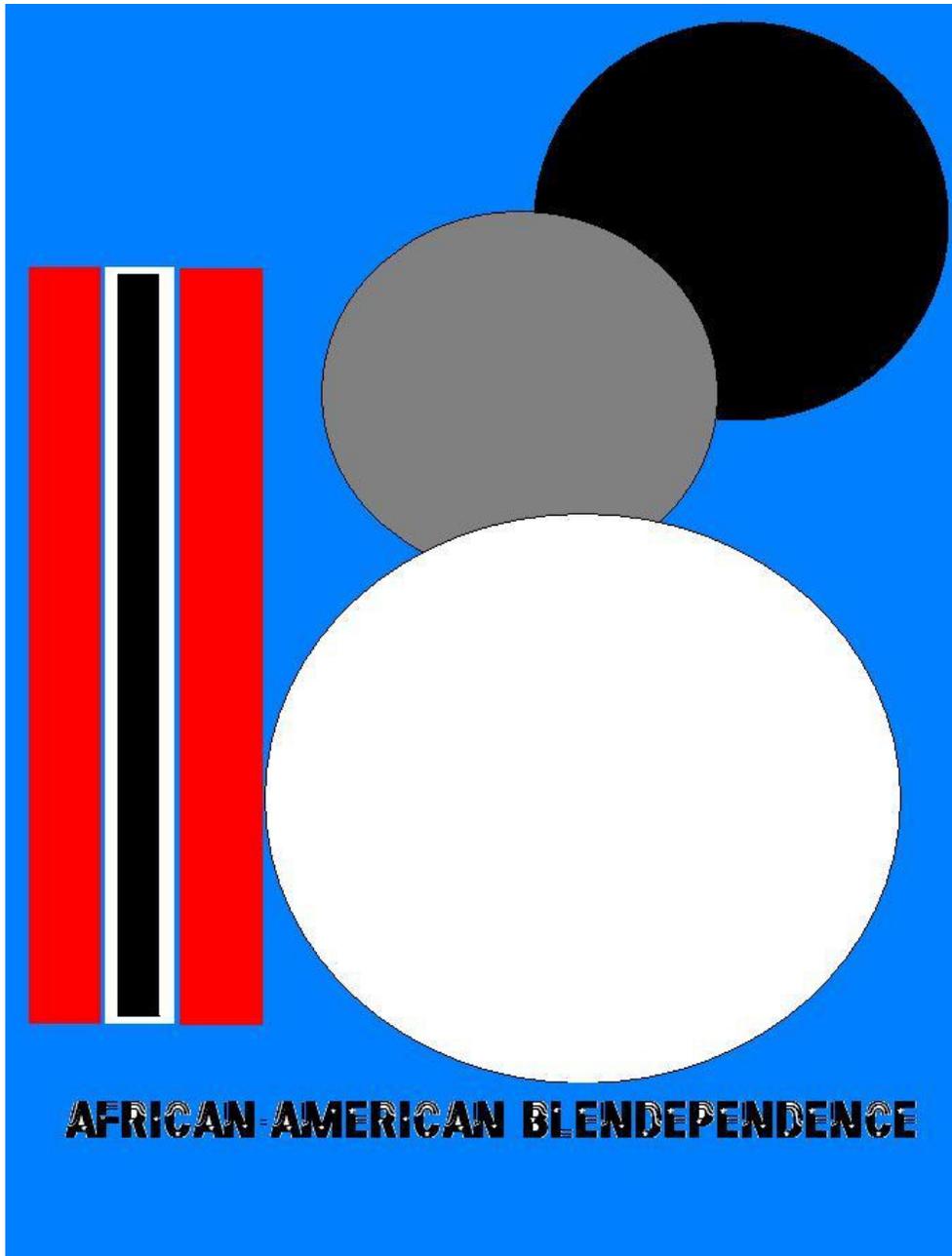


**African-American Blendependence**



*Harry Mapp II*

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## **Forward**

I was inspired to write this book because a lifetime of injustice is far too much for anyone to have to bear: how much more generations? I have seen things so incredulous that I have had to check my sanity from time to time; unwilling to believe until left without the choice to not believe. These unbelievable things I speak of are the collective atrocities perpetrated against Americans of African decent who live in the United States of America since there have been Blacks living in “the new land” and unto this day.

This is not another book to highlight the history of wrongs. The entire world knows this story, we don't need another book. What is more incredible to me is how it remains so steadfast. I have pondered this over my whole life from the time I was a child, not even understanding the things I saw, but knowing something was not right; and unto this day and counting...

This book instead is just me talking to you. I'll talk to you about what my life has shown to be true. My talk is for all people because I deal in truth and truth is for all. The writing is designed to make you question your self if for nothing more than to ask “When did truth and reality become trumped by deception?” That question has no color. We are all being made a part of a false reality and I don't think we get it. Picking a background color from red, blue, green or yellow is not really “*my*” personalization if I happen to like orange. This may seem a petty thing but we need to look a little beyond what is presented to us in order to see truth. If I choose a color from one of four; none of which is my own, I am sacrificing my own choice and accepting a “choice” given to me. The reality is conditioning of the spiritual self to accommodate deception as a norm. A little piece of self-will goes with that along with many other things related to the soul; the essence of one's self. I truly believe we are losing because we have been fighting a spiritual thing with earthly ideas. Were you not told to never take a knife for a gunfight?

Sit back for a minute and I'll try to explain some things by giving you my story and hopefully another point of view to consider, maybe even another way of life where embracing truth is given consideration before entertaining deception.

I dedicate this book to Truth and all those who touched my life known or unknown, positive or negative; all were exactly what I needed to make me who I am, and to those lives I may have been blessed to touch along the way. I include also all peoples of the world for in truth there is only one race; the human race, and as I said, Truth is for all.

## **Preface**

I'm not sure exactly when it was but at some point in my life, very early on; in fact, since I have had the ability to relate one thing to another, I realized very many quirky things that seemed to be not really so much out of the ordinary but odd enough to take note of. It wasn't until very recently that I began to see all the pieces come together in such a way that everything I have ever learned, observed, experienced or otherwise absorbed into my being, all made complete sense and became crystal clear to me immediately and I knew what my mission was. This began happening around mid September, just about two weeks before the time my writing began today: October 3, 2014, with more revelations to come to me, for sure, all the days I live. I will now share some events, ideas, facts and other things from my life's experience to more clearly illustrate what I mean.

Issues worthy of a book in their own right will arise from reading on. I give you my word on that. Books have already been written about many of the subjects contained in this volume.

It is my intention to rouse the truth. I am aware that anger too will no doubt be stirred from the obscured murky depths of our being that blendependence<sup>1</sup> so adeptly placed there over the centuries of herding under a racist system. I need to be clear; my intention is to know what is real [truth]. If I know what is real, I know how to deal. Anger could lead to hate, resentment and a plethora of other such related useless thoughts, feelings and ideas. Aside from all that, to embrace such things serves only to place a dark spot on your soul. I tell you no matter how intense your hate and anger, the target will not feel a thing. You on the other hand have touched off a cataclysm of negative spiritual things inside your self that will lurk and fester. These things are obstacles to truth. Take instead, these things, and redirect their negative energy into fuel to propel your quest for knowledge of the truth. Finding truth oft times requires re-education. It's tough to give up what you hold as dear for anyone. This minor discomfort does not however mitigate the fact that the moment you know the truth, your status changes from victim to volunteer if you continue to participate in the deception.<sup>2</sup>

The focus of this work is on the African-American population and neighborhoods in the United States of America although in many cases, poor white and other racial, social or economic groups are often held with the same contempt by the powers that be. As deceptions are uncovered, I offer solutions wherever I may. In my humble attempts to offer advice, I know the suggestion given will work because it is derived from truth, it has only truth in its presentation and it is coming from my real life experience, besides, being a seeker of and having found truth forbids me to lie to you. I would not have you to believe that I never lie, that in itself would be a lie. I will tell you that lying causes deep

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<sup>1</sup> This word is fully explained in chapter six. See also Appendix B

<sup>2</sup> I highly recommend and very strongly suggest studying the word "deception," along with its many definitions and including definitions of words used to define it. Whenever and however it is used, substitute the word "lie." I did this, and it was extremely helpful in teaching me to recognize its many forms of manifestation.

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conflict with the peace and serenity of my soul and I try very hard to avoid doing it. I will never willingly condone deception. One given to practicing deception is inherently deceiving self. Self-deception is the worst form of deception; the granddaddy of them all. If the source is poisoned, is not everything that enters into it and everything that comes from it poisoned in turn?

There is much to be consumed<sup>3</sup> here for any and all other peoples as well. Truth applies equally to all, no one is immune. It cares not how demented the attempt, it chooses always to remain the same. It cannot be changed. Even how much more than gold is truth, for gold in its natural state, can be diluted and devalued. Truth may be diluted but cannot be touched in its natural state and never loses its worth. I would rather give you truth than gold; for if I have given you truth, it was because I have no greater gift I can give you that will last a lifetime and remain unchanged.

The allure of truth, I believe, has been in me since the day those two separate well-beloved vessels united to bring forth my being. I am truly thankful, grateful, blessed and humbly appreciative that they were chosen to create my life. I deeply love my mother and father – thank you Mom and Dad. Their spirit lives on within me rising on occasion to guide me; sometimes united, sometimes individually, for they were truly as one and equally strong. I hope that they are pleased.

There are no falsehoods in this work [unless sarcastically induced]. Falsehood is just another very long and soft word for lie. Lies are contrary to truth. I am a seeker of truth. My appeal is to reality and common sense – If you can't turn right, make three lefts.

In my reporting of events, the accounting may not be given to great detail in some instances. This is not for lack of supporting evidence. It is by design. I only try to be sure I have presented a picture clear enough to convey reality [truth] and don't see the need to belabor these pages with information that can be easily referenced. The history of African-Americans is well known to the entire world so I don't see the need to continue with more rhetoric, that time has passed. This is the time for doing.

One final note: I try in earnest to choose words that are most appropriate to convey the true meaning of what I am saying whenever or to whomever I speak. Words wield great power and should be thoroughly understood when giving or receiving them. They are impalpable intangibles even when manifest. Get to know what is really being said to you and what you are actually saying when you speak. Words and language are one of the tools used in America to further the agenda. I will address this more in depth in subsequent chapters. Sure, I could have said “...coming chapters” but “coming” has very many other meanings in addition to “next” opposed to the single definition of “subsequent” which is simply: *following in time, order, or place*. It greatly behooved me to make the dictionary my friend. Ever since I was a child barely able to read and write,

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<sup>3</sup> Viewed, read, seen or other words could have been used here but the word that first came to me was “consumed” while writing. Something moved me to look-up this word I have used for so long and found it to be exact and foreshadowing: for of those who read; some will consume [eat or drink in : engage fully in] and some will consume [completely do away with : destroy] its content. Was that the Universe's guidance?

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when the man on TV said a big long word and I didn't know what it meant, I grabbed a dictionary; I suggest you do the same. It does not violate any law to look-up words you think you know, nor is there any shame attached to it. You just might be surprised.

# **Chapter One**

## ***Early Life***

As a child, I once commanded the very wind to stop and it immediately obeyed. Oh boy... hmm... here we go, another one who thinks he's God. I didn't say that, you thought that, and besides, if you're going to kill the messenger, at least first hear the message. When I was a child during the late fifties into the sixties, we lived in a small town named Elmwood, Pennsylvania. Elmwood was a beautiful place with much undeveloped land, small game, wild fruit trees, grape vines and very many other unspoiled things. Everyone knew everyone else and my child was your child whenever they were in your sight and I am not around just as your child was also my child. Don't even let the mailman see you acting out because word will surely reach home before you do; not to mention that he or someone else just might swat your little butt and send you straight home to tell your parents why it was done so you could get your just due for the deed you had performed.

