

DRUM



The Drum, Reverend Jesse Jackson
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FRONT COVER: "JESSE JACKSON," Nelson Stevens
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DEDICATION

This page of DRUM Magazine is dedicated to John Coleman Wright, Jr., who on August 1, 1983 drowned at Puffers Pond in North Amherst. The students at UMass who knew John, knew him as the star hurdler of the UMass Men's Track Team. John did not want to be known only for track, but as a student of Political Science, photo editor for NUMMO NEWS and as a friend. John was to finish his school career in the fall semester of 1983. John was a good example of a student-athlete because of the way he stayed up on his studies and ahead of the other hurdlers.

He was the kind of person who would enter a room without a sound but his presence was known to all in the room. John always seemed to find time to listen if you had a problem to

tell. One could always see John with his camera around his neck or up to his eye ready to snap a picture whether you were ready or not. His love of running and taking pictures was surpassed by his love for planes. Before coming to UMass, John was deciding whether to go to UMass or to go straight into the Air Force, as you can see, UMass was the pick. Coach Ken O'Brien, of the UMass Men's Track Team said "He was a very warm person with an infectious attitude. He had the ability to relate to people and got along with everyone." This is true because at the funeral, there were coaches and other hurdlers, along with friends who came from out of state, such as New Hampshire and Maine, to pay their respects to John.

John was there when help was need-

ed, as a Residential Assistant, at track meets when he would not run, and during summer orientation for new students. Once a person had met John, that person would have a friend for life.

Leah Loftis

"Your artistic creativity was soothing to our eyes and souls. As an athlete, the way you glided over the hurdle and passed the finish line made us all feel like the winner you were. And as a human being, you showed us the true meaning of friendship. Your spirit shall live on."

Black Home Coming in Memory of John Coleman Wright, Jr.

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RAPE POEM
By Marge Piercy

*There is no difference between being raped
and being pushed down a flight of cement steps
except that the wounds also bleed inside.*

*There is no difference between being raped
and being run over by a truck
except that afterward men ask if you enjoyed it.*

*There is no difference between being raped
and being bit on the ankle by a rattlesnake
except that people ask if your skirt was short
and why you were out alone anyhow.*

*There is no difference between being raped
and going head first through a windshield
except that afterward you are afraid
not of cars
but half the human race.*

*The rapist is your boyfriend's brother.
He sits beside you in the movies eating popcorn.
Rape fattens on the fantasies of the normal male
like a maggot in garbage.*

*Fear of rape is a cold wind blowing
all of the time on a woman's hunched back.
Never to stroll alone on a sand road through pine
woods,*

*never to climb a trail across a bald
without that aluminum in the mouth
when I see a man climbing toward me.*

*Never to open the door to a knock
without that razor just grazing the throat.
The fear of the dark side of hedges,
the back seat of the car, the empty house
rattling keys like a snake's warning.
The fear of the smiling man
in whose pocket is a knife.
The fear of the serious man
in whose fist is locked hatred.*

*All it takes to cast a rapist to be able to see your
body
as a jackhammer, as blowtorch, as adding-machine-
gun.*

*All it takes is hating that body
your own, your self, your muscle that softens to
flab.*

*All it takes is to push what you hate,
what you fear onto the soft alien flesh.
To bucket out invincible as a tank
armored with treads without senses
to possess and punish in one act,
to rip up pleasure to murder those who dare
live in the leafy flesh open to love.*

THE PRESIDENT-REJECT and THE LAST LADY

A Long Poem
by
Andrew Salkey

Conduct your blooming in the noise and whip of the whirlwind.

Gwendolyn Brooks from Part 4 of "The Second
Sermon on the Warpland", in
In the Mecca

*To forever blot our slavery is the only
possible compensation for this
merciless war . . .*

Adrienne Rich from "Culture and Anarchy",
in *A Wild Patience Has Taken
Me This Far: Poems 1978 -
1981*.

I

*The powerful lictors of policy floss sat down
on the high mound outside the city limits,
and as the wiser wounded,
they contemplated and spoke about
the freeddom they had earned
from the prolonged decade of garish self-assertion,
the dramatized lunges into sudden, new habits
of seeing and revelation and bankruptcy,
all the quick transformations
into quirky styles and presentations,
all the careless emblems that pretended
to be substantial, on-going realities of mind-play,
and they knew that empty symbols
and smooth surfaces had been their way.*

II

*Lictors everywhere did the same.
They careened over the past, lickety-split,
while the electors humdrummed their routines
into passive rituals and angular driftwood,
a vote for ice cream, here,
another for false security, there,
every obedient act a blind turn.*

III

*The President's radio voice, disembodied
but for fidgety phlegm, oozed post-prandial place-
bos,
squishy silly billies of quips and anecdotes,*

*right across the New World,
and brazenly declared that although Aeschylus
is no friend of his,
his presidency is beginning to know
the pain that never sleeps.
At that moment, he began to gauge
the slurp of letters he would receive;
but little did he know
that dead air had snatched his declaration,
and stubbed out the sympathy
which the state of his office had hankered after.*

IV

*The President's wife ricked, and then rolled, niftily,
with the jagged criticism that darted her appear-
ances
on the balcony; women threw all the accurate
needles.
She kept on defending her husband's true policy
floss,
everywhere, in every cordon sanitaire,
made available to her rickety endeavour,
but with such dangle and hauteur,
so much so that her ineptitude of floss
appeared like rectitude of thought made flesh.
She was a splendid partner in grim times,
a wife and a half, a national treasure.*

V

*And yet, the nation was going to the dogs of war,
and even they were reluctant to go;
against their rabid instincts for patriotic sky-diving,
they dissembled like bad-tempered angels.
Quite openly, some claimed desuetude;
the efflorescence of technics and covert contrap-
tions
had cut the old personal commitment to the quick;
others professed their disinclination to slice
their way into lives and cultures not their own.
What's cultural penetration, anyway?
Before the late, late September presence
of the President and his wife,
the tactical planner replied:
"Our flying representatives of leaping lucre
and the way they inspired,
with their gross PX example,
the wayward Cargo cults,
causing the new consumers
to breathe out ramshackle runways,
not so innocent simulacra,*

and wait at sunset,
 believing their ancestors will return
 with divine, prettily labelled cartons,
 so subversive of social security and sovereignty."'
 Is that really all? No damage done!
 The tactical planner, a pleasant, pampered person
 of ivy personality and language on the rampage,
 spoke candidly of the far-flung goodness of Em-
 pire,
 just how it civilizes the unthinking and sinful,
 how it equips the disabled with ballooning oppor-
 tunities,
 how it upends the dialy void, effortlessly,
 and produces an upside-down cake for all
 at the bottom line of lean and bone.

VI

And then the talk turned to stirred leaves.
 The opposition reminded the palace of gloom
 that every new liberation carries it political yoke,
 partly made of native, dead wood,
 partly of cynical, alien joinery:
 Tanzania calls her Zanzibar;
 Cuba calls hers Guantanamo;
 no journey is for ever and a day.

VII

The President, who had always disliked stirred
 leaves,
 especially when the swirl festoons the lull of dry
 backyards
 where profitable stability depends on airlessness
 and stasis,
 fixed his frown and pretended to listen to the re-
 port
 of the meddlesome Archbishop's dismemberment:
 "He died talking garrisons and guards
 and interminable injustices,
 as his lopped head shattered the wheatsheaf of
 faith."
 Not far from the Cathedral steps,
 not far from the dead sermon,
 herded villagers, their thumbs tied behind their
 backs,
 had acid thrown in their faces.
 The President resented the procession of blood
 on his front doorstep; his, as he often stressed,
 was certainly a Christian sovereign power,
 a constantly blessed promenade of the possible.
 He resented, too, that he had half heard the report,
 even though he had devised a deaf ear, at the start.
 Such an invasion of presidential privacy

was yet another banana cross he was forced to
 shoulder,
 without public pity or religious rapture.

VIII

It's true that the President and his wife
 and all the pre-empted women and men,
 cabinet close enough
 for their tetchy smiles and corporate scowls
 to seem to be triumphs of cloning,
 had the blunders of bronco inflation and unem-
 ployment
 and the drop in income - and sales - taxes
 nagging the brink of the coming budget; true.
 Nevertheless, the President thought about distant
 Paraguay;
 the flat-out dissidence of a recent article rankled
 but beefed up his jolted resolve;
 he would stick to the imperial bargain he had
 made.
 Still, the article attacked the stillness of his storm:
 "Paraguay, Paraguay, galant show,
 that reversible one-man plan
 for still hopeful German guests;
 that shuttered, down-hill house,
 battened with fylfot-for-luck
 whose terrible patterns no longer
 fill the foot of the window-blocks
 with master race lies and fungus;
 that cardboard house on the rocks."

IX

Ex Africa semper aliquid novi.
 No, not that, the President shouted.
 Pliny, the Ninny, had got to him,
 presidential stillness and all.

X

Village voices sounded so global, now,
 each hoarse proclamation, each threat,
 becoming denser and denser, every day,
 upsetting the President's wife,
 and causing her freshets of pain.
 Hers was a thoroughgoing admiration for the cour-
 age
 of the poor throughout the wretched southern
 cone;
 she knew they had to be euchred, regularly,
 for their own good and hers;
 but that they should dare think of euchring her
 world,

*in return, quite flumozed her patronage and
 poise.
 Lyrical badinage sprouted in samizdat; it connect-
 ed;
 there was no point in double deep concealment:
 "Once, there was this singer
 who married this dancer
 and they both took the country
 for a long song and dance."
 Another reflected, with proletarian disdain,
 the popular rejection of royalty and subjugation:
 "King, never!
 Queen, never!
 Subjects as objects, no, no, no!
 Monarchy belongs, elsewhere.
 Monarchy belongs, elsewhere.
 Yet another uttered this detonation of Attic wit
 and steely decisiveness:
 "Body, mind, heart and soul,
 bury the tyrant in a hole!"*

XI

*Spiky cracks sizzled all over the palace walls.
 Critical hinges creaked loose. Vaults disgorged the
 wealth
 of their classified histories. Edifice changed its
 name.
 Governance glared just below the tops of confer-
 ence tables
 and blinked, as the hush of twilight covered the
 lawns.
 The last to squirt from listless to dead
 were the dountains whose arcs of spume
 once signalled spectacular hubris.
 The deflation of floss seemed abjectly complete.
 The minds outside the city limits, the wiser,
 wounded,
 had not escaped the rampant devaluation.
 Tumescant hucksterism limped back to the provin-
 ces.
 All the national symbols bunched and dropped
 witha brassy bangarang, no more stars,
 no more thunderbolts, no more outstretched
 wings.*

XII

*The powerful lictors, bearing appropriate fasces
 far higher than the occasion warranted,
 stared towards the sad, over-dressed President's
 wife,
 then towards the prune-faces President;*

*in profile, their group countenance portrayed clip-
 ped will
 and slouch towards tomorrow; in the balcony light,
 it was a frieze of give-over and sag
 in honour of the bombardment the tyranny
 thought impossible.
 Empire had been betrayed; puffed-up emptiness
 lingered,
 hovering above the rhetorical architecture,
 above the stuffed eagles, trifles for featured dis-
 plays
 in flea-market sales on Saturdays and Sundays
 in the months ahead. But just how was the breach
 made
 in the thralldom of the heartland's sprawl?
 Surely, not by bhand or betel on the streets!
 No! Mere pleasure hauled nothing down!
 The betrayal was capital. It was by trickle,
 then flood, and it washed away the glitter
 of the stranglehold, and drenched the pomp
 in slump and stagnant wishful thinking.
 The palace lights dimmed. Belief-in-boom oozed.*

XIII

*The President had been unaccustomed to post-
 scripts,
 preferring paralysis to sophisticated apologies,
 but his wife well knew he had to face the New
 World,
 debacle in hand, and tell the vile tale
 for all it was worth, just in case bounce back,
 Empire-repair, new fountains and capital times
 were possible, in the offing, click, click, click.
 The President stumbled. The New World waited.*

XIV

*Brought to its knocking knees, half wry genuflex-
 ion,
 half bodily collapse, the gutted order couldn't eas-
 ily field
 convincing excuses or support torment-soothing
 extravagances;
 words, for both the President and his wife,
 were seldom ever as accomplished as actions.
 Now, off the active list, events subsided into his-
 tory,
 and fulminations of memory were all too available.*

XV

*The President and his wife, with their dislodged
cabal,
were averse both to discourse and contrition; sil-
ence,
icy obduracy and private wait-and-see were the
masks
their crumbled power required and received, close-
ly.
Strange, but their new quiet resembled the solitude
of the enslaved on whom they had built Empire
and secured it.
Of course, irony of that bite had no resonance for
the President;
he stood beside his wife and glowered at the lavish
sunset.*

XVI

*And the New Wrold waited. Hardly any woman,
there,
would be thwarted by elitist explanations;
hardly any man, favoured with middling nous,
would be fobbed off by mortgaged crop-over or
guff.
The break was clean, down to the marrow cord.
And most of those who were standing in front of
the palace,
late that afternoon, well understood they had long
known
that empty symbols and smooth surfaces and been
Empire's way,
ist glossy track, the press of policy floss,
polity persiflage, and slavery by another name.*

GRANDMA PICKS OUT HYMNS

*on the family room piano
cold keys gleam white
against polished mahogany
like grandma's teeth
against her skin
rich and warm
as plowed earth*

*an apologetic cough
a few do-re-mis
Grandma, president
of the Enterprise, Alabama
Sacred Harp Music Association
lifts her head to sing*

*she struggles
to reclimb the heights
glides through lower tones
hers is an alert face*

*at eighty-two
she sings about
being called nigger
by a five-year old
how she cooked and cleaned
for his folks
in Hoover's time
was paid in old clothes
and baby chicks*

*old clothes
and pats on the back
"Lee Arla, you shore can bake cakes"
"Lee, sing us a song"
"Lee, your baby girl shore is pretty, who've
you beén steppin' out with Lee,
she can't be Tom's, skin's too light
hair's too red"*

*her songs have been recorded
by the Smithsonian
taken just like
her recipe for lemon cheesecake
recorded for others to copy
to be stamped American*

*Ugliest little boy
that everyone ever saw.
That is what everyone said.*

*Even to his mother it was apparent—
when the blue-aproned nurse came into the
northeast end of the maternity ward
bearing his squeals and plump bottom
looped up in a scant receiving blanket,
bending, to pass the bundle carefully
into the waiting mother-hands—that this
was no cute little ugliness, no sly baby wayward-*

ness

*that was going to inch away
as would baby fat, baby curl, and
baby spot-rash. The pendulous lip, the
branching ears, they eyes so wide and wild,
the vague unvibrant brown of the skin,
and, most disturbing, the great head.
These components of That Look bespoke
the sure fibre. The deep grain*

*His father could not bear the sight of him.
His mother high-piled her pretty dyed hair and
put him among her hairpins and sweethearts,
dance slippers, torn paper roses.
He was not less than these,
he was not more.*

*As the little Lincoln grew,
uglily upward and out, he began
to understand that something was
wrong. His little ways of trying
to please his father, the bringing
of matches, the jumping aside at
warning sound of oh-so-large and
rushing stride, the smile, that gave
and gave and gave — Unsuccessful!*

*Even Christmases and Easters were spoiled.
He would be sitting at the
family feasting table, really
delighting in the displays of mashed potatoes
and the rich golden
fat-crust of the man or the festive
fowl, when he would look up and find
somebody feeding indignant about him.*

*What a pity what a pity. No love
for one so loving. The little Lincoln
loved Everybody. Ants. The changing
caterpillar. His much-missing mother.
His kindergarten teacher.*

*His kindergarten teacher—whose
concern for him was composed of one
part sympathy and two parts repulsion.
The others ran up with their little drawings.
He ran up with his.*

*She
tried to be as pleasant with him as
with others, but it was difficult.*

*For she was all pretty! all daintiness,
all tiny vanilla, with blue eyes and fluffy
sun-hair. One afternoon she
saw him in the hall looking bleak against
the wall. It was strange because the
bell had long since rung and no other
child was in sight. Pitty flooded her.
She buttoned her gloves and suggested
cheerfully that she walk him home. She
started out bravely, holding him by the
hand. But she had not walked far before
she regretted it. The little monkey.
Must everyone look? And clutching her
hand like that . . . Literally pinching
it . . .*

*At seven, the little Lincoln loved
the brother and sister who
moved next door. Handsome. Well-
dressed. Charitable, often, to him. They
enjoyed him because he was
resourceful, made up
games, told stories. But when
their More Acceptable friends came they turned
their handsome backs on him. He
hated himself for his feeling
of well-being when with them despite—
Everything.*

*He spent much time looking at himself
in mirrors. What could be done?
But there was no
shrinking his head. There was no
binding his ears.*



Jazz: Will it Survive?

A Comment on the State of the Great American Art by Playthell Benjamin

THE GENRE OF MUSICAL expression popularly known as jazz is a modern complex form of instrumental music based in the blues idiom and created by African-American artists. In spite of the late Marshall McLuhan's contention that the commercial is an indigenous American art form, or the rather extravagant claims made for abstract expressionist painting, jazz is without question, the great American contribution to fine art. Polemics to the contrary notwithstanding, no other art form embodies so many of the best ideals and characteristics to which American civilization aspires. Jazz is democratic, values individual freedom, promotes innovation, and reflects the complex rhythms of a machine age milieu. While these rather pedestrian observations may escape the attention of the average American, they should be all too obvious to our cultural commentators and musical critics. But alas, there is none so blind as he who will not see!

Actually, the failure to award jazz its proper status in American culture reflects much more than a failure of aesthetic assessment. Rather, it symbolizes a much deeper cultural quandary: the continuing American identity crisis. This crisis is buttressed by the intellectual enslavement of the white cultural commissars, to a doctrine Afro-American critic and cultural historian, Albert Murray, has properly called "the folklore of white supremacy." This bogus pseudo intellectual doctrine seeks to deny the influence of black folk on

American culture in spite of the well known fact that Africans were present before the arrival of the Mayflower and have participated in the making of America ever since. Failure to take these facts into account has unnecessarily prolonged the national identity crisis, and contributed to the acute cultural schizophrenia so evident in American society.

The essentially schizoid nature of the national character is due to several fundamental misconceptions about the nature of American culture on the part of the American cultural establishment. Epistemologically speaking, one could argue that they hold a fictitious view of American social reality. Thus, they continue to engage in the sort of wishful thinking that allows them to perceive American culture as white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant, with some Jewish injections here and there. Those who subscribe to this theory of American culture confuse the WASPs ability to dominate the political, military and economic institutions with their capacity to control cultural evolution. The process of cultural interaction and fusion inherent in the symbiotic relationship of several antagonistic cultures occupying the same geographical territory effects both the powerful and the powerless in often unpredictable ways.

Addressing this question in his collection of erudite treatises on American culture, *The Omni Americans*, Albert Murray has written, "There is, to be

sure, such a thing as the destruction of specific cultural configurations by barbarians and vandals. But even so, time and again, history reveals examples of barbarian conquerors becoming modified and sometimes even dominated by key elements of the culture of the very same people they have suppressed politically and economically. In other words, cultural continuity seems to be a matter of competition and endurance in which the fittest elements survive regardless of the social status of those who evolved them." He then goes on to cite an example from the African experience in America, "So, for example, the traditional African disposition to refine all movement into dance-like elegance survived in the United States as work rhythms (and playful syncopation) in spite of the fact that African rituals were prohibited and the ceremonial drums were taken away."

One quite striking example of a conquering people being culturally converted by a vanquished foe can be found in the Mongol conquest of China. Though Genghis Khan conquered China, Kubla Khan was very much Chinese in the span of a generation. Likewise, the influence of Afro-Americans on the general culture is widespread and profound. The presence of black folk in this country has influenced the way everybody else walks, talks, dresses, dances, jokes, cooks and composes and plays music. The black presence has also affected the literary concerns of some of white America's most important novel-

ists, from Herman Melville and Mark Twain to William Faulkner and E.I. Doctorow. On more than one occasion it supplied the materials for America's most celebrated playwright, Eugene O'Neil. And the American musical theater has long been in love with Afro-American music and dance, albeit in white face. In fact, one could argue that the major theme in the history of American show business is the wholesale expropriation of black cultural ingredients by white performers who then went on to fame and fortune.

The list of white performers who built artistic careers by plagiarizing black material is quite long. It contains the names of some of the most illustrious of white America's pantheon of show business immortals. For example, a cursory inspection would reveal such names as: Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Vernon and Irene Castle, Paul White- man, Benny Goodman, Gene Kelly, Blood, Sweat, and Tears, the Beatles, the Bee Gees, and Elvis Presley. It might also be added that John Travolta ascended to the status of superstar by virtue of his rather mediocre imitation of Afro-American dance styles. This wholesale pilage of black America's cultural storehouse has proceeded at full speed for well over a century and a half. Today it continues unabated and there's no end in sight. To add insult to injury, the typical response of white America's cultural arbiters is to ignore or deny the existence of this phenomenon. And the odd men out in this curious game, the Afro-American artist, whose gifts have enriched everyone else, remains a struggling and ignored figure on the outer fringes of America's vast, cultural industry.

It was this state of affairs that led the great writers, dancers and comedians, George Walker and Bert Williams, to name their original act, "Two Real Coons". When they first got together in San Francisco in 1894, there were so many white acts in blackface, they felt the need to advertise the fact that they were the real deal. The most imitated American composer at the turn of the century, Scott Joplin, was driven to insanity and an early grave because of the anguish and stress of watching white composers grow rich from his ideas, while he remained in poverty. This fact was conveniently overlooked when he was posthumously awarded the Pulitzer

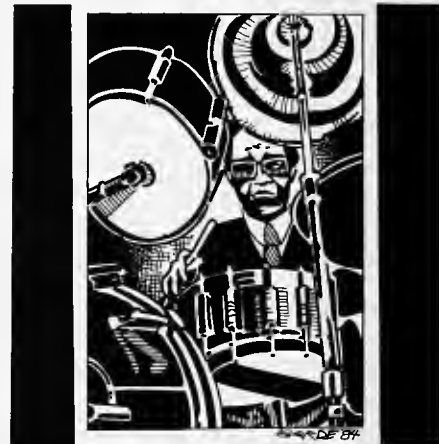
Prize during the Scott Joplin craze a few years ago. Indeed, one could argue that the reason Joplin received this belated acclaim is because of Marvin Hamlisch's decision to use his music as the basis of the soundtrack for the popular film, "The Sting". The great Afro-American writer, Langston Hughes, gave this poetic expression to this condition in this poignant lament, "You've taken my blues and gone."

