

# AU NATUREL

A PUBLICATION OF SCHATZI'S DESIGN GALLERY & DAY SPA, LLC

## HAIRY DEVELOPMENTS

We're in the throws of summer, and daily temperatures have been super charged. So much so that I've been opting out of my regular noonday/lunchtime strolls. Not fun!! But, OMG!! I'm totally enjoying my Natural Hair Care Class at the community college!! I can't believe I'm actually being paid to do this! I always impart hair knowledge to others as a matter of course. Likewise, I never ask for payment for my expo lectures. We typically barter as we're all in the struggle together. Within academia, I have been an invited lecturer at NCSU, Shaw and other places; but, I've never sought payment to teach natural hair care!! So now, I feel almost like I'm cheating the system or that someone is going to say: "Hey, that's not supposed to happen!" Paid to talk about Africa and Egypt and Madam CJ Walker and self-love and the many variations of twisting to achieve style perfection?!!!! I think I've gone to Heaven!! ☺ I was so excited after the first day, my husband said, "Enjoy the moment. It may not last." Yet, he's visibly delighted when I return home from class with a smile on my face. Shaundrelle told me the class is infectious. Truer words were never spoken! She was my substitute teacher while in Haiti and did a phenomenal job, as expected. If you can't be up to bat, you want your best pinch hitter in your place and SHE IS THAT!! The woman is, as one student described her: "Sunshine." That is true!! Her light is brilliant, her heart is pure, her smile is illuminating. I love her!! I knew the students would too! After my 1st day, I was surprisingly energized after four hours of teaching. It was almost 10pm! After all the students left for the evening, one who had stayed back and actually had been rather quiet throughout the day, came up to me and said: "I almost took the natural hair care class at another school for \$3,000" (considerably more than the one I'm teaching). She followed: "I know I wouldn't be getting HALF of what I'm getting in here. Thank you." And so ended Day One of my foray into natural hair care higher education. I feel very blessed!!! VERY BLESSED!! I feel even more blessed because I'm teaching at a quality institution with an affordable program. According to our program director, "The President wants people to be able to [get an education without going into great debt.](#)" That's beautiful. I work so hard to give my own sons the same gift my parents gave me. By Father's grace alone...it will be done! Amen. In fact, this course is so affordable, I had to enquire as to how it is that they're paying me. Didn't realize it's a state school. So, there you have it! (Can you tell I'm priming the pump for recruitment of our next cadre of students?) I can't promise it will stay THIS affordable though. Time will tell. Stay tuned!...



NATURAL HAIR CARE CLASSES BEGIN AT COMMUNITY COLLEGE!!  
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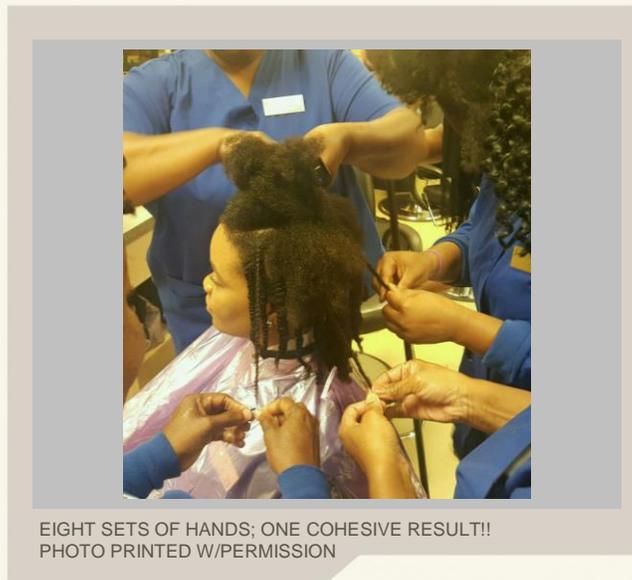
Within the salon, there is a beautiful spirit named Mikea Spencer who has been working with us since February. She is a cosmetologist by training and wants to learn the ins and outs of natural hair care. She has been a warm addition to these past few months of "trial by fire." LaRhonda is also an ever-present and welcome comfort. As I am currently not taking new clients and will be serving my regulars on Saturdays, it is one of these two ladies who will service our new clients. At the current time, we operate exclusively by appointment. It's just a less stressful way of being, and I embrace all things calming and rational to the soul. With that said, service is as timely and as impeccable as it ever was. We just don't do walk-ins.

