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**ANNUAL MAZRUI NEWSLETTER NO. 26**

**General Theme:**

**DREAMS FROM THE PAST, DREADS OF THE FUTURE**

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**Appendices to this Newsletter:**

- (a) Letter from Governor of Illinois
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Almost exactly forty years before September 11, 2001, a plane crashed somewhere else, and had an impact on one of the tallest buildings in New York City. The initial reaction was that the air crash was an accident. But since major international issues were at stake, there was soon speculation about sabotage and international terrorism. There was even suspicion that the plane crashed as an act of deliberate suicide.

### **Aerial Terror: 1961 to 2001**

The month of this air crash was also September, but the year was 1961 rather than 2001. The tall building which was shaken was the Headquarters of the United Nations, but it was devastated politically and psychologically rather than physically. The Secretary General of the United Nations – engaged in a highly controversial issue affecting the Third World – had been killed in a startling air-crash outside the country.

The period 1960-1961 was my first year in the United States. The year was spent mainly in New York City where I was a graduate student at Columbia University. On September 18, 1961, I was indeed in New York. I felt the full impact of the news of the death of Dag Hammarskjöld who is still widely regarded as the greatest Secretary-General the United Nations has ever had. Although the reverberations of the air crash were especially intense in New York City, the crash itself occurred near Ndola in Zambia. The Secretary-General was on a mission concerning the future of the Congo (Kinshasa) [former Belgian Congo] at a time when the Big Powers were much more competitively involved in trying to control that strategically vital country than they now are. The then Soviet Union and the United States were sniping at each other over the Congo – and Secretary-General Hammarskjöld's was caught in the crossfire.

As a researcher at the United Nations I had seen Secretary-General Hammarskjöld a number of times, but had not actually met him. My masters' thesis at Columbia had been on the Congo crisis as it unfolded in 1960-61, and I had tried to follow the politics closely, including the role of the Secretary-General Hammarskjöld. His violent and sudden death therefore carried a certain additional poignancy for me.

The one survivor of the air crash in Ndola was an American Sergeant Harold M. Julien, a former American marine. He died later, but not before reporting that Hammarskjöld had suddenly “changed his mind” about landing at Ndola and had instructed the pilot to change course. Moments later – according to the injured American – there were explosions aboard the plane.

Muslims seek martyrdom often through the jihad, defined as a struggle in the path of Allah. Christians, like Hammarskjöld, have pursued martyrdom by seeking a sacrificial death in the image of Jesus, a crucifixion in some form. The three possibilities in 1961 were, first, that the air crash was an accident; second, the crash was a terrorist act by a third party; and third, that the crash was engineered by Dag Hammarskjöld himself in pursuit of martyrdom. As his close friend W.H. Auden, the poet, put it after Hammarskjöld's death “the thought of suicide was not strange to Hammarskjöld.” [Auden's Introduction to Hammarskjöld's book, MARKINGS (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1965, p. xv)].

In September 2001, I was about to leave Binghamton by air to go to the United Nations in New York at the invitation of Dag Hammarskjöld's African successor, Kofi Annan. I was a member of a group of what the UN called “Eminent Personalities”, invited by Secretary-General Kofi Annan to evaluate Africa's development performance in the preceding ten years.

You can imagine my shock on September 11, 2001, when I learnt about the dreadful suicidal air crashes into the World Trade Center in New York city. All subsequent flights to anywhere in the United States were cancelled. The buildings of the United Nations were closed. Our meeting of Eminent Personalities – scheduled for September 12, 2001 – was postponed indefinitely. [The meeting was subsequently held at the UN in November 2001 under the Chairmanship of the distinguished Ghanaian economist and former Minister of Finance of Ghana, Kwesi Botchwey].

The additional shocking news about another air crash into the Pentagon in Washington, D.C., was a different kind of concern for my family. My oldest son Jamal works for the Federal Government of the United States. Although I knew he did not work for the Pentagon, there was the theoretical possibility of his visiting a friend in the Defense Department. The family was for a short while worried about Jamal and whether or not he was safe. [Incidentally, Jamal works for the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) under the Chair of Mr. Michael Powell, the son of Secretary of State Colin Powell].

We did have a friend on September 11, who worked at the World Trade Center, a Filipino American whose South African wife Cheryl still lives in Binghamton and visits our home often. On that morning of September 11 she called me and was almost hysterical on the phone. She did not know if her husband was safe, and she was unable to reach him by phone. Pauline dashed to the South African friend's home to lend her moral support while they tried to get news about her husband at the World Trade Center. Before mid-day we found out that the husband, Rainier, was among the survivors, alhamdu li'Llah (the Lord be praised).

Of course, we grieved for those who did not make it either at the World Trade Center or at the Pentagon, or from the crash in Pennsylvania. The death toll ran into thousands of lives.

Although the events of September 11 occurred in the last third of the year 2001, it has come to loom large in the year as a whole. Professionally, I gave lectures about September 11 in **four** different continents in so short a period. I gave lectures or presentations about the significance of September 11 for North-South Relations in Germany, the United Arab Emirates, Great Britain, Ethiopia, as well as the United States. I was interviewed for newspapers in Europe and Japan on the subject, and on the radio for the BBC and Voice of America, on television in the United States and for multiple media in Africa.

All of a sudden I had to brush up on Wahabiyyah (Wahabism) in Islam, and on whether the year of the elephants referred to in the Chapter on Al-Fil in the Holy Qur'an had anything to do with the outbreak of anthrax among the invading elephants from Ethiopia seeking to conquer Mecca in the year 570 C.E.

But the air-crash which killed Dag Hammarskjöld in September 1961 was not the only irony of history which was echoed by the deliberate air crash into the World Trade Center in September 2001.

For Kenyans especially there was one additional irony about the year 2001. That was the year of the fiftieth anniversary of the political rumblings and tumult which culminated into the most violent phase of Kenya's colonial history. Let us now turn to this second irony of history implicit in September 11, and which also has considerable relevance for my own life and career.

### **From Mau Mau to Osama bin Laden**

By a strange twist of destiny, Kenya in 2001 was coming to terms with its Mau Mau history at about the same time as the United States was engaged in its war on terrorism. The Mau Mau movement against white settler rule in Kenya in the 1950s had been widely denounced by its critics as a terrorist movement. African loyalists to the British colonial regime were sometimes assassinated by Mau Mau, and from time to time a European farming family would be wiped out in a midnight raid by Mau Mau. By October 1952 the British Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, was forced to declare a state of emergency in the colony.

As the fiftieth anniversary of the Mau Mau war was approaching, the Kenyan authorities started contemplating in the year 2001 major gestures to honour Mau Mau as a movement of patriotic heroism and nationalist sacrifice. The British had arrested and executed Dedan Kimathi, a Mau Mau “commander” in the forest. In the year 2001 Kenya was considering turning into national monuments the place where Kimathi was arrested and perhaps the place where many Mau Mau fighters were once detained.

