

Early 2001
(SPECIAL MILLENNIUM EDITION)

ANNUAL MAZRUI NEWSLETTER NO. 25

General Theme:

ON BOUNDARIES AND THE BLOODLINE

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APPENDIX

By

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This Newsletter is written for friends, relatives and colleagues. My home address in this period is as follows:

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This Newsletter has an Appendix (newspaper clippings) relevant to the general theme.

This Millennium Newsletter is my longest ever. The year 2000 was fundamental. This was the year when I lost a beloved sister in Mombasa and celebrated the arrival of a grandson in California. It was the year when my youngest children (seven and eight years old) visited their Nigerian family in Jos for the first time. But it was also the year when their aunt Caroline, my wife's sister, died within a couple of months of our departure from Nigeria. Caroline was only 40 years old.

These were issues of the bloodline at the level of family. We shall return to them later. But the new millennium was also a period of the bloodline in the sense of clan, tribe and race. In Zimbabwe I had occasion to dialogue with president Robert Mugabe about issues of race, citizenship and rights. In Libya I conversed with Muammar Qaddafi about the competitive demands of Pan-Africanism and Pan-Arabism. In Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, we explored the issue of reparations for the enslavement of Africans across the centuries. And in the United States I grappled with issues of race, religion and social tensions. These subjects are part of the agenda of this years' Annual Mazrui Newsletter.

1. Family Bloodline: Death, Rebirth and Beyond

I was in Oxford, England, when I first learnt about the death of my oldest sister, Salma. I was attending a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Oxford Center for Islamic Studies. One instinct was to catch the next plane out to Mombasa, Kenya, where my sister had died. But there were two inhibitions. One was the voice of my sister's father (who was of course also my own). Sheikh Al'Amin Mazrui (who died in 1947) had a fatwa which disapproved of abandoning major obligations "in the service of grief."

I had long standing obligations in Oxford, London, and Tripoli, Libya. Was I to abandon them because I was suddenly grief-stricken?

The second dilemma concerned the simple fact that I would not be in time for my sister's funeral in any case. Islamic funerals are normally expected to occur within twenty-four hours of the person's death. It is believed that the deceased would not find peace unless he or she was laid to rest in the grave as soon as possible. Was it necessary to fly home at all in an age when condolences and mutual consolations could be done by telephone and on the Internet?

First and foremost, I heeded the advice of Salma's father (and mine) not to abandon major obligations in the service of grief. I completed my work at Oxford, and then went to London to give a lecture at the Ibn Rushd Centre at Westminster University on the subject of "Globalization and the Future of Islamic Civilization." I then flew to Libya to give two lectures under the auspices of the African Centre for Applied Research and Training in Social Development. My Libyan topics were on (a) Pax Africana and Conflict Management and (b) Globalization and the African Renaissance. My main host was Dr. Ahmed Fituri, whose PhD was from the University of Michigan where I once taught. We had known each other from our Michigan days.

From Tripoli could I cross African borders and fly directly to Nairobi, another African capital? No such luck! For thousands of dollars, I had to return to London before I could proceed to Nairobi, and then onwards to Mombasa (can you imagine?) I was of course much too late for Salma's funeral but in plenty of time for mutual family consolation, for love and healing. Salma's younger son, Alamin M. Mazrui, flew in from the United States (he is a professor at the Ohio State University). He was not in time for

the funeral either. In his case, perhaps it was just as well. He was particularly devastated by his mother's death, and might have been overwhelmed at her funeral.

What about the borders between the newly departed and the newly born? As we were mourning Salma's departure, one of her granddaughters gave birth to a girl – who was promptly named Salma! And my own second son, Al' Amin and his wife Jill, gave me a grandson – and they promptly called him Ali! I now know that there will be another Ali Al' Amin Mazrui long after this old Ali Al' Amin Mazrui is truly gone! May the next Ali A. Mazrui have the strengths of the old one and be spared the weaknesses. Amen!

Pauline, my wife, managed to be in California on the night of the birth of our grandson, Ali. I then joined them to admire and salute the next incarnation of the dynasty, Insha Allah! We had a good time together in Castro Valley, California.

The biggest tragedy of the Uti boundary of the family (my wife's family) was the death of Pauline's sister at the age of forty. I woke up one morning in Binghamton to find Pauline in tears. Between sobs she explained to me what had happened – a sudden death, seemingly due to an asthma attack. Caroline left behind a widower and four children. Had Pauline not just arrived back from Nigeria herself, the temptation to fly home would have been great for her. But a second trip to Nigeria so soon would have disoriented our own small children (seven and eight years old) – whether Pauline left them behind with me and Goretti or took them with her to Nigeria. (Goretti is our Ugandan-Canadian friend who lives with us with her daughter, Maria).

We found other ways of consoling each other with the family in Jos – through telephone conversations and through gifts of bereavement in the usual African way.

Caroline's death was particularly poignant to us since we had seen her and her family just a few weeks earlier. In June I had taken Pauline, Farid and Harith to Jos and left them there. I arrived back in Jos in August in preparation for our departure. My children and Caroline's children spent many hours playing together. The shock was that much greater when we learnt of Caroline's death a few weeks after our departure. A special mass organized by Goretta Mugambwa for Caroline was held at St. Paul's Catholic Church in Binghamton. It was a great comfort for Pauline and me to see so many friends at the service in Binghamton.

However, the tragedy should not diminish the prior happiness. Pauline and our children were enthusiastically received by Caroline and her husband and by other members of the Nigerian family. Pauline's mother was already a familiar figure to our children because she had spent some nine months in Binghamton in the 1990s. Caroline's other siblings rose to the occasion, and especially Jane, her husband and her kids. (Incidentally, Jane has been spoiling me and all my five sons with splendid Nigerian shirts which she makes herself. She is a gifted dressmaker in Jos.)

Jane has had twins, who played well with our children in June, July and August 2000. Pauline herself is one of twins. The Uti's are a twin-oriented family. One reason why Pauline and I have not attempted to have a third child might have been a nervousness about getting twins. What if the third child was accompanied by the fourth child in the same package from the gracious stalk? Pauline's cousin Frank and his wife Shonett spent Christmas with us in Binghamton! Guess what? They had delightful twins – Chinelo and Chiwe - as well as Chioma, their first-born. The twins were so delightful that Pauline and I began to wonder whether or not we "should review the situation"!!

The Mazrui side of the family had an unusual reunion at the Georgetown Conference Center in Washington DC. I was a keynote speaker at a fundraising Ramadhan Iftar for the Centre for the Study of Islam and Democracy held at the Georgetown Center. The next day I was joined by my sons Jamal and Kim and by Molly (my first wife). It was a wonderful opportunity to catch up not only with each other's news, but also with each other's concerns! One of the highlights was a superb family dinner at an Indian Restaurant in Georgetown. India was a familiar cuisine-boundary in the Mazrui family!

