



WINNING
ESSAYS 1981



BLACK YOUTH ANNUAL PENMANSHIP AWARDS
1981 ESSAY COMPETITION WINNERS

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Julie Monica Plenty
1st - Group B (12-15)

HAS THE EDUCATION I RECEIVED EQUIPPED ME FOR LIFE IN BRITAIN?

When people talk about education, they usually mean it in the academic sense. The academic side is the least important when it comes to "social training" but it is always this aspect which is highlighted more than anything else. So, has the education I've received equipped me for life in Britain? The answer is NO. Before going onto more specific points, I don't think that education equips anyone properly for life, whether they be black or white. School itself is not a microcosm of the outside world; in fact it barely reflects it. The education system is structured so that it hardly bares any resemblance to society in general.

Education in Britain is organised for the white person, this is not surprising as Britain is a predominantly white country.

Speaking from a purely personal point of view, I have to quote the adage: "The more things change, the more they stay the same". Education can't get rid of Prejudice, but a general re-thinking of attitudes towards black people in education can help.

The education I receive consists of my learning about famous BRITISH writers, historians, innovators etc. Do I ever get to hear about famous black people and their contribution to society and history. I suppose I mustn't expect too much as society has always tried to demean black people's achievements, but has subtly used those achievements as a culture within itself. Still, I digress.

The education I am receiving at school is not even slightly relevant to what I will have to encounter in the outside world. School is just a breeding ground for academics, and those who reject the system pay the price in low or no qualifications, and a significant number of these pupils are black. In most of the 'O' Level sets which I am in there are hardly any black girls and sometimes I am the only black girl there. Surely it isn't because black people are less intelligent than white people? Of course not, they are rejecting a system which doesn't cater for them.

I admit that I have lived a rather sheltered life and I can genuinely say that I have hardly ever been discriminated against. Of course the usual racial taunts (worn out cliches for bigots) have been used against me. I can look back on it dispassionately, although I was rather indignant at the time.

One day when I was walking home, an old drunk came up to me and said: "Go back to where you come from, nigger". The look on his face gave me more education than reading twenty of Shakespeare's plays (including Othello).

Whilst talking about education, I must admit that during most lessons, if not all, I have tended to become quite cynical towards it. I am taking eight 'O' Levels and two CSEs. If I pass all of these, does it prove what kind of person I am? It says something, admittedly about my ability to memorise and work under pressure. But does it prepare me or help me tackle the blatant and insidious forms of racism that, I am afraid to say, I will invariably encounter?

My definition of education is one where emphasis is placed not so much on academic ability, as on a personal ability, the ability to work amenably with people of all creeds, religion and colour.

I do think that topics like racism should be discussed more openly in schools. In some cases it is quite taboo. We did have a discussion about it in class once and the prejudiced opinions that I heard made me cringe.

The pre-conceived notions about blacks were still prevalent, enough to suggest that something needs to be done, quickly and drastically.

As for special cultural classes, this is a good idea, but although I feel that black people do need to know about their heritage, so do white people and an exchange of cultures could be very beneficial. There is much that white and black people can learn from each other, if they weren't blinded by this nuisance, ignorance and bigotry (popularly termed as prejudice). After all racism is a white person's problem. Years of racism have ingrained a certain hostility in black people regarding the indifference and prejudices against them. Is this surprising?

This society has already turned out enough bigoted individuals as it is. Do we really need to turn out more frustrated, prejudiced school-leavers, using blacks as a scapegoat (look no further than the absurdly young recruits to the NF and BM). Black people need to work within the rigid framework of education in order to revolutionise the system from inside, rather than decapitate from the outside. It is no use saying, "this society doesn't want me, so I shall reject it", MAKE yourself wanted, because you are here to stay, and you are as indigenous as your white counterparts (whether you like it or not). And it is up to the black population to rid itself of the psychological barriers that has been imposed on them.

THE END

Julie Monica Plenty

SUPERIORITY

Why do you look at me like that?
With all that hate and fear in your heart?
You believe you are thinking your own thoughts
But you are wrong.
You are thinking the thoughts of generations before you.
You are unaware of this.
And we suffer for it.
Nobody can be God.
But you like to lord over everybody else,
It gives you some sort of kick inside.
You degrade us.
You debase yourself in a far greater way
Than you could ever debase us,
It shames you.
It builds your ego up.
Your ego, that all consuming ball of pride,
Stupid pride, blind pride.
I laugh at you.
You are so sick,
So very sick.
But you don't know this
And we suffer for it.

oooOoooo

WANDERING TRIBE

Pulled from their homeland,
Like plants from a root.
Driven, beaten into a Strange New World.
Yet they still retained their consciousness
Of who they were.

Their oppression had given birth
To a whole new culture,
Adopted, plagiarised and raped
By their captives.

Years later the world sees how
It has used these influences,
Yet it denies its heritage
And subtly violates it.

Where do we stand now?
Our parentage pulls us one way
Our native land another.
Who do we fight for?
The West Indies? England? Britain?
Or the Atlantic Sea?

Stuck in a Futile Limbo,
With racism on one side
And misunderstanding on the other.

We are truly a Wandering Tribe!

Jennifer Sorhaindo
2nd - Group B (12-15)

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE BLACK AND BRITISH

My name is Jennifer Sorhaindo. I was born in Britain, in the city of Bristol which is a lovely city in the south-west of England. Although I am proud of being Bristolian, I am aware that part of me belongs to my parents country of origin.

My parents are both West Indian, they come from an island in the Windward group called Dominica. From what I have read in history books, I know that all black people originate from Africa. They were slaves and brought to the West Indies to work on plantations.

By 1834 all black people were set free on the 31st July. Black people stayed on in the West Indies and became 'mixed' due to inter-marriage with the salvers.

My parents both immigrated to England when they were younger. They were at that time British subjects, and carried British passports. When their island, Dominica, became independent they had to re-apply for British citizenship. As I was born to Black West Indian parents in Britain this makes me British and Black. Although my parents have adopted a lot of English customs they still have some of their native culture which is a very good thing especially for the younger generation.

I have also adopted some of my parents life-style, it distinguishes me from white British youth. I have visited my parents real home, Dominica, but I have heard a lot about it from my parents and various other interesting things about the West Indies as a whole. Because my parents both come from the same island, they have the same sort of background. (It makes it easier for me to understand about the average way of life in the West Indies.)

I also think being Black and British is good because we have the benefit of two cultures, two ways of life, while white children only know one way of life.

I am proud of being Black and I love all aspects of West Indian culture; like the carnival held in London every year.

When I grow up I would like to be a Social Worker to help both whites as well as black people in different communities in Bristol. I think the most important thing about being Black and British is to be proud of what I am and to disregard what others think about me. I think of the words in Leo Tolstoy poems: "I sit on a man's back choking him, and making him carry me, and yet assure myself and others, that I am sorry for him and wish to ease his lot by all means possible, except by getting off his back". In other words, some of the English people pretend to be sorry for us - the black people - yet they don't give us the chance to gain our self-respect. And yet this remains the only way in which they can help us.

THE END

Karlene Smith
3rd - Group A (12-15)

WHAT RASTAFARIANISM MEANS TO ME

Who is Jah? (Truths and Revelations)

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows the places I've been,
I walk the streets and seen children down town,
Begging everyone they seen. That killed me
To see no food, no work no way no pay.
I ask myself, how can man live another day?
I have seen Rasta cry with my eyes
.....O my people, my children.
Live or die. Live or die.
Let suffering be amend.
The idrens shout and daughters cry
As hungry days slide on by.
Nobody seen the fear in their eyes,
Nobody heard their mournful sighs.
"I 'n' I will find a way."
Listen to what the brethren say.
"Bend down and pray, cry out to the Imperial father,
Jah-Jah will guide the way, my brethren look to Africa."
O Messiah, Emperor, King upon a golden chair;
Ethiopian crown upon his straight black hair.
Saying who is Selassie-I (The voice of the wanderer in the wilderness)
You ask I. Who is he, this, this mighty man, Elect of God, King of Kings,
Lord of Lords, The conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah?
I have said unto you;
Jah will provide the bread, wid Jah go forth and conquer,
Jah is years ahead. Jah inna yuh heart, Jah they brother.
Give him love and give him praise
Erase the memory of hungry days.
Yet the book of truth shall stand.
Who is Jah? For I have no faith.
Who is Jah for I 'n' I?
What is this thing Ras Tafari?
I cannot believe that my ears have heard.
I cannot believe what my eyes have seen.
Behold, what apostasy beseech mine eyes!
Why hast thou forsaken me dread?
What is dreadlocks? Who is Jah?
How can they mock the meaning of Rasta?
O dreadlocks, dreadlocks smoking ganga,
I seh what does it take to be a Rasta?
"I man had to strive with all my might, suffering made me realise what it
took to be a dread. The struggle is almost won with Africa in sight.
My mother did throw I out cos I locks-up my head.... But haile Jah
Ras Tafari and is twelve of I 'n' I."
They are trying hard to keep I 'n' I down
They want is to give up without a sound.
They are trying to kill off I 'n' I
To bury the truth of Jah Ras Tafari.
Knowing that I 'n' I can't look back.
It shall be forward forever and backward never. Backward, NEVER!
So shall Judah's lion burst his chains and shall crush the serpent's head,
and shall bring with him from death's domain, the long imprisoned dead.



