Huburow: The Voice and Vision of the Students of the University of Southern Somalia

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ABSTRACT

Literature is one of the most creative areas of study. Its width covers disciplines across philosophy, science fiction, mythology, culture, and beyond. Using the hip hop mode of self-praise, this literary essay explores how narrative can engage with scientific subjects. It attempts to portray how creative art or literature has no boundaries when the author intends to harmonize metaphor, narrative, voice, culture, fiction, science, and society. In this regard, it can be said that as the master of the magic in the word, a writer can establish the latitude of any imaginable scenario to limn his/her inner vision of the images perceived in that particular context. In other words, the image of an imaginary world can be presented as an idealistic viewpoint without a real ecospheric landscape where it can exist beyond the author’s imagination, yet it remains an entertaining piece of literary work on which a reader can reflect. To do so, the essay borrows considerably from selected works by Ali Jimale Ahmed and other Somali scholars.

Keywords: Literary essay, Literature, Metaphor, Narrative, Self-praise poetry, and Voice.

INTRODUCTION:

What is Huburow? What does it mean in the etymological sense of the word? Well, there is tunefulness that imbues the word itself, I may say; a melody that reaches far into the depths of the word’s etymology. Huburow is derived from the Af Maay (Somali Maay Language) term ‘hubur’, which is a shiny light brown color which, more significantly, is used as the attribute of an exceptional kind of beauty; a beauty that mesmerizes the viewer. It appears on the blossoming fruits of the jujube or Indian cherry as they transition into maturity and change color from light green to dark brown. In the course of this color transformation somewhere between the light green and the dark brown emerges the prettiness of the color ‘hubur’, which is said to remedy the eyes, revitalize the soul, and recuperate the mind and body of every harmful desire.

The other significance of ‘hubur’ is the rarity of the color itself, which appears only on the fruits of the Indian cherry; a tree that is always evergreen. A tree which, when all else shrivels, both human and fowl find solace in its unending bounty. Like the beauty of the colorful ‘hubur’ on its life-sustaining, bountiful tree, our student journal, Huburow, as the Reeweng (Rahaweyn) in the Southwest of Somalia would say, is characterized by generosity and perseverance to accommodate the views of those who would like to contribute their stories and share their opinions on social
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matters. So, I am Huburow; the written text of those young and brilliant minds. Enjoy reading me; enjoy reading Huburow, the voice and vision of the students of the University of Southern Somalia.

METHODOLOGY:
This essay uses qualitative method of research. It interrogates narrative to explore and describe fiction using Huburow, the protagonist, a magazine that airs the voice of students studying at the University of Southern Somalia, an institution of higher learning in the district city of Baidoa, Southwest State of Somalia.

This literary essay builds on the imaginary to shape an unrealistic world presented in a dramatic fiction - dramatic because it sensationalizes imagined occurrences; fiction in the sense that it problematizes imagined situations across disciplines. It attempts to highlight the significant bond that ties together fiction, science, narrative, language, culture, and society. Therefore, to reach its objective, the essay uses primary data based on an image of the author’s creative work and imagination supported by secondary data from relevant literature selected exclusively from works written by Somali scholars.

RESULTS:
Establishing cultural identity
I am Huburow. Do you know me? Do you really know me? I mean, do you know Huburow beyond the salient contours wrapped in the lyrics of the song bearing the same name but composed by the late Sahal Moallim Isse, the metaphorical figure in the song Huburow? Well, I know you know Sahal’s Huburow. But I am here, also a Huburow; another Huburow - the loyal namesake of the old Huburow. And I’ve just been breathed into life at the University of Southern Somalia in Baidoa, the provisional capital of the Southwest State of Somalia (SWSS). I made my debut in the complex world of learning long before I was born in Adablaaga (fertile/arable land) and the Dooy (wet land) area. At tender age after birth, I’ve breathed life into communities unbelievable metamorphosis from tiny villages into vibrant centers of religious education, if I may invoke Abdurahman and colleagues (Abdurahman et al., 2020) examine the role of the indigenous leadership and religious sects of the Maay speaking communities. I am Huburow; and I am the voice, the vision, the polyphony echoing with thunder and rain-bearing wind, the mellifluous voice of the student body of the University of Southern Somalia. Like the humble “shack” in Ahmed’s verse, Arlaadi “[gives] rise to [ ] human[s]” like Huburow (Ahmed, 2012, p. 66). Yes, I’m a newborn; an infant, but one with a vision; yet, a scholar with a mission. I’m freshly making my debut to reach you. I’ll reach you all the way, to talk to you, to listen and discuss with you, to interact with you, and to share with you all that I can relate from the young scholars engaged in research and learning at the University of Southern Somalia. I am the bearer of those young intellectuals’ message of thought and wisdom, to educate you on the etiquettes of cultural interactivity, so we may alleviate whatever the “mutual scorn for one another,” (Ahmed, 1996, pp. 50-51).

