



Diggin' or (Yes, Mr. Neogy, Magazines Do Culture... Sometimes)

Bongani Madondo

I

Although when I came around to it a wee-bit later, Rajat Neogy's essay *Do Magazines Culture?* published in *Transition* (Issue 24, 1966), the periodical he founded aged twenty-two in Uganda, has stamped its literary footprints on my mind in ways I have yet to shake off. Can't say I'm exactly in a hurry to.

To this day, I cannot say *fosho* if it was his rhetorical manner of posing the question, or the substance with which he wove, threaded and anchored the argument on the role of magazines in *our*—black and brown folks'—multi-cultural entertainments and psychic self-perceptions, how we look at ourselves and invite the gaze from others, that kept me awake all these years.

Sure you can relate? D'y'know that feeling that strikes you that someone could be on to something, though what exactly needs a bit of sweating hard on the small stuff, paying a bit more attention or just kicking back and waiting with a hunch in your belly that the essence of what's being hinted at, will, somehow reveal itself?

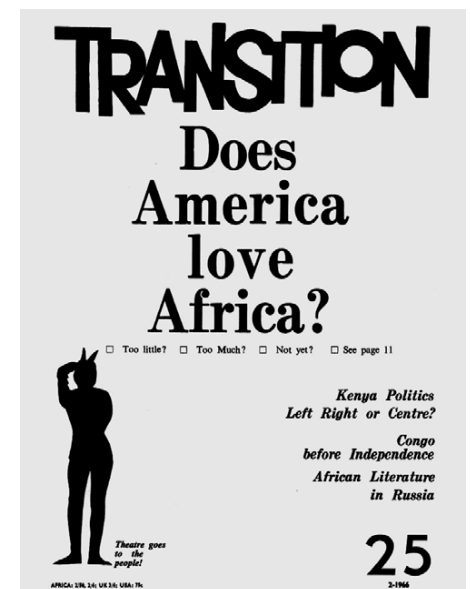
That's how I felt, *listening* to Neogy's question, for it indeed sounded like music to me. What genre, we'd soon found out.

Or not.

Neogy's *song* done gone hooked me on that specific essay and the magazine itself. Coming off age in several spaces—honey, told you my momma was a rolling stone; a single woman in perennial search of a convenient home to raise a bunch of kids—in this village here, that village there, an unforgiving, hard township at some point, and then over there across the main road just beyond the green patch of fertile veld the size of a gigantic soccer field, where the village's cattle graze you will arrive at an Old Money freehold settlement, in Leboneng, northwest of Pretoria, I grew up curious and restless.

Other than my mother's own built book and magazine collection the broader culture was barren, that's if literary entertainment was your kind of thing as it was mine.

I was only introduced to Neogy's cool, if a bit something of an intellectual gladiatorial journal long after my contemporaries elsewhere in the world had heard of, read...nah, worshipped at its alter. Long after it had de-



Cover of *Transition*, no. 25, February 1966. Image courtesy of Peter Bonsey and copyrighted by Transition, Ltd., 1966. Reproduced by permission of Indiana University Press.



Cover of *Rolling Stone* South Africa, Issue 20, July 2013.

camped from Kampala to Accra and from Accra to Harvard.

The lucky ones among my generation overseas went on to contribute to it, under its magical revolving door of editors from Anthony Kwame Appiah and Henry Louis Gates Jr, Michael Vasquez, Kelefa Sanneh, Tommie Shelby, Vincent Brown and so on.

I first got acquainted with *Transition* much later in 1999 by then, a resident of Johannesburg, by a mutual friend, the England-raised Nigerian writer Ken Wiwa, scion of the famous poet famously slain by the man known as “The Butcher of Abuja,” General Sani Abacha.

Wiwa junior, a gifted storyteller with a singular writer’s voice distinct from his father’s, arrived in Johannesburg to work on a chapter for his then in-the-works memoir *In the Shadow of a Saint*.¹

He was here to interview the children of South Africa’s “Struggle Royalty”—Nelson Mandela’s and Steve Biko’s—in between pay-

ing courtesy calls to Archbishop Tutu and saying hello to “Aunty” Nadine Gordimer.

1999 it was.

His fellow Bri-Gerian (I jokingly refer to cosmopolitan Nigerian children born to first, second or third generation middle class parents in Britain...or is it England?), anyhow, a fellow Bri-Gerian friend of Wiwa’s Emeke Nwandiko, then based in Johannesburg, brought him to my digs in Yeoville, the once Jewish bohemian village and now African metropolis slap-bang on the east wing of the city, for dinner.

