

## **A SHIVERING IRONY: THE ETHIOPIAN MEDIEVAL IDEOLOGUES IN LOS ANGELES**

Often, a good writer conveys his message with authority. Authority in writing comes in the form of an artistic ability, that which allows a writer to transform a phenomenon into a clear picture. In other words, a good writer is more or less endowed with what it takes to bring out an impulse out of a dying ink on a piece of paper. Much like a Mother, a good writer often gives birth to his deepest inner feelings and conveys them to social consumption. However, now and then, ordinary people such as I, find it imperative to write in order to convey a feeling so deep that even the best writer would have a hard time to depict let alone capture it. After all, no body but only the body and mind that has been grilled by the deepest hurt knows the path to convey it more so than a good writer can.

I am the body and mind that have been grilled for having a thought, a thought which I will defend in a dialogue any time, at any place, from anybody who is civil enough to face a political discourse of immense magnitude. Civility in a political discourse is premised on abandoning the outright dismissal of competing political position with scorn and name-calling. And precisely, what induced this communicate of my deepest feeling is this lack of civility manifested via the utter spectacle of the very few but vocal eccentric Ethiopian Diaspora in Los Angeles.

On 20, January 2007, I abandoned my work at LAX to attend a meeting that was called by the Ethiopian Consulate Office in Los Angeles. Despite having all the information about the very few but vocal opposition's intent to disallow the meeting from taking place, I ventured North on Fairfax to Little Ethiopia to attend the meeting. Although I knew my detractors would harass me at will, I was confident and ready for anything.

My Asimba instinct in gear, I got out of my leased vehicle that I drive for a living and walked straight on Fairfax. I could hear the rumbling noise of the few but very vocal opposition. This cacophonous noise of the opposition induced my Belesa gear to shift. This Belesa gear is unlike the biological fight-or-flight gear. It's always in the stand-still-face'em mode. Powered by Belesa gear, and my fist on the air, I enjoyed the cacophonous rumbling noise for I heard in it the voice of hopelessness-the agonizing noise of defeat. "Leba," "Hodam," "Zeregna," were mere words that encapsulated the status of the opposition's cogency in defense of their political world view. They were at their epic of stupidity by a twisted virtue of convincing themselves that these words would be forceful enough to disrupt the meeting from taking place. Like usual, they were wrong.

Among these eccentric Ethiopians were my colleagues whom I have talked and laughed and discussed on important and non vital issues. I thought my colleagues were able enough to reason on the importance of dialogue rather than name-calling. Nonetheless, there they were standing side by side to the spectacle of an idiotic undemocratic theater. What was so damaging to the hope of civil Ethiopian political discourse, particularly, was the fact that these colleagues of mine stand hand in hand while the criminal elements among them verbally abused a decent Ethiopian that they know and work with. These hooligans referred to this decent Ethiopian as

“Ante Hodam Adere” for showing up to participate in a meeting about his country.

My hurt was compounded by the very fact that these criminal elements have to verbally abuse this decent Ethiopian by referring to him as “Ante Hodam Adere” while he was walking with his five years old cousin. This was the most craven act that was perpetrated by these eccentric and criminal Ethiopian Diaspora on 20 January, 2007. Fortunately though, this craven act of deprecating the people of Adere is a punishable federal offence, and justice will eventually settle it swiftly. However, in light of what the innocent little Adere boy was subjected to, the punishments that may one day be rendered on these criminals, I am afraid, may end up to be seen as a too- little too-late gesture. But why do these medieval ideologues succumb to name-calling in lieu of a dialogue?

These medieval ideologues succumb to name-calling in lieu of a dialogue, since they are unaware and ignorant of modern ideological discourse. And yet, in what is an astoundingly ironic way, these people have lived in America for more than twenty years. Modern ideological discourse calls for a dialogue in a civil manner. Most important, modern ideology calls for the tolerance of an ideological view that may be repugnant to hear let alone to live it. Only those who are unaware of this modern fact allow themselves to act in a manner typical to medieval ideological discourse of name-calling. Because of this archaic political activity of the very few but vocal eccentric Ethiopian Diaspora, our country is lagging behind in constructive competing ideas.

As of now, our country have neither a progressive nor a revolutionary party, which is taking it to the chin of the EPRDF with competing ideas to make it change or amend the economic plan it had for over a decade. What we have instead is an amalgamation of nationalist ideologues who are bent on issues of sentimental and it feels so good politics of Ethiopian nationalism for sectarian politics. In so doing, these byzantine ideologues are trying to galvanize the credulous sector of our society by propagating hate and resentment, with the intent to denigrate the very concept of allowing the many people of Ethiopia govern themselves as they see it fit.

Also, as of now, we have no agents and organizations running amuck to the point of inciting violence in the name of ‘land to the tiller’ for this issue is being handled in graceful, creative, and effective way. In fact, although it has no traction, we have now a shameless, idiotic, and naive ‘land to the bourgeoisie’ movement by the very few political stooges of our time. We have no furor and disgust from any social and religious institution over the absence of cultural and religious freedom for reason of having a government respectful of such a right. We have no organized group, accusing our premier with fervor for being incompetent or for lacking the skills and the knowledge to lead, since he is the smartest Ethiopian ever to lead Ethiopia. His piercing thoughts make him a treasure to humanity for he has argued cogently to face-lift the modern capitalist ideology for the benefit of the many people world-wide.

We have no group or groups of people being angry over Walwa’s wisdom and workaholic nature. We have nobody claiming to stand tall over the courageous and selfless duty that the Hilawis and the Bereket Simons, the Addisus and the Hailes, the Seyum Mesfins and the Samora Yonus, and the many selfless Ethiopians of the EPRDF are manifesting. Instead, we

have a fervor over the very principle that the EPRDF holds dear-the right of peoples, people, nations, and nationalities to govern themselves to the extent of secession. But why?

Nationalist ideology fuels the opposition more so than any other tangible social and economic issues. Nationalism as an ideological view is known for having no clear political program. The quickly unfolding political debacles of the opposition are testaments to the fact that why nationalism is almost a barefooted ideological view in the field of foot poking pins. For this reason, all along, the opposition is missing the point of freedom, for we the sons and daughters of contemporary Ethiopia with progressive principles and ideas have become aware that the old perception we have about our country is outdated.

We have come to realize that we are many and one, provided we are on equal footing. We are a country of many peoples, nations, and nationalities where from now on every right of any people is going to be revered even to the point of secession no matter how the opposition feels. This is the history of contemporary Ethiopia and it's made by the sacrifice of very devoted progressive Ethiopians. And hence, because of this daunting and prevailing principle, we will be standing tall amid turmoil of any magnitude for we know for sure that we will overcome any regressive forces of anger, resentment, and hate by those who are bent to change the course of history in Ethiopia.

“Leba,” “Hodam,” “Zereгна,” are destined to be delible mantras of the opposition, for I am convinced, that the people of Adere, and the many people of Ethiopia more so than the EPRDF have taken notice of theses deprecating words. Pretty soon, the many people of Ethiopia will place these backward medieval ideologues to the dust bin of history in Los Angeles.

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