And so shall Ethiopia stretch forth her hand,
The legacy and the prophecy will begin to reveal,
Yes, exodus movement is upon the land, babylon the wicked is fallen.
Some don't know Jah but they feel alright, they are full of violence
They steal and fight.
Follie, wolves I 'n' I don't check for it.
Not a feeling for Africa, O Jah, not one single bit.

THE END

Jacqueline Balfour
Merit - Group B - (12-15)

BEING WITHOUT EMPLOYMENT IN BRITAIN TODAY IS A TRAGEDY FOR A
YOUNG BLACK PERSON BECAUSE.....

BAD NEWS

I layed in bed waiting for the morning post. It came later than usual. As soon as I heard a knock at the door I scampered downstairs to see an envelope in the hands of my sister. I grabbed it from her and opened it quickly, not knowing where I was pulling it. As I opened the envelope I went upstairs back into my bedroom. I unfolded the white paper and began to read the letter.

When I had read the letter I got dressed. I was fed up and depressed. I walked along the road only lifting my head when I heard someone passing. I went to the youth centre, inside was a friend of mine who use to go to my school. I sat in a corner and he came over to to, I told him of the amount of jobs I applied for. Six jobs and not one of them I got. When he told me his good news I was even more depressed. He had got the job that I had just failed to get. I felt left out now, not wanted, then I began to wonder was it because he was white and I was black, why are people so unfair? I asked myself why was it fair that he got the job? I had better qualifications than him. He had no experience in the job and neither did I.

I stayed in the club all day, sitting in the same spot as before. I blew smoke through my nose. I had never did this before and I felt more relaxed.

When I got home I felt lazy, tired and again depressed. My mum began to nag and I felt as though I envied my sister. Why wasn't I a girl and so young, I asked myself. My sister didn't have to apply for jobs yet and when she did she would probably get one easier than me.

This shows how a young black person can easily get affected and rejected because of unemployment in our society today. Being without employment in Britain is a tragedy for a young black person because of many reasons.

Unemployment today is very high. Over two million black and white people are unemployed in Britain today. Out of these a large number are school leavers. In Brixton alone on 15.1.81 out of a total of 708 unemployed people, 381 were school leavers. And of the 381, 121 have been unemployed for 6 months or more.

All these young people are suffering because of the decrease of jobs in the Lambeth Borough. It is the young school leavers who suffer the most because some of them don't even know what to do to get a job.

For school leavers getting a job can be a much more difficult time because of lack of experience of work, maybe they have just left school and have had no training in the jobs they want, so have a lesser chance in getting the job, because the employer may want someone experienced, so they won't have to spend time training them to do the job properly. Young school leavers can also have a lesser chance in getting a job perhaps not knowing how to look for a job and what to say in an interview. They may go to an interview and sit there saying yes and no, or only speaking when spoken to so the employer may think they haven't got a good personality, maybe because they are shy. It would even be harder if the young leaver had no qualifications because their reading and writing wasn't good. This would mean having less chance of a good job and being more independent in life.

For many black youths the most depressing thing is racism. When looking for a job they have to come up with prejudice employers. This also gives them a harder chance in getting a job, because they are rejected because of skin colour and not because of qualifications.

Being without employment means not having enough money for the luxuries of life, clothes, food and going out. This may lead to an increase in crime. Young people like to go out and when going out they like to look nice. Without a job they don't have as much money as they would love to have so may involve themselves in muggings, burglary and shoplifting. Many youths do this, not just for money but because of boredom. When the youths have nothing to do because they are unemployed, they get into mischief so do anything to get money and may go around in groups because they have nothing to do. Things on TV also invite youths to commit crime. Advertisements, films and other series also make them wish they had things that they couldn't get legally.

Because of so much competition for jobs (25 sometimes as much as 200 apply for each job). Black youths have to be even more strong minded about going for jobs because of employer attitudes to black people.

Many times black youths apply for up to six or eight jobs and do not succeed so get fed up and depressed and not bother. Sometimes when they do get depressed they give up and don't care anymore so do things they would never dream of doing.

Laziness is said to be a sin. A minority of school leavers may prefer to be on the dole to working. Many of them believe it is not worth looking for a job so go on the dole because they believe getting some money is better than nothing. It is true that some school leavers go on the dole queue because they couldn't get a job because they have no qualifications, no ambition and know they can't get a job without trying really hard.

Many people who leave school without qualifications are often those who play truant during those school days because of boredom, or not bothering to cope with examinations.

School children go to school to learn new things. I believe that when a child begins school for the first time it is a wonderful experience because they meet new people, do different things and learn different things. School to a young child is exciting.

When a child reaches to a stage of third-fourth year in secondary school they believe school is boring. School is only boring to a child when he doesn't want to learn because work becomes difficult. It is not work that makes a child truant, it is friends. Friends who do not want to learn.

CONCLUSION:

What I have learnt is what I have written. Everybody suffers different consequences, but I believe black young people suffer most, lost of jobs, money and family problems all seem to come up at the same time for a unemployed young black teenager.

THE END

GROUP B (16-19)

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE BLACK AND BRITISH

Many black youngsters today will often hesitate when asked what nationality they are. On the one hand, your parents tell you you're British, afterall, you were born here, and you hold a British passport. But on the other hand, you're just a plain old 'Coon' to be shipped back to the jungle, where you can slot back into your familiar role of swinging from tree to tree, occasionally taking a breather to grab a banana!

You are born into a black household, fed on mainly West Indian food, which is usually twice as expensive as English food. You are torn between two languages or dialect - it's West Indian at home and supposedly English at school. If you attempt to bring it out in lessons, you are penalised, or told to speak properly, making you feel stupid in front of your white counterparts. Here, there is already built-up by the teacher (who is usually white) a comical view of black children. Must white people only hear the Jim Davidson version, where the Black man is stereotyped as an idiot with a distinctive laugh. Feeling now, alienated, you sit quietly brooding in the corner, or as you realise that you got the class laughing, you continue playing the Black comedian. Gradually, you get behind in your work and sent to the remedial unit. Afterall, who wants to know about agriculture in East Anglia when your brothers are going on about Marcus Garvey! You don't want to be a farmer when you leave school, there was enough of that in 'Roots' with slaves on the plantation!

After going home, you go down to the space invaders to meet the rest of your friends. It gets boring and so you decide to catch a bus with the others and 'chip' down to 'Saint Andrews', where 'Phophecy' are playing. It gets a bit late and so you leave with your companions, only to find while you're waiting at the bus stop, a familiar car pulls up, followed by another and a van. "Alright sunshine, empty your pockets". It's just because I'm Black, you may think to yourself, because I'm Black.

"Fuck-Off, you piece of white shit!". The next thing you know, you're being accused of assault and being ushered into a van with the rest of your friends, where you 'accidentally' receive a few cuts and bruises, nothing significant, you were 'resisting arrest!'. You are not allowed to go to the toilet or even phone your parents until you sign a statement and give your fingerprints. Even though you're 16, you haven't told them that you haven't left school yet. When you do phone, they don't come down. You're just like your brother, following in his footsteps like they said you would. In the end you get the youth leader down to sort things out.

