

## On Life In The Sudan

By Bayyinah Sharrieff

When I was first making preparations to leave America and go to Africa to study in 1963, the lower middle class of the Blacks in my community, as well as the upper middle class questioned my having this desire to leave America with its abundance of universities to go to Africa. If I had to go abroad, they expressed, why did I not go to Europe.

**THAT POOR** so-called negro middle class. I say poor, because psychologically they are. They strive to get that which the upper middle class has, and they become like an automatic computer which has gone off. They are scrambling to get away from the lower classes of our people, and straining their arms to reach that upper middle class, which keeps moving further and further out of their reach.

The white Americans go to Europe for study purposes and vacations, and a few of the upper class (social) of the Blacks feel that they are coming up in society by doing the same. I, already being accepted in the so-called middle class group, was supposed to stretch myself to reach a higher level by going to Europe likewise, and "move up" in the ranks of society.

Why, I retaliated. Why not Africa? I thought that continent was my point of origin, not Europe.

The cost of travel to Africa

practically doubled the cost of travel to Europe. In the early 1960's and prior to today, little was done to encourage Blacks born in America to go to Africa.

I knew that I would not find the majority of the Africans scarcely dressed and jumping savagely around to drums, but I did not know that highly refined societies (surpassing by far those within America) existed in Africa.

I lived in the Republic of the Sudan practically two years,

and while there learned the inner fibers of that society. This country is predominately Islamic. I did not want to credit Islam for the beautiful, peaceful and highly moral society which I found there, but after leaving the Sudan for Europe and living there a year, I had to respect Islam as being the factor which I found among the inhabitants of the Sudan.

**LATER WHILE** in Europe, I was told by a white woman (who writes for the periodical AFRICAN REPORT) that it was necessary for her children (who were with her) to go to Europe to see the roots of their civilization, the American civilization. Then she looked more closely at me, for my thoughts of "well what about me seeing Europe" must have reflected on my face, for she quickly said, "and it is good that you see Europe so that you have a better understanding of the roots of the American society too."

In going to Europe after living in the Sudan, I saw how selfish the Europeans (on a whole) were. Having experienced the beauty of living in peace I sought to rejoin such a society. Coming in contact with followers of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad in Paris, France and reading his teachings, I realized that this peace could exist among my own Black kind living in America.

My Black so-called middle class Brothers and Sisters, stop straining yourselves, to achieve personal gain at the expense of your poorer Black kind. Think of a life void of strain, a life of peace and happiness. You can have this type of life if you follow the teachings of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad.

to be continued...