In American academia, a vital professional boundary is between the non-tenured and the tenured professors. Kim Forde-Mazrui, my third son, continued earnestly with his career as Associate Professor of law at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. In order to get tenure (permanent confirmation), law professors in the U.S.A. do not have to publish as much as professors in Political Science (in terms of quantity), but Kim has definitely embarked on an active publishing career. This has stood him in good stead in his tenure review. The tenure sub-committee has recommended him for tenure unanimously (9 to 0). The family is of course cheering him on! We are naturally optimistic that he will soon be confirmed by his Law School as a tenured (meaning permanent) professor. The law as a profession is perhaps part of Kim's bloodline. After all, my own father (his grand-Dad) was the Islamic Chief Justice of Kenya in the 1940s. Kim's grand-Dad also taught law - though more in the mosque than on campus. As if that was not history enough, Kim's university in Charlottesville, Virginia, was established by Thomas Jefferson, the main author of the American Declaration of Independence and the third president of the United States.

My nephew Alamin M. Mazrui (a professor at the Ohio State University) continued to collaborate with me on joint conference papers and joint articles. He went to Okinawa, Japan, on behalf of us both at a conference which linked religion with technological change. I went to the University of Westminster in London, on a comparable mission, again on behalf of us both. Our next joint article will probably be published in THE HARVARD INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. All three presentations are closely related, seeking to link religion, language and technology.

My first-born, Jamal Mazrui, continued to amaze people by being an expert on computers in spite of being blind. When somebody asks me to explain, I simply say “JAMAL-ENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON!” Remember Sherlock Holmes’ response? “Elementary, my dear Watson!”

For a boundary back into colonial history, I have been trying to persuade my elder brother, Harith A. Mazrui, to write his memoirs. His memories of Kenya’s colonial period would be particularly fascinating. Harith was a civil servant within the British colonial order, and rose quite high at the Kenya Coast. What he remembers about Provincial and District Commissioners during the colonial period, and about Liwalis, Mudirs and Kadhis (Coastal titles) could enrich our knowledge. Harith must hurry up before he gets too tired to put pen to paper or even to dictate for an hour at a time. He is a whole decade older than me. I have yet to convince him that memoirs are important.

II. A Centennial of Excellence

The novelist Chinua Achebe celebrated his seventieth birthday in the same year in which “PAN AFRICANISM” as an intercontinental concept celebrated its centennial

anniversary. Halfway through that century Chinua Achebe picked up his pen to start a manuscript pregnant with destiny. By 1958 *THINGS FALL APART* was in print, perhaps in perpetuity. I was privileged to participate in Achebe's 70th anniversary at Bard College in the State of New York, in November. The year 2000 did not only mark the conclusion of the second Christian millennium. It also marked a century of Pan Africanism.

It seems likely that the term "Pan Africanism" was born at a London Conference convened by H. Sylvester Williams, a Trinidadian lawyer, in July 1900. Africans who attended included those from Liberia, the Gold Coast, Ethiopia, and of course the African Diaspora in England, the Caribbean and North America. Out there in a British summer (probably rainy) the concept of Pan-Africanism was born. I returned to Sylvester Williams repeatedly in the course of my lectures in the year 2000.

A century is a border across time. Since Sylvester Williams, hundreds of African books have either celebrated Pan-Africanism or been influenced by it. These books have ranged from Nnamdi Azikiwe's ***Renasant Africa*** (1937) to books of poetry affirming the virtues of Africanity and Negritude. I personally have added to this corpus of Africanist literature, for better or for worse!

There have also been books of the African experience rather than books of African solidarity. Among the best of these books which have explored the African experience are those which have come from the pen of Chinua Achebe. When the author of *Renasant Africa* (Zik) met the author of *Things Fall Apart* (Achebe) at Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, in the 1990s, history came full circle – and became poetry. At the Achebe celebration I was on the same panel as Wole Soyinka and Ngugi wa

Thiong'o. Was each of us an echo of "Things Fall Apart"? Other long-lost friends at the Achebe celebration included Nuruddin Farah (just arrived from South Africa) and Niara Sudarkasa (just about to leave for South Africa)!!

But was the rest of the literary world paying attention in any case to the voices of Africa? Was anybody listening to us in the wider universe? In 1998 the Modern Library Board (Random House) in the USA chose the 100 great books in English of the 20th century and RANKED THEM. ULYSSES by James Joyce was ranked first and foremost. And THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS by Booth Tarkington was No. 100. The majority of the books were from the Commonwealth and almost all the rest from the United States.

No African novel in the English language made the first 100 - not even Chinua Achebe's work or the works of Nobel Laureates Wole Soyinka and Nadine Gordimer. Was this linguistic apartheid combined with racial apartheid? Not quite. While Africa was completely out of the league, the African Diaspora did make it. Ralph Ellison's INVISIBLE MAN made it for No. 19, Richard Wright's NATIVE SON made it as No. 20 and James Baldwin's GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN made it for No. 39.

Muslims like me were relieved that the list did not include Salman Rushdie's SATANIC VERSES, but the list did include Salman Rushdie's MIDNIGHT'S CHILDREN (No. 90). Books about Africa by non-Africans which made the list included Joseph Conrad's HEART OF DARKNESS (No. 67) and V.S. Naipaul's A BEND IN THE RIVER (No. 83), both of which also feature in Commonwealth literature.

Should we be alarmed that none of the Great African writers had made the list of the top 100? It would have been nice if Chinua Achebe's novel THINGS FALL APART

(1958) was included in the list of the 100 top novels of the 20th century. It certainly deserved to be. Other Achebe enthusiasts might vote for ARROW OF GOD (1964) as Achebe's most profound novel. But none of his works made the list. Was this linguistic apartheid verging on the racial?

There was a consolation. The only authors who made the list of the top 100 of the century whose mother tongue was not English were Joseph Conrad, Vladimir Nabokov and Salman Rushdie. All the rest were native products of Anglo-Saxon linguistic culture in one degree or another. This included V.S. Naipaul. They were native speakers of English.

This means one of two things: either writing in English when English is not one's native language is a far bigger handicap than we had all assumed or that the judges of the top 100 novels of the 20th century were simply too Anglo-Saxonic themselves. On balance I prefer the latter explanation. The judges were probably too Anglo-Saxonic in their prejudices, even if some judges were from the wider Commonwealth.

