

FROM THE MIND BEHIND

DA GHETTO TYMZ

magazine

KNOWLEDGE OF SELF CAN ONLY BE FOUND UNDERGROUND

ANALITIKUL COGITATIONZ

A MEMOIR

WRITTEN BY M'BWEBE AJA ISHANGI
FKA JEHVON BUCKNER
CREATOR OF DA GHETTO TYMZ MAGAZINE

daghettotymz.com

MA

MENTAL ADVISORY

DEEP PANAFRIKAN-CENTERED CONTENT.
INFO WILL CAUSE YOU TO WAKE UP.
WEAK-MINDED ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!

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ANALITIKUL COGITATIONZ - DÉJÀ VU

by M'Bwebe Aja Ishangi
fka Jehvon Buckner

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QUOTES

"M'Bwebe Ishangi has written a coming of age story for readers in the age of Information. For more than a decade he has researched ancient and contemporary histories and published his findings in Da Ghetto Tymz magazine, which has been widely read by his peers within the Hip Hop community. With his "best of" compilation of essays, M'Bwebe is now poised to be introduced to a wider audience who I hope will use these essays as a blueprint for their mental and economic liberation. Brother M'Bwebe is to be congratulated for unselfishly doing what few souls have done — freed their minds and then helped others free theirs."

— **Anthony T. Browder** author, 'From the Browder File'

"There are consequences for choosing to follow the Afrikan Way. You will be assaulted by alien minds in Afrikan garb. There will be a loss of friends and family who cannot understand without losing the fragile security they hold so dearly on to. There will be worse than these, the pull of a lifetime of eurocentric habit, a battle against the reason which has validated this reality that brought you thus far. But for those of us who follow the spirit of our Ancestors are no more than mere distractions that we, with time, come to ignore because we know the correctness of our righteous rage. They do not disappear as long as this reality is a dominant force on this planet.

This book is about the life and mind of an individual who has made such a choice. With the style and the truth of (Frances) Cress-Welsing, M'Bwebe Ishangi takes us through his transformation from one who only knew that something was very wrong with this reality to one who learned what it was and how to critique and confront it in and outside of himself. The process all of us experience who have discovered the wisdom of our traditions is explained here, in an up close and personal way, in the way that it effected and molded this Afrikan man into the frontline warrior that stands before us today.

The reawakening process of "thesis " (realization that something is wrong), followed by "antithesis " (search for and study of what is wrong and study and assimilation of what is right), followed by "synthesis " (discovery and break from any contradictions in newfound truths), are all evident, time and time again, in his journey back home. It is through telling us of this process that he teaches the reader how to go about the business of thinking better as an Afrikan — how to break through layer upon layer of ignorance and humbly embrace knowing. No Afrikan should be without the lessons and experience of this book."

— **Mwalimu K. Bomani Baruti** author,
'Homosexuality and the Effeminization of Afrikan Males'

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

M'Bwebe is an infopreneur, writer, artist, graphic and web designer, videographer, orator, and creator and publisher of **Da Ghetto Tymz magazine** and **DaGhettoTymz.com** — a publication and website that annihilates false perceptions of the Afrikan experience chauffeured by the western-eurocentric mindset, and **DGTv** — a video-based website that is an edutainable experience like none other.

Like Historian, J.A. Rogers, a significant portion of M'Bwebe's studies fall under autodidacticism (self-directed learning or self-teaching) from channeling in subliminal inquiries from our ADB (Ancestral Data Bank); a connection he feelz that's been with him since his youth (read 'Analitikul Cogitationz').

His educational background includes University of Pittsburgh (Africana Studies/History), and three years working with the Educational branch of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). Since 1993, he's been using his design skills, voice, and writings to broaden and deepen how people see and think of current and historical topics from an Afrikan perspective.

M'Bwebe [(pronounced 'Mm- Bwey- Bey')] **Mind & Body Working Equally** exudes **Blessingz Eternal** — meaning, by conditioning his mind and body (including spirit) to work equally, the blessings will continue to come in abundance] started with learned information from renowned edutainer, KRS-One, an artist who brings a conscious element to Hip-hop.

He started putting his thoughts on paper and submitted them to several major national publications. The unfortunate negative response he received inspired him to develop his own newsletter, Ghetto Tymz in April 1993. July 1994 the newsletter flourished into a national publication, Da Ghetto Tymz magazine — DGT for short. January 1996 marked DaGhettoTymz.com's premiere on the internet. Spring of '98 also marked the birth of DGT NTR-Prizes, which is where all his projects including his lectures, DGT, DGTv, and Nebulation Studios fall under. April 2003, marked DGTs 10th Year and its 100th published issue — a feat rarely achieved by an Afrikan-owned publication that is not financially influenced and dictated by white advertisers. January 2006, DGTv was born. April 10, 2013 marked DGTs 20th Year and if you ask M'Bwebe, DGTs just beginning!