Of course this sort of super exploitation of the black artist is possible because of the subordinate status of African-Americans as a group. The concentration of black Americans at the lower stratum of the socio economic order, is a direct function of the history of race and class oppression in American civilization. In a competitive society, where culture and commerce are strange bedfellows, each ethnic group vies to market its cultural products and reap the rewards. Cultural historian and social critic, Harold Cruse, has written, "Hence historically, there has been on the cultural front in America, a tense ideological war for ethnic identity and ascendancy. This competition has taken on strange and unique patterns. Often it is between WASPs and Jews, but more often than not, it is a collaboration carried out through the ownership and management of the cultural apparatus."

If we conceptualize the cultural establishment as that collection of persons who own and control the apparatus that molds mass opinion, we can better appreciate the forces poised against the survival of jazz as a viable art form. The cultural apparatus is comprised of the school system on all levels, theaters, cinemas, concert halls, radio and television broadcast outlets, publishing companies, recording companies, professional journals, popular magazines and newspapers. The elite group that controls this apparatus, possesses the power to determine public perceptions and manipulate mass taste on a scale unprecedented in history. One observer of the contemporary American scene has suggested that only intellectuals seriously resort to books for information about social reality. If this suggestion proves to be true, and I have witnessed nothing to convince me otherwise, then we are living in a time when most people form their conception of reality from exposure to mass

society, an epoch when the average citizen has been reduced to what sociologist C. Wright Mills called "Cheerful robots".

In one of the more imaginative and relevant sociological works of the last thirty years, *The Power Elite*, Mills describes type of communication is the formal media, and the public becomes mere media markets. In this view, the public is merely the collectivity of individuals each rather passively exposed to the mass media and rather helplessly opened up to the suggestions and manipulations that flow from these media." The central question for us, then, is: What is the image of jazz that emerges from the mass media? Before we address this question directly, perhaps it would be helpful to appreciate the fact that in capitalist societies the mass media is a business. It is therefore characterized by the two factors common to all business enterprises; it is privately owned and exists for the



enrichment of those who own it.

The business of commercial broadcasting is the selling of advertising time, mainly to corporate sponsors. And the business of newspapers and magazines is the selling of space to the same basic corporate clientele. Since competition is a basic feature of the capitalist mode of economic organization, there is always a mad scramble among owners of media outlets for the limited supply of advertising dollars. The principal concern of media executives is increasing the bottom line; this insures that cultural values will be subordinated to commercial values, and finance will triumph over art. However, the commercial imperatives of capitalism represents a danger to all serious artists, whose artistic existence depends upon success-

fully confronting the imperatives of capitalism and racism.

Once the nature of the mass media is understood, the character of jazz presentation or lack of it, is easier to comprehend. Let us consider first the most powerful segment of the media, television. Prime time television is almost completely devoted to the superficial and the banal. Therefore, even those art forms that are readily acknowledged as "classical", are seldom represented. For instance, there are no regular network programs featuring ballet, opera, or symphonic music. But compared to authentic Black jazz they are well represented indeed. This is particularly true of public television, which has become a virtual lyceum for the narcissistic glorification of Euro-American culture, with special emphasis on things European. Here, jazz does get an occasional hearing, but usually divorced from its African-American antecedents.

One is most likely to see white musicians, like Dave Brubeck and Sons, alto saxophonist, Phill Woods, who personally owns the great Charlie Parker's saxophone, baritone saxophonist, Gerry Mulligan, or drummer, Louis Belson and Buddy Rich presented as the true purveyors of the jazz tradition on public television. In a recent interview of Gerry Mulligan, Dick Cavett asked with a sarcastic grin on his face, "What do you think of the claim that jazz is a black man's art?" to which Mr. Mulligan replied that he wasn't aware that there was any such claim. He then went on to talk about how much he was inspired and tutored by the Afro-American saxophone virtuoso, Charles Parker. Rarely does a black musician receive an invitation to discuss the origin, evolution and techniques of jazz artistry. It seems as though the Black jazz artist is permanently white-balled in the television developments in the evolution of the music ala John Berks Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Max Roach, Ornette Coleman, McCoy Tyner, et al. In the last five years I am aware of only one instance in which black musicians were presented to perform and discuss the art of jazz. In a radical departure from the norm, Merv Griffin featured Herbie Hancock and John Faddis in performance. They were later interviewed about various aspects of jazz.



However, the artist provided widest hearing and most consistent exposure is the white drummer, Buddy Rich. Johnny Carson, who claims to be an aficionado of jazz drumming has literally turned the show over to Buddy Rich on numerous occasions. On several of these occasions, Mr. Rich brought his entire band on the show. Considering the vast audience of the "Tonight Show", Buddy Rich was presented with a larger audience than many major black innovators perform before over the span of a decade. It is hardly surprising that most Americans consider Mr. Rich the premier jazz drummer of our age.

On one occasion, Mr. Rich's pre-eminence was verified by not less an authority than newsman David Brinkley. After informing America that his son is a serious student of jazz drumming and presently studying at the distinguished Berkley School of Music in Boston, he turned to Buddy Rich and stated, "My son thinks you are God." It was good enough to make even the great "Carsoni" blow his cool. So Buddy Rich becomes embedded in the public consciousness as the quintessential jazz percussionist while great black innovators like Art Blakely, Max Roach, Roy Haynes, Philly Joe Jones and Elvin Jones remain in relative obscurity. Of course, where the performing arts are concerned, there is a direct relationship between public recognition and financial reward. It is no wonder then, that many white musicians have often become wealthy rendering third rate imitations of black originals.

The other arm of the broadcast industry, radio, has traditionally offered a much greater hearing to the art of jazz and the Afro-American musician. However, jazz made its entrance into radio through the back door and not without protest. For in the early days of commercial radio, European classical music alone was deemed suitable for the public airways. In this period of the early twentieth century, not only was most black music confined to special labels known as "race records", but even the instrumental music, the saxophone, was held in suspicion. However, the first jazz recording made was not of a Black band. In 1917, a group of Southern white musicians with the audacity to call themselves "The Original Dixieland Jazz Band", issued the first recording of the Black New Orleans style jazz, commonly referred to as Dixieland. Thus, most of the American and European public first heard this early black style from white musicians.

This development set a pattern in the recording, distribution and promotion of Afro-American musical creations that manifestly favors the white musician to this very hour. With the growth of a serious jazz audience and the development of FM radio, black jazz was widely heard in these special media markets. But even this development is presently endangered. As a result of the hypersensitive attitude of station managers and programmers to the arbitron ratings, there is a stampede toward format changes in radio industry. There is perhaps no better example of this phenomenon than the present state of

jazz radio in New York City. For several decades now, New York has been regarded by both musicians and critics as the jazz capital of the world. Yet, today there is not a single commercial station devoted to the broadcasting of this musical form.

The last commercial station to program jazz as its basic format was WRVR, but this station now programs country and western music exclusively. Listening to WRVR today, it would be difficult to tell if one were in the Big Apple or hangin' out in Nashville. But there is an important lesson in all this. For the way this conversion was accomplished demonstrates the cut throat nature of the commercial media. On the morning of the format change, a staff meeting was called by the station manager. The meeting convened at about ten thirty and it was announced that the station was converting from jazz to country and western programming. At approximately eleven thirty, a truck pulled up to the loading platform and deposited a record library of country music and then collected the jazz library which was immediately put on sale.

The disc jockeys had not been informed of these changes previously, in order to prevent them from informing the public. This method of program conversion was designed to frustrate the efforts to stop a change of format by organized listener groups. These kind of decision-making practices are standard fare in the corporate world and reflect the change of ownership the station had experienced. WRVR was originally owned by Riverside Church and operated with a sense of commitment to art and responsibility to its audience. But when financial difficulties forced them to sell out, the character of the station changed. When the Sounderling Corporation assumed control of the station's management, the programming changed from a well-balanced presentation of traditional jazz styles to an over-emphasis on highly electric jazz/rock fusion music.

When Viacom, a large communications conglomerate, purchased the station from Sounderling, it signalled the death knell for jazz of any style. Capitalizing on the country's swing to the political right and the resurgence of the cowboy mystique that accompanied it, Viacom is programming more and

more country music over its stations. Some critics view this development as part of a conspiracy to inundate the Northeastern megalopolis with the reactionary "yahoo" values of the conservative Southwest, the so-called "Sunbelt". While there may be some truth in this allegation, it does not square with the known facts about radio programming. For most programming decisions are based solely upon what the management believes will increase its share of the radio audience, thus raising its standing in the arbitron ratings. Like the Nielsen ratings for television, the arbitron ratings determine a station's attractiveness to potential advertisers and the price at which they can sell their time. And this, finally, is the whole point of commercial broadcasting.

Decisions about what kind of music a target audience will like are not left to the chance selections of disc jockeys in commercial radio. General program choices are usually arrived at on the basis of highly sophisticated demographic studies. These studies present detailed analysis of the socio-economic and ethnic characteristics of the target population. Specific choices of records for the playlist to which all the disc jockeys will refer, are made on the basis of their position on the various charts, i.e., *Record World*, *Cash Box* and *Billboard*. Also current sales at selected retail outlets are considered. Beyond that, there is the conventional wisdom among programmers that radio listeners can be divided into two basic categories: passive and active, with the overwhelming majority being classified as passive.

Passive listeners are defined as persons who do not wish to participate intellectually in a music experience. Therefore, they must be force fed a diet of junk music consisting of the simplest compositional forms and lyrical content. This fact explains why the airwaves are virtually polluted with songs characterized by melodic banality and lyrical redundancy. The programmers seek a musical product in which creativity has been sacrificed to expediency; and this, by definition, excludes the fine art of jazz. It is as though the managers of commercial radio all agree with P.T. Barnum's statement, "You can never go broke underestimating the taste of the Ameri-

can public." Fortunately, there is an alternative to commercial radio.

Perhaps the best opportunity for serious jazz programming is to be found in public radio. In New York City, the void left by the decline of commercial jazz broadcasting has been quickly filled by several publicly supported stations. The most important of these stations are WBGO, SKCR and WBAI. By virtue of the fact that these stations are not constantly fighting for position on the arbitron charts, they are able to program music based on purely artistic values. WBAI is an affiliate of the Pacific network which is wholly supported by its listeners. WBGO is associated with National Public Radio and also solicits funds from its audience; and WKCR is a member of the National Collegiate Network. Together these stations offer a wide variety of music from the classic jazz tradition.

Of equal importance are the extensive interviews with the creative artists and their peers. Leading the pack in this regard is WKCR, the Columbia University station. This station has distinguished itself with productions of special profiles of selected artists. For instance, one hundred and twenty-five hours straight were devoted to the music of Miles Davis, and one hundred and fifty to the music of Max Roach. These comprehensive musical offerings were accompanied by in-depth interviews with many of the artists appearing on the record sessions. The tapes of these discussions represent priceless oral history archives to students of jazz history. WBGO, a station based in Newark, New Jersey and broadcasting throughout the metropolitan area, offers a full twenty-four hours of jazz programming, interspersed with news and public affairs. As a member of the National Public Radio system, this station has access to a wide variety of unique programs.

WBAI is the only one of these stations that is totally listener supported. And while the format is not exclusively, or even predominantly, devoted to jazz programming, what is offered is excellent. One program features the virtuoso bass violinist, Reginald Workman, who offers many insightful commentaries on the music. Judging from the facts at hand, it appears that the future of jazz broadcasting lies in non-commercial public radio. And given the

growing hostility of the Reagan administration toward public funding of the arts, public radio will have to rely on its listeners for increasing amounts of financial support. But this fact raises an important question: is the jazz audience sufficient to support a non-commercial network?

The critical role of radio in the marketing of records, largely determines the decisions of recording executives in regard to the type of artist they are willing to sign. The tremendous pressure on managers of capitalist corporations to expand operations and increase profits, leaves little opportunity for experimentation or altruism. The result is a preference for the sure thing, which explains why so many recordings sound alike. Obviously, such an attitude is hostile to the creative enterprise that most jazz musicians are about. One highly-accomplished Afro-American trumpeter reported to this writer that he was actually approached by a recording company and asked if he could sound like Chuck Magione. To the serious jazz artist this is the ultimate insult. While this sort of imitation is a standard practice in popular music, no classical art form could long survive such an impediment to originality.

So long as the major record companies are run by executives who look upon music solely as a product, we can expect no serious changes in the present state of affairs. Many of these executives have no personal interest in music and would be just as happy selling lawn mowers. As an alternative to this situation, some artists are organizing their own recording companies. There have been both collective and individual efforts in this direction. Strata East was perhaps the best example of a collective effort by Afro-American musicians to produce and market their music, organized by trumpeter Charles Tolliver and pianist Stanley Cowell. Strata East practically reversed the terms on which artists related to record companies. Under this arrangement, the artists produced their own records with complete artistic profits going to the artist. It was an excellent concept but this experiment eventually failed due to financial and management difficulties.

Some individually owned labels like Rashied Ali's "Survival" Records and



Byard Lancaster's, "Philly Jazz", continue to exist on a marginal basis. The major problem with these small labels is lack of proper distribution. In both cases, the artists often sell their records on the sidewalks outside of jazz clubs and concert halls. Given the vast distribution networks of the established recording companies, even the most optimistic view would not offer much hope of success for these artists. When these realities are taken into consideration, one must question whether jazz can remain a viable art form if left to the ravages of the commercial market place. It is fairly well understood that classical art forms, because of their complexity, do not generally attract a mass audience. Consequently, these fine art forms require public subsidies or private philanthropy in order to survive. The problem is that America's cultural establishment has resisted the inclusion of jazz in its definition of Fine Art.

The reasons for this resistance are at best spurious nonsense and at worse self-serving falsehoods designed to flatter the fragile cultural ego of white America. For around the question of the critical assessment of jazz hover all the thorny issues of race and class relations, as well as the influence of these factors on the character of American culture. Harold Cruse had this to say on the matter, "The cultural arts are the mirror of the spiritual condition of a nation, and the use of a nation's

social ingredients in its art reveals a great deal about how a nation looks at itself. Thus, the way in which the social relations in the United States between black and white are reflected in the art forms, represent an open book of the American psyche.

"The impact of the Negro presence on American art forms has been tremendous and also historically conditioned; but this fact the American psyche is loath to admit in its established critical schools of thought. As Americans, white people in America are also Westerners and American white values are shaped by Western cultural values. America possesses no critical standards for the cultural arts that have not been derived from the European experience. On the other hand, the basic ingredients for native (non-European) American originality in art forms derive from American Negroes who came to America from a non-Western background. We need only to point to American music to prove the point."

Of course, the majority of America's cultural elite could never remove their Eurocentric blinders long enough to take a candid look at the realities of American culture. For to admit the influence of Blacks on American music,



culture that followed. El Presidente Fidel Castro has called Cuba and Afro-Latin society, an obvious enough description, but one never before admitted on an official level. Once the true ethnic components of Cuban culture were acknowledged, it was then possible to develop a cultural policy which reflected these realities. Many Afro-Cuban performing artists who were previously confined to dives or street corners are now leading a dignified existence with their creative activities subsidized by the government. Under these new policies the indigenous artistic traditions of Cuba are flourishing. If the small economically underdeveloped island nation of Cuba can do this for its artists, we ought to insist on nothing less from the wealthiest country in the world.

In announcing this decision to cut the National Endowment for the Arts, President Reagan suggested that artists look to the private sector for support. The problem with this point of view is that it leaves fundamental decisions about cultural matters to those with the most money to spend on philanthropic causes. This will insure that the American people will have only that culture which the corporate elite deems suitable. For jazz, this is an ominous development because most white businessmen either hold a racist patrician view of culture, or none at all. Giving businessmen control of the arts is much like placing a hawk in charge of the chicken coop. For this is the very group that is responsible for the banalization of American culture. Such an arrangement is certain to result in the people being offered bread and circuses in place of the great art that serves as food for the mind and soul.

Perhaps the greatest danger to the continued existence of jazz is the decline of an Afro-American audience. This decline reflects the alienation of contemporary Black Americans from the jazz tradition and poses serious questions about both the future of jazz and the state of Afro-American culture. For most of its history, jazz was an art performed by black musicians for black audiences. The decline of this audience symbolizes a profound change in the collective sensibilities of Black Americans. For above all else, Black Music is a pretty accurate sound mirror reflecting

the inner life of Afro-Americans. And jazz is the most sophisticated artistic response to the American experience as synthesized in the soul of Black America. In the language of jazz one hears the articulation of a wide range of attitudes, ideas and values. The wit of Lee Morgan, the humor of Dizzy Gillespie, the revolutionary thunder of Max Roach, the ascetic religious devotion of McCoy Tyner, the academic precision of Hubert Laws, the abstract expression of Ornette Coleman and the mystical musings of John and Alice Coltrane are all part of the lexicon of jazz.

One can only speculate as to whether the rejection of the jazz tradition implies the dulling of these sensibilities, especially among the youth who are devoted listeners to mechanically produced dance music. But one thing is certain, commercial music with its lack of musical complexity and monothematic concerns, can never convey the subtlety and texture of human emotions one hears in jazz. Furthermore, no commercial music can pose the intellectual challenge offered by jazz; and for that reason alone, black youth are missing out on an important part of their heritage. The wealth and celebrity associated with success in popular music is leading many young musicians to avoid the difficult challenge of jazz improvisation, and opt instead, for a musical career in which knowledge of five chords is sufficient for success. The danger to the survival of the jazz tradition here is obvious, for it is being subverted at the source.

It would seem that if anyone would recognize the value of jazz and celebrate its achievement it would be the black bourgeoisie. For here is a splendid example of the black creative intelligence at work. In jazz, we have an artistic discipline which sets the highest standards of excellence and requires years of devoted study to master. Yet, most of the black middle class remains oblivious to the dimensions of this achievement. Part of this problem results from the fact that many middle class blacks have adopted the materialistic philistinism of their white counterparts. It's not the soaring staccato attacks of Freddie Hubbard that excites them; or the indigo moods of an Ellington tone poem that delights them; oh no, only a steel gray Mercedes 450XL

can really turn them on.

Having spent a lifetime in schools that despise and ignore black cultural traditions, much of the black bourgeoisie remains miseducated and culturally insecure. Indoctrinated in the idea that fine art music is synonymous with the European classical form, they are ambivalent when confronted with the finest fruit of their own tradition; jazz. In an essay entitled "Philistinism and the Black Writer", Imamu Baraka describes the tremendous struggle they waged against the administration at Howard University in order to produce a jazz concert. The Dean of the Music School cried hysterically when it was suggested that the concert be held in the Fine Arts building. It is almost beyond belief that such culturally backwards ideas could have prevailed in the leading Black University in the world as late as 1957!

The hostile attitude towards jazz displayed by many black academics, reflects an embarrassment about certain aspects of jazz history. In their zeal to disprove the stereotypical image of black folks as immoral creatures given to licentiousness and debauchery, earlier generations of these academics were quite ambivalent about jazz as serious, representative, Afro-American art. This was due largely to the fact that jazz was associated with brothels in its early development; bars and cabarets through its history, and some of the arts most gifted innovators were addicted to alcohol and drugs. But the fact that Socrates and Tchaikovsky were homosexuals; Shakespeare a bi-sexual; Guaguin an irresponsible philanderer; Robert Browning an opium addict; and Edgar Allen Poe, a habitual drunk never brought on similar rejections of their creations. However, such attitudes are consistent with the outlook of colonized intellectuals who slavishly adopt the chauvinistic views of their ruling class tutors.

However, it would be misleading to leave the reader with the impression that this is the prevailing attitude of contemporary Afro-American academics. For there are many black scholars engaged in serious efforts to define and preserve the jazz legacy and its antecedents, such scholars as Professors Oritz Walton, Roland Wiggins, Ann Southern, Fred Tillis, David Baker, J.R. Mitchell, Archie Shepp, Bob

Cole, Portia Maultsby, A.B. Spellman, Albert Murray and Imamu Baraka are all making important contributions. Of course, there has long been a healthy interest in jazz on the part of black creative intellectuals. This concern extends to the very beginnings of the jazz tradition. The turn-of-the-century novelist and poets, Paul Laurence Dunbar and James Weldon Johnson were both great lovers of the music and were also fine lyricists.

The meter and style of the poetry of Sterling Brown and Langston Hughes make conscious reference to the blues tradition and Albert Murray argues that Ralph Ellison's great novel, "The Invisible Man" is really an extended blues. The wonderfully inventive fiction and drama of Ishmael Reed and Aisha Rahman are both based on a jazz motif. And of course, many of the best contemporary Afro-American poets are singing a jazz song. Carlyle McBeth, Imamu Baraka, David Amus Moore, Camille Yarboorogh, Ntozake Shange, Larry Neal, Askia Muhammad Toure, Stanley Crough, Sonia Sanchez, Yusef Rahman and Quincey Troupe all construct their work around a jazz aesthetic. It should also be pointed out that modern Afro-American choreographers such as Alvin Ailey, Rod Rogers, Elo Palmare and Diane McIntyre all feature jazz prominently in their work. But, alas, all of this is of little consequence to the majority of bourgeois blacks, for they are equally indifferent to all forms of serious Afro-American art.

The ultimate tragedy in this case is that these attitudes deprive the black jazz artists of their logical patrons. For one of the most important roles of the educated and affluent classes in each ethnic group is to subsidize the advancement of group culture by patronizing their important artists. The absence of any coherent concept of black culture and a confused sense of values has resulted in an attitude of indifference toward the plight of the jazz artist. Instead, the black bourgeois spends millions of dollars annually on cosmetic music that anesthetizes them from reality. This is a sad situation indeed, for this group possesses the resources to insure the continuation of the jazz tradition. The relative deprivation and artistic obscurity that plagues the average jazz musician is causing many artists

to abandon this genre and opt for careers in popular commercial music. Among them are some of the most important virtuosos in jazz: Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, George Benson, Ramsey Lewis, Roy Ayers and Stanley Turrentine are all presently lost to Mickey Mouse music.