Now Africans have embarked on our own search for 100 great African books of the last 100 years. The search was launched by the Zimbabwe International Book Fair in July 2000. The idea originally came from me in a speech I gave at the Zimbabwe Fair in 1998. The publishers decided to run with my idea. The Zimbabwe Book Fair invited me back to Zimbabwe in the year 2000 to launch the project.

The relevant languages of the competition are English, French Arabic, Portuguese, Afrikaans and African Languages. What have been the one hundred best African books of the last one hundred years in these languages?

The relevant type of books are fiction and non-fiction, poetry and prose.

Each nomination needs at least half a page making a case for it.

The measurement of greatness is either the quality of the work or the positive impact of the work. Those who go by quality may decide that Chinua Achebe's novel ARROW OF GOD (1964) is the highest among his works. Those who go by impact may decide that THINGS FALL APART (1958) has been the most influential.

In Western music those who go by quality believe that Beethoven's 9th Symphony is his best. Those who go by impact choose Beethoven's 5th Symphony whose influence has been not only on other Western composers but also on composers from other cultures, such as Muhammad Abdul Wahab of Egypt.

Those who go by profundity salute Kwame Nkrumah's CONSCIENCISM. Those who go by impact would turn to Nkrumah's AFRICA MUST UNITE.

Our Project "AFRICA'S 100 GREAT BOOKS OF THE LAST ONE HUNDRED YEARS" invites volunteers from different African countries to responsibly encourage nominations of the best works from their countries, or authors of other African countries admired in their own societies. The Zimbabwe International Book Fair's email is:

zibf@samara.co.zw

Independent post colonial Ghana started off with a philosopher king Kwame Nkrumah, who still remains one of the two or three most prolific rulers that Africa has ever had. He remained a prolific writer both in office and out of power. I first met Nkrumah in New York in 1960 when I was still a graduate student. Even then we admired his writings, though they were then still few in number.

In post-colonial Africa the only other Heads of State in the same league as prolific authors were Senegal's Leopold S. Senghor and Tanzania's Julius K. Nyerere. Augustino

Nheto of Angola was more poetic than Nkrumah but less prolific. I met Senghor a number of times, and knew Julius Nyerere well. But I was never privileged to meet Nheto.

Kofi Abrefa Busia was also a philosopher-king in Ghana's post-colonial history. He was less prolific than Nkrumah but more of a scholar than Nkrumah. Busia and I were both molded by Oxford University. Busia became a professional politician and part-time scholar. I became a professional scholar and part-time politician.

One question arises whether the Busias are a literary dynasty – a bloodline of multiple authors. Do they constitute a lineage of literature, a dynasty of the Muse?

III. Africa's Dynasties of the Muse

One measurement of the consolidation of the written tradition in Africa is indeed the emergence of writers in the same family across more than one generation. The Busias in Ghana have been developing into a literary dynasty in that sense – and they are not the only ones in post-colonial Africa.

Along the East African Coast, dynasties of poetry have a long history across generations. Lamu in Kenya is the Garden of Eden of the Swahili language and certainly the fountain of the very best of classical Swahili poetry. To the present day one discovers among Lamu families both men and women who are descended from many generations of poets. A bloodline of poetry?

Somalia --- despite all its agonies, and sometimes because of its anguish – is a nation of poets. In the history of Somalia their Shakespeare was fused with their Winston Churchill in Seyyid Muhammad Abdilleh Hassan. In a fit of self recognition the mad

British called him “ the Mad Mullah”. (“Mad Dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun”)

With regard to literary dynasties in prose in East Africa, let me refer you to a puzzling anecdote about my own bloodline, the Mazrui. Two Western scholars, R.S. O’Faley and Ann Biersteker, were working in 1999 on the Writings of the Muslim Peoples of Eastern Africa. Their chapter 6 discussed the Mazrui family, examining our history briefly from 1698, and studying our writings from 1840. These included the works of my father, my grandfather and my great grandfather. The authors also planned to include the works of my nephew, Professor Alamin M. Mazrui.

Quite surprisingly, what the authors were not planning to include was any reference to the works of Ali A. Mazrui. I did not mind whether they included me or not. I assumed they were either overwhelmed by the magnitude of the output, or had a specific disqualification in mind. What was the flaw in this interrupted bloodline?

Had Ali A. Mazrui been excluded because he wrote primarily in a European language whereas the Mazruis they had chosen had written in either Kiswahili or Arabic? When I raised the language question, I was told that that was not the issue.

Did the authors think I was an American and no longer qualified as an East African? But the earliest year I could have become an American was about 1980, when I had already published about ten books and about a hundred articles. Why did they not include those pre-American books at least?

In any case, I have never been an American in that legal sense, although I have fathered five US citizens! I have always been a Kenyan. So why was I not included

among the chosen Mazrui of R.S. O' Fahey and Ann Biersteker? (I regard myself as an American African, which is different from an African American.)!

Whether Ali A. Mazrui is included or not, does the Mazrui family constitute a literary dynasty in prose for East Africa?

Although my father died as far back as 1947, his book, THE HISTORY OF THE MAZRUI DYNASTY OF MOMBASA, was published by Oxford University Press and sponsored by the British Academy as recently as 1995/6 (translated from the Arabic and annotated by J. Mc L. Ritchie). Even from his grave my Old Man seems to be still publishing! Not “publish or perish” but “perish and continue to publish”! My Old Man is defining ultimate borders, God bless him.

IV. Libya: Between Pan-Africanism and Pan-Arabism

When I was in Libya as a guest of the African Center for Applied Research (ACARTSOD) I was told that there was a possibility that the Libyan Leader, Muammar Qaddafi, would give me an audience. But the leader went further than that. He invited me to dinner at his famous tent. His other guest for that evening was a Minister of Defence from a Francophone West African country. Three languages were in use in the course of the dinner – the Libyan Leader used Arabic, the West African Minister used French and I used English. There were two interpreters by the side of the dining table. The food was excellent, and the flow of conversation was smoother than one might expect. The whole visit to the Tent lasted some three hours.

Libya cuts across Arab, Islamic and African boundaries. The Libyan leader had been briefed about the controversy in the United States which had accompanied my

television series, The Africans: A Triple Heritage, when it was first shown in 1986. It had been Lynne Cheney, the wife of Dick Cheney, who had first blown the right-wing whistle against my television series. When I was dining with Qaddafi in October 2000, George W. Bush had already chosen Dick Cheney as his running mate in the U.S. presidential elections. But at the time Lynne Cheney was denouncing my TV series in 1986 she was head of the National Endowment for the Humanities and her husband was the Secretary of Defense in the administration of George Bush Senior.