M'Bwebe believes his greatest contribution to date is continuing the promotion of self-reliance through creative business development, developing his love for art, drawing, graphic design and speaking, and having the ability to construct an enterprise addressing real problemz and



providing alternative solutions that raise self-esteem through knowledge of self. This potential resides in all of us with all of these innate attributes coming from our Ancestral lineage.

'Analitikul Cogitationz', a memoir and his first book was originally published in 2007 giving the reader a closer look at the connection spiritual encounters have with consciousness. In 2016 he will be releasing his 4th, 'The Unknown-Known: Enduring the Seldom Quest of Questionz', a book going deeper on the topic's spirituality and metaphysics.

» Learn more about M'Bwebe at
<http://daghettotymz.com/lecture/lecture.html>

TRANSITION 13

We knew not We studied
We learned all there was to know We taught others

Then we forgot what we had learned And then we forgot that we
had forgotten

Now we are taught
(By those who where once taught by us)
Knowledge
(That we already had)

So...

We study
We learn all there is to know We teach others

Will we forget...AGAIN?

Anthony T. Browder
'The Browder Files'
(The first book I read cover-to-cover)

ANALITIKUL COGITATIONZ

Analitikul [Analytical (an·a·lyt·i·cal) [ànna líttik'!l] adj.]

1. Dividing into elemental parts or basic principles.
2. The separation of an intellectual or material whole into its constituent parts for individual study.
3. Logical, investigative, diagnostic, systematic, critical, methodical, questioning, reasoned, rational, analytic

Cogitationz [Cogitations (cog·i·ta·tion) [kòjji táyshun] n.]

1. **deep thought:** deep thought or consideration that somebody gives to a particular problem or subject
2. **act of deep thought:** an act of thinking deeply about something

GLOSSARY/PRONOUNCIATION/WRITING STYLE

While reading Analitikul Cogitationz, I ask that you look over my preference of writing style. Over the yearz with my publication, Da Ghetto Tymz magazine (DGT), I've received a fair amount of letterz and emailz critiquing my use of 'z's instead of "s' in wordz, as well as my occasional fondness to use what has been academically classified as "Ebonics".

I humbly ask that you overlook this and choose not to get caught up in *how* I'm sayin' something, but *what* I am sayin'.

There are many who choose to think of tonz of reasonz why someone will find a reason to believe writing like this dumbz-down the intellect of the reader. This is truly not my intent. I consider myself to be an artist and as an artist, I opt to feel free in my expression regardless of traditional european standardz some of our people so valiantly protect.

Most of the wordz I phonetically spell are pronounced by simply sounding them out. Some other keywordz you need to be familiar with:

YT — Simply say the two letterz faster. "Y...T..., Y-T, whitey!" It also serves as an acronym meaning, Yakubian Tribe if you're familiar with the story of Yakub (or Jacob) and his ability to graft (create) a race of people.

Y — I use 'Y' instead of the word 'why'.



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You may have heard of me, maybe you haven't. You may have heard of Da Ghetto Tymz magazine (DGT), perhaps there's only a small percentage of you where DGT is totally foreign to you (I hope). Regardless, I feel there's a need for you to know who I am and how I became M'Bwebe so you can overstand how DGT, and the type of info that grace the pages, came to be.

It's been said you can't judge a book without knowin' the author. Déjà vu goes back to 1991 focusing on the first few yearz of my re-awakening process to 'Knowledge of Self.'

Between these covers, I will reveal never before written accounts of spiritual encounterz that at one time, I was too afraid to let hedz know I experienced — one in particular that could've cost my life! I hope you welcome knowin' a very close and personal part of me.

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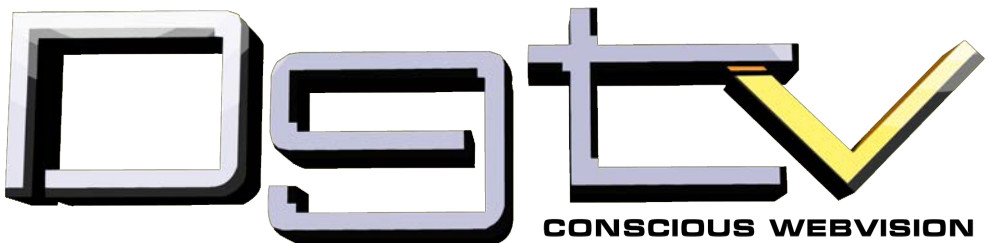
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Mentor and Telemachus

Mentor vs. Jegna: The story of Mentor and Telemachus

We must overstand that greek mythology is just that... a myth! These made-up stories are of people that never existed. Why YT created them? Probably to validate their existence... But we must understand many customz we've adopted have been done so through ignorance of this "little white lie". Case-in-point, the use of the word 'mentor' we so lovingly use for our Afrikan scholarz that have influenced us.

