When I hear Condoleezza Rice, US National Security Adviser for President Bush, defending the war in Iraq, I think of her father denouncing the war in Vietnam. Condi’s dad was a Dean in the college of liberal arts at the University of Denver in the early 1970s when I was editor of the student newspaper, the *Clarion*. His name was John Rice, but no student dared call him that. He was an imposing figure, and we all called him “Dean” Rice.

In her book *Bushwomen* (2004) Laura Flanders traces how as a college student, Condi Rice was groomed and recruited.

 Rice, speaking in 2012 at the Republican national political convention in Philadelphia, said that her father “was the first Republican I knew,” and she claimed, “in America, with education and hard work, it really does not matter where you come from; it matters only where you are going” (Rice, 2012).

That’s not what I learned from Dean Rice. I took his class on the “Black Experience in America,” and continued to attend his seminars with his encouragement. The seminar was built around a series of invited speakers who lectured in a public forum followed by classroom discussions.