The surprising primary results have come in...the general election is over...the Rochester community has spoken loud and clear, "No More Politics As Usual."

History will be made on January 1, 1994. When William A. Johnson, Jr. is sworn in as Mayor. This is a history making event because the Rochester community has elected and presented an African-American man with the challenge of leadership in a community, much like many others, suffering from many social and economic ills.

The following is an exclusive interview with Mayor-elect, Bill Johnson.

**VOICE**: What will your administrative accomplish in the first 100 days?
**JOHNSON**: We plan to use a series of transition task forces to prioritize our issues. Out of that process short term and long range goals will be developed. I want to emphasize community ownership in everything that we do.

**VOICE**: What are your immediate plans to stem the tide of violence and combat drug trafficking in the Rochester community?
**JOHNSON**: Support the community/neighborhood initiatives that currently exist and have expressed concerns about their block. I have met with and spent a lot of time talking with youth, particularly between the ages of 13-15. Some of these young people must be confronted and must be convinced to give up their weapons. We have got to utilize our resources better. Youth and family workers must work out of the schools. The problem of youth violence is not one dimensional, it must be attacked on many fronts. It is not a police problem as much as it is a community problem. The "Community Non-Violence Task Force" report contains many solid recommendations that need to be implemented.

**VOICE**: What incentives will you offer local industry to stay in the Rochester area, Eastern Kodak in particular?
**JOHNSON**: Kodak's recent appointment of a new Chairman may have taken care of the problem. We have to protect our limited resources and continue to make Rochester a far more attractive place to do business in. We have to particularly use our money more wisely.

**VOICE**: Do you have a message for the African-American community?
**JOHNSON**: Yes, the whole theme of City Hall will change and be timeless through the people I appoint and the programs they implement. Significant change will be seen and it is my hope that we can begin to work together. Some people want to dwell on the past and it will make it more difficult to move forward unless we are together.

Many have their pet projects, but it will be my responsibility to stay focused on the larger picture. I will say that I do not plan to turn a deaf ear to any citizens, no matter how lowly about the police department. I am also going to insist on some policy changes and see that promotional opportunities are more readily available. I am on a one on one basis. I am to have witnessed the pride that the result of this election has instilled in many.

The "Blueprint for Change" circulated during Bill Johnson's campaign speaks to some very good and positive solutions to many issues. This community needed new leadership and now that we have it, let's not miss an opportunity to make this administration more effective than any before it.

The success or failure of this new administration rests in the hands and hearts of the community. Bill Johnson is only a man, one man who needs all of us to lay down our swords and our egos and get back to being community. You have heard it before and it can't be said enough..."We're all part of the solution...then you're part of the problem."

Contrary to popular opinion, my personal support of Bill Johnson's candidacy for Mayor of Rochester was not made arbitrarily or suddenly. The fact of the matter is that my decision was made many years before. The decision was made in Dakar, Senegal (West Africa) while I was there visiting with several others from the Rochester area, the year was 1989.

One of these people was the late James "Mamba" McCuller. Many conversations took place pertaining to the political future and climate in Rochester. Population changes and the increased enrollment in the Democratic party were dictating the conversation at the time. (Bill Johnson was not in the party).

As a long time resident, politician, political strategist and observer, as were others in our traveling party, including my husband, John Mitchell, it had become increasingly apparent that the time to consider the possibility of an African-American Mayor was now.

At the top of my list for consideration was James "Mamba" McCuller. Jim rejected the possibility. He said even though he was personally interested, he felt he had too many political shackles, and that there were too many obstacles for him to overcome.

Jim felt that his strong community activism had turned off a lot of the support he would have needed. He felt one of the keys to running a successful campaign would have to be attracting support from our diverse community. It was at this time, that Jim announced and convinced me, that he knew of only one other person that would qualify. That person was Bill Johnson. CEO and Executive Director of the Rochester Urban League. He said he felt that Bill's strong managerial and administrative capabilities made him a prime candidate for the job.

Even though my brother Jim is no longer in this dimension, I know that he would have worked hard to secure Bill Johnson's appropriate place in history.

It was Jim's vision that fanned the fires burning inside me during this campaign. I'm sure that brother Jim is looking down on us now with a wide smile and saying, "well done."

