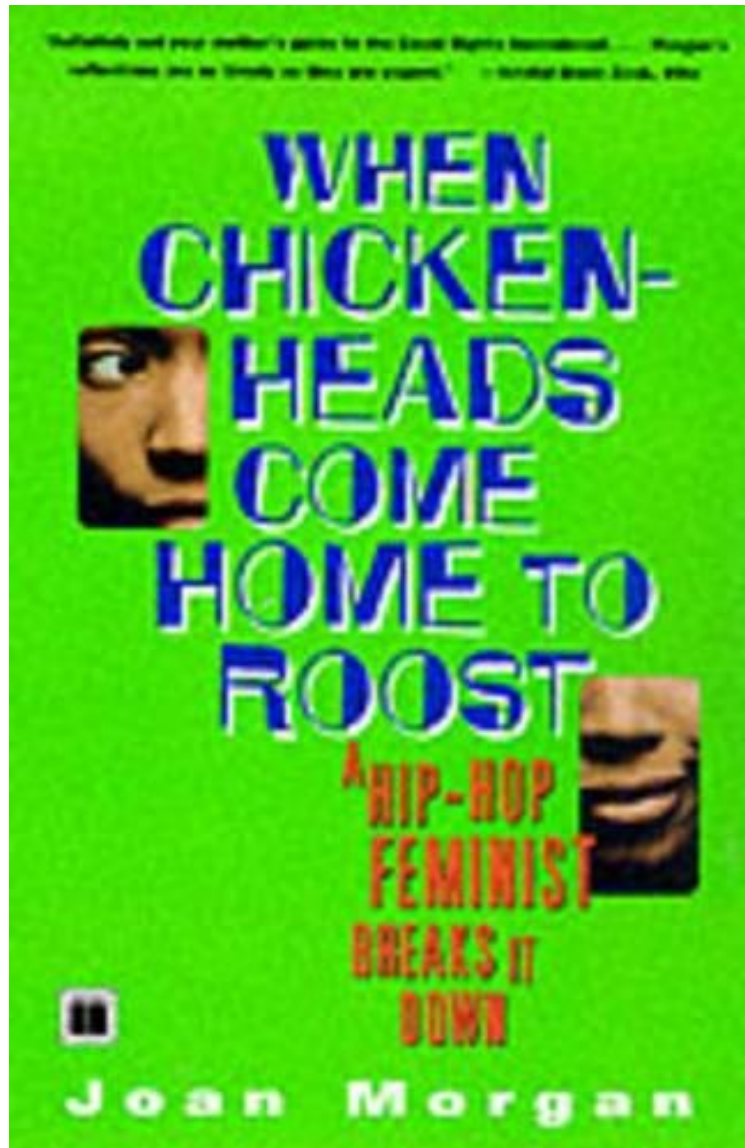


When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost: A Hip-Hop Feminist Breaks It Down

Joan Morgan

**Download PDF | ePub | DOC | audiobook | ebooks*



DOWNLOAD



READ ONLINE

#42976 in Books 2000-02-02 2000-02-02 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.44 x .60 x 5.50l, .48 #File Name: 068486861X240 pages | File size: 52.Mb

Joan Morgan : When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost: A Hip-Hop Feminist Breaks It Down before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost: A Hip-Hop Feminist Breaks It Down:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Three StarsBy CustomerIt was okay.0 of 0 people found the

following review helpful. Should be required reading in collegeBy Priscilla StilwellThe language is rough at times, but the eloquence with which Morgan presents her musings, is pure. It's about time we hear the opinion of an honest voice from the current Hip-Hop culture, concerning gender relations, family and being a feminist. I am NOT in agreement personally on some of Morgan's beliefs, but can respect the presentation of her perspective. She brings to light some very difficult questions, and opens some doors that have been largely untouched. This book has nothing to do with Hip-Hop as an art form or media of expression, other than from the cultural perspective of being a young-ish American from the urban and largely "ethnic" culture. She is a beautiful black woman who is representing herself and her generation with honor and respect. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Good readBy CustomerVery interesting perspective. I enjoyed reading this book. I believe all humans should be feminist and this world would be a better place.

Morgan has given an entire generation of black feminists space and language to center their pleasures alongside their politics. Janet Mock, New York Times bestselling author of *Redefining Realness* All that and then some, *Chickenheads* informs and educates, confronts and charms, raises the bar high by getting down low, and, to steal my favorite Joan Morgan phrase, bounced me out of the room. Marlon James, Man Booker Prizewinning author of *A Brief History of Seven Killings* Still fresh, funny, and irreverent after eighteen years, *When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost* gives voice to the most intimate thoughts of the post-Civil Rights, post-feminist, post-soul generation. Joan Morgan offers a provocative and powerful look into the life of the modern black woman: a complex world in which feminists often have not-so-clandestine affairs with the most sexist of men, where women who treasure their independence frequently prefer men who pick up the tab, where the deluge of baby mothers and baby fathers reminds black women who long for marriage that traditional nuclear families are a reality for less than forty percent of the population, and where black women are forced to make sense of a world where truth is no longer black and white but subtle, intriguing shades of gray.