We forget the power we give to somethin' when you call on its name. Couple this with ignorance of the origin of these wordz, we actually disrespect somethin' we intend to respect.

The word 'Mentor' is defined as an "adviser, guide, guru, counselor, consultant; confidant." Look at the last word in the definition... 'confidant'. Now let's look that definition up: "a person with whom one shares a secret or private matter, trusting them not to repeat it to others." Now let's look at the history of the word 'Mentor' again.

In Greek mythology, Mentor was the son of Alcumus and, in his old age, a friend of Odysseus aka Ulysses. When Odysseus left for the Trojan War he placed Mentor in charge of his

PREFACE

For nearly twenty-five yearz (if you're familiar with my magazine, Da Ghetto Tymz, DGT for short), I've attempted 'shock therapy' on the mindz of Afrikan people by challenging us to dispute everything from history to politics, diet to religion, on down to historic African-American organizationz. Some dubbed me the *"Brotha who likes to destroy Black organizationz,"* and I've alwayz returned the alleged insult with a simple *"give thanks!"* quickly adding, *"I'm not tryin' to convert you. I'm only offering alternative thinking."*

My quest was and alwayz will be to challenge you; to dare you to face who taught you; to reveal that not everything you may believe now, you had the opportunity to thoroughly investigate. I test you as I test myself for I've come to believe that we can use more than 1/3rd of our brain as western medicine would dispute. We have the capability of literally flying to higher heights if one is able to rid themselves of the illusionary mental borderz placed on most of our mindz by YTs ('whitey' if you say it faster, or Yakubian Tribe — from the story of Yakub or Jacob in the Bible) propaganda (school, television, media). This challenge is, in retrospect, directed at myself for I could not challenge an individual if I were not willing to do the same myself.

You may not agree with the message I convey, but I hope you will use my arguments as inspiration to further confirm your own beliefs whatever they may be. Ask yourself, what is it that brought you to the decision you now follow? I use myself as an example. Instead of accepting what I knew — or actually was told or taught to believe — since I was a 'likkle yute,' I decided to challenge myself to investigate how I came to believe/follow my current philosophy.

What separates a mastermind from a primitive is one who has the will to begin the quest of questionz, with the final destination being

'knowing'. That's what thinkin' is all about.

To veggie-back (not piggie-back — I'm not a meat eater) on a Brotha and someone I'd refer as a Jegna of mine, Anthony T. Browder. (I use the word 'Jegna' instead of 'mentor' thanks to what I heard from lecturer, Mwalimu K. Bomani Baruti, author of "Homosexuality and the Effeminization of Afrikan Males," and other works as well as the site www.akobenhouse.com, in early 2007. Biggup Bro. Baruti!!)

Browder posed the question, "*What kind of thinker are you?*" He explained in his book, 'Survival Strategies', there are but three kindz: Literal, Influential and Evaluative.

The Literal thinker — One who is taught to take all information at face value. This level thinker is a trait well over 90% of the people of this planet possess.

The Influential thinker — One who learnz to read between the lines and isn't so quick to take thingz told to them.

And last, **the Evaluative thinker** — One who's able to make an informed decision based on comparison. In addition, this type is not afraid to challenge "authority" figures presenting information they're trying to persuade you with.

I consider myself as well as aspire to maintain the characteristics of an Evaluative thinker. Over the yearz, I've come to realize that I have my own mind and the ability to interpret individually yet still be concise with logic. Hence, the reason for this book, Analitikul Cogitationz. Through the process of analysis, one is able to find the deeper meaning or the ability to "*think outside the box*," a coined phrase you may have heard a time or two before.

son, Telemachus, and of his palace.

Many are not aware that greece was a society where homosexuality was the norm. Men took great pride in feelin' the greatest love could only be experienced between two men. Women were only used for procreative purposes to continue the existence of the human species.

This is the source of the modern use of the word mentor: a trusted friend, counselor or teacher, usually a more experienced person. Some professionz have mentor programz in which newcomertz are paired with more experienced people in order to obtain good examples and advice as they advance. Schoolz also have mentor programz for students who are having difficulties.

