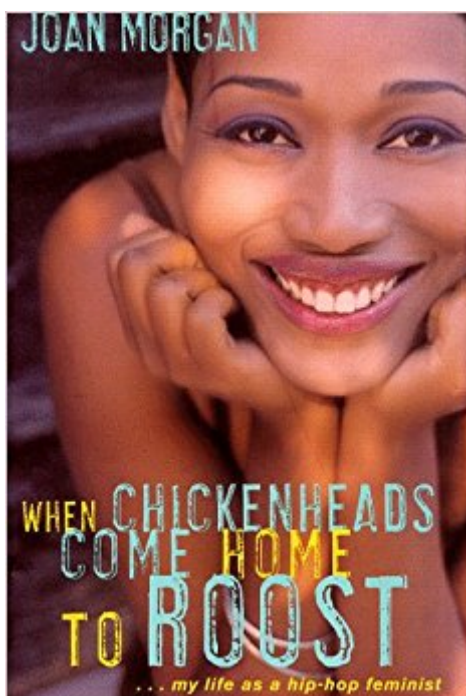


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# When Chickenheads Come Home To Roost : My Life As A Hip Hop Feminist



## Synopsis

In this fresh, funky, and irreverent book, a new voice of the post-Civil Rights, post-feminist, post-soul generation has emerged in Joan Morgan: a groundbreaking and unflinching author who probes the complex issues facing African-American women today. *When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost* is a decidedly intimate look into the life of the modern black woman: a complex world where feminists often have not-so-clandestine affairs with the most sexist of men; where women who treasure their independence often 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 40 percent of the African-American 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." Morgan ushers in a voice that, like hip-hop -- the cultural movement that defines her generation -- samples and layers many voices, and injects its sensibilities into the old and flips it into something new, provocative, and powerful.

## Book Information

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## Customer Reviews

For a smart young black woman from the South Bronx carving a niche for herself as a writer, the f-word was feminism. Joan Morgan's book debut, *When Chickenheads Come Home to Roost*, is a passionate, funny--and occasionally self-indulgent--look at the contradictions inherent in being both a strong woman and an African American sister attempting to process the machismo of the hip-hop world through the perceptions of her own strongly feminine soul. "As post-Civil Rights, post-feminist,

post-soul children of hip-hop," Morgan writes, "we have a dire need for the truth." Her book chronicles the quest to fulfill that need through a series of essays ranging from social issues like the blatant misogyny of rap music ("From Fly-girls to Bitches and Hos"), the mythic stereotype of the strong black woman ("Strongblackwomen"), and the epidemic of single motherhood in the black community ("Babymother") to wickedly witty takes on her own life ("Lovenotes," "Chickenhead Envy"). Morgan is gifted with that rarest of all talents: her own voice. Her language is vivid and imagistic, its rhythms dipping effortlessly between the beat of the street and the meter of pure poetry. In this look at hood versus womanhood, Morgan serves up many of the same conclusions that sociologists have offered in drier, more academic form--but brings them to life with the freshness of her literary talent. --Patrizia DiLucchio

Morgan, a contributing writer at *Essence* and former contributor to the *Village Voice*, brings iconoclastic, often vituperative gusto to 10 previously unpublished essays on feminism, motherhood and the "endangered black male." Morgan's lingua franca is hip-hop music, which she calls "one of few forums in which young black men are allowed to express their pain," and is also the cultural arena in which she undertakes to carve a place for herself as a feminist. In her take-no-prisoners redefinition of "the f-word" (feminism), she reviles black female intellectuals who "had little to do with everyday life" and "butch-cut anti-babes... who use made-up words," and admits there are "things [she] kinda digs about patriarchy." In the essay "babymother," Morgan considers the feminist dilemma of career versus motherhood, ending with a defense of male "abortion" through which men "abdicate" parental rights when pregnant women refuse to have abortions or put children up for adoption. The title refers to women who "effectively work their erotic power," in a play on Malcolm X's "chickens come home to roost" speech (which signaled his break with the Nation of Islam and the creation of his Muslim mission in the U.S.) that simultaneously fractures the meaning of Audre Lorde's essay on women's rightful claim to "erotic power." Morgan concludes that "trickin'" (rendered as a kind of lighthearted prostitution) is "prevalent across class lines" and shows how "deeply wedded money, sex, and power are to our notions of male and female identity." Though she claims to "explore the world of the modern black woman from a variety of viewpoints," Morgan comes off as a self-consciously styled hip-hop provocateuse. Agent, Sarah Lazin. Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc.

One of the greatest books I have ever read in my life. Impactful, colloquial and eloquent for this generation of movers and shakers in both the fight for equality and Hip Hop Culture.

Book was in great condition. Good buy

Written in an easy to understand yet thought provoking manner. The book will make you laugh and challenge the notion of what it means to be a black woman in America.

I ordered this book for my niece as a gift for Christmas. I was very disappointed that it was misrepresented as "New". The book was cut, as though someone had sliced it with a knife and there were clear markings in it. However, my niece was very pleased and she loves the book regardless of its appearance. Therefore, I will give the book 5 stars.