Master storyteller Joan Morgan navigates the torrid waters of gender, race, and power with grace, humor, and, most of all, love. Daniel Jos Older, New York Times bestselling author of the *Shadowshaper* series Joan Morgan stripped feminism of its basic Black and Whiteness redressed it in her own beautiful, badass, complicated, challenging, shades-of-gray couture criticism. Before it was popular to be out as an unapologetic, magic, hood-loving, imperfect, sexy-ass, Black feminist, Joan put it down in *Chickenheads*, validating a whole generation of fierce young women, just waiting for that brave bitch to fire the shot, so we all could just go. Michaela Angela Davis, CNN and BET correspondent Without doubt, Black Women had made meaningful interventions into Feminist Thought before the publication of *When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost*, but none can claim to have done so wearing three-inch pumps, while bumping Heavy D, and sprinkling enough #BlackGirlMagic to conjure a new generation of Black Feminists who give no f*cks to those who dare deny the value of a Black Girls life and her desires. Mark Anthony Neal, author of *Looking for Leroy* In *When Chickheads Come to Roost*, Joan Morgan began dismantling the one-dimensional strong Black women myth. The unapologetic realness in her essays, even today, are a beacon for young women on the journey of accepting and celebrating the beautiful complexities of womanhood. Cori Murray, entertainment director at *Essence* The debt that a generation of writers, thinkers, and activists owe to Joan Morgan is incalculable. Joan gave us permission to fuck with the grays and provided the blueprint for an analysis of culture that yields more vibrant and nuanced takes on our humanity. For me, as a man who wants to be challenged to unpack the failures of black men to show up and fight for sisters, the beauty in Joans words is that she didnt stop at their trauma, but allowed us into the world of bountiful, beautiful blackness that black women have lived by. *Chickenheads* changed the game. Mychal Denzel Smith, New York Times bestselling author of *Invisible Man*, *Got the Whole World Watching* Definitely not your mothers guide to the Equal Rights Amendment.... Morgans reflections are as timely as they are cogent. Kristal Brent Zook, *Vibe* Morgan tussles with the perceived contradictions of being black, female, fly, and feminist from the myth of the strong black woman to chickenhead envy... a fresh alternative to accepted notions about black womanhood. Lori L. Tharps, *Ms.* Its a bold, cheeky, self-affirming read, and for a black woman in this society, theres hardly enough affirmation. Martine Bury, *Jane* *When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost*... is gaining nationwide acclaim for adding a fresh, idiosyncratic point of view the voice of a new generation to the oft-debated saga. Painstakingly straddling the line which separates street smarts from book intelligence, Morgan offers 240 pages worth of commentary on what it is like for a Black woman to come of age, Gen-X style.... While most Gen-Xers claim to be keepin it real, Morgans new book instead shows that shes making the conscious choice to keep it right. And not only by flipping and bouncing words and phrases that reflect todays popular culture, this new age feminist shows and proves that the day in which James Brown screams its a mans world might be finally coming to a dawn. Michael J. Rochon, *Philadelphia Tribune* A debut collection of impassioned essays, written in poetic, flowing prose.... Fresh and articulate. Steadily perceptive, shrewdly provocative. *Kirkus* s[Morgan] brings a powerful voice to concerns of modern black women. Vanessa Bush, *Booklist* As is the case with a lot of Morgans work, *Chickenheads* remains unafraid to go there around a few touchy issues.... [The book] will definitely engender passionate discussions among

readers.... Regardless of how interpreted, you gotta give it up to this yardie gyal from the Bronx whos brave enough to put her ideas out there so that the rest of us home-grrrls can all together start climbing toward wholeness.