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**Constance Mitchell on: Bill Johnson**

**Happy Birthday Howard W. Coles, Publisher of the Frederick Douglass Voice**

See Election Night Pictures on Page 6

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**Reinvest in South Africa says Sullivan**

Philadelphia clergyman Leon H. Sullivan declared a success in his 15 year crusade against apartheid and urged Americans to support unlimited reinvestment in the new South Africa. The 71-year old Baptist minister said he expected South Africa's future government to adopt racial equality and equal opportunity by all businesses there. Mr. Sullivan favored monitoring corporations, in co-operation with South Africans on compliance with new South African equality laws.

News from the South African media courtesy of the South African Consulate General.
**145th Anniversary Douglass Paper**

**THE FREDERICK DOUGLASS VOICE**

"RIGHT is of no sex, truth is of no order - GOD is the father of us all and all we are brethren"

Frederick Douglass

1993

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**OBITUARY**

**CARROLL, Earl Martin Jr.**

October 22, 1993

Funeral services were held at St. Bridget's Church, Father Tony Magaros officiating. Mr. Carroll was born June 13, 1966. He is survived by his father, Earl Martin Carroll, Sr. and mother, Earnestine friedler Carroll Keeton; his daughter Whitney three sisters, Shawn, Adelaide and Christina; grandfather, Ernest Felder of Seattle, WA; grandmother, Pearlie Felder of Rochester, NY; fiancée, Victoria Elisea; and a host of other relatives and friends.

Pallbearers were Rodney Perry, Roger Cyrus, Eugene Perry, Charlie Stephon, Don Daymon, Ron Daymon and Gregory Walker. Honorary Pallbearer was Steve Linton. Final arrangements by Metropolitan Funeral Chapels Inc. of Rochester.

**FAISON, Coleman Sr.**

(Candy)

November 12, 1993

Funeral services were held at Joseph E. Hall Funeral Home, Elder David C. Beek officiating. Mr. Faison is survived by his wife, Rose Lee Faison; four sons, Tony Arnetta, Jr., Coleman, Jr., Christopher and Bernard Faison; three daughters, Sandra, Roslyn (Wiley) Aaron and Kim (Arnetta), Coleman Jr., Duane Perry, Roger Cyrus, Eugene Perry, Lemonia (Gregory Faison) Roberts, Steve Faison, Steve Faison, Jr., Duane Perry, Roger Cyrus, Eugene Perry, Lemonia (Gregory Faison) Roberts.

Final arrangements by Metropolitan Funeral Chapels Inc.

**MITCHELL, Louise V.**

(Decker 17, 1906)

November 4, 1993

Funeral services were held at Fountain Memorial Church. The Rev. Upson officiating. Mrs. Mitchell is survived by two sons, E.C. (Constance) Mitchell and George W. (Donna) Mitchell, former daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mitchell, three grandchildren, Constance (Gregory) Jefferson, Karen (Benjamin) Thomas of Rochester and George (Ellen) Thomas of Boston, MA; one great-grandchild; one brother, Victor (Alice) Valley; three sisters, Asumah Boudeaux, Elizabeth (Lawrence) Lopez and Nolla Stamps.

Final arrangements by Millard E. Latimer & Son.

**THORNTON, Sandra Yvonne**

November 12, 1993

Funeral services were held at St. Luke-St. Simon Cyprian. The Rev. Gayle Elizabeth Harris officiating. Ms. Thornton is survived by her parents, Herbert and Geneva Thornton, Sr. maternal grandmother, Mrs. Templeton, several cousins, several relatives, and others.

Pallbearers were Clifford Smith, Christopher Smith, Thomas Key, Paul Johnson, Thomas Heyd, and Corey Jackson. Final arrangements by Joseph E. Hall Funeral Home, Inc.
**Zion Hill Missionary Baptist Church Pastor and First Lady Honored**

Recently, The Reverend Samuel McCree and his lovely wife, Laura, Pastor and First Lady of Zion Hill Missionary Baptist Church, were honored by his congregation, family and friends with a dinner at the Holiday (Airport) Inn.

There were well over 500 people in attendance, paying tribute to such a fine couple and celebrating the Pastor’s 12 years in the ministry. The Rev. McCree’s calling to the ministry in our community has not gone unnoticed.

Of the many well-wishers that made comments that evening, the one that stuck in my mind was made by Mayor-elect Bill Johnson.