There is also a movement to seek out Dedan Kimathi’s remains, give him a hero’s funeral and build a special Mausoleum. Certain Kimathi enthusiasts are even demanding a Kimathi Day annually as a day to honour those who gave their lives in the liberation war for Kenya’s independence in the 1950s.

Almost exactly fifty years later the atrocities of September 11, 2001, occurred at the World Trade Center in New York (a symbol of American economic might) and at the Pentagon (Department of Defense, a symbol of American military might) in Washington, D.C. A third plane, probably intended by the terrorists for either the White House or the Congressional building (the Capitol), was aborted and crashed in a field in Pennsylvania.

From Mau Mau to September 11, 2001, my entire life as a student of political violence was encapsulated between those two political eruptions which were separated by half-a-century of time and more than five thousand miles of distance. Was Dedan Kimathi an earlier version of Osama bin Laden? If Osama bin Laden had already been killed by his enemies or if he would one day be executed as Dedan Kimathi was, will bin Laden be similarly vindicated one day as a martyr and hero fighting for his people? The whole dilemma as to where liberation war ends and terrorism begins has continued to haunt the conscience of patriotism and liberalism globally.

Before September 11, I was interviewed by the World Service of the British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) about the rehabilitation of Mau Mau in Kenya fifty years after the outbreak of the Mau Mau war. The dilemma concerning Mau Mau had always been whether it was a Kenyan nationalist movement or a Kikuyu ethnic movement, whether it was political patriotic movement or a peasants' economic revolt, and whether it was a movement of progressive liberation or of ativist terrorism. Ever since I wrote my article "On Heroes and Uhuru Worship" for TRANSITION magazine in Kampala in 1963, I have sided with those who have interpreted Mau Mau as a genuine national liberation movement. I took the same position when I was interviewed by the BBC in the year 2001, when the memory of Mau Mau was being positively rehabilitated by the Kenyan authorities. Will Middle Eastern historians one day rehabilitate Al-Qaeda and bin Laden?

In August 2001, less than a month before the events of September 11, the Federal Government of the United States subsidized my going to Kenya to give lectures under the umbrella of the Kenya Commission on Constitutional Review. The Commission was chaired by Professor Yash Ghai of the University of Hong Kong. My lectures were not

of course about Mau Mau, but they were about ethnic forces in Kenya politics. Indeed, the title of my lectures in both Nairobi and Mombasa was as follows:

**“KATIBA NA KABILA: If African politics are ethnic prone, can African constitutions be ethnic-proof?”**

Although Mombasa is my hometown, and the lecture should have attracted at least a thousand people, I was lucky to have got an audience of about one hundred and fifty. This was because of the appalling lack of advertising of the lecture, and the extremely short notice given to the Mombasa public. On the other hand, I probably did get my thousand people in Nairobi in spite of the last minute change of venue and other organizational problems. My Nairobi lecture was also held at the prestigious Kenyatta Conference Center.

One local radio station in Nairobi broadcast my entire lecture live. I am told that the radio station subsequently repeated the whole fifty-minute lecture two or three days in a row. I was deeply flattered by this degree of attention.

However, the constitutional hero of Kenya in the year 2001 was indeed Professor Yash Ghai, the Chairman of the Commission. Under competing pressures from many sources, including different members of the Kenya Government, Yash Ghai maintained his political independence and personal integrity. The main goal of the Commission was to produce a new draft constitution for Kenya in the course of the year 2002. My own lectures in Kenya in 2001 were simply part of the process of public debate on constitutional issues. (Incidentally, Yash Ghai and I were contemporaries as graduate students at Nuffield College, Oxford University, in England, and have remained friends ever since. He has remained a Kenyan in spite of his many years as professor first in England and later in Hong Kong. I have remained a Kenyan in spite of my own many

years abroad. I grew up in the shadow of Mau Mau; I am aging in the shadow of Al-Qaeda.)

### **Legal Dreams and Colonial Nightmares**

Yash Ghai was the law student I was closest to during all my years as a student. We had many discussions about politics and the law. He seemed to be the nearest approximation to what I had dreamt of becoming before I ever left Mombasa to study abroad.

My father had been a major jurist in the Islamic tradition, and rose to become the Chief Kadhi of Kenya, (Chief Islamic Justice) in the 1940s. Had he not died when I was only fourteen years old, I would have been encouraged to follow in his footsteps and become a jurist in Islamic law. I might have gone to Al-Azhar University in Cairo instead of Manchester, Columbia and Oxford.

In reality I nearly did not go to any of those places – not even to Makerere College in Uganda. After my Old Man died my school-work took a nose-dive. It was the crucial year of my taking the Cambridge School Certificate examination. I ended up with a Third Class Certificate – totally inadequate for admission to any institution of higher education. My dreams of becoming either a writer or a lawyer in the Western tradition seemed to have come to a permanent halt.

The Mau Mau war had not yet broken out in colonial Kenya, but there was a good deal of economic uncertainty. On graduating from the Secondary School in Mombasa in 1948 with the Third Class Cambridge certificate, I started looking for a job. I was considered for the job of a bank teller at Barclays Bank in Mombasa. Quite unexpectedly, I failed a urine medical test. (This was long before diabetes afflicted me as an old man!). The 1948 diagnosis was proven to have been wrong, but the mistake was

enough to cost me the job as a clerk at Barclays Bank. In those initial years I was deprived not just of the dream of a legal career. I could not even get simple fairness and justice.

While the clouds of political unrest in colonial Kenya were gathering ominously, my own career was also trying to find a sense of direction. My high school results were modest, but at least I had passed the prestigious Cambridge School Certificate, even if Third Class.

Subsequently I was hired by a Dutch multinational company – the Twensche Overseas Trading Company in Mombasa, dealing with perfumes and toilet preparations. I was supposed to be a trainee for a managerial job. But at the age of fifteen I was too young for the responsibilities envisaged. The Dutch company let me go with a strong letter giving the reason why they could not keep me. Both the law and simple justice seemed to be eluding me.

While my first job application (to Barclays Bank) had resulted in my not getting a job at all, my second application (to the Dutch company) had got me a job but only very briefly.

My third job application (to an emerging technical college) got me a temporary job but without any pay at all. Although I did not know it at the time, this third opportunity was destined to shape my life forever. At first my new employer did not have any budget for this junior clerk, but they were prepared to let me learn on the job. The new employers were the Mombasa Institute of Muslim Education (MIOME), at the time little more than an idea being pursued at Government House, the residence of the Governor of Kenya, Sir Philip Mitchell. Fifteen year old Ali Mazrui was given a rickety little desk in one corner of the temporary offices of MIOME.