At the hearing, your headmaster has submitted a report in connection with your attitude to school in general. "Just as I thought, the usual, shows lack of interest, misbehaves, and distracts others." You get off with a 'warning'. ".....if you come before this bench again....."

After being suspended from school, the Black youth is left with little to do but roam the streets, where he becomes a target for the racist claws of the police, with their hateful side glances at anyone Black and young, especially male. They see their job as ridding the neighbourhood of these degenerates, with their noisy parties and Red, Green and Gold woolly hats.

At sixteen, he decided he may as well try for a job, but with no exams and a not very encouraging school report, he fails in his attempts. His friends begin to tell him of the racist society they live in, they don't even 'live' not in the real sense of the word - they just exist! They

contribute nothing to society, they therefore expect nothing from it. They do not belong, they are like aliens struggling to find another planet in another age. It is the white man who is putting the Blackman down with his institutionalised racism. One day he's lying on his bed listening to his brother's music - when suddenly it dawns on him that what they've been saying is true. He had become a victim of white society. He was nothing, a nobody, no good to anyone.....at least not in Britain. Africa was the word ringing through his mind. He began to hate white society and everything it stood for. He would become a 'Rasta', he'd 'Locks-up' his hair and wear a hat, he'd go to all the meetings with his brothers. He'd had enough of being Black and British!

THE END

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE BRITISH AND BLACK

The significance of one's role in society when one is British and Black is something which does not strike a person until he reaches his adolescent years. In the years which precede adolescence the infant is too preoccupied with childish games and past-times to even recognise that the difference between himself and his white playmates can be of any substantial importance.

It was certainly not until I reached the age of approximately ten that I realised that names such as 'wog' were being directed at me because of my colour - an experience from which my white friend was excluded and this quite bewildered me. It is difficult to describe the childish confusion I felt when I wondered what I had done to deserve such treatment and whether or not it was best for me to accept it silently or to retaliate with my fist!

As an adolescent and into my teenage years, the taunts about my colour - though few and far between - became increasingly frustrating and hurtful. Fortunately for me, my parents who were both sensible and understanding were able to provide the necessary advice to prepare me for the prejudiced attitudes of ignorant people which would prevent me from achieving my goals in life. Unfortunately for some Black children in Britain, their parents do not fully understand their roles in preparing their children for this society and consequently the children become confused and offended when facing the difficulties that they encounter when being Black in this society. Of course, they retaliate. No one is there to explain to them why being "British and Black" is different from being "British and White" or why there has to be a distinction between the two at all! The young Blacks in Britain need to be prepared - although not cushioned for the harsh realities of living in what is evidently a white dominated society.

As a young pupil at school, being British and Black means having to work twice as hard to achieve twice as many qualifications as whites in order to obtain a job of similar status. Many young Black people become disillusioned and frustrated when they feel that they cannot achieve such goals.

As a Blackman and a British citizen one has to be prepared to work diligently at keeping ancient customs and traditions of ones' Black ancestors, since the British society makes no allowances for foreign traditions and certainly does not encourage them.

For the generation before us, being British and Black meant having to do without in the hope that their children could grow up to enjoy the luxuries that they had made sacrifices for. It meant being ashamed of a 'broken' or 'dialect' accent, living in bad housing conditions, accepting low status and low paid jobs.

For the young people of today, it means an inability to make the same sacrifices which yield little or no rewards, but to make some mark of progress in a society which is set against them. But this also means having a reputation of being restless, easily agitated and even violent.

Being British and Black means that it is essential to strive on for your goals despite any prejudiced attitudes you may encounter, despite the harassment that you and other Blacks are suffering and to have the ability to be amiable to whites despite the attitude of an ignorant minority amongst that group.

Most essentially being British and Black means being proud of being British and Black, making it a time worthy of pride and having absolute confidence when you say "I am British and I am Black"!

MY BLACK HERO IS.....

My Black hero or should I say my modern Black hero is Dr Martin Luther King. He is my hero for so many reasons that if I intended in this essay to write them all I would probably never finish. I find him a pleasure to listen to because despite the tense atmosphere of racial conflict in the United States there rose a man like Dr King who held onto his belief in non-violence and established himself high above many of the so called peace-makers of our time. He established himself in a unique way especially as the 1960s was a period in which America saw the ascendancy of the Black Power Movement which produced another racial leader - Malcolm X. Circumstances were all too favourable for the advocacy of the use of violence to combat a repressive system designed to alienate minority groups and races by a predominantly white controlled system. In retrospect I have come fairly close to the belief that the alleviation policies pursued by the white controlled system were deliberate in a sense that it was deliberately provocative to an insurrection such as the 1960s saw with the ascendancy of the Black Power Movement. In this way, the system is able to justify the maintenance of its repressive and alienatory policies and even more dangerously, denounce the activities of counter organisations, be they good or bad. In a nutshell what I am suggesting is that the emergence of leaders like Malcolm X were expected and preparations had been made for their destiny, but a leader like Dr Martin Luther King was a great surprise.

We nearly always hear people talking about courage and being brave. Its connotations are closely correlated principally with war and international conflict. To argue whether soldiers are heroes or not, is not my main objective, so I shall not explore the matter any further. I would like to draw attention away from the predominantly conventional conception of the word 'courage' and to start to look at the word courage without its conventional surroundings. I am only doing this because I regard courage as a triumph against something that is ugly. Thus, according to my conception one can clearly see (I hope) why I have decided to virtually discard its conventional connotations. If it is agreed that courage is a triumph over something, then it must also be acknowledged that conflict is present.

A great deal of conflict was present in the United States. Some people chose to rebel against the system by resorting to violence but Dr King chose the other road which proved to be extremely difficult. To me, he projected the 'King of Courage' that would be rare to find today. He campaigned and campaigned until justice was brought to those who had probably lost all hope. To believe that he restored faith back into the hearts of all those people, Black and white and other groups who had either accepted the status quo in America or had become so confused within themselves as to their own cultural identity. I believe that he stood as a reminder to many people who had probably forgotten what they had initially intended to do with their lives. He shone to many people as a light amidst a density of darkness, so blinding that one would only see, if they really wanted to.

Threatened constantly by the fear of assassination he continued with his mission going where he was needed most; breaking barriers that had become cobwebbed with age. To me, surely this is the mark of courage. He managed to do all these things, became a source of inspiration to many people, but not once did he advocate the use of violent tactics.

Another area which I would like to briefly explore is determination. Many leaders have good intentions, but lack real determination to see that

their policies are carried through. If determination was a characteristic Martin Luther King excelled in it. His many accomplishments such as the de-segregation of the "Buses" may never have taken place when they did. This determination to achieve success in the things that Black people particularly desired, took him to prison so many times, where he was probably tortured mentally if not physically. Despite so much imprisonment, he continued his mission with as much determination and ardour, if not more before his imprisonment. His determination was so great and his influence so widespread, that those in charge of security were especially concerned with the possibility that he was more danger to them in prison than out. He even offered himself in place of many Black people who had been protesting in the streets against injustice and were imprisoned as a result. Despite all the injustices done to him in terms of all the unwarranted imprisonment he maintained his preaching of non-violence, freedom, justice and equality for all races.

It is such a pity that so much bloodshed and human life has to be sacrificed before the words of the Constitution moved a step closer to reality for non-whites in America.

Lastly, the area I would like to talk about is religion. This is an exceptionally important area and useful in attempting to explain Martin Luther King's mass appeal, and why he probably stood as the most dangerous Blackman America has ever known. Undoubtedly, I believe that as a preacher his mission was greatly influenced by religious inspiration from God. Although he was a Baptist preacher, thus nurtured in the teachings of the Bible, very few people can live the hypnotic effect that he had. He spoke in such a way that made people listen. He reached the hearts of people that had been yearning for so long to be reached, yet he was just a man. If he had not understood the deep, philosophical significance of the Bible's teachings, he may never have been able to continue for as long as he did.

THE END

Colin Ince
Merit - Group B - (16-19)

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE BRITISH AND BLACK

Blacks in Britain

Are we British?
Are we Black?
Are we niggers all in a trap,
Have we lost out ID cards,
Or have we just forgotten who we are.

A losing fight against a nation,
Brainwashing cultures,
Taking possession.