I used to go on long treks in the woods and elsewhere quite often, whenever time allowed. I was out one particular blustery cold, gray, icy and snowy day, not realizing exactly just how cold and windy it was and ventured out winding up far from home. The temperature dropped as the wind increased in velocity enough to force me to lean into it at times to prevent being knocked down by it. I became cold and deathly afraid. I could not imagine that I would make it safely home before I suffered frostbite or some other severely damaging thing. Somewhere in there too was the thought of having to answer to my mom after she nursed me back to health and asked me why I was so stupid as to go out there in the first place. Not seeing a good ending and having a strong spiritual foundation, I remembered that we are told that we can do the things that Jesus and others with great faith did if we truly believe in our hearts that it is so. I said these exact words as I stood erect looking squarely in the direction of the wind... 'I command ye wind to cease.' When I spoke these words, I thoroughly expected the wind to stop its barrage. Immediately and I do mean immediately, the wind stopped blowing. The clouds then parted enough to allow fingers of the sun to shine through and I instantly felt the warmth of its rays shinning upon my face penetrating and warming my body. I actually felt the warmth deep into my very soul accompanied by a feeling of absolute calm, serenity and doubtless assurance of safety. It remained this way for over fifteen minutes or so until I stepped literally safely inside my home. I took note that immediately the sun again left the sky as the winds began to once again blow. I did not have enough to then realize why I had this highly spiritual experience and powerful connection to the universe, more was to be revealed.

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Just a bit later in life during the time the “Redevelopment Authority” told my parents they had to move from the house built by my father, his father, my uncles, etc. to accommodate the Philadelphia International Airport expansion project to allow the new Concord jets to be able to land there or some crap like that. Because my ancestors did not know to or did not properly secure the deed to our land, we had to go. It actually would not have mattered if they did due to eminent domain which allowed the city to literally remove a property owners name from record and replace it with the City of Philadelphia as the owner of record. This tactic was used heavily during what was and possibly still is the largest “urban removal”<sup>4</sup> project undertaken in this country. [USA]<sup>5</sup>

I had occasion to overhear my folks fretting over not having enough money to move. This was the first time in my young life I ever heard my parents worrying about money. Don’t be mistaken, we were poor, I just didn’t know it. We never missed a meal or left the table hungry. Our cloths were always clean and pressed and so on... we had all the things we needed and maybe a few that we wanted as well. Having heard this conversation, wanting to help but still only a child of early pre-teen years, I went to my spiritual connection and asked God to send me one hundred dollars so I could give it to my parents and make everything alright. (What child doesn’t think \$100 can buy the world?) It wasn’t too long after that I was out trekking again, foolishly crossing a gigantic rain-soaked grassless patch of land where truckers used to roost, while trying very unsuccessfully to avoid getting mud on my shoes, that I made a discovery. Ever try walking in mud and not getting any on your shoes? I did my best though I failed miserably at the task. I was trying to think of some ingenious way to explain to mom why there was mud all over my shoes three inches thick and where it came from when I noticed something perched on the mound of mud created by the rear tires of a semi. As I looked closer, I noticed it was money... green folding money. There was no one around except me, the lot was empty at the time, but I became afraid for some reason and quickly grabbed it. I ran straight home so fast that the wind on my face caused my eyes to water and I gave it to my mom. There was a crisp, new five dollar bill folded one time in half with more bills inside secured by a rubber band. I watched her count precisely twenty, five dollar bills, exactly one hundred dollars in crisp, new five dollar bills with not a speck of mud on a single bill including the one contacting the muddy mound. When told where it came from, there was no argument or doubt because just as I believed her in what she said, she believed me, a privilege shared also with my father and sibs in our household. Lies simply were not tolerated in our home, ever. I got away with the muddy tracks I left in my wake too, didn’t even have to clean them up and didn’t get hollered at... hey, this spiritual thing is okay. I still didn’t know what to do with it.

There are many other instances evident of supernatural presence I am able to remember throughout my life. I continue to this day to have experiences where I clearly recognize a force far beyond me has intervened on my behalf, even unsolicited. This blessing is available to all peoples of the world; most of us are just too distracted after childhood to

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<sup>4</sup> i.e. Urban Renewal

<sup>5</sup>[http://www.portal.state.pa.us/portal/server.pt/community/pennsylvania\\_trends/20286/urban\\_renewal/9697](http://www.portal.state.pa.us/portal/server.pt/community/pennsylvania_trends/20286/urban_renewal/9697)

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ever realize it because we have lost sight of the truth and no longer have faith as that of a child.

Later years often yielded comments on my voice and its unmistakable uniqueness. Folks said things like: "...you should be on radio..." or "...your voice is pretty deep..." and "...you're going to be a preacher..." or some other such thing. Add to this that my parents did not allow us to speak using slang, disrespectfully or otherwise improperly and the result is that folks tend to remember me the second time they hear me, even multiple years later. My father's voice was so deep that you could actually feel it resonate in your chest at times when he spoke, no exaggeration. I didn't really make much of the voice thing, it's just the way it sounds when I speak, nothing special to me or anyone else that I can see... I know now that my voice commands attention and I was given it to speak.

All the experiences in all the schools leading up to the ending years of high school gave me many lessons both scholastically and real life; of these, the one I remember most is the obscured scene of the day my middle aged Black female guidance counselor told me I should "...*buy a shovel now because you will never be nothing... you'll be digging ditches for the rest of your life...*" this mainly because it was reported I did not carry books while in school. I had quite a few thick and rather heavy textbooks. I was in a straight academic curriculum with a block roster, which simply means, a college preparatory course with many of the same people in major subject classes. I also had a locker very near each of these classes. I don't know if that was her way of "motivating" me [another thing I heard a lot was "...you could be a straight 'A' student if you applied yourself more..."] or if she didn't realize what she was doing to further the agenda of those who would see us gone; but, I did know right away that she had the wrong one... I just couldn't find a fit for that vocation in my life. Fortunately, my mom and dad taught us to pay attention to things and think for ourselves without regard to whatever or whoever. Here I am in a college prep course, in the upper third of the senior class and holding a solid 'B' average... I didn't see ditches in my foreseeable future. There's a serious conflict somewhere, I'm thinking but my upbringings allowed me to respectfully hear her out without challenging or being swayed by anything she said. I did not understand the educational system in America, at that time, as it relates to Black male students... Blacks in general even unto this day, so I really didn't think much of the incident, I just knew she was wrong about me. In retrospect, and to her defense, I choose to believe that she too was unaware of the true nature of the system she worked under.

## **Chapter Two**

### ***Time To Go To Work***

More time went on, I finished secondary schooling and secured a job with the number two (at the time) computer manufacturer in America, Burroughs Corporation, second only to IBM then. I was hired about a month before I actually graduated as a 'B' Level Test Technician; to maintain, repair and install engineering changes on Very Large Scale Integrated (VLSI) computer systems including all their peripherals including rotating

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equipment in and out of the data center as it became obsolete. There were five such systems including one which ran the payroll and other internal corporate affairs. Out of a team of about a dozen or so technicians covering three shifts, I was the youngest and darkest one. This didn't bother me but it greatly aggravated them, all of them in every department of the entire eight hundred eighty square-foot building. I walked into the dream job that everybody in production hoped for, straight from the inner city.

The last two evaluations I received were not negative but worded in such a way as to allow them to give zero percent increase. In spite of the fact that I fixed equipment that had others baffled for long periods of time before I arrived, in spite of me handling all the additional responsibilities I seem to have inherited, in spite of the very ones trying to set me up for failure coming to me for opinions and guidance. The first time, I actually allowed self-doubt to cause me to find some way to try harder. The second time I felt the need to tell the data center manager what was reality and what was a lie; somewhere in my dissertation I referred to my salary as measly, I think it was while I was correcting him for telling me I work for him. I told him that I work for me, to support my livelihood and help meet my financial responsibilities, you just happen to head the department I work in. He didn't like that too much and told me "...if I think your salary is measly, how 'bout we don't give you that?" I calmly told him *'I would probably get a better job.'* He especially did not like that but I didn't get fired, I just didn't get a raise. Eventually, one of the guys I worked with became the data center manager. This guy actually did nothing whenever we were on third shift together. He literally had a thick blanket, pillow and alarm clock beneath the false floor in a remote portion of the data center. I didn't care; for this is what he did with whoever he was on shift with. We all knew that. Before too long, his fear of me resulted in him firing me. It was said to me by those who had no malice in their hearts for me that he came to work with a twenty-two caliber handgun strapped to his ankle for over two weeks after he fired me for no just cause. I'm good... you fired me but it tormented you. I had another job before I spent the money from my last pay. I was hired by Western Electric at their Princeton, NJ research and development facilities doing robotics and automation research and development. What? Did you not believe me when I said I would get a better job?

My time at Western Electric was much the same, okay for the first few years, just about average, I thought, with everybody complaining about the one-and-a-half to three percent raise they got. Time went on and Western Electric became AT&T and eventually Bell Labs. The work there remained the same. Nearly everyone there held a Ph D in something or the other, so much so that the running joke was to call everybody "doctor." I'm not sure but I think the janitor held one too. They were also sticklers for writing papers and memos. Nepotism was ramped there. I saw things like executive vice presidents hiring their children for six-digit salaries right after completing school without regard to if they were qualified to do the job they were hired for; as long as they had a higher degree in something. One incident burned in my mind is the daughter of a VP being hired with the title "Production Planning Engineer." About a month or so later, she was promoted to "Engineer, Production Planning" with an increase in salary of about five thousand dollars a year. I knew this girl well, I had met her when she was first hired and actually had some social interaction with her before she left. My job title there was

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“Engineering Associate” and me being me when this happened to my and everyone’s amazement, while folks were still stunned, felt it necessary to announce on the bulletin board shared by all the Engineering Associates in all the research groups but visible to everyone that *‘Effective immediately, all “Engineering Associates” are promoted to “Associate Engineers” with no associated increase in pay.’* Everybody thought it was hysterical... well almost everyone. There was no question as to who wrote it. I have a very distinct handwriting style. To me, it was over and done with. I didn’t actually care, be it well for her if she’s got it like that.

The time that followed led to people calling me from various locations around the globe to discuss my work in an effort to determine if they could benefit from the technology. I was also chosen to learn UNIX and take on the duties of an assistant system administrator so the one guy doing it could take a vacation once in a while. On another occasion I was tapped to learn the new paperless purchase order system about to be implemented corporate wide to come back and teach our five research groups of about twenty-five or so professionals each, the new system after learning it. Another assignment involved me being flown to Boston and put up at the Weston hotel for a week to evaluate the new technology of incorporating “vision” into automation processes to determine if it was something we should invest manpower in. Upon my return, I wrote a report on the seminar which included my recommendations. I had folks with Ph D’s directly ask me if I wrote the paper. One actually wrote a comment on the report stating that it looked like a paper written by a Ph D and recommended additional studies to increase my knowledge and ability in pursuit of the new technology; made two copies, placing one in my research leader’s mailbox and the other in mine. Did I mention that I was the darkest one there too? Apparently, my good works only served to make them more afraid of me, unbeknownst to me. Again I got the two year zero increase treatment... told I didn’t know what I was doing because I blew three fuses in a device I was creating a prototype for before I discovered I had inadvertently wired a voltage source directly to ground. My research leader was present in my lab at the time. The first zero I attributed to vengeance. The second year, it was no longer amusing and left me with a hole that could only be filled by backing them up from their zero increase bullsnookies. I didn’t know exactly how to do this but I knew it must be done.

