

Even after being in India for five years now, I still feel nervous and the sooner I finish my studies and go home the better I feel. I never thought that some Indians and that too upper caste Hindus could be so hate - filled, xenophobic and outright racist. I came to India in 1988. I was then 20 and though an African my complexion was not dark but brown. In my African country, I never thought on racist terms at all, believing that all are equal. Though I had read Black literature detailing racism particularly in America, I was never overly affected by it.

The first sign that things would not be the same as in my country was when I boarded a train at VT station, I heard the word 'Negro' but I did not know then that it was rettering to me. My destination was Hyderabad.

Walking on the street I started attracting such stringing stares from Indian snormally reserved for animals in a zoo. "Negro" would be shouted with contempt. Others would be laughing at me and depending on the location I was in. Sometimes even a stone would be thrown at me.

In the college, some professors amazed me because of their ignorance about my country and my background. Some students would come and touch my hair without my permission, then break into animated Telugu, discussing many be the pros and cons of my hair. They would discuss me as if I was an inanimate object.

Landlords too exploited me to the maximum asking for higher rent while giving minimum facilities. Where water came by tanker, the locals would try to prevent us from the line alleging that we are touching their women. But it was more out of spite, because in a haphazard queue, you have to touch each other any way.

Children and young people shout at us in racist terms, eg. 'Kaala bhooth' (black ghost), 'monkey', 'black monkey'. These have become out labels. sometime seven rickshaw drivers tell us point blank 'Kala Nah' meaning "no to Blacks".

Agony of A Black African student in India

SAINAINA OLE SAINAINA

Many of my Black African Student friends also had the same experience. They too felt that as soon as me finish our studies there would be nothing to make us stay in India. The off-heard refrain from foreign students is that "India is good but the people are not".

We can't change the colour of our skin. I did not put an application to be born a Black. And there is nothing wrong in being Black. I used to think that only Western white people alone were racists but Indian has shocked me to learn that the brown-skinned Indians, particularly upper caste Hindus, are still worse.

Rap Brown, the famous Black activist, in a speach at Harlem(US) in the 60's said, reterring to the African Americans:

"We came to this country as Black African people, it took us 400 years to become Negroes".

Castes who brainwashed others to observe racism.

The more I am insulted for being Black the more I feel proud of the way God has created me. I strongly feel that God could not have created the Black people to be insulted, humiliated, beaten up, crucified, or made the butt of racist jokes in cartoons(Asterix's, Phantom, Tarzen etc)

According to the holy books of the three revealed religions, Judaism, Christianity and Islam, God made the first human from clay. It is so, then logically speaking the first man was dark or Black, whichever you prefer. There is only one black and red soil and if you mix it with water it becomes darkish. The Koran actually goes a step further and supports the Blacks.

"Walaqad Khalaqnal - Insana
min salsalim - min hama - im
masnuun"(Chapter 15,Verse 26)

("Verily we created man of potter's clay of Black mud altered". This is further repeated in verse 28 and 33)

God in his wisdom created the first human being Black. I do not know the hard core racists are going to stomach this but even scientific studies in DNA(genetics) and anthropological studies are increasingly stumbling on this great truth.

Black people have the oldest culture. World's first human being was Black. This however, is not meant to make the Blacks feel superior than the others, but to make them acknowledge the wisdom of the creator. The rest of the world should respect the Blacks, not abuse and look down upon them. As the Bible says honour your mother and father so that your days on this world will be longer.

As Louis Farrakhan says "Dear white, yellow, brown and red brothers, we honour and respect you, but you do not honour and respect us". There is great truth in his words.

(Courtesy - Dalit Voice Aug.16,1993)

To me and majority of Black Students from Africa, it usually takes just five and a half hours for us to change from Black Africans to Negroes. The moment you land at Sahar Airport in Bombay, you are no longer a Sudanese, Kenyan, Ethiopian, Nigerian or Somalian. YOU ARE A NEGRO. You have to put up with this whether you like or not.

