

The Cracker Jar

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Chapter 4

Self-Preservation and the Missing Soul

The misconception of Black and White as a separate race is a cognitive optical illusion—or a visual illusion that creates a misunderstanding of what one actually sees through the cornea of the eyes, subsequently, then attaching a world meaning through the brain, through their understanding, taught, prescribed views and experiences of the world.

It is this messaging from the brain that both creates and distorts the reality in which we each live. My reality is different than your reality, therefore, my mechanism for survival, domination, subjugation, and self-preservation are quite different from those of other races or ethnicities of people, during various periods within this country, from black people to white people, even diverse for wealthy people (as this category often eliminates concepts of color, in that wealthy people of color can dissociate with their ethnic identity—and for all practical purposes become an anomaly to themselves). But a cultural reality of 500 years of black suppression and hegemony (white domination, forced, constitutionality, legally, and historically embedded, ingrained through miseducation, psychological grooming, and daily coercion) has almost stripped black people of their true identity. Who would accept second-class citizenship, a misconstrued historical past based on inaccuracies, erasures, and omission of any worth, unredeemable, or missing valuable facts that might alter black people perspective of themselves, as a measure against the elements of nature and the unconquerable barriers of structural racism if not through subtle social conditioning (a thing standing guard in the uterus of young black mothers, even before black children learn to breathe).

Our self-preservation throughout these last 500 years and even prior to this moment, has been to accept a condition of inferiority, devaluation, subjugation, and second class citizenship (rights, liberties, healthcare, education, opportunities, and justice for the Black masses); while, White America's sense of self, and their actions toward self-preservation, is based on a whole different set of criteria now and then, stemming after the advent of race as both a fallacy and a theory without reason, an excepted fabrication propagated by racist scientist (across the spectrum of biological, sociological, and psychological disciplines) historians, ecclesiastics, heads of state, monarchies, and constitutional monarchies, explorers, plantations, any powerful group or entity of White people, predominantly males,

who used their position to create the illusion that color and class determined the value of a man, and not one's character and potential as a human being.

One might ask, if the powers that serve black life in a supposedly “post-racialized” American, with its few black anomalies openly bowing down to kiss the ring (or ass) of any white person who can secure them a dollar, while the masses hold their tongues in their hands, live day to day, day by day, still praying (not that god and prayers are not powerful), always praying for deliverance (always failing to take decisive action as a united people) “why” do we go along to get along as subhuman (always caste in a different category than other people, especially when we get out of line). We have had a lot of brothers and sisters get out of line in our fight for equality and dignity in America; they were either killed, jailed, trapped in human snares, or just lost their will and way due to the arduous realization that “too many of us don’t know I’ll worth” I might answer or respond, “well, it’s not that bad; we have cable, tic toc (but the want to band that), street corners to waist our time, a cheap motel to turn-it-up,” free and reduced lunch in schools and prisons that are equally responsible of black child rearing and inculcation. But the facts: we are killing one another at an alarming rate; we are killing ourselves at an alarming rate; we are comatose within an optical illusion created by the inherited trauma of being born black, and thus our lives are a psychological manifestation of our condition, sustained through our ability to choose self-preservation opposed to liberation by any means necessary. Which is a natural response to a harsh life—just survive. We have lost our understanding of the supernatural.

Black people have forgotten the value of our lives through dying, through death, the concept of resistance, the death that is the only reality after first birth—we have forgotten that our ancestors fought and died that we did not self-attribute to conditions of a permanent under girth in America that sustained the vanity of white middle class and the profits of upper middle class white folks (and those black wealthy Americans who have overcome the shadow places and find themselves and their lives existing in a colorblind existence, until your black ass get caught doing something wrong). It is nothing wrong with being rich and wealthy, as a condition of one's efforts, abilities, fortunes; just as there is nothing shameful about existing under or below a living wage in a corrupt society where corporations are experiencing billion dollar profits while their employees cannot pay both rent and nourishing meals or medicine—there is something gone aloft within this undemocratic society where power and decision-making is created by a select makeup of affluent, wealthy, connected, appointed, and elected by legacy, nepotism, and super PACs. And because black folk have accepted this flawed and misguided system, even when blacks achieve political, social, and monetary power, they are conditioned to administer white ideologies in order to keep that black power and position, which is all illusory self-worth.

Consciousness cannot be predicated on the herd mentality; it must be an individual nonconformity managed by the moments in which we live. And if the quality of one's black life is less than human, then there must be a collective atonement for physical justice and visual adjustment made by black people. No one is going to give you grace—one either earns it or purchases it.