There were two young, very attractive and desirable white females [also Engineering Associates] I worked with that helped me to clearly understand what was actually going on. I had occasion to talk with these co-workers and they each, on separate instances told me this after they realized I really did not have a clue about why I was being treated in such a way: they said, *“...look at you... you’re tall, handsome, intelligent, confident, built like Hercules, educated, speak well, you’re very good at what you do, you don’t try to fit in with them, in fact you don’t care if they accept you or not and you are a close friend to me. They absolutely hate you. They despise you, are very intimidated by you and greatly fear you...”* I was left speechless, literally with my mouth agape, even more so the second time I heard it from the second girl. Did they discuss me between themselves? I don’t know. I do know that the order of the list may not have been the same but the words were nearly verbatim. I am now paying more attention. These talks also prompted me to seek reparation. I presented the facts to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

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They decided my case had merit and scheduled a hearing. The determination was quickly made when my research leader chimed in with “...let me assure you, it was not racial. I have a brother-in-law who is black.” While I was responding to the EEOC’s question as to why I thought I was discriminated against. Nothing I had spoken to that point implied anything to do with race. I gave idiotic reasons like ‘...maybe it’s the shirt I wear on dress down Friday, maybe it’s my car, maybe it’s the way I walk...’ purposefully avoiding race when \*DING\*. No more questions were asked of anyone after a short but noticeable silence as everyone present in the room received true understanding at the same time. AT&T was made to give me a retroactive raise of eighteen point one percent (18.1%) for the two years of zero increase, expunge my personnel records of all proved to be nonsense and agree not to retaliate. Incidentally, every Black person on site received an 18.1% raise that year. It was found through my case investigation that we were all grossly underpaid. To this day I believe they still don’t know why they received such a phenomenal raise. To the best of my knowledge, it was never made known to anyone who wasn’t there at the hearing, unless told to by me. I actually didn’t care if they knew or not, nor did I care about the money I had gotten. I had my reward when truth was known because at that moment I was made whole. Shortly after, my personnel records were secretly amended to show excessive lateness and I was fired; there was no actual set start time or time clock – it’s called “flex time.” I chose not to fight again. This job was gone so I immediately found another one, a better one. The striking parallels of these job situations prompted me to start a consulting business for myself very shortly after my talks with the girls. I still have this business today.

In my next job at a small company in Rocky Hill, NJ, just outside Princeton, my tasks were to fix eight computers used by the programming department, establish and head a computer maintenance department and eventually add eight more systems to the programming department. At the time of my hire, it was impossible to take work from one computer and continue it on another, though they were all the same and running the same software. It was thought by the owner and CEO who hired me that it would take a couple of years to complete my tasks. In less than one month I had every machine talking to every other machine and being able to work on any computer was no longer a problem. I also determined what was necessary to keep in inventory, added the eight new systems, ordered spares, tools, etc. and documented procedures within the next couple of months following. When it was found that things were running smoothly daily, the CEO asked me to go to another building and repair malfunctioning equipment from the field. I said sure, if you pay me another salary comparable to those who are doing that job. I suppose that was not the right answer as shortly after when the CEO was sure things were going to continue to run smoothly, I was fired, again. This time I decided to do short to medium duration contract work, no benefits but lots of cash and a known end date... works for me. I now know what to expect in the workplace. Even the contract work had the same overtones of hate with many more lessons of business and life to teach me as well.

I worked for a time as a Marine Machinist at the defunct Philadelphia Naval Yard. I actually worked on the USS Kitty Hawk (CV-63), America’s last oil powered aircraft carrier. I have taught electronics at Lincoln University and Trenton Technical Institute. I also did mental health counseling, treatment referral and case management of primarily

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drug addicted persons for over six years before I returned to electronics, computers and the IT/IS field in 1998. I retired from the work force in 2008. There were other “*keep the lights on*” jobs interspersed here and there throughout my working career. I have held many different levels of employment, from manual labor (brick mason’s apprentice, pallet mover at a candy factory), in an array of vocations up to and including being CEO of my own business. The predominant theme prevails in all save working in my own business.

I worked a minimum wage job at a Roy Rogers restaurant for about two weeks. I was hired as a cook. After a couple of days, I was master of what was required of me in fulfilling my duties. I may or may not have mentioned that I hate “work.” Work is a *four-letter-word* to me. Whenever I must actually work, I usually find a way to get it done quickly and afford myself leisure time. The restaurant manager took note of my efficiency and ingenuity and the resulting down-time it yielded. I was then asked to clean tables, sweep the floors and empty the trash in the dinning area. Of course, me being me, wanted to know exactly how much more compensation was involved with holding two positions. When informed by the manager that no increase would be forthcoming, I simply replied ‘no thank you’ after reminding him of the specific reason I was hired and of how handling trash and cooking food don’t mix, no matter how thoroughly hands are washed. I worked another couple of days or so until I found another job. I promptly quit, knowing the looming outcome. I think this is the only job that I quit... there may have been one other. Incidentally, the job I left Roy’s for was the candy factory, only a few blocks away and it lasted about as long.

Is it just assumed that Blacks are to be used for their prowess but never to be fairly compensated in accordance with the “*free labor*”<sup>6</sup> doctrine of law? You will learn of a document which can actually be equated to such law if one were to give a synonym for “*free labor doctrine*” a bit later in this book.

## **Chapter Three**

### ***Drug Addiction***

During all of my school days from the end of sixth grade and for much of my working career, I used all sorts of drugs and alcohol, in fact, there was no recreational drug available at that time that I did not use, in excessive quantities, I might add. I’m sure of this because I actually started using drugs at age twelve, shortly after we moved out of paradise and into Southwest Philly I began smoking marijuana. Culture shock and peer pressure were two of the main contributing factors to my drug addiction.

My drinking and drugging never stood in the way of my career or was ever the cause of me losing a job. I can’t say that about any other areas of my life though. Addiction wrought havoc everywhere else in my life while it spiral me down to zero, effectively

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<sup>6</sup> Reference is to slavery not to an actual document.

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homeless if not for our vacant family house in SW Philly and a few people I knew here and there. I received the lessons of being Black in the workplace while simultaneously receiving the lessons of drug addiction through the eyes of my own soul.

Several times I overdosed the last of which I will truly never forget. A couple of times I OD'd pretty severely. Once the entire left side of my body felt pressure, numbness and burning, especially my ear, I was seeing with tunnel vision and not completely processing the information from my eyes and probably some other things were going on too but by this time I was already outside walking determined to not succumb to the drug. The only clear thought I had was *go, walk in the cold; it will calm you down and slow your heart then you will come back*. I had walked from Fifty-Second Street and Woodland Avenue to a bit beyond Sixtieth Street and Chester Avenue with no recollection of the route that got me there or any event along the way; only knowing this because the disorientation had cleared enough for me to realize my surroundings. Just at that instant I flashed back to the house and the moment of clarity that started me on my journey. I then cleared a bit more and realized that moment didn't include putting on a coat and I was a couple of miles from my home in sub-zero weather. I gave a kind of half-chuckle to my self and never gave it a second thought nor did I feel the cold on the return trip. I suffered no ill effect from being exposed to the cold at all; fortunately, it was a windless night with actual temperatures in the single digits. Upon returning home and realizing I was okay, I felt it my duty as a good addict to finish smoking the nearly half-ounce of cocaine I had remaining. If I OD'd again that night, I surely don't remember.

My last OD was April 7, 1989. This is also the last time I used drugs or alcohol. The events of this day are burned in my mind and etched upon my soul forever for I was allowed by God to hear literally and quite clearly the dark sinister whispers of Satan's evil hoards saying things like: *"Look at him, Look at him, we almost got him," "He'll be here any minute now"* and *"Don't worry, he'll be here soon."* Many other whispers were not so clear but just as dark. I have no psychiatric history and though I have done LSD and many other hallucinogenic and psychotropic drugs, never once did I hear voices. Never in my life have I heard voices. I remember these words because I heard them so clearly above the random interjections of the evil horde while at the same time seeing my vision fade. My body was falling from upright and I felt the very life force in me fading. I know this feeling. I have experienced it on two or three other occasions in my life; once, as a child, when I drowned, once when I was seventeen and nearly died from an ulcer and again as an adult. I am only here because I knew this feeling from my drowning experience as a child, the incident as a teen and the last OD so when I began to feel it for yet a fourth time, I went directly to the ER as fast as I could where it was discovered that I had a ninety-eight percent (98%) blockage in my aorta. It was corrected with a stent. I understood why I was made to know the feeling on the previous occasions. I absolutely recognized the hand of God every time I was in over my head with no control or escape and every time I faced something above my spiritual level but I still didn't know why and I still didn't question why because I knew someday, when it was time, whatever I needed would be given to me just as with all the other times, without fail. Since I'm retired from work and have been drug-free since 1989, I think I probably got all I needed from these two courses; graduated, summa cum laude. On to the next lesson life has to offer.

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Another gift God gave me that I noticed long ago is the ability to instantly know a persons true essence from the first time my eyes fall upon them. They don't even need to open their mouth or do anything in particular. No, I don't go around looking at people with the evil eye and judging them. Judgment is not my job and fortunately it's usually only active when I need to know about the person for a reason. I can truthfully say though, I was also granted the capability to use the ability if I choose. My summations have never been wrong because the information I receive doesn't come from me internally, it is given to me instantaneously. The human brain cannot and does not process all of the thoughts, comparisons, recall, associations, evaluations and myriad other things it needs to do in order for us to reach a single conclusion all at one time, regardless how simple the decision to be made. To have all these things done and placed inside with the other "absolutely known" stuff all in a single instant surely has to be divine. I understood this gift from the first time I realized I had it. I believe the day will come that this ability will be used for its ultimate purpose, whatever that may be.

After many grave experiences over time I came to recognize that I am extremely blessed and very well protected from all that would see my demise. I have even had the privilege of seeing or being informed of the destruction that befalls these entities on occasion; enough times to allow me to know with confidence that even when I don't know, retribution is administered. I can now directly relate my learning with application of the knowledge and in certain situations, I see the connection immediately. Conversely, I took heed to the fact that I receive my retribution just as immediately whenever I consciously do something contrary to truth or God or Universe. It took me a while to link that one up. I used to think my fate was that of a hard life until one day I realized when the water became rough it was usually when I made it so. I learned to not stand in front of myself.

The level of serenity that comes with simply seeking after and practicing only truth is not only amazing but will automatically make one hate lies and deception and eventually give the ability to see deception wherever it may be in whatever form it may be in. This is truly a blessing. A very recent example of the aura of protection around me can be taken from my last job before retiring... long story short; the person (I cannot call him a man) directly responsible for me being ousted by bullsnoekies, from yet another job, is currently [at the time of this writing] serving an eight and a half year mandatory sentence for the sexual molestation of his daughter. His arrest coincides with my jobs demise almost exactly to the day of my last day of work there. He had been doing this for years, totally unsuspected and undetected by anyone. No one knows exactly how he was exposed; it was not the girl herself nor was it his wife or the son who is actually a twin to the daughter from the information I have been told.

## **Chapter Four**

### ***The Aura***

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Tiny little tykes love me at first sight. Infants stare at me as if they know me or see something in, around or near me, the same look that folks say they “see an angel.” I have had many different folks tell me I was an angel; not the “...*you’re an angel...*” as in expression of kind acknowledgement and regard to say “thank you,” but while looking in my eyes convinced of what they said. Toddlers like to play silly games with me but also respect me like I was a parent to them if I show displeasure on my face from something they did and preschoolers are instantly my “fwen” (friend). I never gave too much thought to this either. Littles are my favorites. I truly get great joy from watching them go about the work of being a child; always busy experimenting, learning and doing stuff so I was always 100% good with this one. I can say I have taken valuable lessons from them. If you want a heavy dose of truth you will surely get it from a child. I try my best to see things as they do for children are replete with truth and prefer to give it even if contrarily taught. They are all so full of uninhibited wide-eyed wonder; eager to learn and explore the world they know they are a part of, seeking truth and so curious to know. Verily, finding truth helped me to see as a child and seeing as a child helps to keep me true. This might work for you.

Another time there was a large, well-known and established new and used car dealership that sold me a defective automobile. The very next day after purchase, the so-called “*certified zillion point inspection*” car would not start after being driven from Philly to Lititz, PA by my girlfriend of the time. I left work and went to get her. I had her drive my Jeep back and I drove the car, it was the first time I drove it at highway speeds. The previous day’s test drive was restricted to going around the four blocks surrounding the dealership which did not accommodate more than one block of travel before having to stop, never reaching a speed above thirty miles per hour. At highway speeds the car shimmied terribly. I know they were aware of this evidenced by the test drive at restricted speeds with a larger road having higher speeds available just another block away. I took the car back the next morning, reported the issues and requested to have my cash and old car I traded returned to me; after all it was only the second day. I was told that my car had already been sold and they couldn’t return it because it was gone. I thought this to be pretty impossible because the car I traded was an old Grand Marquis with very high mileage and a cracked manifold. I was moved not to argue, not even about the cash. I simply said ‘okay.’ I then proceeded to promptly remove my tag and left the car on the street outside the dealership. I was on my way home, a short time later, driving in my new car, and had to pass by that dealership. As I approach, I noticed that weeds, some as tall as two feet or more, were growing out of every available crack in the paving of the lot where cars used to be. They didn’t simply move away, they simply went out of business. I was not able to locate anything on name or location changes and searching businesses using the names of the principals came up empty too, at least in the state of Pennsylvania.