HoneyWhether one agrees with Morgan or not, the sister definitely makes you think. Ronda Racha Penrice, Rap PagesA journalist by trade and outspoken black feminist by inclination, Joan Morgan has style to burn.... When Morgan brings it, shes funny, fierce, and yes feminist.... Morgan insists that the hip-hop generation can set its own goalsemotional, spiritual, social and political. Time to move on, and Morgans leading the way. Cindy Fuchs, Philadelphia City PaperIts refreshing to see Morgan add racial dynamics to the gender- politics Debate.... This book is a postmodern Waiting to Exhalea romantic melodrama for all the black women who are beautiful, smart, accomplished and not apologizing for any man who cant get his act together.... Morgan is a credible independent spirit and autonomous woman. Caille Millner, San Jose Mercury NewsJoan Morgan has undertaken the necessary and painstaking task of navigating the world of Black Male/Female relationships. You go Joan! I saw myself in this book. Thank you for making me stop and think and reciprocate love. Ananda LewisEverything you want to know about the sistersand then some. Sean Puffy CombsJoan Morgan writes with passion, pain, and a charming playfulness about the fun and games of African-American life in the nineties. Nelson George, author of Hip Hop AmericaStrong, soft, wise, and right on the beat with much flava to savor. Fab 5 FreddyAbout the AuthorA pioneering hip-hop journalist and award-winning feminist author, Joan Morgan coined the term hip-hop feminism in 1999 with the publication of When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost, which is now used at colleges across the country. Morgan has taught at Duke University, Stanford University, and The New School.Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.Chapter 10: Chickenhead EnvyChickenhead Envy is not a pretty thing. My first attack left me laid out -- in fetal position -- sobbing like Toni Braxton in the "Unbreak My Heart" video. One of my best friends in the world stood close by in helpless, empathetic silence. She was visibly shaken by her futile attempts to console me -- and wholly afraid of leaving me alone. The sudden banging on my front door provided a temporary distraction."Joan!! JOAN!!" the voice hollered. "Are you okay? Let me in!!"Who the..? Slowly it registered through my delirium. Damn. It was Dude. The one I'd been sleeping with (but not the one I liked). The one I'd warned repeatedly that there was no reason on God's green earth ever good enough to make surprise appearances at my door. The one (if I'd been a better person at the time) I woulda cut off months before, when I first realized the imbalance in our levels of affection. But among his many nocturnal delights was an insatiable seafood jones -- we're talking won't stop eating 'til you get enough -- and unfortunately, it thwarted any attempts at altruism.Like an angel of mercy my girl's svelte but muscular 5'11" frame staunchly barricaded the apartment door. "I must've called when whatever it is was all going down," he tried to explain. "I know she doesn't like people to just drop by, but she sounded so fucked-up.""Yes, something's happened but you can't see her right now," my homey says kindly but with unchallengeable resolve. She knew his worries were sweet but useless. He's not the one I like (the one I wasn't sleeping with). He's not calling to say, "It was all a lie. I do not have a girl at home that's six months pregnant -- a fact I've neglected to mention for at least the last five." He's not the one who hurt me."Yes, she'll be alright," she assures him, while gently guiding him outside. "But she's in no condition to talk right now. To anybody."She returns to the couch and rubs my back soothingly. Slowly, the tenderness of her caress converts my wailing to a soft, steady whimper. It doesn't, however, mask her confusion. And I am of no assistance. For the life of me, I can't tell her why her girl, someone whose response to severe emotional hurt is usually of the "Find him. Go to his home, office, gym, whatever, and scream, holler, and throw things, but whatever you do -- fight" variety is lying catatonic on the sofa, teetering dangerously close to the abyss.Mercifully, the only soul capable of doing me any earthly good calls unexpectedly. Carefully, gently she pulls me back from the precipice.Bethann, I sniffle. I just feel so stupid."Stop it now. 'Cuz feelings are what they are, and we ain't gonna judge feelings."I can't believe I let myself be played like that."It doesn't mean none of that, baby. This doesn't mean he doesn't care. It just means he didn't know how to tell you."He's a fucking dick."Right now. Yes. And maybe tomorrow. But after a while you're going to have to let yourself remember the magic of him. Or this will eat you up inside."I hurt, BA."Of course you do, baby. And believe it or not he does too. Nobody 'cept the devil could want to know he's tearing you up this bad inside."The wisdom in this starts me blubbering again, and this time for a really, really long time. BA just listens. She doesn't even mention what I already know. That at some point we're going to have to talk about my responsibility in all this. 'Cuz even though this fool screwed up royally, I was grown enough to know that all the "Gwanna leaves" in the world don't alter this fact: Until the day he really broke clean he was always somebody else's. She does remind me that given the circumstances there was no other way for it to end -- whether he'd been honest with me or not. The Joan she knows would never want a man who could turn his back on his pregnant babymother to go start something else. Of course this makes me feel better and then, simultaneously worse, because one of the things I love most about this man is his loyalty and sense of honor.But mostly BethAnn waits for the epiphany, for me to realize that what I'm suffering from is not a broken heart, but a full-blown case of Chickenhead Envy. And the only cure is for me to confront the sordid, green-eyed source of my pain.It was something I could only admit to a woman who loves me like a daughter. I really hadn't spent the last four hours crying because Dude betrayed our friendship and straight-up lied to me. I wasn't even mad that he was sleeping with his woman. I was mad and hurt that she was his woman at all.Igniting my fury were the memories of endless conversations about his frustrations with a woman who seemed to have no greater life

