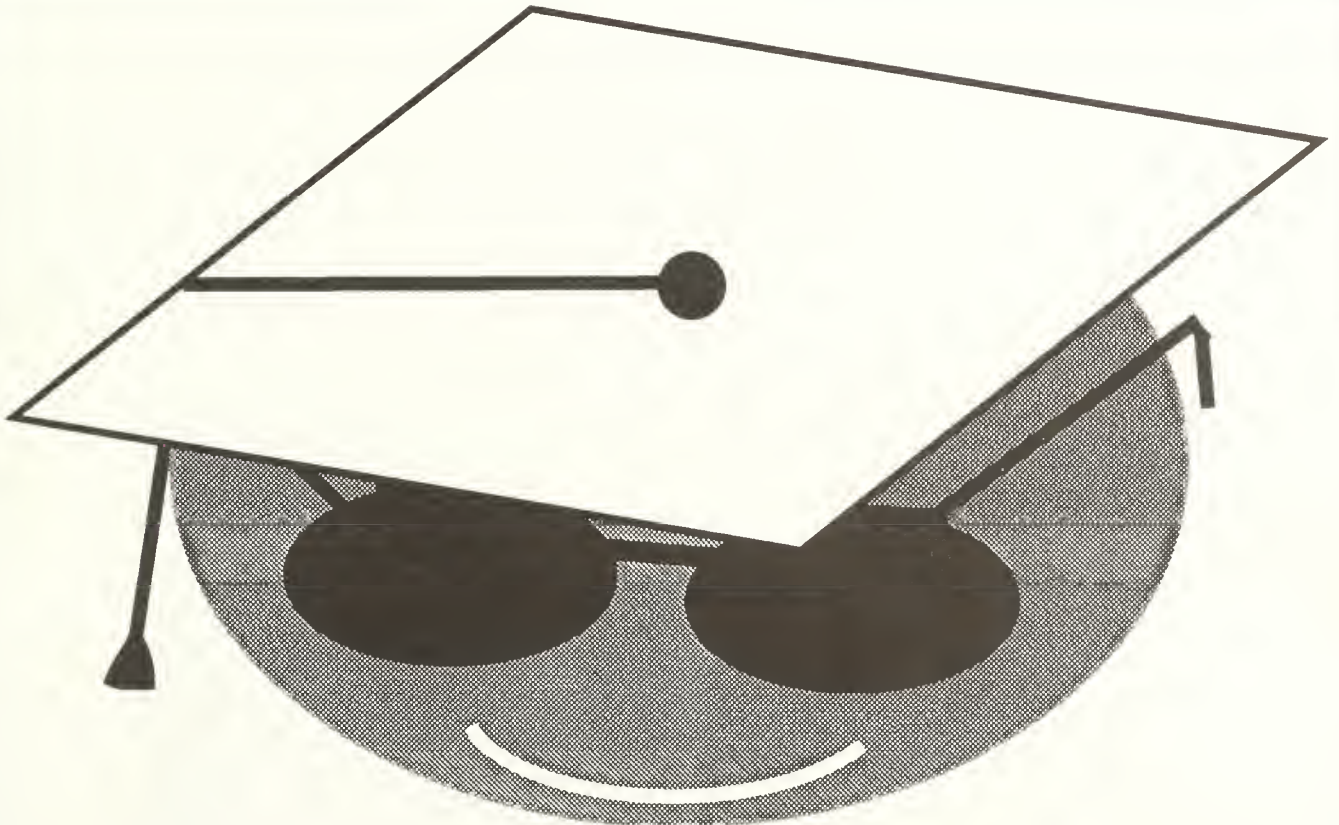
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*NOMMO is a Dogon word meaning the power of the spoken and written word.*

## Class of 1991



## Strictly Business

## FAREWELL!

Another academic year has come to an end and now it's time to bid farewell to all of our Brothers and Sisters.

This year has been especially wonderful for the staff of Nommo News here at UMass. We've received an overwhelming amount of support and advice from the Third World community. I would personally like to thank everyone in the Pioneer Valley. The contributions that you have made to the Nommo News publication has helped to keep an active and outspoken Third World voice apparent on this campus. However, in order for Nommo News to continue to serve the Five College Area, it is imperative that the Third World community continue to support it and become involved.

This is my last semester as Editor-in-Chief of Nommo News, so I would like to commend the Nommo Staff for all the hard work they have done: Thank you. I have enjoyed working with you. Good luck next year! •

-Joanne G. Paul, Editor-in-Chief





## UNITY AND POWER

by Donna M. Payne

A final message to you from the Business manager of NOMMO NEWS:

Revolution comes from the soul and the mind. The soul generates the strength and power to endure whereas the mind fosters the methods and means by which change is to be brought about.

The front cover of Nommo New's March/April publication had a message that it wanted to administer to the Third World community. The message was that only with unity can we create power, in turn, only power creates revolution. The soul and the mind must be in sync. Thus they must move as one solid mass body.

The masses of people who are of the Third World community on this campus do not move as a single body. We do not generate a domino effect when a group of our community has a problem with the white infrastructure in place on the UMASS campus. Instead, we fight amongst ourselves and retain hostility toward our brothers and sisters. This hostility demeans the cause of the late 1960's in which a unified movement of courageous and committed people of the Third World brought about a revolution. A revolution that changed the dynamics of the white infrastructure at UMASS.

UNITY and POWER is what it took to obtain the mere presence of the Third World community that currently attends this university. Therefore it will take the combination of the two to open the doors even wider for those who come after.

To all of my colleagues at Nommo News, you've provided a great service to the Third World community in the Pioneer Valley. Your dedication to Nommo has been beyond what was expected by others. You've inspired others to join in your efforts to fairly represent the Third World community in the media on this campus. Words of advice before I leave. Only through a unified staff, will you generate the power necessary to keep Nommo functioning. A collective body is able to get more done than a dismembered one. Peace and best of luck next year. •

*"To see what is good and be willing to carry it out: this is strength. To drown in current fashions and material desires: this is weakness."*

*Confusian thought*

# THE WHITE MAN'S MUSEUM

by David D. Moore

I have heard that there's an institution that has been getting a lot of visitors over the centuries. Some of our most famous brothers and sisters have visited the buildings that dot our nation. To name some of our people that have visited: Marcus Garvey, Malcolm X, Angela Davis, Martin Luther King Jr., and Eldridge Cleaver. This institution I am referring to is called by many names - jail, prison, the pen, the big house and the slammer.

But over the last few decades many of our young African American males have been filling the white man's museum in record numbers. We now have more brothers on display there than there are in college. That is a tragic fact for our future. We need those brothers in colleges, working in labs, in businesses, public services and other careers or jobs.

It seems that too many ( and one is too many ) of our people are rushing to be put on display for the wardens and security guards to come look at them. There are hardly any new crimes under the sun that have not already been committed countless times. Your chances of getting away with them are slim to none.