According to the greek mythical legend, Mentor and Telemachus had a bond that included a sexual relationship. Now when we use this word, we are unknowingly honoring and condoning the acts of this imbalanced man and society.

The history of the hedz who created the english language have a completely different value systemz than us. That's why it's important we get in the practice of using the right terminology.

Dr. Wade Nobles introduced a more suitable word when referring to those who've been an influence. The word is 'Jegna', which basically meanz 'someone who demonstrates fearlessness; one who has the courage to protect their people, culture and way of life; one who produces a hight quality of work.'

Yeah, that's more appropriate...

Déjà vu

the first weeks of my re-awakening...

CHAPTER ONE

My life changed on a cold winter night, Tuesday, February 19, 1991. I was 21, in the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, attending my junior year at the University of Pittsburgh. What I experienced that evening created the person you will get to know reading this book. I owe it all to our Ancestorz who patiently waited for me to become mature enuff to comprehend a spark that was emitted through a vessel named Kris Parker, aka, KRS-One.

That night, I'm on campus at the Student Union. I'm amped 'cause Boogie Down Production's own, KRS-One is s'posed to perform tonight.

I can remember the first time I heard 'Criminal Minded' back in '86. I was sixteen drivin' home from track practice in a 1969 Buick LeSabre convertible (the shit was a big steel tank bein' held together with duck-tape!). That song blew my mind, yo! Needless to say, I was ready to see "The Teacher", as he called himself, in person.

As I entered the main ballroom in the Union, I thought, *"I must be in the wrong room 'cause there's too many chairz in here, like it's gonna be a lecture or somethin'."* I see a mic — but it's behind a podium. Where's the turntables and the speaker boxes?!? Yo, Sun, I ain't in no mood for no lecture! I be in class ALL day! I came to see 'The Teacher' *teach*, but through music not a lecture, feel me?

But I decided to stay — at least for a lil' while. After he was introduced, it was evident there wasn't gonna be the show I came for. Kris walked up to the podium wearing a charcoal grey hoody and a navy blue New York Yankee cap, a bottle of water and what appeared to be some notes and a couple books under his left wing. I thought to myself, *"Oh shit! Kris is gonna really teach! I didn't know he did lectures!"*

Up until that point, the only speakerz I saw were white and were madd boring. Never saw an Afrikan perform a lecture in person, so I was naturally intrigued. I decided to stay awhile and hear what he had to say.

The lecture was entitled, Revolution of the Mind, and it was that evening I re-evolved, Sankofa ala Déjà vu style back into possibly a former-self. I say this because after that night, strange thingz started to happen to me and what's even crazier is that I was somewhat familiar to what was goin' on.

KRS spoke of several thingz with the breakdown of the Emancipation Proclamation and who edits the Bible serving as one's that stood out. What seemed to be minute drops from the infinite abyss of knowledge today were like immeasurable oceanz of deep quantities, enough to make my dome feel like it was submerged, even drowning! That evening KRS re-introduced me to my mind perhaps 'Transition 13'-style.

As I listen to his taped lecture over 10 yearz later, I realize for

someone hearing what he said for the first time has the makingz of really driving one crazy! Why? Because of the truthfulness.

Immediately following the end of his lecture that evening, I didn't rush the podium wanting an autograph like the other hedz that were there. As I looked down at the 27 pages of notes I had written, my hand continued to shake; as if I had hacked into the ancient papyrus vaulted chamberz written by scribes who learned from Griots. For the first time in my educational life, I felt I really attended class!

I exited the Student Union in somewhat of a stupor. *"Sun just blew my mind, B!"* I thought to myself. *"Now how am I gonna deal with that?! I cain't act like I just didn't witness that! Shiiiiit, the 27 pages of notes I wrote won't let me! Denying it would contradict the person I've challenged myself to be!"*

I somehow made it back to my dorm without sayin' a word to anyone along the way (which was somethin' unordinary). When I made it to my dorm, I opened the door, quickly stepped in and closed it as if someone was following me. Little did I know that feeling was true. *"Trust ya gut, B!"* I thought to myself.

At the time, I was a confused Christian who got baptized the summer before of my own accord. I say confused because I couldn't actually say I was a believer and follower of something I couldn't really understand. See, I like learning; it's how and what we're taught I got beef with. Like many, I joined a Church and got baptized because I had been taught since my youth it was the right thing to do.

I can recall myself prayin' to Jesus and touchin' my head, lower abdomen, left shoulder and then right shoulder — invisibly drawing the crucifix on me as I approached the starting line before I ran the 800 meterz at each Track & Field meet. I really didn't know why I would do it. Again, I thought it was the thing you were s'posed to do — somethin' we are taught since birth, if not in the home, *certainly* in society. I think back at all 'The Exorcist' and 'Damien Omen' movies and realize I was "shook" or scared into believing this shit!