Two weeks later Wiwa and I were still there. Discussing everything, and everyone there was to discuss; harmlessly gossiped a bit about other writers, as is writers’ nature, admired and quarreled with their ideas and shared a lot about literature and specifically magazines and journals in that fleeting moment he was there.

Just when he was about to leave, heading back to London, Naija or Canada, he pulled two books, dog-eared books, out of his rucksack and slapped them on the kitchen counter by way of settling his lodgings.

I felt already way over compensated just by his presence.

Spending time with another writer, especially one with a different background to yours is pure gold-dust for writers and I believe all sorts of artists. For me it was gold-stock in the transient cultural stock exchange that binds us all in this biz called journalism, or so-called “serious” literature, meaning fiction.

“Haba! Oga-o,” he playfully shouted. Pretending to be outraged by the thought.

1 Ken Wiwa, *The Shadow of a Saint*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2000.

“You mean you have not come across or read these?” He slapped a brand new copy of *ww* and Salman Rushdie’s essay collection *Homelands* on the kitchen counter.

“There’s just no way you have not come across this.”

With that, swoosh!, he was gone.

He left a copy of what was once Neogy’s “baby” which by then had found a home (at Harvard’s Institute for African and African American Research) far away from *home* geographically although scarcely removed, I’d love to believe, from its founder’s cultural and literary ambitions.

It is fifteen years since Wiwa left and the question he, inadvertently came bearing—like a tweeting bird flip-flapping over the vast African borders, across the Atlantic—even on behalf of Neogy, haunts me to this day: *Do Magazines Culture?*

II

Late last year, at the time the editors (of this publication) asked me to consider performing an essay on the subject “Magazines You Grew up Reading,” part of my mind meandered back to Neogy, who, because I had never met remained a fictional character to me, but also for the great legacy he’d gifted the world with, felt like a mentor I never had.

I actually do not have a riposte as it is, although his question, rather an argument for the need for magazines and journals to commit and believe in an ideal, whatever the ideal; say African—and not traditional, nationalistic or consciouss indigenization merely as a bulwark against the colonial West’s onslaught—has stirred something quite profound in me.

I never, for a moment, imagined magazines, by their nature possessed such powers. Here am I now stepping back to my youth, in present real time, to assess and romance with magazines that had radically shaped a greater part of my youth, by extension, the self I’m drawing from to critique a past then in formation.

I arrived in cold and unforgiving Hillbrow, Johannesburg’s multi-cultural borough with only sixty cents; a homeless nomad, university drop-out, barely out of his teens. The only thing that mattered then was the inexplicable constant search for identity and something to put in the tummy.

Back then I was also nursing dreams of making it as a fiction writer. I had nothing at all, no friends, relatives and nothing to my name ‘cept ambition. As it turned out, it was also the time I reacquainted myself with magazines, a journey that began around the age of five.

I was one of those weird types with no address at all always reading magazines freely in the magazine kiosks and corner café shelves in the city that never so much sleeps as throws you a wink.

Sometime I’d lurk around libraries, with no library card. Often, I’d sneak in and stay there until the librarian coughed twice; a signal to me, and some homeless old man who, like me, had made the library his home, that the library hours have long ticked-tocked, ticked-tocked and hey, tomorrow’s another day, gentlemen. Until then, I had always confused *Rolling Stone* the magazine with the name of that band of wiggly-waist-ed geriatrics.

By the time I discovered the magazine *Rolling Stone*, its grand-sleazed-out, gonzo, literary, jazzy and psychedelic allure had long faded off.

Although still helmed by Jann S. Wenner, gone was its gonzo-spirit; as was its cinematic, immersion style of narrative later embalmed as *New Journalism* by one of the magazine's contributors, the white suited elf, Tom Wolfe.

Gone were the "Noise-boys": Bangs, Tosches, Meltzer, et al, and their descendants. Gone also was the alternative dream, gobbled up by the 1980s and Reaganomics and the bloated second arrival of harmless pop-culture since, well, the late 1950s postwar boom.