For the NUSOL Natural Hair and Beauty Expo, *Schatzi's* will be represented but we won't grace the catwalk this year. I am also switching gears from my usual discussion of the social dynamics of natural hair to hone in on another aspect of our cultural legacy: "**Thriving in Corporate America**" (as our authentic selves). In addition to the inner workings of office politics, I intend to shine the light on why we're perceived as angry, why some of us legitimately are, and how to channel our truest nature in a way that elevates and empowers us in the face of adversity. And by God's grace, it will be done well...when I get around to writing it all up. ☺ Hope to see you there! In the interim, embrace the beauty of you.

## NATURE TRULY DOES ABHOR A VACUUM...

My people, my people, when White women feel the need to adopt Black identity and edify us about our hair, you KNOW we've got to be a serious case for consideration!!! [Case in point is a Rachel Dolazel who has been passing as Black.](#) I'm sure you heard. The 4<sup>th</sup> video down on this article shows Rachel teaching about the "History of Black Hairstyles." [She's a black hairstylist even!!](#) Now, I can't abide by lies or hypocrisy but I SWEAR I LIKE THIS WOMAN!! I ain't even mad at her! In fact, I posted a comment on her Facebook page encouraging her to state the following when people like [Matt Lauer state that she is lying about being Black](#): "All of humanity descended from [Mitochondrial Eve!](#) I just choose to associate with my matrilineal heir!" (Drop the mike!!) If she grew up as a missionary, had black siblings and led the NAACP so effectively that a hangman's noose was placed in her garage, she is part of the struggle!! Now, that doesn't mean she *might couldn't use some counseling.* But then, I don't know a soul who doesn't fit that bill. In fact, how is she different from the Black people who have historically "[passed for White](#)"? (Looking at this celeb list makes me wonder if it even matters anymore. I mean, where is the color line actually drawn in the DNA strand?) One might argue that it was done for reasons of survival which justifies the actions considerably; but self-denial is a serious matter no matter what side of the coin you're looking at. But is it really self-denial OR acknowledgement of the light within that has no color or ethnic orientation? I would argue that the latter is what celebs are doing. As for Ms. Rachel, if she feels "Black" and dissociates herself from "Whiteness", why should I chastise her? Now, a sister trained in psychology came in the salon on June 27<sup>th</sup> and argued rather vehemently that dear Rachel is a classic sociopath...see p.3

**Food for thought: The Bogeyman is our ally** - My dear sister Jasmine's philosophy of life is to "[mind your own business and work with your hands.](#)" It's what God's people do until we are called home to glory. But while we work, let us understand that fear is a tool of iniquity and thus a formidable foe. [God calls us to conquer fear.](#) It is a recurring theme in our lives, if we "[have ears to hear](#)". Throughout my childhood and teen-age years, I had a recurring dream sequence that was much like advancing video game levels. I got past one level, and a new scenario would materialize with the same theme—conquer your fear. As a little girl, the KKK would chase me. As I got older, it was vampires. I used to be able to run forever in my dreams. I could run over hill and valley, lake and stream; I never got tired of running and hiding. When I became a teenager, I dreamt that a murderer was pursuing me. In one dream, my car broke down in the middle of the night on a dark Virginia highway. No lights. I knew he was coming. So I got out of my car, and walked into the blackness of the nearby woods to be able to observe him when he found my car. The woods were my cover. He arrived, searched and left. The next time, I dreamt of a pursuer, I killed him. I haven't had those dreams since that day. I believe we are trained from childhood to conquer my fears. Consider how life is challenging you to conquer your fears, and do it. Need help? [Check out this source](#) or [this one](#) for inspiration! And be fearless!



