

## XYZST pt, 3.

As a lil nigga growing up on the streets of Compton California, I remember hearing older people, like my aunt Sanchez burst into "Shit talkin' Mode" about how The White Man forcefully bred african slaves to make bigger, stronger, and harder working slaves.

I remember her becoming very upset while talking about this, and smoking a cigarette as I sat on the livingroom floor listening to "grown folks business". But what really stood out to me in my 7 year old mind, was when my aunt got to point after a long pause and exhale of smoke and said;

"Shiiiiit, dem muthafuckaz didn't even care if the slaves was family members, or from enemy warring tribes, or sissies or nethin, they just made 'em all fuk eachother".

It was the first and only time in my life that I had heard anyone make a connection between African Slaves and The LGBTQ Community of the world. I knew about my own sexual orientation pretty early in life, but I wouldn't dare say nothing about it to my aunt or any of my family, or friends at school because that would mean social suicide, so, I stayed quiet and remembered that the word sissy in the hood didn't mean anything good, and something nobody should want to be, unless, you just didn't know of the danger, I knew danger.

But many times throughout my childhood, I did wonder about how horrific it was for people like me as an African and LGBTQ to be forced to breed with a heterosexual person for any diabolical reason created by the wicked minds of slave owners, and it made me also wonder why we never hear about African slaves stories that reflect these facts, because it is absolutely impossible for there not to be any LGBTQ people at the bottom of any of these slave ships.

I've found stories about how White Men was killed for having sex with young African Slave boys, in fact, I found two stories where The Dutch followed the same sex death penalty laws and Choked Jan Creoli, a blackman to death and burnt him to ashes, while flogging his ten year old lover in 1646. (sounds like child-molestation to me, but thats not why they killed him).

In 1660, a white soldier, Jan Quisthout was tied in a sack, thrown into a river and drowned, the boy, Harman was whipped, privately, the boys was also African slaves.

I believe alot of this is unknown because The New Netherlands only existed six decades in the 17<sup>th</sup> century, and is said to have been more tolerant than it's neighbor English Puritan in Massachusetts, which at that time had a commercial focus through the centres in New York.

I read all of these things in a piece written about The Mohawk Country, yes, I said Mohawk. I grow one every year to honor them, Africa and Tobias.

So, the story goes, a white man named Harman vanden Bogart, a surgeon, barber moved to The Hudson trading post area of Renessclaerwagh, now Albany around Fort Orange where muskets was exchanged for furs from the Mohawks and brother tribes, in fact, this was during the time when around 1625, a captain Van Kriekenbeek sided with the Mohicans and got himself and his men killed and eaten by The Mohawks, pretty brutal stuff.

So Harman, 22 years old, volunteered himself and two other men to lead an expedition into the snow covered forest becoming the first white man to reach Mohawk Valley, and be welcomed. I found alot of this information and illustrations at Update Earth during my research, I encourage you to extend to do your own research and join this conversation, now, where was I, oh, yeah, leading up to my beloved Tobias.

Places where things get critical, Harmer kept a Journal, which got lost for centuries before it was found among ancient records in the Netherlands. You can check out the illustrations at The New Netherlands Institute at the state museum, I've seen the new translated works myself, and found Harmer to be super interesting, like Coffine hyper interesting.

This young man had a glossary of the Mohawk language, and as one writer puts it, "full of a number of explicitly sexual terms", looks like our Mohawk family had it going on.

Werd is, Harmer also owned a business and had a wife, and a house on what is now Stone Street in Manhattan, and he and his wife Jillisje had four children, and even medically treated Isaac Jogues, a French missionary who was later canonized as a Catholic saint, ~~now~~ aint that somethin?!

Harmer was accused of having a same-sex relationship with an African boy named Tobias, who was a slave. Harmer was arrested in 1647 for sodomy with Tobias, the runaway slave. This was a love story, not abuse, there had to be many more. Both Harmer and Tobias escaped from the prison in Fort Orange, and fled to the Mohawk Valley, perhaps because the Mohawks did not share the homophobia of the white man. The Mohawks at that time allowed a special place for gays in their own culture, who were known as "Two Spirits". It also looks like the Mohawks fought the white man over them as well, and after a battle with the Mohawks, both Harmer and Tobias was sent back to prison, only to escape again this time, while fleeing across the icy Hudson near <sup>present</sup> ~~present~~ day I-90 bridge, Harmer fell through the ice and drowned.

I have no idea what happened to Tobias, I imagine this young black man remaining with the Mohawks and being one of the few sources of connectivity between lil black boys growing up LGBTQ in the inner cities

of American streets, and The Continent of Africa, as an aspiring story for those of us that chose to 'escape' slavery, towards the freedom of our nature, hoping to unite with people like The Mohawks that understood true freedom, but we just don't know what happened to Tobias.

Tobias had to experience not just physical slavery, but also the same discrimination the rest of us Tobiases suffer even toward circa 2017. Tobias is just one of the many stories of little black boys that has not been taught in American inner cities and his story, so far, has only been about sex, and not his sexuality, or love, or companionship.

My Aunt Sarchie's Rant, made me question if I would ever be able to muster up the courage to live as Tobias did, willing to engage freedom in the face of the harsh reality that, hatred is a hunter, and I am the prey.

I wrote this column because I want other Young homies in the hoods of America, in prison, juvenile detention centers, and foster homes, or trapped in dogmatic religious environments where we are called stonemasons, beaten, all kinds of other experiences that are horrific and degrading, to know that they are not alone and we can be found in history, Both American, and African history.

Bro, tell your own story, no matter how hard it may be, your story, like the story of Tobias is needed so the next youngster can find himself in you, so no matter where you are, write your own freedom into the future book of what courage really looks like. Can't wait to hear from you.

- Xyzst (exist)

Floyd Smith #K72700  
San Quentin State Prison  
San Quentin, Ca. 94974  
U.S.A

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