The final nail in the coffin of jazz may well be the vanishing opportunities for young musicians to participate in jam sessions. In the absence of the kind of institutional structure advocated by Dr. Ortiz Walton in his excellent book, "Music: Black, White and Blue", these sessions have been the main classrooms of instruction for developing musicians. The centrality of the jam session to the evolution of jazz artistry is verified by the testimony of a long line of musicians. Jelly Roll Morton, Scott Joplin, James Weldon Johnson, Ralph Ellison, Billy Taylor, Mezz Mezzro, Max Roach, and Dizzy Gillespie have all commented on the importance of these sessions to their development. Interest-

ingly enough, most of the establishments that hosted these sessions were black-owned. A great deal of the early ragtime, musical theater, and large ensemble styles were worked out in places like the Old Marshall Hotel on West 53rd Street and the Clef Club Uptown. And one of the most exciting movements in Modern art, the be-bop revolution, was largely developed in Minton's Playhouse. All of these establishments had black proprietors. Here is a clear cut role affluent blacks can play; and it requires neither extensive musical education nor control of the music industry.

In view of the many obstacles facing the serious jazz artist, the active support of the black middle class is critical. If the black bourgeois fails to rise to this occasion, jazz may continue to exist in a hyphenated form practiced by whites, but the survival of jazz as a serious Afro-American art form is problematic at best.



is to recognize a creative intelligence in black folks, the denial of which is central to the American way of life. Even among the handful of white cultural critics who do recognize the artistry of jazz, most would deny that it is a creation of Afro-Americans. Addressing the attitude of these critics, historian and veteran commentator on jazz, Frank Kofsky remarked, "If they are in the jazz world proper, they will tend to deny that, whatever else jazz may be, it is first and foremost a black art — an art created and nurtured by black people in this country out of the wealth of their historical experience."

Speaking of the general attitude of his fellow white Americans in regard to jazz Kofsky writes, "On the other hand, if they are not a part of the jazz milieu, white Americans will automatically and virtually without exception assume that jazz is black — thought not an art — and therefore, thought this may go unstat- ed, worthy of no serious treatment or respect". The preeminent example of this attitude is the refusal of the Pulitzer Committee to award Duke Ellington the prize for continued excellence in American music in 1965. At the time, Ellington remarked with an air of sarcasm, "Fate's being kind to me. Fate doesn't want me to be too famous too young." If Edward Kennedy Ellington, a quintessential American musical genius, could be rejected in this fashion, we can well imagine how the Pulitzer Committee and simialar constituted bodies of arbiters view the art he represented.

The New York Times, the paper that claims to be the pacesetter in both the coverage and criticism of the arts, reported this story without benefit of its professed critical insights. While American pundits refuse to come to terms with the magnitude of Ellington's achievement, many European critics have long celebrated his artistry. Witness this description of Duke's music written thirty-one years earlier in *New York Times*, 1934, by the distinguished British music critic Constant Lambert. "The real interest of Ellington's records lies not so much in their color, brilliant though it may be, as in the amazingly skillful proportions in which the color is used. I do not only mean skillful as compared with other jazz composers, but as compared with so-called high-brow composers. I know of nothing

in Ravel so dextrous in treatment as the varied solos in the middle of the ebullient 'Hot and Bothered', and nothing in Stravinsky more dynamic than the final section. The combination of themes at this moment is one of the most ingenious pieces of writing in modern music." Maestro Ellington's experience testifies to the veracity of the old adage, "A prophet is without honor in his own land."

Under the reign of the intellectual neanderthals and defenders of white culture mediocrity in the Reagan administration, government funding to the arts in general will suffer. But we can be certain that jazz programs, scarce as they are, will suffer the most. If Mr. Reagan actually carries out his promise to cut the National Endowment for the Arts by half, federal funds for critical programs like the Jazzmobile may cease to exist. Even in the best of times, funding for such programs constituted a miniscule portion of the Endowment's budget. While annual grants to symphony orchestras totaled millions of dollars, funding for jazz projects came to less than half a million dollars in 1980. Nothing demonstrates white America's genuflection before the pretensions of European culture more than this fact.

Ambivalent about their national identity and unable to match the creativity and originality of the Afro-American musical tradition, the Euro-American elite lavishes resources on insittutions that perpetuate European music, while the great American art struggles to survive. At one point in American history, this contempt for the creative products of American culture extended to other art forms as well. That this attitude reflected a low estimation of the creative possibilities offered by the American experiece is clearly demonstrated in the attitudes of such literary artists as T.S. Eliot, who despaired over the poverty of American culture and Henry James, who found it incredible that Nathaniel Hawthorne could actually produce novels in the wilderness of North America. Both found it necessary to emigrate to Europe in order to find an environment sufficiently rich in the cultural ingredients essential to the creation of great literature. Fortunately, not all American artists adopted so pessimistic a view of the artistic potential of the American

cultural inventory.

The historical record will verify that the first group of artists to create a fine art form that is quintessentially American, is the Afro-American musician. Rooted in the uniquely American experience of the black folk, the black musician established a classical musical tradition that made neighter reference nor apology to the traditions of Europe. Drawing liberally from a rich musical heritage that included spirituals, work songs, hollers, country blues, city blues, ragtime and gospel, Afro-American artists produced a classical music that is wholly American in both form and content. It was the lack of self-conscious intimidation by the achievements of European culture that allowed the black musician to discover the process by which intellect and alchemy combine to transform folk art into fine art.

Writing in his brilliant account of black New York in the 1920's, *The Harlem Renaissance*, Afro-American historian and Harvard professor, Nathan Huggins commented, "Everywhere they looked they found white men mimicking them, trying to master their blue notes, their slurs, their swing, their darting arpeggios, their artistic concept. It was as if black jazzmen from the very beginning sensed that they were creating an art and the whole world would have to find them the reference point for critical judgement."

Though many arguments have been offered to the contrary, jazz exhibits all the features of a fine art form. Jazz has its own techniques, terminology, vocabulary and logic. Jazz is humorous and serious, worldly and spiritual. It is an art that requires instrumental virtuosity and compositional skill from all its practioners. Unlike European classical music, where technique is often pursued as almost an end in itself, in jazz, technical mastery of an instrument is only the starting point. The object of jazz performance is not to faithfully render the notated musical ideas of the composer but to express one's own attitude towards a musical idea as one experiences it at the moment. Hence it is improvisation, not composition that is the most valued attribute in the art of jazz. In the classical European tradition, the instrumentalist is subservient to the composer; but the instrumentalist in classical Afro-American music seeks to over-

throw the tyranny of the composer. Hence, in jazz, the composer's role is to set the theme and parameters of the musical repartee.

It is clear that the classical music traditions of Europeans and Afro-Americans derive from different epistemologies. Therefore, attempts to compare these two art forms are like comparing apples and oranges. Such a comparison may be possible, but only if one devises a value-free method of analysis that recognizes each thing for what it is intended to be. The character of all art forms clearly reflects the life experiences of the people who create them. The classical music of Europe developed under the patronage of the church, state and aristocracy. Many of these compositions were commissioned by princes, queens, bishops and other wealthy or powerful members of the ruling elite. Consequently, the music projects a formal etiquette that prizes rigid organization, hierarchy, and strict adherence to prescribed rules.

The central value in Afro-American classical music is freedom of expression. This should come as no surprise, for the dominant theme in black American history is the struggle for freedom. And the values of group cooperation and individual dignity are central to that struggle. Logically, the ultimate artistic expression of black Americans is a music that is both highly collective yet profoundly personal. This desire for personal expression in group activities can also be observed in Afro-American

popular dance styles as well as the structure and liturgy of much of the black church. For the jazz instrumentalist, then, it is not enough to be a competent ensemble player, for one must also be able to stand alone as an effective soloist. Beyond this, the serious jazz artist is never satisfied until he is able to speak with a unique voice on his instrument.

If one thinks of any of the great jazz instrumentalists, they each have a distinct style or sound on their instrument. Pianist, Willie "the Lion" Smith, Errol Garner, Theolonius Monk, Bud Powell and McCoy Tyner all have personalized sounds that are immediately recognizable. This is equally true of alto saxophonist, Charles Parker and Cannonball Adderly. For anyone who has the slightest conception of what is required to play a musical instrument, it should be obvious that thousands of hours of serious study and practice are required for this level of achievement. Much is made of the amount of practice time required to perform European classical music; but jazz artistry requires just as much, if not more, of the same intense study; Percussionist, composer, and bandleader, Max Roach recalls a bit of advice from Charles Parker, "You should know your instrument so well that it becomes like another part of your body." Furthermore, the jazz instrumentalist must also know something of composition, for he must combine the creative and interpretive functions in his artistry. It should be

abundantly clear to any serious student of the jazz tradition, that this music has evolved into a fine art form of classical stature.

That America's largely Anglo-Saxon cultural cabal refuses to accept this fact, should surprise no one. For they have studied neither the jazz tradition, nor the African-American experience that produced and informed it. Having proclaimed the inferiority of Black people for centuries, they are unwilling to accept any product of Afro-American culture as serious art. Hence they can deny financial support for jazz based on the argument that it represents little more than popular entertainment. The fact that the music of Bud Powell and Theolonius Monk commands no greater a popular following than that of Bach or Beethoven, seems to have made little impression on them. They also appear unimpressed with the fact that many jazz artists, past and present, are also fine interpreters of European classical music.

In view of these facts, it does not seem reasonable to expect that there will be a change of heart among those who control funding to the arts. And I can envision no solution to this problem that does not presuppose the establishment of a nonracist socialist society in America. For only in such a society would anything approaching cultural democracy be possible. Those who wish to fight for the survival and growth of jazz as a serious art form, must eventually recognize that decisions about art are political. One need only look at the radical change in the status of black artists in Cuba after the socialist revolution to demonstrate this point. Today, black art and culture is celebrated in Cuba. The official poet laureate of the nation is Nicholar Guillen, an Afro-Cuban; and the most important drama of the last twenty years is "Shango do Ima", a play that explores the magical legends of the singing voodoo gods of West Africa. Afro-Cuban artists such as the Paines Brothers and Los Folklorica Afro-Cuban travel all over the world as cultural ambassadors for Cuba. Under the old regime, white racism and cultural chauvinism never allowed for such a development. The status of the black artist in contemporary Cuba is a direct result of the success of the revolution; and the sweeping redefinition of Cuban



culture that followed. El Presidente Fidel Castro has called Cuba an Afro-Latin society, an obvious enough description, but one never before admitted on an official level. Once the true ethnic components of Cuban culture were acknowledged, it was then possible to develop a cultural policy which reflected these realities. Many Afro-Cuban performing artists who were previously confined to dives or street corners are now leading a dignified existence with their creative activities subsidized by the government. Under these new policies the indigenous artistic traditions of Cuba are flourishing. If the small economically underdeveloped island nation of Cuba can do this for its artists, we ought to insist on nothing less from the wealthiest country in the world.

In announcing this decision to cut the National Endowment for the Arts, President Reagan suggested that artists look to the private sector for support. The problem with this point of view is that it leaves fundamental decisions about cultural matters to those with the most money to spend on philanthropic causes. This will insure that the American people will have only that culture which the corporate elite deems suitable. For jazz, this is an ominous development because most white businessmen either hold a racist patrician view of culture, or none at all. Giving businessmen control of the arts is much like placing a hawk in charge of the chicken coop. For this is the very group that is responsible for the banalization of American culture. Such an arrangement is certain to result in the people being offered bread and circuses in place of the great art that serves as food for the mind and soul.

Perhaps the greatest danger to the continued existence of jazz is the decline of an Afro-American audience. This decline reflects the alienation of contemporary Black Americans from the jazz tradition and poses serious questions about both the future of jazz and the state of Afro-American culture. For most of its history, jazz was an art performed by black musicians for black audiences. The decline of this audience symbolizes a profound change in the collective sensibilities of Black Americans. For above all else, Black Music is a pretty accurate sound mirror reflecting the inner life of Afro-Americans. And jazz is the most sophisticated artistic response to the American experience as synthesized in the soul of Black America. In the language of jazz one hears the articulation

of a wide range of attitudes, ideas and values. The wit of Lee Morgan, the humor of Dizzy Gillespie, the revolutionary thunder of Max Roach, the ascetic religious devotion of McCoy Tyner, the academic precision of Hubert Laws, the abstract expressionism of Ornette Coleman and the mystical musings of John and Alice Coltrane are all part of the lexicon of jazz.

One can only speculate as to whether the rejection of the jazz tradition implies the dulling of these sensibilities, especially among the youth who are devoted listeners to mechanically produced dance music. But one thing is certain, commercial music with its lack of musical complexity and monothematic concerns, can never convey the subtlety and texture of human emotions one hears in jazz. Furthermore, no commercial music can pose the intellectual challenge offered by jazz; and for that reason alone, black youth are missing out on an important part of their heritage. The wealth and celebrity associated with success in popular music is leading many young musicians to avoid the difficult challenge of jazz improvisation, and opt instead, for a musical career in which knowledge of five chords is sufficient for success. The danger to the survival of the jazz tradition here is obvious, for it is being subverted at the source.

It would seem that if anyone would recognize the value of jazz and celebrate its achievement it would be the black bourgeoisie. For here is a splendid example of the black creative intelligence at work. In jazz, we have an artistic discipline which sets the highest standards of excellence and requires years of devoted study to master. Yet, most of the black middle class remains oblivious to the dimensions of this achievement. Part of this problem results from the fact that many middle class blacks have adopted the materialistic philistinism of their white counterparts. It's not the soaring staccato attacks of Freddie Hubbard that excites them; or the indigo moods of an Ellington tone poem that delights them; oh no, only a steel gray Mercedes 450 XL can really turn them on.

Having spent a lifetime in schools that despise and ignore black cultural traditions, much of the black bourgeoisie remains miseducated and culturally insecure. Indocinated in the idea that fine art music is synonymous with the European classical form, they are ambivalent when confronted with the finest fruit of their own tradition, jazz. In an essay entitled "Philistinism and

the Black Writer," Imamu Baraka describes the tremendous struggle they waged against the administration at Howard University in order to produce a jazz concert. The Dean of the Music School cried hysterically when it was suggested that the concert be held in the Fine Arts building. It is almost beyond belief that such culturally backwards ideas could have prevailed in the leading Black University in the world as late as 1957!

The hostile attitude towards jazz displayed by many black academics, reflects an embarrassment about certain aspects of jazz history. In their zeal to disprove the stereotypical image of black folks as immoral creatures given to licentiousness and debauchery, earlier generations of these academics were quite ambivalent about jazz as serious, representative, Afro-American art. This was due largely to the fact that jazz was associated with brothels in its early development; bars and cabarets throughout its history, and some of the arts most gifted innovators were addicted to alcohol and drugs. But the fact that Socrates and Tchaikovsky were homosexuals; Shakespeare a bi-sexual; Gauguin an irresponsible philanderer; Robert Browning an opium addict; and Edgar Allen Poe, a habitual drunk never brought on similar rejections of their creations. However, such attitudes are consistent with the outlook of colonized intellectuals who slavishly adopt the chauvinistic views of their ruling class tutors.

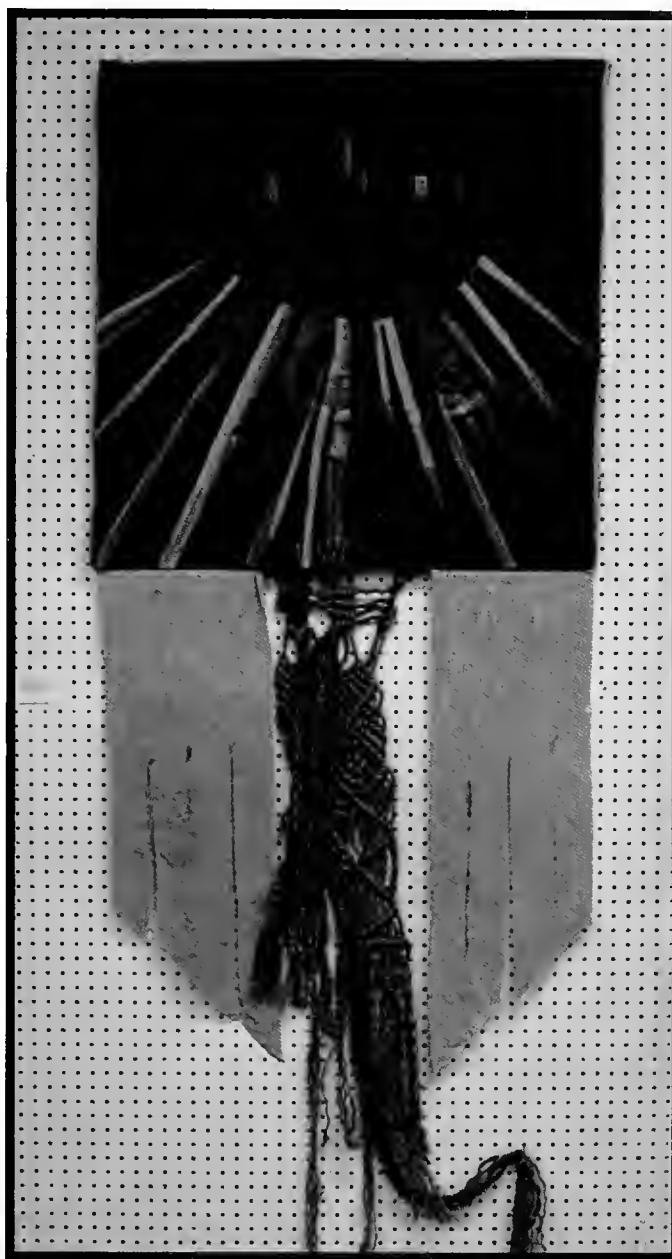
However, it would be misleading to leave the reader with the impression that this is the prevailing attitude of contemporary Afro-American academics. For there are many black scholars engaged in serious efforts to define and preserve the jazz legacy and its antecedents, such scholars as Professors Ortiz Walton, Roland Wiggins, Ann Southern, Fred Tillis, David Baker, J.R. Mitchell, Archie Shepp, Bob Cole, Portia Maultsby, A.B. Spellman, Albert Murray and Imamu Baraka are all making important contributions. Of course, there has long been a healthy interest in jazz on the part of black creative intellectuals. This concern extends to the very beginnings of the jazz tradition. The turn-of-the-century novelist and poets, Paul Laurence Dunbar and James Weldon Johnson were both great lovers of the music and were also fine lyricists.

The meter and style of the poetry of Sterling Brown and Langston Hughes make conscious reference to the blues tradition

and Albert Murray argues that Ralph Ellison's great novel, "The Invisible Man" is really an extended blues. The wonderfully inventive fiction and drama of Ishmael Reed and Aisha Rahman are both based on a jazz motif. And of course, many of the best contemporary Afro-American poets are singing a jazz song. Carlyle McBeth, Imamu Baraka, David Amus Moore, Camille Yarborough, Ntozake Shange, Larry Neal, Askia Muhammad Toure, Stanley Crouch, Sonia Sanchez, Yusef Rahman and Quincey Troupe all construct their work around a jazz aesthetic. It should also be pointed out that modern Afro-American choreographers such as Alvin Ailey, Rod Rodgers, Eleo Palmare and Diane McIntyre all feature jazz prominently in their work. But, alas, all of this is of little consequence to the majority of bourgeois blacks, for they are equally indifferent to all forms of serious Afro-American art.

The ultimate tragedy in this case is that these attitudes deprive the black jazz artists of their logical patrons. For one of the most important roles of the educated and affluent classes in each ethnic group is to subsidize the advancement of group culture by patronizing their important artists. The absence of any coherent concept of black culture and a confused sense of values has resulted in an attitude of indifference toward the plight of the jazz artist. Instead, the black bourgeois spends millions of dollars annually on cosmetic music that anesthetizes them from reality. This is a sad situation indeed, for this group possesses the resources to insure the continuation of the jazz tradition. The relative economic deprivation and artistic obscurity that plagues the average jazz musician is causing many artists to abandon this genre and opt for careers in popular commercial music. Among them are some of the most important virtuosos in jazz: Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, George Benson, Ramsey Lewis, Roy Ayers and Stanley Turrentine are all presently lost to Mickey Mouse music.

The final nail in the coffin of jazz may well be the vanishing opportunities for young musicians to participate in jam sessions. In the absence of the kind of institutional structure advocated by Dr. Ortiz Walton in his excellent book, "Music: Black, White and Blue," these sessions have been the main classrooms of instruction for developing musicians. The centrality of the jam session to the evolution of jazz



Robin Chandler Smith

artistry is verified by the testimony of a long line of musicians. Jelly Roll Morton, Scott Joplin, James Weldon Johnson, Ralph Ellison, Billy Taylor, Mezz Mezzro, Max Roach, and Dizzy Gillespie have all commented on the importance of these sessions to their development. Interestingly enough, most of the establishments that hosted these sessions were black-owned. A great deal of the early ragtime, musical theater, and large ensemble styles were worked out in places like the Old Marshall Hotel on West 53rd Street and the Clef Club Uptown. And one of the most exciting movements in Modern art, the be-bop revolution, was

largely developed in Minton's Playhouse. All of these establishments had black proprietors. Here is a clear cut role affluent blacks can play; and it requires neither extensive musical education nor control of the music industry.

In view of the many obstacles facing the serious jazz artist, the active support of the black middle class is critical. If the black bourgeois fails to rise to this occasion, jazz may continue to exist in a hyphenated form practiced by whites, but the survival of jazz as a serious Afro-American art form is problematic at best.



THOUGHTS - DICK GREGORY

by Brad Kaplan

Gregory began his career as a comedian in 1958 at a black nightclub in Chicago, which turned out to be his spring board into the national limelight. He was the first black social artist to appeal to both black and white audiences.

In 1962 Gregory became involved in civil rights and found this to be a more important outlet for his talent and energy. During the late 1960's he became involved in student activism, opposition to the Vietnam War, environmental protection and the rights of American Indians.

Since November 1967, he has used fasting to bring attention to his protest of numerous social and political wrongs. In 1967, Gregory ran a write-in campaign against Richard Daley in the Chicago mayoral election, gaining 22,000 votes. A second write-in campaign during the Democratic presidential primaries of 1968 brought him 150,000 votes. He has written numerous acclaimed books on civil rights and health, including, "From the Back of The Bus", "Write Me In" and "Dick Gregory's Political primer".

Always an individualist, Gregory doesn't identify himself with any single civil rights or peace organization. However his celebrity status enables him to act alone for the causes he exposes. Speaking at Smith College recently, Gregory gave to DRUM an insiders look at his beliefs and politics.

DRUM - What in your background led you toward the humor, beliefs and convictions you have today?