What did Lynne Cheney have against The Africans: A Triple Heritage? She described it as ‘pro-Qaddafi and anti American.’ In reality the TV series devoted only about three minutes to Qaddafi in nine hours of television! But that was enough to arouse the ire of the Cheneys’ in 1986! Mrs. Cheney demanded the removal of the name of the National Endowment for the Humanities from the credits, although the Endowment had contributed some \$600,000 to the making of The Africans. She stopped short of demanding the money back, which would have plunged the Endowment into an acrimonious and professionally damaging law suit.

In population, Libya was small. But was it crossing international boundaries in a dangerous way? My TV sequence about Qaddafi caused problems for the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) in the US. The producing channel in Washington DC asked me to make my commentary on Qaddafi more of a denunciation than I had done in my original BBC version. I declined to change my commentary. Then I was asked if we should remove the pictures which humanized Qaddafi, such as the leader visiting a hospital or playing with a child. I objected to purposeful dehumanization of Qaddafi’s image. A third proposal was whether we should add negative pictures to the sequence

about Qaddafi. The relevant PBS channel finally added a picture entitled “ROME AFTER A TERRORIST ATTACK” but without specific attribution of the attack to Qaddafi. This is the version which went out U.S. television viewers, but the picture of “Rome after a Terrorist Attack” did not go out to any other viewers in the world, whose version came from the BBC, London.

In Tripoli at dinner I crossed boundaries between Africa and the West. We recapitulated this entire 1986 story when I was having dinner with Muammar Qaddafi in October 2000 in his tent in Tripoli. Yes, talk of crossing boundaries!! Qaddafi was quite amused – until I mentioned the unkindest cut of all! This twist in the story was what fellow Arabs had done to my sequence about him when they got hold of it!

The Africans: A Triple Heritage was translated into Arabic outside Libya. Whoever was responsible for the Arabic version deleted the entire sequence about Qaddafi altogether. While Americans had debated with me about whether my commentary should be more hostile, or my pictures less friendly towards Qaddafi, those in charge of the Arabic version were more drastic – they deleted Qaddafi altogether!!

When we got to this point in the dinner conversation, Qaddafi regarded it as further vindication for his decision to demote Pan-Arabism as a plank of Libya’s foreign policy. His original decision to demote Pan-Arabism was because fellow Arabs had abandoned him to swing against the winds of the United Nations’ sanctions sponsored by the United States and Great Britain. The sanctions had been imposed because the United States and Britain especially regarded Libya as the culprit behind the bombing of the Pan-American airline over Lockerbie in Scotland in December 1988.

It was African States and the Organization of African Unity (O.A.U.) which came to the rescue of Libya. By the last year of the 20th Century the African members of the O.A.U. were no longer convinced of the fairness of the UN sanctions against Libya, and threatened to ignore them if they were not lifted. This ominous possibility accelerated the quest for solutions to the crisis. The West at last agreed that the two Libyan Lockerbie suspects could be tried by a Scottish court located outside Britain. Nelson Mandela eased the process of resolution. The UN sanctions were suspended. Libya's Pan-Africanism shot up, while Libya's Pan-Arabism drastically declined.

In my dinner conversation with the Libyan leader I referred to my trans-boundary concept of "AFRABIA", which was an attempt to come to grips with the implications of the fact that Africa itself was an Afro-Arab continent – with the O.A.U. consisting of both Black African members and Arab members. I am also on record in my plea that the Arabian peninsula should be regarded as part of Africa for geological, cultural, linguistic and religious reasons. I made that case in The Africans: A Triple Heritage (both the book and the television series).

In a trans-boundary ambition, I suggested to the Libyan leader that perhaps Pan-Africanism and Pan-Arabism should be forces in alliance rather than forces in rivalry. Before the evening was over he seemed to share that vision. We were jointly exploring boundaries of convergence rather than boundaries of divergence. Between Arabs and Africans the bloodline was never entirely absent.

In the course of the evening we also discussed language as a different kind of boundary of communication. Muammar Qaddafi was convinced that every African child should be required to learn three languages apart from the child's mother tongue. The

three continent-wide languages should be English, French and Arabic (the three languages of our dinner party). We discussed how children in Switzerland were expected to learn German, French and Italian – with English as the preferred foreign language. Why should not the children of Africa learn English, French and Arabic – with their mother tongue as the fourth language where appropriate? It could help soften the boundaries between African states.

I drew the Libyan leader's attention to the fact that his vision had omitted Portuguese. He felt that his linguistic vision for Africa should not impose too many foreign languages on Africa's children. In agreement, I offered the statistic that there were more speakers of Kiswahili, Hausa and Yoruba separately in Africa than there were speakers of Portuguese. Perhaps Portuguese-speakers were also outnumbered by speakers of Amharic and Igbo. At their most expressive these were boundaries of bombast and the Muse rather than of blood and the womb. But as a strategy of region-building, and the consolidation of Pan-Africanism, was Qaddafi justified to espouse a continent-wide language policy even if he himself had not approximated it? Was Qaddafi ahead of his own bureaucracy in implementation?

Partly in response to the West African Minister's concerns, we also discussed Muammar Qaddafi's shift from a policy of exporting revolution to a policy of exporting peace. His involvement in the Philippines at the time was in the direction of promoting peace between the Muslim separatists and the Central Government. Qaddafi's role in the conflicts in Liberia and Sierra Leone had also been in the direction of seeking a peaceful solution to those conflagrations. Libya also tried to make its good offices available for Ethiopia and Eritrea in their fratricidal military confrontation. Qaddafi in

the year 2000 was consciously seeking a reputation as peacemaker, rather than an exporter of revolution.

Whether Muammar Quaddafi can sustain for long such a major shift in orientation from revolution to peace-making is something which remains to be studied and observed with care. Can he be a peacemaker abroad while oppressing his own people at home? Is the gun in domestic policy compatible with the olive tree in foreign policy?

At home in Libya Muammar Quaddafi was faced with a deteriorating confrontation also between Libyans and sub-Saharan Black Africans working in Libya. Their relations had been deteriorating drastically between 1998 and the year 2000. Talking to sub-Saharan Africans who were working in Libya when I visited, I was told that one cause of the tension was ironically that Qaddafi's Pan-Africanism was too far ahead of the opinions of his own population. Many Libyans resented the resources which Qaddafi was devoting to Black causes seemingly at the expense of Arab causes. United Nations' sanctions on Libya over the Lockerbie affair had hurt the living standards of ordinary Libyans. Looking for scapegoats, they sometimes turned on the foreigners in their midst – especially non-Arab foreigners.

And yet Qaddafi realized it was Black Africans more than the Arab brothers who had turned against the United Nations' sanctions over Lockerbie. For once the leader was truly more sensitive to the fundamental forces than his population. Ordinary Libyans turned against Black Africans while Qaddafi tried to lead a movement towards continental African Union.