My grandmother bought me a King James Bible one Christmas and I brought it to college with me. I alwayz wondered why Grandma gave me this book, yet she hardly ever stepped inside a Church (at least during my life — not that that was a bad thing).

After locking the door to my dorm, I quickly reached for my copy of the Bible. I dropped my bagz, the notes I took and quickly started pacing the rectangular room from end-to-end clutchin' the Bible askin' internally, "What am I gonna do?"

KRS didn't speak much on religion, but what he did speak on shattered my foundation of beliefs, yo! I was now alone for the first time in my life. Not knowing my next step, I paced the floor hoping for some sign from the Bible to assure me that everything was ok and what KRS spoke of wasn't that deep. The problem was that it was deep!

So deep that I — a person who superstitiously adopted the belief of never letting the Bible touch the ground because if it did, it would mean it was too close to hell — thought about tossing it out the window, which would mean it would most certainly touch the ground! Later, as I mentally matured, I realized, using logic and common sense that (1) if you live in a building, one person's floor is another one's ceiling and (2) since the Earth is circular in design, what's down is up and what's up is down!

I've been told knowing too much can get you into trouble. On the contrary, not knowing enough, or just plain ignorance is deadlier!

Before I decided this book's fate, I opened the cover to the front page desperately lookin' for some kind of epiphany. My eyes fixated on two wordz, "**RE-EDITED VERSION.**" Until then, the wordz never meant much to me. In fact, I didn't recall ever really seein' it. But tonight it glowed bright like a "Eat At Joes" diner sign. The only reason I would even go to that page was because at the top my Grandma wrote, "To Jehvon, love Grandma."

I alwayz thought there was just one Bible. At least that's what I was led to believe. But then again, I did alwayz hear, "*the King James version.*" I started wonderin' what does 're-edited' mean and why is it written in the Holy Bible?! Even an idiot knowz to edit something is to go back and make changes to something already written. And if it's *re-edited*, it meanz this has happened more than once! And what about 'version'? If this is a 'version', what version is it number or kind-wise?? I mean, just how many versionz of the 'word of God' are there?! I could now see that these wordz were resoundingly clear... somebody been fuckin' with this book for a looooooong time!

I continued to pace my room pondering who had the right to make these changes and for how long. Think about it... Someone or a group of hedz felt and still feel they have the authority to go in and change the word of 'God' on a consistent basis!

Then, without a thought, I dropped the Bible into my trashcan. Although I knew I did it, it was as though I was not in control. It was as if something took over me, loosened my grip and dropped it in the can! This was big because you *know* if before tonight I wouldn't let my Bible touch the ground, I certainly wouldn't throw it next to an old Burger King cheeseburger wrapper!

I stared at the container askin' myself if I realized what I just did and the possible repercussionz of doin' so. I could hear my sisterz echoing in unison, "oooooooooh! *You gonna get it!*" — like they used to always say when we were little. But by whom was I gonna get it from? God? Jesus? Was a bolt of lightening gonna suddenly strike me 'cause of what I just did?

I stood frozen like the perfect target for that lightening bolt for a few secondz, then I started to think... My mental and spiritual foundation had just been blown to smithereenz, yo! Just hourz ago me and 'God' was cool. I had no questionz — well I *did* have a couple questionz, but it seemed 'God' was too busy to answer them so instead, there was some idiot reverend who acted like he was 'God's' personal assistant and was authorized to be a stand-in.

I was a nobody, a number, living like everyone else, not creating any waves, just livin' off faith. Now I'm questioning the whole dam thing, callin' 'God's' bluff! *"Where you at God? Show yourself! Talk to me! Lemme know you're real, 'cause you 'bout to lose a follower!"*

Obviously, 'God' was a no show... After accepting my fate, I went to bed... I was tired... more so, my mind was tired. I guess God'll get me tomorrow...

I now saw the figure that cast the shadow on the wall floating toward me...

CHAPTER NINE: DÉJÀ VU: WAS IT A DREAM OR REALITY?

I slept in Michelle's old bedroom while she slept in one of her older sisterz now vacant bedroom about 20 feet down the hall. To help me sleep, I turned on the tv that sat to the right of the top of the bed. As the tv subdued me to sleep, I felt myself begin to slip... into the abyss of the unknown... The feeling I felt is really hard to explain, but I'll try.