Learning of great white historical Saints,
But never relating to some of blacks greats,
Benjamin Baker,
Martin Luther King,
Names of Wisdom,
That some how don't mean a thing

Lost in mind,
And soul on fire,
Let's recapture a black desire.
Those of you who are too weak,
Will have to live as flocks of sheep.

Farmer shaves the sheep's skin bald,
Man has shaved your head and all,
All lost and gone forever,
No! let us fight forever.

Let's start looking deep within,
And see things as they were meant to be.
Black is joy!
And having culture is sweet,
Don't let them fool you,
With their disbeliefs.

Hell! and blood!
And rocks on fire,
It seems impossible,
To love one another.

Mirror from the visions of my mind,
Reaching out to reality in time,
Self-inflicted tribal wars,
For love a reason,
War many disappear.

White men and Black men,
Will never be blind,
As long as cultures and colours,
Are classified.
Chains and bondages,
Must be broken and set free,
To live in love and unity,
Love a distant dream of hope,
Love a moving action,
Not within our scope.

Blacks in Britain,
Opposed by mental strain,
Nazi, Front and Thatcher,
Are threats to us,
One way of another,
SPG and CID,
Are shadows of hatred,
Instead of relief,
Yes we'll stand the waves of time,
For generations,
Man has been unkind.

For war and strategy,
We have no defence,
But only an inborn mechanism,
To give us our strength,
Strength!
Black strength,
The only kind to survive,
The only kind which determines,
Live or die.

Blackness is a source of strength,
Bouncing energy encaged,
Within our depths,
Pounding, breaking,
Like ten-thousand drums,
Placidly learning to sing a song.

We cannot live a premonition,
And dreams and hopes must fade away,
So where do we go on such days?
Blacks in Britain,
You cannot die,
For hundreds of years,
There has been wars,
To keep our culture alive.

What is at the end of this masquerade?
Self confidence,
Dignity,
Honour and respect?
That is the key factor to our success.

THE END

GROUP C (20 +)

Roselle V Thompson

Joint 1st - Group A - (20 +)

BLACKNESS IS A SOURCE OF STRENGTH BECAUSE

Mankind is classified by colour, identified as either black or white, and underlying this, is the social and political significance of this classification. To be able to comprehend this awareness/challenge, it is necessary to delve into factors which influenced a rise of this consciousness in the first instance.

The skin colour essentially the most binding thing about a person, differentiates the black skin from the rest of the world. History has shown that in relation to the whites, the black skinned people have been dominated by white oppressors socially, economically and culturally; whether that particular country belonged originally to whites or blacks, whether or not they were the majority or minority, and whether or not that particular country is rich or poor in natural resources. The white skinned people, through exploitation and colonisation, made its people stronger, richer, more powerful and the oppressed weaker, poorer and evidently powerless to govern their own affairs.

Because of the training from childhood, the adult world in the black society is fully conditioned to think "white". In describing himself, he despises his African appearance for the acceptance of so-called white attributes, "a fair skin girl, with straight nose and long curly hair". The books which he studied psychologically instilled in him that he was not to be identified with, and for the most part, he saw and criticised his brothers through a 'white man's eyes'. Also the historical myths that a black man had no history to speak of, but rather a distortion of him as being barbarous, swinging from trees and cannibal-like, consequently led to him not being taken seriously by the developing countries but was made to feel that his African past was something to be ashamed of.

Instinctively, out of self-defence even the most harmless of animals turns against its hunters, it is in the same vein an oppressed, suppressed and repressed blackman must find himself through knowledge, strength and unity to recover his human dignity.

However, since the early 1900's, white power is seen to be slowly reducing, not so much with independence of countries, which is often indirect domination, designed to maintain the imperialist way of things in that colonial country, but by the blacks achieving power by their own efforts.

This psychological awakening is an awareness from deeply rooted myths to a freeing of the mind, self-assertion and conscious identity, not lip service, but a desire to gain knowledge and interest in the roots and culture of the Mother Country - Africa; from where mankind originates.

Blackness is also a challenge because it raises the question of values, a challenge which stirs a new thinking, a new way of reasoning, a new way of life for blacks in order to create their own concepts, have references, books and documents which will help them to handle their own reality. This re-creation will make it necessary to re-define knowledge in terms of how it will benefit the needs and interests of blacks. Knowledge which would help to develop 'black' schools, relate to black culture, the black community and the problems of the day. In the case of Black Studies, it is a challenge to the white educational system because in order to have an operational programme of Black Studies, it is necessary to re-evaluate the present ideas of history, man and also to look at what the system has done, and is doing to allow ignorance and racism to continue. Blackness, therefore is a

challenge to all institutions and values, because its studies points to a revelation of the truth.

This challenge is seen as a threat to the white culture. Indeed, some blacks do not have faith in this awareness and some are indifferent, but for the sake of those who died and the unborn, it is imperative that the black experience and knowledge is collated to make further progress profitable in order to organise and launch collectively, demands beneficial to the masses.

Having become conscious of his strength derived from one another's support, the blackman perfects himself through his own efforts. Through this awareness, it is inevitable that he will gain strength to control his own destiny, to be able to re-construct his society, to break free from imperialism, a step forward, not to condemn himself to history, but collectively, to have authority and the right to govern his own affairs because his destiny lies in his own hands.

THE END

Davy Hay

Joint 1st - Group A - (20 +)

BLACKNESS IS A SOURCE OF STRENGTH BECAUSE

When being faced with the question "Blackness is a source of strength because", one has to define blackness in this particular context. My interpretation of blackness is the awareness politically, spiritually, culturally and mentally of the person.

Politically, in the sense that the person begins to concern himself with Blacks' lack of political and economic power in the West, South Africa and Namibia. Spiritually, in the sense that a person can identify himself with God whatever his religion; to have concern for his brothers and sisters and belief in the destiny of black people. Culturally, in the sense that a person can feel proud in his blackness and feel humble in the face of our wondrous heritage. Mentally, in the sense that a person can throw off the yoke of western mental slavery and to channel his mind to the problems which plague black people and to progress to a more aware level of blackness.

Marcus Garvey tells us "Be as proud of your race today as our fathers were in the days of yore". We have a beautiful history and we shall create another in the future that will astonish the world. This comment is significant in that it defines clearly the path black people must first take. From this we can see that blackness is a source of strength because it allows the person to be at peace with himself and with their brothers and sisters and awakens a sense of pride in what you are. It confronts the person with the knowledge that for blacks the world is not a just one, but that black consciousness allows the person to see the world for what it is. They now have the courage and determination that their pride has given them to fight for the rights of blacks. Love for your blackness allows you not to envy or despise white people for they are lost and must find their own way, while you in turn can disregard them up to a point and concern yourself not only with the upliftment of mind and spirit towards blackness of personality but to the cause of black liberation which must be imperative.

Blackness strengthens the determination to be more knowledgeable and to perceive the distorted images that portray blacks through film education and history. Once a person can perceive these things they can help their brothers and sisters to become stronger and can only help you to become stronger in your blackness, to strive purposely and to say with conviction "Blackness is beautiful, I'm black and proud". An increasing black consciousness will suggest to the person that idealistic concepts such as universal love, universal peace and multi-racial integration are not of primary concern it will suggest that the primary concern must be to become conscious of what we are, and where we are coming from and above all to love ourselves. Only when we attain these goals can we consider other ideals.

Blackness is a source of strength to men in their attitudes towards black women. Black men are able to appreciate more fully the beauty and courage of our women. One can see the sacrifices they have made not only in these hard and trying times, but throughout colonial history. Increasing awareness for the roles of such women as Harriet Tubman, Coretta Scott King, and the countless numbers of proud black women who strive to keep the family institution together comes from black consciousness: having knowledge of this shows a strong blackman that black women are a priceless commodity that black men can ill afford to disregard and this strengthens the resolve.

In conclusion, we can see that at this moment in history, black people especially in the west are oppressed, disorganised and to a certain extent, demoralised. Too many black people these days unfortunately have no

conception of 'blackness', they possibly believe that it is not important. They wander aimlessly along in their own little world with concern only for their dear, sweet selves and become 'black' only when faced with a problem which concerns them as blacks. Strength of blackness says to this train of thought 'no way' - a race that is divided against itself cannot stand. It is the right of every black child to be aware of their blackness and through it attain excellence and with this fact in mind it is the duty of the preceding generation to bring them up in such a light. All other races are stronger than us. As they seek goals they move towards them as one. Are we so different that we cannot do the same? We cannot scoff at these ideals and live only for the present, or are we, especially those of us in the West, to become like the Jews of old and become scattered like chaff in the wind? In this instance blackness is a source of strength because we know that only with a desire for black strength can we become unified and can we hope to become a race of awe-inspiring power and dignity.

