

Au Naturel

January 2018



New Year's Prayer for [At-one-ment](#)

Happy New Year!! This winter's January greeted us with some of the most beautiful snow that I've ever seen! The above picture was taken of the twins trees in my front yard. Yes, I snagged the photos from the inside. I love to look at snow; but, I don't need to at-one with it, unless of course it's in my drink glass hugging some sweet iced tea. :-)

of us a much needed break. With business grinding to a halt, it was a great time to commune with family. Life is good.

This issue of Au Naturel starts off with a brief foray into politics. It then transitions into an article on hair thinning solutions and concludes with an extended commentary on a podcast series on “Seeing White” that I recently concluded. The podcast is informative and provided some insightful perspective to the analysis of statements allegedly made by President Trump about nations of African peoples. I wrote the article shortly after the nationwide discussion. Because I’m a bit tardy in publishing this issue, I considered replacing the article with another one that I’m penning. But, I really want to encourage all to listen to the podcast. It is edifying. Hopefully, the essay will provide some food for thought to those interested in better understanding “white privilege” in America.

An Ode to the Nations and a Prayer for Humanity



As we start a new year full of promise, hope and reconciliation, I believe this photo is a wonderful illustration of human potential when self-determination is allowed and encouraged. It accompanies [this BBC article published on](#)

[January 17th](#). In short, it appears that North and South Korea intend to march under one flag at the Winter Olympics next month. I see this move as clear evidence that South Korea does not seem to be as threatened by North Korea and their ballistic missile tests as the US tries to make

out. The *powers that be* make us believe that the North Koreans are an ever-present threat to South Korea and that we are duty bound to protect them. But, this article illustrates that the South Koreans collectively have a much different view of their brothers and sisters. So, what's the real agenda? Because let's be real: Is the military might of the US REALLY threatened by missile tests halfway around the world by a weak military dictatorship? NOT!! If you're like me, you haven't lost any sleep over this matter. I didn't even blink when the fake news Hawaiian missile threat came down the pike. I said "That looks like fake news to me. I won't click on it." And it was. In truth, no one believes that North Korea is a real threat to the US if we are honest with ourselves. So, why try to make us feel as though the South Koreans are so afraid of them and therefore must be protected by us? Wars and rumors of wars are truly the order of the day. Ultimately, there is always another agenda driving the battleship to war. I'm sharing this link to encourage all of us to think critically and question what doesn't make sense.

[Check out our free online natural hair care book: A Natural Attitude](#)

Creative Solutions to Thinning Hair

Our salon has been advising women about hair thinning issues for well over a decade. These women's issues vary by hair texture, type, life challenges, lifestyle etc.; but, everyone ultimately wants the same thing: a beautiful, voluminous mane of hair. How this goal is achieved is the work of the stylist. Recently, I began working with a new client who has nice, long locks that fall between her shoulder blades. But as she's aged, her hair has become a lot thinner than in her earlier years. Because she is a true naturalista, she wants to work with her





hair as it presents and find creative ways to a more voluminous look. So after coloring her hair, I rod set her locks with spiral rods. (See photo above. Note: I didn't realize that I was going to write an article at the time of the service, so I failed to capture before pictures. But the photo with rods shows how "spacey" her locks can be.) After her hair dried, I then styled her hair with spiral loops across the top of her head and twisted the sides of her hair up and away from her face so that the curly ends of her locks would add more volume to the top and rear sections of her hair. I then styled the locks in the rear to fall like a cascading waterfall. Overall, she was quite pleased with the outcome. For some, this type of solution seems like an obvious one; but to others, these may be new ideas. My aim and intention was to use the client's length to her advantage by creating volume. As the base of the

locks unravel and thicken up over the week, the style fills out and looks even more attractive as the scalp is camouflaged. Variations on this theme are solely a matter of style preference and the directional flow of the final look. Happy Styling!