Reason in Literature and Science
I am Huburow. I echo from a strong voice of love for literature, immutable by ill-advised “fenal factotums” (Ahmed, 1996, p. 22). I avow deep loyalty to my culture, my Southwest society; yet embracing the diversity and multiculturality of my Somali nation as a profound unity. I engrave history onto the golden pages with nothing short of golden memory. I master the social sciences to serve the society via the “Contextualization of social work education and its trajectory in the Southwest State: The role of the University of Southern Somalia,” (Eno et al., 2022). I study science off the limits of STEM, on a stable foundation strengthened with a learning of suugaan saafi ah (pure/classic literature) and the humanities - suugaan suuban (sanctified literature), if I may call it at that. For, like the critical intellectual “crisscrossing the earth” in search of truth, I also learned to “unzip [my] sullen lips accrued in the time of shouting into buckets” (Ahmed, 1996, pp. 50, 22). I am striving to teach astronomy from Mars, Jupiter, and from the moon to young astronomers and astronauts on planet earth. I’ll convey my lecture live and online, by way of every virtual campus old and modern. I aspire to lecture from Uranus to the USS alumni on Venus and Neptune. A long lecture, I assure you, which will continue even when planet Earth is enveloped in the dark of solar and lunar eclipses. From Neptune and Saturn, I will interview the sun, and collect all eccentric data about its phenomenal heat and energy while applying
science, technology, engineering and math (STEM) à la Arlaadi, following researched by Shawul Sh. Mohamud and colleagues (2022) and scholars cultivated at Jaamacadda Koonfurta Soomaaliya (University of Southern Somalia). I want to unravel the physics of the sun, its chemistry too, and the secrets that lay in the mass of its belly and its massive energy too.

I am eager to unknot, so much to say to revolutionize, the sciences of the sun like no other sciences have ever been mastered before; the wonders of its magnetic field and its electrical gases. I am driven by the dedication and devotion to revisit and reclaim the treasures the great scholars from the golden age of Islam had bequeathed us. I am driven by ambitions, a search for the great scholars from the golden age of Islam had cultivated at Jaamacadda Koonfurta Soomaaliya (University of Southern Somalia). I want to unravel the physics of the sun, its chemistry too, and the secrets that lay in the mass of its belly and its massive energy too.

I am longing for the music of the sun and its chemistry too, for the next bombshell! I will recite verses of intimate affection for humans, lyrics of adoration and harmony for all, as illuminated also in verses of the Qur’aan. Songs that replicate the African doctrine of “isku dume, isu dume”- an integrated people melded into one another, purified from evil; then enmeshed into an ultimate love for one another and for mankind (Ahmed, 2012: 17). Ultimate love such as sung in the bardic verse of the poet and scholar of multiple disciplines, son of Jimale Ahmed. With my songs of unity, I’ll make the mountains glide with the harmony nature has bestowed upon the Horn, upon the Greater Horn, and upon Africa and share it