V. Nkumba, Harvard and the House of Lords

In the course of the year 2000, I was honoured by one of the youngest institutions in Africa. I was also honoured by one of the oldest institutions in the Western world.

The young African institution was Nkumba University in Entebbe, Uganda. Nkumba is the first private university in Uganda which is completely secular. Earlier private universities in Uganda were denominational (Catholic, Protestant or Muslim).

The Vice Chancellor of Nkumba University in the year 2000 was Professor Senteza Kajubi, who had once served as Vice-Chancellor of Makerere University, the premier institution of higher learning in the country. The Chancellor of Nkumba University in the year 2000 was Dr. Suleiman Kiggundu, former Governor of the Bank of Uganda and one of the most distinguished economists of the country.

How did Nkumba University honor me in the year 2000? At their third graduation ceremony they awarded me the Doctor of Letters with all the pomp and ceremony. Although Nkumba University did not realize it, they were in reality the first African University to honor me with a *doctorate honoris causa*. I was delighted that my first honorary degree in Africa was awarded in Uganda! An old frontier revisited!

Some would say that ideally my first honorary degree should have been awarded by Makerere University (the cradle of my professorial career). But the people who gave me the honour at Nkumba University were formerly at Makerere. In any case, Makerere is free to consider its options for the year 2003 (the 40th anniversary of my joining Makerere) or the year 2005 (the 40th anniversary of my becoming a full professor at Makerere)!!

Deeply honoured as I was in the year 2000 by one of Africa's youngest institutions, I was also honoured in the same year by the House of Lords, London, one of the oldest institutions of the Western world. The initiative was taken by Lord Ahmed of Rotherham, probably the first Muslim member of the House of Lords. Lord Ahmed decided on a celebration of my writings within the House of Lords. The keynote speakers were himself, Chief Emeka Anyaoku (former Secretary-General of the Commonwealth) and General Yakubu Gowon (former Head of State of Nigeria). The longest distance had been covered by Abdul S. Bemath, who had traveled from South Africa to attend the ceremony at the House of Lords.

General Gowon read out to the audience a special tribute to me from the Secretary-General of the United Nations, Kofi Annan. Lord Ahmed read to the audience a special tribute to me from the Secretary-General of the Organization of African Unity, Salim Ahmed Salim. Baroness Uddin of Bethnal Green spoke on behalf of her fellow members of the House of Lords, and congratulated me on my "gender sensitive writings". Fuad Nahdi did not utter a word, yet without his organizing skills the event might not have occurred at all.

Other tributes to me in the House of Lords came from such organizations as the British Association of Islamic Social Sciences and such individual scholars as Mohamed Bakari (Turkey), Colin Leys and Margaret MacPherson (U.K.), and Christopher Davis and Taha Jaber Alalwani (USA). Olara Otunnu, Under-Secretary General of the United Nations, sent his tribute from the battlefields of Afghanistan!

The third significant honour in the year 2000 were the three McMillan-Stewart Lectures that I delivered at Harvard University under the auspices of the W.E.B. Du Bois Institute and under the Chairmanship of Henry Louis Gates Jr. (Skip Gates to his friends).

I had been invited by Skip Gates to give these lectures many months before he and I publicly disagreed about his television series “WONDERS OF THE AFRICAN WORLD”. After I had attacked his TV series, was Skip Gates going to dis-invite me from giving the McMillan-Stewart lectures of the year 2000? Afterall, thousands of dollars were involved. Was Skip Gates going to punish me for leading the pack against his own TV Series?

In reality Skip Gates scrupulously played according to the rules of the game and encouraged other players to be similarly “constitutional”. He was a most courteous host at Harvard. What is more, he was genuinely friendly.

My Harvard lectures were entitled “THE AFRICAN CONDITION AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE: A TALE OF TWO EDENS.” My three lectures may be published by Oxford University Press, hopefully in the year 2001. The lectures are partly about the bloodline - - and about boundaries of space and time in the Black experience.

VI. Between Tutu and the Tutsi

But in the year 2000 I was not only receiving tributes – I was also paying them. Particularly memorable was my modest role in awarding the Delta Award for Global Understanding to Archbishop Desmond Tutu. The money for this annual award comes from Delta Airline, but the selection is made by the University of Georgia, complete with a special Board created by the University. I am proud to say that I serve on that Board.

In 1999 we awarded the Delta prize to former President Jimmy Carter and Mrs. Carter; in the year 2000 we awarded the Delta Prize to Archbishop Desmond Tutu; and in the year 2001 we are awarding it to Mikhail Gorbachev. The awards are presented in Atlanta, Georgia.

In the case of the Prize to Archbishop Tutu I played one additional role – I gave the keynote address about him at the symposium in his honour on the day of the award. My comparison of Tutu with Martin Luther King Jr. as “the black world’s most famous moral activists of the last one hundred years” received substantial publicity in parts of Africa.

In the year 2000 I and my Africana colleagues were also delighted to welcome the Archbishop to Cornell University at long last. We, at Cornell, had been trying for years to get him to come.

Talking of tributes and counter-tributes, every year there is a “Mazruiana event” which has now become virtually institutionalized at Cornell University, led by the Institute for African Development (IAD) and supported by the Africana Studies and Research Center at the University (ASRC). Every year the IAD at Cornell hosts “an Evening with Ali Mazrui”. Those who come are encouraged to arrive with an African dish to contribute to the evening’s banquet, but it is not a condition. There is usually plenty of food to go around.

After the feasting I then stand up to address some African issue of the day. In the past, such topics have included President Bill Clinton’s tour of Africa, or the NATO war in Kosovo as contrasted with Western apathy towards the Hutu-Tutsi conflict in Rwanda, or race and land reform in Zimbabwe. Nothing is more flattering than an annual event at

a distinguished university like Cornell entitled "AN EVENING WITH ALI MAZRUI." God bless all those who organize this salute annually – especially Dr. Joan Mulondo and Dr. David Lewis of the IAD at Cornell.

A final word of gratitude for all those who have honoured me must include those who have changed their travel itineraries at considerable inconvenience to include a visit to Binghamton to see me. In the year 2000 such people included the distinguished political scientist from India, Professor Rajni Kothari, who went out of his way during a brief visit to the United States to include visiting me in Binghamton. In the year 2000 we were also delighted to welcome to Binghamton the distinguished Egyptian scholar, Dr. Nasr Arif, who came specially to bid me farewell on his way back to the Middle East after his temporary period in the United States.