He said “Rev. Dwight Cook (Mt. Olive Baptist Church) is my pastor, Rev. James Cherry (Anton Baptist Church), Rev. Graves (New Bethel CME Church), Rev. Goff (Baker AME Church), and others, are no strangers...but the Samuel McCree is my leader...”

The congregation at Zion Hill, along with hundreds and hundreds of others long and steadily growing by leaps and bounds has been a blessing to many and to all affiliated.

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**Straight... no chaser**

by Gloria E. Winston

Here I sit at 8:00 A.M. headed to Washington, D.C. on Amtrak 494.

What I had anticipated would be a comfortable ride, became a nightmare, shortly after boarding.

I sat back and smiled in anticipation of seeing a friend I hadn’t seen in a couple of years. I reflected on the remark Jack spoke at the podium, the negatives and the positives.

Within the past month I had survived a devastating tornado that shredded two blocks from my parents home. God had blessed us by moving a cold front in to spare us from Hurricane Emily.

My mother had survived a heart attack caused by a blockage. She was blessed enough to have the blockage remove through vasectomy, thus not requiring anticipated heart surgery.

I had survived all of this and boarded Amtrak in a peaceful mood. The state which was now suddenly interrupted by a young African-American man.

He was 16ish and obviously thought that Shabba Ranks was the artist he and everyone in his immediate environment were fond of.

Now don’t get me wrong. I like Shabba myself, but it was a little hard to take at eight o’clock in the morning.

The conductor hadn’t noticed the pain in my face, or the pain in the face of the over 40 white woman in the aisle across from me who began playing her musical chairs to avoid the intrusion of the young man’s radio.

(Where were his headphones?)

The over 40 white male sitting behind me showed obvious pain. He must have read and retold the newspaper several times, as he attempted to look at the source of this music.

Finally, I found the courage to turn off his radio and the intrusion of the young man was not a problem anymore. I can only imagine the joy he felt when the Shabba tape was finally replaced.

The peace lasted as long as it took him to replace the Shabba tape and replace it he did...with rap music. Not just any rap music, not the kind I like, the kind of rap music that graphically describes killing and going to jail.

Well, about this time I decided to let up and let God. I got out of God’s way and I watched him work. And work he did!

An elderly (70ish) African-American couple boarded the train at Richmond. As they entered the car I was seated in, I could not help but overhear the conversation they were having.

He was saying things like “I told you we should have taken a plane. On a plane we wouldn’t have to put up with this inconvenienced. We would have had reserved seats and we would not have had to carry our luggage.”

The man was extremely distinguishing, looking very disgruntled and very dismayed. The only seats available to them were directly across from me.

Directly in front of the rap music. To make matters worse, there was no room overhead for the couple’s luggage and they were non-smokers, relegated to seats in a smoking car.

The young man was in his seat only a matter of seconds before he stood up and slowly walked down to get a good look at the source of this music. He must have been so disgusted by something to him. His need for the kind of rap music that graphically describes killing

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Also for your enjoyment
"LADY ROSE" and Band
Show Times 8:30 p.m. & 10 p.m.
Also DJ J & L Productions 6 p.m. until 2 a.m.

All The Way Live
At Crosskeys Tavern

It's 12:08 a.m. on a Wednesday night.
The place is packed and the joint is jumper.
Crosskeys has brought new life to the Rochester nightlife scene. The streets really
do not roll up at eight o'clock, at least not
on Thurston Road.
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place to go any night of the week,
Crosskeys is your best bet.
At Crosskeys you can buy two drinks, pay
for them with a five dollar bill.....and GET
CHANGE!!! See you there.
Sports and Reality

On November 8th Bernie Kosar, starting quarterback for the Cleveland Browns, was cut from the team. The reason given by Coach Belichick and owner Art Modell was Kosar's "diminished skills". Kosar is a seven year veteran. Only months earlier he was an All-Pro and a starting quarterback, but recently had been injured and his performance had been inconsistent. Now he was out of a job. Kosar is from a poor family in Youngstown, Ohio. He dreams of marrying his wife, the former Marcia Venglos, and having a family. Kosar is a religious man and practices Judaism. He is a hard worker and is known for his work ethic. Kosar played basketball and football in high school and was an excellent student. He is a natural leader and is known for his ability to motivate his teammates.

