

## Arts & Entertainment

By Adario Strange  
Courtesy of Source Magazine

### The Truth will make you free, Sometimes

Wow! Not an understatement by any stretch of the imagination, "wow" just about sums up the impact of myriad events of '96. It was a year of profound change for the Hip-Hop Nation as well as the world-at-large. More importantly, it turned out to be true and revelation that took center stage. The truth came to the fore as conservative candidate Bob Dole fell to an overwhelming defeat at the hands of newly re-elected President Bill Clinton. Revelation swept the poverty-torn streets of America as millions of have-nots realized that these days, based on the candidates' political platform, there is very little difference between Republican and Democrat. The truth did a James Brown slide out of the government's dark and musty closet as *The San Jose Mercury News* broke a story that revealed the CIA's alleged ties to the distribution of cack in America. Revelation smacked the s\*\*\* out of numerous skeptics who had written-off as inane conspiracy theories the scholars, political scientists and activists who'd professed the government's guilt all along. Corporate America was forced to take the truth serum as it was revealed that top level Texaco executives engaged in racist business practices. Less shocking was the revelation

that even in 1996, Texaco was probably not alone in its racial politics.

The truth surrounding the meaning of TuPac's death and individual behind it still remains to be seen. The startling revelation came in the form of numerous hypocritical TuPac critics switching sides and giving him love after his death, suddenly finding the religion of forgiveness and understanding *after* the individual passed.

The truth of East Coast/West Coast's trivial place in history reared its conflicted head when the music and rhyme style on Ice Cube's *West Side Connection* album actually overshadowed "East Coast is wack" content. The revelation: good music resides on no particular coast in the world.

Often, the bitter pill of the truth must be swallowed at the very worst moments in our lives. This was the case for two winner turned unwitting underdogs in the forms of Mike Tyson and Suge Knight. Confident and imposing Tyson met Evander Holyfield in a championship boxing match that

had Tyson as much as a 25 to 1 favorite to win. In an historic upset, Tyson closed the night on his knees...humbled. The revelation felt by all the Tyson="gangsta rap bad guy" vs. Holyfield="Black holy boy" commentators, is that despite all the negative boos and hisses leveled at Tyson during the fight, and leveled at Tyson during the fight and despite the questions surrounding his "lack of heart" or

Live and defended his lifestyle and his life. With incriminating interviews with Vanilla Ice and Jerry Heller in tow, Suge was asked in front of the world to account for what Ice and Heller described as his bent toward violent gangster business tactics. With a slight sheen of sweat covering his bald head, Knight, facing years in prison, laughed the allegations off as untrue. The revelation: someone isn't telling

the truth about a lot of things, and when the truth is revealed, who! The lighter side of reality came sashaying into our bedrooms in the form of soul

music's resurgence courtesy of D'Angelo, Tony Toni Tone, Jamiroquai and Erykah Badu. That we allowed people to diss the soul and disco music of the late '70 and early '80s is a revelation of error many of us had a long time ago.

Hip-hop music's reality check is still on artificial respiration and hasn't been able to keep down any solid food. Musically and lyrically rich records like Money B and Digital Under-

ground, Illadelphalflife by The Roots, and Soul On Ice by Ras Kass are continuing to be ignored. Thankfully, the performances of groups like The Fugees seem to serve as decent indicators that a waking revelation is on the way for hip-hop en masse.

Finally, what crept into our collective consciousness was universal truth that seems to have the nation in a stranglehold. That truth speaks to the loss of innocence we have encountered as a species as we grow older on this planet. As the human race ages, it is becoming increasingly difficult to deny the monstrous evil that is our own dark side and not some provocative, demonic outside force. Our own news media reveals to us daily the new levels of societal, inter-personal, economic and political atrocities we commit against each other everyday. And it seems that the children are becoming smarter at a younger age lately. No. They are being stripped of their innocence earlier; a necessity for this new world which appears to have entered a new cultural, and some say environmental, Dark Ages.

The revelations that we must all come to, grace school children to senior citizens, is that we have taken our world to a strange place far from its original point. If we do not make

See TRUTH pg.11

***Realizing your power is about the thought process-using your mind. Being an intellect-driven person is something which will change you from a reactionary victim into a proactive leader.***

"moral character," Tyson stood in front of the cameras of the world and humbly, almost courageously, accepted defeat like a gentleman.

Suge Knight's icy gaze was forced to look into the stolid eyes of the truth that stared at him even as he was escorted into a Los Angeles jail cell, serving time for a parole violation. Shackled and dressed in jailhouse blues, Suge appeared on ABC's Primetime

### KAMILAH'S JOURNARY

By Nubian

#### Part I

My life has been full of moments that have shaped my mind and personality. As I reflect upon my years in Mother Africa, I can remember vividly my seventeenth year of life in my village Atar in the country of Mauritania. Our houses were in the shape of a horse shoe with the courtyard in the middle.

A picture of wood shavings falling to the ground flash in my mind. It is my father Adigun, the village artist, a proud man whose name meant righteous. Being the village artist meant that he spent most of his

time making masks that would be worn by the priests in village ceremonies designed to unite the living and the dead.

My mother Abeo, meaning her name brings happiness, was a kind, steadfast, quick-thinking woman. Her job was to process the oils. The day I was born was considered to be perfect because of the ideal weather conditions, therefore my mother named me Kamilah, which means the perfect one. After I was born my mother could no bear any more children, so I guess my name served its purpose. I helped my mother process the oils and I also danced in our village ceremonies.

Adisa the rice merchant was my future husband to be. I had known him ever since I was a small child. He was fifteen years my senior and had been married twice with seven

children. After we were married a child was conceived. How anxiously we awaited the arrival of our first child.

Finally the joyous day

***He snatched me by the arm and drug my half-naked body to the center of the courtyard. I tried my best to fight back but I was too weak.***

came. The temperature felt as if it were 150 degrees. Sweat poured down my face and back as I endured the worst

pain I had ever felt in my life. The pains were so sharp I could feel my heart beating at an extremely fast rate. At times my breath felt as if it were cut off. The older women comforted me during my ordeal of child labor. After the labor was over I whispered a sigh of relief. The elder women took my baby to clean it up after telling me it was a girl. As I lay there, all I could envision was my baby in my arms.

Suddenly there was a commotion outside. One old lady ran in the house and informed us that the slave traders had invaded the village. But the slave traders were the last thing on my mind. All I could think about was my child.

"Where is my child?" I cried angrily, when there before me stood a white man about six feet, two-inches tall, with dark brown hair and green eyes that

had an evil mystique about them. He snatched me by the arm and drug my half-naked body to the center of the courtyard. I tried my best to fight back but I was too weak.

At this time all I could think about was my child and the thought that I would never see what she looked like. My nightmare had come true for I never saw my child. Once I was taken from my village a part of me died that will never ever be reborn.

*As part one of a four part series, follow Kamilah's journey of pain and triumph from Africa to The New Land. This is The Broncos' Voice continuing effort to bring you the finest examples of creative energy at FSU. Let us know what you think. Ed.*