A Commentary on "Seeing White" Consciousness

I begin this essay on the tail end of a podcast series titled "[Seeing White](#)" found on SceneonRadio.org and produced by the Center for Documentary Studies at Duke University. The "Seeing White" series is Season 2 of the podcast and undertakes the Herculean task of revealing the etiology, epidemiology and morphology of white privilege in America. I highly recommend the series. I learned a lot: most of the information I knew by birthright, but it's always nice to have a date and place in history to attach to the institutionalized pillars which established white supremacy but which have largely been lost to history or have become so acculturated that we deny that they had an origin at all. I have been highly edified. With that said, the last episode was dedicated to the idea of "what to do next?" On this issue, I was decidedly uncomfortable and even slightly angry with the flow of the discussion. In essence, the





primary lesson learned from the podcast was of the deep institutionalized nature of white privilege and its celebration of “whiteness” (a non-biological human construct solely created for the goal of exploitation) and the denigration of its corollary “non-whiteness”.

First, let me say that the whole series reminded me of why I gladly left America to live in Jamaica with my husband. I had no intention of returning to the US to live when I left in 1991. I was content to make a life with my husband in a new land where my race was a non-issue. In fact, I embraced the notion and reveled in the idea that my children would escape the madness that is American racism. But when God decides that He wants to move you, you don’t get to decide what the outcome will be. We sat in the “belly of the whale” for a while for refusing to see the hand-writing on the wall. So when we did leave Jamaica, I knew I had done all that was humanly possible to sustain life in Jamaica and God said “No!” This podcast reminded me of



why I'm primarily a critic of the land of my birth. The thread of white supremacy runs deep and is pervasive throughout the fabric of American life. Dismantling it requires rebuilding the nation from the bottom up. Naturally, no one wants to have such a revolutionary discussion, so any real discussion of "what next" is broached with less than revolutionary ideas. And so, I was impatient with the tenor of the discussion and the band-aid remedies that are the order of the day in all discussions of race in America. One brother from Duke University however is writing a book which presents some insightful and innovative ideas about how to move forward in a reparative way that honors the disadvantaged of all races and ethnicities. I love his thoughts. But, I know they will never materialize within the next century. All the same, voicing the ideas today and slowly wearing away at the foundation of institutionalized inequality is an effective strategy for future success in this arena. (I won't elaborate on the details on his proposal. Please check out the podcast's last episode to learn more.)

After closing the link on the podcast and reflecting on my own feelings, I understood why change comes from the younger generations. Why? Because I'm frankly tired of talking about the problem even. Perhaps I'm shell-shocked or jaded or simply trying to remain silent and self-contained so as to avoid becoming "part of the problem". I think it's a bit of all of these things. You see: I spent seven years of my life in Charlottesville, VA. Prior to 2017, much of America only knew Charlottesville to be the home of the University of Virginia-founded by Thomas Jefferson and "one of the top universities in the country." Others didn't even know that. It just sounded like a country dumb place to be. After 2017, everyone knows where Charlottesville is. Let me say first that the University of Virginia has done a fine job of deflecting the anger and resentment about the events of 2017 away from the University of Virginia by wrapping the "cloak of negativity squarely around the shoulders of Charlottesville." This political spin, rebranding, etc. is no surprise to me. Propaganda is a powerful tool in skillful hands. Why do I blame the University for August of 2017? Because I know that place better than any place in America. In the 1980s, the average UVA student referred to Charlottesville poor white residents as "townies" and not citizens. UVA is where I learned the terms "redneck" and "poor white trash." In fact, my hallmate, who later became my suitemate and later became my nothing was from a family of privilege. We saw her father win an Emmy award on television for his role in the proliferation of the Arts. On Halloween of 1984, I saw her create a costume by cutting a neck hole and arm holes into a black trash bag, wearing it as a dress with pumps, with a loud belt accessory and gaudy makeup. She announced to everyone in the cafeteria who asked "Who are you supposed to be?" that she (and her friend) were "white trash." Because I was working right next to her in the cafeteria for the entire night, I got an eye and earful. I