On the same day that Kosar was cut, another Cleveland Brown, Lee Roy Jordan, was released. Jordan is a running back who was drafted in the first round of the 1987 NFL Draft. He is known for his speed and agility, but has been plagued by injuries. Jordan was a star at Ohio State University and was expected to have a successful career in the NFL. However, injuries have limited his playing time and he has never lived up to his potential. Jordan is a hard worker and is known for his work ethic. He is a natural leader and is known for his ability to motivate his teammates.

On November 24th, 1993 Sports and Reality published an article about the impact of sports on the economy. The article discussed the importance of sports to the economy and the impact of the NFL's decision to cut Bernie Kosar and Lee Roy Jordan. The article also discussed the impact of the NFL's decision to cut Bernie Kosar and Lee Roy Jordan on the economy.
Election Night Stars

Row 1: Mike Osborne; Kaitlyn Terrell, Jim Ely, Herb Washington, Mrs. Johnson (Bill's Mom), Blaine (Bill's grandson), Bill Johnson, Wanda Miller; Herb Wolfe & Blaine.
Row 2: Clay Osborne; Herb Washington & Bill Johnson; David Guest & Ron Thomas.
Row 3: Wanda Miller & Kelly Johnson (Bill's daughter); "Snuffy" & Marie Smith & Molly Thornton; John & Carol Adams.
Row 4: Willie Lightfoot & Bill Hall; Bill Johnson & unidentified well wisher; Sandra Thornton, Mary Ann Wolf & Mrs. Johnson.
Row 5: John Mitchell; Gloria Winston; Madeline Gamble & Jewel Gayle-Jones.

Photos by Sandra and Molly Thornton
Critics Chair - FDV at the Movies

by Janice Kelsa Langhans

Art imitates life, that much we know. So isn’t it interesting that we often find a parallel at the movies - a limited form of escape from life caught up in the tangled emotions sometimes more powerful, more evocative than in our own everyday lives? The three movies reviewed present a parade of life, a look back over the complications of estate life in the 1930s and an absorbing, timeless saga of three generations of Asian women.

Addams Family Values **
Raul Julia, Anjelica Huston, Christopher Lloyd, Joan Cusack
Rated PG

First off, this movie contains enough violence to move it up to a notch on the PG-13 rating. And now, darn it say it! Another sequel that is almost as funny as the original film. However, there are some plots worth mentioning. The dramatic use of lighting for Hussow’s character “Morticia” was effective, if overdone. The swashbuckling action and hot Latin araro of Julia’s “Gomez”, were entertaining enough, if underdone.

Family Values opens with the introduction of baby boy Addams, lovingly named “Pebber”. The main face in the love-hate story between Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd) and his gold digging blonde bride (Cusack), who variously marches Wednesday and Pugly off to camp. Some real comic relief is provided when Wednesday masterminds her own radical version of what some may feel should have happened at the original Thanksgiving Day tableau. In the near final climax, the scene stealing, last minute rescue provided by Pebber (who undergoes a startling middle- picture metamorphosis) closes this chapter of Addams family life.

It may be true that the Addams formula is not strong enough to sustain a second hit comedy. I have no doubt, however, that it will give rise to a new cult following. My guess is that they - a group of corpse-like teenagers, male sporting thin mustaches and females covered in black – will take up the Addams flag and faithfully support a few more limp sequels. If so, write your own reviews.

Remains of the Day **
Anthony Hopkins, Emma Thompson, Christopher Reeve, James Fox
Rated PG-17

From James Ivory and Ismail Merchant, the creators of “Howard’s End”, excellent performances are given by academy award winners Hopkins (Mr. Stevens, Jr., butler) and Thompson (Mrs. Kenton, housekeeper).

This movie could easily be called a classic tale of genteel life in the 1930s with a dash of foreign relations between France, Britain, America and Germany. Based on the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, the plot and subplot are well told and well blended, but the characters are presented in a way that requires one to empathize British calm, integrity and dry wit.

The limited screen time made available to Reeves – essentially one impassioned speech about the American position on an armed conflict to the British Prime Minister – is not enough, if underused.

