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AFFIDAVIT

I, Derrick A. Bell, swear and affirm that the statements in this affidavit are true to the best of my belief.

I have been asked to detail my experience with Mr. Leonard Harrison. I am able to do so because in my 32 years of law school teaching, my brief contact with Mr. Harrison was one of the most upsetting, frightening really, experiences in my career. I later wrote up the incident and am able to recall it both from memory and my writing about it.

It was the summer of 1990, and I was a professor at the Harvard Law School. A young black assistant professor in the political science department, I don't remember her name, had called to say a black man had come to her office and told her he was looking for Geneva Crenshaw, a fictional character in several of my books. The young woman knew of my work and told the man that she was not the person he was seeking. She was upset by the visit and I recall having lunch with her and suggesting that if he returned, she should call the campus police.

Then, a few weeks later, I was working in my office and responded to a knock on my door. I opened it and found a somewhat seedily dressed but quite articulate black man standing there. He said his name was Leonard Harrison and he was seeking the real-life model for Geneva Crenshaw, the fictitious heroine of many of my allegorical stories about race.. He told me that he had read about her in one of my books, And We Are Not Saved. I tried to assure him that the Geneva Crenshaw character was purely fictional. He would have none of it. He told me quite seriously that she thinks like I do. He said he would find her and together they will plan and lead a long-overdue racial revolution in this country.

As an author, I am always pleased when someone reads my books, but Leonard Harrison's serious-mindedness made me nervous. He seemed mentally disturbed and scarily purposeful. He talked about recruiting men for his revolution from the black community in the Roxbury section of Boston. I recall that he also planned on enlisting black men as they were released from prison. As I recall, he offered more details about

his revolution than I cared to hear. At some point, I told Mr. Harrison that I was busy and really had to get back to work. He raised several more questions about Geneva Crenshaw: In which department was she working? When had I last seen her? When did I expect to see her again? Again, I told him that Geneva Crenshaw did not exist.

Here I recall almost his exact words. "You're lying, man. Don't you recognize that in denying Geneva Crenshaw's existence, you are denying your existence. There is no hope for you, man. No hope."

Harrison started to leave and then turned back and told me that I would see him again, that he was coming back. "Oh?" I remarked dubiously.

"Yes," he responded with that same single-minded seriousness. "Once Geneva Crenshaw and I link up and get our revolution started, one of my first missions will be to return and blow your head off."

I was unnerved, but I tried to take it lightly and responded by questioning his priorities. "You know," I told him trying to appear light-hearted, "in order to reach my office, you will have to pass the offices of several of my white colleagues."

"I know that," he replied, "but the revolution will have to deal first with all you black tokens in high places. As black agents of the enemy, you are more dangerous and more damaging than the real enemy." He stared at me as he delivered this. I tried to register no emotion.

"So," I said, feeling my anger rise, "your racial retaliation theory will begin at home."

"It will begin with the enemy," he responded. Then, he turned and walked away.

I tried to forget Leonard Harrison and return to my work. I couldn't. Instead, I called the campus police and told them someone had come to my office and threatened my life. Two officers were at my door within 10 minutes. I told them about the visit and the threat as they took notes. In a day or so, they reported that working with the Boston Police Department, they had traced Harrison to a homeless shelter and had ordered him not to return to the campus, threatening that if he did, he would be arrested and prosecuted.

That is not the end of the story. I recall hearing that he visited black women on other campuses. I understand that he tried to see Professor Lani Guinier at the University of Pennsylvania Law School and I believe she had to take action to keep him away from the school.

In addition, I learned from the writer, Mr. James McPherson, 711 Rundell Street, Iowa City, Iowa 52240, that Mr. Harrison applied to the Iowa Writers Institute where Mr. McPherson is a faculty member and though he lacked the credentials required for admission, gained at least provisional admission. Mr. McPherson took him under his wing helping him in a number of ways with his writing and with personal issues. Mr. Harrison was not able to do the work satisfactorily and when he was not allowed to continue, turned on Mr. McPherson with a serious of threats.

I heard no more about Leonard Harrison until Professor Dawn Martin e-mailed me in about 1999, that he had written her and otherwise contacted her in quite threatening ways. I was surprised that Harrison appeared to have continued his pursuit of black, women law teachers for so many years after my experience with him. Professor Martin also told me of her unsuccessful efforts to obtain effective security at the Howard Law School and that her contract to teach there had not been renewed.



Derrick A. Bell



KAOULA BROHIM
Notary Public, State Of New York
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Qualified in Westchester County
Commission Expires: 10/13/2002

EXHIBIT T

Exhibit H of Complaint