DICK - Oh, I don't know, radio, I guess. We didn't have television. My mother listened to all the comedy stories and the news, so the humor, for the most part, came from those. I guess my convictions came from the Civil Rights movement, being a performer during the movement and also being married to a woman that never put demands on me as a celebrity. As a father of ten children, I've always wanted the best for them. I make decisions based on how they will affect my children as well as the mass of people.

DRUM - That's a great view and it's to bad everyone doesn't have that conviction.

DICK - Well, those of us who do have it and are vocal about it are just an extension of a whole lot of good people who protect you. So we are just an extension of a whole lot of people.

DRUM - What led you to move away from pure comedy, into this activism?

DICK - It was just being out in the Movement and seeing an awful lot of people - not the leadership, but the masses of people out there in the street that would never get their names in

the paper. Nobody ever cared if they was beat or stomped or what. Remember, the dogs didn't bite King. (We react to celebrity status. Being out in the street and being a celebrity at the same time and having a feeling that when I was laying up in jail in the middle of the movement, I realized that being a celebrity did not bring about the same good feelings that I experienced from working with the Movement.) So there was never a question of how my involvement in the Movement would affect my career in show business. The question was: How would my show business career affect my demonstrations? Would I be locked into contracts? First, I stopped booking myself far in advance. Next, I decided I wasn't going to work in nightclubs that served alcohol that's all of them. There was a conflict saying, "Come on down to the nightclub and catch my act." I know I started smoking cause my heroes were smoking, Alan Ladd and Humphrey Bogart. I started drinking cause my heroes were drinking. I don't ever want to put myself in a position where I can turn someone on to something negative that's going to affect their body because of who I am. So I drew a line and



said, "No more nightclubs."

DRUM - You can't really stand in a smokey nightclub and talk about how bad cigarettes are either.

DICK - Oh you really can, cause when you're hot, man, they'll tolerate anything. Man, if Hitler came back, they'd hook him.

DRUM - How do you feel about racism as an underlying cause of all war, civil strife, poverty?

DICK - I think you have to go at it at a level higher than that. Racism is something that's manipulated by the handful of people who manipulate the system. They tell you who to hate and who not to hate. When you think of Russia you think of the color red. We always called the Communist Chinese the Red Chinese. We've always taken liberties and privileges. Then one day we decided we're going to like them. All at once we don't call them Red China no more. The problem is that racism and sexism are a detriment to those people who participate in it. For instance, if I came here tonight with a pocket full of horse manure to throw on everyone - whose pocket stunk all day? There's or mine? Horse manure will make my pocket stink. Think about racism and sexism and what it does to the mind. If I've got a choice I'd rather have

a stinky pocket than a stinky mind 'cause at least I can take this coat off; that's where the problem is.

DRUM - Are you optimistic about our generation? When we fill some of those positions of authority are we going to perpetuate the system?

DICK - You ain't got no choice. Either you're going to turn it around or it's going to all fall in. We're at the end of it now. If there's any God at all that says "what goes around comes around", its "come around" time. We ain't got no choice. You see, we're in a very unique position during this period. You're either going to take the pot off the stove or you're going to have an empty pot. The steam is comin' out and what used to be in the pot ain't in there no more.

DRUM - Student apathy on campuses is disgusting. We were wondering what you think can be done about apathy in the black student communities?

DICK - First you have to organize. It's like if I said I would give you ten thousand tons of diamond for the movement but you've got to carry it out now. I would be doing you a disservice. I ain't gave you nothing cause you can't carry it. You take a little piece you can deal with. You find the hand-

ful that's not apathetic and you sit down and build your inner group. There's a song that says, "start me with ten that are stout hearted and I'll send you the ten thousand more". It didn't say start me with ten thousand. All you've got to do is plant the seeds, build a foundation. All you've got to do is plant the seeds, build a foundation. You've got to pace in order to organize. You should bring a group on campus and charge \$50 to get in, but if you've got a voter registration card you get in for a dollar. You see, the people who manipulate don't look at your voting pattern. They look at that block as "registered". Wow! That's power. If you had ten million dollars, everybody that has anything to sell is going to be beating a path to your door. Power lies in registration, not voting. I'm not saying, "don't vote," but the power lies in registration.

DRUM - It has so much to say about our society, instant gratification. If people don't sense that they can change it overnight they're not even going to deal with it.

DICK - You see that's what movies do. If I look at a ninety minute series on TV tonight, they'll show the scientist being born, doing his thing and dead. This

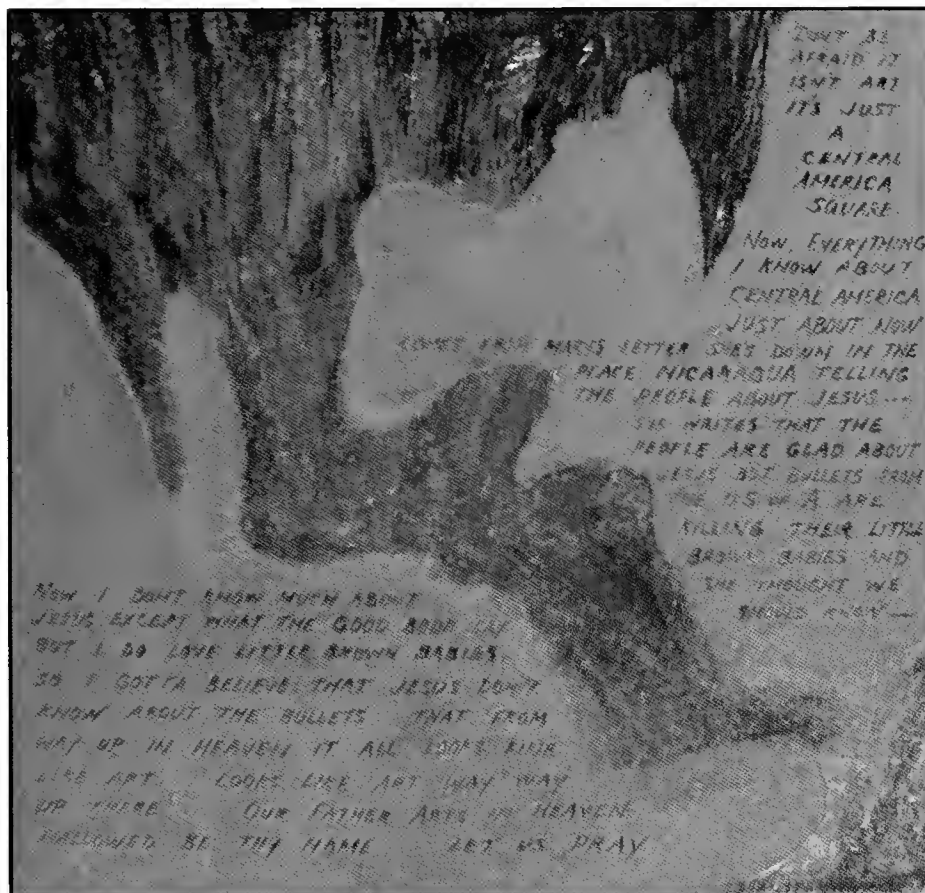
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Paul Goodnight

UNITED STATES INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA

by Sister AOH



US intervention in Central America is made possible by many factors. Most of the countries in which the US government intervenes are ruled by dictatorial regimes. These dictatorial regimes are directly and indirectly supported by the US government. The predominant actions of dictatorships are corrupt, and their most common practices are the oppression and exploitation of the native population. The major problem that results is that the people of these countries do not have control of their resources because their leadership is allied to an outside power. The US government via puppet dictatorships exploits the natural and human resources of Central American countries. In doing so, the US government decreased the dignity of each nation. The US government concerns itself only with the prospect of expanding its market for private enterprise while ignoring the welfare of the native population.

The US government supports dictatorship in Central America in order to maintain its control over these nations. The supported dictators and the exploitation of Central America which follows is based on US fear of Communist expansion in the region. This fear of Communism was generated in the US following the Russian and the Chinese Revolutions in 1917 and 1948 respectively. The theory that a Communist revolution could be exported has been used continuously to justify US military presence in Central America.

Since the Cuban Revolution in 1959 and the Sandinista Revolution in 1979, the US government has been using Latin American countries as the front line in the battle against Communism. The US government propagates the theories that revolution is externally encouraged for Central America. However, the makers of US/Central American policy ignore the evidence that the Central American people choose revolution in an attempt to overthrow an exploitative and repressive regime and to regain their self-determination.

The US government controls the region in terms of domestic political affairs, civil liberty, and Central American foreign policy toward other countries. The US government provides both military and economic aid to military dictatorships in Central America, despite the common and widespread practice of

such regimes, given the support, in murdering anyone who opposes their policies.

The US government has a long history of support for dictatorship in Central America, beginning 50 years ago with the support of the Somoza regime in Nicaragua before it was overthrown in 1979. Since the US government supports El Salvadoran, Guatemalan, Honduran dictatorial regimes, as well as the counter-revolutionaries in Nicaragua.

The US government directly intervened in Guatemala in 1954, by overthrowing a freely elected government and by installing a CIA protege in the presidential palace. Then, Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas was flown in from Honduras on a US embassy plane to head the first of a succession of anti-communist regimes. With their advanced weapons and technology, Guatemalan local bourgeoisie along with Guatemalan dictators and the US government created a complex pattern of oppression against Guatemalans, an oppression that lessens Guatemalan national self-determination. The situation called for a struggle that would lead Guatemalans out of both US imperialist intervention and local bourgeois oppression.

Currently, in El Salvador, the US government backed Salvadoran military regime. Salvadoran successive military regimes began when a junta composed of two army and three civilians, seized power on October 15, 1979. Since then, military death-squads have systemically repressed peasant organizations. In spite of the death-squads widespread activities, El Salvador is still the largest recipient of US military aid. It has been estimated that 80% of all Salvadoran victims of terrorism are killed by army members and other US supported "security forces". Despite these facts, the US government has taken on an increasingly sharp role in directing the junta and its policy.

President Reagan sees El Salvador as a prime target of Soviet bloc "expansionism". Similarly, former President Johnson blamed the Viet Nam conflict on outside Communist intervention. IN both cases, the struggle resulted from long standing internal strife with US backed military governments, not com-

munist intervention. Opposition to US intervention in El Salvador is a response to the continuation of unjust and repressive dictatorial regimes.

What's going on in El Salvador is a struggle of peasants and workers against social and economic injustice. The struggle has gained support from the Jesuit order of the Catholic church in El Salvador. The church has been deeply involved in Salvadorans' struggle since the meeting at Medellin, Columbia, in 1968, wherein the Jesuits declared the human rights situation intolerable.

Right-wing "death-squads", financed by rich Salvadorans living inside and outside of the country, have been used to terrorize the Salvadorans into submitting to dictatorial rule by force. It is widely believed that the US supported Salvadoran military regime controls much of the activities of the "death-squads". This belief was recently confirmed by US Vice President George Bush. Bush condemns the Salvadoran government's "right-wing fanatics".

In the face of these attacks, human rights in El Salvador are virtually nonexistent. Despite this fact, the Reagan Administration has certified, beginning Jan. 1981, progress on human rights in El Salvadorans' economic and political system every 6 months for over two years. A week after this certification, the Salvadoran Right-wing increased its political violence by arresting and bombing the Salvadoran freedom fighters' controlled territory. The Reagan Administration observed that murders have slowed down from several thousands per month to three hundred per month. Six months later, the murders shot back up to about two thousand per month, according to a report by the US embassy in San Salvador.

The Salvadorans' struggle is in response to the intensity of dictatorial oppression and the exploitation of El Salvador's resources. With or without any political influence, the Salvadoran struggle is purely a struggle for basic human needs. It would seem that recent US aid would benefit the human needs of El Salvador. In 1980 alone, the US government sent aid to El Salvador at the amount of \$32.2 million. However, the millions of dollars sent to El Salvador did not benefit the needy is reflected in the 12th of December 1982,

UN General Assembly resolution. That resolution called on "all governments to refrain from sending arms and military assistance to El Salvador". The implication is obvious that the US supported military purchase and by that action showed that the US government does not place any value on the UN decision concerning US intervention in other countries' domestic affairs. These particular aids to El Salvador are not only an indication of the US direct intervention through Salvadoran repressive regime, but also an indication of the "insignificance" of the UN as a world organization.

In January 1981, President Carter sent an emergency military assistance worth \$5 million to El Salvador. The package included M-16 rifles; grenades and grenade launchers; steel helmets; flak jackets; and C- reaction (chemical reaction). Carter justified such aid by stating that "intelligence reports confirm that Salvadoran freedom fighters have obtained from abroad a substantial quantity of lethal weapons". By 21 Jan., 1981, close to 250 US military advisors were in El Salvador.

Also in 1981, the Reagan Administration sent 50 military advisors to El Salvador to teach Viet Nam-Style counter-insurgency techniques, i.e. the use of toxic gas and Huey-helicopters; and special search-and-destroy technique. Then, in 1982, the Reagan Administration announced plans to train 1500 Salvadoran soldiers. The training was to take place in North Carolina and Georgia to circumvent the need for additional US training personnel in El Salvador. In 1983, a thousand men were trained as an infantry battalion at Fort Bragg in North Carolina. Fort Bragg is a special Warfare Center which has been used to direct US counter-insurgent operations in the Third World for two decades. The remaining five or six hundred-junior officers were trained at Fort Benning in Georgia.

The Salvadoran military is "one of the most out-of-control, blood-thirsty groups of men in the world", according to Robert White, the former US Ambassador to El Salvador. The increasing US aid to Salvadoran dictatorial regimes from \$100 million to \$300 million within one fiscal year reveals the desperate need for Salvadoran self-determination. Salvadorans are an independent people,

capable of resolving their own affairs. When Salvadorans conclude that dictatorship must be overthrown, the US government ignores Salvadorans' independence and intervenes by supporting repressive regimes.

The US government has also been using Honduras a regional gendarme. Honduras is currently the second largest recipient of US military aid in all Latin America, trailing only El Salvador. Honduran military, under command of Gustavo Alvarez, and Argentine trained soldier favored by the Pentagon, pronounced the military's three elements of policy: prevention; repression; and, no capture. The prevention is to eliminate the possibility of a strong radical organization; repression is targeted primarily at Salvadorans in Honduras who help these Salvadorans; and a no capture, but kidnap policy is self explanatory.

Along with its repressive policy, the military gorges itself with new dollars from Washington despite the swelling numbers of starving Hondurans. Under Alvarez the decisions concerning Honduras' domestic and foreign affairs begin with the US State Department. From the US State Department, the decisions proceed to the US Embassy, then, to Alvarez and subsequently to civilian president Roberto Suazo Cordova.

The US government installed in Honduras a training regional military unit, CREMS -- the Centro Regional de Entrenamiento Militar. The CREMS has a double impact on Honduran life outside the military. One impact is in increased incidence of prostitution, bars and restaurants catering to service personnel. Consequently, prices for basic goods have been severely inflated, as much as four times due to the sudden influx of US dollars. Thus, the struggle of Hondurans has increased, and the increase is evident in the decision to openly oppose each other within both the liberal and the National Parties.

The US supported Honduran dictatorial regime continues to repress the Hondurans' voice which speaks out against political and economical conditions. The Hondurans' struggle is another struggle for self-determination and human rights. Hondurans strive against the military regimes while US interven-

tion and exploitation support that same regime responsible for oppression. Revolution is one, and only one, process to totally eliminate oppression and exploitation in Honduras, and the Hondurans have come to recognize this fact.

In Nicaragua, US naval forces first intervened in 1909 after two American citizens had been executed. General Augusto Sandino began to rid his country of American troops in 1927. Under his leadership, the Nicaraguan freedom fighters fought the US troops successfully until the US withdrawal in 1933. After the withdrawal, the US government set up a repressive regime to reassert its control over Nicaragua. The US trained General Anastasio Somoza Garcia to head the National Guard. Somoza assassinated Sandino and overthrew the liberal President Juan Batista Sacasa. Somoza, then, established a military dictatorship and became the new president. In 1956, Somoza was succeeded by his son, Louis, who was in the presidency until 1967. Another son, Major General Anastasio Somoza Debayle, became President in 1967. This was a one family dictatorial regime, backed by the US.

In August 1979, the provisional government and the National Direction of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN), along Sandinista columns were welcomed at Managua's central plaza. Nicaraguans had defeated the US supported dictator Somoza. Once again, Nicaraguans regained their independence and their rights to their own destination. To the US government, the Nicaraguans' victory threatened the US "superprofit" in Central America.

If imperialism is the extension of one nation's authority over another's sovereign power, then, the US reactions to the Nicaraguans' victory are obviously an imperialist intervention in Central America. Primarily, hardline militarism was used. As the Pentagon and CIA have stated consistently since July 1979; the US must continue to supply weapons to the rightist military regimes in Central America in order to avoid the "Nicaraguanization of the region". The US moderates its action in order to prevent the spread of people's revolution in the region. The US reaction evokes memories of Johnson's "domino theory" for Southeast Asia -- isolate

Nicaragua to prevent the spread of Communist revolution in other countries in the region.

On July 4, 1982, a Nicaraguan Air force helicopter was fired on near Seven Bank after the three day fight with well prepared counter-revolutionaries. These counter-revolutionaries had planned to take over Puerto Cabazas and the Tasba Pri resettlement camp for Miskito Indian, near Rosita in Central part of the zone. After this battle, the Nicaraguan military captured weapons, including: new automatic rifles; grenades; and inflatable boat; and, disposable rocket launchers -- all made in USA. The US government has not stopped its intervention in Nicaragua, but its intervention has taken different forms (i.e. supporting the counterrevolution).

An interview with a congressional source familiar with US plans in Central America and the Caribbean indicated that regardless of the Sandinistas' accomplishment, "the (Reagan) administration hammers away at Nicaragua because they believe it is the place 'you have got to score' ". The US pretends that once the Sandinistas are out of power, the problem in El Salvador and in the region will clear up itself. This fantasy in destabilizing the Sandinistas clearly indicates that the US does not recognize Nicaraguan and Salvadoran self-rule. This practice carried on by any superpower is one of the outstanding characteristics of imperialism.

US intervention in Central America stems not only from the balancing of US political power with the Communist camp, but also from the protecting of US superprofits in the region. US companies have large investments in Central America.

For example:

"32 nationally owned companies in Guatemala were bought out by US interests at a cost of \$24 million. Guatemala was transformed into the hub of regional economic planning headquarters for US agency for: International Development (AID) Central American mission; the Central American Economic Integration System (SIECA); and, the Central American Monetary Council."

In other words, the US government protects its benefits by supporting repressive dictatorial regimes.



OYA Series, MOVING SPIRITS

NELSON STEVENS

The US economic aid to El Salvador has increased drastically under the Reagan Administration. However, this increase is much to the benefit of US firms. US economic aid to El Salvador creates a dependent economic structure in the nation. According to Alberto Bonilla, president of the Central Bank in El Salvador, without US aid "almost all our industries would stop, and we would have at least 20% negative growth". US corporations are the main market for Salvadoran exports and are the key sources of need foreign exchange. US firms, such as Proctor and Gamble, and Hills Bros., purchase over one third of Salvador's coffee crop. Coffee accounts for 70% of El Salvador's export. El Salvador's manufactured goods are sent to the US. However, these manufactured goods are produced by US garment and electronic assembly plants operating in El Salvador's free trade zone, where labor is cheap and profits are untaxed.

Texas Instruments and Datran are two firms operating in Salvador's And Bartolo free trade zone, established in 1975 in order to encourage foreign investment. The firms pay Salvadoran labour about \$4 per day, or one-tenth of the US wage for the same work. The Salvadoran government plays a cooperative role through restriction on labour unions and wage freezes. Other US firms operating in the same manner in El Salvador are Kimberly Clark (paper product plant), Phelps Dodge (cooper product factory), Exxon, Standard Oil, IBM, Xerox, Internation Harvester, Ralston Purina, Bristol Myers, and others.

By the end of 1970's, 193 US companies had taken advantage of the "favorable investment climate" in Guatemala: 52 of them are in argibusiness; and US direct investments amounted to \$260 million in Guatemala alone. This amount is the largest figure in Central America. Also thirty-three of the world's top hundred firms had established local operations in Guatemala.

Not only does the US government directly support a repressive regime, but US business executives also openly discuss politics and conduct business affairs with the repressive regime in Guatemala. Miami tailored business suits discussed with the Guatemalan military uniforms "how to eradicate communism and return to the status quo of the 1970's." During 1970's, before the

Nicaraguan revolution, the climate for investment in Central America was stable due to the repression of the native population's voice and human rights. The Bank of America's (BoA) manager, Keith Parker, made an obvious statement in support of dictatorship in Guatemala. Keith Parker stated:

"Where we've got a situation like you have here, you need the strongest government you can get. If you use human rights in a country with guerillias (or from author's view freedom fighters), you're not going to get anywhere . . . What they should do is declare martial law. There you catch somebody; they go to military court. Three colonels are sitting there, you're guilty, you're shot. It works very well."

In other words, the BoA's manager was saying that human rights are not applied to people whose country is politically supported by the US government and economically exploited by US business.

BoA is the main agricultural lending agency in Guatemala, second only to the Guatemalan government as a source of agroexport capital. The BoA's manager's statement clearly indicates the purposes of US investment and involvement in the region: to politically eliminate alleged Communist expansion; and, to exploit natural as well as human resources of the region. These purposes were fulfilled through suppression of the Guatemalan voice.

By its nature, a dictatorial regime takes over power without the people's permission. This fact needs to be recognized as a cause of each oppressed nation's uprising. What are the alternatives for the oppressed Central American people if not a revolutionary struggle to end such oppression? Are there really peaceful ways to end this oppression while the oppressors are supporting "death-squads"? The oppressed Central American people have been hoping in vain for generation after generation, but they still suffer unbelievable oppression. Are they supposed to continue hoping in vain until all of them are eliminated, and their children, the next generation, are trained to rebel against their own people?

The flow of events in Central America reaches its central function when human beings in an attempt to raise their consciousness decide to unify and fight

against any form of oppression. The oppressed people have no more time to fight among each other because they all have a common enemy, the imperialist superpower. The enemy must be eliminated if people want to see their children grow up with healthy concepts. It is time for oppressed people to step forward both in consciousness and in the struggle for better global social conditions.