Have you ever felt, when first starting to fall asleep, like you're on a rollercoaster declining, swooping deeper and deeper, then even deeper, looping downward as though you're bein' pulled into some kind of spiral drain? It feelz is as if you are the wind or current rhythmically diving-down-then-evening-out then diving-down-then-evening out coasting, repeating this graceful yet seemingly dangerous pattern over and over again. There were several soundz at once, but none I could focus clearly on, other than the tv that was on. I was descending at what appeared to be a rapid pace, yet gliding so smooth as if floating. I couldn't focus on the setting other than the worm-like black hole that seemed to be suckin' me in because I was going so fast. The rate of speed made me feel like I was bein' stretched.

I knew that if I was sleep, I wasn't *totally*. I was somewhere in between because I could distinctively hear the television show that was on in Michelle's bedroom. I was conscious of all of this but also felt like my body was bein' stretched as if I was plasticman. I could feel my mouth expand wide open due to the excessive rate of speed.

I was experiencing this for the first time so I obviously was madd scared, yet not so scared that I wanted to "wake up" or stop... I wanted to know where this was going!

I guess what I was experiencing was a form of what they call REM (Rapid Eye Movement) sleep. This flight seemed to last about a minute or so. Allz I know is that it felt angelic, yet the combination of fear and curiosity vybrated throughout me. I had a sense this was no ordinary "dream". This incident had substance.

I hadn't recalled a feeling like this since my earlier dayz when I was about 4 or 5 yearz old when I would constantly jump outside myself looking down (which meant I was floating) seeing myself lying in my bed appearing to be sleep, yet couldn't understand why I could see myself. This would happen for several yearz off and on and it would totally freak me out each time! I never told anyone before... I guess it happened to prepare me for what I was now experiencing.

As the "flight" came to a sudden halt, my vision began to come into focus. During the descent, it was all feeling with basically nothing to see. This is what made it somewhat difficult for me to tell whether this was a dream or reality. I mean, it *felt* like I was awake, but I wasn't sure

because it seemed so weird, and I couldn't put my finger on what it was that made it so crazy. Suddenly I had vision. And what I saw was even more mystifying.

The setting was in black and white, so there was no color. In fact, it was like I was in one of those old black and white movies. What I saw was confusing; I was still in Michelle's bedroom laying on my left side but I knew I was somewhere else. See, everything that was movable in her room was there, it was the wallz that were different!

The tv, her dresser drawer, everything that could be moved was there, but the wallz were made of stone! I could hear the echoing sound of water dripping not too far away. The drops sounded like I was in an enclosed setting, inside some place.

I then detected the sound of burning wood crackling like you'd hear from a small campfire. Although I couldn't see it, I could see the light of the fire flickering off what I now recognized as wallz made of rocky stone. It was then that it struck me... I wasn't in Michelle's house anymore, somehow I was inside a cave!!

Although a panic came over me 'cause I didn't know how in the hell I got there, I didn't try to move. Instead, I continued to just lay there and use my eyes to navigate my surroundinz.

There was little sound, just the fire cracklin' in the background. It was too calm! That's why I decided not to try and move; somethin' might be watchin' and waiting for me to move. Then I saw somethin'...

Now, we Afrikan people have seen enough horror flicks to know when somethin' don't feel right, you don't investigate, you get's the fuck outta there, yo! But I B-S you not, B, when I saw what I saw, it was hard to move!

The flickering flame cast a shadow of a figure calmly, slowly and gently gliding toward me. After a few secondz, I was convinced I had seen enough and was ready to jump out of the bed and start runnin'. But when I tried to move, I couldn't!

I wasn't strapped nor shackled down. Just usin' my eyes, I gazed down to see my body and I could see there was nothin' holdin' me to the bed, it was just me in a t-shirt and shorts!

Inside I was fidgetting to sit up and jump off the bed, but my body was numb, paralyzed as if almost dead, just laying there as the shadowy figure on the cave wall continued to glide toward me.

I was sitting prey; like that deer on the road who stops and stares at the headlights of a car before it gets hit. Fifteen yearz later, I learned this is associated with the feeling of "paralysis" author of 'Soul Traveler', Albert Taylor, PhD. wrote about in this profound book about the spiritual significance of visionz and other esoteric experiences when we sleep.

Focusing my vision by gazing at a point, I was able to see more with my peripheral now activated. Just when my vision expanded, from the bottom of the bed, I now saw the figure that cast the shadow on

the wall floating toward me. The image seemed to float because it was dressed in an oversized soft white cloak that appeared to be light as life. It also gave this illusion because my view was restricted to a letter-box-type view you see at the movie theater which is more wide the high.