Gone also was Robert Palmer's mystic excursions into otherworlds. Early in the 1970s after a chance meeting with the magazine's editor-publisher Wenner at the author of *Dispatches*, Michael Heller's digs in Manhattan, Palmer copped an assignment to head out to then mystical Morocco, perhaps pursuing William Burroughs or his longtime pal Brion Gysin. Up there, he discovered, as now recounted in his posthumous collection *Blues & Chaos* (Scribner), the sacred Jajouka villages, Phoenician temple ruins, right deep into the ancient Afro-Islamic trance music of Gnawo. About these discoveries, he set out to pen a series of literary sonic testimonials delivered through vivid pieces such as, "Up the Mountain" ("We Fell through Each Other, Weightless, Into the Sky") excerpted in *RS* October, 1971.

Oi', by the time I got my hands on the magazine all that too was gone. What I now know of is way after the fact. Clearly, I arrived to read about the greatest party in the pop-cultural tent twenty years after the last, gloriously drunk guest had crawled home.

And yet, even in the graveyard of a once soul-altering magazine, I found my journalistic gold-dust. The 1990s version was the *Rolling Stone* of my and Kurt Cobain's generation and not my hero Nick Tosches' time.

It spoke to my age, my era, my dreams, anxieties, my sexy, my rock'n'roll, my punk, my funk, my politics, my bullshit, my uncertainty, more than any magazine on the shelves then.

Not only did it capture my soul, this "Rolling Stone" *cultured* me Mr. Neogy.

The writing was something I more than related to: It was me! Especially, back then the screeds of the single-named curiosity called Touré.

Touré's soul-quenched *Neo-Soul Journalism*; itself a combo of Nelson George's understated nuance, NAACP-era pull ya-self by the bootstraps, Jim Crow-era front-store religious sermonizing and the grittier, swingier, edgier, *New-Jack Journalism* happening just across town at *Vibe* Magazine, gifted us, children of those denied the right to dream with a right to do just that.

Although Touré could never ever be, say, as cerebral cineaste as Armond White was, as operatic as Hilton Als, nor as techno-genius as Kodwo Eshun was, he was something black writing at that time seemed in need of: for the 1990s, the sort of new blackness James Baldwin exhorted his little nephew to dream about, knowing too well the dream might soon become deferred in *The Fire Next Time*.

At his best he performed his *Gonzo-Soul* journalism in total mimicry of—better still, elevated—the very performances of those he reported about.

For a time, I felt a ball of fire and disgust, wondering, as they say in Anglo West Africa, *whycome* his series of biographical sketches of the pain of Lauryn Hill never scooped a Pulitzer?

But *soul brotha* was not the only one in the 1990s *Rolling Stone* tent of gifted testifiers.

When cats such as Neil Strauss went out to profile say, Courtney Love, or headed out on the road with the Mötley Crüe, survived and came back to tell the tales, a reader instinctively realized they were bewitched by nothing else but magic at its darkest genius.

Only in between *Rolling Stone*'s sheets, even a defanged *Rolling Stone*, could you find as eclectic a variety as David Fricke, Greil Marcus, Anthony De Curtis, PJ O'Rourke, Lola Ogunnaike, and for me the prime example of a rock scribe as a shaman, Mikal Gilmore.

At Touré's *Rolling Stone* almost all of those smart-word slingers were white.

For a boy raised with a healthy diet of Steve Biko's *negritudinal* philosophy of blackness, the periodical's whiteness (that's before all American media latched on the black-originating, all-cannibalizing term, "Urban Culture") t'was always going to send me into an existential crisis all *heart-core* Afropunks had dealt with at some point of their moshing.

And so I kept on movin'.

Searchin'.

Diggin'...

III

Johannesburg: summer of 1992.

The new *Afropolis*: Defiant, show-offy, pouty, reckless, totally African in make up without managing that distinct Pan-Africanism that Lagos, Kinshasa, parts of Paris and New York City have.

Here was a Johannesburg at the cross roads. A city desperate to curate a new image, in a country gripped uncomfortably between a racist past and the scary future unknown. Mandela had just been out for a year. The stillborn revolution was indeed televised.

South Africa was thick with excitement, anticipation and tension.

Out of those streets issued forth a new musical expression forged out of a mélange of Detroit's "house," "mbaqanga," and of course nascent "rap" beamed through the telly from Gotham City's boroughs of the Bronx and Harlem, the uptown African republic in whose salons and dives black artists birthed a post-Depression (1920s) black-elegance, innovations and hustle—*The Renaissance*.

Johannesburg heat was unbeatable.

Down the local Nu Metro cinema on Pretorius, abutting corner Edith Cavell, the block I prowled night and day, Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* charted uncharted areas of gross, pastiche violence, especially the manner in which blood oozed from his victims as some kind of *avant-pop art*, or *avant-prop*.