Culture and Science in the Corridors of Time and Space

I am Huburow. I am the brainchild of the young intellectuals, both pretty boys and hubur- colored beautiful girls at the University of Southern Somalia. I am an invaluable product, the first of its kind by any institution in the SWSS, or in the Federal Republic of Somalia. I am precious, priceless, and proud to be me. My motto is big - from brains at their prime. Brains, and I say it loud and clear, that will revolutionize today’s math; brains that will take mathematicians to task by inventing a new math. From today’s math I will invent another math; so, the new math reshapes, reinvigorates, and recasts the old learning of math. I will put both versions of math on parallel roads, on crossroads, on opposite roads, on single lane roads and on dual carriage ways, at the rider’s free will, to ride on any math of his/her desire. But I will crisscross through the atmospheric world “on the crest” of my math, riding home fast to the heavens (Ahmed, 2012). I look forward to studying marine life from my mudul (shack) laboratory up there in the heavens, with my wang gaal (camel milk) and garoor dhinaang (sour milk) beside me, to quench my thirst and nostalgic desire for the dooy and for the dhooobooy. Wang gaal, which is so fresh. Wang gaal, as the elders taught me, too nutritious to the body and mind. So delicious wang gaal, I am talking about, that soothes the body of fatigue, and the mind of stress, while I am up there and in the precincts of extraterrestrial science. From the heavens, from the outer space of our cosmos, I will sing songs of love, songs of prosperity, and songs of unity for the dwellers of the dooy, the dhooobooy, the dhesheeg and their surroundings.

I will recite verses of intimate affection for humans, lyrics of adoration and harmony for all, as illuminated also in verses of the Qur’aan. Songs that replicate the African doctrine of “isku dume, isu dume”- an integrated people melded into one another, purified from evil; then enmeshed into an ultimate love for one another and for mankind (Ahmed, 2012: 17). Ultimate love such as sung in the bardic verse of the poet and scholar of multiple disciplines, son of Jimale Ahmed. With my songs of unity, I’ll make the mountains glide with the harmony nature has bestowed upon the Horn, upon the Greater Horn, and upon Africa and share it
with the worlds beyond. From the peak of our beautiful mountains, both Buur Hakaba and Buur Heybe, I will open a discussion of intellectual Ali Mumin Ahad’s analysis of the *Deelley* (Ahad, 2015) and how his reading of economics, history, and anthropology gave way to language as his final destination of learning and specialization. I will disseminate prose and poetry in academic books and journals, and on every social media platform, for the word to stay alive; for the word to leave a legacy of love and joy. I will teach the sociological society in the heavens about Abdi M. Kusow’s, (2006) sociology of migration and migrants and his recognition as leading scholars in the discipline. I will teach sociology in the heavens through my own version of the sociology of literature in a curriculum endorsed by African scholars of literature, culture, and sociology. It will be a sociology that will commit literature to history as taught by way of Mohamed H. Mukhtar’s,(1995) lessons on “Islam in Somali History”, and history to anthropology, and anthropology to science, and science back to its origins of philosophy and literature. Origins adopted from literary theory as mediated in the philosophy of “ushering in the era of a new totem” (Ahmed, 2012:17) - a totem of harmony that will lead the old and the new into a day “Love will prevail over hatred/Compassion will wash away grudge/Forgiveness will decimate vengeance/ And degradation a lesson of the past” (Eno, 2017:150).

**Science, Literature, and Indigenous Inquiry**

That day, long forgotten histories of nations in the far past will reappear in Mohamed Haji Ingiiris’s, (2016) teachings of modern history to correct all sorts of “methodological misjudgments.” Scholar Ibrahim Farah’s, (2020) (aka Bursalid) lessons of peace, diplomacy and international relations will be held in seminars and workshops organized by students of the University of Southern Somalia and hosted by Hassan Mudane and colleagues in the virtual spaces of Baraarug Library to expand knowledge to the scientific society in the heavens above. That very day, our female scholars’ voices will tweet the tumbling of the remnants of all glass ceilings erected on the foundation of the enduring and more often times misleading narrative disseminated through “caddaan studies,” as revealed in Mohamed Eno’s rebuke entitled “Inaugurating Caddaan Studies” (Eno, 2016). Lo! On that day, the intellectual voices of Safia Aideed, Hawa Mire, Hodan A. Mohamed, Safaa Mohamed Ali, Munira A. M. Jawani, Khadija Mohamed Adam, Amina Mohamed Abdi, and other young thinkers will be cherished, more exquisitely harmonized and hosted in the royal fortress of Fartumo M. Kusow’s literary platform - dressed in inquiry-informed attire embroidered with a cultural identity code-named #above caddaan studies. I am Huburow. Just in case you missed it, or lost it; I am Huburow. I am a learner and a teacher. I crave to teach the world about *Maay* language and its speakers. I want you to hear my songs, my lyrics, and the ever-living tone of my melodies as they travel “on the crest of time.” While “crisscrossing the earth” and other planets in outer terrestrial distances, I will keep preaching about *wang gaal* and its uniqueness as an all-day meal. I will spread a multi - cultural canvas that accommodates the agricultural, the pastoral, the agropastoral, the artisanal, the maritime, the urbanite, the nomad, the mercantile, and the hunter-gatherer - in order for the tutelage of a “mold of nations” to reign in perpetuity (Ahmed, 2012:17). From that canvas, I will offer the world my indigenous knowledge of the high-quality nutrition of *moordi*, sorghum, the staple meal of Arlaadi. The world will have to learn about our treatment of severe symptoms of diarrhea simply with millet-porridge mixed with *wang dhinaang* (sour [camel] milk).