Some old friends who modified their travel arrangements to visit me in Binghamton included William P. Mayaka, who had just retired as a Permanent Secretary in the Civil Service of Kenya, and Abdalla Bujra, who had served as Chief Executive Officer of the International Panel of Eminent Personalities appointed by the Heads of State of Africa to investigate the anti-Tutsi genocide in Rwanda in 1994. In the year 2000 the International Panel issued their devastating report entitled RWANDA: THE PREVENTABLE GENOCIDE. In 1994 Africa had indeed witnessed the politics of the bloodline on their most horrendous scale.

Researchers who made a special effort to contact me at Binghamton included Dr. Chris Kifindi-Bunketti with his fascinating concerns about Congo (Kinshasa) and its neighbours. The cultures of the Great Lakes Region featured large in his research agenda.

VII. Crossing Boundaries in Nigeria

In the year 2000 I spent more time in Nigeria than in any other African country. (So what else is new?). I kept on going in and out of the country, but under different Nigerian auspices.

While this going in and out of the country was indeed a literal form of crossing borders, much more significant were the other borders that I crossed when I was within Nigeria. On my first visit in March 2000 one border that I crossed was between the economic and political condition of Nigeria. My official hosts were the First Securities Discount, who were involved in banking and investments. My topic was itself a trans-boundary theme in political economy – “Economic Development and Political Reforms in an Emerging Democracy: The Case of Nigeria”. The Bello-Osagie family could not have been more charming and protective.

Attendance at the lecture was relatively modest, perhaps partly because the Mazrui Seminar was advertised as “ATTENDANCE STRICTLY BY INVITATION ONLY”.

On the other hand, perhaps no lecture I have ever given in Africa has ever got more newspaper publicity than this one – with the possible exception of my Anniversary Lecture for THE GUARDIAN newspaper in Lagos in 1991! In the year 2000 the First-Securities House Managing Director, Rilwan Bello-Osagie, succeeded in mobilizing the print media of Nigeria to cover extensively what I had to say about politics and economics.

On my next visit to Nigeria my hosts were the Centre for Black and African Arts and Civilization in Lagos. This was the first time that the Centre had covered both cities

with one lecturer. Within the two lectures I grappled with issues of conflict of civilizations and prospects for an African Renaissance.

Yet ironically the most irrepressible conflict at both lectures was not between whole civilizations but between Wole Soyinka and myself!! Questions from the audience and preliminary speakers at the outset kept on referring to the brutal Internet exchange between Soyinka and myself, ostensibly disagreeing about Skip Gates' television series, "WONDERS OF THE AFRICAN WORLD". Nigerians were disturbed that two senior African intellectuals should be abusing each other in public. Quite frankly, I agreed with our critics. The brutal Internet exchange between Wole and myself was not of my choosing. One of President Olusegun Obasanjo's advisers reprimanded Wole and me publicly at one of my lectures.

At Chinua Achebe's 70th Birthday extravaganza at Bard College in New York State, Wole Soyinka and I were put on the same panel, as I have indicated earlier. This was the nearest Wole and I had come to mutual civility. Skip Gates might have torn Wole and I apart; Chinua Achebe was bringing us together. Skip could not be blamed for the tension; but could Achebe be credited with the healing?

My third visit to Nigeria crossed other borders altogether. Originally my Institute of Global Cultural Studies (IGCS) and Jonah Isawa Elaigwu's Institute of Governance and Social Research (IGSR) had wanted to bring together the military in Latin America with the military in Nigeria to exchange views on "Civil-Military Relations and the Politics of Democratization".

My colleague, Dr. Richardo Laremont, and Dr. Jonah Elaigwu, together convinced the Ford Foundation to finance such a get-together among Nigerians,

Brazilians and Argentineans on civil-military relations. The conference was held in Abuja, the capital of Nigeria.

While the Atlantic border between Africa and Latin America was indeed fascinating, much more impressive was the breaking down of barriers between the military and the civilian politicians among Nigerians themselves. Our conference in Abuja turned out to be the first-major exchange of views between the military and parliamentarians in Nigeria since democracy was restored the year before. Ultimately this was a trans-boundary crossing between soldiers and civilians.

My fourth boundary that I had to cross within Nigeria was between the secular and the religious. In Kano I gave a lecture at Bayero University. While in my March lecture in Lagos for the First Securities Discount House I had poor attendance at the lecture but highly sophisticated newspaper coverage; my lecture in August in Kano had a vast and overflowing audience but inadequate control over the print media.

In Kano I had crowds running after me and demanding photo-opportunities. The audience at the lecture was vast. And yet the newspaper coverage was so poor that earlier reports alleged that I had used the occasion to urge Northern Nigerians to rebel against their increasing marginalization. Let me now turn to these allegations.

VIII. Nigeria, Religion and I

I have always had a high regard for the Nigerian Press. Even under the difficult conditions of the military dictatorship of General Sani Abacha, the Nigerian Press remained perhaps the liveliest and most independent in Africa.

But the Nigerian Press sometimes goes over the rails. This time I was one of the casualties of such excess. It is totally untrue that in my lecture at Bayero University in Kano in August I described the shift of political power to the South as "a terrible blunder committed by the North." That would have meant that I disapproved of Northerners voting for a Southern Presidential candidate. Nothing could be further from my point of view. I have always believed in one Nigeria, and I also believe in democracy. Voting across ethnic, religious and regional lines is healthy for Nigerian democracy. President-Elect Olusegun Obasanjo must have known that when he urgently invited me to come to Abuja in May 1999 to address the President-Elect's new legislators about "Development and Good Governance". I spoke before President-Elect Obasanjo and his political party on that subject within days of his Inauguration as Head of State in May 1999.

General Obasanjo and I had known each other for many years, and I was one of those who had publicly protested his imprisonment under Sani Abacha. Why should I have begrudged him the votes of his Northern compatriots in 1999? Democracy is a matter of free choice and free rotation of power. A healthy democracy involves crossing electoral borders.

My lecture at Bayero University did have a huge and enthusiastic audience. The university was very gracious and the audience very responsible. One or two of the questions asked by students at the end were, however, truly angry that "the Northern elites had surrendered power to the South" and that this was a great "blunder". I said something to the effect that there was nothing wrong with surrendering power to the winners in a democracy. Even if power had crossed the North-South border, the Obasanjo administration had only had fourteen months in office, and it was too early to

judge whether or not Obasanjo was good for the North and the country at large. I believe the Bayero proceedings were recorded, and therefore my general position can be ascertained.

All this came out in questions and answers and was not part of my main lecture at Bayero. The central thesis of my lecture was that redistributing political power in Nigeria was not enough; we also needed to share more equitably economic prosperity and economic skills. The North in Nigeria continues to be economically disadvantaged even now that political power is being more democratically redistributed. Solving regional political inequalities (previously favouring the North) without solving regional economic inequalities (continuously favouring the South) is a prescription for further instability.