aspirations than being wifey. He paid her bills. Showered her with shopping sprees at Barneys. Handed over the keys to the Land Cruiser. He just wanted -- correction -- needed her to want something out of life besides him. I remembered the pride and interest he took in my work, the way he marveled at my independence and self-sufficiency and the encouragement he provided every time I tentatively shared a new goal. But I also remembered the exasperation in his voice as he confided, "Yo, I tell her all the time, you want to go to school? I'll pay for it. You wanna start a business? I'll finance it, but all this free time on her hands leaves her with too much time to worry about my every move." I was mad because there was a black woman out there lucky enough to find a man who offered to financially support her every dream and somehow managed not to have any. I was crying in a sense, not only for me but for all the straight-up wonderful, ambitious, struggling, and single sistas I knew -- women who had dreams and mad love to give but could barely find brothers willing to listen. Sistass who, I knew, if given the opportunity this brother was providing, would give a heartfelt thanks to the Creator -- and then show Him how high they can fly. I was crying because an admittedly frightened, weak, vulnerable, but oh so real part of me wanted to yell, "TAKE CARE OF ME. PROTECT ME. BE THERE FOR ME. LOVE ME." Instead, I ended the last conversation we would have for two years by calling him everything but a child of God. It's not fair, BethAnn. It's just not fair. "I know, sweetheart. That's why it hurts so much. 'Cuz us smart, good-hearted, independent girls, we're the best. We're out there handling our business and conquering the world, and we manage to be there for them too. We've got their backs. We're the ones they call in the middle of the night. We're like their best friends. The only thing we ask for is for them to be their best. And then it's the weak ones who do the things we wouldn't dream of -- "Like getting pregnant on purpose." Right. Threatening to kill yourself. You know, the things we would never do. And those are the girls who seem to win." But, baby?" Yes, BethAnn. "They don't win forever. They really don't. You're young so it seems like that now. But remember, we mature faster than boys. Sometimes it takes the men we love a little longer to realize how much they love us." I hung up the phone, hoping to God she was right. I hear you, the non-believers, steadily testifying. Not me. Not I. There's nothing I could possibly have in common, let alone envy, about a chickenhead. And for a precious few sista-saints this might actually be true. The rest of you, my dears, are fronting. Not to worry, though. Chickenhead Envy is usually accompanied by intense denial. To you I offer my favorite Chickenhead litmus test: a piece of entertainment industry gossip concerning a certain celebrity. Contrary to his image as a family man, rumor has it the brother's been tipping -- albeit discreetly -- on longtime wifey for years. His tipping wasn't hard to fathom -- baby must have more money than God and is 'bout as fine as Jesus. With his megafame, extramarital ass is a given on his menu in just about any country with a working TV. What would wifey's incentive be for turning a blind eye? Maybe a combination of love, being the mother of his children, and landing in the mix pre-fame and without a good pre-nup. What I couldn't get was how he would manage to keep his shit so on the low. As the old saying goes, Hell hath no fury like a woman pissed off. In addition to wreaking a little domestic havoc and tarnishing his image, any scorned mistress of his stood to make a bundle confiding the details of her heartbreak to the media. So needless to say, when one of my homeboys said he discovered much fewer than six degrees of separation between himself and one of Mr. Mention's alleged mistresses, I was wide open on the details. Word is, according to my boy, he goes through great pains to make silence and loyalty a helluva lot more lucrative than kissing and telling. "All I can tell you is that he treats her very, very well. The car, house, and living expenses are all taken care of -- plus an allowance in six figures a year. And Joan, are you ready for this? She's not the only one." The next time I see Mr. Mention on TV all I can think is Damn. Another million for the ho fund. Then I find myself envisioning the lucky chicken chillin' in a new Mercedes SLK Kompressor and discover something else -- envy-green is an unattractive shade for an allegedly righteous black girl. Curious to see other sistas' reactions, I repeated this "what if" scenario. The results of my informal poll? With the exception of one admirable saint (and she wasn't me) we all failed to take the high road. The only difference was that girlfriends who were unabashed graduates of "Pussy Ain't Free U" weren't hampered by things like moral quandaries or my womanist drivel. All they wanted to know, in the succinct words of one, was Where are the auditions? My chickenhead-hatin' homegirls, however, did a lot more qualifying. His wife is cool about it, right? I mean she's gotta know. I wouldn't do it if I was in love. And my favorite, I woul...