By getting caught you are only doing what those in power want you to do. It's very easy to get on display in the white man's museum. You don't have to pay an entrance fee, you even get a free ride there. You also get complimentary chrome bracelets, photo opportunities, and room and board. I guess that offer sounds too sensational for our brothers and sisters to pass up.

Many of our people do get an education while in the museum on display. Some study law, carpentry, landscaping, public speaking and many learn to become better criminals. I don't believe that there are any pedestals, or glass cases or even name plates on the display cases. They go by a number system in the white man's museum to the best of my knowledge. Everyone gets a number to go by. I guess names are too hard to remember. They don't go by species or quality of the work either. They put you on display according to the activity you conducted outside the museum.

It is well known that our brothers especially are on display at a ratio very much disproportionate to the ratio they represent in the U.S. populace. We are only 13% of the U.S. populace and yet we are 50% of the U.S. penal system including probation. I realize those numbers are staggering. Some of us may know of a brother or sister who spoke

*cont. onto page 7*

"Prisons are part of this government's genocidal war against Black and Third World people."

-Assata Shakur  
(a.k.a., Joanne Chesimard)

THE OPINIONS IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE THOSE OF THE INDIVIDUAL WRITER AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF NOMMO NEWS, UMASS OR THE FIVE COLLEGE AREA UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.

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## NEEDING TO BE ME

by Ladie Sundiata

Sometime ago I began my quest for self identification. This process has been long, tiresome, and a painful reminder of the past. I can remember a time when I thought of myself as part of a larger collective; the Black community. Now, however, things are very different; very different indeed.

Today I pride myself in acknowledging myself more as an individual. Not only am I Black, but I am also a Black woman. This difference in relating my identity has helped to define my goals and aspirations on an individual level. This new love of my accepting the Black woman's rites of passage, does not however, mean that I hate men; Black men in particular.

This has become an issue because when I was sharing my new found knowledge with my dad, his facial expression displayed disapproval. When he came to pick me up for Christmas break, I admirably showed him my wall dedicated to "Sisters". My pride and joy was met with his snide comment, "So what are you a man-hater?" His words pierced my heart and shattered my soul. Anyone who has been to my room can testify that not only do I have pictures of "sisters", but I also have pictures of brothers like Johnny Gill, Haki Madhubuti, Keith Sweat, James Farmer, George Folkes, Spike Lee, Denzel Washington, and three posters of Black versions of Jesus on my walls! Somehow those pictures did not matter at all.

This growth has been truly a rude awakening. I learned so much that I want to share, but I know it will be

misunderstood. My parent's paranoia drove me to close up like a clam, keeping the world out of my world, for fear I'd be rejected for being me. I Roman's 12:2 it says, "And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." That is my motto and decree that guides my life. I can not be conformed to this world; I am a non-conformist. I can not be pressed into society's mold like silly-puddy. I

refuse to comply with the structures of society that govern our lives. Instead, I plan to use the structure to benefit my purpose in life. And you would think that is easy to understand. Yet, at the same time, I understand my parents wanting me to be safe in this racist country. They do not want me to "buck" the power structure, but I have to, if I am to be me. I am not afraid, and that makes them scared. They want to see me successful in my career, happily married with children and doing well. Those things are superficial in my life. It is a lie because in order to survive, I have to front and be fake; I refuse.

Yes, I am a rebel at heart- needing to reach out and explore life

and all that it has to offer- refusing to compromise my principles. So where does being a Black woman fit in? That's all apart of being me. There's an unbroken bond between sisters that we share as common comrades. We are important. We have a voice. We have a past, and we have a future. Just because I need to unite with my sisters doesn't mean I don't love my brothers. The only difference is I'm learning to love what contributions have been made by sisters who came before me, so I can pick up where they left off. •

**"I understand my parents wanting me to be safe in this racist country. They do not want me to "buck" the power structure, but I have to, if I am to be me."**

The basic tenet of black consciousness is that the black man must reject all value systems that seek to make him a foreigner in the country of his birth and reduce his basic dignity.

Steven Biko

Due to the author's dissatisfaction with our editing of his article, we, the staff at NOMMO NEWS, have decided to reprint this article exactly the way it was submitted. We apologize for any misunderstanding.

-NOMMO NEWS

## UNITY CALLS

by Malkes Gomes

There are about forty (sic) fifty Cape Verdean students on campus, but the exact number is not known (sic). This number includes those born in the mother country of Cabo Verde, other parts of Africa such as Guinea Bissau, Senegal and in the United States. We are all different in our own ways as far as how each of us has undergone our Cape Verdean heritage and each of us has our own diversified experience as being Cape Verdean, but the one thing we share is a common culture and ancestry.

Our culture and ancestry has been marked by two worlds. When the islands of Cabo Verde were discovered in 1462 they were uninhabited. The islands were discovered (sic) by the Portuguese, and settled by those who included, government officials, clergy, political exiles and other European people. On the other side, the islands were settled by slaves from Western Coast of Africa which today is known as Guinea-Bissau which included various tribes including Fula, Mandinka, Wolof and many others. Our culture and ancestry is one which was created by both worlds and not just one or the other. Both the African world and European world have marked the Crioulo culture of Cape Verde today and these elements can be seen in the language, food, music and in other aspects of the culture. It is a culture which started being brought here to the United States in the 1850s, with the first emigrants and continues to be brought here today with the new emigrants of today. The only way that our culture will survive here on campus is through the Cape Verdean students and others who are interested in our organization.

In 1982 a group of students found it important and a need to establish the Cape Verdean Student Alliance. The Alliance was established as a place where Cape Verdean students could come upon arrival to the university (sic) to get support and to feel at home. It is an organization which has been devoted to preserving our culture and history as well as welcoming both Cape Verdeans and non Cape Verdeans into our group. We are here not only to give each other academic and social support, but to maintain our identity and teach each as

well as learning from one another. Our organization will continue and will grow stronger with the support of all the Cape Verdean Students on campus and not just the half that is constantly keeping the club alive, but the other half who seem not to want to be bothered.

Have you ever asked yourself what it means to be Cape Verdean? Most of us on campus who associate with being Cape Verdean would answer this in our own individual way and have an understanding of our history. Many others use the term Cape Verdean and have no idea of what it means or a sense of history of themselves. Others believe Cape Verdeans means to be Portuguese. but would not so quickly identify to being African or use the term conveniently (sic) to fit the moment. Some use the name to get themselves into the University and then forget they are Cape Verdean. We should not have to disregard either side of the culture, but instead start to enjoy the Cape Verdean culture and be proud of what is ours first. Cabo Verde became independent on July 5, 1975 from Portugal, thus making us an independent people who were Cape Verdean and no longer the subjects of the Portuguese. Many people such as Amilcar Cabral gave their blood so that the Cape Verdean (sic) people to express ourselves as a crioulo people which was denied for over 500 hundred years by the Portuguese. As Edward Blyden, an African from the West Indies who later emigrated to Liberia and had strong Pan African beliefs said, "The duty of every man, of every race is to contend for its individuality-to keep and develop it...therefore, honor and love your race...If you are not yourself, if you surrender your personality you have nothing left to give to the world."

