

# Kente

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chief and his sons perfected a process for obtaining silk from a spider. Silk was used to weave subsequent kente cloths. The use of silk in the weaving process resulted in the emergence of the kente cloth as an art form with many intricate patterns and designs.

Each design was considered to be as distinctive as a service mark in that it provided information as to the clan, social status, sex and even emotional state of the wearer.

The kente cloth was originally woven in secret by weavers controlled directly by the king. However, the uniqueness of the kente cloth lies not only in the method of its creation, but also in the manner in which it is worn and the regal dignity that it conveys on the wearer.

The rich colors of the kente cloth are rooted in a philosophy with deep abstract and spiritual values. The domination of black in a kente cloth signifies old age and a sense of history. Green represents fertility, vitality and the primeness of maturity. Blue is the color of love, female tenderness and serenity. The color red has emotional significance ranging from sadness occasioned by the death of a close relative to the celebration of the



Sherman Robertson

onset of a young girl's puberty. Red is also the color of the warrior.

Color groupings each have their own meaning. For example, red when combined with yellow in the kente cloth is symbolic of the power of life. A green and white combination represents a bountiful harvest. (These color combinations should not be confused with the well-known colors of African-American liberation. These are the black, red, green and yellow combination in which the black represents the collective body of African Americans;

red the blood that they have shed; green, Africa, the land of their heritage and yellow, the gold that was stolen from African people.

The richness of the history and meaning of the kente cloth is a testimonial to the greatness of an African culture. Thus, it is a fitting tribute for African Americans to don the kente cloth to celebrate their heritage and to be touched by the spirits of their ancestors.

Sherman Robertson is a non-traditional student, an anthropology major and a Diversions contributor.

## Emergency love system warning: move on at end of relationship

### Actions rise to surface, revealing lies

Stop. This is only a test. It is a test of the emergency love system. This is only a test — beep, beep, beep. In the event of an actual emergency, you are instructed to proceed with doing the following things:

1. Remove him/her from your life
2. Remove him/her from your life, or just
3. Remove him/her from your life

Do not allow your feelings to be dealt with like a stack of cards. Take from this devastating relationship wisdom and proceed with the next one. It has been advised that you take off as much time as you need to deal with the circumstances to follow, but you will be able to move on. You did it before you met this person and you will continue to be able to do it long after this person is out of your life. You just have to take it one day at a time — after all, that was how you took things when you were in this relationship, and this is how you can take things exiting it.

As I rolled over this morning, I noticed you were no longer there. You had taken the embers of our love and threw them into the flames of despair. You had taken my love and used it for what it was worth, which according to your calculations amounted to absolutely nothing.

For thou hast embraced the arms of another woman. Why hast thou forsaken me? I gave you the world and only asked from you a city. But

you chose to give me a small, deserted town.

You left me for another. Why? I found myself asking that eluding question time after time. And I have yet to find the answer. Was I too ambitious — too aggressive, perhaps? Was it indeed I who drove you into the wretched arms of another woman? Well, I beg to differ. It was not I who drove you, but it was your egotistic male dominance that drove you. And it was the thing that has guided so many men into the arms of another woman. Yes, my dear, it was not me. It was your baby, your junior, your d - - !

Yes, what I feel is true bitterness, but I have come to the realization that as a man, it is your duty to conquer as many hearts as allowed in your lifetime. Prior to me, you were very consistent and accurate in remembering all of the ladies you slept with. But while with me and in the midst of your calculations, you forgot to mention the one woman who destroyed us — or did you forget?

I will never be able to understand why, but I am not cold-hearted enough not to forgive. I just need a little time to get over that lump you placed in my throat and the knife that pierces my back every now and then.

I could never understand why you left me, a person that tried to be all to you, pass through your life. For I am unique, and if you haven't found that out by now, you

will never be able to find another me. The women after me may be less than what I offered you — they may have more to offer, but you will never find another like me, because I am one of a kind.

You told me you loved me and only me, but your actions spoke for themselves. You chose to take the life of a paper plate over that of imported china. But yet and still, it was not for me to question your actions, but for you to question them yourself.

Tell me my lost love, how long did you think that you could carry on this affair without me finding out? Didn't you realize wrongdoings eventually come to surface just like a dead body thrown to sea? I must admit, you shocked me with your warped behavior. I thought you had more class. But I too was hypnotized by your love.

Yes, my dear, you were my forever, but it looks like I was only your day by day.

It seems to me that you were blinded by the cleverness of the dragon and you allowed her smoke to invade our love. I was true to you, but you buried my love for you and fertilized it with lies; lies that grew, and the same lies that destroyed you and I.

Linda Kay Morgan is a junior broadcasting major who says, although this story is fiction, it is reality to many, and if you have a good person, don't let them slip through your fingers.

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