The history of Isha - Baydhaba and its scientific miracles will have to be a compulsory study in the world curriculunm on hydrological, environmental, geo-logical, sociological and geographical sciences, so they access inquiry-based indigenous knowledge *Af Maayny luku abtugi* (taught/written in Maay language) by Arlaadi boys and girls who made their unique mark as graduates and researchers trained at the University of Southern Somalia. It is my longing to reopen the learning institutions at Adablaaga, the Jama’a centers in Baardeheere, the shrines in Bur Hakaba, and the aesthetics of the entire Lower Shabelle and in the whole of SWSS territory. My longing for learning will enhance the disentombment of the great history of our forefathers and all that appertains to the making of “landless landlords and landed tenants,” the treachery in Somalia’s customary laws of land ing immigrant critically viewed from the perspective of the late scholar Omar A. Eno (Eno, 2004). With my voice and vision, the
world will learn about our harmonization of farming and herding into a unity of one agro-pastoral culture - a symbol of peaceful coexistence for all - and a remedy for envy.

**Indigenous Realism amidst Global Realicism**
I dream of bringing the world to the Southwest State of Somalia. Lo! Not to solicit for handouts this time, but to reverse the course and donate to the world instead - thanks to Ahmed’s thought of “Heidegger in reverse” (2012) - which alludes to a reverse affluent with liberty to reexamine critically that which looks exclusively attractive. I will donate to the world from the rich produce of my land. I will, because I can. I will, because I have a long desire to nurture this nation with peace, love, prosperity, dignity, - yet do so with humility. I will make literature and the *Maay* lore at the pinnacle of learning; a learning so luminous in the core curriculum of global studies. I am Huburow. I am the word. I am the world. I am the worth. And I convey the word to the world for the world to retain the word and worth of Huburow. I am intelligent. I am intellectual. I am a scholar, a young scholar of the arts, the sciences, the humanities, and the social sciences. I am a true scholar of Islamic Studies, the religious culture that sustains the moral well - being of the community at the University of Southern Somalia, the Southwest, and the entire Somalia nation. I can design my words to disobey thy diction of oppression. I deign with disrespect your dictum of the sub and the supreme. So, defy not the deftness in me, lest you lay lost in delirious doubt. But how can one get done with doubt when all one has done is doubt?

And how can one go on living a life of doubt? A world full of doubt - a doubtless doubt? Yet; that same one is not in doubt of what I foresee in the future! Soon, very soon, I will cut those doubts with a dagger, the long dagger that is the legacy from the forefathers. The pierce it will make - the penetration into the flesh, bone, and deeper into the marrow - will have many astonished when it slashes through one’s doubts. One’s bleeding doubts! From then toof hundred of thousands, even millions of pens, Huburow will drain the ink onto papers stitched together to form the lovely librettos of a long-sought-after learning institution. I am Huburow, the message carrying the startling voice of a new crop of young, talented, and budding intellectuals who call the University of Southern Somalia home and a fitting nest for fledgling minds.

**CONCLUSION:**
This essay presented how an author, whether a creative writer, artist, poet, or novelist, can draw a dramatic image out of fiction. Specifically, the author based his argument on the intersections that bond the imagined, the written text, and society not only together but connection that engage them with their environment. The occurrences, though imagined, were envisioned with reinforcement from existing literature in the public domain that include history, sociology, culture, literature, language and culture. Further, the literary essay established the link an author can develop to interlock fiction with facts while using drama as an authorial hip hop style self-praise.

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The author declares that there is no conflict of interest.

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4) Ahmed, A. Jimale, (2004). Beyond Manichean poetics towards a new form of syllogistic thin-

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