I have observed (sic) some Cape Verdeans on campus for their own reasons want nothing to do with the alliance or their culture. I challenge you to get involved. Maybe you feel apart from your culture or because you may not know about our history, but that is what we are here for, to preserve our identity and teach one another. Someone who reads this will either think something or think nothing. Others will feel like this has nothing to do with them and others will say I am in the United States now or I was born here so what does it

*cont. onto page 7*

*cont. from page 6*

matter. Others might take offense. Others will understand where I am coming from. Many of you who do understand will be those who have faithfully (sic) supported our organization both Cape Verdean and non Cape Verdean and who have always been there to take a stand when needed and you should be commended. It is our unity that will always carry us through. As the Old Cape Verdean saying goes, Nos cu Nos! •

*Museum. . .cont. from page 4*

on planning or committing a crime, and if you made no attempt to talk your friend out of it, you are a traitor. Or to a lesser degree, you are not a friend.

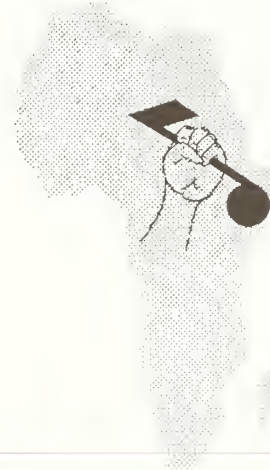
Realizing that many of us so-called upstanding citizens have not been arrested or ever charged with a crime we do not see ourselves in this essay. But you are still in the white man's museum. You only have more freedom than those that are in the more restrictive penal system. As brother Malcolm X said, "Don't be shocked when I say I was in prison. You are still in prison. That's what America means, prison." •

Would  
America have  
been America  
without her  
Negro people?

W.E.B. DuBois

## TRYBAL XPRESSIONS

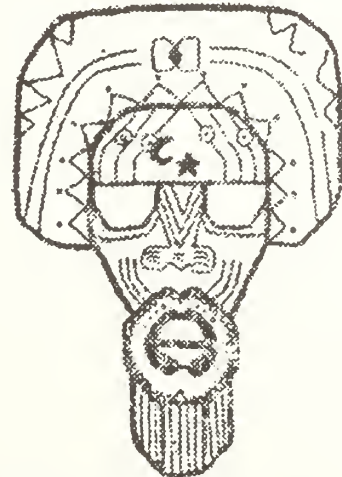
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## "REFLECTIONS"

by Colette M. Greenstein

It is now April of 1991, leaving me with less than a month to go for graduation. As I sat down to write this article, I wasn't sure exactly what I wanted to leave behind to other Black students here at UMASS. I finally decided to just leave some "words of knowledge" from four years of experience.

UMASS is an excellent University for an education, not just in academia but in learning about other people and about other cultures. There is a lot to learn here at this institution. Granted, we all know about the problems that have occurred here and the on-going problems, but that should not prevent us, as Black students to take advantage of the different experiences that this campus has to offer.

To all Black students, I encourage you to get involved in an organization. The benefits outweigh any disadvantage that you may think of that might prevent you from joining. Being involved with an organization affords you many opportunities. Not only do you learn organizational and interpersonal skills but becoming a member of that organization will allow you to know the inner workings of how an organization is run. In the future, you will be able to take these skills, and maybe apply them to owning and running your own company. Secondly, becoming involved with extracurricular activities looks very impressive on a resume. Employers not only want to see studious individuals but they also want to hire and do hire well-rounded employees. Thirdly, if you are a first year Black student, it can get pretty lonely here if you do not have any friends. Joining an organization or at least attending a meeting will afford you the opportunity to meet other students who look like you.

The Mather Career Center is another opportunity that cannot be overlooked. Even though you may not know what to do with the rest of your life, looking will never hurt. It will only help. Ask any upperclassmen about the Career Center. Too many of us never utilize the Career Center until it's too late and then we cry when we can't find a job, etc...

I'd also like to remind students to take advantage of the Five College System if possible. If I had had the time, I definitely would have taken advantage of this opportunity. This is another way to meet Black students not just from this area, but also from other parts of the country. In addition, this is a great way to begin networking.

Looking back at my four years, I can't believe that the time has passed so quickly. Believe it or not time will also pass quickly for you too. If there's only one thing that I am able to emphasize to my fellow brothers and sisters, it would be that we all need to acknowledge and accept one another. Believe me. I know how difficult it can be because I have had problems dealing with this issue as well. But the bottom line is that we all have to work together to survive on this campus.

UMass is not an easy institution to graduate from. There are many obstacles that are placed in our way by those who do not want us to succeed and then there are obstacles that we impose upon ourselves because of fear of success or whatever. We can not fall victim to these obstacles. We have survived for over three hundred years in this country and we will continue to survive and prosper.

We need to try to support one another not just during the bad times but also during the good times. We need to attend discussions and lectures, not only the parties. We need to support all of our organizations because if one falls and crumbles, then the rest will also fall.

It won't be easy, but it needs and should be done!

I'd like to end with one of my favorite quotes by Malcolm X:

"Education is our passport to the future,  
for tomorrow belongs to the people who  
prepare for it today." •

*" Always decide who your enemies are for yourself and never  
let your enemies choose your enemies for you."  
-Assata Shakur (aka Joanne Chesimard)*

## Blast From The Past

**Blast From The Past** is a supplement of NOMMO News that introduces articles, poems, and editorials from our brothers and sisters from the past. This section is a dedication to those who fought to bring NUMMO News into existence. Their courageous efforts and continuing struggle has not gone unnoticed. We are a great part of that struggle that began in April, 1975. Without our alumnae's commitment to unity and the struggle for our inclusion in the mass media of the Collegian at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, our voices may never have been heard. From their past struggle, we have been informed about the underlying, continual misrepresentation of the Third World community by the media on this campus.