Had I been successfully hired by a branch of Barclays Bank in Mombasa, I might have remained an employee of a junior branch of Barclays in Mombasa for the rest of my life. Had I been successfully trained by the Dutch multinational to be a branch-manager in an East African town, I might have become a local dignitary but not an international figure. But when I was finally hired by the Mombasa Institute of Muslim Education (MIOME), the stage was being set for a new destiny in what I later called “Africa’s triple heritage”. I did not know it at the time, but my road to the Western world was through this Islamic institution.

### **From MIOME to Huddersfield**

In the early years all the academic staff of MIOME were Europeans (primarily Christians). All the students were Muslims (Africans, Indians, and Arabs of East Africa). The mission was to produce technologically skilled East African Muslims. The whole concept was rooted in Africa’s triple heritage--indigenous, Islamic and Western considerations. But the educational goals were technological rather than legal.

In any case, I began as a mere junior clerk without pay at MIOME, and was then regularized as a clerk with pay. I finally rose to become Boarding Supervisor (or Warden) of the Halls of Residence of MIOME. The students addressed me as “Sheikh Ali”- one more symbol of the triple heritage at work. But I was not a learned sheikh in Islamic law.

It was in the course of my years at MIOME that I met my first “Head of State”- the Governor of Colonial Kenya, Sir Philip Mitchell. MIOME was the brainchild of Sir Philip Mitchell - who wanted to see African Muslim subjects of Great Britain catch up with the twentieth century through technology. If the Western world had been as sensitive about Muslim dignity in the age of technology as Sir Philip had been, would we have averted Muslim terrorist anger against the West?

On the last of Sir Philip's periodic visits to MIOME he heard me give a speech as part of the celebration of the Prophet Muhammad's Birthday at MIOME. In subsequent years I was to give thousands of other speeches in different parts of the world – from Sweden to New Zealand, from Kano to Kuala Lumpur, from Lansing to Lahore. But perhaps no single speech played a bigger role in changing the course of my life than the one which Sir Philip Mitchell heard on the Prophet's Birthday in Mombasa, in 1952.

The next day the Governor sent for the young speaker to chat with him about his future educational aspirations. Sir Philip discouraged me from pursuing legal aspirations. Nevertheless, it is probable that the Governor subsequently wrote a memorandum to the Director of Education in Nairobi about the young man the Governor himself had virtually interviewed in Mombasa. By the time I applied once again for a Kenya Government scholarship to study in Great Britain, I did not receive the usual letter of "regrets" to which my poor Cambridge Certificate results had made me accustomed. Instead, I received a letter inviting me to go to Nairobi for an interview. Did the British colonial authorities have a policy of affirmative action to help "backward" African Muslims with another chance?

Nor was the interview of this unknown twenty year old boy from Mombasa done by lower-ranking officers at the Education Department in Nairobi. This obscure Ali Mazrui was interviewed by no less a person than the Director of Education himself, helped by his Deputy. These were the highest-ranking educational officers in colonial Kenya. Why else would they have been interviewing a young unknown from Mombasa but for the prior recommendation of someone of the rank or caliber of Sir Philip Mitchell? Was the little speech by Ali Mazrui at MIOME on the Prophet Muhammad's

birthday now on the verge of re-directing Ali's entire life? Was that direction likely to be legal training?

Some weeks later I received a letter from the Department of Education confirming that I had been awarded a scholarship, first to complete my secondary education at a college in Huddersfield, England, and later to go to a British University for the Bachelor of Arts rather than legal training. In spite of the third class Cambridge School Certificate results, Ali Mazrui had been given a second chance – though not for law school. And Africa's triple heritage on Prophet Muhammed's birthday at MIOME had a lot to do with the change of destiny.

But I was taking to Britain more than my experiences at MIOME, very formative as those were. I was also taking with me the writing skills I acquired serving as the local "Arab correspondent" of the MOMBASA TIMES for which I produced a whole page of "Arab news" every fortnight. I was also a regular contributing editor to a local communal newspaper called the ARAB GUARDIAN. These experiences were immensely valuable in developing my skills in popular reportage and eloquent analysis in the English language.

In developing my skill in Kiswahili as a public discourse, I was aided more by the radio than by newspapers. I had a weekly half-hour as a storyteller in Kiswahili on the local radio station, SAUTI YA MVITA ("The Voice of the Isle of War")

I had also been in demand as an after-dinner speaker in the English language for local clubs in Mombasa. All these experiences turned out to be more significant as formative influences than might have appeared at the time.

In 1955 the day arrived when I had to leave East Africa for the first time. I boarded a slow plane which stopped in Khartoum, Cairo and Rome before arriving in

London. The colonial authorities had given me a second chance to compensate for my lapse in the Cambridge School Certificate. Was it affirmative action to give a second chance to a disadvantaged Muslim youth?

While I have a soft spot for Sir Philip Mitchell for his involvement in establishing the Mombasa Institute of Muslim Education, and his probable involvement in changing the course of my career, he is widely blamed for complacency about the wider political situation in Kenya. Mitchell was sensitive about minorities, but not sensitive enough about the country as a whole. His immediate successor as governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, bore the brunt of the outbreak of large-scale political violence and terrorism in colonial Kenya. Moderates in Kenyan African politics like Tom Mbotela, a Nairobi City councillor, and senior Chief Waruhiu, were assassinated by the militants. The new Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, declared a state of emergency in Kenya in October 1952. In the retrospect of history, Kenya's war of liberation had officially begun – terrorism and all.

### **In Search of Political Mazruiana**

The Mau Mau war and the debates provoked by it helped to politicize me. By the time I left Kenya for higher education in England, my interest in studying subjects which were relevant for politics had become more conscious than ever. I knew the Kenyan colonial authorities would not allow me to study law, but could I study politics and history?

My initial stop was Huddersfield Technical College to study two subjects at Advanced level General Certificate of Education and two subjects at Ordinary level of the same examination. Those four subjects to be studied over a period of two years were intended to make me eligible for admission to a British university.

Instead of studying four subjects only, I registered for seven subjects, five of them at advanced level. The nearest subject to law in what was available in the General Certificate of Education (London University) was a study of the British Constitution. So I registered for that. I also took Economic History, European History and World Geography (three separate papers). I regarded all these papers as relevant for understanding politics. My fifth advanced level course was English Literature, which I took for cultural rather than political reasons.

The four social science courses deepened my orientation towards the study of politics. My taking English Literature changed my life in a sense no less fundamental. It was in that literature class that I met Molly Vickerman, a British student, who later became my wife and mother of my first three sons.