The more I think about it, the more I understand how things I encountered and the roads I traveled relate to me being ready for my mission and that day when I must stand for it; whatever it may be. The cycle continues to this day and I suspect it will until such time...

I could go on with these type events for quite some time. I love talking about the way the Universe will lend itself to you and how your life becomes simplified if you seek only

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after truth and eliminate all deception in living your life. I believe truth to be tantamount to God; hence, seeking truth is actually to seek God as well.

# Chapter Five

## *Prayer*

Perhaps if I confess how I can be so absolutely sure about God's hand in the events I have shared with you by telling you I can relate all of them to only three of the myriad things I pray for and have prayed for since early childhood, things will make more sense. Of the things I ask of God and/or the Universe, these three are the only ones asking for something specific to be given to me. You will see these three prayers have been answered even if not yet complete. I am not a religious person though I use terms from some religions. The truth of spiritual reality; all that is real and true, does not ask to be approached in any way other than in truth. Religion is of man. Truth is of spirit. You cannot know spiritual things while walking in the realm of man. I chose to take that which was common from as many religions, religious doctrines, cults, practices, etc. as I could find good reliably sourced information on and throw it all into the same batch with my life experiences and then apply a truth filter; screening that which was common in principle, philosophy or in word or deed, etc. Whatever the name you choose to give, know that there is a Universal Force requiring balance to be maintained and there is an opposing force to everything that exists physically and spiritually. Don't allow religion to become a distraction. Religion is simply the path chosen by those who follow it in seeking that which all religions acknowledge; a power greater than self.

When I commanded the wind to stop and it obeyed it was God answering my prayer to *'...let me be like Jesus... let Thy Spirit so fill me that it radiate from my very soul; that all who look upon me shall know immediately that I am Thy child...'* I ask this not to have His fame but to be able to do the good that He did, to be able to spread the peace, serenity and love that followed Him, to profoundly touch the lives of those I meet and things of that nature. God showed me, just as I had been told by my ancestors, I could do the things that Jesus did. This promise is also written in multiple scriptures. At the same time He showed me his protection is with me by keeping it calm until I reached safely home. I recall that I clearly understood that I had done something like Jesus could do when it happened just shortly after I was inside the house. I was shown the power of faith, prayer, spirit and of God's love. I didn't get the second part, the security of His protection, at that time. I came to realize that sometime later in life.

I asked of Him also to *'...let me always be able to recognize Satan, his evil and his evil hordes no matter how they may come at me with clever deception and give unto me that which I need to prevail...'* I think this one to be pretty clear in the experiences I shared, if not by now, bound to kick in for you eventually.

The third prayer is to *'...let me do something so significant that it benefit all of mankind for all of time... I care not if I am known or unknown; I truly prefer*

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*unknown, as long as the work of my deed and its benefit stands to serve humanity...'*

This is the one that my life has been groomed for; at least up to now, the sum total of everything culminates here. It is apparent to me that changing Black neighborhoods will ultimately change the world to the benefit of all mankind; possibly for all time.

I exercise great care in praying because prayers are truly always answered even if you don't think so, the answer was probably "no" or it could be too that it just isn't time for it to happen. I have also found that nothing occurs until it is time for it to be.

Prayer also requires faith. To go one further, trying to make things that we want happen almost always comes back wrong or other than we intended; you're fighting the force of the Universe. I know well most of those things I want but have no inkling of what I actually need beyond basic necessities to sustain my life and well-being. It is this that inhibits me; for God and the Universe do not much consider "wants" but never has issue with caring for "needs" therefore; I leave such things where they belong, in Gods' hands. Focusing on needs, not just mine but more so the needs of others, has brought me many of the things I want as well; with an occasional [actually quite frequent] bonus gift.<sup>7</sup>

## **Chapter Six**

### ***The Toll Of Blendependence***

As I had mentioned some time ago in this narrative, everything came together in mid September 2014. This is when I was introduced to three folks that prior to that day I had not heard of or knew existed. Dr. Joy DeGruy, Dr. Umar Johnson and Dr. Claud Anderson are three who see like me. There are many other people and organizations I found as well. These folks had me thinking they were somewhere present when I took note of things going on around me or when I talked with people about the things happening to Blacks and in the Black neighborhoods in America and elsewhere in the world. They too were aware that things like; "Planned Parenthood" was conceived solely for the purpose of killing Black babies. We have the words of its founder to bear that fact out. I noticed things like locations of certain types of operations, services and businesses were either located solely in or situated very near African American neighborhoods and so did they. Malt liquor, for instance, is only sold in urban areas. It is not available in the suburbs or rural areas. Heroin use wasn't viewed as a problem until it spilled over into white suburban communities. Before that, it was mainly Blacks who suffered and died from the scourge of heroin use and addiction. The same holds for Cocaine.<sup>8</sup> I am well aware that the plagues that befall Black neighborhoods oft times include poor whites and maybe a handful of indigent or other groups but we are discussing the African American problem at this time. Poor white folks have only to find a way out of being poor and they will receive membership in white society upon their arrival; with full benefits, effective

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<sup>7</sup> Both noun and transitive verb forms apply.

<sup>8</sup> It has been proven that the Reagan Administration had known cocaine drug traffickers on the payroll and facilitated flooding inner cities (urban areas) with it.

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immediately. If a Black should triumph over poverty, they are still faced with a racist system designed to eliminate Blacks so it will become even harder to survive as rising above the snares that try so hard to keep you in your place requires intelligence. Now the traps become more cloaked. To be Black and rise above only moves you into a deeper state of blendependence<sup>1</sup> that the so-called middle classed Blacks in America live under day in and day out; contented, diluted, mislead, misdirected, miseducated and completely oblivious to anything of real value or relevance. Consider that when our children are nearing the phase of entering into life to fend for themselves, many of our young males aspire to enter professional sports. There is nothing wrong with having a dream no matter the scope. The NBA, NFL, NHL, MLB, etc. are definite ways to do something enjoyed while making lots of money, verily, could be millions. Miseducation, primarily, along with other inherent aspects of blendependence, has “Raheem” dreaming of making the team while “Jonathan” is dreaming of owning the team. Chances are if Raheem does beat the overwhelming odds and make a team in professional sports, when his career was finished [injury, age, ability, whatever the reason] he would still have nothing eventually if not immediately. Blendependence<sup>9</sup> has so permeated Black consciousness in such an adroit fashion that we can not determine truth [reality] from lie [deception]. We are taught to think with limited scope, even by our own.

The game of chess is an excellent tool for the mind. It is actually a game of war requiring multi-level strategies from both sides of the board. One must formulate their attack while simultaneously “defending” against it [seeing from the other side] as they actually defend against the opponent’s attack also trying to visualize their strategy. I can safely say that going to war with a single plan results in your defeat, be it on the chess board or in life. To master the game of chess is actually to master multi-level thinking and to train one’s self to use both sides of their brain to resolve challenges when faced.

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Definition:

Entry: blendependence

Pronunciation: 'blen-d-pen-dense

Function: noun

Etymology: African-American

Date: 2014<sup>10</sup>

1: a racist device concocted for the purpose of controlling the Black population in America toward its ultimate goal of extinction of the race. 2: the illusion of equality freedom and acceptance of African Americans by and into White American society. 3: the delusional state of being equal or free while remaining completely stagnant and

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<sup>9</sup> Definitions 2 & 3: the illusion of equality freedom and acceptance of African Americans by and into White American society: also, the delusional state of being equal or free while remaining completely stagnant and dependent.

<sup>10</sup> Wednesday, September 10, 2014 Harry Mapp.

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dependent. 4: the quality or state of being blendependent. 5: an attractive looking usually fatal enticement offered up to mask a dire deception.

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Investigating origins usually leads back to white supremacy organizations, the U.S. government, a governmental agency, [bureau, board, commission, etc.] or some marriage of the afore mentioned and includes others as well. Do you know the truth about the origin of “Planned Parenthood?” Look it up. You’ll find it has to do with the killing of Black babies. We have the words of its devout racist founder Margaret Sanger to verify this claim. To her Blacks were “...weeds... to be exterminated...” Maybe I’m confused and mistaken. Perhaps it is mere coincidence that all of the clinics are either located directly in or situated very near Black neighborhoods and she really didn’t say that.

On a side but still related note, have you noticed that when I refer to white areas I use the word “community” and when I refer to Black areas I use the word “neighborhood?” That would be because the words are similar in meaning and share some common characteristics but are not quite the same. “Community” incorporates the word “unity” in its definition, something sorely lacking in Black neighborhoods. I will not use the term “community” when speaking of Black areas until the day that young, unarmed Black males are no longer murdered in the streets by militarized police, other Black men, whatever or whoever else decides they want to take a crack at killing a Black. So if I slip up and say “community” while speaking of areas populated by Blacks in America you must forgive me, it was Freudian. I think this to be enough of this type stuff, for the moment. Let us get back to the three folks I mentioned.

They each have many videos and other materials available on you tube, through their organizations and elsewhere. After viewing one or two of them, you’ll be left wanting more from them. It will also introduce you to many other folks who are aware and speak in truth. Just days ago, a report [October 10, 2014 by ProPublica]<sup>11</sup> compiled from Federal data showed that Black youths are twenty-one percent (21%) more likely to be fatally shot by police than their White counterparts. I was informed about this report on the 15<sup>th</sup> of October. The report was released just seven days after my writing began. I don’t make this stuff up. It is reality [truth]. How many of us died during the time it took me to write this book?

I’m going to leave it here because I am aware of the fate of Black America if we don’t wake up. Our numbers are dwindling as other populations are growing, we are being murdered by police and even our own, we are no longer producing or keeping our offspring and so much more it cannot be contained in a paragraph; no matter how large in size. It is estimated that by the year 2038, the Black vote will be insignificant. Do you understand that what this really means is lack of Black adults of voting age? What happens at zero population growth? Do yourself a favor and do some investigating. Dig deep into the centuries of information available and you should clearly see the baseless hate and racism hidden so plainly and insultingly directly in your sight as you discover

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<sup>11</sup> <http://www.propublica.org/article/deadly-force-in-black-and-white>

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the true face of America and uncover the truth about who you are and what America has planned for you – eradication and extinction.

There is much to be learned by those who are not of African-American decent as well. Verily I say seeking truth is all there is to be done in identifying and dealing with this daemon.

# Chapter Seven

## *How Does One Find Truth*

How does one find truth? I think the answer to this age-old question to be very basic. One need not scale an icy mountain in some remote forsaken place, though truth would surely be there as would it be all along the way. It is not necessary to complete the quest that leads to the clue needed to complete the puzzle that forms a picture you now must correctly interpret to unlock the epiphany. Where to find it and how to get it is so simple that, like with many things we seek, our search begins in the wrong place and is launched out of complexity. If one does not look inward first, the opportunity has already been missed. I can tell you that many a long road was laid before me because I started my journey from a false point. Whenever it was that I learned to look first to my inner self, was also the time I discovered that the path to truth is simple and direct, just as the truth itself is. One needs only to eliminate deception from their life. I mean completely remove it from every aspect of your life and only truth will remain. It really is that simple though not so easy to do because it requires constant conscious effort. I have found that doing this one thing immediately opened the flood gates that held back knowledge and insight along with a host of other benefits and blessing I was missing. My life became serene. I quickly started to recognize and despise all lies.

