

## ZULF REVISITS THE GENOCIDE OF NATIVE AMERICANS ON THANKSGIVING DAY 2021

ZULFIKAR MOINUDDIN AHMED

I am Asian-American in my external life and Archangel in my internal life; it is internal in a particular way that I won't go into it. It is now 3:36 PM on November 25 2021. I was born in Bengal, and when I first moved to America in 1987, it was a new country for me and my heart was filled with anticipation of opportunities in the New World like many other immigrants. My mother was bold and brought myself and my brother Feroze Alamgir (Tobias) Ahmed. I remember being in LAX, the Los Angeles airport with suitcases on the floor, around 13, seeing my mother with a large number of quarters calling up people in different states. I suddenly realised that she had no plans and she was improvising. I began crying, since I suddenly came to the realisation that the future would be completely uncertain. That was summer of 1987, quite a long time ago. And in the end, after all sorts of adventures, in 1991 I was back in Bangladesh standing in line to get my F-1 student visa approved by United States Consulate. They looked at me and asked me "How do you know Senator Bill Bradley". I answered, "Oh, he's a family friend." They did not ask further and granted me a F-1 student visa to attend Princeton University. It was my mother who cared for my well-being in the period 1987-1991 without the presence of my father at all. She struggled and suffered and it was a burden for her. But she endured, and looking back, as I examine various potential romantic partners now, that she is an amazing woman, my mother. I am filled with pride and gratitude for having chosen her as my mother now. She is truly an amazing woman and her dedication to nurturing and caring for us, and myself in particular, had its heights and doldrum. She always would tell her friends that my son is here on Earth to do somethings that are truly great for the world. She would tell her whole social circle with unabashed pride. She said, you know, the holy men of Baghdad had prophesied his coming. I was too embarrassed in those moments to show my face to the social gathering.

Today is Thanksgiving day, and my mind is on the issues of racial strife that is planned by Bill Gates and *The Enemies of Liberty of the Human Race*. His deep and destructive cutting of my eyes in my Deep Interior have been effective in ensuring that all income to me have been stopped. I have held hope that English Royal Family will respond with a bank account at Bank of England and an employment offer but this has not been realised yet.

Now as an Asian-American immigrant, there are some ways to interpret this celebration as a continuation of the American White Tradition of Destruction and Genocide. It is most strange to be the victim if that is my fate. However, this is not the only story. But let me examine this direction a bit. If I shall share the fate of the *The Last of the Mohicans* that has a certain tragic grandeur too and not something to be dismissed. What is very clear, however is that I am far from a

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struggling immigrant attempting to succeed in America any more. Those days are long gone in my past. I graduated magna cum laude from Princeton University in 1995, and was already far past ordinary levels of immigrant success then. I do not want my readers to misunderstand my successes in America. I worked contiguously from 1995-2008 to top level professional positions in American Industry. Bill Gates was rather less successful than me. He never even graduated from college and was merely high school educated. In a strange twist of fate, it is now the non-white Civilised gentleman with English Victorian habits and cultivation that leads to absorption of Eliot's *The Waste Land*, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* and Rilke's *Duino Elegies* and half a century of habitual reading who is being accosted by a savage white man without intervention of United States Government.

I wonder if when I die from this effort, the Turkey and Cranberry of Thanksgiving will be embellished to celebrate more destruction or whether it will remain a celebration of Genocide of Native Americans only. I could recommend some extensions of American Thanksgiving recipes to celebrate it as I am quite a gourmand as well. The key idea I would recommend is the use of *tamarind*. White People of America would definitely enjoy celebrating the genocide and destruction on non-white Americans with a more sumptuous Thanksgiving in the future.