I did pass all the five advanced level courses (set and graded by the University of London). I also passed the two ordinary level courses (mathematics and classical Arabic). The stage was set for my specializing in political studies at the University of Manchester's bachelor's degree, my master's degree at Columbia University in New York, and my doctorate at Oxford. Although I did not study the law at any of those three universities, I was exposed to the study of constitutions and of comparative politics. I was also introduced to constitutional experience in Latin America when I was briefly a student for one summer at the University of Mexico in Mexico City.

The year of my graduation from Manchester in 1960 also marked the end of the Mau Mau emergency in Kenya. The year of my arrival at Makerere University College in Kampala, Uganda (1963), turned out to be the year of Kenya's independence. The Mau Mau movement had been militarily defeated, but it had been politically triumphant. I was starting my career in the year of that political triumph. 1963 was also the year

when I first became a parent with the birth of Jamal two days after Kenya became independent.

Why did I call my first-born “Jamal”? One theory among my friends was that Jamal was the nearest Muslim name to “Jomo” the founder-President of newly independent Kenya. Jamal and Kenya’s independence had been in a race as to who would be born first. Kenya became independent on December 12 and Jamal was born on December 14.

If Jamal was indeed named after “Jomo” Kenyatta, he was named after a person whom the British had convicted of being founder of Mau Mau and whom Sir Evelyn Baring had described as “leader unto darkness and death.” Even in the annals of my own family, one person’s terrorist may well be celebrated as another person’s freedom fighter!! (Incidentally, Jomo Kenyatta became a great friend of Great Britain after Kenya’s independence),

But where did all this leave my dreams of the law as part of my life? In reality three events in my life helped to quench that longing for a legal career. One was a brief moment in my career at Makerere in Uganda when I was appointed Interim Dean of Law. In reality I was playing midwife to the birth of a Faculty of Law at Makerere University. In my capacity as an interim Dean I hired the lawyers who then took over from me.

The second factor which helped to quench my thirst for a legal career was a creative process. My only novel is entitled THE TRIAL OF CHRISTOPHER OKIGBO and is set in After-Africa where all dead Africans go. The novel puts on trial a real person (Christopher Okigbo) who was killed in the Nigerian civil war. The novel puts him on trial for sacrificing his art (poetry) in the service of Igbo nationalism.

The year 2001 was the thirtieth anniversary of the publication of my novel. The year 2001 also saw the publication of the biographical festschrift in my honor, edited by Parviz Morewedge, and entitled THE SCHOLAR BETWEEN THOUGHT AND EXPERIENCE. One of the chapters in that volume is entitled “Ali A. Mazrui – ‘The Lawyer’” by Isaac Mowoe of the Ohio State University. Mowoe’s chapter is substantially inspired by the format and nature of my novel, THE TRIAL. Isaac Mowoe is himself a trained lawyer.

### Comparative Mazruiana

If my longing for a legal career was partly quenched by my serving as a midwife to a new Law School at Makerere, and partly by my writing a novel with a judicial format, what was the third factor which defused the legal longing?

This third factor was the career of my third son, Kim Abubakar. He chose to study philosophy for his bachelor’s degree, before law school at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. His life then started a series of coincidences that linked him up with my career.

Kim adopted the name “Forde-Mazrui” when he got married to Kay Forde. Ali Mazrui did not change his name to “Vickerman-Mazrui” when he married Kim’s mother, Molly Vickerman. But professionally father and son had a good deal in common. *Let us deal with the two of them in the third person in this context.*

*Kim Forde Mazrui* started his professorial career at a university in America whose origins went back to the 1820s. *Ali A. Mazrui* started his professorial career at a university in Africa whose origins went back to the 1920s. The University of Virginia opened in 1825. Makerere as a modest educational institution opened in about 1925.

Three African countries have shaped *Ali Mazrui* -- Kenya (where he was born and where he grew up), Uganda (where he started his academic career) and Nigeria (where he has lived a number of years and from where his wife, Pauline, comes). *Ali Mazrui* has had tenure at three universities -- Makerere in Uganda, the University of Michigan and the State University of New York at Binghamton.

The number THREE has been crucial in the life of *Ali Mazrui*. Is that why this THIRD son, *Kim Mazrui*, is the nearest manifestation of *Ali Mazrui's* co-incarnation? Or is this a case of pre-emptive reincarnation?

*Kim Forde Mazrui's* academic performance in high school in Michigan was satisfactory but his performance at university level in Michigan was brilliant and outstanding. *Ali Mazrui's* academic performance in high school in Kenya was barely satisfactory, but his performance at university level in England was brilliant and outstanding.

*Kim Forde Mazrui* knew from quite early that he wanted to become a lawyer. He studied political philosophy before he became a professor of law in Virginia. *Ali Mazrui* aspired to become a lawyer long before he went to university. He later studied political philosophy before he served for a while as Acting Dean of the Faculty of Law in Uganda.

*Kim Forde Mazrui* rose to the rank of full professor at the relatively tender age of thirty-two (in the year 2001). *Ali Mazrui* rose to the rank of full professor at exactly the same age of thirty-two (in the year 1965).

*Kim Forde Mazrui* had a relatively famous scholar for a father -- and one who had written and published extensively. *Ali Mazrui* also had a relatively famous scholar for a father -- and one who had written and published extensively. Kim's father had published

mainly in English (with an occasional poem or prose in Kiswahili). Ali's father had written mainly in Kiswahili (with an occasional work in Arabic).

*Kim Forde Mazrui* has never been an Assistant Professor. He rose from Associate to full Professor. *Ali Mazrui* has never been an Associate Professor. He rose from lecturer to full Professor.

*Kim Forde Mazrui* courageously writes about controversial subjects as a scholar in spite of the disapproval of some of his colleagues. *Ali Mazrui's* entire scholarly career has been punctuated by a series of academic controversies and political debates, despite the disapproval of some of his colleagues.

*Kim* married a white woman whom he met when he was still a student. The couple helped each other's careers while fulfilling their roles as parents. *Ali* also married a white woman whom he met when he was still a student. This couple also helped each other's careers while fulfilling their roles as parents (including parenting Kim)!

The University of Michigan was a major intellectual influence on *Kim Forde Mazrui*. He did his bachelor's degree and his law degree there. The University of Michigan was also a major intellectual influence on *Ali A. Mazrui*, who served the university as both a professor of political science and Director of the Center for African-American and African Studies. The University of Michigan has now invited *Kim* to be a Visiting Professor in the Law School in which he had done so brilliantly as a student in the 1980s.

*Kim Forde Mazrui* may not be a re-incarnation of *Ali A. Mazrui* since the two are alive at the same time! But is *Kim* a co-incarnation of his *Dad*? At the very minimum *Kim's* career has helped to quench the *Dad's* longing for a legal career once and for all.