Black lives must go beyond, just living; we must, not just demand of others our perfect rights toward life, liberty, and an equal or fair chance at opportunities, we must put in the work collectively, to build our potential and dismantle the coercive walls of structural, white, elitists, systemic racism (administered by both white and black, all highly educated folk). It is said that a good education teaches one how to master the masses for gain, not to create a win-win situation (that would be “Socialism”). If public schools are not teaching black students how to survive, thrive, build, produce, transfer knowledge, comprehend themselves within a predicament, engage in their own fight for liberation, then we must teach it in our community centers, our churches, a teacher’s basement on the weekends because they are forbidden to liberate black babies on state owned property, or during working hours—and that is some real real for you. Not necessarily black history, but the truth about American reality (I taught black history, the black kids don’t want to hear that old... malarkey, they want to know how to use our stolen and erased history to manage their lives). They don’t want to know why old black Moses’ back is scarred with whelps or that their great great great great grandmother was habitually raped while her husband either worked the fields or had been sold to another plantation to further destroy black family, black unity. No. They want to forget how slavery and second-class citizenry make them feel, steal their confidence and ambitions, close their emotions, and trap them until dreams sour and rotten and reek of maladjustment. I am writing because I bear witness to their neuroses that have become our way of thinking (and where thought goes, so follows action), willingness to accept subjugation, incarceration, assimilation, and a denied ability to self-actualize. What is a life if one has not the possibility to transform, to morph into their “butterfly,” their best self? It is our trauma that holds us captive to a life where we commit self-preservation: our homicides and our suicides. Now you must glean a new truth and understand that our situation as a people also reflects the psychosis of other people who plan, participate, and engage in America’s twoness.

Black folk learned how to survive the harsh realities and legacies of American slavery during the 20th Century. You see, we had engaged in a hostile war for our rights, unsuccessfully so; up until the 20th Century when we began to see that some black folk could cross the color line, if they were light enough, had enough money, land, or was willing to subjugate other blacks for the white man’s profit (or the rich persons gain, male, women, other, all). No different than within any other country that dealt with opposing races, caste systems, domination of ethnicities within all white countries, and contentious relationships, or even within all black societies.

It’s not the fact that there was systemic slavery far too long in America, because slavery and serfdom have been an aspect of the human condition since man began to record time. The imperative position here is that systemic slavery continued in America under the guise of white supremacy and has castrated black identity as a nation of displaced people, when in fact, as previously stated, and a continued speaking point, black people far outdate the emergence of white people on the North American continent. Thus, the moral imperative on the absolute inculcation, propagation, and proliferation of second-class citizenry, that dominates current culture in America and a world reality televised and

streamed—that has summoned an emergence of fascist ideology in the 21st Century to maintain the status quo, to even return the ideals of manifest destiny, operates without a gallant black opposition. We are all over the place, going nowhere, as a race within American social stratification based on color, wealth, and nationalism, pejoratively. Don't get me wrong, there is nothing wrong with coalescing around people and opportunities to acquire wealth, position, or even power; the problem is that there are not enough people coalescing around change, around providing for those who have been victimized since the country's inception. There is no unity or collective noncompliance, nor a will to achieve a counter-hegemony based on some form of democratic ideals yet to be practiced in America.

The masses have refused to unite their potential and become a formidable force against all that is evil and demonic in society. American society must find a way, or black and brown people must make a way, self-determine, make the ultimate sacrifice, death or liberty, death or liberty. Your grandmothers jumped into the sea. Your grandfathers ran, disoriented into the sun, crying to the Sun Gods to be free, until they lost a limb, or a way, but never the will. We have no will to change America—we will just keep rolling over people, nations, countries, and demand that our citizens come along to due the dirty work (that reflects our exceptionalism that millions of people on partisan bases have sworn their oath to protect—even if it be genocide, food insecurities, price gouging, work below a living wage, and most importantly, those in the middle, they are the bread and butter of the experiment we call Democracy). The Moors, Maroon black peoples of Haiti overthrew their masters and created the only successful slave revolt, for which they are perpetually punished unto this day, much like South Africa will be for overthrowing their Apartheid, or what Cuba has had to suffer for throwing the Western world off their island along with Capitalism—the point being that if you poke that bear there will be a price to pay: on earth. But somewhere, I know, not that I believe, but that I know, what we as humans, people, do in this world will echo in another realm. All indigenous peoples around the world understood this—it has just been beaten out of us.

Aut Viam Inveniam Aut Faciam (247 BC Barca)—“I shall either find a way or make a way,” promised the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, to his troops who faced an implausible condition in challenging the dictates of the Roman Empire. He was proclaimed the greatest war General ever, by all military schools across the world, regardless of race. Why don't marginalized youth know about the Barca family who fought the Roman Empire for forty years after crossing the unpassable Alps (Alpine mountains) from North Africa what is today Tunisia (one of the northern countries of Africa where America fought its first foreign war in 1801, the Barbary wars, which are also not mention in public school curriculum, with President Thomas Jefferson vowing to stop the Northern African countries from profiting in White European slavery.