In my country, then still gripped in the internecine wars between African hostel dwellers from the rural areas, and the over-politicized city's young and restless who foolishly, as per all youth, still itched for a *real* revolution, bloodletting was not as visually attractive.

Shit was real.

They shot to kill. To this day I will never forget the day a bunch of Zulu impis armed to the teeth cornered and shot at us, a group of youths.

In Johannesburg, baby, they hacked each other with real machetes, blades running deep into the ribcage of both father and son, leaving and scores of women howling at the African ancestors, when not singing dirges for their lost hubbies and sons.

Back then, we had no such fortune of listening to redemption songs. Instead of reflecting, as pop radio is faintly expected to, radio right across all channels was dead.

No innovative play-listing, no socially engaging talk-radio, the sound of nothing and aural death was deafening.

Sadly, despite the bells and cymbals of agitation and loud bangs of anxieties pervading the air, there was not a single magazine I felt captured either the city or the country's zeitgeist. Once again, I turned my sights across the black Atlantic.

Or maybe once receiving harbor in the black Atlantic, the African American pop story (for there, essentially is only *one* story, from which every other incarnation, narrative, chapter and testimonial issues from, the "Blues") found me, a man on the run from his physical past, in my restless city of Hillbrow, Johannesburg.

Could be said there was and there's still nothing revelatory about this: lost and found by America in our own country.

Going back to the late nineteenth century, my forbearers in literature and the arts, simply among the founding fathers of all of Africa's black modernity, had themselves been "lost", found, (mis)educated, rescued and influenced by the potent and accessible Negro culture, in post-Gold Rush Johannesburg and elsewhere: Sophiatown, District Six and Marabastad.

IV

The first issue of *Vibe* magazine—which I've archived to this day—reeked of an insubordinate don't-fuck with me air.

On the cover—a profile portrait penned by Kevin Powell—was a proto-nativist image of a fiercely fit, topless African man who could be anywhere in any period. Looking at him, 1920s images of missionaries and explorers resurfaced from the self-suppressed conscious: Africans in Sundiata's Bamako, tribal warriors in the Sudan, street boys, from the Paris *banlieues*, hardened Bloods and Cripps cats out of L.A.'s "brothers" (black/latino) hoods, postcard snapshots of India's devout Hindus after purification ceremonies in the Ganges.

Dang! He could've been a teenage me and my friends after a swim in the treacherous local Tshwane river in Hammanskraal.

The cover star, Treach of Naughty, then the face, the body and the spiritual representative of Naughty by Nature, one of the popular and

belligerent rap outfits of the time, looked as ungovernable, as Maasai-chic...princely, even.

Right there and then, something stirred in me.

The magazine spoke to the restless, angsty, searching soul in me as it would have, then, thousands of those black like me.

I felt both a sense of liberation and uplift.

It struck me there and then that here was a magazine that knew and spoke of my, and my generation's, inner secrets and dreams. Who we are, not what we desired as much as what we will claim.

There was the magazine that would feel, in its editorial pulse, our darkest and most erotic dances, a magazine that'd lay bare the rhythm of the voices in our heads, hold a key to our code-speak, slang, temper and report all that in a tempo and beat, inherently ours.

No doubt the magazine also pandered to the uneducated, unchallenged masculinities of the time in all subcultures, and marginalized communities dotting the globe.

It assumed a laddish spirit, though unlike the British laddish culture, with its twin tropes of football obsession and slacker culture.

It became, quite simply assumed the symbolism of a young defiant man: Latino toughie from Spanish Harlem, Pantsula stylist from Soweto, flossing brother from uptown New York or "rude" *bwoy* from Kingston, Jamaica.

In *his* company and era, we never as much looked back as dug deep into our yesterdays, if only to mine the reservoirs of nostalgic blackness. With him, we dreamt we could rule the world—imagine that.

Check: Black Renaissance style? We swagged and updated it. Proof? Janet Jackson's *Got Till It's Gone* video. *Vibe* Blues poetry? We re-imagined it as slam. Funk? We invested it into West Coast gangstah cultural stock-exchange, and cashed it out of the dense and "Dirty South" *stankonia* as per Mr. André Benjamin's futuristic sermons.

Did I, a semi-village boy in Africa even care or know what "stankonia" meant? Not an inch. Only that it carried the right dosage of putrid energy and almost hyper-physical pulchritude beats in one, if you can imagine it.