**Hair Fact:** *Is it possible for eight ladies to simultaneously and inter-changeably style one Black woman's very thick, long, kinky textured hair to achieve one final, polished look without her feeling the painful effects of it all and screaming bloody murder? You darn straight IT IS!!!*

Speaking of unusual hair facts, the students are teaching me while I'm teaching them which is always fun! For example, one Muslim sister stated during a class chat: "I can't wait until I hit menopause." It seemed like a peculiar statement so, we asked why. She said "That's when Muslim women don't have to cover their hair anymore." That was news to all of us! I then promptly followed with a story about a natural sister I met who went natural while in Iraq or Afghanistan. She said that because she didn't cover her hair while off duty, over time her relaxed hair was shaved off like a buzz cut BY THE WIND AND THE SAND!! I immediately thought, "So women in the Middle East historically had reason to cover their heads that extended beyond modesty!" In fact, [vanity](#) demanded the covering of their hair! I thought: That seems consistent with a woman's nature. Environment trumps all things on the material plane, now doesn't it!! Fascinating! The woman that this buzz cut happened to had not made this religious link earlier. But, nature was the reason she was seated in front of me as a natural woman. If that's not like the hand of God pointing you in another direction, I don't know what is!! ☺

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That definitely sheds a different light on things. So, I defer to the more learned in their knowledge of psychoses. But after several hours with me, she also acknowledged that I'm the most unusual woman she's ever met. I took no offense. None was intended. I know I'm "out there". (Tee-hee) All the same, [the identify crisis /S a serious matter to be addressed](#). It reminds me of a Jewish father who recently brought his pre-teen daughter in to have her hair cut. During the consult, I honestly tried to talk her OUT of the haircut but they were resolved. So, I taught her how to comb her hair properly for future reference and then cut her hair, leaving as much length as possible. But, her hair was still as thick and curly as it ever was. In fact, the cut accentuated the texture. She then pulled her hair into a ponytail and announced that she wanted a relaxer! Her father looked sick. I felt sick. He consoled me, and I consoled him. She was outwardly (and inwardly) beautiful; but, she was unmoved by her decision to erase the curl. Instantly, I saw the full weight of realization of the impact of a legacy of slavery and self-loathing as his eyes were opened...

## HIGH SCHOOL PROM QUEEN RECLAIMS ROOTS

As I prepared to start class on Wednesday, June 11<sup>th</sup>, a dear sister came up to me and asked to share a link with the classroom. So after consideration of our "quote for the day", she shared [this story of high school graduate, now entering freshman, Kyemah McEntyre](#). In essence, this young lady has taken her passion for fashion design to a level which belies her 18 years. Being motivated to design a prom dress that would reflect her African heritage and her Western flare, Kyemah made a statement at the Cicely Tyson School of the Performing Arts in East Orange, New Jersey that earned her prom queen status. On June 7<sup>th</sup>, Kyemah posted this Tweet: "This is for always being labeled as, "ugly" or "angry". Thank God, stereotypes are just opinions."

I was truly encouraged by her self-confidence, poise and talent. It was refreshing as I recall styling a client's hair just about a year ago who lamented that NO Black girls at her high school (predominantly White) were invited to prom. They all had to attend with cousins or invite dates from other schools. In her words, it's "an elite high school and the tall, Blond look is more meaningful there than anywhere I've ever seen." So, Black brothers at her school invited Causian, Asian, Hispanic—"anything but Black girls" to prom. And true to form, my client attended with her Jewish friend. Well, this sister Kyemah looks like she would have absolutely NO PROBLEM stepping out alone, though it would be a marvel that she would EVER need to. She's all that! BRAVO!! 😊

*"The poet, whether in prose or verse, the creator, can only stamp his images forcibly on the page, in proportion, as he has forcibly felt, ardently nursed, and long brooded over them."*

*Rod Serling, Master Poet*

Search [here](#) for a sampling of Serling's mastery.