In order for the US dominance in Central America to fully end, the US citizens must recognize that they, too, have a great responsibility to work toward terminating US government's intervention in the region. US imperialism opposes the drive for self-determination in Central America, and this opposition continues only because US citizens have not recognized their responsibility to support humanitarian goals. US citizens are not informed that the Communist expansion theory has been used in Central America in the same manner as in the Viet Nam war 20 years ago. In the same manner as in Viet Nam war, Central Americans will defeat the dictatorship and its supporter, the US government. The US citizens must be informed that the so-called "Communists" are the native people, who will tolerate neither the local capitalist bourgeoisie nor US imperialist intervention.

US imperialist intervention and its oppression will have, in the long run, a great effect on the US's relationship to other countries. US destructive policies prevent mutual international trust, and, before long, there will be furious confrontations as a result of imperialist degrading foreign policies. The US actions in Central America undoubtedly indicate a pattern of imperialism. The US foreign policy is not a friendly policy toward the Central American countries. Only unity between citizens of both Central America and the US will change the course of the imperialist oppression in Central America. The Central American war is a war to regain self-determination, not a war to destabilize US position in the world. Self-determination is an important political element of each independent nation, including the US itself. Thus, the war in Central America is significant to each nation in the region. It is a war that will determine the pattern of US interaction with all the Third World countries.

means that years of television has shortened my attention span. So all at once teachers are going to have to teach students with shorter attention spans.

DRUM - In your beliefs about vegetarianism and fasting, especially, I was wondering if you were influenced by the teachings of Ghandi? or is it common sense?

DICK - Not really, Ghandi never fasted for more than thirteen days. Ghandi's life never changed until he became aware of the energy flows of the body and then things started making a difference in his life.

DRUM - How did you come about with these ideas?

DICK - I became a vegetarian because I was in the movement, and if I'm dedicated to nonviolence how can I participate in the destruction of animals for my dinner. I didn't know anything about fasting. I decided on a four-day fast to protest the war in Vietnam. Through the years, I've met with many doctors and now I'm extremely good at it. It's common sense. I mean if you go to the hospital, the meat eaters don't send you a basket of steaks, they send you a basket of fruit. So if fruit is so good for you after you get sick just think what it would if you had enough sense to eat it before you get sick.

DRUM - How will Jesse Jackson's campaign affect political apathy?

DICK - He is doing more than that. He is exciting them. He is talking about something more than just the hardline game. The important thing is that he is not one of them. The others can do it with money and the media. Jesse's got to do it on his wits. Jesse's letting people get really involved in the campaign - they're getting a feel for politics. Until the sixties came around, most people on college campuses believed everything the police said. But when you see the tear gas and the clubbings, all at once things change. All at once there was a new

world in our vocabulary "blue flue". All at once there were no "support your local police" bumperstickers. Nobody ever told anybody to do it, but as you get exposed to things, your life starts changing. So I'm saying that Jesse's candidacy sounds good, it feels good and people will go out and register. Listening to that same old bunch of cats talking the same old garbage don't make you want to do anything. Now the Coalition wants that huge segment of people to get registered because Jesse's coming through. It's going to be more than that because now I get to participate more in the share.

DRUM - Let's say you were running for president in 1984. You're against Ronnie. What would you do to change the system?

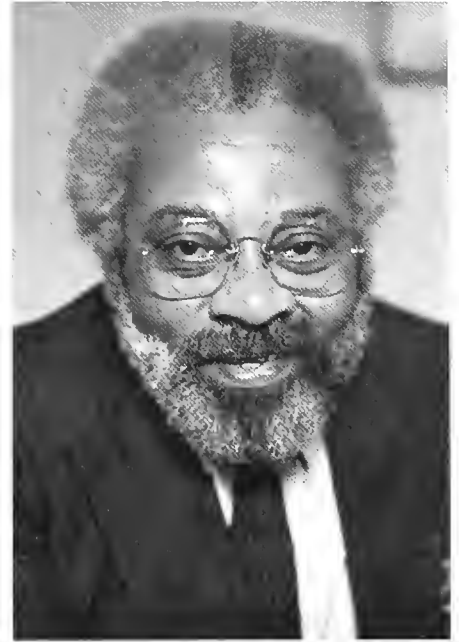
DICK - First off I would tell most Americans to be careful in voting for me. I would run to say that we would wipe out wars, hunger, sickness, and racism. But I would say to be careful before you vote for me. One of the first things I'd do before I'd deal with all the other crazies is tell the Mafia and the CIA that we couldn't peacefully coexist. I'd give them twentyfour hours to either get out or kill me. Then I would tell the churches not to vote for me because I'd take away their tax exempt status. I'd say to them, "Either y'all are in the spiritual business or real estate. If y'all are in the estate business, I'm going to tax you the same as I do that steel worker over there." I'd tell all these folks who like a little reefer and cocaine not to vote for me. With me reefers and cocaine would not be tolerated. I wouldn't tolerate whiskey. I would not tolerate anything that destroys and brings a nation to its knees. I'd put the tobacco industry out of business. How in the world can a country that calls itself a legitimate, humane country, promote something that is known to kill its citizens. I mean it

don't make no sense in no shape, form or fashion. I'd tell all the tobacco people, "We are going to grow grain and stuff to feed a hungry world." I'll make them all more money doing that than we would make doing the other. You just totally change it around. We're going to have two armies. We are going to have this crazy army over here and this other army to see to it that we never use it. We will go around the world and we'll use these fleets we've got as hospitals. We're going to show people how to plant, we're going to show them how to make their own lives different. Then maybe things will start changing. I mean people are afraid. We got into this nuclear mess by people being afraid. Now we've got it and we've got to think of a way to diffuse it. If you broke all this stuff down, where are we gonna put all the waste? These are the programs we've all got to start working on.

DRUM - In your writings you mentioned "the price one has to pay for freedom". What do you think that price, your identity?

DICK - It depends on you, how much drugs you have in your body, your fear. A free man or a free woman is a person with no fear. Anything you fear in life, you are enslaved to. If you speed you fear the cops are chasing you. See, you are enslaved to the cops, so what you do is stop speeding. If you fear getting caught with reefer you are enslaved to reefers. A free person is a person with no fear and everywhere you have fear shows enslavement. If you're scared of dogs you are enslaved to dogs. If you're messing around with my wife and are scared of getting caught, you are my slave. It's just a simple thing. Whatever price your integrity is, is what price you want to pay to be free and is a simple price to pay.

DRUM - Thank you Dick Gregory.



AN INTERVIEW WITH TONY BATTEN

by Richard Thorpe

Anthony Batten, motion picture director, was born August 17, 1935 in New York City. He attended the College of Arts of New York, the University of Xalayar (Mexico), the San Francisco Art Institute, San Francisco State College, and the University of California at Berkley. Currently, he is founder and president of Tony Batten Productions which was formed in 1980. Mr. Batten's work in film and television is both uncompromising and probing in nature. He has produced, written, and directed programs for the ABC "Close Up Series" in addition to hosting that series from 1974 until 1976. Under Mr. Batten's direction, the first profile of Paul Robeson was produced. Batten's documentaries have covered such diverse topics as: East Africa in "Ends and Beginnings" (1969), street gangs in the South Bronx in "Ain't Gonna Eat My Mind" (1972), prison revolts in "Bedlam in the Jails" (1970), and labor disputes in "The Toughest Labor Game in Town" (1971). Mr. Batten is an accomplished photographer. His photographs have appeared in such notable publications

as: The Liberator, New York Sunday Magazine and the Washington Post. He is the New England Regional Chairman of the National Association of Black Media Production which was founded in 1969. He belongs to the following media organizations: New York Academy of Television Arts and Science, International Center for Photography, Directors Guild of America, American Federation of Television and Radio Artists and Writers Guild of America. He has been awarded an Emmy for the Documentary "Ain't Gonna Eat My Mind" (1972), a Du Pont award for the ABC Close Up show "New Religions: Holiness or Heresy" (1972 and 1978), and induction into the Black Filmmakers' Hall of Fame in 1976.

DRUM - As a Black director and producer, what obstacles, if any, have you faced and how has this affected your work?

BATTEN - Obviously, the obstacle is a racist society, which means you're dealing with deception. Anybody that has to deal with images must. You've got to

translate images which many people might see in the context of racism and if you see images in the context of racism and those images, or your perceptions of them, are viewed by the total society and if racism is systematic to that society, then you have difficulty in communicating or demonstrating or filming or presenting something in terms of your own reality. Probably after that, the other obstacles are: limited job opportunities, limited financing and capital and limited interest in things that a Black person might be interested in. For example, it's pretty clear to anybody watching the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Motown television special that that was terrific entertainment. It was cross-cultural, it certainly appealed to an enormous audience and the aesthetics were quite good. When you think that there is nothing like that on television

on a regular basis, then you understand the nature of racism in the society. You see all kinds of programming in America but there are just limited ways for Blacks in the entertainment field to be involved in television.

DRUM - You were talking about Paul Robeson, you had profiled him. He was banned from television during the 1950's. Are there any other examples of prominent Black figures being banned from television?

BATTEN - Well, I would say that all prominent Blacks were banned from television. They just weren't on. When was the last time you saw Wilson Pickett on TV? Is he still there? You know what I mean?

DRUM - I mean a leader of Robeson's stature, someone who was as outspoken as he.

BATTEN - I don't think that Martin Luther King or Paul Robeson or anybody that had something to say was on television or radio often, unless it was perceived by the media that this was an interest of a sensational sort. When Malcolm was talking "hate whitey" and that kind of philosophy, he was on television a lot because he made people angry; he was sensational and you could see him on the six o'clock news. When he came back from his pilgrimage and began talking about Muslims of all different colors, he was on TV once a month. So I think the question you're asking -- whether there's someone else besides Paul Robeson who was banned from television -- is sort of begging the question. Frankly, Blacks who have anything worthwhile to say are generally banned from TV I think the question ought to be, "Who was on?" Then you find that there's a paucity of people -- people just weren't on. They don't get a chance to speak to the issues; certainly that was true up until the time of the Watts riots; then there was some attempt to find minorities more op-

portunity in the media. I think it's pretty clear that minority statements on TV occur far less in 1983 than they did in 1963 and 1964. That's just a matter of public record. The problem is that a lot of people who are glued to the TV are never glued to anything else. They don't understand any historian because they don't understand any history, then one is bound to repeat it." In the case of Black people, we not only do not learn from our history, we don't even know our history; that is a major problem in the Black community. Frankly, maybe we deserve what we get. We certainly aren't making any strides in those terms -- not at all. It's just unfortunate. It just shows, in a way, that as much as Black people would like to be special, because every minority group yearns for special status, that we are erasing our specialness which is interesting and powerful. But to answer your question, I think most prominent Black people in the 50's, 60's and 70's, are pretty much banned from TV.

DRUM - Just adding to that, if Blacks have been excluded from television, how can they truly represent themselves?

BATTEN - By organizing politically; that's what they can do. They can set goals and work diligently towards them. But that means they've got to give up something. They've got to devote energy. They've got to be constant. They've got to learn how to read. They have to do a whole lot of boring things which will help each individual as well as the whole group. But it ain't gonna be about Jeri curls and boogying. They can influence TV and radio stations. They can challenge licenses but those processes are long and drawn out and they require determination and patience, sacrifice, intelligence and postponement of gratification. One of our biggest problems may be that we've been denied stuff for so long. There are

just too many of us who grab what we can grab.

DRUM - You're saying that the media can have a positive effect on Black people in helping to organize?

BATTEN - What I'm saying is that Black people have to learn to organize in order to influence the media, that's what they have to learn to do. We don't have anything in this society except the ability to rap and the ability to lay down some "riff" on an instrument and to make poetry that soars. We need more than that to get by. We've got to be able to organize and to more or less know what objectives we need in order to manipulate the society to our benefit. Other groups have done that. I don't know what it's like in the community of Boston or any other city, but if a community is anything like Manhattan, I bet you there are several minority groups that operate small continuing businesses. Despite the fact that small businesses are being jeopardized by the economy, I know that in the community of Manhattan, I see Korean small businesses, and Hispanic small businesses. Those people who are operating those small businesses get up at four o'clock in the morning to go get their vegetables. A lot of those people work long hours. They have family businesses and they don't get much out of that. What they get is a little money to send their kids to college with so that they can do something else besides selling groceries. The basis of survival in capitalistic economy is the maintenance of the small business -- the small bourgeois business. Until Blacks are ready to get up at four in the morning to get their vegetables, they can't do that. Until they're really ready to identify objectives in terms of the media or get television to act right or get out and picket and shut places down, they ain't going

to get nothing. They're going to be satisfied with the Jeffersons; they're going to be satisfied with the little boy clone that is now on TV. We just don't have enough energy to make it any different.

DRUM - Tony Brown said something similar when he visited UMass. He said, "Black folks spend their money in a 180 degree circle instead of having money pass through their hands only eight different times before it leaves the community. As soon as they get it, they spend it and it goes right back into White society. It goes into their pockets and right back out of it." Why?

BATTEN - Well, obviously that does not make much sense for it to do that, but, if on the other hand, it stays in the community and it passes through a dozen hands and those dozen hands don't amount to anything more than the maintenance of a beer company or the maintenance of a "SNACK" society or the maintenance of the number man or the maintenance of a dream book or the maintenance of a forty dollar pair of sneakers or the maintenance of slick shoes then, hey man, it might as well go back to the White community. Because it ain't doing any good in the Black community. It's not just buying Black that's important. What is important is to buy Black in such a way that Black people, the person that buys and the person that sells, advance at the same time - that's what's important. So that means that we can't be blinded simply by color because that's a trap; that's just a trap. And I'm not saying that a Black person should take his or her hard earned money and go plunk it down in a small Black store that does not bother to clean its shelves or does not bother to keep any articles in there or doesn't bother to maintain itself and its store front. If that is the case, then go buy from the Korean be-

cause at least they pick the dead leaves off the lettuce. So I mean, Black people have to be able to compete on whatever level they're operating on. I live in a community where there is a chicken and rib franchise joint. Now the first person to have that franchise was a Black person but that person was so busy grandstanding and showboating because they had a franchise that meant that they could suddenly get white walls for their Mercedes and ain't nothin' the matter with a Mercedes except that dude doesn't have the franchise anymore. Afghan people have the franchise and they've got three shifts of their families in that franchise and Black people are lining up in the other side of the plexiglass, bulletproof wall plunkin' down their money for Afghan chicken and carrying out paper bags. That's what I'm talking about. We all know what it's about. We can all rationalize, we can always blame people but come on, there's always been a joke that you can't get the same kind of service in the Black community that you get some place else. To a large extent, that may be true. Why that is true, I don't know. I don't know why we get so much poor service. But those are not the basic issues except that it is a modality for us that we have to suffer from. So, when you ask me what kinds of obstacles I've had to face as a Black director and a Black producer, sure I've had to face the obvious kinds of obstacles that a Black person would have to face in a racist society, but to tell you the truth, I've never really had active Black support. I've never had that. I mean, I'm on the air in your community (Amherst). I used to be on the air every day, now I understand, I'm on the air only on the weekends. I call the stations up. I know people in your community that don't even know the call letters of

the stations that they listen to. So, how in the hell can a person like me, who depends on community support, how can I expect it when the folks who listen and say they like it, don't even know the call letters. Don't know where to find the damn thing on the radio and don't know the first thing about providing a letter to a station in Albany, NY and saying, "Hey, how come the act's off the air?"

DRUM - I understand that. That's the sort of thing that curtains you when people aren't aware of these things. They're not intelligent enough to know that when they call up a station they need to know what the call letters are

BATTEN - Well, let me point something out, and I'm not going to specify the minority groups that I'm talking about but I think it ought to be pretty clear to anybody that there are other minority groups with far fewer numbers than Black people that have far more influence. They know how to do that and as long as we wait and remain ignorant, as long as we want to go for the admiral hat and the uniform and the sword by the side, we ain't gonna do nothing. And sure we're going to foreswear the pointed letter, we're going to foreswear some sort of pressure politics, because we don't have the long-lasting energy, we don't have the determination, we don't have the heart to do it. And in a way, people like me get kicked off the air, but, hey man, we're going to bounce back. We're going to come back some other place. And I'll just say I'm sort of tired of just wondering when the people are going to say, "Batten needs some help, why don't we help him out." Because all they need to do is turn on the radio and boogie. And when it's gone, they accept the fact that it's gone. Why? like a guy said, "We've been down so long, we don't

even know where up is.”

DRUM - You touched upon your radio show and the fact that you're not on as much as in the past. Could you describe the types of things that are on the show and what things have to go into the making of the show?

BATTEN - It is a very simple broadcast. It's simple because there is an underlying sensibility about the music. It is a disc show, it focused on jazz and it is very clear that the underlying sensibility of the program, certainly the person making the program believes that some of America's classiest music is what the broadcast might be talking about -- Black music -- because that's what jazz is. Now, if that is the case, then there needs to be some subtle understanding of the political nature of the broadcast. Secondly, it has a very wide choice of selection of material. I play anything that is or has been important from 1926 or so right down to the present. So, let's say that it's 1923, just to make our addition easy. We're talking about sixty years of Black music. Now, I don't know where else on the radio dial anybody can find a range of 80 years of Black music that they can enjoy and is presented in what I think is a professional manner or way. It seems to me that that might be a kind of broadcast treasure. But again, it's a lot easier for people to listen to whatever "breakdance" is happening, and listen, hey, I've got nothing against Lionel Ritchie, believe me. If you listen to Ritchie and the stations that give you the kind of consistent hum drum, then I don't want the scholars or the students in the university, particularly the Black ones, to be saluting no Black flag, no Afro-American thing or none of that because they are constantly narrowing down their sensibilities; they are constantly narrowing down their brain to deal primarily with what the hucksters, the

narrowist, Black music gives them. And that's what they accept, that's what they like, that's what they groove behind because they're too politically lazy to understand something else and too emotionally insecure to venture out from the bass beat of the drum to some other kind of more complex sensibility that might be an Archie Shepp, might be a Nat Cole, might be a George Kirby, a Charlie Parker or a Lester Young but they ain't doing that. They're with Kool and the Gang.

DRUM - What advice would you have for a Black person who seriously wants to get into video such as yourself?

BATTEN - To learn to think. I'm serious. What do you want me to say? Get a job, go to school? No, that ain't it. You want to go to school, to learn how to operate a camera, you want to join a union to get a job, fine, terrific. I'm always happy when I learn about or read or see Black people who have gainful employment and are not standing around on the corner not knowing what to do and being mixed up about racism and drugs. I think it's an enormous achievement for any Black person to get a toe-hold on the society, to get a job and to do the things necessary to hold that job and to perform and function at their best. However, having said that, finally, one is only doing what everybody else is doing. Black people have a greater need; we have a greater responsibility to ourselves. I mean, what is that? We cannot afford to spend the majority of our time glued to some dumb television set with some beer in our hand. We have a bigger responsibility, which means to the extent that we have some free time, we got to use that free time to "move our stuff." You know, maybe it means "moving" on ourselves. Maybe it's learning something; it means learning how to do something. Do you

know that in the national Black community that something like 25% of the land we used to own in 1951 has been lost? Now, how many people who are reading this or your magazine (Drum) know the first f--ing thing about growing their own collard greens?

DRUM - I didn't know that the land lost was quite so high.

BATTEN - As the total land held by Black people gets smaller, the percentage of loss gets larger. Now, that's a mathematics truism. If you lose half an acre and you only have an acre, then you lost fifty percent of your land.

DRUM - Are these the types of things that Black people getting into the mass media need to know about and inform others about to produce change?

BATTEN - Well, I don't think it has to be that complicated, that complex or abstract. I think it could be simple. Let me ask a question, rhetorically, to anybody, "How many of you reading this, read a bonified newspaper everyday? How many of you read a news magazine every week? How many of you bother to question the news, if you look at the news or television? How many people bother to question that seriously, and to really try to understand and to find out the answer." I'm not saying that it's got to be as complex as learning how to grow some collard greens. What I am saying is it has to be as complex as learning how to read and develop strategies for getting true information in a racist society and until we can do that, then hey, I think we're standing up in line waiting to be lynchedvolunteering for it.

DRUM - I didn't mean it had to be as complicated as that. Maybe just as simple as "Each one teach one." If you have some knowledge about something, you just pass it on.

BATTEN - I think that's a good idea, too. I think that's wonderful

slogan, "Each one teach one."

DRUM - In a serious manner.

BATTEN - Yeah, and it's serious. But I think a whole lot of people know that slogan and don't live by it. I think a lot of people know that slogan and don't have the where-with-all to be anything to anybody. So, when I said earlier that we are a race of poets, that is part of what I mean. There's a lot of poetic energy taking place in the barber shop, on the street corner, in the church. Those things are quite valuable and they go a long way into helping our community survive. But it's isolating and if the only way that we understand or can learn the weaknesses of our energy is by working in their kitchen, then I guess what I'm saying is we've got to develop other kinds of strategies so that we're not always bound to the kitchen. That's all I'm saying.

DRUM - One of your documentaries seems to stand out - "Ain't Gonna Eat my Mind." What was it all about and could you describe it?

BATTEN - "Ain't Gonna Eat My Mind" is a kind of statement, a slogan that a lot of Hispanic gang kids used to use in the early 1960's, the late 1950's and the early 1960's. They would look at a cop, they would look at a teacher, they would look at an authority figure, and they would reject the bullshit of that authority figure by saying, "You ain't gonna eat my mind--not with that." I used that, "Ain't Gonna Eat My Mind" as the title, a profile of one gang family in south Bronx and the program was in two portions. One portion was a half-hour filmed documentary, the other portion was a one hour studio confrontation between the leaders of this gang family from the United States, but was an English-speaking person. At a certain point in the program, when the argument was getting quite heated, this

host looked at these guys, who were dressed in denim cut-off jackets with studs and what they call their "colors," looked at one of these guys and said, "I'm in costume for the same reason that you are in costume, I got my war costume on. Now I am presuming that you have your war costume on too, because you must know that there's a war out here on the streets." And he looked at this guy, who was dressed in a turtleneck sweater, sports coat and a very kind of collegiate dress and said, "But on second thought, you must not know that there's war out here on the streets, because if you went to war in the street with the costume you got on, you wouldn't last a second! But what I want to say is that we both got our costumes on. I'm just wondering whether yours is as appropriate to your place as mine is to mine." When kids of that kind are able to muster those sorts of sensibilities and analyse society in the way that they did, I think that in a way "Ain't Gonna Eat My Mind" is as valid a poetic statement and as valid a proposition and as valid a kind of slogan to live by as "For God and Country."

DRUM - That's almost like the slogan, "You bled my mama, you bled my papa, but you're not gonna bleed me."