As for the general writing, the magazine created space for a new ways of expression without totally tossing the stylistic forbears, Chester Himes, Larry Neal, Amiri Baraka, Keorapetse Kgotsile, the "*sin*-thesis" curmudgeon spirit of Melvyn Van Peebles with the wild style of a Fab 5 Freddy and so on.

In *Vibe* journalism, though the slang and context was different to mine, I could hear the similar sounds of my folk's jazz attitudes, the raucous and merry chaos of never ending village weddings, and picture the pimp-roll shuffle of older township *tsotsis* I knew back home.

The story of me and *Vibe* is the story of my life, almost. It certainly is the story that best narrates how I got into this art-racket called journalism, or aspects of it: cultural, sociopolitical and profile writing.

Thus it is beyond mere memoir. It is a full-on, galloping, fat, raging, anecdotal autobiography and some more. Because of that I can afford to be at least honest, somewhat.

Unlike my forbearers' favorite periodical, *Drum* magazine, or my mother's beloved *Pace* (South Africa's township middle class glossy journal founded and funded by the apartheid government's Department of Information) I felt *Vibe* lacked ass-kicking cover visuals.

Sure, there was that black and blue-ish sepia October 1993 cover with Wesley Snipes. The image looks inspired, if not evocative of other-worldly sexy, on its own. Underneath the *Vibe* mast it, again, projected fantastic imageries of an African warrior, or sage or North West African groom (in cultures where men's looks are more valued than the opposite sex), ready for the taking.

How about that now famous June/July 1997 cover of Tony Braxton buck-naked bar a piece of white towel covering just the bare essentials?

Although not as racy as Ms. Braxton's cover the Mary J. Blige cover just three months earlier, as moody as any worthy heir of Dinah Washington, Letta Mbulu and 'Retha Franklin should be: Mary in a turquoise get-up, astride a chair, no smile, no bullshit, no cover lines at all 'cept "Hip Hop Soul Survivor", messed up my head, hormones and just about the way I proceeded to listen to her music in ways I can only describe as heart-snatched.

Overall though, the art of covers, I am afraid, were not the magazine's strength. Helmed by the sharp, philosophical style maven, the director of photography, *Vibe*'s photo-desk was not quite visually blind.

The very restrictive frame of the cover page has never allowed much artistic transgression in traditional lifestyle magazines, and *Vibe* at heart was a lifestyle product. The inside pages offered a different visual gist altogether.

In between the *Vibe* sheets, photographers such as Marc Baptiste, Piotr Sikora, Lyle Ashton Harris, Mpozi Mshale Tolbert, Jonathan Mannion, Koto Bolofo, Catalina Gonzalez, Dana Lixenberg, David LaChapelle, Albert Watson and Norman Watson among others, conspired to tell a wide variety of wildly, urban, inspired, pop documentaries and portraits fit for both the Louvre and Harlem's Studio Museum, the boulevard and the black boys *On the corner*.

I will echo James McBride, the writer who, by his own admission, "slept through the entire revolution" of his lifetime, hip hop.

In the 2007 essay "Hip Hop Planet" in *National Geographic* which took him from New York to corners as far as Dakar's medina, McBride speaks of hip hop as "dipped-deep in the boiling cauldron of race and chaos." You could have same about this magazine.

V

One of the reports from beyond America's frontiers I remember fondly, if not with shock (some of the photographed artists carried AK47s, live ammunition and made no apology for it) was a piece simply titled "Rebel Music" written by one of the culture's pioneers Fab 5 Freddy. He'd flown to the heart of Rio de Janeiro's shantytowns to report about Brazil's booming rap scene. I remember Fab 5's establishment shot-like opener as though it was yesterday.

"Think of Brazil and the first images that come to mind are the massive freak-fest of *carnival*, soccer, samba, and exotic women cavorting on

booty-full beaches. But as I saw for myself when I visited for two weeks last January, Brazil is more like a ticking bomb, especially in its largest city, Sao Paulo and Rio..."

Boom!

You just had that feeling deep from your belly that what followed was indeed a "freak fest" you, dear reader, would've felt so blessed not to be part of, but even more elated for reading about its empathetic insights.

For a reader, it did feel like strange things happened wherever it was that *Vibe* was put together and it seeped through into the pages. Rare among magazine, in *Vibe* virtues such as empathy were expressed interchangeably and sometimes in the same story, with freewheeling gonzo. The two should not work but they did.

Take for example Kevin Powell's work, especially his first interview with Tupac or whenever he told stories of fatherlessness or the lack of black male role models.