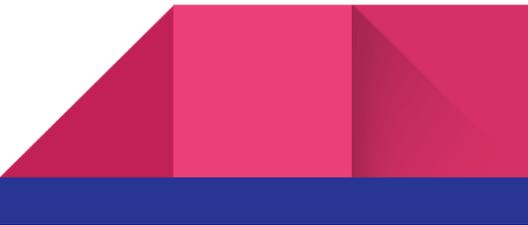
always looked at the reactions of the white people who asked the question to see how they would respond to what I perceived as a very derogatory term, along with “redneck”. Those who asked however always had an “upper crust” air about them. And when they heard the response, they always howled with laughter. These ladies were very proud of themselves for being so clever. I was confused. But, it’s at UVA that I learned that rich white people have as much disdain for poor whites as they do for poor black people. I assure anyone reading this post that UVA is purely 100% responsible for what erupted in August of 2017. Don’t blame Charlottesville the place. Blame UVA the engine behind the city and the mentality that came to light.

I could tell you a hundred stories about what I witnessed living in Charlottesville for those seven years—four years as an undergrad, two years as a graduate student and one year waiting for my fiancé to graduate before relocating to Jamaica. But what would be the point. I don’t want to demonize Charlottesville or UVA because the ugly faces of white supremacy which emerged are not just housed there, so why single this place out. I loved my time at UVA. No place is all bad or all good. It was where I “came of age.” I attended at the tender age of 16 so it’s where I discovered absolutely everything about life that was not specifically told to me at home. UVA is an integral part of who I am. It shaped and molded me. But in truth, UVA is a bastion of white supremacy. The school is riddled with the graffiti of secret societies, the [“Imp” society](#), the [“Z” society](#) and the [“7” Society](#), listed in ascending order of elitism. I always thought, how can government buildings be desecrated by the symbols of private, secret societies? At that point, I realized that the “government” is owned and operated by these same peoples. When you arrive on UVA’s campus, you learn that “tradition” is the order of the day. “What is tradition?” It means going to football games in a shirt and tie, slacks and docksiders with a blazer if the weather dictates for males, and dresses and pearls for females. That is all that the average UVA student ever learns about the meaning of “tradition”. But when you walk down “Rugby Road”—the home of UVA’s fraternity and sorority row, you see wealth and abundance expressed in ways that help you understand that if you don’t know what “tradition” is, you are obviously not part of the social elite for whom the term was coined and so it really doesn’t apply to you at all. When President HW Bush called [an unprecedented meeting with all governors of the nation outside of the White House](#) (only two such meetings of this nature occurred prior both by Roosevelts and both at the White House), it was no surprise to me that UVA as the venue for this august meeting. The white elite of UVA don’t want to attend Duke or Chapel Hill or Harvard or Princeton. I heard one white male describe UVA as “the Ivy League of the South.” That phrase speaks volumes if you understand the history of this country and what the South represents.

UVA was a male-only, predominantly white institution up until 1969 when a court order allowed the admission of women. Was I surprised at the young white male faces of UVA white supremacists that graced the television screen this past summer? Absolutely not! I lived with these people for seven years of my life. I could tell you stories. But alas, why am I writing this missive. Because my life experiences have given me a different perspective from many. Again, I will never let anyone make me believe for any reason that I need to convince anyone of my humanity. That gives the oppressor way too much power. Besides, I also know that the white male supremacists of UVA couldn't care less about my "Black lives matter" dictates, rhetoric or beliefs. They don't believe poor white lives matter anymore than they believe black lives matter. They are narcissistic and self-absorbed. Period. And if you don't understand what narcissism is, then you don't understand why these mantras are a "waste of time" for this group of people. When my husband got his "awakening" while at UVA, he said: "How can young people have such racist and nationalist views? Young people are supposed to be progressive!" I then told him how I fell out of friendship with my suite-mate, the chic who dressed as PWT for Halloween.