KYEMAH MCENTYRE, PROM QUEEN



FULL SHOT OF KYEMAH

## POETICALLY SPEAKING (A COMMENTARY ON SELF-SUFFICIENCY) SUBTLE IRONIES: VANITY'S TWIN SISTER FOLLY

On June 5, 2015, I rose as late as possible (7:05am) as I knew it would be a long day. I was traveling back to the US after a brief sojourn away and would be arriving in RDU after 11pm. I dressed in the chicest outfit that I had—my travel attire: a black sleeveless, form-fitting tunic that terminates just below my hips, denim washed boot cut jeans that hug my legs and then flare at the bottom riding over the tops of my open toe heels. My hair was riding over my shoulders. I looked in the mirror and opted out of make-up—not even lip gloss. It could accentuate but I really don't care that much. I AM a natural woman, and I was ready to go! I packed my bags and left my very humble abode at Matthew 25 guesthouse. As I maneuvered my carry-on bag over the threshold of my room, a lady and gentleman both turned to look. The gentleman said, "Leaving us already." I responded, "Yes, my flight leaves later today. I have a few meetings to attend this morning though." He followed. "Safe travels." I said, "Thank you." And continued on. As I passed to the top of the rather steep, concrete and metal stairway, I thought, "Schatzi, you're carrying too much. Ask the guy to take your bag downstairs for you." But then I thought: 'He's having a conversation. Why should I expect that he should carry my bag downstairs because he's a man and I'm a woman? You will have to maneuver this bag all day long. CARRY YOUR OWN STUFF!!' So, I pushed down the pull handle, picked up the bag and started downwards with my linen in one hand and my bag in the other. Ever so gingerly, I navigated each step with my three inch heels demanding caution. Step, step, step, landing. As I looked to the doorway I'm about to enter, my heel did not clear the mat at the bottom of the landing. I promptly fell and scattered the possessions that I had so gingerly tried to hold onto. The thump was loud; my left ankle twisted and my right knee crashed! The cook saw me fall, exclaimed and came running with another employee at the home. I saw the pain in their faces upon rising from my lowered status. The man grabbed my bag, the cook my linen. In my effort to explain what happened and try to lessen the pain in their eyes, I said, "My heel just got caught in the hole in the mat." But, I didn't say it in French so, they didn't likely understand me anyway. (Amazing how we default to our mother tongue when in a crisis.) The gentleman then announced that my driver was outside, so I thanked them both, said my "au revoirs" and quickly left. When I got to the car, I brushed off all of the dirt that was now riding my jeans and lifted the cuff of the left leg to add saliva to the white scrape that had now formed on my left shin. It was a marvel that there was no hole in my jeans. I made light conversation with the driver and the other two gentlemen seated in



DIVA DOWN!! OH, BUT TO FALL SO GRAFEFULLY AS SHE...

the car who would be attending one of the meetings with me; but, my mind was far, far away.

When I got out of the car later to announce my arrival for the first meeting, suddenly I realized the gravity of my condition. Every 10<sup>th</sup> or so step, my knee felt like it was going to give way. I needed to limp to lessen the pressure on it but that simply would not do—not in the attire that I was wearing today! **Lame and battered simply DOES NOT accessorize chic and sassy!! Am I right?** So, I resolved that I would walk on this leg until it gives way completely or bust!! NO ONE would detect my pain. NO ONE! So, I got through the days meetings and was delivered at the airport. Upon arrival at the American Airlines gate, the lady looked at me and said, "Business Class?" I said, "No." And she referred me to the line for Economy class. I waited and checked in. "I can do this," I said. "I got this." But after having my legs cramped and unable to stretch out on the journey to Miami, the pain intensified. Then, I faced the ultimate test: the Miami airport!! As I pulled my bag from the overhead compartment, I thought, "Schatzi, Immigration Is FAR from the gangplank, and customs is even farther. Maybe you should ask for a handicapped accessible car to drive you. But when I saw the elderly people with truly legitimate claims to wheelchairs, I



OLD PHOTO: NEW VICTORY FOR THE FULLY ADORNED GODDESS!!  
ALL HAIL THE QUEEN!!

## NATURAL HAIR COMMUNITY EVENTS

- **Sisterlocks Training Consultant Course:** Coming to the Raleigh-Durham area from August 1-4, 2015. The cost of the course is \$1,495. Natural hair stylists will want to well consider this course. I have considered taking it myself on many occasions but simply can't fit it into my life at the current time. For more details, click [here](#). P.S. If you know someone whose certified AND professional and needs a stable, reputable base of operation, PLEASE CALL ME AT (919) 844-1933. I actually have former clients who are eager to return to our location if the right professional technician is available.
- **NUSOL Natural Hair and Beauty Expo:** Coming August 22, 2015 to the Durham Marriott Convention Center. Stay tuned to their [Facebook page](#) and [website](#) for more details. Look for my lecture on "Surviving Thriving in Corporate America."