This movie offers open skating, as well as figure skating and hockey lessons and other rental programs. The ice rink is open daily through April 3. Fees are: Adults, $5.00; Under 18, $1.50 and Seniors over 60 with a Discount Pass, $1.00 (Family Maximum, $5.00) Skates are available for $2.50. Call 235-6911 or 235-3290 for information.

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The City Beat
Roy Haynes Receives Danish Jazz Center Award

During the 1950's and 60's one of the era's foremost jazz drummers, Roy Haynes, was a frequent visitor to the Rochester jazz scene. Often appearing with his own group at the now defunct Pythodd Club, Haynes never failed to amaze his followers with his exemplary taste and drive.

Haynes is viewed by his colleagues as a "musician's musician". Sarah Vaughan, with whom he appeared for several years, described him as her favorite drummer. His music collaboration and accomplishments with the late, great jazz saxophonist, John Coltrane, is well known in elite jazz circles.

Although Haynes rates with Art Blakey, Max Roach, Elvin Jones and Philly Joe Jones as one of the great innovators of the be-bop period and beyond, he has never received his just due until recently.

In July he was named the recipient of the Danish Jazz Center's $30,000 Jazz Pur Prize. At the August 29th Charlie Parker Festival in Tompkin's Square Park, New York City, Haynes appeared with his new group which included excelling saxophonist, Craig Handy.

Haynes, who played with Charlie Parker, was clearly one of the crowd favorites as evidenced by the many who clamored for his personal audience and autographs. Congratulations, Roy, visit Rochester again soon!

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Governor Cuomo’s Tip of the Week

The City’s ice rinks offer the best value in hockey and figure skating on artificial ice in the area! Daily skating is available at three artificial ice rinks, with additional hours during the holidays.

The Webster Avenue Ice Rink, 530 Webster Avenue, is open for free skating seven days a week. December 26 through March 12. Skate rental is $1.00 per session. For info, call 654-8900.

The Manhattan Square Park Ice Rink, corner of Chestnut & Court Sts., offers skating seven days a week, open to downtown, with free skating weekly day. The rink is open daily Nov. 26 through March 19. Free open skating will be offered on Nov. 26 & 27 from 12 noon until 8 p.m., otherwise fees are: Adults, $2.00; Youth under 18, $1.50, and Seniors over 60 with a Discount Pass, $1.00 (Family Maximum, $5.00). Skates rentals are available for $2.50. Group rentals are available for $1.75 per person. Call 428-7541.

The Greece Valley Park Ice Rink, 131 Elmwood Ave., offers open skating, as well as figure skating and hockey lessons and other rental programs. The ice rink is open daily through April 3. Fees are: Adults, $5.00; Under 18, $1.50 and Seniors over 60 with a Discount Pass, $1.00 (Family Maximum, $5.00). Skate rentals are available for $2.50. Call 235-6684 or 235-2290 for taped information.

Schedules may be subject to some change. Interested skaters are encouraged to call for up-to-date information. All rinks are available for rental. Call 428-0755 for group permit information.

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THINK AND BECOME GREAT

By Charles Umphred

At our life progresses we move along separate paths but never disconnect the friendships that grow with knowing the journey. My Name is Charles Umphred, and I am an attorney and Honored in the Arizona desert and I've asked her if I could write occasional columns for the VOICE.

The subject of this article is thinking...and for me it is my life. As you exercise you never stop doing the one that takes place 24 hours per day in your head.

The sum total of everything, both good and bad that has ever taken place in your life is because of the way you think. The greatest athletes, business persons, or for that matter, the most successful people, started their career as a thought.

When you understand this you will realize that you have absolute control over your life. A person with a positive attitude or any physical handicap. No matter what field of endeavor you look at, someone, who by all exercise, you never stop doing, is the one that takes control.

I mapped out a new life in my mind when it was the only area of activity I thought I was whole again. I learned to exercise and control my world disease, where I exercised, ran and lived like the illiterate had never happened.

Within five months I was out of my bed, walking again, and working out in my gym. Within 15 months I was living in Arizona with a new business and life and in the community. I partnered and I own a successful marketing company that spans four countries.

I am not telling you this to impress you but to impress upon you the power of positive thought. We do not dream the things that are impossible are happening to you. You are an important person.