After a rather heated discussion about a Western movie that we were watching together and my annoyance with its exaggerated celebration of white womanhood at the cost of the entire storyline and believability, I asked her: "So how do you feel about what your people did to Native Americans anyway?" At that moment, her mask fell off. She looked me squarely in my eyes and stated: "Oh give me a break! If we hadn't done it, someone else would have!" And she stormed off to her room. I sat in silence and knew she felt the same way about what was done to Black peoples. Murder is justified to gain and sustain wealth. Period. And it doesn't require an apology, remorse or regret, because "survival of the fittest" justifies all things in nature. Her parents sent her to high school at an elite school in England. Suddenly, I knew what the wealthy used private education to teach. After that discussion, our friendship was over. And it most decidedly was. And at that moment, I knew why the young propagate the "traditions" of a racist, elitist world system. So again, I know the hearts of white supremacists. The true white supremacists are the wealthy white supremacists. The poor white supremacists are simply seeking to belong to the "in" group. They own nothing but their whiteness—and in American history, whiteness has been a most valuable commodity. They'd rather die than give it up because it gives their life meaning better than any single thing that they are.

Will I ever march in a Black Lives Matter rally? No. But, I salute those who do. As for me, I think I've seen and I know too much. What I know is that the people who "need convincing" could give



a flying flip about me, my life and my opinion. All they care about is money and staying on top of the dung heap at all cost. And so, I am not a capitalist. When our President will call nations of African peoples “shithole nations”, you must know how deep the reality is. I only snicker at the fact that he can’t seem to understand why we don’t bring more Norwegians, Swedes and Danes into America. Well in truth, these nations have socialized medicine and the government pays to educate their population, including undergraduate, masters and PhD levels. Families receive about one year of paid leave in order to care for their children after birth and/or following the adoption of a child. They believe that children should be nurtured and that bonding with the parent is paramount. These nations spend their nations’ valuable resources on services to the population rather than on war. Why would they seek to come here and give up the pillars of health and well-being (i.e. health care, quality education and job security) which make life comfortable to bathe in the uncertainty of American life as well as the racist filth that is American history? So, I imagine the answer to the question of why we don’t bring in more “good people” from Norway, Sweden and Denmark is that in comparison to what they already have at home, America is a shithole nation. As with all things, “shithole” is relative. How you see others depends on where you’re standing. And when you seek to look at others with less than loving eyes, you see the worst in humanity rather than the best. America is a beautiful place with beautiful people; but, its history is very ugly. The parameters of measurement used to analyze an issue will always determine the outcome reached.

As for President Trump, I see him as a poor soul. He longs for a quick solution to the challenges of governance and none is to be found. The “Browning of America” is real. You can’t hold back the ocean. President Trump is the little boy with his finger in the dyke trying to prevent the flood. My message to our President (and all of his ilk): It’s too late my brother. You can no longer “have your cake and eat it too.” You must choose between your whiteness and wealth. If you want to cling to your “whiteness” and “be pure”, then you’re going to have to compromise some of your future wealth and economic gains because close proximity with browns means mixing and thereby losing some of your racial identity. If you want to cling to wealth, then you better get over the notion of a pure master race; because human nature and biology cannot sustain your worldview and the generation of wealth requires openness and acceptance of all peoples to pull upon the pool of talent needed to sustain and propel your interests.

So in saying all of this, I conclude by acknowledging that I have the spirit of a revolutionary and the heart of a peace-keeper. These two opposing natures do not rest well within the physical frame of one being. But, I manage. My clients know that I am a revolutionary. My friends know



that I am a peacekeeper. And so, I sit in one place in time and resist in my own small way. I embrace the ideals of this nation; but, I despise hypocrisy. And so, I remain silent to the world...and brutally honest and open with you...the reader of this blog—a self-selected few. Thank you for engaging with me even when it pains or enrages you. I pray that the material provides sufficient food for thought; because ultimately, that's all it is.

[Read more on our website](#)

© Schatzi's Design Gallery & Day Spa, LLC
258 W. Millbrook Rd., Raleigh, NC 27609