Incidentally, this is a position which I first articulated when I was a guest of Southerners in Lagos in March 2000. My position was widely publicized at the time. Just because I was now saying the same thing to a Northern audience in August 2000 did not justify the distortions of my position by sections of the Nigerian Press.

I make no apology for my being a Muslim, but most Nigerians who know me personally know that I am a cultural bridge-builder. My only novel, The Trial of Christopher Okigbo, was published some twenty years ago. It is a classic case of cultural bridge-building. Bridges cut across borders. The publishers, Heinemann Educational, sent the manuscript in 1969 to Chinua Achebe (before publication) since Achebe was a special Editor of the Heinemann African Writers' Series. Although the book was about the Nigerian civil war, and Achebe's people were being damaged by the war, Achebe did not find my approach offensive to the Igbo. The civil war was about national borders, but my novel was in part a bridge.

Today I am married to a Nigerian who comes from a Christian tradition. What is more, her father was killed in the Northern anti-Igbo riots of 1966. The remarkable thing is not that I am married into a Christian family, but that she is strong enough to be married into a Muslim family. Our families on both sides are cultural bridge-builders. We would like all Nigerians and all Africans to be ecumenical across the religious line and to become Pan-African across the ethnic and national boundaries. Two of my children are Nigerians, by my Nigerian wife, Pauline. All my in-laws are Christians. All the in-laws of Pauline are Muslims.

Yet, in the United States I am nevertheless the founder-Chair of the Center for the Study of Islam and Democracy in Washington, D.C.. And, in Britain, I am a member of the Board of Trustees of the Oxford Centre for Islamic Studies, Oxford, England, having been elected unanimously. In Washington I have been a member of the Board of the American Muslim Council for years. In California I have collaborated extensively with the Council on Islamic Education.

I am also a member of the Council of the Center for Muslim-Christian Understanding, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.. I was confirmed by a Roman Catholic Dean.

What all this tells us is that I can be ecumenical and a Muslim at the same time; that I can be an African cultural bridge-builder and loyal to my own Muslim upbringing. I recognize borders but I do not regard them as impenetrable.

Apart from Wole Soyinka and his peculiarities, most Nigerians who know me have accepted me on that ecumenical basis. Every time I have visited Nigeria they have

helped me feel truly Nigerian. I am an African child of a mountain called Kenya, a river called Niger, and a lake called Victoria.

No mistaken reporter, however well-meaning, should be allowed to destroy these ideals. The Press has been my friend most of the time. But its power to destroy reputations unfairly must always be kept in check. That is perhaps what democracy is partly about -- reconciling Press freedom with individual justice.

IX. From Robert Mugabe to the Washington Summit

Let me now turn to issues of freedom elsewhere in Africa. When I met President Robert Mugabe in August 2000, I reminded him of a conversation he and I had had in the 1980's. In those earlier years of Zimbabwe's independence, white racism was still often overt. In major restaurants in Harare it was not uncommon to hear white customers abuse Black waiters in racist terms. I therefore had occasion to say to President Mugabe in the 1980s' "I have heard more racist remarks in Harare in one week than I normally hear in the United States in a year. Why do you permit it?"

The Robert Mugabe of the 1980s' answered as follows: "There are two ways of improving the behaviour of people short of using force. One way is by constructive persuasion; the other is by positive example. In the new Zimbabwe we shall try those two methods first."

By the year 2000 had Robert Mugabe changed his mind? When we met again at the Zimbabwe International Book Fair in August 2000, I asked him why he was using violence by proxy as a method of land reform? Even if he felt force was necessary in order to redistribute European-held land to African farmers, why had he not used the

power of the state directly, instead of letting loose violent ex-combatants onto the farms of Europeans? Why had he not simply nationalized the particular European-owned land, and then redistributed it to African peasant-farmers?

President Mugabe pointed out that my question was based on the assumption that the veterans and freedom-fighters (ex-combatants) had invaded European farms on his orders. Dr. Mugabe insisted that the veterans had taken the initiative themselves. He as Head of Government had therefore been faced with the following choices:

- either send the Police to expel the veterans from the European farms at the risk that the Police would be overwhelmed and humiliated;
- or order the Zimbabwe army to oust the veterans at the risk that the army might either refuse (and thus mutiny) or obey the order and cause a blood-bath;
- or support the veterans since their cause of land reform was just even if their methods of forceful occupation were unorthodox.

President Mugabe spoke forcefully. I was moved by his eloquence, but I was not convinced that the organs of the state were impotent in the face of the initiative by the veterans. After all, the power of the state consisted of carrots as well as the stick. The Zimbabwe state could have reasserted its authority, upheld the law, and still taken steps towards a more just basis of land redistribution. However, I was delighted to have had another discussion with Robert Mugabe in the changing circumstances of his country.

It was a privilege to meet other prominent Zimbabweans, including my old friend Nathan Shamuyarira (former Foreign Minister) whose family entertained me to dinner.

Yash Tandon, a former colleague from my Uganda years, and his wife Mary were also most gracious.

Having engaged in political discourse in Nigeria, Libya and Zimbabwe was I also politically engaged in the country of my birth, Kenya, which I visited in October? Quite frankly, I was quite appalled by the worsening economic and environmental situation in Kenya. In more than twenty years in power the Moi regime had done incalculable harm. There were terrible shortages of water and electricity in Nairobi and Mombasa, and the threat of famine in other parts of the country.

This was the period when there was rioting and civil disobedience in Europe over the price of oil and petrol. I called a Press Conference in Mombasa and urged Kenyans to follow the Europeans' rebellious example. I argued that it was time for Gandhian-style civil disobedience in the streets of Nairobi and Mombasa demanding better standards of governance and accountability.

On the positive side, I was delighted that the Kenyan Press was now open enough to publish even such a provocative clarion call for pro-democracy civil disobedience. On the negative side there were the usual snide remarks against me from spokesmen of the government and the governing party. More numerous were the cartoons at my expense! Basically the Kenyan cartoonists portrayed me as an orator standing near an aeroplane urging Kenyans to rebel, as I was boarding a plane to return to the United States!

As most cartoons anywhere in the world, these had a germ of truth! But I hope some Kenyans gave me credit for caring enough about Kenya to stick my neck out on Kenyan soil! Many Kenyan intellectuals resident in Kenya were far less vocal in defending the rights of the Kenyan people.