We must learn that our solidarity has to be maintained if we are ever to expose those who continue to down play our culture and history. And if we are to continue as an educational and informational resource for our community, then we must set aside our own prejudices against one another and unite to fight for our right to be equally represented in the mass media on this campus and nationwide within the context of a larger struggle for EQUALITY. •

To our distinguished alumnae, we, the staff of NOMMO News dedicate this section to you:



A Reader of Nummo News  
Photo by Richard Ducree



Guest Speakers  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Guest Speakers  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Concerts  
Photos by Joanne Paul

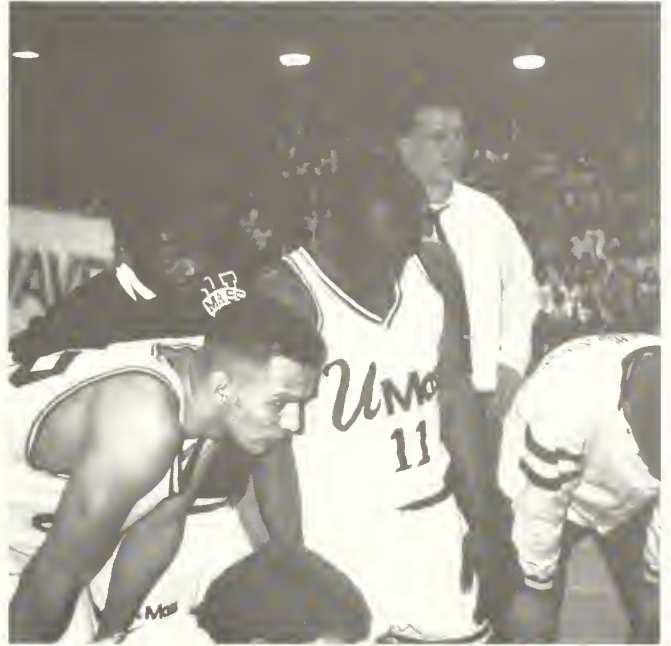




Concerts  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Concerts  
Photos by Joanne Paul



UMass' Basketball Team 1989-1990 Season  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Kwanzaa  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Kwanzaa  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Political Activism  
Photos by Joanne Paul



BMCP Allstars  
Photos by Richard Ducree



Iota Lip-sync  
Photos by Joanne Paul





Iota Lip-sync  
Photos by Joanne Paul

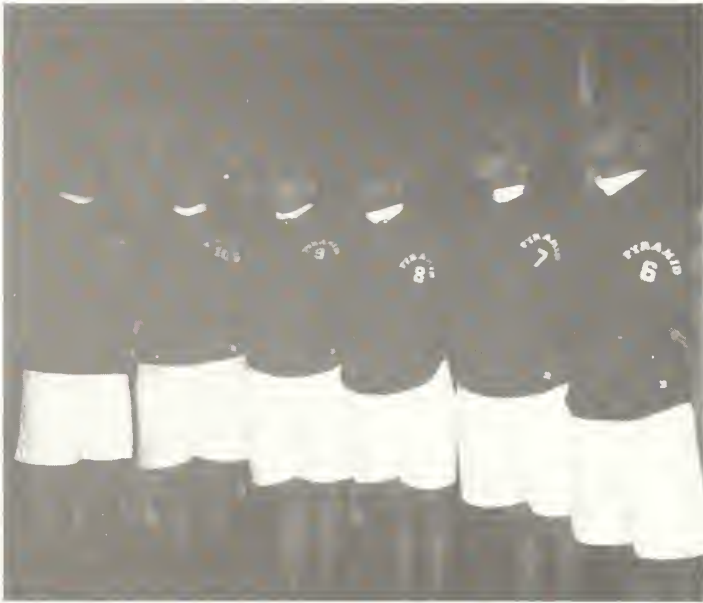


Carlton's Fashion Show  
Photos by Joanne Paul

*Blast From The Past*



Carlton's Fashion Show  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Sororities & Fraternities  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Sororities & Fraternities  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Sororities & Fraternities  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Faces in the Crowd  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Faces in the Crowd  
Photos by Joanne Paul

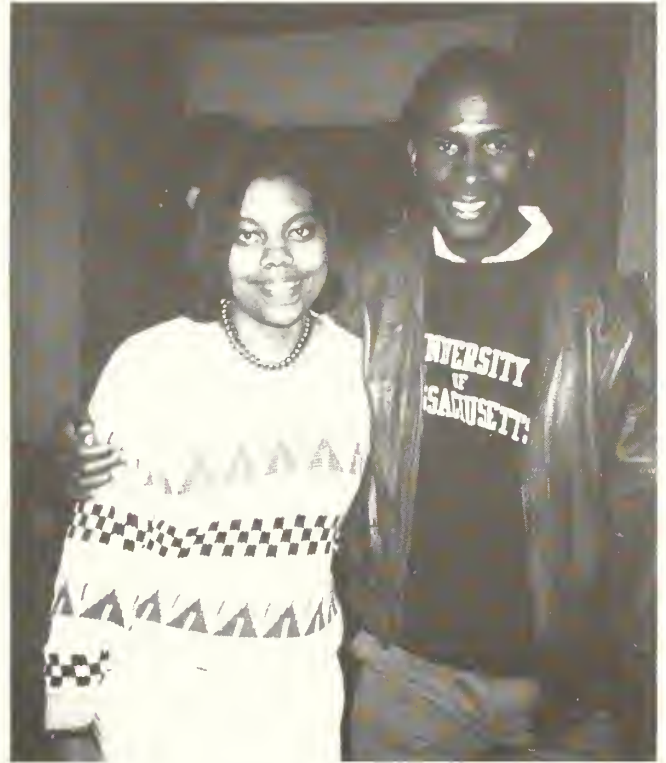




Faces in the Crowd  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Malcolm X Picnic  
Photos by Joanne Paul



Malcolm X Picnic  
Photos by Joanne Paul

# NOMMO



Asian Night  
Photos by Joanne Paul

*Blast From The Past*

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Asian Senior Banquet  
Photos by Joanne Paul

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Ceremony to Honor the Ancestors  
Photos by Joanne Paul

*Blast From The Past*

# NOMMO



Ceremony to Honor the Ancestors...  
Photos by Joanne Paul

*Blast From The Past*

## ASIAN-AMERICAN GRADUATING CLASS OF '91

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 Jean-Pierre Thavorith Bun-Kasem  
 Adele Chang  
 Hai Cheng  
 Vichey Chhung  
 Yoeuy Chhung  
 Lieu K. Chu  
 Harun G. Gadatia  
 Roheet Gera  
 Vipul Gupta  
 Yvonne Y. Kam  
 Kang-Ying King  
 Akiyo Kokubo  
 Hornq Kouch  
 Siuping Kui  
 Bao D. Lang

Hung T. Le  
 Nguyet Le  
 Tonia Yoo Lim Lee  
 Ji Yon Rochelle Lee  
 Joanna Wan Ching Lim  
 Chi-Fai Mak  
 Sandeep Makwana  
 Thanh Q. Nguy  
 Nguyen Ba Chinh  
 Tu P. Nguyen  
 Giau C. Nim  
 Thy Oeur  
 Loi N. Pham  
 Alexander Daniel Phan  
 Aparna Roy  
 Haneef Mohammed Sahabdeen

Sambath Soum  
 Benjamin K. Szeto  
 Roger N. To  
 Than Vinh Bao Toan  
 Linh My Tran  
 Ngoclan-Lucia Tran  
 Phuong P. Tran  
 Tuan Q. Tran  
 Seng K. Ty  
 Linda H. Wang  
 Phillip H. Wang  
 Michael J. Wong  
 Edmund M. Woo  
 Alice C. Wu  
 Sothea Pohn Yem  
 Vivian G. Ripalda Wakefield