BATTEN - Right.

DRUM - Do you view yourself more as a producer, director or photographer. Which one do you prefer, if any?

BATTEN - I view myself essentially as a complete artist. I have to use different tools at my disposal. The tools I chose to use are tools which are made available to me because I have some way of making money or earning a living by doing it. If I were to be as specific as I could be, I would have to avoid all of the words you just used and just say that I consider myself more as an author of films and television and radio shows because

I write them, I produce them.

DRUM - What is your favorite work?

BATTEN - "The Robeson Profile," without a question.

DRUM - Why is that?

BATTEN - I think the finest thing an artist can do is to celebrate the finest person that the artist knows. And for me, I think I was very fortunate. I was very fortunate because since Robeson had been excluded from American television, it was possible for me to give Black people, at least the ones generally glued to the television, the opportunity to check someone out who was a Black person that many of them had not known about. So, I felt doubly lucky. On the one hand, I was able to do a program the best way that I knew how to do, on someone I truly respected and who I thought is a profoundly important American. I was able to give this person to a lot of my brothers and sisters, if you will, as a gift, open handedly, without fear of contradiction and having to say, "Hey, he's somebody, what about this person?" Here is a Black American let's get with him for a minute. I can't think of anything finer to do.

DRUM - Finally, what projects are you working on at the present time?

BATTEN - One of the things that I'm obviously working on is the radio program which is broadcast in your community (Amherst, MA) with diminishing frequency. I will say that it is a National Public Radio station and let the audience figure out what to do with that. Seriously, I'm involved in an extended series, a 13 hour series on Black American history from before the War of Independence to the present day. I'm also developing a docu-drama film of Frantz Fanon and another on Ruth Fulton Benidict.

DRUM - Thank you for sharing this time with us.

A V E Y T A R A

At least twice a week, in the late afternoon, as the juniper trees around Tatem began sending out their cool elongated shadows, her great-aunt (who resembled the trees in her straight, large-boned mass and height) would take the field hat down from its nail on the door and solemnly place it over her headtie and braids. With equal ceremony she would then draw around her the two belts she and the other women her age in Tatem always put on when going out: one belt at the waist of their plain, long-skirted dresses, and the other (this one worn in the belief that it gave them extra strength) strapped low around their hips like the belt for a sword or a gun holster.

“Aveytara”.

There was never any need to call her, because Avey, keeping out of sight behind the old women, would have already followed suit, girding her non-existent hips with a second belt (an imaginary one) and placing—with the same studied ceremony—a smaller version of the field hat (which was real) on her head. To protect her legs from the scrub grass and bruch along the way she was made to wear wool stockings despite the heat and her high-topped school shoes from last winter, which her mother always sent along for her to finish out the summer in.

Thus attired, they would set out, her great-aunt forging ahead in her dead husband’s old brogans, which on her feet turned into seven-league boots, while Avey, to keep up, often had to play a silent game of “Take a Giant Step” with herself: “Avey Williams, you may take two giant steps.” “May I?” “Yes, you may.”

The first leg of their walk took them along the road which bordered the large wood belonging to their neighbor, Shad Dawson. The wood, dark even on the sunniest day because of the Spanish moss hanging in great silver-gray skeins from the oaks, was a place filled with every kind of ha’nt there was, according to the children she played with in Tatem.

Once past the wood which Shad Dawson was to lose eventually to the white man in Beaufort whom he had

entrusted to pay his taxes for him, came the one church in Tatem, set in a bare yard, a decrepit listing clapboard structure that also served as the school. A cross and an open book painted on the front window marked its dual purpose. In its lopsided stance the church looked as if it had never recovered from the blow dealt its authority one evening long ago when Avey’s great-aunt had raged out of its door never to return.

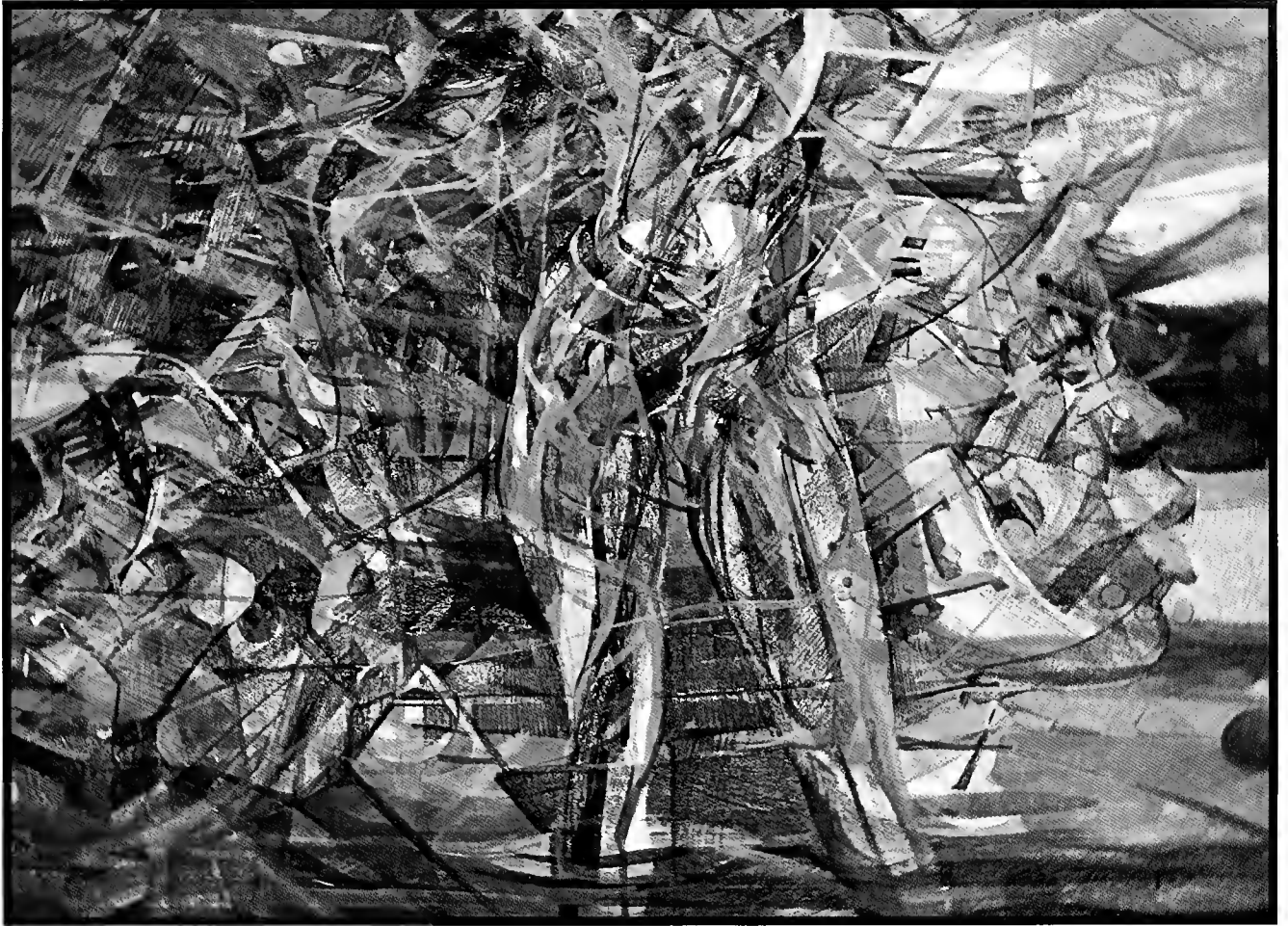
The old woman (she had been young then) had been caught “crossing her feet” in a Ring Shout being held there and had been ordered out of the circle. But she had refused to leave, denying at first that she had been dancing, then claiming it had been the Spirit moving powerfully in her which had caused her to forget and cross her feet. She had even tried brazening it out: “Hadn’t David danced before the Lord?” Finally, just as she was about to be ejected bodily, she had stormed out of the circle and the church on her own. The ban had been only for the one night, but outraged, insisting still on her innocence, she began staying away from the Ring Shouts altogether. After a time she even stopped attending regular church service as well.

People in Tatem said she had made the Landing her religion after that.

Some nights, though, when they held the Shouts she would go to stand, unreconciled but nostalgic, on the darkened road across from the church, taking Avey with her if it was August. Through the open door the handful of elderly men and women still left, and who still held to the old ways, could be seen slowly circling the room in a loose ring.

They were propelling themselves forward at a curious gliding shuffle which did not permit the soles of the heavy work shoes they had on to ever once lift from the floor. Only their heels rose and then fell with each step, striking the worn pineboard with a beat that was as precise and intricate as a drum’s, and which, as the night wore on and the Shout became more animated, could be heard all over Tatem.

They sang: “Who’s that riding the chariot?/Well well well . . .”; used their hands as racing tambourines, slapped their knees and thighs and chest in daz-



BEING and BECOMING

NELSON STEVENS

zling syncopated rhythm. They worked their shoulders; even succeeded at times in giving a mean roll of their aged hips. They allowed their failing bodies every liberty, yet their feet never once left the floor or, worse, crossed each other in a dance step.

Arms shot up, hands arched back like wings: "Got your life in my hands/ Well well well . . ." Singing in quavering atonal voices as they glided and stamped one behind the other within the larger circle of their shadows cast by the lamplight on the walls. Even when the Spirit took hold and their souls and writhing bodies seemed about to soar off into the night, their feet remained planted firm. I shall not be moved.

It wasn't supposed to be dancing, yet to Avey, standing beside the old woman, it held something of the look, and it felt like dancing in her blood, so that under cover of the darkness she performed in place the little rhythmic trudge. She joined in the singing under her breath: "Got your life in my hands/ Well well well . . ."

With the church behind them on the walk, they came to the last few houses in the small settlement. There was the drab-gray, unpainted bungalow of "Doctor" Benitha Grant, which she had enlivened with a crepe myrtle bush—all red blossoms—at the door and a front yard bright and overflowing with samples of the herbs she used to treat the sick and ailing. During Avey's first summer in Tatem she had instantly stopped the pain and swelling of an insect bite on her arm with fennel picked fresh from the yard.

Next along the road stood the frame dwelling belonging to Pharo Harris and his wife, Miss Celia. There not a single flower or herb or blade of grass was to be seen out front. Instead he and his wife had piled their dusty yard and the porch to the house with all the rusted washtubs, scrubboards and iron kettles from the years she had taken in washing and all the broken plows, pitchforks, hoes and the like from his sharecropping days. Pharo Harris had even dragged out the worn traces and reins from his mules who had died and flung them on the heap. All of it left there for anyone passing to see, while they—old and bent now—kept busy in their vegetable garden out back. A Tidewater gothic amid the turnip greens and squash.

The two walking seldom saw the

Harris, but their neighbor, Mr. Golla Mack, whose greater age made them seem almost young, was always visible. The moment they rounded a bend in the road they would spot him, a short, thick-set old man with unseeing eyes the milky blue of a play marble, seated in

monumental stillness on his tumble-down porch. Propped against his chair was one of the walking sticks he had been known for making before going blind, a snake carved up its length.

In his stillness there on the porch, in the shadow cast by the overhand, Mr. Golla Mack scarcely seemed a living breathing man, ordinary flesh and blood, but a life-size likeness of himself fashioned out of some substance that was immune to time, the August heat and flies and the white folds in Beau-fort.

"Miz Cuney, is that that little ol' sassy gal from New York I sees with you?"

Mr. Golla Mack! They stopped to pay their respects on the way both to and from the Landing.

His was the last house. Beyond it all resemblance of a road vanished, the trees and plant cover disappeared and the countryside opened into a vast denuded tract of land that had one, more than a century ago, been the largest plantation of sea island cotton thereabouts. "War is cruelty and you cannot refine it": General William Tecumseh Sherman on his march of blood and fire up from Atlanta.

The huge field had fallen victim to the pillaging and had never been replanted.

It took Avey and her great-aunt—the old woman never slackening her pace—over a half-hour of steady walking out under the sun just to cover one section of it. Almost the same amount of time was then spent picking their way down a rocky incline of high thistle grass and scrub that led to another ruined field at the bottom, this one a soggy, low-lying rich field that had been more recently abandoned.

Here her great-aunt always put to practical use the second belt girding her hips. Stopping briefly she would draw the top of her skirt up over it until the cloth lay in a fold around her and her hem stood clear of the sodden ground. The next moment she was striking out across the rice field toward

a small pine forest at its edge.

The forest marked the final leg of their journey. Moving over the footpath the old woman knew by heart they were treated to the cool resinous smell of the pines, the soft, springy padding the needles formed underfoot, and the salt drift from the nearby marshes. And soon, coming to meet them like an eager host through the trees, there could be heard the bright sound of the river that was their destination. And over it, farther off, the distant yet powerful voice of the sea.

It was only a matter of minutes then before they were standing, the forest behind them and the river at their feet, on the long narrow spit of land, shaped like one of Mr. Golla Mack's walking sticks, which marked the point where the waters in and around Tatem met up with the open sea. On the maps of the country it was known as Ibo Landing. To people in Tatem it was simply the Landing.

"It was here that they brought 'em. They taken 'em out of the boats right here where we's standing. Nobody remembers how many of 'em it was, but they was a good few 'cording to my gran' who was a little girl no bigger than you when it happened. The small boats was drawn up here and the ship they had just come from was out in the deep water. Great big ol' ship with sails. And the minute those Ibos was brought on shore they just stopped, my gran' said, and taken a look around. A good long look. Not saying a word. Just studying the place real good. Just taking their time and studying on it.

And they seen things that day you and me don't have the power to see. 'Cause those pure-born Africans was peoples my gran' said could see in more ways than one. The kind can tell you 'bout things happened long before they was born and things to come long after they's dead. Well, they seen everything that was to happen 'round here that day. The slavery time and the war my gran' always talked about, the 'mancipation and everything after that right on up to the hard times today. Those Ibos didn't miss a thing. Even seen you and me standing here talli about 'em. And when they got through sizing up the place real good and seen what was to come, they turned, my gran' said, and looked at the white folks what brought 'em here. Took their time again and

gived them the same long hard look. Tell you the truth, I don't know how those white folks stood it. I know I wouldn't have wanted 'em looking at me that way. And when they got through studying 'em, when they knew just from looking at 'em how those folks was gonna do, do you know what the Ibos did? Do you . . . ?"

"I do." (It wasn't meant for her to answer but she always did anyway.) "Want me to finish telling about 'em? I know the story as good as you." (Which was true. Back home after only her first summer in Tatem she had recounted the whole thing almost word for word to her three brothers, complete with the old woman's inflections and gestures.)

". . . They just turned, my gran' said, all of 'em—" she would have ignored the interruption as usual; wouldn't even have heard it over the voice that possessed her—"and walked on back down to the edge of the river here. Every las' man, woman and chile. And they wasn't taking they time no more. They had seen what they had seen and those Ibos was stepping! And they didn't bother getting back into the small boats drawn up here—boats take too much time. They just kept walking right on out over the river. Now you wouldna thought they'd of got very far seeing as it was water they was walking on. Besides they had all that iron on 'em. Iron on they ankles and they wrists and fastened 'round they necks like a dog collar. 'Nuff iron to sink an army. And chains hooking up the iron. But chains didn't stop those Ibos none. Neither iron. The way my gran' tol' it (other folks in Tatem said it wasn't so and that she was crazy but she never paid 'em no mind) 'cording to her they just kept on walking like the water was solid ground. Left the white folks standin' back here with they mouth hung open and they taken off down the river on foot. Stepping. And when they got to where the ship was they didn't so much as give it a look. Just walked on past it. Didn't want nothing to do with that ol' shop. They feets was gonna take 'em wherever they was going that day. And they was singing by then, so my gran' said. When they realized there wasn't nothing between them and home but some water and that wasn't giving 'em no trouble they got so tickled they started in to

singing. You could hear 'em clear across Tatem 'cording to her. They sounded like they was having such a good time my gran' declared she jsut picked herself up and took off after 'em. In her mind was long gone with the Ibos . . ."

She always paused here, giving the impression she was done. A moment later though would come a final coda, spoken with an amazed reverential laugh: "Those Ibos! Just upped and walked on away not two minutes after getting here!"

"But how come they didn't drown, Aunt Cuney?"

She had been ten—that old!—and had been hearing the story for four summers straight before she had thought to ask.

Slowly, standing on the consecrated ground, her height almost matching her shadow which the afternoon sun had drawn out over the water at their feet, her great-aunt had turned and regarded her in silence for the longest time. It was to take Avey years to forget the look on the face under the field hat, the disappointment and sadness there. If she could have reached up that day and snatched her question like a fly out of the air and swallowed it whole, she would have done so. And long after she had stopped going to Tatem and the old woman was dead, she was to catch herself flinching whenever she remembered the voice with the quietly dangerous note that had issued finally from under the hat brim.

"Did it say Jesus drowned when he went walking on the water in that Sunday School book your momma always sends with you?"

"No, ma'am."

"I din' think so. You got any more questions?"

She had shaken her head "no".

And then three nights ago, in the dream, there the old woman had been after all those years, drawn up waiting for her on the road beside Shad Dawson's wood of cedar and oak. Standing there unmarked by the grave in the field hat and the drawn with the double belts, beckoning to her with a hand that should have been fleshless bone by now: clappers to be played at a Juba.

Did she really expect her to go walking over to the Landing dressed as she was? In the new spring suit she had just put on to wear to the annual luncheon at the Statler given by Jerome Johnson's lodge? (He was outside the house this

minute waiting for her in the car.) With her hat and gloves on? And her fur stole draped over her arm? Avey Johnson could have laughed, the idea was so ridiculous. That obstacle course of scrub, rock and rough grass leading down from the cotton field would make quick work of her stockings, and the open-toed patent-leather pumps she was wearing for the first time would never survive that mud flat which had once been a rice field. Gaising down, she saw they were already filmed with dust just from her standing there. Her amusement began to give way to irritation.

From a distance of perhaps thirty feet, the old woman continued to wave her forward, her gesture exhibiting a patience and restraint that was unlike her. And she was strangely silent standing there framed by the moss-hung wood; her face unlike her body, had apparently not been able to oversee the grave.

She kept up the patient summons; and from where she stood on the unpaved country road, Avey Johnson ignored it, getting more annoyed each time the hand beckoned. If she could have brought herself to it, she would have turned and walked away and left her standing there waving at the empty grave. But such disrespect was beyond her. She would stand her ground then! Refuse to take even a single step forward! To reassure this, she dug her shoe heels into the dirt and loose vines at her feet. A battle, she sensed, had been joined.

They remained like this for the longest time, until finally, the old woman, glancing anxiously at the decling sun, abruptly changed her tactics. Her hand dropped and, reaching in with her arms, she began coaxing her forward, gently urging her, the way a mother would a one-year-old who hangs back from walking on its own.

It was behavior so opposed to the Aunt Cuney she had known, Avey Johnson stood there mystified, and then was all the more annoyed. She swung away her face, telling herself, hoping, that when she looked back, she would find that the old woman had given up and gone on the walk alone; or better yet had returned to her grave in Tatem's colored cemetery. But not only was the tall figure still there when she looked around again, the coaxing had become more impassioned.

DRUM PROFILE

JOHN

BIGGERS



Drum Salutes

JESSE JACKSON



NELSON STEVENS

JESSE'S RAINBOW

by Brad Kaplan

It has been two decades since the national Civil Rights revolution was launched by the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. His eloquent dream of racial unity and the palpable witness of a quarter of a million marches at the Lincoln Memorial are deeply etched in our nations history. What was then a Civil Right movement has become a political movement, but the goal is still the same: an equal place for Black Americans. First as an aide to King, now as leader in his own right, Jesse Jackson has been part of part of both movements. King's legacy hangs over Jackson, as it does over the rest of the nation.

What Martin Luther King, Jr. started, Jesse Jackson is carrying to new heights today. What King strove for was freedom from oppression, segregation and hatred for his people. He did this through visible non-violent protest, and through this gained the sympathy and understanding of the majority of our nation. It was an achievement and symbol for peace unequalled in our time. Gone are the past realities of segregated bathrooms and busses, yet Black Americans are far from reaching the racial equality and brotherhood Dr. King strove for, and ultimately died for. Black America for the most part is no longer rejected yet in many ways it is far from accepted. Economic inequality still reveals a strong under current of racism in society and our political structure. Whereas Dr. King got us over the wave we must still deal with a strong undertow which threatens to bring us back out to sea.

The civil rights movements of the

60's were a triumph for Black America and a symbol to all unjust nations throughout the world; yet where does the black movement go from there. The answer is politics, and Jesse Jackson had realized this for quite some time. Once segregation and other visible signs of inequality are abolished, the next logical and crucial step is to gain political power to further the movement through legitimate legal networks. Once blacks gain political power they must be listened to and reckoned with.

Since the mid 1960's there has been a political awakening in Black America like no other time in U.S. history. Yet in terms of sheer numbers, this awakening has been extremely apathetic. It would seem that after MLK let Black America on the boat most of its population seems content to sit back and enjoy the ride; doing nothing to better that ride for themselves and others. Yet into this scene comes an antagonist by the name of Ronald Reagan. President Reagan has inadvertently made a bad enemy of the black community and in doing so has politically reawakened Black America. This reawakening is spurred in part by Reagan's domestic cuts and insensitivity to civil rights. "This administration has mounted a counter revolution," says Vernon Jordan. "They are not only stopping the clock, they are pushing it back." In the South where affirmative action and equal employment have never been strong, the Regan cutbacks in civil rights enforcement have been devastating. Another largely overlooked factor in generating Black America is Reagan's unbridled

escalation of the arms race which has infuriated countless activist groups and peace lovers. As is remembered in the 1960's, the civil rights movement was the catalyst for all the other movements and these other factions don't forget their kinship with the black struggle. "Jesse Jackson's idea and Ronald Reagan's reality have committed black people to the political process like we have never been committed before," says Michael Tomax, chairman of the board of commissioners in Fulton County, GA.