My role as a Kenyan within the United States was a little different. I joined forces with other Kenyans on the east coast of the United States to try and raise money for famine relief in Kenya. And as a member of the Board of Directors of the National Summit on Africa, I participated behind the scenes in the preparation for welcoming both Kenya's President Daniel arap Moi and the American President Bill Clinton to the National Summit. These two presidents were the only Heads of State who attended the National Summit on Africa in Washington D.C., in February 2000.

X. Between the Personal and Princely: A Conclusion

Prior to the National Summit on Africa I participated in a televised Roundtable Discussion, moderated by Charlyne Hunter-Gault, South Africa's Bureau Chief for CNN. In addition to Charlyne and myself the panel consisted of Andrew Young, former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations; Ellen Johnson-Sirleaf, former presidential candidate against Charles Taylor in the 1997 Liberian elections; Paul Simon, former U.S. Senator for Illinois; Susan E. Rice, Assistant Secretary for African Affairs under President Bill Clinton; and Lord David Owen, former Foreign Secretary of the United Kingdom and a major figure in European diplomacy over Bosnia in the 1990s. The Roundtable Discussion had its moments of high drama and controversy – as it roamed over issues which ranged from debt relief to reparations for Black enslavement; from the Clinton administration's attitude to genocide in Rwanda in 1994 to the NATO war in Kosovo in 1999. Ethnic cleansing was the politics of the bloodline gone mad!

The Roundtable Discussion was before a large live audience. It was televised on C-Span soon after, and has since been distributed as a video by the Southern Center for International Studies, Atlanta, Georgia.

In the year 2000, I was also involved with another African Head of State. However, this one was deceased and greatly missed. I am referring to the memory of Mwalimu Julius K. Nyerere, the Founder-President of Tanzania, who died in 1999 – just a few months short of the new millennium. Since he died I have been called upon repeatedly to reflect on his significance for post-colonial African history. In the United States I have lectured about Julius K. Nyerere from Cornell New York to Columbus, Ohio. On the radio I have discussed him on the Voice of America and the British Broadcasting Corporation. In newspapers I have analyzed him in the Sunday Nation (Nairobi), Business Week (Dar es Salaam) and elsewhere.

In the year 2000 there was also the lecture that I gave at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, in Canada, sponsored by the Friends of Makerere in Canada. Indeed, the Friends of Makerere in Canada is an organization. It was launching with me what was intended to be an annual lecture named after Nyerere. Julius K. Nyerere will forever remain one of the most distinguished alumni of Makerere University in Uganda. Makerere was honouring him in Canada.

You will remember that in 1999 I had been involved in issues of monarchy (hereditary privilege) and debates about slavery (hereditary servitude). Heredity is the bloodline of inheritance. Some of that dichotomy was carried over into the year 2000. At the University of Liverpool in Britain, I was able to discuss afresh the issue of slavery in the Black experience. Indeed, Liverpool is one of the historic ports for the trans-

Atlantic slave trade, and one of the few places in the Western world which have acknowledged that role with a special museum on the slave trade.

Prior to Liverpool I had participated in West Virginia in a conference concerning a slave-ship called the Henrietta-Marie, the only slave ship whose remains were discovered within the territorial waters of the United States. My presentation at this conference raised the issue of whether the entire origins of the United States were a tale of two ships – the slave ship and the Mayflower.

Later in the year I was in Addis Abba, Ethiopia, to discuss the issue of reparations for Black enslavement and exploitation. Professor Jacob Ade Ajayi of Nigeria, Ambassador Dudley Thompson of Jamaica and myself are among members of the Group of Eminent Persons appointed by the summit meeting of the Organization of African Unity (OAU) in 1992 to embark on a crusade for reparations. In the year 2000 we were at the OAU headquarters to take stock and plan the next phase of the crusade. My stay in Ethiopia was enriched by my old friend, Abdalla Bujra, who virtually co-hosted my visit. My only regret was not being able to get together with the OAU Secretary-General Salim Ahmed Salim – also an old friend. Our schedules could not be synchronized in Addis Ababa.

On the monarchical side in the year 2000 my newest Royal encounter was Prince Hassan Ibn Talal of Jordan, the brother of the late King Hussein of Jordan and the Uncle of the present King Abdullah. Prince Hassan graced our 7th Congress of the International Association of Middle Eastern Studies (IAMES), which was held in Berlin, Germany, in October 2000, and co-sponsored by the Free University of Berlin. As one of the senior members of the Association, I played host to the Prince at his lecture and at the

luncheon. Once again Prince Hassan won the hearts of his hosts by his informality and charm.

The politics of the bloodline affected my family also in the year 2000. Since I am also descended from a ruling family (the Mazrui) in East Africa, some of my critics elsewhere assumed that I had succeeded in the academic field because of family connections! This issue was raised in some of the Internet debates among East Africans such as the “MWANANCHI” Internet Circle. Was Ali Mazrui famous because of his ancestral bloodline connections?

I had to point out on the Internet that by the time I was growing up the Mazrui family was neither politically powerful nor economically affluent. My academic rise was on the basis of scholarships – a Kenyan government scholarship (BA), a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship (MA), and the Oxford University (Nuffield) Studentship (D.Phil.). My professional rise and academic ascent had nothing to do with family connections or my bloodline. Let us hope the rise was due in part to hard work and serious application. It was also due to good luck, as so often happens.

The struggle continues in the search for the ultimate equilibrium between the claims of merit and the demands of justice in our professional performance. And in the wider world a new accommodation is needed between the bonds of shared boundaries, the frontiers of shared freedom, and the parameters of shared partnership.

APPENDIX

1. "The Life and Works of Prof Ali Mazrui", Q-News, No. 321, July 2000, pgs.20-21.
2. "Honouring Mazrui, Honouring Africa", Lord Ahmed of Rotherham, Q-News, No. 321, July 2000, pg. 22.
3. "Bridging the Gap", Chief Emeka Anyaoku, Q-News, No. 321, July 2000, pg. 23.
4. "Mazrui: The Tributes", Mr. Kofi Annan, Secretary General, the United Nations; Dr. Salim Ahmed Salim, Secretary General, Organisation of African Unity, Addis Ababa; Olara-Otunnu, Under-Secretary-General, Special Representative of the Secretary-General for Children and Armed Conflict; Prof. Colin Leys, School of Public Policy, University College London; Prof. Margaret MacPherson, Retired in Windermere; Dr. Taha Jabir Al-Alwani, President, The Graduate School of Islamic & Social Sciences, Q-News, No. 321, July 2000, pgs. 24-25.
5. "A Global African", Prof. Mohamed Bakari", Q-News, No. 321, July 2000, pgs. 29, 34.

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Q-News is a Muslim magazine based in London, England. The address of the magazine is as follows:

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