I have traveled in other parts of the world including Asia. But no where the people are so colour-concious as in India. That me to search and search for the roots of the Indian brand of racism and finally some body advised me to read V.T.Rajshekar's book Brahminism- Father of Facism, Racism, Nasism(109/7th Cross, Palace Lower Orchards, Bangalore 560 003) which helped me to confirm my views about racism in India. I understand that the real roots of racism are in brahminism. Before reading the book, I was blaming all Indians but now I have corrected myself. The problem is with the few Aryan Upper

FAROOK

OMAR. O. THASNEEM



I am a sweet saga of yore

The precious passion of a divine lore

I heard time's horse neighing in the stable

I heard death's knell tolling in the dark

Then came a saint and untrapped me

Then came many savages and infested me

They came tame and meek, were they

They came bowed and prayed and vowed

They went in unequal rhymes

They went and gave me the richest of the
hymns

Again they came and saw me a savage babe

A little beneath their floated name

They maimed and misnamed me

For my name was beneath their floated aims

They saw me a youth full of help and hurry

They wanted me a harlot full of whelp and
worry

It was the time of times

It was the crime of crimes

They cramped me with waste loads of rubbish
knowledge

And robbed me of the blood and spirit of my

most cherubic face

They re-figured and reformed and de-figured
me

They came to me haughty and imperious

They came rude and rugged and rowdy

They came nude and void and filthy

Then came a devil and trapped me

Then came many ravages that inflicted me

I heard the money bags dropping the jazz

The Agony of my newer mass

They made me a criminals den, They made me
a cannibal's club

They cooled, they barred, they warred

And shame was it to tell they were my words

And now I hear the spirit roaring in the tomb

I hear the death bell ringing loud

The saint is in beauty sleep by the Masjid

The savages howl and shriek and shout

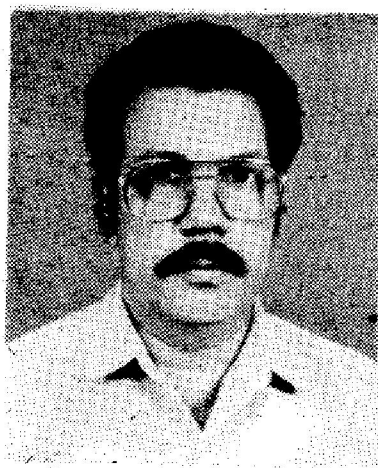
no he won't come back to untrap me.

No - Nothing Country

In early morning -
I climb up a tree,
And see far away -
A blue beautiful country
Blue people,
Blue horses,
And valleys of blue.
Late, in the evening -
I climb up a tree,
And see far away -
A golden beautiful country,
People of Gold
Horses of Gold,
Valleys of Gold, too.

Then in the night -
I climb up a tree,
I'd see one Big -
No - nothing country,
No people
No horses,
No valleys, I'd see.

ABDUSSATHAR .V.K



Prof. M. Mohammed

Prof. M. Mohammed (Retired on 30-6-93) has given of his best to Farook college and to all that the College stands for. An old student of the College he brought to the teachers' calling the old-world dedication and fastidious attention to details. His was a rare combination of devotion and competence. The several assignments he completed with sincere commitment to duty included those of Head of the PG Dept. of Arabic, Chief Editor of 40th Anniversary Sovenir and of the teachers' representative in the Managing committee. We pray that Prof. Mohammed continue his service with his characteristic youthful vigour.

M. Balakrishnan, Last-grade expired on 31-1-93

Joined service on 25-10-82 as Last-grade. He was a worker (Muster-roll) for several years before commencement of regular service in 1982, as plumber.

TO MY LOST LOVE

shair

I sit in the chair on the dream land today,
Dreaming of you everyday,
Remebering those days,
Which we spent together till the end of day.
What fantastic hours were they,
When our romantic moods met
When the seas of love glowed
And joined as they overflowed
Now mind does so teach,
That you are a treacherous leech,

But why should I blame you
As it was no fault of me or you?,
And make a fool of me.
You are there and I am here,
And both are happy by their new
Darlings dear
So why should I waste more time for you,
And this I like to say to you,
Just keep in touch if this pleases you.
with love