THE END

Blackness strengthens the determination to be more knowledgeable and to perceive the distorted images that portray blacks through film education and history. Once a person can perceive these things they can help their brothers and sisters to become stronger and can only help you to become stronger in your blackness, to strive purposefully and to stay with conviction. "Blackness is beautiful, I'm black and proud." An increasing black consciousness will suggest to the person that idealistic concepts such as universal love, universal peace and multi-racial integration are not of primary concern. It will suggest that the primary concern must be to become conscious of what we are, and where we are coming from and above all to love ourselves. Only when we attain these goals can we consider other ideals. Blackness is a source of strength to men in their attitudes towards black women. Black men are able to appreciate more fully the beauty and courage of our women. One can see the sacrifices they have made not only in these hard and trying times, but throughout colonial history. Increasing awareness for the roles of such women as Harriet Tubman, Coretta Scott King and the countless numbers of proud black women who strive to keep the family intact together comes from black consciousness. Having knowledge of the strong blackman that black women are a priceless commodity that they can afford to disregard and this strengthens the resolve. We can see that at this moment in history, black people are oppressed, discriminated and to a certain extent, any black people these days unfortunately have no

RACISM THREATENS THE SECURITY OF BLACKS ON THE STREETS: Discuss

PLAN

- Definition
- Chronological analysis of the aspects of Racism and its impact on the Black community
- Opinion and Conclusion

Racism is the predication of decisions and policies on consideration of issues for the purpose of the subordination of a particular racial group, and the ability to maintain control over that group. Racism is both overt and covert. The present escalation of racial attacks on Black people only draw one to recollect back into the 60s. Black people came to be depicted as lazy, apathetic, dumb, shiftless, good timers etc just as the 'red-men' had to be recorded as savages to justify white men theft of their land, gold and other resources. So Blacks had to be nullified to justify their continued oppression. Numerous questions on racism have frequently flooded my heart, yet my many unsatisfactory answers revealed my discontentment with racism. Again I began to preceive that maybe we Black people are paying the price of being backward. The white folks believed the end justified the means. Justifiably, racism threatens the security of Blacks on the streets. I will make emphasis on the last few years in order not to muddle the whole concept of this essay which requires chronological analysis on the scope of the threats racism imposes on Black people. Hence, before I begin to analyse the scales of these threats, I must crystally discern the instruments that functions under the segments of racist attacks.

It is instructive to know that racism functions in two segments - Institutional and individual racism. Institutional racism openly abhorred acts of racism in all its ramifications, themselves, widely functional activities. Institutional racism mainly functions in the governmental and administrative agencies; the civil service, manufacturing industries, factories, armed forces and the crudest application of racialism is bestowed within the police force, who claims to be the agents of the law and providers of guidance on law and order.

It is interesting to note that British democracy is humbug, at best for the white skinned people, and at that, for a chosen privileged class. A society that values wealth and property. The white society does not function by morality, love and non-violence but by power. The stark reality of the daily life of the Blacks are nakedly based on racism, prejudices and discrimination. Thereby Black people must re-define themselves as the growing awareness of Black people is growing like the hurricane of winds. The Blacks are beginning to recognise the need to assert their own definitions, to reclaim their culture, to increase their own sense of community and togetherness. The previous years have witnessed the rising tide of Black people standing up to the waves of violence against them, which was no fault of theirs. Many white people today cannot recoil from the base deeds of its people on every side of the western hemisphere. The young whites can see the arrogant savage brutality towards the conquered and subjugated peoples, and genocide of the human cargo of the slave trade. They can see the so called civilised British empire fighting imperial depravity over Black people. The Blacks are proud of their colour as well as their white counterparts, and the presence of Blacks in Britain was due to the long centuries of human rape, exploitation, economic plunder, chaos, slavery and colonialism. In recent years, the Black society have stood up against

institutional and individual racism. Hitherto, the white authority always expresses great anxiety over our unwillingness to obey their laws. If the agents of the law forces their muscles by arbitrary arrest of Black youth under the obnoxious SUS laws, or a clear example was that of a Black Art Student who was on his way home after a concert being intimidated to accept a crime he never committed. This case was a distinguished example of racism and police at work. The student was stripped and bundled into the police van. After he was searched, two motor toys were found in his bag; he was threatened to be detained in the police cells for days unless he accepted guilt of shoplifting. He accepted the crime he didn't commit under duress. Such examples are numerous and confront Black youths daily in their life in Britain. It is the typical overt racism demonstrated by institutional agencies.

A typical act of individual racism is either carried out by groups, movements or individual white folks against Blacks or other racial groups. An example of this individual racism is that of a Black nurse living in Leyton. She had moved into the white neighbourhood a few months before the events. Her flat was daubed with insignias and threatening notes were dropped into her letter box. Another sterling example which sent the anger of the Black community into flames was the massacre of thirteen Black youths at a New Cross home. The Black community came to believe that it was a racial attack - an individual racism. The death of the thirteen youths is the most grievous attack on the Black community, and the nonchalant attitudes of the police authority on the disaster forced the Black community to recognise the police steam-roller system to pervert the course of justice. The police attempt could be described as collaboration with the attackers which is an example of an individual group's racism.

The increasing activities of institutional and individual racism leads to another emphasis, that of education. In recent surveys on how much Black children are progressing in white schools, it is reported that one in every hundred of Black children passes the ordinary level examination. The reasons why Blacks are lagging behind was largely blamed on the attitude of white teachers. Teachers were believed to be propagating racism in their classrooms. It is not surprising because teachers are part of the educational, racist institutions. The reasons why the new survey came into the open was the immense aspects placed on multi-racial society. A multi-racial integrated society moreover speaks to the problems of Blackness in a despicable way. As an objective or goal, it has been based on incomplete acceptance of the fact that in order to have a decent home or education, Blacks must move into a white neighbourhood or send their children to a white school. This position itself reinforces among Blacks and white liberals the idea that "White" is automatically better, and Black is by white definition 'inferior'. The integration proclamation, drains Black skills and abilities. It is a frustration, and our position is just as stagnated and as frustrating as the events of the 60s. In school if a Black child tell his/her teacher that he/she will like to become a doctor, engineer, teacher, journalist, lawyer, etc the child will promptly be told that with all the naked problems confronting the Black community today, that the Black child won't have the will or determination. That if a child gets education, learning would spoil his/her personality, and that he or she would become unmanageable, and of no value to their class/people. This typical view often expressed by white teachers make Black children unhappy and discontented.

The so-called euphoria for integrated multi-racial educational systems in Britain is draining and killing the skills and abilities of the Black children to be value to its community. The panacea for lack of opportunities in education, as is the panacea for prejudice. The financial barrier is too high.

Education is one major form of institutional racism and a means of

exclusion politics is another. I am not an admirer of multi-racial or integrated society, neither am I advocating for a separate community because as some of our great leaders and idols often said, I mean - Stokely Carmichael, Malcolm X, Nesta Marley and Marcus Garvey, and I quote: "Integration is preposterous, I believe that white man should be white, yellow man should be yellow and Black man should be Black in the great panorama of races." The Black leaders also expresses that integration means that Black people must give up their identity, deny their heritage and culture. In other words, no person or people can be healthy, complete and mature if he must deny a part of himself, and this is what multi-racial or integration meant. Black people have been tokens, symbols and objects of ridicule, we get slapped, stabbed, petrol bombed and when we get more angry, and nothing is done to redress our grievance by those who are loudly proclaiming "Land of the freed and home of the Braves". We help to build their frustration. We are almost at the same spot because we demonstrated from the position of weakness, politically unsophisticated, disunity, socially undisciplined and economically crippled. What the Blacks wanted is to get the whites off their backs. We don't want to take their country, daughters or get whiter!