**Note:** I understand there is a Durham lecture on the *Politics of Natural Hair* that is coming soon but I honestly don't have the details. My students told me about it. I acknowledged that I wouldn't be attending but that they should. And I subsequently [published on my website an old paper that I had written on the topic, along with other resources](#). Business has taught me that you truly own NOTHING but, I surely don't want to be accused of plagiarism, now or in the future. So, enjoy.

## POETICALLY SPEAKING... cont'd

thought, "You've got to be kidding! I have two legs and I can walk." Vanity said: Besides, this outfit simply CAN'T be seen on a trolley cart. No! Mush, dear sister! Mush!" Well, every soul on that plane barreled past me as I walked at a sophisticated casual, seemingly-unperturbed-but-screaming-in-pain pace—even the toddlers!! Okay, that's an exaggeration; but in truth, no one sees what the person finishing a race in last place is wearing or what they look like!! So what was the point of that?! CRAZY!! As well as prideful and vain!! So, I walked through the entire Miami airport at a snail's pace. Ordinarily, I admire the brass animal shapes that are transfixed in the large tiles and wonder how they were laid and molded. But this day, I saw none of them. The gate for my connection was announced in the plane but I checked the monitor to be sure, as I was concerned about the distance. I confirmed the gate and walked a considerable stretch. But as I arrived at the gate, I did not see the RDU reference. I checked another arrival/departure monitor nearby and my flight had been moved to another gate further on. Now, a 2<sup>nd</sup> RDU flight had been added to the monitor that was closer to where I was coming from and was leaving about the same time as my flight. The 2nd gate was so far that I thought I would cry. My heart sank, and the universe laughed at my folly. I said, "Dear God, when I check this boarding pass, please let me be at the closer of the two gates." And I was. I grabbed my pull handle and slowly walked to the terminus for boarding. And true to form, we arrived at an RDU gate at one of the further points from baggage claim imaginable!! (In Miami, they announced that we would have a full flight so Group 4 people—**namely ME**, would have to check their bags. As such, I was compelled to walk all the way to baggage claim to pick up my carry-on.) In all, I estimated that I walked about 2 ½ miles in that condition. As I waited at the carousel, Lloyd walked up, and I announced my injured condition which I had already briefed him about. He pulled my bag from the carousel. We were walking to the parking lot at minutes to midnight. Now for the first time, I didn't need to *wear a mask* so I allowed myself to limp slightly to illicit some empathy. But Lloyd was talking a mile a minute as it was a memorable week for the McCarthy clan. He didn't notice my limp at all! **Irony of ironies!!** Isn't that what I wanted--for my condition to go unnoticed?! **The subtle irony of it all was absolutely poetic!!** I smiled at my own vanity--all because I didn't want to ask someone to help me with my bag. Pride does indeed go before the fall...and humility is not far thereafter. But when you're as incorrigible as I am...folly mocks and jeers you all day into full submission. So, I submit. Next time, I'll ask for help!

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Embrace the beauty of you.



## Poetically Speaking...Twin Flames

What's the most beautiful love story you've ever heard? The Notebook? Song of Songs? Interestingly, the former seems grounded in the harrowing realities of life while the latter seems at times like an ["escape from reality."](#) The intensity however is found in the pure love recorded therein. Well, a friend of mine shared the link to this [beautiful love reunion](#) which seems to harness elements of the real and the fantastical! But, there is no denying the love herein. It made her cry like a baby. I too was enamored by the story. Being the ever inquisitive romantic, it didn't take long for me to find the [deeper story behind the moment](#). Absolute POETRY!! I think [this song](#) would have been a most beautiful accompaniment to this continuing saga. Don't you just love [love stories](#)? Even when they're yet untold.

EMBRACE THE BEAUTY OF YOU.

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**Reading between the lines:** [What's in a name?](#) That which we call an assassination by any other name would smell as offensive. ([#2011 Tucson Shooting](#), [#2015 Charleston Shooting](#)). And in response, the "U.S. Powers that Be" lobbed [a shot over the bow](#) of the Sons of the Confederacy with [two well-placed sniper rounds through the Heart of Dixie](#). [And the walls kept tumbling down...](#)

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