Among every major crossroad in my life was broken along with severe damage to many major organs. For over 30 days I fought to live, despite the unanimous decision by my surgeons that I couldn't. The fact that I did live was, once again, chalked up to a powerful "will to survive." I hope I don't have to point out that the "will to do anything" comes in the form of a decision which starts as a thought.

When I was eventually discharged from the hospital, most people assumed that my life would be one of a handicapped individual who "feeds everything to a drunk driver," but again, my thinking was on a different mode. I determined that this was another great adventure for me to enter into and I put together a three part plan to rebuild a new life. I had a friend in grade school I became enamored with, the comic book heroes, and as I thought, "I want to be like him." I became a master of martial arts, a bodybuilder, an expert skydiver...in essence I lived the life of adventure.

On May 1, 1987, a drunk driver, out on bail for seven drunk driving arrests, came barreling down the road, plowed into my car and altered the course of my life, forever. Although every major bone in my body was broken, it took time to heal the damage and permanently change the way I was thinking.

The new immigrants of many colors are people getting ahead because they are uncumbered by feelings of inferiority or superiority inherited from U.S. amelioration and slavery. Uncumbered by what happened from The War, Uncumbered by the why, and whether what happened relates to here and now. They do not waste precious time in vacuous discussion about relative merits of black or white beauty.

Dreaming of being in the Oval Office is seeing ourselves in the position of Commander-in-Chief of the United States Armed Forces, not in the position of janitor and shining the floors or standing at the day-long dinners in Chief. The new immigrants may not want to be president, but they put up no psychological barrier to the prospect of becoming president of the United States, or of having anything they desire make them feel less than god. They come uncumbered, bringing aspirations without reservation. The color and unity of America, the U.S. slavery, they have long tired of whatever oppression we believe became the norm for slave and immigrant 500 years ago, remembering oppression suffered far longer than our suffering, will submit no longer. Their attitude says, no more.

We still submit, suffering a pain in the soul, a resigned inferiority (or superiority), a driving resentment, acquiring a new and experienced feeling of guilt that comes from not being able to be free from the oppression, from being oppressed, from submitting our entire being to the feeling and source of oppression.

The immigrants I see bustling to and from work...are the children of this nation. Their train rides...are those free of U.S. whites. White and black Americans standing far too long in the long shadow of another War together with the new immigrants—brings great talent and insight to a second Reconstruction in America. Together we can respond sensibly to the pressing need to rebuild and reconcile our nation, government and society.

The new immigrants of many colors coming to us from all over the world, from every corner of continents and countries...the Indians, the Gypsies (Rom), Hispanics, Arabs, Jews, Africans, Europeans, Asians, Africans, the many colors of America all of these in the role of Commander-in-Chief.

Mixing with the new immigrants will break the yoke of Slavery and the yoke of The War that has haunted us, daggored our every move, for hundreds of years; a haunting, lingering guilt that renders us less than we should be, less than America requires us to be.

Within the mix of new immigrants and other white and black American, there should be no need of white superiority; no need of black defense of its existence. Drive (deinstitutionalization) and the journey, the expected destination should be the way of things, a way of being--unswerving, a subject for private television headlines except a celebration of ongoing progress.

In the new mix there should be a yearning to succeed, to be educated, to learn; not to hold on to color for your own sake, but to hold on to the strength that inheres in diversity necessary for the common good. The new mix should understand that it is mind, the way we think and perceive, not physical appearance, that is the underlying issue in society—the way we (black and white) think about ourselves, each other, and others seemingly far removed from us in far-flung sectors of the world.

We should no longer tolerate murderers or swaggering supposedly defending black or white beauty (blackness or whiteness). And while we can no longer use the freedom of speech we should no longer grant places of honor, seats on boards and in government, positions in U.S. classrooms to known slanders, murderers and bigots.

Color in immigration is a strength, in many colors of new immigrants bringing changed expectations, a way to be, as usual, an American, and the journey, the expected destination should be the way of things, a way of being—unswerving, a subject for private television headlines except a celebration of ongoing progress.

In the new mix there should be a yearning to succeed, to be educated, to learn; not to hold on to color for your own sake, but to hold on to the strength that inheres in diversity necessary for the common good. The new mix should understand that it is mind, the way we think and perceive, not physical appearance, that is the underlying issue in society—the way we (black and white) think about ourselves, each other, and others seemingly far removed from us in far-flung sectors of the world.

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