Lying to one's self is probably the single most destructive lie ever to be encountered in one's lifetime. [In the words of the young ones of this day] "*I one-hunnert guaranty*"<sup>12</sup> it will get squarely in the way of everything you ever try to think, become, accomplish, witness, encounter, create, build, relate, learn, feel, touch... [impossible to list everything] in your entire life. Having the shield of truth around me has allowed me to immediately recognize deception however cleverly it may be masked.

The Universe seeks to remain in balance. It will also correct itself (and you) whenever it goes out of kilter. These things I know from my own life experience and other observations made while living. Every up, has a down; every in, an out... every lie (deception), a truth; every truth, a lie. The universe also tells us that it is impossible for two things to occupy the same space at the same time. Does it not make sense that holding only truth will not allow lies to come into me? Likewise and conversely, if I hold only truth, there is no source within me to allow a lie to come out from me.

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<sup>12</sup> "One-hunnert guaranty" or simply saying "hunnert" is to say "100% guaranteed." Origins can probably be attributed to "thug" culture and/or rap music.

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There is a source of water springing from a mountain that is good to drink but very warm because it is fed from two different sources underground; one cold and one hot, you will never have a cool drink from this source, though cold water is present in it. If you are anything like me, drinking water must be nicely chilled for me to enjoy it and have it truly satisfy my thirst. If this mountain was my only source for water, I would be faced with two simple choices: 1. Continue to drink in diluted water and remain under the condition of never having my thirst repelled, or 2. Find the source of the cold water. There is no such thing as a partial truth, half-truth, almost truth, mostly truth, a little white lie or any other such softening phrase that integrates truth with lies. To integrate truth with anything other than truth is to drink warm water.

*"ABSOLUTELY FREE... "Just pay \$9.95 for shipping..."* is not actually free, is it? I use this tired example because it's so easy to see using very little brain power. This line is usually hawked somewhere during the blaringly loud, visually stimulating commercials in mainstream media depicting an incredible demonstration of a product that you're probably better off without for only \$19.99 plus shipping. If you order within [a certain time], they will reward you with another one for free *but...* in order to get it shipped to you, usually in the same shipping container, you need only pay the shipping cost on the second item. Orders pour in by the thousands to take advantage of this great offer: by folks who have been audibly and visually stimulated just enough to distort reason. You are not saving anything, in fact, it's quite the opposite. You have been duped into paying what usually comes out to be more than double the *"low, low price of..."* to have two of the thing you didn't really need to begin with. The commercial focused on the math and appeals to one's sense of reason [among other things] at the same time you witness its amazing efficacy for yourself; right there on your very own TV. While it may be true that if something has a cost of \$20 and you can get two of them for an additional \$10, it may be a good deal, but the true focus is on need for the item. If one should happen to see this deception, don't worry, we've already slipped one by you. If a product cost \$19.99, adding \$9.99 shipping requires spending \$29.98 plus any applicable tax. Forty bucks will get you this product, the advertised price of twenty bucks won't. Anything short of 100% truth is a lie.

The words chosen, the order of these words, context, spelling and even something as simple and unassuming as dropping or adding capitalization to a word could give it a whole new and totally unrelated meaning to its previous state.

## **Chapter Eight**

### ***Words Wars***

I used to have a habit of saying 'I know' to my peers and everyone else I held conversations with whatever the topic opened and very frequently during the discourse as well. This was during my teen years, you know, the time of your life when you are [in the

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words of the old ones] “...*smellin’ your own piss...*”<sup>13</sup> The fact is, I actually did know... most of the time. I have always thirsted for knowledge. Even as a very small child, I wanted to know and I wanted to know why I know so I would know that I know.

I recall once placing the plug of our family TV in my mouth before plugging it in. Our TV had been unplugged for a time (we didn’t watch a lot of TV) because there had been a lightening storm a day or so before. My mom was terrified of thunder and lightening. A storm meant: TV unplugged from wall, radio off, lights off, sit still and be quiet. She was so afraid; my pop used to threaten to flash a camera and roll a barrel so she would be quiet and sit still. Why I decided to put the plug in my mouth, I couldn’t tell you other than I was old enough to know how to plug the TV in but maybe not so much smart. When I did this, I heard a single loud pop as my mouth was literally blown open to its limit. I was a bit scared when I tried to close it and it didn’t move. I thought my jaws unhinged. Eventually, after a few seconds, I was able to close it. By then I was thinking more so about why it happened than I was about the incident itself. It didn’t actually harm me. It only made me determined to know what caused it. That incident and Greg Morris<sup>14</sup> propelled me to study electronics. So, anyway...

It wasn’t until my peers collectively told me my new nickname was going to be “*Ahnno*” because I always said “*I know...*” that I took a closer look at what I actually knew. Doing this did a few things for me one of which was to make me realize folks were paying more attention to me than I knew or thought, as well as to make me realize how much I didn’t know. I found that those things I knew, I did know pretty well but there were many things I only thought I knew. In fact, there seemed to be way more of those things I didn’t really know so I stopped saying “*ahnno.*” Now before I utter those words, I make sure I actually do know or I offer no comment. Supposing someone has just made the following statement to you while smiling and speaking in a soft, gentile and benign tone with no threatening postures:

*“The excessive magnitude of your indolence is surpassed solely by your lethargic approach to that which you encounter.”*

Have you been given a great compliment or a grand insult? Mainstream Media, Big Business, Government, High Finance and anything else you can think of that controls the state of being; all use this lingo. These cryptic words are called; the English language. Make it your friend and get to know it well and it will serve you well, without fail.

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<sup>13</sup> That would be to say “smelling your own urine.” An expression used to concatenate: becoming an adult, hormones out of control, thinking you know everything, rebelling, being cocky, arrogant and indestructible in youth that will not fade, knowing better than parents et cetera.

<sup>14</sup> Greg Morris was the actor who portrayed the character Barney Collier, the multi-faceted Black electronics wiz of the original 1960’s Mission Impossible TV series. Incidentally, my mouth was blown open because of an electronic device called a capacitor. A capacitor or cap for short, stores electrical energy. It will keep this “charge” until something discharges it. Placing it in my mouth did just that. A cap is placed across a line cord so that when the cord is plugged in, the cap will “eat” the rush of electricity that results whenever an appliance, such as a TV, is connected to a voltage source in order to prevent damage to the appliance.

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The above statement may have a few words that most may know or be able to figure out. It possibly contains some words that are completely unfamiliar and not so easy to decipher from context or by taking cues from body language, facial expressions, tones, etc. Using these methods could lead one to surmise they have been complemented because of their familiarity with the word “*magnitude*” and the fact that it is usually used with some kind, generous or benevolent thing but always implies really big. The second part of the sentence, though cryptic, may be decoded from knowing that “*approach to that which you encounter*” simply means “*the things that come your way.*” Hence, it could be concluded from the bits of knowledge, mild tones, the smile, body language, etc. that the person speaking has said something nice about the way you do things in a big way to one who lacks knowledge of words. One with a reasonable command of English immediately knows they have been insulted beyond insults! Let us analyze the key words of the sentence with the help of Merriam-Webster’s 11th Collegiate Dictionary:

- excessive : exceeding what is usual, proper, necessary, or normal
- magnitude 1 a : great size or extent
- indolence (indolent) 2 a : averse to activity, effort, or movement : habitually lazy  
b : conducive to or encouraging laziness
- surpassed 1 : to become better, greater, or stronger than : exceed 2 : to go beyond : overstep 3 : to transcend the reach, capacity, or powers of
- solely 1 : without another : singly 2 : to the exclusion of all else
- lethargic (lethargy) 1 : abnormal drowsiness 2 : the quality or state of being lazy, sluggish, or indifferent

So, basically you have been told that the only thing greater than your laziness is your uncaring attitude about life. It also implies that you are not just lazy but the epitome of lazy. This is why you need to command the language... so it won't command you!

Mastery of English is not really too difficult for one born into the language. Most folks believe me to be a university graduate with post-graduate study, I am not. I began to conquer English from the day I decided to look up the gigantic word that TV guy spewed at me. Attempting to use the dictionary without guidance necessitated having to first learn how to use it. This meant learning all those bizarre little symbols and upside down letters, its keys, abbreviations et al. I found that unlocking these mysteries actually taught me the proper pronunciation of the word and a host of other stuff like word origin, if it's commonly used, colloquial, vulgar, archaic, etc. Any word being investigated that contained a word in its definition that was beyond my comprehension also got referenced. How could I know the true meaning of a word defined by other words unknown to me? I learned much from this experience and decided to make a conscious effort to augment my days with a random look at this book.

Can you imagine what I went through in the hood coming up? Articulate because my folks wouldn't have it any other way, pronouncing words correctly because of the dictionary and using speech interspersed with the properly enunciated “*foreign*” words I learned from it. In an effort to quell the comments about me thinking I was white and

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being called “*Dr. Spock*”<sup>15</sup> among other equally clever and cruel quips, I made sure I spoke “hood” whenever I was with peers. Being able to turn my speech off and on assisted me in being able to relate to people on all levels and from all walks of life.

Another latent side effect that came from teaching myself how to use the dictionary is that the discipline it took applies well to doing research. I had to jump from here to there inside the book [sometimes other sources as well], adding bits and pieces of information and slowly supplementing my knowledge until I had a whole picture formed from the stockpile of gleaned data from the various sources and was able to arrive at a conclusion. This sounds like research to me. With any research, stockpile size is directly related to picture quality and conclusion validity [truth]. The larger your stockpile, the more vivid your picture will be and the truer your result. I will be so bold as to say if your stockpile isn't insanely large and you wind up throwing away more than you keep from it – you only did a comparison. Looking at a few different sources is good; one will get a more informed view from this and be afforded the ability to comment on some aspects of some things. Looking at myriad materials from as many varied viewpoints as possible affords one to speak with knowledge approaching the level of actual first-hand experience once the common truths they hold is sieved out and correlated. Researching will always require comparing but comparing may not always involve research. The words are sometimes used interchangeably though their meanings are no where near the same. To compare is only to identify like attributes of two or more items. To research is to perform an exhaustive study. If you are asked to *research* something and you *compare* it you have no recourse when your work is deemed unfit. You did not do what was asked of you.

Pay attention to what is actually being said to you equally give heed to what you say. Words have power of life and death which also means words have power of all that life and death contain. If I own the car do I not also own all of what makes the car a car?

A good collegiate level dictionary with a thesaurus really is an excellent tool for the mind. Using and reading it will definitely increase knowledge. I believe the more knowledge I have, the less I can be fooled... come to think of it, that belief is probably something else to be credited to my parents again.

Words wield immense power. To own them is to own intense power. They can build or destroy. They literally have the power of life or death. They can subjugate or liberate. See a pattern here? True, words are a two-edged sword but look deeper and you see they too adhere to the universe by having perfect balance between equal and opposite. Is it not clear that words are being used to subjugate you? Does it not follow suit that these same words can liberate you?

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<sup>15</sup> Not a reference to Benjamin Spock the pediatrician, I doubt my peers even knew anything about him. The taunt was actually a misnomer in reference to the character “Mr. Spock” [Leonard Nimoy] of the mid to late 1960's TV series Star Trek. If you're not a Trekkie [Trekker if you prefer], Spock was a half-human alien unaffected by emotion and driven by logic; the way of the culture of his home planet of Vulcan. A sub-plot to this character was his struggle, at times, to prevail against his human side.

## Chapter Nine

### *Symbolism*

The word “symbol” itself has been around since the fifteenth century. Symbolic representation of things [symbolism] has existed likely since man himself has been around. Symbols can be representative of various types of things. There could be a symbol that represents a building or an elephant or any other single thing or group of things in the entire world including people, events, ideas, planets or whatever. If it exists in any way shape or form, it can be represented with a symbol including another symbol. One single common characteristic shared by all of the things a symbol can represent is that whatever thing it may be, that thing is represented ultimately by a word or group of words. I submit to you that symbols are in essence representative of words and are therefore equivalent in power to words. You do recall the power of words, don't you?