The advocates of multi-racial society use integration deceptions - assimilation theories etc, as a way to suppress us. We are told that if we work hard we will succeed but if that were true, Black people would own this country. We are oppressed because we are ignorant, lazy and not because we are stupid but because we are Black. As people cannot fight racism with racism, there comes a time for a people, community, nations and race, when the cup of endurance overflows and people no longer wishing to be plunged into abysses of injustices and racism in all its ramifications, where they experienced inhumanity and degradation. Blacks will survive against any form of suppression from their oppressors because they recognised the beauty of their human spirits and they are moving against their oppressors, thereby they are carrying out one of the most sterling ideas of all times, because they have began to perceive their problems. The Blacks will no more be tokens, lackeys, symbols of watching and objects of ridicules. The stereotype lies that the white oppressors developed and which began in their society must end there.

The March 2nd Black Peoples Day of Action is a testimony of the long yearning to fight back. Any relief aid is a tool of pacification. I hope that the rising tide of consciousness may bring a rejection of such roles. Yet could the problems of racism be solved is another question, which went beyond the scope of my essay. However, one instructive view which I would like to say before I conclude this paper is that Blacks should continue to value their heritage, culture and identity. The notion of Black British should be dismantled and discarded. Let us begin to value Caribbean and African states. That is where all Black people belongs, especially the mother continent.

THE END

Ras Eugene (Judah) Lange
Merit - Group A - (20 +)

WHAT RASTAFARIANISM MEANS TO ME

MY PHILOSOPHY ON LIFE

On attempting a piece of work concerned with a subject as vast as life itself, I am lost for a place to begin. So any attempt I make at trying to communicate my philosophy on life will be only as accurate as I can comprehensively manage at the point of time that I attempt it. Even if I could convey my philosophy perfectly as I imagined I would like it to sound, or as I felt it really was, there is no saying that the reader would receive it how I expect it to be received.

Communication from person to person is difficult enough. Even for two people from the same cultural, and life background, so the more differences (on the external level) there exists between people the more difficult it becomes to communicate. Unless all material manifestations are understood, and transcended as being merely part of the material illusion of the relative world, all existing in their own right for their own purpose but bearing no relation to the true nature of man, communication is impaired, if not impossible.

To the outward I would appear to be a believer of the Rastafarian doctrine. Which in a relative sense is true. But all the material aspects of Rasta like the locks, the colours and the symbolism are not signs of true Rasta. A true RASTA is a man of no class, no creed, no race, no colour, no culture, and no symbolism. He is beyond all these things yet because he is a living man these things are part of his living temple. I am explaining this because many people see Rasta as a separatist movement, and as I am a Rasta I could not discuss my philosophy of life without first relating through Rasta. Because Rasta has given me a form of communication and being that has allowed me to be guided this far, and to understand myself and my existence in the here and now; more than anything else I have encountered in my brief spell in this life, until now. While at the same time helping me to divide what is different on the absolute level from the oneness of what appears to be different on the relative level.

Rasta is universal and the words, culture, and race that it springs from are only tools of communication and transmission and no matter how inadequate, they are essential to the lives of certain peoples who identify culturally with the symbols and all the relative aspects of Rasta. It is all part of the direction that exists for specific persons. I hope the reader will try to see beyond the inadequacies of my culture bound self, and tune in to the I that is central in I-man. The I that is the same I that is in each and everyman. The I-am that makes every true Rasta a man, a man who is a law unto himself who surrenders only to the absolute truth as given to all men beyond the realm of the relative workings of men's minds who perpetually seek to separate man from man with relative knowledge. I hope the reader will bear with me as I attempt to log in some sort of recognisable sense the beliefs and knowledge that I prize above all earthly treasures. A knowledge that there is more to this existence than the information received into the brain from the five senses of the material body.

Rasta, or the force behind Rasta works in each and everyman and for each and everyman. Rasta is beyond the judgement of men. It merely is, and in being it is there for those who look, and those who can see.

When Rastas reason, and philosophies on life it involves each man relating his own individual experiences of life both in the outside-external-

Passion, attention, all the senses and desires must be overtaken from the external material, outer, transient, illusory world and focused inward, onto the I-Self. First the false image of the human materially identified self, then inward deeper till the true ever living "Dread can't Dead" is located. Only when external control is lifted can internal take over. Because external control demands the lower self's attention. While the Human Temple is controlled by the lower self, (which is totally vulnerable to all the dark earthly forces preying on man), the I-Self can only struggle to be heard. If external control is lifted the lower self will soon be in a position to stop battling external control, and escape lower level dangers, making it easier for Internal connection with the I. All Seeing Eye of H.I.M Cause and effect are inseparable, same way as a thought and its resultant action are. All relative existence is a continual growth process, continual conflict and continual change, continual death, and re-birth. All meaning comes from the external meeting the Internal. I only know life because I am told of Death.

Man and Eden, all men and this world are all collectively responsible for each other. All knowledge is related to the true source of all experience, everything IS, and when a man can see he will see it. JAH knows no partiality, only men under the dark shadow created partiality because they are weak and cannot humble themselves to the truth, light evades them. Rasta is taking a stance on the side of light and truth against all that opposes. Rasta is Dread to the hearts of men of ignorance; and Joy to the I in men's hearts. Rasta is freedom of growth as nature intended for JAH is nature, I is nature, Man is nature. Rasta is the love and the unity of the Father. I Father in I heart from time even since who is revealed to them who humble themselves enough to ask. RASTA is where man is going if he wants to live, love and enjoy life as a free man-child of God. Rasta is the Lion of pride that rears its head against all oppression, the dove of peace that nests and basks in the all embracing glow of the Internal light of Dread consciousness.

Belief in the all seeing Dread Eye of clarity, and its guidance is one of the dominating influences in my philosophy. But to take an aphoristic overview that embraces both value - commitments and beliefs about the general nature of things would not really be my philosophy, my philosophy on life is revealed as I live it. It is not an abstract intellectual concept, but a living vibration. Early man like the Red Indian man, and African man, and all natural man, knew the truth. Redman's brothers and sisters are the trees, the water, the animals, the earth, the Redman knew.

Today I see too much separation. Everything is categorised and labelled and sectioned off, and specialisation has become a demon hell bent on confusing men's games even more than they were before. By trying to give an understanding to things as separate pieces, and by judging from their own vanity, men have confused themselves. I read about what this man-a-socialist say about Rasta, and that man-anthropologist say about Rasta, but none of them know RASTA. They can tell I nothing about I-Self because they can't see I. They see only what their culture, or this specialist discipline allows them to see. The only man I ever heard say could get to know Rasta and write about it was a Catholic Priest called Joseph Owen. The relative level poses Rasta and the Vatican at opposite poles judging by their positions in the world of men. But this man Father Owen knew the true meaning of Catholic. Catholic means in reality Universal church and by knowing this (not intellectually but Internally in his heart) this man could reason with the Brethren, and remain his material false self while meeting with the brethren on the Dread level as his real self, and talk truth and rights, and get understanding. Intellectual knowledge is folly without understanding. The mind is only a tool of the lower self but it's so powerful it can control the lower self, and a man must always maintain a certain amount of freedom from his own mind, even more so from the minds of men.

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material world; and in the inner-internal-spiritual world of the all encompassing I. There is no set doctrine or dogma other than meditation (or internal reasoning with the I inside oneself), and reasoning man to man. The both types of reasoning are the only common practice that are held as all important amongst the many seekers of Truth that I know of personally. All reasoning should be dealt with direct from the I. To test if a man is dealing from the Dread level (which is where the true I in each man nests), a man can only judge if he is humble and surrendered to the Eternal I, for vanity makes a man relate his tests always to the material self which is relative and transient; but humility tends to make a man see his true self which is nothing if not for the Love of JAH who is the real untangible inexplicable I at the centre of each man. JAH is in man he is the real I in the I am. When testing or judging from his throne which is the heart of man a man is on the Dread level and a man knows. You will be able to tell his man by his prosperous works of his hands and the words of his mouth. For a man's works and a man's words tell the true meditation of a man's heart and if he HIMSELF is in action through the man and not the man's dual natured mind then the works of the man can only be ultimately for the power of good. For JAH motivates a man for the good of all and he colours a man's action with Love he gives the mind not relative knowledge, but Iternal knowledge, and understanding, and wisdom, through Love, devotion and surrender. The land is neither good or bad but can be either depending on its controlling agent (the self). The motive and emotion behind the thought that produces the action are all deemed either good or bad, not by any laws of men but by their ultimate effect on mankind. Whether for INDIVIDUAL self or for the Universal Self for both are inseparable.