When I visited Kim's home in Charlottesville, Virginia, with Pauline and my two youngest children in July 2001, Kim gave me one additional ceremonial opportunity to find my own legal fulfillment in my third son. He and his wife Kay held a reception in their home and invited mainly Kim's legal friends and their families. I was called upon to address informally this distinguished get-together of legal minds. I had the good sense not to choose a legal or judicial topic, but my theme was more prophetic than I realized at the time. I talked about Islam and Muslims in the United States. This was two months before the shocking events of September 11, 2001.

The ambitions of Kim's son, Will, are at the moment more musical than legal. He has become an accomplished musical instrumentalist [saxophone]. In his teenage years, winning prizes. His younger uncle Farid (my fourth son) is much more of a beginner in music, but Farid has also started music lessons on the viola. Harith, my fifth son, is experimenting with the flute. The Taliban phobia against music would seem strange to this new generation of the Mazrui.

### **The Cycle of Life: Death and Rebirth**

But the year 2001 captured more than the nightmares of intolerance and political violence or the dreams of professional aspirations. There were also the more normal ebbs and flows of family life. My wife, Pauline, was not able to go home to Nigeria when her younger sister Caroline had died suddenly in the year 2000. But for the first anniversary of Caroline's death, which traditionally carried special ceremonies and rituals, Pauline departed for Jos, Nigeria, and left me behind with Farid (9 years old) and Harith (8 years old). Was I any good at baby-sitting for several weeks in a row? My pillar of support was our friend Goretta Mugambwa (a Ugandan-Canadian) and her teenage daughter

Maria. They live with us anyhow and were wonderful protectors of our little boys (and of their Dad) in Pauline's absence in Nigeria. The Lord be praised!

A new death in the family was that of my elder brother Sheikh Harith Al' Amin Mazrui. He died in his eighties within little more than a year after the death of his dear wife Maryam, to whom he had been married from the 1940s. In the old days of British colonial rule my brother had been a civil servant and a magistrate along the Coast of Kenya. He was transferred to different towns from time to time and I used to visit him during my secondary school holidays in Mombasa.

After his retirement he went into poultry farming and coconut farming on a modest scale near a small town on the Kenya Coast called Takaungu. Although his formal education was only at the level of graduating from high school, he was exceptionally widely read. He continued to read widely right into the last year of his life. His interests were world politics, Islamic studies and African affairs.

Although I am a scholar by profession, I suspect that I read fewer hours per week than my brother did! I made up by writing more hours per week than Harith did!!! (My friends have discovered this writing obsession of mine to their cost!)

I did go to Mombasa when Harith died, but Muslim rules of burial made it impossible to be in time for the funeral [The deceased is normally buried within twenty-four hours]. My tireless nephew, Munir M. Mazrui, represented me in most of these family matters.

I was not allowed to visit Kenya without giving a lecture!! In Mombasa I gave a lecture on **“Muslims in Kenya and the United States as a Political Minority: Between Piety and Participation”**. In Mombasa the lecture was chaired by Professor Muhammad Hyder and sponsored by the Muslim Civic Education Trust. I later repeated

the same lecture at the Jamia Mosque in Nairobi at the invitation of the Kadhi of Nairobi, Sheikh Hamad Muhammad Kassim. Among those who attended the Nairobi lecture was none other than Professor Yash Ghai, the Chair of the Kenya Constitutional Commission. My own lecture was chaired by Professor M. H. Abdulaziz of the University of Nairobi.

My nephew, Ghalib Yusuf Tamim, was a tower of strength in Nairobi on other issues. I needed a new Kenya passport, and he managed to get me one within twenty-four hours. I also needed a British stamp in the new passport granting me a five-year long multiple entry visa to Great Britain. Ghalib also managed to get me that within twenty-four hours, partly aided by the good word which Professor Muhammad Hyder had put in on my behalf at the British Embassy before I arrived in Kenya. Ghalib is becoming as resourceful as this other uncle Muhammad Hyder, alhamdu li'Llah!

Ghalib's wife, Maryam, was pregnant when I was in Nairobi. Since then the new addition to the family has arrived – little Swalha! We are looking forward to receiving the first photographs of the young lady soon.

But the life-cycle includes departures as well as arrivals. In addition to brother Harith, the year 2001 also saw the departure of my cousin Sharifa Abdulla Salim. In her old age she had become one of the beloved matriarchs of our extended family. Her late father fifty years earlier had been a Member of Kenya's Legislative Council under the British Raj. The father was Shariff Abdulla Salim, married to my mother's sister, Ma-Dada. When my own father died, and I was only fourteen years old, Shariff Abdulla Salim used to buy me new clothes for the Muslim festival of Eid el Fitr. That was more than fifty years ago. In the year 2001 I went to the hospital to visit the daughter, Sharifa. It turned out to be her terminal illness. I said a sad goodbye to Sharifa. She will be truly

missed. (Incidentally, Sharifa's brother is the Kenyan singer, Salim, whose stage name is Sal Davis. More recently Sal Davis has been an entertainer in the Arab countries of the Gulf. The Taliban culture of anti-music is absent in most of the Gulf countries.)

My Californian grandson, the next Ali A. Mazrui, celebrated his first birthday in style. He is already a child-star, an "Aly Temple" (latter-day "Shirley Temple") in the making. He instinctively pauses for cameras with charm. We were not able to go to California, but his chortling noises on the telephone are music to the ears of his grandparents! My son Al'Amin is doing most of the parenting of Ali Junior during the day when mother Jill is away at work. From all accounts, the father's parenting has been a wonderful experience for the whole family. It has enabled Jill to concentrate on her job as a school administrator, especially following her recent promotion. It has made Al'Amin a better father, a better husband and a better human being. I am proud of him and his family. He still has energy to go to work in a local theater in California in the evening, when Jill returns to take over the parenting at home. Al'Amin, Jill and Baby Hero Ali were the first to arrive in Binghamton for our end-of-year family reunion. Jamal and his friend Hassana Alidou came next—followed by Kim, Kay and their son Will. There followed great delicacies for taste and great debates for the mind. We even managed to see the movie ALI (about the boxer) as a family. We also staged a great New Year's Eve party for family and friends.

### **A Wreath for Nkrumah, A Garland for a Wedding**

Kenya was not the only African country I visited twice in the year 2001. Ghana was the other one. Although my first visit to Accra in 2001 was sponsored by the United Nations project "Millennium Africa", the visit was relatively low profile. It was mainly

focused on a conference, although I did give a Press interview or two. I also visited my very old friend, Professor Adu Boahen, who was in hospital in Accra at the time.