Symbolism is another ingenious tool used to perpetuate blendependence. Its practice allows for things to be hidden while in plain sight. If you know the symbol, its words are conveyed to you. If you don't know the symbol, it's probably nothing more than a decoration to you or some innocuous gesture or movement or...? Why are there so many pictures of megastars covering one eye in their photographs? What does it actually mean when celebrities humbly form a triangle with their hands in response to fans? Body posturing and other detail while flashing the triangle implies humbly expressing gratitude but is it benign? The symbolic arsenal of racism incorporates many different symbols even those who “know” probably do not know them all. To my awareness the triangle is one of these signs.

Racism's pool of employed symbols is steeped in many ancient, medieval, even mystical and occult signs from organizations you should get to know in name and purpose. Why should you study things and events that oppress you? I'll answer that by saying ‘they studied you.’ Knowing you intimately and intricately is how the system maintains its reign over you. It knows what you are subject to do in any given situation from its centuries of studying and herding you. Are not these things alarming to you? I will not live long enough to come to know the system of racism as well as it believes it knows me, there simply is not enough time for I will not live for centuries. I can only keep up my studies. I say “believe” in the case of myself because of the labels and brands attached to me. Folks often say I “*march to the beat of a different drummer.*” I think it to be more along the lines of an orchestra. I never in my life have integrated smoothly into anything nor did anything with me. The universe demands that I know the system as well as possible to keep things in balance. Neglect of this task will cause severe detriment to me. The undertaking of this task and doing my very best in battle will bring the force and protection of the very universe to cover where I am lacking. This is what I have seen in my life so I know racism will never prevail against me. This is not to say I am impervious, from time to time I'll lose a fight but loss of a battle is not to lose the war.

Know your friends well but know your enemies better. The slimy tentacles of racism are intricately woven into the fabric of American society. It never sleeps or even tires and is

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engaged twenty-four hours of every day. If I am to keep it at bay<sup>16</sup> then I too must engage it in like wise. It is very clear that no age or gender are of consequence to racism, African-American is the determining factor.

Just recently [September 2014] there was a serious security breach at The White House in Washington, DC. A man somehow managed to scale a fence monitored and protected by security cameras and various policing agencies; he then sprinted across a wide open massive lawn before entering the White House and proceeding to make his way to the area that would have been occupied by The Presidential Family [they were not there at the time] before finally being apprehended. It was found after taking him into custody that he was carrying a knife. If all that isn't enough, let me add that the man served in the Iraqi war as a cavalry scout according to his Army records. I don't know a lot about Army operations but from what I do know about military scouts involves infiltration. The last I heard on this story was that he suffered from Post Traumatic Stress.

In October of 2013 an unarmed woman was shot to death by Capitol Police. She refused to yield at a checkpoint near the White House. She instead made a u-turn at which time an officer tried to place an obstacle in front of her vehicle. Her car struck the obstacle which in turn knocked the officer down. This ignited a car chase which twice erupted in gunfire. Shots were fired while in pursuit in an area with many tourists and other pedestrians present. The chase came to an end when the woman's car came to rest because it was stuck. This invited another volley of rounds to be pumped into the car. The woman was killed. Some moments later an officer retrieved an infant child from the rear of the car. Official reports confirmed the woman had no weapon. The official report also states it is not clear if she was killed before the car stopped or afterward. The only shots fired were those of police. Her autopsy revealed that she was hit five times including once in the head. Of the remaining shots, three were in her back and one was in her upper left arm. All of the shots in fact, entered her from behind. Oh, did I mention this woman was Black? Exactly what is going on here? I saw video of part of this incident and I can tell you with no uncertainty that at least several of the law enforcement agents present had opportunity to see that there was a child in the car. Again, just like with the Army regs above, I don't know a lot about law enforcement procedures but I seem to remember that refraining from firing at a moving vehicle in an area active with pedestrians is protocol. Let's not lose sight of the fact there was a one year old child in the rear of this car while it was drawing fire from the rear. Last I heard of the militarily trained fence jumping infiltrator implies he's probably getting treatment. Last I heard of the befuddled woman implies that she is probably still dead.

There has been a rash of unarmed Black women being murdered in the streets by police concurrent to our young Black males. Mainstream media seems to be downplaying the female murders. I wonder why? More on media will be covered in chapter ten.

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<sup>16</sup> This word has at least seven different definitions: used as an adjective it means "reddish-brown." Did you know that "bay" was a color? How about a shrub or maybe a crown of laurel? I'm not ashamed to say I didn't. I probably could have gave you two or three like the bay [inlet] related to the sea, a wolf baying [howling] or as in the body of the text above. If pressed I may have came up with a storage bay; so, I learned something new today.

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One other interesting thought I had about the incident of the fence jumper came with thoughts I had while trying to make sense of the incident. This thought didn't really seem to emanate from the same place I was processing the data in my head, it was more like it was placed directly in with the possible conclusions I arrived at. Know that I had not a single thought along the lines of this "conclusion" for at the time I saw a report, the incident had just occurred and there was nothing given other than there had been a security breach at the White House with very sketchy detail. I did not have knowledge of his name, where he was from, military background, physical appearance or any other personal detail about the man. What immediately came to me was: *Maybe that was a dry run.*<sup>17</sup> Do you seriously think that I would have made it that far? I must be constantly aware that I may be shot dead for even leaning too far over the White House fence while watching a birdie land. This is stark reality [truth] which means it is absolute truth [reality]. Truth has no equal, there is only one. If a people live in constant fear of dire consequence from authority, what is the true word for this condition? I shouldn't need to nor will I say this word. If you need to be told then you do not see the truth. If you do not see the truth you would not believe me anyway: because you do not see the truth.

## **Chapter Ten**

### ***How To Make An Issue A Non-Issue***

Reshaping an issue into a non-issue only requires one step; introduce controversy. Controversy is another of the potent weapons used by the powers that be. Controverting a subject immediately infuses doubt. This doubt in turn befogs the entire issue and a debate begins. Once you have started a debate, it will continue for all time while moving slowly away from the original topic. Eventually the topic will be completely lost as the debate ranges on. The issue has now become who's right and who's wrong about the original issue, not the actual original issue itself.

Mainstream media in America is probably the number one method of deploying controversy. It may also be its most powerful one with its far-reaching and instantaneous capabilities. Mainstream media includes TV, radio, billboards, newspapers, online streaming and any other medium used to reach the public at large that can be traced back to a corporation. Be sure to include advertising gimmicks like printing on packaging, branded products, logos, etc. Basically, anything designed to grab your attention while getting you to identify and making you want to buy. I am not speaking of independent media here.

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<sup>17</sup> I was extremely proud when President Obama was "elected" to office as was the world. I am not so enthused now because research has shown me no distinction between him and his predecessors. The only true difference observed by me is that he is "Black" and that only according to United States Law. More on him may be discussed later... or not. For now let it suffice to say that the system will recruit, create, induct or otherwise absorb whatever or whoever it deems necessary to further its cause and has no issue with sacrificing its own should the occasion mandate it.

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In chapter nine I gave the comparison of two incidents occurring in Washington, DC. I'll refer to that analogy as an example of media manipulation: how it steers thought with the ultimate goal of making you "*think*"<sup>18</sup> what it wants you to think.

Let's now examine some facts about the two incidents. The woman was driving in a car **near** the White House. The man was **at** the White House. The woman was **moving away** from the White House. The man was **moving toward** the White House. The woman **had no weapon**. The man **had a knife**. The woman's journey culminated when her car became stuck and she could no longer continue to drive it; **blocks away** from the White House. The man's journey ended when law enforcement seized him **inside** the White House. The woman **had a one year old child with her**. The man was **alone**. The woman is **dead**. The man is still **alive**. The ramification of what happened with the woman is not so significant in that there was no breach of security at any time during the episode. The accomplishment of the fence jumper is however of major proportion. Mainstream media made a non-issue of the case of the woman by simply doing no real follow-up. The story of the man and the monumental, unprecedented breach of security at the White House became a non-issue after shifting the focus to the man's mental health state at the time by reporting that he suffered from Post Traumatic Stress; this coming some time shortly after the flurry of federal promises of investigation.

I do not recall mainstream media making it widely known that the woman [Miriam Carey] had an episode just days prior to the incident in DC in which officers responding to a call at her home in Stamford, CT were told by her that President Barak Obama contacted her and had set up cameras to record her life. Nor did it highlight the fact that she carried a diagnosis of Postpartum Depression and Psychosis. There were no drugs or alcohol in her system at the time of her death including prescription drugs. Her autopsy report also mentions that she was wearing a sanitary napkin at the time of her death. This most assuredly sounds like someone very likely to be in the throes of a mental health episode and in need of assistance to me.

Here is one that nearly everybody grabbed when it occurred but somehow the truth of what was being said and exposed was lost. In 2005, hurricane Katrina caused total devastation in some states of the USA. Mainstream media had images of the ravished areas showing a man and woman walking in chest-high floodwater with foodstuffs afloat on a makeshift raft. Another showed a man in the same area walking in the same chest-high floodwater with foodstuffs afloat on a makeshift raft. Both identifying captions referenced the subjects of the image as having gotten the food from a local market. If the two stories are parallel, why did one find the food and the other loot the food? The attention this got was a day or two of entertainment at the office water cooler. Nobody really seemed alarmed at this blatant racist statement. I used to wonder about things like this, why no one seemed to care. I know now that it's due to Blacks being under the influence of blendependence and all those little children you see witnessing lynching and

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<sup>18</sup> You think you are thinking because if you were thinking you probably would not agree with what you are seeing on the images of the idiot box [TV] while being told something near what's actually happening by a whitened "ideal" representative of [their appeal]. I actually like "*whitenized*" better but I don't think it's a true word.

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other inhumane atrocities inflicted on the African-American race are now grown and their witnessing of childhood has made them numb. They too are damaged.

I'll shift gears now to an environmental issue briefly and solely for the purpose of demonstrating the effectiveness of mainstream media. I promise to shift right back afterward.

In 2010 BP [Oil Company] caused a major oil spill in the Gulf when its off-shore oil rig the Deepwater Horizon exploded killing about a dozen and setting it afire before it eventually sank. It also resulted in a furious gusher at the bottom of the sea. A total of about three months lapsed before it was reported to be capped. During this time a total of nearly five million barrels of oil was released into the Gulf. Finally in September it was reported to have been sealed. This catastrophe was and is [hopefully last] the largest in the history of the petroleum industry. It dwarfed the previous record by being thirty percent or more large in scope. The media covered this story rather heavily at first with some mention of it daily for a time. It eventually became old news and faded. I think its withdrawal from the spotlights coincides with the rise in concern for what was happening to the environment. The spill was effecting the shrimping, oyster and fishing and other industries in Louisiana and elsewhere along the Coastal Gulf region. To this day industry is still feeling the aftershocks and there are areas along the coast with petroleum balls still washing up on shore with other areas devoid of even insect life [reported by independent media] yet mainstream media chose to show, in ads as recent as this summer [the first re-emergence into mainstream media after years of absence], how wonderful life is in the Gulf now and told us to "...come on down for vacation... things are just fine..." while presenting images of sloops and sailboats on sky blue water under clear sunny conditions; flashing to couples laughing and profusely smiling while lounging in deck chairs near a pool and in beach chairs on the beach; flash scene of a guy dressed like a chef, complete with chef's hat and bandana as he dumps steaming oysters from a bushel basket onto the bench-like table where the [ideal for their type] happy couple eagerly awaits the delivery; change to the nightlife scene... well you get the picture. In a moment I will show you a connection theme that if not apparent to you by now will be very much un-shrouded with the information imparted by the statements made. I'll give one more example of media brainwashing before I move on.

The 60's were a tumultuous time in America for Blacks, to put it mildly. It seemed that somehow Blacks had finally made some progress with the movement of civil rights. It has been told to me that there is nothing more threatening to a white man than an educated Black man confident and sure of himself. This was told to me by people both Black and white and witnessed through my own eyes. White folks had to find a way to stave the rise of Blacks. Somewhere and at some time the word *minority* was introduced as the way to refer to Blacks. Media began using the term minority instead of Black. The nebulous descriptor of "minority" allowed for woman, gays, people of Spanish speaking ancestry, motorcycle gangs, people with red eyes, people who only eat ice cream on Sundays of a month that begins with an 'A,' people who can only sleep in chairs... get the idea? Interchanging the word "minority" with "Black" and "Negro" or any term used at the time to imply only Blacks had been thwarted by opening the rights movement to

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anyone that could identify something to a few but not present in the population at large was now free to join in. As soon as the LGBT population saw the success, they immediately stepped up for their rights along with women and many other groups. I have nothing against anyone standing for the right to live their life but in these other movements the true focus of the Black civil rights movement was lost... possibly for ever. The media and a few well-placed assassinations effectively stalled Black progress by shifting focus with a single word.