So into this warming pot of black activism comes the reality of Jesse Jackson's campaign for the presidency of the United States. To stoke the flame, he is not the first. The first black to be considered by a major party for the presidency was the abolitionist Frederick Douglass, who received a single, complementary vote at the 1888 Republican Convention. In 1972, New York Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm entered the Democratic race and in fourteen primaries picked up 28 delegates. Though both were very respectable efforts, they were premature in their goals. Now the time seems to be right. As Dick Gregory said to us in a recent interview. "Jesse Jackson's candidacy; it sounds good, it feels good, and its giving blacks a reason to get involved." Jackson is convinced that black people will not vote unless they have something to vote for. A black candidacy does more than inspire black voters; it is also a way to increase black power at the lower levels of politics. "The more we talk, the more we convince people that the issue is not just the

White House (although this would be the greatest culmination of the effort) He says, "People really buy in at the level of supervisors and school board members. Victory here is not the leader getting across the finish line first. Victory is how many people you carry with you." It is obvious that Martin Luther King, Jr. carried one very important person with him.

The most important goal of Jackson's candidacy is in the registering of black voters. This was realized by MLK but its significance is being brought to the fore front by Jackson. Power lies in registration in registration not in voting. A fine analogy is made by Dick Gregory, "If you had 10 million dollars every body that got anything to sell is gonna be beatin a path to your door. Trying to sell you whatever they think you need. Jesse Jackson states, "There's a freedom train a coming, but you got to be registered to ride."

In registering a huge black block of voters you gain leverage power. Those who seek positions of power will have to appease that block, and listen to its grievances. For too many years blacks haven't been a significant enough political power, in terms of registered numbers, to force any politician count their vote. Thus, the black community has been exploited by the mainly white, corporate source of minimum - wage labor on which capitalism thrives on.

As Jackson has said, "When you run, the masses register and vote. When you run, you put your program on the front burner. If you run, you might lose. If you don't run, you're guaranteed to lose." Since Jackson's bid for the candidacy, blacks are registering to vote and running for office in a groundswell of activism that promises to alter permanently the political balance on local, state and national levels. The candidacy will significantly reshape the 1984 (and future) political landscape for the better and help the Democratic Party oust Ronald Reagan. It would firmly place a large block of uncommitted and/or non-existent voters on the Democratic door-step. If black voter participation increases by a 25% by the time of the general elections, Reagan could lose eight states he won in 1980 - Alabama, Arkansas, Massa-

chusetts, Mississippi, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee. In Alabama for example, where Reagan won by 17,462 votes, there were 272,390 unregistered blacks. In New York there are 900,000 unregistered blacks (55% of those eligible), more than five times as many as Reagan's 1980 margin of victory.

What Jackson's Rainbow Coalition is doing is generating excitement; not only in the black community but in others out side of the power structure. Blacks, along with other minorities, women, laborers, peace activists, the white poor and very significantly the younger generation, are given a platform of peace, justice and equality they can relate to.

In Alabama, Georgia and Florida, Jackson has had very successful showings in the polls largely due to the younger generation. In all three states, younger blacks and whites were Jackson's most enthusiastic supporters. In Alabama he was backed by 67% of black voters aged 18-49, compared with 45% of the over 50 crowd. Young people today want a peaceful world to grow up in and raise a family in. Our generation is the first to ever have to deal with the aspect of a nuclear future. Never before in our history have we lived under the threat of worldwide destruction and this is the utmost concern of today's young. Jesse Jackson seems to be the most viable option to this madness.

The excitement generated by Jackson is bigger now in the black community than it has ever been. There is a new sense of hope. It is the ultimate embodiment of the American political ideal, and affirmation that every child of the nation - yes even a black one - can some day seek the presidency. Americans like to tell their children that if they work hard enough they can grow up to be President. "I have one proposition," says Richard Hatcher, mayor of Gary Indiana, "either we ought to stop lying to our children or we ought to start believing it and doing the things necessary to make it come true." Jackson is the embodiment of the American dream, yet the color of his skin still turns the hair up on the back of the necks of white politicians. He has given the black community a new source of hope and pride.

The excitement generated by Jackson in recent years reflects, and contributes to, a resurgence of black political activism not seen since the 1960's. He is inspiring (and inspired by) other blacks who seek offices on their own; forcing white candidates as well as blacks to raise and consider issues that are important to minorities. "My running will stimulate thousands to run," he says. "If you can get your share of legislators, mayors, sherrifs, school-board members, tax accessors and dog catchers, you can live with who ever is in the White House. His goal is "parity", a fair share of elected offices for blacks. For years blacks were prohibited to use the ballot box, now they not only are able to use it, some are learning to play the game. In 1963 there were fewer than 50 black elected officials in the entire South. Now there are nearly 3,200 - more than the rest of the nation combined. Atlanta is a black - run city. Nearly every black belt county in Alabama has a black sherrif. And Mississippi has more black elected officials than any state. In 1982 the number of black state legislators increased by 35, to 355, the largest jump ever. In Boston, once a hotbed of racial tension, Melvin King, a black former state legislator became the first black to be on that city's final mayoral ballot. Yet Jackson becomes bitter when other black leaders; those he feels are content to serve as "trustees of the ghetto," dismiss him as opportunistic. "Part of our problem now is that some of our leaders do not seize opportunities," he says "I was trained by Martin to be an opportunist."

In terms of delegates, Jackson does not figure to be much of a factor at the Democratic Convention. His influence will come from his proven ability to rally black voters. Jackson has already stated that he will support only a nominee who shares his opposition to run off elections, dual registration and other measures he feels undermine the Voting Rights Act. If the nominee is agreeable, then Jackson will work to deliver voters onto the Democratic Party. "If the party is forthcoming, I'd put jet fuel in my butt," he promises "if it's not, I'd sit on it."

John A. Kendrick

A SALUTE

By Jeff Donaldson

On May fifth of 1982, death came suddenly and quite unexpectedly to John A. Kendrick, a Virginia-born New York artist and Black collegian who was expected to complete all requirements for the Ph.D. in Art History this past spring.

Kendrick was barely thirty years old and to Kim, his wife, and to his many friends, associates and a fast-growing coterie of art patrons his passing was profoundly lamentable.

Yet, John had already achieved world class status in the Transafrican Art world during the short span of his brilliant career. Moreover, his art history research and insight reflect undeniable scholarly potential of the first rank.



Street Encounter, 24" x 42",
mixed media 1974

Street Corner Symphony, 42" x 60", mixed media 1975





Prelude, 48" x 60", mixed media 1976

Wall Of Spiritual Aspirations
(outdoor mural) 8' x 10', acrylic 1977



Transitions, 48" x 60", mixed media 1975

H₂O Ritual, 36" x 48", oil and acrylic 1977



Courtesy of BLACK COLLEGEAN MAGAZINE

The following contains excerpts from an interview with Ray Almeida, the Public Relations Officer from the Embassy of Cape Verde.

Mr. Almeida came to the University of Massachusetts at Amherst on the weekend of December 3rd, 1983 to attend the Third World Student Leadership Conference, to address the local Cape Verdean student community, and to establish closer links between the Government of Cape Verde and the University of Massachusetts.

An Interview with RAY ALMEIDA

by Robert Treixeira

DRUM - Mr. Almeida, during the first visit ever by a Cape Verdean head of state to the United States, Cape Verde's President Pereira met for several private sessions with the Reagan Administration. During Pereira's White House meeting with Reagan, what was the topic of discussion?

R.A. - There were several topics discussed. Certainly, among them was the general amicable nature of relations between our two nations. The Cape Verde and United States relations are described as normal, which is a diplomatic term which fits into a particular place in the specter of relations. There are normal relations and there are friendly relations. President Pereira left the White House having felt the U.S. would continue its commitment to provide food and economic development assistance. However, he did mention the tendency for the decrease in the level of aid which the United States has been providing. For example, there is no correction for the inflation factor in the level of aid

provided. So what looked like five million dollars seven years ago, in fact, comes down to considerably less.

The two presidents also spoke about the role of Cape Verde's in attempts to find an international solution to the problems in South Africa. Pereira described the sentiments of the parties involved, in particular, the role of Namibian independence and the role of the front Angolan government and several other governments immediately before he came to the United States. He once again communicated to Angola and the other parties involved. Remember, Cape Verde has not been acting on behalf of the countries directly involved. Cape Verde has been providing its territory for face to face discussion in a safe environment where there is an opportunity for tight-lipped discussion.

Cape Verde has very real interests in this issue, not just because she comes from a non-aligned place whose ideology says she wants to do everything she can do to resolve international tension and restore viable peace. Rather, because of our historical colonial connection with Angola, we have real interests. With the cessation of hostilities within Angola and her neighbors, Angola is going to turn its human and other resources to creating some great economic stuff for themselves. This will only be to the benefit of Cape Verde. We have strong historical, political, cultural, and linguistic connections with Angola. Cape Verdeans have historically been employed in Angola as part of a skilled labor force. Cape Verdean people should understand that this isn't just one highly regarded diplomat, head of state, that has access to a number of warring parties. But there is a very practical side. The Cape Verdean self-interest is very much involved.

DRUM - What was President Pereira's reaction after his meeting with the Reagan Administration? Was he satisfied?

R.A. - The senior level administrators,

the President, Vice-President, and Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Crocker, spent several hours with him. Vice-President Bush lunched with him and President Reagan met with him for a half hour.

This was an unofficial visit, a personal visit, and yet it was accorded this high level of importance. With the fact that President Pereira has been on the scene for a long time, before Cape Verdean Independence, and from the generation of Nkruma is quite interesting. President Pereira is satisfied with his visit with the Reagan Administration because he accomplished what he had hoped for. I think American officials would agree.

DRUM - What kind of interest did the United States government express in regards to developing closer relations with Cape Verde? Did the Administration express any military interests?

R.A. - My answer to the second question is no, not to my knowledge. Remember, Cape Verde is a non-aligned country. Now, the answer to the first question.

The U.S. has been participating in aid programs for Cape Verde since Independence in 1975. Over a period of time, they have been developing a strategy where the U.S. effort is in agriculture and rural training projects. They have provided agricultural training scholarships for Cape Verdean students. These scholarships provided by the U.S. are, according to their A.I.D. agreement, administered by the Cape Verdean government.

There is some interest that these opportunities be expanded. For example, we talked about providing additional commitments of corn. Here, one of the things that needs to be expressed is that in this case, politics needs to be put aside. The bottom line is feeding the people. There is an incredible drought that is in its 16th year. There is going to be a total loss of harvest this year. We thought that Cape Verde would be able to produce about 3000 metric tons of corn and then that

figure was revised downward. Now, it's clear that only 100 metric tons of corn will be produced in Cape Verde this year. Thus we will have to import somewhere between 96% to 97% of what we have to eat. This is an incredibly devastating thing that's going to have a profound impact upon everyone, but in particular, the rural poor. The U.S. government has made a commitment to provide emergency assistance over and above the 1500 metric tons of corn which it planned to contribute every year, for the next 15 years. There may also be as much as a million dollar increase in aid from them this year. This came about as a result of the worsening drought situation and from President Pereira's visit.

DRUM - What kind of non-government private investment opportunities does the Cape Verdean government encourage?

R.A. - I assume you are talking about investments from private U.S. firms and not N.G.O.'s, Non Governmental Organizations like Oxfam America and the like. There is presently a private investment and development code which is now in the process of being developed. Up until now, every private investment proposal has been dealt with on a project to project basis. The government has more than half of the ownership and some cases where there is no partnership at all. We have a hotel on the Island of Saul which is privately owned by some Belgians since before Independence in 1975.

There is going to be expansion in this sector. It's going to be slow and deliberate. The doors are just not open for anyone to rush in with a fast buck making scheme because like everything else in Cape Verde, we want it to fit in with the overall framework of doing what will be best for the majority of people for the longest period of time. It has to have an empowering effect. If it will create jobs, if it will impart some skills; it will increase the hard currency that's available within the economy; if it will slowly enable our people



CAPE VERDE FISHERMAN

RON BARBOZA

DRUM - Would you encourage Cape Verdean Americans to come

to participate in ownership. These are at least four criteria that must be looked at in any private investment scheme. If the people bringing money from the outside are just going to be preoccupied with repatriation of their capital as quickly as possible, they should forget it. A hotel or a construction scheme for instance has to include something that's going to belong to our folks. If just can't exist in order to create ditch digging jobs and waiting jobs for Cape Verdeans. Some how, it must teach Cape Verdeans how to manage and participate in ownership, etc.

back and invest in Cape Verde?

R.A. - To a certain extent this is already going on, principally though, with the Cape Verdean communities in Europe. An investment pattern is just being developed there. There is no clear investment pattern from the U.S. There have been a lot of inquiries from the U.S. Cape Verdean Community. However, with the enactment of Cape Verde's uniform private investment code, we will start to see more Cape Verdean Americans investing their monies there.

We have a future in fishery related stuff, in tourism, and a future in the service industry. Cape Verdeans have a lot of skills that are highly prized in the West African region. That's

because Cape Verdeans have had much experience in dealing with outsiders. Also, another major area of investment may relate to our ports. We potentially have the deepest water port in West Africa. It must be developed, though. This will be a centerpiece for development in the long run.

DRUM - Besides the U.S., What other countries provide aid to Cape Verde?

R.A. - There are many. We have some very old friends (some social countries) since the liberation movement that have continued to help Cape Verde in a much more structural and systematic way. Independence obviously created the opportunity for reconstruction, which otherwise would have been impossible.

We get significant support from countries like the Netherlands and Belgium. The Dutch provide us with more support than the U.S. does. Sweden and West Germany are also significant partners. Portugal, even with its devastated economy, provides us with a considerable amount of money which is dollar for dollar more than the U.S.

The interests of the U.S. in Cape Verde are limited. We would like that support expanded. However, the U.S. has recognized Cape Verde ever since independence eight years ago, and has been involved in aid programs ever since.

Thus the U.S., Italy, France, Portugal, Canada, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, West Germany, and others are involved in clear development projects in Cape Verde. Interestingly, we have immigrant communities in all these places, in particular in the U.S., where it is the largest.

DRUM - Where are the Cape Verdean communities in the U.S.?

R.A. - The U.S. has the oldest and largest immigrant community in the world. The largest concentration resides in the city of New Bedford. The largest community of new immigrants in the U.S. is in the Roxbury/Dorchester sections of Boston. Pawtucket, Rhode Island is the next largest;



FIXING OUR NETS

RON BARBOZA

the greater Providence are being the second largest ethnic community. In the Cape Verdean Islands, people do not make this distinction. All Cape Verdeans are considered Cape Verdean immigrants. Of course Americans do not make this distinction because the U.S. has a rather unique way in how it deals with immigrants. Outside of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, there are Cape Verdean communities throughout Connecticut, in New York City, and a scattering throughout New York State. There are communities up and down the East Coast. There are small sets of Cape Verdean families throughout the middle parts of America. Cape Verdean families throughout the middle parts of America. Cape Verdean communities are growing all over California. There are large communities in Sacramento, Oakland, San Francisco and San Diego.

DRUM - You have already spoken of the interest that the Cape Verdean government has in the U.S., and its obvious interests with Cape Verdean Americans. What kind of interest does the Cape Verde government have with Cape Verdean students, especially since UMass - Amherst has a rapidly growing record of Cape Verdean student recruitment?

R.A. - The government and PAIGC (the political independence party of Cape Verde), believes in the power of young people, and their responsibility. We are a young country. Sixty percent of the people are under twenty years old. The government itself is only eight years old. Thus, every government program has to address issues relating to youth. There has to be youthful and creative solutions all issues in Cape Verde. We have only two high schools. There are a small number of elementary

schools. We do not have a University. By the year 2000, there are going to be one and a half times more Cape Verdeans living in Cape Verde than there are now.

American Cape Verdeans are by far the most well fed and generally, better educated people of Cape Verdean origin on the planet. They have access to some of the finest educational, cultural, and technological institutions in the world.

Cape Verde would really like to look at what opportunities might exist for creating some institutional contacts between various emerging institutions and organizations in Cape Verde, and similar institutions here where Cape Verdeans are involved. There are about twenty students that have gone through or are completing various technical programs dealt with arid rural area agricultural farming. These students have come back having

fully learned English and with a set of skills which they have acquired in this American institution.

We are just now understanding what the potential might be for a more systematic hook up between the Ministry of Rural Development and other agencies in Cape Verde and this University. New England is a sea coast region; it has the resources in oceanography. It is also an area of high tech.

Cape Verde is trying to plug into modern international telecommunications networks as well as trying to develop their inter-island communications. There are other interests. Cape Verdean students in the Universities they attend are generally involved with the larger communities of color and Third world student organizations. Most of these organizations have a progressive rhetoric that talks about identifying with the progress of peoples of color wherever they may be. Our students tend to understand that we can never be totally free as long as some of us are in chains, are hungry, or continue to get raped and pilaged elsewhere on the planet.

We see in Cape Verde a microcosm of all the issues that plague the Third World; issues of colonial inheritance, transportation problems, inequitable distribution of wealth, and many more. And because Cape Verde is so small, a student after analyzing the way Cape Verdeans construct their world, can make a very real contribution to the people of Cape Verde. The slightest consistent input will have very real results. For example, there is a real future for responsible Cape Verdean students who learn to use the American political process to influence the level, the quality and the quantity of support that the U.S. government gives to Africa. There really is not much of an African lobby in this country.

We also are interested in creating a vehicle to organize University students to come to Cape

Verde on a scholarly or solidarity visit. This is very practical because there are some Cape Verdean students who have returned and immediately ended up working as administrators for various government departments. For example, there is a Food Science and Nutrition major from this institution who is an administrator for a science laboratory.

We welcome any inquires about student returning to Cape Verde in order to work and help the people of Cape Verde.

DRUM - Thank you Ray Almeida

ARISTIDES PEREIDA

BY ROBERT TEIXEIRA

On September 28th, 1983 in honor of the first visit by a Cape Verdean President to the United States since the Cape Verde Islands gained independence in 1975, a reception was held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge.

Aristides Pereira, President of the Republic of Cape Verde (Cape Verde Islands), in what was labeled as a "presidential address" to the greater Boston community, said, "I am overwhelmed by the presence of so many Cape Verdeans here . . . I feel right at home".

Pereira came to the United States on an eleven day visit. His goals were to establish closer links with the tightly knit U.S. Cape Verdean community, develop friendlier relations with the U.S. government, and to address the United Nations General Assembly in his capacity as current president of the Interstate Committee for Drought Control in the Sahel (CILSS). He visited a number of Cape Verdean communities, met with the World Bank president, President Reagan and Vice-President Bush, and of course, addressed the U.N.

In his address Pereira spoke of the need to open more channels of communication and exchange between the two countries. He said, "Cape Verdean Americans don't need an invitation to visit their people in the islands". He said that such visits and the establishment of small scale business investments will help develop "closer links that will

benefit our two nations". "We encourage the building of private, voluntary, non-governmental institutional networks".

On foreign policy, Pereira repeated his country's stand on non-alignment. "Our foreign policy follows a strict policy of non-alignment and mutual cooperation and respect among nations." He pointed out that his country was the host country for negotiations concerning South African aggression between apartheid South Africa and Angola.

At a reception following the address, a member of the Cape Verdean Embassy staff approached a group of UMass Amherst Cape Verdean students who had come between the Embassy and Cape Verdean students in the U.S. Many students took the offer to heart. One student replied, "to make these types of official contacts with my homeland can only strengthen Cape Verdean culture and unity here in the U.S."

The Cape Verde Islands are located approximately 300 miles off the coast of Senegal, West Africa. In 1462 the Portuguese arrived and formed Europe's first African colony. Subsequently, it became a center for the Atlantic slave trade. Through time, the Portuguese began to intermarry with the African slave population, creating the so-called creole ethnicity, the dominant ethnic group in the Cape Verde Islands today. Cape Verde's population is now 300,000.

In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, many Cape Verdeans emigrated into Southeastern Massachusetts, in particular the New Bedford area, to work as indentured servants on whaling and fishing expeditions. They also emigrated to places like Senegal, Holland, and Brazil to escape harsh drought and economic conditions imposed upon them by 500 years of Portuguese colonial rule.

Pereira thanked the Cape Verdean American community for their "overwhelming support" for the aid given to the hurricane-stricken island of Brava. "The people of Brava thank all of you for your support."

Lastly, Pereira challenged Cape Verdean Americans to become more politically active. He said that if more Cape Verdean Americans become more politically active and visible, it will create a climate for more "positive relations between our two countries."

PAUL CARTER HARRISON



by Schyleen Qualls

DRUM - What should we talk about, your work as writer, director, producer, educator . . . ?

PCH - How about life and death . . . ?

DRUM - Anybody I know . . . ?

PCH - The Race, its in trouble you know.

DRUM - But, we are surviving.

PCH - Sure, but I'm not always sure that we're living.

DRUM - In terms of Reaganomics . . . ?

PCH - Socially and culturally too . . . Sometimes I get the feeling that we are losing the good fight to establish a sense of ethnic excellence that is not circumscribed by White America. We are, after all, 30 million people, are we not?

DRUM - And growing . . . Our people are closer now than ever before. People wanna be close, you know, be family.

PCH - Yeah, but is the family really happy? Until recently, perhaps until the infiltration of American values into the family, I had never heard the word suicide

uttered from the mouths of Black people. We seem to be caught up in the self-destruct insinuations of Acid Rock and Heavy Metal.

DRUM - I think Black life is still being sustained by vigorous and resilient social rituals, those connected to an African sense of morality. Folks still have a strong consciousness of racial objectives.

PCH - Then along comes a Milton Coleman to profane the honest aspirations of the Race. He spit in the face of Black identity in order to secure his self-interests.