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 Antonio Acevedo  
 Fernando E. Acosta  
 Victor A. Aguilar  
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 Noemi A. Betancourt  
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 Angel Feliciano  
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 Kenneth S. Krans  
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 Sandra M. Maldonado  
 Margarita Martinez  
 Venancio L. Marti  
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 Annette M. Morales  
 Marcela P. Moran  
 Aurea T. Negron  
 Kendalee Olmo  
 Laura Ortiz  
 Cindy A. Pagan  
 Jose A. Pi Martinez

Luisa J. Quintanilla  
 Olga L. Restrepo  
 Maritza Reyes  
 Norma Iris Rivera Diaz  
 Benjamin D. Rivera  
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 Hilton G. Rodriguez  
 Daisy Y. Roman  
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 Jeannette W. Sanchez  
 Wanda J. Sanchez  
 Natalia C. Sedo  
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 Lisa R. Schneider  
 Ariel Toledo  
 Jose J. Toribio  
 Marcus R. Torrejon  
 Julian Valencia  
 Maria E. Vaz  
 Miguel A. Vazquez





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Kim L. Alves  
Aurora E. Anthony  
Elisa M. Arce  
Alana M. Atkinson  
Emanuel M. Barros  
Eugenio J. Barros  
Ernest S. Bell  
Lynne M. Boyce  
Stefanie L. Breedy  
Barbara K. Brown  
Ingrid R. Brown  
Sheila Camacho  
Carl Chin  
Jay J. Chin  
Joliana T. Chin  
Rodina L. Cole  
Rosalynd D. Cooper  
James W. Danforth  
Pierre M. Darbouze  
Kimberly E. Davis  
Nannette J. Desena  
Winston M. Deweever  
Edgar A. Diaz  
Richard A. Ducre  
Jennifer L. Edwards  
Elana C. Emerson  
Steven M. Fernandez  
Delya P. Forbes  
Tamara M. Fort  
Lisa D. Franklin  
Lori A. Ganeto  
Keith G. Garvin  
Jorge C. Gil  
Rafer A. Giles  
Dalila F. Gomes  
Jaison M. Greene  
Colette M. Greenstein  
Michael D. Grey

Crisanto N. Guadiz  
La Rhetta E. Hall  
Andrea R. Harris  
Joseph L. Hill, Jr.  
Terrelle L. Hodge  
Lisa A. Horgan  
Karine Hyppolite  
Noelle R. James  
Magalie Joassainte  
Van Johnson  
Robbin D. Jones  
Pamela R. Jordan  
Julie A. Jreaswec  
Daryl P. Kelley  
Howard D. Lee  
Karen M. Lee  
Diane Leung  
Claudine D. Lima  
Ester I. Liu  
Audrey D. Lloyd  
Flora L. Long  
Renee E. Lopes  
Yasmeen Mandli  
Belinda H. McDonald  
Asha M. Mehrling Alexander  
Abdi T. Mohamoud  
James R. Monroe  
Nicole L. Monteiro  
Torin Y. Moore  
Cheray N. Oneal  
Carmelo R. Ortiz  
Zulma E. Ortiz  
James J. Pak  
Sheila Papautsky  
Sharon H. Park  
Vernon L. Patterson  
Signe C. Pereira  
Reginald S. Perry  
Daniel Alexander Phan

Dawn I. Pierce  
Emmelyne Pierre  
Stephanie F. Pratt  
Price V. Ray  
Corey M. Rinehart  
Dwight F. Robinson  
George C. Robinson  
Rhodonna M. Robinson  
Michael Rodriguez  
Christopher E. Rolle  
Bankole D. Rotimi  
Jarrett C. Saunders  
Adam F. Scales  
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Daryl B. Snowden  
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Thomas Taylor II  
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Christion C. Thompson  
Alice W. Tse  
Camille J. Tucker  
Loren E. Van Allen  
Arturo G. Velasquez  
Zebedee J. Volpe  
Zuta G. Weinberg  
Shane A. Whitehorne  
Kathryn A. Wilkens  
Pamela E. Wilkins  
Amy S. Williams  
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Charles A. Wynn  
Nicole D. Xifaras  
Michelle L. Youngblood  
Abdulkadir A. Yusuf

*If it is wrong to be Black, I don't want to be right.  
A Black Man*

## DEDICATIONS TO SENIORS

To: Nwando Achebe, Kim Davis, Colette Greenstein and Monique Tabon

Wishing you the very best in all your future endeavors!  
-Delphine Quarles

A very special congratulations to the CCEBMS graduates! Make your mark in the world.

Sincerely,  
-Gary M. Lewis

To: Eugenio Barros,  
Congratulations and good luck!

-Malkes Gomes

To: Greenstein and Kim,  
You have been like sisters to me and I will always treasure our friendships and your advice. I'd like to thank you for taking me "under your wings" and looking out for me. "Greenstein:" Continue being the positive role model that you are! Kim: Continue being you! Love you both,

-Michele Monteiro

May your life be prosperous. Be strong. Stay Black. And look towards the future.

-Jon Jack

To: The Graduating Seniors

Congratulations! Best wishes with all you do in the days to come. We won't forget you. Remember if you need us, WE ARE HERE!

-The CCEBMS Staff

Dear Graduates:  
Congratulations on the successful completion of your college

years. This is a major step as you have overcome the obstacles and struggles at this university. We all know that this is not an easy task, but the drive and determination of our people shines within. Best wishes for a prosperous future and May all your dreams be reached.

-Michelle Y. Alleyne

One should never question the grace, beauty and strength that lies within EVERY Black Woman!

-K.X

To All of my Sisters: Sisters, yes, we'll miss you:

Kim Davis, Colette Greenstein, Donna Payne, Joanne Paul, Shirley Ostine, Rosalyn Cooper, Rose Edwards, Delya Forbes, Alfreda Whyte, Gianna Simmons, Dawn Pierce, Tammie Hodge, Terrelle Hodge, Cheryl Stanton, Joan Gilpin, Andrea Harris, Stefanie Breedy, Camielle Tucker, Celeste Thomas, Michelle Youngblood, Leslie White, Frances Nwajei, Nwando Achebe, Enjay Lowery, Kim Adams, Pascale Bernard, Magalie Joassainte, Belinda McDonald, Lynne Boyce, Jennifer Edwards...

Stay Strong Black Women, Stay Strong!

-From V.H.I/K.X/S.H/ and Crew

Best wishes to all the graduating brothers and sisters. I wish you much success in life. May you forever walk down the straight and narrow. As you climb the ladder of success always remember where you came from, who your real friends are, your culture and the history of the struggle. If you remember these things, my brothers and sisters, you will never sell out! Peace and Love,

-Al

To: My Brothers and Sisters, I leave behind, Peace, Love, Happiness, and most of all success.  
-Love, Celeste Thomas

To the Asian and Asian American community: **REMEMBER YOUR ROOTS!**

-Alexander Nguyen

To My Most Trusted Commands:

Life holds nothing but good times and riches for us. I will never forget all the times in which we've shared they are forever buried within the chambers of my heart.