Jah is seated in Zion and the earth is his footstool, simply, this means God is in each man's heart and when a man's heart is his master only love controls him so Jah walks the earth through the hearts of true MAN, he directs them and guides them by the pure light within them towards absolute truth with no apology and only from within. A Rasta judges by actions and the fruits of a man's actions. A man reaps what he sows, men reap what they sow that is why from time gone by the material capitalist West can only have headed towards destruction, because military death (Atomic Bomb) dealing devices, and money, and consumer materialism, are the Gods of the West. What goes around comes around and all actions motivated by greed and hate and violence and oppressive beliefs can only end in folly (KHARMIC LAW). Too much emphasis on trying to control and use the material, and too much emphasis on externally controlling man and nature in the West, for vain ends. The answer to all their problems is turn inward and listen for the I to guide your actions, this is the only solution.

All actions come from the mind, all our existence now is the result of thoughts from the past our future will depend on the thoughts of now. Good thoughts bring forth good. NB (Emotions: bad and good emotions colour our actions and decide if they will be fruitful or unyielding). Bad thoughts rot your meat, and produce bad actions. Good and bad do not exist alone, only on a relative level. But on the absolute level all creation, all external and internal worlds, are the result of constant conflict between the two opposites, all except the domain of the I. The throne of HIM who judges all is at the centre of man. It is a place where the I rests beyond the laws of the duality; the silence from which the first sound resounded, the one vibration from which all other vibrations emanate; here both relative good and bad become one. When the relationship between them is understood Internally the absolute takes over, the absolute reasoning of the I which shows these two forces in every aspect of material and Human existence and in so doing shows the equality of all man and all things I-QUALITY.

Individualism leads to a separation from the duality of the DREAD level and starts the growth of a blending into the total oneness of everything.

A man tricked by another man is a victim, a man tricked by himself is a fool.

The last year has been spent trying to bring peace to the world from a personal vision. - His Imperial Majesty - Haile Selassie III - Regent Tafari told the United Nations that if war began in the minds of men it, would not be in the minds of men that the defence of Peace could ever be begun to be successful - Salah Manegama - Man to ask man, man to listen to man, that is philosophy. Because man knows but he lives in an illusion spun around himself by the mind. - Man is born of suffering and this does not stop people trying to escape it always looking for an easy answer. But there is no easy answer that can be understood by the minds of men. To live as mortals men are as good as dead; but to be born in the light of truth as a man, that is worth all the suffering in the world. Pain and suffering and all containing fire are the close companions of Dreal. When a man is born and knows that his life before was death, spiritual death, that that is Dreal he can do nothing but give continual thanks and praises and hope that by the grace he will be given continual understanding and strength when the need arises. Because from that time he knows, it can only be forward to Zion's Holy Land, if he goes. An awful battle must then ensue between Man and the I within him, and every time the man falters or shows weakness he will feel it. He will be his own punisher and he will not be able to avoid it, or move forward until he has overcome each weakness one by one and gained control of his own mind, body and soul. There is no freedom at the relative level. The only freedom is to be free from the lower self only then a man can live and truly experience all that is truly good and right.

ELAINE CLAIR - SPECIAL OVERALL PRIZE

I say this is my philosophy on life but it is not mine for I don't exist I am only thinking it is existing. This philosophy is J-Man's given to I direct from the Master of Days only by his grace and guidance do I achieve any sort of existence that is loved by the I as real. I exist only because I know that I am alive and only by my own power of will and love I can live and only by my own power of will and love I can live. The word love is the word that gives life to the world and the word power is the word that gives life to the world and the word love is the word that gives life to the world and the word power is the word that gives life to the world.

THE END

A man tricked by another man is a victim, a man tricked by himself is a fool (to himself).

Too much time has been spent trying to bring peace to the world from external action. His Imperial Majesty - Haile Selassie IYA - Negus Tafari told the United Nations that if war began in the minds of men it, could only be in the minds of men that the defence of Peace could even be began to be constructed - Selah Maceganna - Man to ask man, man to listen to man that is my philosophy. Because man knows but he lives in an illusion spun around himself by the mind. Man is born of suffering and this does not stop people trying to escape it always looking for an easy answer. But there is no easy answer that can be understood by the minds of men. To live in darkness men are as good as dead; but to be born in the light of truth as a man, then that is worth all the suffering in the world. Pain and suffering and all consuming fire are the close companions of Dread. When a man is born and knew that his life before was death, spiritual death, then that is Dread he can do nothing but give continual thanks and praises and hope that by the grace he will be given continual understanding and strength when the need arises, because from that time he knows, it can only be forward to Zion's Ireys, if he does. An awful battle must then ensue between Man and the I within him, and every time the man falters or shows weakness he will feel it. He will be his own punisher and he will not be able to avoid it, or move forward until he has overcome each weakness one by one and gained control of his own mind, body and soul. There is no freedom on the relative level. The only freedom is to be free from the lower self only then a man can live and truly experience all that is truly good and right in creation.

I say this is my philosophy on life but it is not mine for I don't exist I am only thinking he is existing. This philosophy is I-Man's given to I direct from the Ancient of Days only by his grace and guidance do I achieve any sort of existence that is considered by the I as real. I exist only because I know HIM and he allows me to, and only by my most vainest of vanity could I dare call these words mine individual selfs'. The word lives in man, and without man in the world the word cannot live, man shows forth the WORD from his mouth and it lives.

THE END

ELAINE CLAIR 1966 - 1981

"Elaine Clair will be forever remembered in our hearts, we suffered a great loss, our young people have made great contributions throughout the world, in South Africa, the USA, the Caribbean etc. Her young life will serve as a beacon for all of us to emulate. She joins the ranks of our greats.

Long may her spirit live."

Queen Mother Moore
Mt. Addis Ababa
Parksville, USA

Elaine Clair
Special Overall Prize

HOW DO YOU SEE YOURSELF IN THE YEAR 2001?

PROLOGUE

It is very hard to face the truth. Everything happened so suddenly, so abruptly.

The guards march past in their khaki coloured army suits; they can't be called guerillas or freedom fighters, they are the army. The leaders.

An all-Black army in a country which was once predominantly white. It is March 24th 2001: I never ever expected life to be like this. Poverty starvation, disease, crime. Life has deteriorated to an all time low.

First the Holocaust, then the Black Revolution. Now the Depression. Everything is over. All ended. The barbaric murder of 5000 Black Africans and the revolution which led to a race war, nor the depression. All this has led me to write this chronicle of events, from 1999 to the present day, in the hope that someday, someone will read it and realise what harm racism and the racists can do to society. I hope it will show the ignorant that superiority and segregation will never work.

THE HOLOCAUST

It was New Year's Day, 1999, life had become unbearable for Blacks in Britain, it was the same world wide.

There had been political reform, all over the world. The word democracy was never used. Here in Britain we had an extreme right-wing government. In America the conservative Republicans had taken over, and the Klu-Klux-Klan was allowed to become active. The rest of the world apart from the extreme communist were all right wing, neo-facists, facists and nazis.

We the Blacks began to notice what was happening. We had no jobs and lived in the worst housing conditions, slums. Blacks had been made to re-live the hard times again. We were second class citizens.

The schools were segregated, Black schools had a lack of educational facilities, meaning most of the children were illiterate. Despite all these difficulties we were still surviving. We accepted our predicament. Living separate lives in our prefabricated ghettos.

We were gradually being pushed back and backwards. Yet we let it happen. We were weak. We just refused to believe that it was really happening. We still had our pride, our stubborn pride. I was angry with my own people, they seemed to be oblivious to what was happening. They went to church, carried on living a life! And their world, my world, was going up in smoke. Maybe I was being too harsh. Maybe things would get better, I mean they couldn't get much worse...

It was not June. I was wrong. Things did get worse, much worse. You know up to this very day, I have no idea what it was that made society change so dramatically. Blacks over the years had seemed to be achieving what they had fought for - Equality! We thought it was happening slowly, but surely. But then came the political reform, so suddenly, that we didn't even realise it had happened.