It was my second visit to Ghana in August 2001, which exploded into massive Press coverage and considerable debate in the country. In August I was the guest of W.E.B. Du Bois Memorial Center in Accra, which arranged major lectures for me to give on “**Pan Africanism in the Era of Globalization**”, delivered both in Accra and Kumasi. My most controversial remarks turned out to be what I said about the two most historically significant political figures in Ghana’s postcolonial history – Kwame Nkrumah (in power from 1957 to 1966) and Jerry Rawlings in power (elected President January 7, 1992 and re-elected January 7, 1997 for another five years). In the course of one of my lectures and television interviews I had made what I thought was a pretty obvious observation:

*“Kwame Nkrumah started off as a democrat, and ended his years in power as a dictator. Jerry Rawlings started off as a brutal dictator, and ended his years in power as a democrat”*

My summary of both Nkrumah’s career and that of Jerry Rawlings turned out to be hotly controversial, though to different wings of Ghana’s ideological spectrum. I was both praised and denounced by a variety of different voices in the Ghana Press and on the Internet internationally.

It may be a measure of my impartiality in Ghanaian politics that I was most graciously received by both President J.A. Kufuor, the current Head of State, of Ghana and former President Jerry Rawlings, the previous Head of State. Indeed, Jerry Rawlings came with his wife and children to visit me at my hotel in Accra. God bless all Ghanaians of all political persuasions. Amen.

The one Ghanaian I missed the most on the August trip was Professor Adu Boahen, who once challenged Jerry Rawlings in a presidential election, and was before that a visiting professor at my university in Binghamton, New York. Adu Boahen had gone to England this last August for health reasons. We wish him a full recovery. Amen.

The three Ghanaians who spent the most time helping me and accompanying me almost everywhere in Ghana were Mr. R. William Hrisir-Quay, Professor Atukwei Okai Secretary-General of the Pan African Writers Association based in Accra, and Mr. Johnny Botchway, who once served as a personal driver to Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's founder-President. Mr. Botchway simply adopted me, almost as if I were in some sense a reincarnation of Kwame Nkrumah! I was deeply moved by the commitment and support of these Ghanaian friends.

At long last I was able to lay a wreath at the tombs of not only Kwame Nkrumah, but also the tombs of W.E.B. Du Bois and George Padmore, all of them giants in the history of Pan-Africanism.

One more point about Ghana in 2001 for me. The Du Bois Memorial Centre anointed me "Africa's Cultural Messiah". This is an entirely new title and honour. My gratitude to the DuBois Centre in Ghana.

My next destination after Ghana was supposed to be Niamey in the Republic of Niger. It was a classic African problem in transportation. From Accra it would have been much easier for me to get a direct flight back to New York, or a flight to London, than it was to get a direct flight from Accra to Niamey, both of them in West Africa! I did in the end get to Niamey via the Ivory Coast.

The purpose of going to Niger was to attend my most important wedding of the new century so far – the marriage of my nephew Alamin M. Mazrui to my friend

Ousseina Alidou. Although the couple had met in the United States, and had been academic colleagues as professors for a while at the Ohio State University in Columbus, the bride-to-be had insisted that the wedding take place in her home country according to ancestral traditions and customs.

Prior to the wedding I even had to negotiate with the guardian of the bride-to-be, in a trans-Atlantic phone call, on behalf of my nephew. And upon my arrival in Niamey I had to deliver the bride wealth (dowry) in person to the guardian of the bride-to-be. The amounts had been agreed to between Alamin and Ousseina themselves – a slight departure from tradition!

An unusual feature of the wedding ceremony itself in Niamey was that neither the bride nor the groom were present. I represented Alamin at the ceremony and Ousseina was represented by her guardian. But the bride and groom were available elsewhere soon after to receive the congratulations of friends and relatives.

Food was in abundance, but no alcohol was served!! The Islamic influence was still much stronger than the influence of France, Alhamdu li Llah! (Niger is of course a former French colony).

Ousseina has a twin-sister (identical) called Hassana, who is also a professor in the United States. Hassana, too, came to Niamey for the wedding. And later in the year we descended on Hassana's home in Houston, Texas, for another great Niamey-style feast. Hassana lives in Houston. Ousseina Alidou, my son Jamal, my colleague Parviz Morewedge and I were all attending in Houston the annual meeting of the African Studies Association (ASA) of the United States.

Also attending the ASA convention from Binghamton, New York, were Ricardo Laremont and Robert Ostergard. We all combined work with fun in Texas.

### **Who are the Afrabians?**

Ricardo Laremont (my Associate Director in Binghamton) had visited Niamey the previous year and lectured about Islam in the United States. He must have whetted the appetites of local scholars. When I arrived in Niamey for Alamin's wedding to Ousseina, the Dean of Law of the University of Niamey came to my hotel to invite me to go and give a lecture to his Faculty (the Faculty of Law and Political Economy, Abdou Moumoni University of Niamey). I accepted the challenge!

My presentation turned out to be an experience in three languages. I lectured in English on the topic: **"Islam in West Africa and the United States: A Political Comparison"**. Dr. Ousseina Alidou, the new bride, became interpreter from English into French and back. The discussion which followed included a third language – Arabic, which has many fluent speakers in the Republic of Niger. Niger is one of the meeting points between African civilization and Arab culture.

Because the event at the University of Niamey was at short notice, and was happening during the month of August (holiday time for French civilization as a whole), the session was more like a seminar than a large lecture. But it was a truly enriching trilingual experience.

One of the concepts which I had coined in the course of working on relations between Africa and the Arab world was the concept of **Afrabia**. By this I meant all the forces of history, geography, religion and culture which made Africans and Arabs two overlapping peoples, often deeply intertwined. They were two peoples in the historical process of becoming one people over time.

Some like-minded Africans and Arabs have started exploring this concept of *Afrabia* to see how far it can be more consciously operationalized and even institutionalized. Can there be new areas of economic, cultural and political cooperation under the umbrella of *Afrabia*?

And who are the “Afrabians” as a people? Cultural Afrabians are those who combine Arab culture with African; genealogical Afrabians are those whose ancestry includes both African and Arab forebears; ideological Afrabians are those who believe in the potential unity of Africa with the Arab world, regardless of whether they themselves share culture or ancestry with both groups.

In the course of the year 2001 there were two initiatives which had started exploring the potentialities of operationalizing *Afrabia*. One initiative is led by Dr. Ahmed Fituri, a distinguished Libyan historian who had done some work in Nigeria and has a long association with Africa. It was Dr. Fituri who arranged my long evening meeting with the Libyan Leader Muammar Qaddafi in his tent in Tripoli in the year 2000. Fituri had also organized two lectures for me to give in Tripoli on “Africa and Globalization” under the auspices of the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa and his own UN institution, the African Center for Applied Research and Training (ACARTSOD).