Lying on my left side, the mattress I was on prohibited me from seein' the ground and I could only see up which, because I was lying down is really lookin' right. By now, I knew this wasn't a dream because the detailz were so vivid. Usually when you dream, many thingz goin' on — as if you're fast-forwarding a scene barely able to pick up the detailz. This was different. Everything was flowing in real time, minute-by-minute; second-for-second; moment-to-moment; just like it is when you're "awake."

I lay still on my left side on the same bed facing the same tv that now had no picture, just snow on the screen like when a channel is out. I was motionless not because I didn't want to move, I was shook 'cause I didn't know where I was, so naturally I was ready to be out! But I *couldn't* move!!

The figure continued to gently and quietly glide in my direction. You pretty much can sense danger and my radar was on high, and not only could I not move, as far as I knew I couldn't speak so I couldn't yell out anything...

Suddenly, the scene changed. Color had returned to my vision and I was back in Michelle's bedroom. Michelle was kneeling on the floor in front of the bed, hysterical! "*Jehvon, wake up!*" She was shaking as much as she was tryin' to shake me awake.

"*I was layin' in my bed and somethin' told me to wake you up, NOW!*", she said. I looked at her confused yet relieved because a flash of where I was came to mind.

I asked her to tell me again what happened. She was trembling with tearz rolling down her cheeks. "*I don't know what happened... I was asleep and a voice told me to come and wake you up! It told me to wake you up NOW!!*"

I shook my head puzzled; what the fuck is goin' on?! Why do I feel like it's 'A Nightmare on Elm Street' and I can't go to sleep 'cause Freddy Kruger is waitin' in my dreamz?!

I tried to remain calm but I was scared, yo! I honestly didn't know what to do and because of examz, the last few weeks we been buildin' and the long bus ride here to Philly, I was madd tired and needed sleep! "*Now what am I gonna do?*" I pondered.

I tried to play it off tellin' Michelle I was alright — knowin' I wasn't — just so she could go back to sleep. I told her to go on back to bed and that I'd watch a lil' tv thinkin' the distraction may calm and assure me this is some 'make-believe' type -ish.

She went back to her room, lookin' back at me. I knew that look, that was the look of "yo, somethin' is about to happen!" I didn't want her to be anymore scared than I was, so I assured her I was alright. I'll just watch

ANALITIKUL COGITATIONZ

Analitikul Cogitationz is a semi-biographic timeline of events I experienced early-on in my quest to regain my cultural and spiritual identity. I felt necessary to share in hopes of reintroducing a seldom spoken of topic: the spiritual paranormal paradigm.

I'm a firm believer we all have our share of what we'd classify as "weird phenomena's", ones riddled with half-clues leaving to supposed hyperboles because it's simply taboo to talk that kind of stuff 'cause it's sacrilegious.

To even question things we don't know requires an analysis of deep thought, hence the title of this book, **Analitikul Cogitationz** — or analyzing deep thought. To simply retrieve what we lost, we must be unmercifully diligent in reviewing *his*-story.

The history presently taught in most public and private school systemz will not be the same history our children and grandchildren will learn, it will be worse! I believe if Generation X does not step up, the future of our people will be lost to "multiculturalizm" also known as 'the melting pot theory'.

Multiculturalizm is defined as "*relating to, or constituting several cultural or ethnic groups within a society.*" Soundz nice readin' it, but the real-life definition meanz, "*the grouping of all ethnic groups except the Afrikan race where this group portrayz or passes themselves off as Afrikanz, while the Afrikan continues to be taught self-hatred.*"

Long definition, but you can see it happening everywhere! There are more europeanz movin' into Afrikan neighborhoodz as we witness gentrification around the country; white rapperz — or any white person in Hiphop period — have become accepted; they showin' up at our most sacred of ceremonies (like the annual tribute to our Ancestorz at Coney Island, New York City every June).

I believe the current generation, Generation X (those born after 1965 and before 1980) is the last generation that has had the benefit of exposure of the civil rights and Black Power movements as well as the current technological era.

We are not too old to remember the stories and images of Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Medgar Evers, Huey Newton and the Black Pantherz, and the likes. We can remember the era where conscious Hiphop reached its heights in the late 90s with groups like X-Clan, Brand Nubian, Tribe Called Quest, when Queen Latifah was really actin' like a

Queen (remember U.N.I.T.Y.?) and the infamous Black medallion with the Red, Black and Green Afrikan continent on it.

We are also the first to join the corporate world, where we are privy to thingz our Elderz daydreamed of. We are making *and spending* more money than we ever had! Yet, we continue to remain ignorant of this potentially lethal and effective combination.