-X-SUPREME to the X-MEN

Comrades,

Don't ever forget all that we've shared throughout the years. You without a doubt are the Hidden Treasure that I'm searching for. I Love You,

-Reggie

To: Leonid,

We have had so many good times together. I hope we continue to have many more. I LOVE YOU!

Love Always,

-Your Sweetie.

Heather,

Keep striving for the top even though it seems like this place is the complete BOTTOM. You're a great friend and a terrific person.

Luv Ya,

-Delya

Tee,

You were crazy, funny, and a great friend. Good-luck in the future Scoop!

-D-\$

To Kole Romiti,  
I hope you have the best graduation ever. You have been a truly good friend.  
-Love Nwando

To All Graduating Seniors & Undergrads:  
I wish you the best in all future endeavors.  
-Christion Thompson

Daryl Paul Kelley:  
I wish you happiness, peace, and the best of everything. Good luck Sweetheart- Good luck!  
Love Always,  
-DeAnna

Daryl Kelley-  
Good luck in all your future and endeavors. Keep in touch.  
Lots of Love,  
-Chi

Gary Lewis,  
Good luck with the future. Keep in touch.  
-DeAnne

To all the Graduates:  
I hope the last few years have been good ones and I am sure that the next few years will be even greater. Good luck. Stay Strong.  
Love,  
-Rick Townes

To my Brothers and Sisters:  
It has been quite an experience working with you over these years. We here in the Black community are proud of your accomplishments. Stay Proud. Stay Strong. And Stay Black.  
-Abbots- DEBU

To: My Family,  
Thanks for everything that you have done for me during my

four years at UMass.  
Love Always,  
Joanne Paul

Leslie,  
Congrats, Two Thumbs up Woman! You did it. I want you fu tek care with all dat damn wining and rub-ba-dubbing it fu get yu in trouble. Tek good care of yu self yu hear. Good luck in all you do.  
Love,  
-Chris Henry

Emmelyne,  
Congratulations! Bravo! The "real world" is waiting for you—just two more weeks left. Good luck with all your future endeavors.  
Love,  
-Chris Henry

Pam (yes, you Miss Jordan),  
I would like to wish you all the Best in everything that you do. "Keep the Faith." (smile) Congratulations!  
Love,  
-Chris Henry

Rosemary Thomas,  
Congratulations! "Cool mayne." Girl me warn you, tek care wen you feel a rydim dat wine yu soul and mek yu wine yu wais'. It fu get yu in trouble. (Smile) Tek care & all the best in the future!  
Love,  
-Chris Henry

To: Magalie, Stefanie, Debbie, Pamela, Leslie, and Carine  
Good Luck! I'm glad you finally made it. I'm glad that I got the chance to meet you and become your friends. Keep on keeping on.  
Later,  
-Karene Pierre

To: Donna M. Payne  
True Friends are like diamonds, precious but rare. False friends like autumn leaves can be found everywhere. Thanks for being there.  
Your "Best Friend,"  
-Joanne G. Paul

To: Keith Garvin,  
I am going to miss you! I have enjoyed the late night talks that we've shared, D.C meals, movies, and your friendship. Good luck in all that you do. Keep in touch!  
Love,  
-Robo-R.A

To: Colette Greenstein, Stefanie Breedy, Magalie Joassainte, Lynne Boyce, Rosalyn Cooper, Kim Davis, Ayo Shesheni, Rudy Krigger, Keith Garvin, Shane Whitehorne...  
Good Luck in all future endeavors.  
Love,  
-Joanne Paul

To: Stefanie and Magalie,  
Good luck in all that you do. May all of your dreams come true! Follow your heart and don't let anyone discourage you from being YOU! Don't follow footsteps, make tracks.  
Love,  
-Jo.

The UMass Lesbian, Bisexual and Gay Alliance congratulates the graduating Seniors of the Class of 1991. Good luck in all your future endeavors.

Congratulations to Magalie, Colette, Belinda, Shirley, Leslie, Eugene, Emmelyne, and all the other graduating seniors. Good luck in achieving your goals, you'll be missed.  
-Esther Archer

To King Arthur and the X-Supreme I wish yall all the best of luck in the future. I hope you always keep a sense of direction.  
Love Always  
-Al

Congrats Seniors! Only through International Unity can we turn the tide.  
Peace,  
-Thomas Garcia  
Chair-person of WMUA 91.1

Many have said that after graduation that I will miss this institution. I disagree with this. What I will miss are the people who have helped me throughout my four years here. They have made this place liveable and bearable for me. Without them, I would most surely have lost my "sanity" years ago. A very special thanks goes out to my "family" for being there for me. A thank you from the bottom of my heart goes out to Delphine Quarles, Monique Tabon, Kim Davis, Rich Gray, Trent Watson, Neil Campbell, Scott Thompson, Kristian Greene, my B.M.C.P Family and Rick Townes. Thanks for everything!!  
-Colette Greenstein

Emmelyne,  
Congratulations after 4 years of high school, 4 years of college, we've done it again!  
Love,

-Your Fellow Mountie,  
-Colette Greenstein

Congrats to "Shirl the Pearl."  
Didn't think we'd make it through?  
-Colette

Kim Davis,  
Girl, you helped to save me and keep me SANE!  
Love Always,  
-Colette Greenstein

"Self-Knowledge" means an understanding of self. Through understanding, we learn to develop skills that inspire us to be successful in our endeavors. With understanding and knowledge of a culture so rich in values and traditions as your base, I say this to you, graduating African Americans: "Whatever you do in life, do it well. Uplift your mighty race so that it may once again stand on its own two feet! Peace,  
-Donna M. Payne

Congratulations to Stefanie Breedy and Magalie Joassainte.  
Your friendship will always be cherished.  
With much Love and Respect,  
-Donna M. Payne

To: My Fuddy Duddy Buddy,  
Great job! You are going to make a wonderful journalist.  
Wuv Ya,  
-Dee

To: My Brothers and Sisters,

Great minds talk about ideas, average minds talk about events, small minds talk about people.  
Peace,  
-Joanne G. Paul

If you don't know where you are going, any road will take you there!  
-Common Black Expression

Thank you for being role models. And remember make a big splash. Remember how to tread water and watch out for the sharks.  
-A.B.B.O.T.S Posse

Congrats to Colette Greenstein and Leslie White. We are going to miss both of you deeply next semester.  
Take Care,  
Nommo Staff

Success is a ladder that cannot be climbed with your hands in your pockets.  
-Nommo Staff

To: All Deseving Seniors  
Peace, Love, Hair Grease, and a good paying job. Well at least get on and show up once and a while to get paid. Manipulation is the key.  
- De La No Show

When you don't know when you have been spit on, it does not matter too much what else you think you know.  
Ruth Shays

If our movement cannot stand the truth, then in truth, we have no movement.  
Maxine Alexander

## THE BLACK WOMEN'S SURVIVAL KIT



by Joanne G. Paul  
& Donna Payne

On May 11, 1991, the University of Massachusetts Department of Theater presented the Black Woman's Survival Kit, written by Andrea Hairston. *Black Women's Survival Kit*, a creative and energetic play that follows the Black woman's experience handed down from mother to daughter, centers around three Black women—a cleaning woman, filmmaker and a goddess.