The other Afrabian initiative in the year 2001 was from the United Arab Emirates, the Sultanate of Oman and Ethiopia. Meetings were held in Abu Dhabi to explore the concept, and I was invited in October to give lectures on “Afrabia in World Affairs” in the Emirates of Abu Dhabi and Sharjah. I was delighted to meet with the Emir of Sharjah at his palace once again after an interval of nearly ten years. My main host in Abu Dhabi was Dr. Abdulla A. Kareem El'Reyes assisted by Dr. Shaikha. But it was also wonderful

to catch up with such old friends as Ibrahim Noor Shariff, Abdalla S. Bujra, Harith Ghassany, and Nasr Arif. They all looked after me with remarkable conscientiousness. God bless them.

Later in the year Abdalla Bujra attracted me to Ethiopia also to help inaugurate a Board of Governors of the Development Policy Management Forum (DPMF). I also addressed the accompanying conference on the theme: “Democracy, Sustainable Development, and Poverty Reduction: Are they Compatible?”

During my stay in Addis Ababa I also addressed an international meeting of diplomats and other professionals at the Ethiopian International Institute for Peace and Development (EIIPD). My topic was: “Africa between the Fire of Terrorism and the Force of Pax Americana”. Dr. Kinfu Abraham was in the Chair. Aspects of the African experience were captured in Ethiopia. I also caught up with old friends like Ahmed Mohiddin and Haroub Othman.

My most spectacular meal in Addis Ababa on this occasion was not based on Ethiopian cuisine (much as I enjoy that) but on Swahili cuisine. A Mombasa lady, Sauda, working in Ethiopia decided to throw a party in my honour as a futari (evening Ramadhan meal). She mobilized one or two of her friends and produced a feast of over twenty delicious dishes. It was spectacular! The guests were Swahili, Ethiopians and others. I was flattered in two ways. They kept on filling my plate with delicacies. Secondly, most of the ladies wanted to be photographed with me! I was not sure whose jealous wrath to be afraid of – that of the husbands or that of my wife when she saw the photographs!! But who is afraid of Ali Mazrui any more anyhow? Alas! Joking apart, the evening was truly memorable, and everyone was very kind to me. Moreover, I was allowed to bring home the photographs with the gracious ladies who had hosted me. I

have survived to tell the story! In cuisine the event is also memorable as a great Afrabian combination and synthesis.

### September 11 and The Triple Heritage

My television concept of Africa's triple heritage concerned the convergence of Africanity, Islam and Western culture in Africa's experience. How has September 11 affected the triple heritage in my own life so far?

My classes at Binghamton University and at Cornell were both affected by the events of September 11, 2001. The actual theme of my course at Binghamton invited direct discussion of the events of September 11 – for the advanced undergraduate course was on “Cultural Forces in World Politics”. The final examination included the following among a range of questions:

6. *Discuss the following poetic lines in the context of the argument that political terrorism is provoked by political desperation:*

*I and the public know*

*What all school children learn,*

*Those to whom evil is done*

*Do Evil in return.*

[W.H. Auden, 1940]

7. *“Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, and the soul of soul-less conditions. It is the opium of the people”.*  
(Karl Marx). *Is religion the sigh of the politically oppressed? Is it the opium of the political militant? Discuss critically.*

At Cornell University (Africana Studies and Research Center) I participated on a panel-discussion on the implications of September 11 for Black people. The Institute for African Development at Cornell had earlier held its annual event “*An Evening with Ali Mazrui*”, organized by the indefatigable Joan Mulondo. We ate a range of African and other “ethnic dishes” (great stuff) – and then, as was usual, Ali Mazrui addressed the audience on a topic which traditionally had to be (a) African (b) in the news. This last year I chose to speak on the debate concerning “Reparations for Black Enslavement”. We had a lively dialogue to follow my presentation. This was the fifth year in which the Cornell Institute had sponsored “*An Evening with Ali Mazrui*”. I continue to be deeply flattered by the whole concept.

Since my presentation on “REPARATIONS” at Cornell, the question has arisen whether international terrorism and the events of September 11 have harmed the cause of Black reparations – after the cause received a brief boost in Durban, South Africa, at the conference against racism and xenophobia (which the United States and Israel had boycotted). Are the explosive politics of the Middle East helping or hurting the long-term goal of reparations for Black people? The jury is still out on that issue.

I made several trips to Georgia, U.S.A., in the course of 2001. My lecture in the Distinguished Lecture series of the University of Georgia took place after September 11. Although my topic had been decided much earlier (“*Africa in the Era of Globalization – The Costs and the Benefits*”), my definition of “globalization” was forced to catch up with the globalization of terrorism and counter-terrorism.

Two weeks later I was back in Georgia addressing the annual meeting of the Association of Third World Studies on the theme “*Globalization between the Market and the Military: The View from the South.*” This lecture, too, was affected by the aftermath

of September 11. My lecture is being published shortly in *The Journal of Third World Studies*.

Within the United States my most noteworthy Africanist lecture was perhaps the one I gave in honour of the former Head of State of Nigeria, General Abdulsalami A. Abubakar in a Distinguished Annual Lecture Series named after him at Chicago State University. The former Nigerian President was himself in attendance. So was the Reverend Jesse Jackson and a wide range of other distinguished guests, both American and African.

Before the lecture I received two official letters of welcome – one from the Governor of Illinois, Governor George H. Ryan, and the other from the Mayor of Chicago, Mayor Richard M. Daley. My lecture was on **“Pan-Africanism, Democracy and Leadership in Africa: The Continuing Legacy for the New Millennium.”**

On the other hand, Nigerian critics of former military rulers of their country staged a protest outside the hotel where the lecture was being held. At one time before the lecture there had been rumours that former President Ibrahim Babangida would also attend the lecture which I was scheduled to give in honor of General Abubakar. Against Babangida there might have been busloads of Nigerian protestors from all over the United States, but former President Babangida did not come to the lecture after all. That reduced the explosiveness of the event.

Why did I agree to give a lecture honouring a former military ruler? Because General Abubakar was not an ordinary military dictator. On the contrary, he played midwife to the return of democracy and civilian rule in Nigeria. Abubakar was Head of State only briefly in order to preside over multiparty elections and let the people of

Nigeria choose their next president. Nigerians chose General Olusegun Obasanjo – a very independent and ethnically different alternative.

At the banquet following my lecture in Chicago there was a message received from President Obasanjo, the current Head of State of Nigeria. President Obasanjo was gracious enough to salute both General Abubakar and myself in his message to the international banquet in Chicago.

My lecture in Chicago was months before September 11, but it was not before the debates about Islamic Law and the Sharia in Nigeria. My lecture therefore included a section on “the politics of Shariacracy”.

Within the United States I continued to have both an Africanist constituency and an Islamic constituency. I tried to attend regularly the meetings of both the African Studies Association of the United States and the New York Association of African Studies. I also lectured widely on Africa, from San Diego in California to Philadelphia in Pennsylvania, from Athens, Georgia, to Columbus, Ohio.

