



FADE TO BLACK

by Roger A. Harris

Like going to sleep, fading to black is the last thing we feel or see before we're born and before we die. Fading to black is feeling and understanding the foundation of all color under the sun, for without black no color could exist. Fading to black is relating to the one absolute in our universe: that God, in all of Her many manifestations, resides in the encompassing and uncompromising totality of Her lone dark and own majestic spirit, for every culture's god(s) were either created in, resides in, or extends its will and power from and through the darkly-veiled

The Slave Master's Legacy

By Jason Arthur

Recently, while conducting some private business of my own, I was privy to a conversation between an FSU staff member and a fellow female student, the contents of which perturbed me greatly. The girl, hereafter referred to as Sally, had decided to avail herself of one of the many services provided by the university college and as procedure demanded, she had to fill out a form detailing personal information before she could do so. She then handed the said form to the staff member, hereafter referred to as Molly, who then looked it over for any errors. Molly immediately noticed that Sally had checked off the categories, Black and White, in answering the question about her ethnicity. A slight disagreement followed, but, in the end, Sally was told that she could not be both and that she had to choose.

What perturbed me was that though Sally was living proof of what is known as a mulatto, Molly was insistent that Sally could not be both. Mulatto, as defined by the

realm of this, Her "penetrating and great unknown."

The fear and misunderstanding of this powerful darkness has driven man to hate and to despise and to disrespect the very essence of life and of love within himself; a hatred that, today, has found its physical manifestation in the warped psyche of an -american nation still grappling with a truth denied and a rejected reality revealed:

that the heart and soul of what it deems as human and of what it considers as humane is, in essence, black.

-america's slow regression towards the new millennium is marked by an impressive attempt to remain grounded in a harkening for the way we were, the good 'ole days: apple-pied skies, buttermilked clouds, cotton-candied dreams, and spot running on a green lawn as dick chases jane behind their white picket fence. No. Stop. Now, begin...

-america never was that way because by -america's very denial of her blackness, she not only acknowledged

that same and looming dark presence (my people, all people: please read Toni Morrison's "Playing in The Dark"), but within this denial she also eliminated the very essence and existence of her "self" and the foundations of what we have come to know in -america as "soul." She wants to cook her flaky triple-chocolate cake and eat it, too; she wants to dance, sing, and

do the boogie-woogie mambo on a fling, bop.

But, as most people with rhythm know, "you can't kick it if you ain't got feet." Feel me? To explain: we Africans are the -american's feet, and without us there never was, never is, and never will be another dance. Dig?

Be that as it may (Dr. Jonsson!) and as I've said before, the "politics of dancing" are wicked as Cain, and they'll hold you down if you're not Abel, so dig the prodigal gifts I'ma give ya ta lift ya:

not before the word *black* was, to them, a denial of his blackness. Has this issue become a game of semantics? There are many ways to frame a sentence conveying the same idea, and I agree with Woods' use of the word *not*, because the reality of the situation is that though he may always be considered black, he can never be one without the other.

Woods and Sally are just two of a great many of our people who have had their lives plagued with unfair questions about their ethnic allegiances. This problem dates itself as far back as the days of slavery. During slavery, the slavemasters classified people as quadroons and octoroons (persons with a quarter and an eighth of African blood in them, respectively). Though these acknowledgements may seem to hint to a greater level of consideration for people's ethnicity than that which we have today, this was not the case. These labels were created for the

1. Stop trying to understand who the white man is (he is you, for, at least from an economic and spiritual standpoint, the African made the american...rich, I mean to say).
2. Start making a conscious effort to love your blackness and your self (because for too long, -america has forced us (minorities) to choose between one or the other: that day is dead and gone the moment you

s a y
"Now"
out loud,
black as
y o u
w a n n a
b e ,
proud as
y o u
gotta be,
strong

as you need to be: do it right now, it feels good!).

3. Don't accept the contentions that -america is close to a colorless society because of inter-racial mixing (400 short, culturally raped -american years cannot destroy thousands of years of African cultural priming: Click your heals, Dorothy, you're closer to home than you think you are).

4. Don't accept the twisted logic that makes whites a minority at an HBCU when African-americans are yet a minority in this nation (this rea-

soning is as flawed as the Rodney King verdict and it's just not fun or funny anymore, so don't laugh).

5. Computers and economics are the new religion and bible that's taught and preached to -america today. African-americans have an aversion to both because both draw one further and further away from the spiritual foundation that has kept us so tightly united through this hellish -american sojourn for Truth. Yet if we don't learn, understand, and use this new forced "religion" to our advantage (as our ancestors did with Christianity), then we will be dooming ourselves and our future generations to the continued servitude and bondage that has yet and will forever keep us as slaves in this -american wilderness. Unless we unite. Unless we fight...for the right...to be.

If we are to survive as an African culture in -america, then we must look to the Haitian example set in 1804 by Maukendoute and completed by Boukman: we must make the sacrifice, beat the drum, run united into this -american wilderness, into its forested-darkness, and together ("A circle of one people: one heart, one thought, one mind") turn off america's national TV set, and let the world watch us all fade to black, fade to black,...fade to black.

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