If we, the memberz of this generation do not take lead on the preservation of our culture, it will be lost. As you can attest, the Elderz of the 60s are makin' their transition to the non-physical realm (dying) and with them goes an abundant amount of our story. Soon, gone will be the one's who can best tell the story of our continuous fight for liberation; gone will be those who could best teach the wayz of our Ancestorz; and gone will be the spirit of race pride as Amerikkka seeks to eliminate Afrikan people through the ideology of the melting pot theory — where the thickest and last part of the stew used, which in most cases are burnt (black) by then, are at the bottom; symbolic for Afrikan people.

Other Notable Pieces on my website: DaGhettoTymz.com

- Article R-Kyvz (Archives)
<http://daghettotymz.com/rkyvz/rkyvz.html>
- Inner-view Audio R-Kyvz
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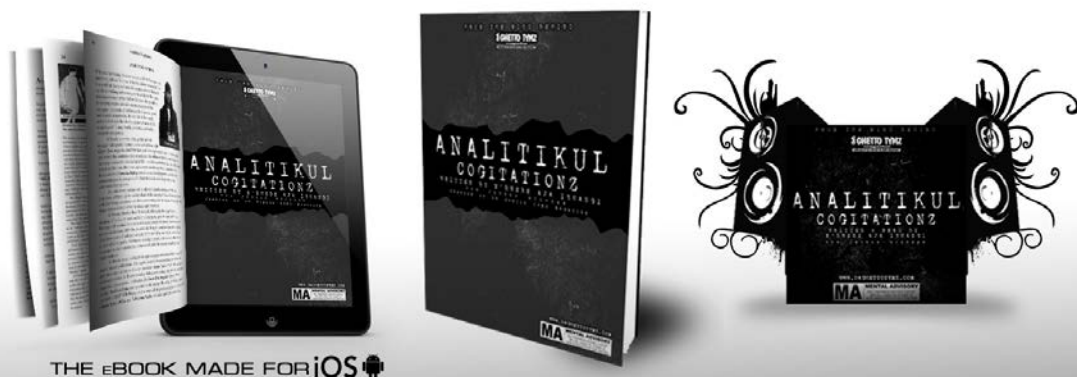


For More Information

M'Bwebe Aja Ishangi enjoyz hearing from his readerz. We welcome your letterz and comments. You can reach him via e-mail at analitikul@daghettotymz.com Give thanx!!

ANALITIKUL COGITATIONZ

WRITTEN BY M'BWEBE AJA ISHANGI



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For nearly twenty-five yearz I've attempted 'shock therapy' on the mindz of Afrikan people by challenging us to dispute everything from history to politics, diet to religion, on down to historic African-American organizationz. My quest was and always will be to challenge you; to dare you to face who taught you; to reveal that not everything you may believe now, you had the opportunity to thoroughly investigate.

Analitikul Cogitationz gives insight on the person behind **Da Ghetto Tymz magazine**, *Deja Vu* overz the first few yearz of my re-awakening to Pan-Afrikan consciousness. In this memoir, I speak of spiritual encounterz I once was afraid to speak about.

You may or may not agree with the message I convey, but I hope you will use my arguments as inspiration to further confirm your own beliefs whatever they may be.

For more info visit my site, www.daghettotymz.com



PHOTO BY SUNLITE PHOTOGRAPHY

"M'Bwebe Ishangi has written a coming of age story for readers in the Age of Information. For more than a decade he has researched ancient and contemporary histories and published his findings in *Da Ghetto Tymz* magazine, which has been widely read by his peers within the Hip Hop community. With his "best of" compilation of essays, M'Bwebe is now poised to be introduced to a wider audience who I hope will use these essays as a blueprint for their mental and economic liberation. Brother M'Bwebe is to be congratulated for unselfishly doing what few souls have done — freed their minds and then helped others free theirs."

— ANTHONY T. BROWDER, AUTHOR
FROM THE BROWDER FILE

"M'Bwebe Ishangi takes us through his transformation from one who only knew that something was very wrong with this reality to one who learned what it was and how to critique and confront it in and outside of himself. The process all of us experience who have discovered the wisdom of our traditions is explained here, in an up close and personal way, in the way that it effected and molded this Afrikan man into the frontline warrior that stands before us today. It is through telling us of this process that he teaches the reader how to go about the business of thinking better as an Afrikan — how to break through layer upon layer of ignorance and humbly embrace knowing. No Afrikan should be without the lessons and experience of this book."

— MWALIMU K. BOMANI BARUTI, AUTHOR
HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE EFFEMINIZATION OF AFRIKAN MALES

ALTERNATIVE THOUGHT

GHETTO TYMZ

magazine

KNOWLEDGE OF SELF CAN ONLY BE FOUND UNDERGROUND

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