



ASK DEANNA!
*Real People,
Real Advice*

Ask Deanna! Is an advice column known for its fearless approach to reality-based subjects!

Dear Deanna!

I had a friend that was lonely and unhappy, so I decided to help her. I asked her to be my roommate and introduced her to my crowd. She later told our mutual friends about my personal business and she became best friends with them. They told lies about me around campus, my grades deteriorated, and I lost my friends. I have wanted to get back at her for backstabbing me. How do I repair a ruined reputation and deal with these vicious two-faced people?

Totally Ruined
Online Reader

Dear Ruined:

Consider yourself lucky that your so-called friends have been revealed as wolves. These weren't your friends to begin with and you shouldn't let them see you stress. Hold your head high, get a life and find a new set of friends with high values and morals. The two-faced people are beneath you and you should separate yourself. Get a tutor to help pull your grades up, and stick with people that have common interests. Stay positive, smile and keep it moving.

Dear Deanna!

In your September 6, 2006 response to Miranda you sidestepped the issue of being gay and the family mistreatment. All sin is unrighteousness! It makes no difference as to whether or not the sin is a lie, stealing, or being a homosexual. God destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah for the sin of homosexuality. Her family should love her in spite of her sin, but hate the sin. You gave very blunt responses to the others in that issue, but you were not as firm with Miranda.

T.L.S.
Online Reader

Dear T.L.S

Miranda is a confused teen with no life experience and there's nothing firmer than telling her to read the Bible if she's confused about her sexual preferences. True, her family should support her but she's now grown and leading her own life complete with mistakes, pitfalls and drama. Again, there was nothing better than referring Miranda to the Bible, which is the tool I often refer to as Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth.

Dear Deanna!

My girlfriend is sending mixed signals about our relationship. At times, she makes me feel as if I'm the only one for her and other times she makes me feel as if she doesn't want me. As long as I'm spending money and things go her way, she's happy. When things aren't rosy or I have an issue or need attention, she acts funny. I'm beginning to feel like she's using me but don't know how to approach her. How do I ask where I stand in this relationship?

Wayne
Altus, OK

Dear Wayne:

You're being used and have allowed yourself to become a financial sponsor. If you can't pull the money away and still get the girl, you have your answer. She doesn't give a damn about you, and her emotions are tied to your money and what she can get out of you. You can make an effort and let her know you're scaling back on the spending and ask to have your needs met. If she agrees to work on this, then stick with it. If not, pack your bags and exit stage left.

Ask Deanna! is written by Deanna M. Write: Ask Deanna! Email: askdeanna1@yahoo.com or 264 S. LaCienega Blvd. Suite 1283 Beverly Hills, CA 90211 Website: www.askdeanna.com.

'Diary' deconstructs Black life

**Diary of a Lost Girl:
The Autobiography
of Kola Boof**

By Kola Boof (aka Naima Bint Harith); Doors of Kush; Hardcover; \$25.00; 441 pages; illustrated; ISBN: 0-9712019-8-6

By Kam Williams
Sentinel-Voice

"The Hip Hop Holocaust would signal the birth of a new ideology amongst American Blacks, a new cultural ethic that would eventually migrate to Blacks all over the world — a cultural ethic that now openly embraced and promoted materialism, misogyny, disloyalty and anarchy. Whereas the Civil Rights and Black Power Movements had unified Black people worldwide and brought about independence and nation-building in Africa, and a huge renaissance in self-love, unity and empowerment... — the Hip Hop Holocaust destroyed all that.

This was the music that eventually renamed the mothers of the men who performed it — 'bitches' and 'hos' — and made it fashionable to be colorist (against Black women) and self-centered (bling-bling). I call it a 'holocaust' because it effectively killed the core community in Black America and completely bamboozled the Black youth and separated them from their true worth... no one was willing to stand up to the hip-hop anarchists.

I was there, a new American and a Black child in 1980... What others praise as a revolutionary new expression of the 'Black man's' experience in America... I regard, in retrospect, as a poison against the people." — Excerpted from Chapter Six, "The Stuff That Dreams Are Made of"

For some reason, it often takes an expatriate to make a seminal contribution to a culture. Such is the case with Kola Boof, whose heart-breaking and brutally-honest autobiography, "Diary of a Lost Girl," might be the most brilliant deconstruction of the plight of present-day African-Americans yet written.

The title of this alternately thought-provoking and moving memoir was ostensibly inspired by Anne Frank's "Diary of a Young Girl," the literary classic which chronicled the last days of a Dutch teenager trying to maintain her sanity, humanity and a sense of optimism while making sense of the Holocaust as Nazism enveloped Europe.

Well, Ms. Boof, whose real name is Naima Bint Harith, has written an equally evocative account of her own harrowing tale of survival. Born in The Sudan in March of 1972, she was orphaned at the age of seven after her parents were murdered for speaking out against the government's involvement in

the revival of the slave trade. After being abandoned by her grandmother for being too dark-skinned, before finding temporary political asylum in Great Britain, she arrived in the United States a year later a "trembling, frightened wreck." She was adopted by a kindly African-American couple with a big family that lived in a nice house in a residential section of Washington, DC.

Sadly, the host of woes of Biblical proportions being visited upon the unfortunate little immigrant just continued. Tested more than Job, besides hearing her mother and father die, Kola suffered circumcision, a heart attack, betrayal by a bisexual boyfriend, molestation, statutory rape, discrimination, ostracism and accusations of being a witch — all before getting out of her teens.

It is important to note English is not her native language, so she had the additional burden of learning to communicate in a new tongue. But, of all the challenges she would face in America, it appears that none would prove to be as difficult as dealing with the self-hatred and second-class status she found among Blacks.

Speaking frankly about such taboo subjects as the color-coded caste system among African-Americans, she bemoans how brothers "judge the worth of Black

women by (a) how light-skinned they are, (b) how Euro-slender they are, and (c) the texture of their hair." Furthermore, she doesn't let sisters off easy either, indicting them for trying to adapt to a European standard of beauty and, thereby, "becoming walking billboards for the general society's message that whiteness is superior."

Kola Boof is never one to mince words; thus, her iconoclastic ideas aren't for everyone. "You should not come into this book expecting to like Kola Boof," she warns. "My purpose as a literary artist is not to be liked, but to be understood — regardless of whether I'm right or wrong... I spent my whole life being dictated to by American media and nigger media about what to believe and think — and so now it's my turn, as an African woman and womb-bearer, to do the dictating. If you don't appreciate my candor — then write your own goddamned book; this one is mine."

Reserving perhaps her harshest words for Islam, which she repeatedly criticizes as anti-female, she claims to be in hiding due to death threats. If true, this development is no surprise, given the serious accusations leveled on these pages, and the fatwas issued by Muslim fundamentalists in reaction to such relatively mild detrac-

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