Journalist Joan Morgan wrote in the first chapter of this 1999 book, *When Did I Stop Talking?* "This book, in part, was an effort to combat my own complacency. I wrote it because I honestly believe that the only way sistas can begin to experience empowerment at all levels---spiritual, emotional, financial, and political---is to understand who we are. We have to be willing to take an honest look at ourselves---and then tell the truth about it." (Pg. 23) She adds, "Trying to capture the voice of all that is young black female was impossible. My goal, instead, was to tell my truth as best I could from my vantage point on the spectrum. And then get you to talk about it. This book by its lonesome won't give you the truth. Truth is what happens when your cumulative voices fill in the breaks, provide the remixes, and rework the chorus. Believe me, I'll be listening for it. In the meantime, I'm kicking it off with what I know." (Pg. 26) She recalls, "Feminists on our New England campus came in two flavors---both variations of vanilla. The most visible were the braless, butch-cut, anti-babes, who seemed to think the solution to sexism was reviling all things male (except, oddly enough, their clothing and mannerisms) and sleeping with each other. They used made up words like *Æowomyn*, *Æofemynists*, and threw mad shade if you asked them directions to the *ÆeLadies Room*. The others---straight and more femme---were all for the liberation of women as long as it did not infringe on their sense of entitlement. They felt their men should SHARE the power to oppress. They were the spiritual descendants of the early suffragettes and absolutely not to be trusted." (Pg. 35) She adds, "the university's curriculum did expose me to feminists of color. (Unfortunately this

happened far more frequently in African-American Studies courses than it did in Women's Studies.) (Pg. 36) She wrote to her male partner, "So here I am, Boo, lovin' you, myself, my sistas, my brothers with loyalties that are as fierce as they are divided. One thing I know for certain is that if you really are who I believe you to be, the voice of a nation, in pain and insane, then any thinking black woman's relationship with you is going to be as complicated as her love for black men. Whether I like it or not, you play a critical part in defining my feminism. Only you can give me the answer to the question so many of us are afraid to ask, "How did we go from being fly-girls to b\_\_\_\_s and hos in our brother's eyes?" (Pg. 69-70) She states, "If feminism intends to have any relevance in the lives of the majority of black women, if it intends to move past theory and become functional it has to rescue itself from the ivory towers of academia. Like it or not, hip-hop is not only the dominion of the young, black, and male, it is also the world in which young black women live and survive. A functional game plan for us has to recognize hip-hop's ability to articulate the pain our COMMUNITY is in and use that knowledge to create a redemptive, healing space." (Pg. 76) She observes, "Black America is quickly becoming a nation of fatherless daughters. The hip-hop generation is the product of that one-out-of-two divorce rate. We comprise the two-thirds of black children who are born to single parents. The statistics do not begin to tell out stories---the daughters who've had violence, imprisonment, illness, addiction, depression, or abandonment rob them of fathers---both physically and emotionally." (Pg. 122) She concludes, "when it comes to sistahood, I am deadly serious about my commitment to you. The communal bonds forged by shared historical, cultural, and spiritual experiences have made us fam. As long as inequality and oppression remain constants in our lives, sistahood is critical to our mutual survival. We owe it to each other to encourage other sistas through the doors we've passed through. Giving the gift of our survival experiences freely is part of the debt we owe to the sistas who battled not only for their empowerment, but our own. The quest for power is not a solo trip. This book only starts the journey. Only you can complete it." (Pg. 232) This is a fresh, creative, and honest perspective that is not often enough heard in book-length form; it will be of great interest to those interested in feminism and the women's movement, but also to other women of color and colonized peoples.

Joan Morgan quote's Gloria Steinem "Our mothers did a great job raising their daughters to become the men they once wanted to marry. But how about raising their sons to become the men their daughters need? She says STRONGBLACKWOMAN mentality is a throw back to slavery days when the white oppressors on the plantations dehumanized black men especially to follow their master's guidance and stay enslaved. Michelle Wallace's book, Black Macho and the Myth of Superwoman is another example of our black women putting their needs after everyone else (friends, family, children, husbands, significant others). She says Black Hip Hop Feminism is about Black women having their "Own" but still wants a man to be a man and open that door, pay that dinner check, etc. Its nice to know someone likes/cares/needs you/loves you enough to do these things. Her mother instilled the importance of financial independence, self reliance, and determination so her only daughter would know that her heart, soul, spirit, and body were simply not for sale. 90's Black women can not be defined by what happened to our great grand/grand mothers or even our mothers. This is a new hip hop generation, where Black women do not need to blindly defend any "Brother" from attack by the system, when many times what he has done makes him deserve to be buried under the jail. There are good "Brothers" out there. Don't settle for less, be selective and demand respect in your relationship. Feminism is not about black/white/yellow, etc, its about being all you can be!!!

If ever you needed an example of "Knowledge is power" this is it. Each chapter served as veritable checkpoints for what I once believed, currently believe and should aspire to believe (or all of the above) about thriving as a black woman living as a by-product of the hip-hop, post-civil rights, post-practically everything eras. Morgan's lyrical, conversational tone reads like an all-night girl chat fest talkin' 'bout loving maturely, the perks and dips of female ambition and independence and understanding and embracing (in that order) feminism. The book is written just as much for the girls coming of age as it is for those of us who are grown and still growing. Despite the 1999 copyright date, Morgan's tone and pop culture references are still sharp and viable--a solid testament to the quality of her writing ability and proof that chickenheads or not, we've still got work to do with regards to acknowledging, claiming and maintaining our collective power.

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