The Muslims of the United States have a wider range of national organizations than the Africans of the United States (as distinct from African Americans, who are more active than both Muslims and Africans). In the year 2001 I continued to serve as Chairman of the Center for the Study of Islam and Democracy in Washington, D.C., and was a member of the Boards of the American Muslim Council in Washington, the Centre for Muslim-Christian Understanding at Georgetown University, and the Board of Trustees of the Graduate School of Islamic and Social Sciences, Leesburg, Virginia. In the year 2001 I was also elected President of the Crescent University Foundation whose aim is to establish a modern world-class Muslim University in the United States. We are not sure whether September 11 will help this project in the long run or harm it.

Outside Africa I continued to serve on the Board of Trustees of the Oxford Centre for Islamic Studies, Oxford, England. It is a measure of the ecumenical spirit in Britain that members of the Board of Trustees were invited to a special dinner for them given by Prince Charles, the Prince of Wales, at his residence. The Prince was playing host to these Trustees of a Muslim Institution. If the truth be told, I was indeed tempted to cross the Atlantic specially to dine with the Heir to the British Throne. But I decided against my own inherited colonial temptations – very reluctantly!

Did the Islamic dinner with Prince Charles take place after September 11? The answer is YES. The Prince is the Royal Patron of the Oxford Centre for Islamic Studies in any case. Although the dinner occurred after September 11, the invitations had of course gone out long before that.

My Pan-African activities included my continuing activism as a Member of the Group of Eminent Persons for African Reparations sworn before Africa's Heads of State in Dakar, Senegal, in 1992. I lectured and wrote on the subject of "Reparations". I also continued to serve on the Board of Directors of the National Summit on Africa, a pro-Africa movement in the United States led mainly by such African Americans as Andrew Young and Leonard H. Robinson, Jr.

The National Summit on Africa – though still focused on serving Africa – has been in the process of modifying its priorities and changing aspects of its name. The agenda has also been affected by September 11 and the new concern about the impact of terrorism and counter-terrorism upon Africa.

## CONCLUSION

In the course of 2001 there were three women at home who were the pillars of my domestic life; and three other women who were the pillars of my life at work. My life-support at home consisted of Pauline (Maryam), my wife, secondly, Goretti Mugambwa, our in-residence longtime friend, and thirdly Maria Liverpool, Goretti's teenage daughter. They were my companions and my guardian-angels at home in Binghamton. They were also the guardian-angels of my youngest sons, Farid (9) and Harith (8).

At the office my three vital women were Nancy Levis, my Administrative Assistant, Barbara Tierno, my Secretary and AnnaMarie Palombaro, my Associate Secretary. They were pillars of strength in my work.

The connecting links between the two sets of women were Goretti Mugambwa, who was a student-assistant to Barbara Tierno, and my wife Pauline, who drove me to work everyday.

The United States is a civilization on wheels. In spite of that, Ali Mazrui is still not licensed to drive!! The three men who drove me to Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, every Wednesday to enable me to teach at Cornell were Ricardo Laremont, my Associate Director at Binghamton, Charles Ruzima Sebuharara, my Special Assistant and Parviz Morewedge, my grand Editor-in Chief at the Institute. They were my bridge with Cornell. Charles Sebuharara was repeatedly ready to drive me anywhere else I needed to go on official duties. From time to time we used a state-car of Binghamton University for the trips.

My research work depended on the help I got from my colleagues Robert Ostergard, a Fellow in the Institute of Global Cultural Studies, Thomas Uthup at Syracuse University who helped me with documentation and references,

Charles Ruzima Sebuharara, who helped me with Internet research, and Fouad Kalouche, who helped me with his Arabic and French.

I paid a hurried visit to my old University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, for consultations with my old colleague and friend Lemuel Johnson and his wife, Marian. It was a rich experience.

At Cornell my hours of academic gossip and consultations were spent with several members of the Africana Studies and Research Center – especially, Locksley Edmondson, Abdul Nanji, N’Dri Thérèse Assié Lumumba, and Ayele Bekerie.

Africana Studies and Research Center at Cornell elected its first continental African (as distinct from Diaspora African) to become Director. Our new Director is a Nigerian-born Don Ohadike, the distinguished historian. He was previously a colleague of mine at the University of Jos in Nigeria –just as previous Director Locksley Edmondson had once been a colleague of mine at Makerere University in Uganda. May the links between Africa and its Diaspora continue, regardless of the aftermath of September 11. Amen.

However, our connection with the wider world has to endure. In the year 2001 I did meet at long last the man who had disengaged the old Soviet Union from its military involvement in Afghanistan. In Atlanta Georgia, I met Mikhail Gorbachev, the final leader of the Soviet Union and the man who had inadvertently caused the disintegration of the USSR. What Gorbachev had done resulted in the end of the Cold War between the Warsaw Pact and the North Atlantic Alliance. For that and for related contributions to the betterment of the Western world, Gorbachev has received many awards in the West, though he has had a hard time even winning a local election in his own country. He is not popular in Russia.

In 2001 Mikhail Gorbachev received the Delta Prize for Global Understanding, awarded through the University of Georgia in the United States, and financed by an endowment from Delta Airlines. I serve on the Board in Georgia, which makes the final selection for the Delta Prize. In the past we had awarded the Prize to former President Jimmy Carter and his wife, and also awarded it to Archbishop Desmond Tutu. Gorbachev was our hero for 2001. For 2002 we plan to salute Madame Sadako Ogata, former UN High Commissioner for Refugees.

Madam Ogata is a great international figure. Her name had been mentioned in the past for the post of Secretary-General of the United Nations. It may not be too late for her to become in the future the first woman Secretary-General of the world body, as well as the first Japanese to hold the post.

It was in September 1961 that many world figures assembled in Sweden to honour a slain Secretary-General. Among those who stood in silent respect for the deceased Dag Hammarskjöld were King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden, Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson of the United States and Trygve Lie, Hammarskjöld's predecessor as Secretary-General. Resting on Dag Hammarskjöld's coffin was his family wreath with a single word for inscription – "WHY?"

The events of September 11, 2001, in New York, Washington and Pennsylvania have re-emphasized that compelling question – "WHY?" Hammarskjöld had died in the service of a divided human kind.

The struggle for answers may be under way, but the struggle for solutions has barely begun. Was Dag Hammarskjöld talking about himself or about the human race as a whole when he wrote the following?

*"Do I fear a compulsion in me*

*To be self-destroyed?*

*....Is there someone*

*In the depths of my being,*

*Waiting for permission to*

*pull the trigger?*

*Tired*

*And lonely,*

*So tired*

*The earth aches.” (MARKINGS)*

Perhaps this was a lament of the human race as a whole, and not merely the anguish of a tormented Secretary-General in a divided world.

The struggle continues.