The interesting feature about this play is that it adds a variety of personal traits found within the Black woman. Hairston has incorporated into her work four different personalities of a Black mother, played by Monique Tabon, Nwando Achebe, Lucinda Holt and Vickie Michelle Crocket. The variety of roles that these Black women play range from a mother to a provider and from a housewife to a career woman. To give emphasis to the general mood of every scene, Hairston has intertwined expressive dialogue and vibrating African dance to relate the intensity of the daily struggles faced by Black women.

"I'm inspired by the way ideas live!" exclaims Hairston. "I want to understand the world, and one of the ways to do that is to rehearse the possibilities the way scientists get to experiment and find out what is possible or theoretical. I feel very much that the theatre is in everything I do. Even when I write poetry and fiction it's about the theatre. My writing is influenced by work that's done with the body, with people. I'm expecting that what I write isn't permanent; I know it isn't just going to sit there. What I like about playwriting is that things get up off the page and dance. That's what excites me—that what you envision becomes...something!"

It is with this concept in mind that she develops a play within itself. In the opening scene, Shaunelle, the cleaning woman, reads the script written by Georgia. At this point the play turns toward the other seven characters who bring the storyline of the script to life.

In an attempt to convey the message of her work to the audience, Hairston uses creative innovations and satirical and sarcastic dialogue to draw her audience in. It is due to the relevancy of each character within this play that the audience is able to relate to the experiences that Black women face in discovering who they are.

This powerful and moving nine woman act gave a wonderful performance before a sold out audience at The Curtain Theater located on the campus of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Shaunelle, portrayed by Jo Ella Costello, represented the poor over-worked Black woman who struggles with self identity. Unable to take the

*cont. onto page 38*

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time to discover who she is, Shaunelle relies on her wit and realistic views of being an independent Black woman in society. She holds the belief that nothing in life is free. However, it is her sense of reality that makes her strong. Shaunelle learns how society brainwashes Blacks into believing that their lives began with slavery and that they are forever bound to the hardship that comes with it. Through her interaction with Georgia, played by Aisha Goss, Shaunelle learns about the African goddess, Oshun. Oshun is the essence of deep femininity, sensuality and sexuality. She is both a beautiful, adorned woman and a warrior. Due to the similarity in experiences encountered with being a woman and Black, Shaunelle developed an inner strength to which it is ascribed to the "Oshun paradigm."

Georgia, the playwright, develops her childhood experience with being a female and Black in relation to her mother's traits through the character Winnie whom she creates in her writing. Winnie, portrayed by Nicole Garretson, allows the audience to envision a pictorial view of Georgia's relationship with her mother. Winnie represents a woman who was raised by a mother who was active in and politically oriented toward the struggles of Blacks.

It is during this scene that the four different characters, each representing an aspect of Winnie's mother, that Georgia has found helpful in developing her sense of who she is come into focus. It was through her mother's experience with the struggle for Black identity that Winnie developed her own sense of who she was. At one point in her life, Winnie tries to deny her connection to the Black race. She criticizes the slow progress of Black people's struggles for equality. Yet, she finds herself unable to break away from its purpose and goals because of her identity—Black.

Oshun, played by Cecile Simon and Laurin Aycox, portrays a split personality consisting of mother and warrior. They move in unison offering advice and combating strategies in dealing with the everyday struggles of a Black woman. The two personalities reflect two distinguishing roles that Black women must take on in order to survive. The contrasting traits of these two personalities appear to be at extremes but in actuality they complement one another depicting the true essence of a Black woman's experience.

This play brings together the questionable aspects of the connections that we make to our culture, family and womanhood. These connections are the tools needed to construct *The Black Women's Survival Kit*. As Director, Kym Moore so delicately puts it, "I know that there are many of us "Winnies" out there lost in the "void." Some of us realize it and some of us don't. It is my sincerest and deepest hope that this production of *The Black Women's Survival Kit* will help us reconnect to our distant and not so distant past, empowering us as women and "magnificent" human beings. UMOJA!" •



" We had been completely brainwashed and we didn't even know it. We accepted white value systems and white standards of beauty and, at times, we accepted the white man's value of ourselves."

Assata Shakur (a.k.a. Joanne Chesimard)

## THE FINAL CALL

# TEN BLACK COMMANDMENTS

### Principles for Survival

1. We **MUST** seek unity with our Creator, recognizing the reality of God, as we search for the Truth which will set us free.
2. Brothers **MUST** commence being *real* men and stop exploiting the weaknesses of Black women by disrespecting and misusing the bearers and nourishers of our future.
3. Sisters **MUST** dress and have a decorum that commands respect, then demand that Black men cease abusing you for present, short-term gratification at the expense of future, long-range objectives.
4. We **MUST** strive for academic excellence, not for the purpose of selfish material gain, but to prepare ourselves for a lifetime of productive service for the elevation and advancement of our people.
5. We **MUST** by our everyday examples challenge our friends, relatives, and associates to cultivate a wholesome race pride which will generate warmth, love, and a spirit of community among us as a people.
6. Our bodies **MUST** be treated as temples of the Holy, therefore we must safeguard our health by consuming good, life-giving foods and drink and not consume harmful, death-dealing drugs and alcoholic beverages.
7. We **MUST** stop imitating the degenerate actions of white people, whose world order is diametrically opposed to the legitimate aspirations of Black and other oppressed peoples.
8. We **MUST** stop lying and gossiping on each other, as well as check our roguish activities, for these actions stunt the growth and development of both perpetrator and victim, thus undermining the faith and trust so desperately needed among us.
9. We **MUST** actively engage in destroying the artificial barriers of political, sectional, fraternal and religious differences which so foolishly divide and fragment our race.
10. We **MUST**, today, work as hard to integrate and be non-violent with *ourselves* as we were, yesterday, to integrate and be non-violent with others.

*NOTE: The Ten BLACK Commandments were written by Godfrey Patterson, a graduate student of theology at Howard University. These "principles for survival" are based on his perception of Minister Farrakhan's first national address on the survival of the Black community.*



## HOW BRAINWASHED ARE YOU?

By David Moore

You know I consider myself to be an observant person. A "critical student of the world" I like to call it. I'm not a sociologist, political scientist, nor a psychologist. But I do like to observe and analyze as much as I possibly can on various levels. Isn't that one of the things all colleges are supposed to instill in you before you leave their protective walls?