Here's an interesting thing I've noticed quite some time ago: they [the racist powers that be] always tell on themselves. Whatever deception they are engaged in, whatever the cleverly concealed activity, they tell on themselves. We need only be astute enough to pick up on it. A clear example is in the text above with regard to the disruption of the civil rights movement. (Here too is where being able to connect the dots comes in and knowing something about the earth.) Almost everything they say is completely opposite to what is true. Knowing this and knowing the demographics of the planet we live on sheds light on the fact that when "minority" began being bantered about they were telling us that the changes being made were redirected to benefit them. People of color are the majority on the face of the earth which means white folks are actually the minority.

One need not scrutinize how corporations and government use media to promote their agenda; peering just a bit closer yields the reality that government, large corporations and the media are all the same animal. Still not convinced? Consider these facts: America is run by large corporations; I don't think there's an argument coming from there. Add to this the fact that corporations employ lobbyist to do their bidding in Washington; to hawk for them and make their wishes known to government. Corporate lobbyists are the next best thing to serving corporate needs if they are unsuccessful at directly placing a candidate in a seat of authority somewhere inside the governmental structure. A firm and definite link has been established between corporations and government; agreed? The third prong, media tie in, is not so easily viewed without one key piece of information: the entire institution of mainstream media [90% or more] is owned by about six major entertainment corporations in America. Take note that I said "entertainment" when referring to these corporations because that is exactly what they are. Very often board membership and upper echelon staff are very redundant as well. The networks that own broadcast stations (radio & TV), newspapers, outdoor advertising (billboards), cable networks, etc. are in turn owned by a giant corporation. Disney, for instance, owns the ABC network. I think it not necessary to go through them all, I actually prefer you to research this yourself. If I have not clearly identified this for you, I am sorry but it won't take more than a few minutes to confirm what I have stated for yourself. I ask you this question; if all the network news [Fox, CNN, MSNBC, CNBC, ABC, CBS, NBC, et al] I see is brought to me by an entertainment corporation, doesn't that really mean that what I am seeing reported as *news* on network TV is really just entertainment [vying for ratings]? Is who wore what to which affair really news of value? Amusing; yes, entertaining; yes, a value [fair exchange for something given]; I think not: not if you consider that watching TV is giving of time. My use of the word time here includes very many other intangible and unconsidered things. To sit down and watch TV I must not do something else I would have been doing in its stead; that is a sacrifice. I am paying a

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utility [electric] and probably for the service bringing me the broadcast; that is money. I am also submitting myself to the information that spews forth from it. To surrender [subject] one's self to anything touches the very soul. If one is able to understand that the simple decision to watch TV is equated to submitting, subjecting or surrendering to the TV and to do any of these three things involves the soul, then it should be evident it was not such a "simple" decision after all. Or was it?<sup>19</sup>

Anything dealing with the soul is of a spiritual nature. One cannot combat things of a spiritual nature in an earthly way. This attests to the need to know and strengthen one's spiritual self; never forget you are in a spiritual battle. The powers that be are well aware of how what they do effects the spirit and they use this knowledge without hesitation or relent. To be sustained in any fight, one must at least be equally armed as the foe or the battle will surely be lost.

Time is very valuable and I have received nothing in return; nothing to benefit me, that is. What I have been given is all of the stimulation, programming, images, sounds and ideologies of those who presented the information to me; of great benefit to them. To another level; your ninety inch high def TV connected to your home theater system "...to make you feel you're right there..." does just that. The more realistic and life-size the image presented, *enhanced* by life-like picture quality and crystal-clear audio, the more believable the experience is to your being. Sorry if you thought they were thinking of you. No matter what they do to emulate reality, simply remember truth never requires enhancement. It's all about money as it is with anything and everything you see, imagine, hear, touch, smell, taste or feel in America. Let's talk a bit more about that concept.

## Chapter Eleven

### ***The Two Solutions To Any And All Problems In America***

There are but two definitive solutions applicable to any and all problems or situations one may encounter in America: (1) Give *me* money or (2) Give *me* more money [than you already gave *me*]. I'll let you think about that for a second or two... it shouldn't take much more than that. Without regard to the unique event the end result was outlay of cash or increasing the amount of cash already given. Want a car, clothes, house, food, whatever the want or need?<sup>20</sup> Then you have to spend [or promise to spend] some cash. If you should happen to fall on difficulty and lag behind in danger of losing your house or car, don't worry, just give *me* more cash. "...*By the way, I'll even be gracious enough to allow you to pay the extra cash by extending your time. Unfortunately, I'll have to charge you a late fee and penalty then raise your interest rate in order to do this...*" Late fees, penalties, higher interest rates and the like are nothing more than a poor tax. Those who

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<sup>19</sup> See definitions of the word simple and pick one of the dozen or so assigned to it that best makes sense in what I'm rhetorically asking – while you're there, check out submit, subject and surrender if you haven't already done so and perhaps truth will be seen in what I am saying.

<sup>20</sup> The difference between wants and needs has been fogged by mainstream media.

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can prove they don't need money get to pay only incidental interest rates and usually have it arranged to meet the obligation in such a way as to avoid all rate increases, finance charges, late fees, etc. I defy anyone reading this text to tell me that the solution to eliminating a deficit is to increase the deficit. If I am not able to meet a financial obligation how does increasing the burden of the obligation help me to come from under it? Does that really make sense to you? Unmask the deception of being helped by a plan handed to you from the very thing seeking to keep you where you are. Know that it will never benefit you.

Here's a bizarre thought for you. I truly believe if we [African-Americans] collectively had enough money, we could actually buy our freedom by petitioning the beast to negotiate a deal to let us purchase a body of land large enough and suitable to accommodate and sustain us so we could then build and do for ourselves as it was in the days before *that day*. As delusional as this may sound it's more probable than relying on the Papal Bull "*Abrogationis Dum Diversas*"<sup>21</sup> of 2014.

The liquid income i.e. the money spent on personal indulgences; things other than necessity, of African-Americans, if combined would tally an amount equivalent to a nation with the ninth largest economy on the face of the earth. That to me is proof that if we trust and rely on each other while we build together and support one another, just as all other groups do [Asians, Spanish Speaking, Hebrews<sup>22</sup>, Italians, etc.] we will afford ourselves the corridor to rise above blendependence to a true state of independence and self-sufficiency. This would also have the desirable side effect of ending senseless murdering of Blacks in the streets by the system as we could no longer be viewed as useless and a plague to society. Is it not yet known to you that America is a business? No business that offers up its good assets and retains useless ones can continue to operate for very long employing such a philosophy. Use the events, lessons and knowledge of the past as a guide to the present. Remember; senseless murdering [lynching] didn't occur while we were enslaved, we were assets. Lynching came after slavery when we were no longer assets.

Black health and beauty aids is a multibillion dollar a year business, yet Blacks get no part of that wealth. Do you actually have any clue as to how much money that really is? Keep in mind here we are talking about more than just one billion because I said 'multi,' right? Most of us are a little more comfortable with smaller denominations so [stay with me here] I'll kick it down a thousand times and talk about millions. That's okay because one billion is one thousand times more than one million, so whatever my result I need only add one thousand times more to get back to the realm of billions.

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<sup>21</sup> This Papal Bull is totally fictitious. It is from my sarcastic mind only; it in no way exists as something real. Allow me to apologize to you at this moment also for I told you there were no falsehoods in this book.; having told you about the falsehood effectively erases it because it has been exposed by truth. I'm still good. I do not speak Latin but I believe "Abrogationis" means to repeal a law; turn back; cancel... so I was attempting to sarcastically say erase the past.

<sup>22</sup> This is not referring to the descendants of the original Hebrew-Israelites of The Old Testament... they still don't know who they are here in amerikkka and elsewhere in the world or who their ancestors actually are [were].

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Considering one single million; if one were able to count one number per second continuously, which is impossible – to say ninety-seven hundred thousand seven hundred seventy-seven takes quite a few seconds: no bathroom break, no eating, nothing but counting, it would take nearly twelve days before you could stop your task. Add the reality of *five-second-numbers* and the time stretches beyond two weeks just to count to one million. If we add back the one thousand times increase, it would take two thousand weeks to count to one billion in like fashion. That would be equal to about thirty-eight and one-half years, unless I booted the math. And let's not forget multi goes on top of that so it would be no less than double that amount of time; an actual lifetime spanning over seventy-six years. Does that help to give a better understanding of just how big these numbers are?

To have even a portion of the wealth of this industry alone could greatly benefit our neighborhoods when properly applied. Why do we not own any of that wealth? Why do we not own anything?

*"Rims and Timbs"*<sup>23</sup> don't make it. Your "Lex" and your Mercedes fall short too I'm afraid. Forget about your "Bling"<sup>24</sup> 'cause it ain't doing a thing and neither is your ninety-inch High Def TV.<sup>25 26</sup> Toss in your six hundred dollar "smart" phone too; it really wasn't made to benefit you.

You have been programmed to believe that owning such things is wealth. Other indoctrination has you thinking that ostentatious display of such things is proof of wealth. These things are deceptions; unnecessary or overkill, impediments to reality. A twenty thousand dollar car will probably get you anywhere in the world that an eighty thousand dollar car will go, you probably only talk on your smart phone and why should make believe and fantasy look real. You've heard it said that money talks<sup>27</sup> so you thought you should make yours speak. While I'll agree that money talks; I have to finish the limerick... It's not the one you've heard. What I've seen is that money talks but true wealth whispers; true but no clever rhyme. One will usually not know by a glance if some one has wealth or not. While you were busy rhymin' and on your rims shinnin', they were busy building portfolios.

Many of us like gold chains and such. If gold is your thing why trifle with it? Consider this: I see a thick 14k gold chain that weighs about fifty grams. I think I'm savvy because I've bought lots of necklaces before and know all about troy ounces, grams, drams, pennyweight and that stuff like that so I know it contains very close to one ounce of pure gold. That is true I think it would be around ninety-four percent of a troy ounce. I'm thinking too that this is at a jewelry store so I expect some mark-up. I pay sixteen hundred fifty dollars for the bauble because its diamond cut really caught my eye and it's

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<sup>23</sup> Ridiculously priced usually over size custom chrome tire rims oft times placed on a car of less value than the set of rims themselves. There is also a reference to the footgear worn by many young adults.

<sup>24</sup> Gold necklaces, diamond rings, designer sunglasses and other sparkling things. Flashy gold jewelry does not hold a candle to an unassuming gold ingot.

<sup>25</sup> The larger, more vivid and realistic the images and sounds: the more believable what you see and hear.

<sup>26</sup> See chapter ten for information about TV and mainstream media.

<sup>27</sup> US law says that money is equivalent to speech and corporations are people.

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nearly an ounce of gold. At the time of this writing, gold is holding a bit over twelve hundred twenty dollars per ounce.

Thinking just a bit beyond that moment may have allowed me to see that I could also purchase a one full troy ounce 24k [99.9% pure] gold ingot for four hundred dollars less than the near ounce necklace. To add insult to injury; if just one week later I should have to liquidate some assets to raise cash, selling the chain will not bring me sixteen hundred dollars, it's not pure gold, it would be considered only for scrap and it's less than an ounce. It's very likely that one week after I buy the ingot I would still get twelve hundred for it because it is pure and a full ounce. That is the difference, my friend. Unless you consider that I won't be wearing the ingot around my neck so no one will know I have it.

## **Chapter Twelve**

### ***What We Need To Do***

So, what do you suggest we do about all this *Dr. Spock*? I'll tell you from what *ahnno*.