The man spoke from the depth of his belly. His sentences and sub-texture issued from the traditions of gospel pastors even when he was reporting on the most debauched of stories.

In addition to, and beside Powell, I kept a *Dream-Team* list of writers the magazine was never the same without: B nz Malone, Joan Morgan, Scott-Paulson Bryant, Cheo Hodari Coker, Greg Tate, Charlie Braxton and Kris X.

In retrospect, I would've loved to read a wider diverse voices such as Paul Beatty, Barry Michael-Cooper, Kodwo Eshun, Chris Abani, Ben Okri, Yvonne Bynoe, Kevin Young, Ntone Edjabe, David Toop, Mikal Gilmore, Knox Robinson, Armond White, ZZ Parker, Sanyika Shakur, Alain Mabankou, Kelefa Sanneh, Emily Raboteau, Ta-Nahesi Coates, Sandile Diken, the artists Tricky, Terence Trent D'Arby, Saul Williams, Keziah Jones, and so on, etching their eclectic and electric *Blackness* across *Vibe*'s pages, yessah, Mr. Gilmore, too. What did Toni Morrison once say about Bill Clinton's cultural capital?

Ehe!

If I were to single out a writer who impacted on me deeply, largely because I have this funny itch that we both, separately and in different periods, owed healthy doses of influence to Amiri Baraka's performative, blues-funk manner of weaving words, the cadences, or attempts, of his Yoruba/Zulu/Mandinka/ Nuban dance of the ghosts on the page, Greg Tate comes to mind.

To single out this or that piece of work he has done, even in as niche a platform as *Vibe* is to shoot oneself on the foot. Well, the world with self-mutilated feet wounds. I will gladly join their ranks.

One piece he performed for the magazine that reacquainted me with the African healing gifts in my own family, a journalistic work that—against all odds—transported me back to my hollering, shrieking, quaking, rock 'n roll African village of initiates, seers and rain-prophets, is the profile he did on Carlos Santana.

Riding high on the back of a collaborations-feast of an album *Supernatural*, not to make light of the renewed mad love thirty years after the 1971 chart-topping *Santana III*, Carlos was enjoying his late career's second-act and maybe, truly his last.

Thing is though, he was a relic of a psychedelic age and only a few of the 1990s new urban culture arbiters truly knew of his place in the African-Tex-Mex pantheon.

Tate was one of the few and so was dispatched to talk to rock's shaman at his home in California.

The resulting piece in the September 1999 issue (the one with a moodier Mary J. red cover, and yes! Yes!), affirmed what I've always felt but unable to express about a certain strand of rock 'n roll. "I do not play [the] blues. I do not play rock. Neither do I play jazz nor Latin music. What I do is; I play African music."

Santana and Tate in conversation? Initiates of shamanistic traditions of storytelling, be they carried through the media of song, or in a silent way that some of the most open minded writing sometimes manages.

Although Tate (to attempt a lame Tate-ass'ness) was one of a band of real bad *muthahs* on the magazine. Many of us growing into our own skin in the 1990s tended, like people in generations prior, and many after us will, obsess on the game of compare and contrast and reducing everything to winners and also-rans: great versus greatest, etc.

It's our weakness.

Hey I'm a former perpetrator of that narrow score-keeping, too: "Pac or B.I.G.? New Order or Joy Division?" Back in the early 1990s many tended to throw the quite distinct literary journalistic styles and hearts of, say Tate in some kind of race-track battle with Powell's. The one writer whose work I imagined hustled heart for affections on the very same scale as Tate's profiles and "Black Owned" columns in *Vibe* was Bönz Malone.

There just was some glorious bounciness: a Nobel Prize winning, dice rolling pimp-ology about this Duke of hip hop streets. Listen here: Have you ever read the short piece in which he dissected and almost tossed away John Singleton's entire career under the bus?

The night I read it I wept for Singleton as much as I wept joyously at the manner in which the man who called himself "The Concierge" separated progressive black love from the ever required, though in less supply, black self-critical engagement within our communities, globally.

"The Concierge" affirmed me. In not so many words, Malone's critique gently nudged me: go ahead and risk being unloved, if only momentarily, on your own.

VI

By the end of the second decade of the twenty-first century, *Vibe* was no longer what it used to be. Neither was I. I love to fib to myself, that today, I, cultured, Mr. Neogy. Did some of the editorial lights show the way, *your way, our way*, the way of "The Healers," too?