Now in Africa, particularly in the South, the Nationalist government policy of apartheid was reformed and White Rule had taken over. Zimbabwe was renamed Rhodesia. The Europeans owned all the manufacturing industries and the poor Black farmers were left almost penniless. The Black brothers

in Africa had no fight left in them. They had become a people hardened in inhumanity. They gave in without a fight.

In my view, Africans had become a colony again and ruling this colony was the coloniser BOYD. He was cruel and harsh - a white Idi Amin. The outside world knew little about him or what it was he was doing.

What follows is my summary of the events which took place in July.

Apparently this man Boyd was trying to start up the slave trade. They had rounded up 5000 Black South-Africans from Angola, Mozambique, Botswana and Namibia. They were gathered like herds of cattle, beaten and abused. They had undergone severe inspection? But Boyd wasn't satisfied. I believe he looked upon himself as another Hitler. He was disappointed with their conditions, they carried diseases, they were not strong or fit. This was due to the post-war starvation, lack of medical care and sanitation. Blacks had become refugees in their own domain.

I quote from a statement made by Boyd to the National newspaper: "They are of no use to society, these Negroes. I am helping both them and their people, ridding them of disease. We will have to annihilate them for the good of us all."

What follows is cruel, distasteful and unbelievable, but it is a fact. We must remember it has been done to the Jews by the Nazis and to the Vietnamese similarly by the Americans. All 5000 human being, men, women and children were killed, slaughtered. I don't know how, but the picture I saw later of dead bodies made me feel numb and sick. Bodies, blood, bones, all mutilated, butchered. I was sickened. I still cannot come to terms with it.

The annihilation was not condoned, yet it was never condemned. No protest by world authorities was made. Only Asia and the Russian Heads of State sent their deep condolences to the people of a nation.

Boyd had committed a crime, mass murder, and got away with it....!

THE REVOLUTION

The news of this Holocaust both scared and angered Blacks all over the world. Anger spread to hate. We were sick! sick! sick! of the way we were being treated.

It started in America, with the Black Americans, then it spread to Europe and gradually to African countries with a high Black population. The reprisals started in these places and led to riots which in turn led to bitter bloodshed. There were race wars on the street, the first ten days of violence were not organised it was not thought out politically, it just happened. It was inevitable. Guerilla armies, freedom fighters (I saw one of them) were formed. Guns, artillery, weapons were got. Young men and boys were ready for anything and everything.

The Americans, the white Americans (I've always hated their Victorian English patriotism) retaliated the only way they knew. They declared WAR! I have never understood politics, but this was insane - declaring a race war! I really did believe that this was judgement time. God punishing the world, wiping out all inhabitants. How can one define a race war. It's illogical.

I think I would be justified in calling our fighters "freedom fighters". The war or revolution, whatever it was, was a struggle by Blacks for survival. We didn't want to end up being slaughtered like our African counterparts. I have always condemned war and I still do, but I now see that this was inevitable. The last resort so to speak.

Joseph X, Black Panther leader, had brains. But I didn't like his obsession. He was for Black domination, his hatred for the whites which I

understood, could prove fatal. It was a hard and bloody battle, whites versus Black in combat. Our armies narrowly defeated the white armies. Most white racists were executed. There were thousands of them. I could hardly believe what I saw. Lines and lines of white men up against a wall, then shot. White hate was illuminated. I was glad.

I thought it was all over. I hoped for a new beginning - equality - but I was wrong. Again things weren't over, in fact it had only just begun. Here in Britain the Black army whom I respected and paid tribute to, were abnormally persistent with war and destruction and in particularly their hate for whites was overwhelming. It scared me. Millions of people, both Black and white had been lost, killed in the war. But now my own people have become themselves like the SS followers of Hitler, but only now their leader is Joseph X whose influence over the Blacks is hypnotic.

The war was over, Blacks were killing whites. Many whites took refuge in places like Russia and Asia. Those whites alive in America, Africa and Europe were now forced to live in over-crowded ghetto areas, similar to those lived in by Jews after the 2nd World War.

I suppose you're thinking that I shouldn't feel so bad about what the Black armies were doing. I mean one could say - 'do unto others what they do unto you'. Well I disagree! I think its terrible, we are just continuing what the whites have done to us. What does it achieve, this genocide? I disagree with superiority and racism irrespective of skin colour or creed. The revolution and the war could have achieved something. I am sure of it. It was a way of Black self-defence. But murder has no place in my heart.

I remember one night when I was looking out of my windows, it was an ordinary dark night, with no feeling left in the sky. The streets were littered, the Black army was on patrol, the scenery wasn't very romantic - demolished houses, old clothes, a few street lights. It looked tragic. Then out of the blue a very silly human being stepped out into the streets. That person was white. He knew it wasn't safe, not for a white person anyway to be walking along the streets. But he stepped out with such defiance that I almost smiled over the fear which I felt for him. Then a Black guard turned around and shouted: "You white facist! You dog, I hate you!", and with two shots in the chest the man dropped. His blood shot violently forward in all directions, it was vividly red. The man screamed, kicked, his body twitched, he coughed, spitting up blood. I had no idea the human body contained so much blood, it was all over the place. Then he stopped. He lay there limp. His chest was ripped open like that of a slaughtered chicken. It was the end of this life. I screamed. A sudden realisation of what had just happened sent a quick quiver down my spinal cord. I just stared, dazed into the sky. I started to cry. A man, a white man, had just been killed in cold blood, by a Black man. What was happening to our society?

It is very hard to write an accurate factual historic account of what happened. I played no important role in the war, nor did I understand the real motives behind why our men and boys continued their killings, I am just an ordinary Black girl with hopes and fears. I just live one day at a time, waiting for a change.

THE DEPRESSION

Now in the year 2000, the army have taken full control over the country. In our struggle for freedom, we have killed hundreds of whites meaninglessly. Joseph X was the leader, everybody listened to him, he was very influential and despite disliking him, I had a strange admiration for him. He was American, A Black man. Here in Britain we had no governing body except a few Black militants who liked to think they were keeping things in order.

It's funny - all these men who I had once respected because they continued the work of our great heroes such as Marcus Garvey, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X alongside many other civil rights fighters. Those men who paved the way for Blacks in the 70s and 80s, to live as people.

Britain and the world is now segregated. It is believed that all white racists are dead. Non-Blacks are in hiding and they are living in a sort of ghetto commune.

The nights are fearful for all. Looting, raping, murder and many more sordid crimes were being committed. We are being condemned. We are a desperate people. What are we to do? On January 13th 2001, I switched on my radio. I heard Reggae which was blasting out anti-white propaganda. I was just about to switch off when I heard this: "We interrupt this programme to bring you a newsflash.. Joseph X had died at his home in Atlanta City, America. The cause of death is unknown. Foul play is not suspected..." Good God! I was stunned, I couldn't believe my ears. I thought - "I must have been dreaming". Tears were trickling down my face. Then I just started to laugh. I still felt ashamed of my actions that day because I knew death is no laughing matter.

I had expected harsh reactions to this news, but instead it left the whole world confused and uncertain. Nobody wanted to succeed him and nobody had any solutions. Things were so bad for us that I wished the Soviet Union would drop an atomic bomb on us. There seemed to be no end to this insane era but they didn't.

Disease and sickness were killing people, mostly Blacks, because we had no medical supplies. The army is still functioning. We had become refugees. The story was all over. Grim! It doesn't make sense to me. What was all this for? What had we achieved?

Whites were gradually coming out of their shells - it didn't matter anymore. The army had stopped shooting randomly. Food, clothing and sanitary facilities had become very scarce. Poverty had overtaken our society.

There was nothing worth living for. No schools, hospital, no real political government. We just lived day by day. Most people thought that negotiations were in hand. Lack of organisation prevents anything positive.

EPILOGUE

I have a hope and ambition for my people and all peoples. I want life to be good again. I want society to realise that all peoples, irrespective of colour, religious background or political ideologies can live together: the aim is to blot out racism, and work together, the world could be a much better place, if only we tried.

I hope we will never have to live through such destruction again. Black power, white power, they just don't work. Nobody is superior and everybody is equal.

I hope someday that the nations will unite!

The struggle goes on!

THE END OR THE BEGINNING

THE END