Lately I've been noticing how much the media- TV, newspapers, ads, magazines- have been doing a major blitz to keep our people on a simple level or just outright corrupting us. For years I have watched John Wayne and other Western shows and discovered how it was considered patriotic to steal land from the Mexicans- Alamo and Indians- the rest of the country almost. I have watched lily white Egyptians and other historical figures. Let us not forget Christ and his disciples were of African descent- Christ was a dark brown man.

But nowadays we do not read books anymore or have family history told to us by our elders. We have become a people without a nationality. Many of us are afraid to identify with any part of our culture or heritage. We just want to blend in. Blending in may help a few individuals but the masses are still unchanged in their condition.

But you do not realize you are giving up one of the most precious things that you will ever own. In case you are wondering what is that one thing; it is your brain. By not using your brain for learning our history as a people, or what is happening in Africa, or Europe's latest attempts to further white supremacy in the form of capitalism, we are letting our minds be used in trivial matters. We have let the white society rip off our thought process and we are not the least bit concerned how they did it. Keeping up with the escapades of Bart Simpson seems to be the new rage.

Some people feel there is a resurgence in African ethnic apparel, jewelry, and thought. I tend to disagree. I've seen people wearing Malcolm X t-shirts and Black by Popular slogans and other trinkets. But these same people wearing these items cover their external parts have none of this knowledge in their chief internal part- the brain. They have not listened to a tape or read one page of a book about Malcolm X, J.A Rogers, Ivan Van Sertima, Dr. Yosef Ben-Yochman, Chiek Anta-Diop, or WEB DuBois to name a few historians.

We, African Americans, are the only group nowadays that is not operating in a communal, cooperative, and collective mode. We have so deeply absorbed the European value system that we do not identify with ourselves anymore. Our minds have become like a dry sponge. There is great danger walking through life empty headed. You are then susceptible to having your head filled by a group that means you absolutely no good. Look around you, its been happening for years and that fact has escaped you. Take back your mind before it's too late.

Have you witnessed the way the media has been portraying our people as animals? Whenever I watch the news I only see our people being beat, arrested, or dead on the streets or crying because their loved one is dead by the hands of one of our own. I now believe there is a conspiracy to fill us with despair by filling us with drugs, apathy, crime and other forms of corruption. Hitler did it in Nazi Germany. When he first directed negative media campaigns against the Jews to make them appear as dregs of society.

Hitlers next step was to send out the Nazi military and police to round up the Jews and other undesirables and carried out mass extermination.

It is happening right here in America. But right now they are still building up the negative media blitz. This time they won't be the Nazis and the Jews. I have shown you what is next. The same thing happened in Libya with the bombing, and in Panama with the capturing of Noriega- but over 2000 civilians were killed in that round up. Don't you see the pattern?

Take off the blinders. I have further proof. I have two VHS tapes full of negative media portrayal of events broadcasted, mostly news, concerning African Americans only. The media makes us look as though we are animals or a criminally driven life form. This image that is being projected is no mistake. It is done by design.

So let's wake up and take our brains back and start using them. **Become critical students of the world. Become selective viewers of the media. Read our history so it can reveal our glory.** •

*" When we learned history, we were never taught the real reasons for things. We were just taught useless trivia, simplistic facts, key phrases, and miscellaneous dates."*

*Assata Shakur (a.k.a. Joanne Chesimard)*



# ALANA Honor Society Banquet: Celebrating The Excellence Of ALANA Youth.

By Michael R. Pierre

On April 21, Leonard L. Haynes III, assistant secretary for post-secondary education in the U.S. Department of Education, was the guest speaker at the second annual ALANA Honor Society Award Banquet at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst Lincoln Campus Center. At the ceremony, Haynes discussed "The Future Success for Students of Color in Higher Education After Graduation", stressing the vast opportunities available to students of color today, and addressing the need to encourage and help African-American and Hispanic-Americans particularly to stay in school and pursue degrees at higher institutes of learning.

We at NOMMO News congratulate those who were honored at the banquet and encourage ALANA students and faculty to participate in helping ALANA students pursue excellence in their community. Here is a list of the new inductees and current members, along with the award recipients:

## ALANA Honor Membership List & Awards Recipient

### Names

Karlana Abdullah 93  
 Eugene Barros 91  
 Michelle Cannon 94  
 Felicia Cousins 94  
 Rachelle S. Curry 94  
 Anne Marie De Barros 94  
 Sandra Dunny 94  
 Carolyn Gardner 91  
 Rachael Gilliam 93  
 Malkes Gomes 93  
 Dominique Green 93  
 Francine Gunter 93  
 Crisanto N. Guadiz 91  
 Tamara M. Harris 93  
 Karen Lee 91  
 Leah McGowen 92  
 Kendelle Miller 92  
 Shirley Ostine 91  
 Jean-Paul Peters 94  
 Rohini Puri 93  
 Kerri L. Rodrigues 93  
 Melina Sammy 92  
 Nichole A. Tabb 93  
 Brian Waldner 94  
 Tanya Wilson 91

Michelle Alleyne 92  
 Cheryl Callahan 94  
 Dacia Campbell 94  
 Jennifer Crenshaw  
 Richard Ducree 91

Debora Ferreira 93

Janice Foster Grant 92  
 Jaison Greene 91

Colette M. Greenstein 91  
 Numin Halima 92  
 Chris Henry 91  
 Petchron R. Mason 94

Michele D. Montiero 94  
 Raquelle Owen 94  
 Michael R. Pierre 94  
 Stacy Robins 94  
 Pounne' Saberi 94  
 Sondra Sutton 93  
 Sarah Teng 92  
 Leslie White 91  
 Steven Williams 92  
 Sungkyu Yun 92

I cannot accept the definition of collective good as articulated by a privileged minority in society, especially when that minority is in power.

Wole Soyinka

We declare our rights on this earth, . . . to be a human being, to be respected as a human being, to be given the rights of a human being, in this society, on this earth, in this day, which we intend to bring into existence, by any means necessary.

Malcolm X

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• • **BLACK POETRY** • •

**When they are born,  
So cuddly and soft,  
And your love for them  
Is tender and warm,  
Your dream of their future  
And how great they will be,  
This is a feeling that  
comes naturally.**

**And as they grow  
Your guidance you give,  
To make them grow strong  
With a zest to live,  
Your hopes and faith  
In them you Bestow,  
To bring you happiness  
Instead of woe.**

**But sometimes  
Along the line,  
The fault is neither  
Yours or mine,  
They change and lose  
Their childish charm,  
and think of nothing  
But causing harm,  
At times they even  
Hate your guts,  
For the things that they  
Haven't got.**

**What's wrong with  
The Children of today,  
Who make their parents  
Pay and pay,  
With sweat, blood  
And all times tears,  
And make them wonder  
If they haven't wasted their  
Years,  
By bearing children  
To carry on their name,  
And then have them  
Bring them nothing,  
But shame?**

- Edgar J. Willmott

# NOMMO



Faces in the Crowd  
Photos by Joanne Paul

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