With all seriousness, I can only tell you what my life has taught me to do and what I have seen to be true [reality]. I have all faith that they fit well into the solution. What I have discovered on my own is greatly fortified by the success I have had in battling the beast, by our leaders of the past and by the recently discovered folks I consider the true Black leadership of this day. I have much respect and admiration for our leaders of the past however; some of them were not fully aware of what they faced. When the system pretended to bow and concede to the Black demand for equal treatment by eliminating signs and allowing us to no longer sit in the back of the bus, it too was another ruse. They no longer cared about you coming in the back door because they knew that you entering the bank through the same door as they still would not get you the loan. They also recognized that you sitting in front of them on the bus did not put you in front of them in life. At the same time, their "concession" allowed them to now be able to say "...we gave you what you want and you still are not satisfied..." I cannot fault those who died so that I may now sit here as I am. They simply didn't realize the morphing beast would analyze, so closely the words of the request. If you ask of me to open up my door and I in turn comply but leave the safety chain, you cannot complain for I did exactly what you asked. If you wanted to come in, sit down and socialize, that is what should have been said; not open up the door. It's very hard to know, when dealing with the beast, just what will come from the interaction.

There will be no conveniently ordered by number list forthcoming, unfortunately, it is not that simple. You are dealing with a beast so complex, humungous, deceitful, ingenious, incredulous, extremely powerful, cold-blooded, all consuming, evil, voracious, insatiable, hateful and hellacious [I can continue this series for several pages without redundancy of words]. Hmm... that sound much like a demon, does it not? That's no coincidence; don't get it twisted, that's exactly what it is – the daemon of white supremacy [racism]. All the

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exorcist stuff I've ever seen has the holy man compelling the demon to name itself before he is able to drive it out; I have named the demon for you.

This demon goes undetected by Black America because it is operating on a spiritual level and one of the very first things done to us; and in order to control a people, is to break [kill] their spirit. Take away everything they know and love and believe then replace it with your stuff. Know that you have great spiritual power Black people. How do you think we have survived the torment, hate and hell we have been through over time which still is present today? Stop believing what you are fed by the hand of your oppressor. Know that he will never give you enough to make you whole. If the oppressed are made whole, the oppressor loses control. Stop embracing the blond-haired blue-eyed Jesus that has been pounded down into your soul. I am not saying for you to stop believing in Jesus, if that is what you believe; nor am I telling you not to believe in Jesus if he is who you seek. I'm simply saying the truth is Jesus looked like me. Do you know who the models for the portrait of "The Last Supper" were? That would be Leonardo's uncle at center surrounded by twelve inmates. How can I control your religion unless I give you my religion and make you believe in my god and tell you [pictures] that god looks like me?

I believe it to be unimportant, actually irrelevant, what the Supreme Being may look like. My understanding of God is spiritual; the ultimate essence of spiritual force present within everything in the Universe. To put a face to that is a worthy task indeed. To assign a face to that would be an earthly thing, something devised of man. You cannot seek to know spiritual things from an earthbound perch. So I submit to you it really matters not. What God looks like is the deception. What God is about; is the true question, if you seek to know God.

I have also given some direction to you throughout the text of this book when I spoke of the dictionary and commanding English and hopefully you acquired some from elsewhere in the text as well. In parting I will try to reiterate and emphasize some things most dire and detrimental to African-Americans as I believe it to be.

It is crucial for Black America to re-educate themselves with true and proper fact about who we are and what we are capable of. We are not descendents of slaves from a people only fit to be slaves. The idea of any people being fit only for slavery and nothing more is quite preposterous in and of itself. We are born of a race of builders, architects, scholars, inventors, philosophers, doctors, chemist, mariners, pioneers, merchants and verily of kings and queens.

Blacks lived in the land now known as America long before Columbus came. Many of the kings and queens of West Africa established kingdoms here and populated vast portions of what was referred to as "The New Land." This nation was populated essentially with Native American and Africans only.

This subject is worthy of a book and would require the same for me to tell you the whole story. All was well until one day in 1452 a plan was laid<sup>28</sup> when Pope Nicholas V granted

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<sup>28</sup> See Papal Bull Dum Diversas of 1452 and subsequent Bull of 1455 to reference the details.

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the king of Portugal, Alfonso V rights that would drastically change things forever. Even more emboldened and fatal was the subsequent Bull issued in 1455 by the same Pope to the same king. Researching and exploring these documents will set the record straight and enlighten you to other related documents.

If you take the suggestion to research the Papal Bulls I spoke of you will be learn of many other things in many other places and events. Other documents researched from being introduced along the way will inform you about people like the Moors. Have you ever seen a portrait of George Washington [or others in and around that time] with a Black man wearing a turban somewhere near him or in the background? It is commonly thought that these men are slaves. This is false. That man was a Moor and an advisor to Washington. Moors were not slaves by any means. A slave would have been forbidden to wear a turban or anything else from their previous culture for that matter.

I believe it should become more apparent why we need to lose the “...*why should I care about what’s going on in...*” attitude. The roles of geography, politics, current events, world history and other things you were made to hate and forget must be embraced and recaptured as their relevance to you becomes once again clear. Do you know why there are statues of you in Mexico, Portugal, Italy, Egypt, China, and England – literally everywhere there is civilization around the entire globe? [There is no known civilization’s ancient history that does not contain something that looks like me in it somewhere] Do you know the story of why the sphinx stands so fully in tact even unto this day except for the nose and lips? [Do nose and lips sound familiar?] Do you know the true origins of Christianity? Do you know who Columbus’s navigator on his voyage to the new land was? Do you know what the Statue of Liberty actually looked like as presented to America by France? Do you know what Eugenics is? Do you know about the Negro Project? Do you know the origin of the IQ Test? Do you know where Hitler got his ideas and model for conquest from? Do you know what “NHI” means to a law enforcement officer in some jurisdictions with reference to the shooting or death of an African-American? Who are the Illuminati – are they real or fictitious? Do you know what the “new world order” is? Do you know where President Barak Obama came from? [This is not in reference to his being born here; all that rhetoric was just a smokescreen. This question is with regard to his political rise.] Do you know about the educational system in America as it pertains to Blacks? Do you know who funds the NAACP? Do you know that people of color are actually the majority of the population of the earth? Questions could stretch on for volumes; after all we are talking about centuries of time. Unfortunately, we do not have centuries of time left at the current rate Blacks are being murdered in America and elsewhere on the globe. With things like Ebola currently killing us by the thousands in Liberia and Sierra Leone while white health care professionals who accidentally contracted the disease where flown here and cured. Note I did not say treated, I said cured even as the death toll mounts. Is it just a coincidence that Liberia is a Black nation started by freed slaves from America?

The atrocities endured through time and genocide of the Black race are not issues that are new. The saga of racism in America is known by everyone. We must learn to connect the dots. We are an extremely intelligent and resilient people who have been made to not use

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our intelligence by a fearful white society. We must move away from the distraction of racism being a black-white issue and realize that racism in America is pertaining to one entity having holding and controlling everything and in turn using that power as influence or control over another group; effecting the group as a whole. I did not hear the words “black” or “white” in this definition anywhere. I did hear that it is a socio-economic issue.

One may not find reference to the exact words I used in defining racism in America written as I wrote them. If you are more comfortable with an actual dictionary definition, M-W defines racism as [direct quote from text]: *“a belief that race is the primary determinant of human traits and capacities and that racial differences produce an inherent superiority of a particular race.”* I still didn’t hear anything about black or white; in fact, no dictionary I am aware of uses these colors when defining racism.

One knowing the true definition of racism should immediately drop the color issue realizing it was just another deception to redirect attention from the real issue of social and economic status. In order for Blacks to rise economically we must do exactly what is being done all around us: unite our neighborhoods into communities, create and own businesses to serve primarily our own people; unite politically and speak as one so our voice will command heed in Washington as other lobbyist do to be heard; we must trust and rely on each other as no one else will do this for us, certainly not the hand of the oppressor that controls you; we must realize that mainstream media is merely entertainment and not to be believed and let us not forget it is in your home to dupe you into parting with your cash while it programs you and conditions you to accept the terms of racism even more; a key thing we must do is wholly realize the connection between corporations, government and mainstream media to know that they are truly one; we must learn to seek truth in everything, no matter how “innocent” the deception and be not afraid to call a lie a lie; we must embrace our own culture and not that of our oppressor – to do this we must first learn our culture; we must look both ways before crossing the street... just kidding. I had to stop this somewhere.

There is no way I can tell you exactly what to do because we are all to do for ourselves on our own journey through life and I really wouldn’t want that responsibility anyway. I only know that we can because we have done it before. Blacks thrived in America during the years following the civil war and the so-called end of slavery.

Keep inside you also the fact that the universe strives to maintain balance for it is key to yielding solutions to problems you may face. If three are taken from you then three must be given back; if you are in, eventually you must come out... if you traveled down through seven layers then seven layers must be traversed up in order to emerge. These things may seem nonsensical but they serve to illustrate my point. Whatever may happen in the universe will have something of equal but opposite scope occur at some time to restore equilibrium and order; a quiescent state. Know that these words are true.

There is a tiny voice inside you that tries hard to guide you but you cannot hear it while paying attention to distractions. Your first thought is true because it doesn’t come from

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you. That tiny voice is the Universe speaking to you or God if you will. The voice will not shout louder to be heard over the clamor of deception it is you who must turn off the noise.

I cannot give a lifetime of instruction though I really wish I could do that for you, it's not for me to do. I only hope I have inspired something positive inside of you. There is so much more that could be written in this book but hopefully I've given enough to pique interest because the writing would never stop. If you actually begin to investigate, dig and research I think that the knowledge that comes to you will inspire your path and teach you all you need to know to become part of the cure for the festering disease of racism; a disease of the soul.

Our scourge is one of generations. It will take much to heal the wounds. This book is not intended to be the one single answer to magically fix everything nor am I grandiose to think such a thing. There is no one book or one answer or one anything save truth that will eventually repel the beast. According to Universal Balance, that would mean generations to undo the generations of doing; and which have yet to cease. If we continue to wait with the undoing, it is us that will be undone.

I give my blessing of love to the entire world of mankind for truly we are all one people of one race; whether you like it or not.

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## Appendix A

### *The Declaration Of Independence From Blendependence*

# **We The People**

**Of the African-American race do hereby declare our independence and freedom from the racist institution of the society and social structure of the United States of America. Having been re-educated with true and proper history and otherwise given the tools and means to set forth and establish Black Communities fully capable of competing on every level of business, commerce, education, technology, medicine, transportation, housing, law,**

employment and all other necessary fronts as related to being a completely self-supporting and independent entity. **We** will no longer simply exist and accept the poisoned crumbs, deceptions, hand-me-downs, denials, abuse and general disregard and mistreatment of **Blacks** offered by the racist totalitarian system that herded us into the hopeless state of blendependence we have had to endure in America for the centuries following the so-called end of slavery in the year of our Lord **One Thousand Eight Hundred Sixty-Five**. **Be** it known henceforth to the populous earth of which we truly all are one people that with this declaration history has also been corrected to reflect the true fact that **African-Americans** share equal distinction with indigenous peoples of these lands known this day the year of our Lord **Two Thousand Fourteen** as **The United States of America** and are by birth **True Americans**. **We** now reclaim our sovereignty and too by our birthright entitlement to portions of these; the lands of our ancestors. **We** hereby proclaim our **Independence** from **Blendependence** in pursuit of our true and actual history.

## Appendix B

### *Blendependence Defined*

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Entry: blendependence

Pronunciation: 'blen-d-pen-dense

Function: noun

Etymology: African-American

Date: 21<sup>st</sup> Century (Wednesday, September 10, 2014 Harry Mapp II)

## African-American Blendependence

1: a racist device concocted for the purpose of controlling the Black population in America toward its ultimate goal of extinction of the race. 2: the illusion of equality freedom and acceptance of African Americans by and into White American society. 3: the delusional state of being equal or free in a society while remaining completely stagnant and totally dependent; especially as in dependency upon an oppressor. 4: the quality or state of being blendependent. 5: an attractive looking usually fatal enticement offered up to mask a dire deception.

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