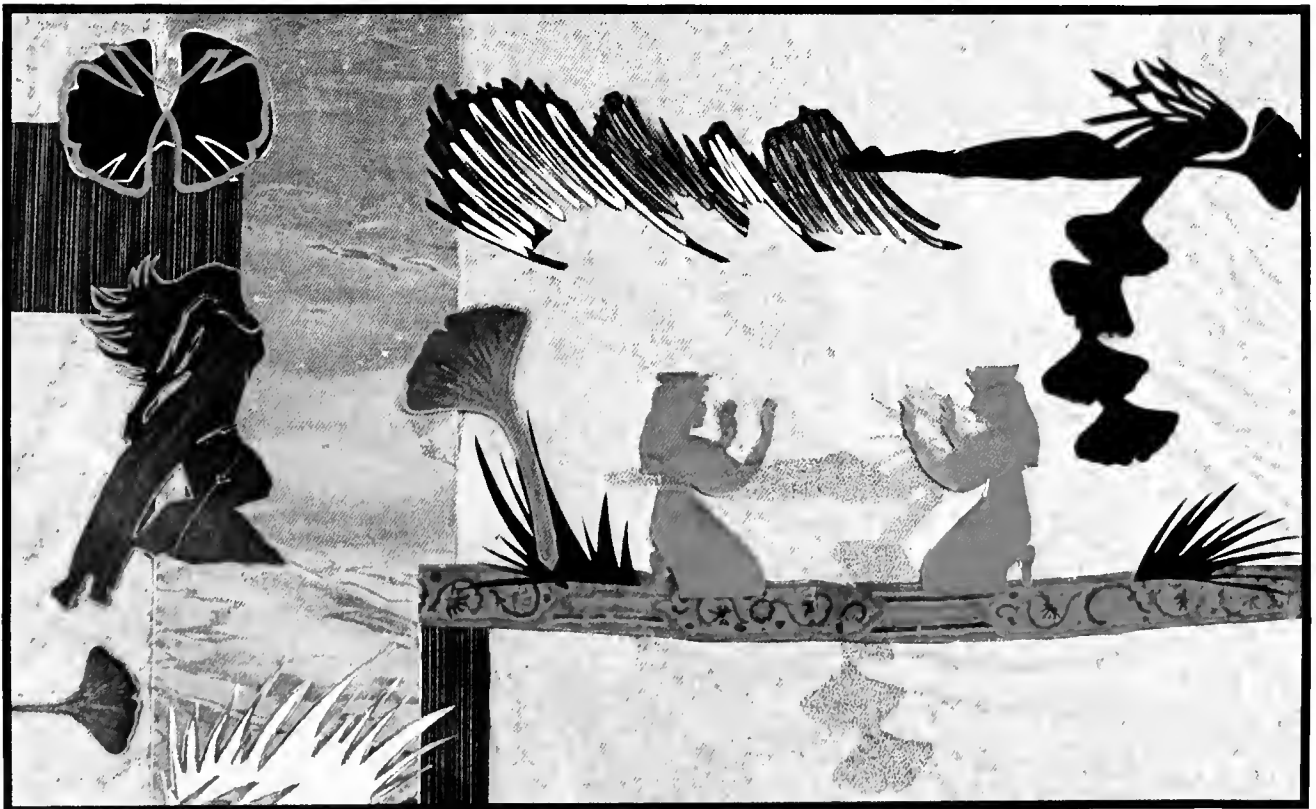
DRUM - I guess Coleman felt he was morally correct to scream on Jesse, and as a journalist. Professionally ethical.

PCH - But in these critical times of struggle for survival, one's moral judgement must necessarily be selective. Machiavellian and accountable to the objectives of the Race. After all, the social ritual known as American Poli-

tics has always served special interest groups. It's a corrupt, patronage game which manipulates people through artificial, even fraudulent devices of persuasion rather than being a moral mandate. The best man does not necessarily win, and Coleman knows that. He opted for the side that butters his bread rather than the side that nurtures and potentially sustains his spirit. Ethics is a commendable virtue. But, I don't believe that Black folks can afford to be blind liberals. Independence of thought and action is a luxury not a given right, for an oppressed people, though we're supposed to accept the illusion that we live in the Land of the Free, knowing very well it's more like the Home of the Brave. It takes courage to be one of the oppressed in a land with so much opulence. There are many social rituals within the Race that border on parochialism and



ARLENE TURNER CRAWFORD



ROBIN CHANDLER SMITH

thereby seem restrictive to those members of the Race who've developed a more sophisticated posture, one that allows them to be designated a social status outside the often arbitrary sociogrammatic indicators of economic oppression. I recall being invited to a friend's parents' home for Thanksgiving dinner. Thanksgiving doesn't mean anything to me except a good meal. So, in preparation for the feast, I dressed in jeans, sweater and sneaker much to the consternation of the sister accompanying me. She said, "You can't go to your friend's parents' house dressed like that." A proper jacket and tie would be necessary for the occasion. I had forgotten that my casual demeanor was way out of line for a formal eating ritual in the home of elders. I didn't care much for my independence being abridged, but elders adhere to a strict code of behavior which should not be violated.

DRUM - You felt restricted?

PCH - I felt a certain restraint but restraint, self-imposed or otherwise, is often necessary when one lives in a socially chaotic environment. Restraint, when appropriately focused, gives one a sense of discipline, a way to negotiate moments of euphoria and depression. Too much freedom often leads to self-destruction. Americans strive for fame and fortune which is supposed to provide one the ultimate in personal liberation. Fame and fortune were not able to insulate Teddy Pendergrass and Marvin Gaye from the deceptions of freedom. Very few of us are able to survive the kind of freedom that separates us from the traditional values that corresponds to our culturally conceived sense of right and wrong. Such values may seem archaic and confining when we aspire towards standards of conformity outside the social ritual of the Race.

DRUM - You're saying, freedom must be earned and not simply desired?

PCH - I'm saying that freedom is a

great responsibility and should not be abused. We do abuse it when our actions are indifferent to our lack the support of social and cultural objectives that define our circumstances here in the Home of the Brave. For example, if I'm teaching a course that requires a student to possess certain basic skills in order for him to benefit fully from the lesson, and a student can rap but cannot read, would it be unfair of me to deny him access to the experience? That's something of a moral dilemma. Suppose I accept the student when he is not prepared for the experience and he fails. Clearly, I have done him a great disservice. If I don't accept the brother or sister, it appears to be rejection, as opposed to a prudent selection process which signals that all experiences are not good for all people. That might sound like elitism but the process of survival does not mean that everybody must perform the same tasks in order to make a meaningful contribution to the Race, certainly not for the sake of sentimentality or some kind of quasi-egalitarian posture of fairness. The notion that everyone must have a college degree, is a hoax perpetuated on the middle-class. We also need farmers, fishermen, electricians, carpenters, even surrogate mothers for Day Care centers. In order to overcome oppression, there are many hard questions a people in struggle must ask themselves, many difficult choices they must make. In the Afro-American Folk Culture class I taught at Smith College, a young woman from Italy was the only student to closely inspect the choice of freedom the slaves had in the film, "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman." She surmised that the brutal masters had instilled an emotional antagonism in the slaves which made their desire for freedom clear cut. Conversely, the benevolent masters instilled in the slaves an ambivalence toward freedom, a certain sense of security,

causing many of them to opt for staying on the plantation in the protective custody of the master. Even today, paternalistic affiliation continues to be the emotional preference for many Blacks who view America as the only possible haven in the world, as if freedom could not be realized beyond these frontiers. I mean, leaving this plantation with its 25 inch color T. V.'s, quadro-phonics, stereos, General Motors cars, its six-packs of Miller's Lite and ample supply of Extra-Strength Tylenol for some place like Africa, is a terrifying thought for most Blacks.

DRUM - True, Paul, but there was something else about "Jane Pittman" that I found interesting. She was portrayed as the Eternal Mother preoccupied with protecting the males in her life. Black mothers and their sons have traditionally has a special relationship, but don't you think that the portrayal of Black women as great matriarchs is a bit misleading?

PCH - Great books, particularly those dealing with the Black experience, are always misleading when translated into popular television films. Jane Pittman was an archetypal reflection of traditional relationships between men and women. Men are designated to organize society. Women are powerful sources of spirituality. Jane Pittman assumed a protective posture over the men in her life because they had the potential to erect a society following slavery. Remember, it was always the males in her life who were assaulted as she made her way through a century of struggle. Even in Hansberry's play, "Raisin in the Sun", you find the mother running the household through the omnipresent spirit of the father. Thus, when she finally decides to give the coveted insurance money over to her formerly indolent son, it becomes a reflection of her mandate to make the man-child a responsible leader the family.

DRUM - Harriet Tubman was also a leader, though if you've seen the Tee Vee film, you'd think she was some kind of Amazon by the way she bullied men.

PCH - Harriet Tubman wouldn't have had to knock a man down. Men followed her because of her strength of spirit. They trusted her and they survived. Black women have never been powerless and Black men know it.

DRUM - Black women need to feel secure within the strengths of men. We've gotta find a balance so everybody is protected. Men have got to start asserting themselves and not just laying-in-the-cut, because whatever undermines Black women.

PCH - You wouldn't deny that women are powerful?

DRUM - Of course not! Women see the power in women too.

PCH - My aunt, Gladys DeJesus was such a woman. She had a particularly compelling influence on young women like Ester Phillips when she was Little Ester, Dee Dee Bridgewater, Yolanda King, yourself . . .

DRUM - Gladys had a magical aura.

PCH - She was my heroine. As a child, I found it quite remarkable that she could earn a living composing songs. Her career spanned fifty years. She had some hits, some misses and many songs that were simply ripped off by white artists for popular consumption for which she did not receive proper royalties. What impressed me was her inspired commitment to her work. Her efforts made it seem reasonable for me to consider taking the risk of working in the arts rather than becoming a doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. In those early days, Blacks were discouraged from pursuing careers in the arts. The lady was a pioneer composer of Black popular music. Although she never became rich, she never suffered from poverty or pessimism. But neither the Race nor I could protect her gift because we did not, and still don't, control the apparatus of distribution and marketing of the product. Not

having control over any Black artist's fifty years of creation has severe consequences on the articulation and definition of the culture. Without control, the culture is vulnerable to eccentric or exotic packaging.

DRUM - Would you call Michael Jackson an industry creation, some kind of cliché on the sexually ambivalent, sweet, pretty Black man which makes his image accessible to both males and females?

PCH - Michael Jackson, however gifted, is a neuter personality. With all the money he has earned, there is no reason for him to be androgenous. If he's not careful, the industry is gonna package him as a hologram and the real Michael Jackson will never stand up for applause in public.

DRUM - In agreement with Minister Farakhan, I believe that Michael is being used by the industry as a vehicle for the public's sexual fantasies.

PCH - But we're talking about an entertainer. It's becoming increasingly difficult for me to depend on entertainers to be accountable to the collective objectives of Black people. They are a temporary relief from the anxieties of a chaotic world. How can you take them seriously when they seldom deliver enlightened expressions of Black culture? What is a Grammy award but a celebration of American popular culture? When Black culture is absorbed by pop culture, it loses its vital essence, its ability to enlighten. Unfortunately, many Blacks find pop culture more appealing, in fact more legitimate than Black culture. They don't find it peculiar that Chuck Berry, a true enough "blues man", must wear the mantle of Father of Rock 'n Roll in order to be authenticated. White youths, for some reason, take the blues tradition seriously. Very few young Blacks pay attention to blues, or even the tradition of so-called jazz. One should not be surprised when Chuck Berry is joined on the stage at the Grammy Awards

with two white youths who emulate his style of guitar playing and dancing with utter devotion and reasonable skill. So, we have Chuck Berry, a traditional blues man, designated the Father of Rock 'n Roll, passing on the tradition to the children of the American popular culture.

DRUM - But as the tradition becomes popularized, we're already moving on to some place else. The problem is, wherever we move, there's no money to support what we do. Yet whites can get into it and make money. It's very hard for us to sustain ourselves commercially within the tradition.

PCH - But if we don't, the tradition will no longer belong to us. For example, during the same Grammy ceremony, the Gospel category was won by a white man who sang like Ray Charles. Then a sub-category was presented called Soul Gospel. What the hell is Soul Gospel if it isn't Gospel? The winner was a Black woman who at best was rather pedestrian. Accepting an award for a sub-category relegates our sacred music to a sub-cultural status. We need to drop the word Soul from our lexicon anyway. It has been over-used and popularized to the point of robbing it of its resonance. The word has become merely a descriptive tool of sociologists to designate racial traits. If an experience is created from the spiritual ethos of Black culture, then Soul is simply a redundant expression, even misleading.

DRUM - What do you feel about Miss Black America vs. Miss America?

PCH - What's the point in the designation "Miss Black America" if the lady wants to be authenticated for standards of beauty found in Miss America? I've never heard of Miss Jewish America or Miss Chinese America. If Blacks are seeking some kind of unique definition of beauty, why not call the standard Miss Thang? All Blacks can relate to the nuances of a Miss Thang!

DRUM - We tend to be what we're

programmed to be in American culture though we seldom receive any of the true benefits of it.

PCH - As long as we have a paternalistic dependence on America to advance our economic interests or to perpetuate Black culture, we're in trouble. I think we need to establish a posture of industrialization, develop our own products and take advantage of our vast market. Blacks control more money than many small nations but invariably, we invest in creature comforts, not self-supporting industries. Perhaps it has something to do with Blacks never viewing themselves as immigrants. All other people in this country view themselves as immigrants in the land of promise and do whatever is necessary to exploit the wealth with independent initiative rather than depend on the paternalistic largess or moral imperatives of the Great White Father. Garvey understood the importance of self-industrialization just as the newly arrived Cubans and Vietnamese understand it today. It's interesting that when the West Indians arrived back in the Twenties, they were villified and disdained by many American Blacks because of their aggressive efforts to secure a sense of economic independence. They had put a premium on education and developing small businesses even if it meant doing menial jobs at first to accumulate the necessary capital to attain their collective objectives. Seems to me we should be doing more than pleasure-fishing off the coast of South Carolina. We should be developing an international export industry of catfish, for example. All it takes is a marketing scheme similar to the one that has people believing that sardines from Portugal are more tasty than sardines from any other part of the Atlantic. I'm sure there must be enough used tires scattered around as debris in the inner cities to be harvested for the beginnings of a rubber vulcanization factory.

The opportunities for industrialization are all around but we seldom take advantage of them.

DRUM - That's probably because America tricks Blacks into believing that they should aspire towards jobs that will pay us \$30,000 per year rather than \$300,000.

PCH - Our aspirations are often limited by the expectations of mainstream culture. In the arts, it is not uncommon for a writer, actor, painter, or humorist to be applauded at his lowest level of development simply because of



his accessibility to the popular culture.

DRUM - Maybe there are just too many of us out there trying to make it in a television and film industry that limits our images to "One More Time", "Gimmie A Break", and "The Jeffersons". There's a lot of talent out there with no place to go.

PCH - A few years ago, after a lecture at Stanford University, I had lunch with a group of very bright Black students who were vitally concerned with and active participants in the performing arts despite the fact that they were studying more traditional academic disciplines. They wanted to know when Hollywood was going to give them more realistic images of themselves (Blacks). I replied, "When you, Doctor,

Lawyer, Indian Chief are ready to purchase some prime time!" The notion brought a hush over the table. It had not occurred to them that it was their responsibility, and not the industry's, to celebrate their reality. Professional Blacks must begin to prioritize how they spend their money so as to become a viable resource to support, sustain, and perpetuate the culture. Given the vast market, we need to develop a systematic approach to tapping into the market, a marketing strategy for a cultural infrastructure which is not vulnerable to the capriciousness of the American popular culture. For the past few years, I've discontinued talking about aesthetics and given my attention to the development of a national network for the marketing and dissemination of Black performing and visual arts. What's the point in making claims to a unique cultural aesthetic if there is only a limited forum for the product? We have spent the last twenty years developing an extraordinary pool of artistic talent -- writers, directors, painters, film-makers, dancers. The next ten or fifteen years needs to be devoted to developing a systematic apparatus for the dissemination of the products throughout the Black World. What's the point in encouraging students to become professional artists while we remain trapped by the biases of popular culture?

DRUM - You sound fed up with it all, Paul.

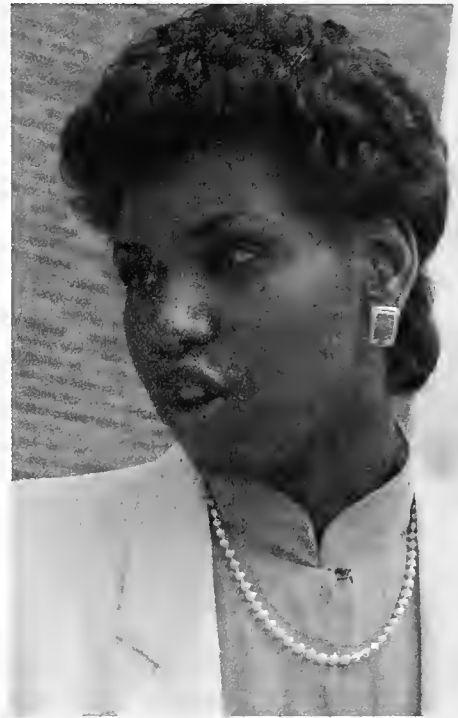
PCH - I am!

DRUM - You've made a major contribution to the performing arts over the years. If you had it to do all over again, would you do something other than write, direct, produce?

PCH - I wouldn't change a thing. Right now, I'd like to do what I do differently. A change does not simply come. You've gotta create the changes while you're playing the tune!

DRUM - Thank you Paul Carter Harrison.

A DISCUSSION WITH REV. ROBIN L. HARDEN



Robin L. Harden accepted the position of Protestant Chaplin at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst in August of 1983. Rev. Harden is an ordained minister of the American Baptist Churches of Massachusetts. She graduated in 1983 from Harvard Divinity School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She did her undergraduate work at Hamilton College in Clinton, New York where she majored in anthropology. At Harvard, Rev. Harden was an assistant minister at the Grant A.M.E. Church in Roxbury, Massachusetts. She also participated in a ministerial internship at the Shiloh Baptist Church in Washington, D.C.

DRUM - Why did you choose ministry as a profession?

ROBIN - Ministry is a unique profession particularly when women become ordained ministers. Ministry chose me; I didn't choose it. If you had asked me several years ago what career I wanted to pursue, I would have said education, law, or medicine. The decision to go into ministry came out of a period of fasting and prayer for me. I don't see it so much as a career but as one of the many expressions of my relationship with God.

DRUM - Why did you choose the job at the University of Mass. and how do you feel about it?

ROBIN - Again, I see it as an ongoing relationship with God. When I heard about the job, things started to click in a positive way. For one thing, I was familiar with academic structures. Secondly, the people to whom I would be called to minister would be primarily students whom I felt I would have enough distance from to serve as a pastor and big sister. There is a healthy kind of distance and a special kind of closeness, I'm close enough in terms of my education to pretty much know what they may be going through.

DRUM - What recommendations would you give to other Black women going into ordained ministry.

ROBIN - My advice to anyone who is thinking about the ordained ministry is to be certain it is what you want. Don't do it as a career choice. Do it because you have received a calling; there is a radical difference between the two. I don't think one can make the decision to go into ministry arbitrarily. Be certain it is a gut conviction. For

Black women in particular, in weighing the factors of sexism and racism, you really have to be certain of your calling and also be aware of the price you are going to pay. It is going to affect every aspect of your life. And by virtue of being Black and a woman, you are going to be a rarity. I have heard a woman preach and they have had biased opinions. After one of my preaching engagements, a man approached me and said, "I now believe women are called to preach, that was a really good sermon." But if you turn the compliment around you will see that the sermon had been bad, he would have been convinced that women had no business in the ministry. Now if a male preacher gives a bad sermon, nobody would cast all men out of the ministry. We are under constant scrutiny, more so than male preachers.

DRUM - What are your reactions to the legalities of the separation of churches and how does it affect your ministry?

ROBIN - Historically, I can see why the separation exists. If we consider the exodus of the founding fathers from Europe, and their

quest for religious freedom, we can understand their establishing a new government in a new country and how they felt a need to safeguard their freedom of religious expression by setting up legalities to insure that the government or no government official is inhibiting their right to worship. I think by virtue of being a minister at a state institution, I have freedom. Had I been employed by the University, I would not have the same freedom. This freedom is particularly helpful when it comes to sticky issues. I can't be threatened or fired by the University because I am not employed by the university to begin with. It assures ministers a certain kind of freedom so that we can stand up for what we believe in. In a theological context, it allows us to remain as protection for and against the institution when we see injustices.

DRUM - What is the importance of Black Theology?

ROBIN - Black theology developed as the theological aim of the Black Power movement in the 1960's. I feel that it is a good theology in terms of upholding Blackness. It doesn't present to us namby-pamby, weak-kneed, blond-haired, blue-eyed Jesus. Instead it presents a Jesus who was strong; a Jesus who was and is acquainted with the sufferings of Black people; who serves as our liberator; who stands against injustice and oppression and a Jesus who considers us his own by virtue of having shared our oppression and having endured. Black Theology upholds that Jesus was Black, not in terms of pigmentation, but Black in terms of his own consciousness, having been descendents of slaves, having been part of an economically oppressed people -- Jews in times of Roman dominion. And Blacks in this country are politically, economically, and socially oppressed. Black people have been misunderstood, isolated and "custified" ultimately in a way that makes them psychologically strained. Our identities are

"custified". Everything that is bad is black. If you go to a funeral, you wear black. If you have been framed, you have been blackballed. If you are on the wrong foot with someone, you have been blacklisted. Everything in this country that is Black has a negative connotation to it. Theology makes Black into something righteous, as much as Jesus has shared our consciousness and is all-righteous. I like what it does in presenting a positive image of what Black is. However, Black liberation Theology lacks a feminist consciousness. What Black feminist theologians are saying is that we can affirm the need for a Black Christ but we also have to take our rhetoric about liberation and be wholeistic in application. Black theology must also address the liberation of Black women. Liberation must be wholistic and inclusive. I and my sister theologians must hold Black theology in accountability.

DRUM - How do you feel about 1983?

ROBIN - I don't feel that this country has made any progress in 1983. I am not very optimistic about how this year has transpired politically or economically. I don't feel that we are any closer to establishing a nation that is legally just and a nation in which every American is a first class citizen. Racism, classism, sexism, agism still exist and are indeed growing strong in this country. My pessimism is fed by the lack of responsiveness by the Reagan administration to the needs of the poor. The growing number of people who are displaced and homeless; the growing number of people who are hungry in this country; the number of people who are unemployed need indicate that we have a long way to go and that we to radically assess our values and hold our government in accountability. We can't talk about liberation, we cannot talk about having every American fed and having the opportunity to pursue liberty



and happiness when we are talking money from the poor, money programs designated to help the poor and buying mx missiles. There is something wrong when we uphold war uphold the welfare of our people. I think the events of this year, for example the shooting down of the Korean air flight have gone to feed an ill pathology, orientated towards war. The Reagan administration used this situation to justify the wasteful spending of warfare. Our technology is continuing to grow while our capacity for compassion is dwindling in lieu of the spirit of militarism. All of that says we are heading towards self-annihilation. Only by cultivating spirit of peace and understanding do we ever begin to reverse the military process that has begun to escalate in this country in 1983.

DRUM - Thank you Miss. Harden.

DRUM - Thank you Sister Harden.

THE HISTORICAL EYE

by Larry Neal

Art teaches some awesome lessons about the human condition. One of the specific lessons it teaches is that history, a people's memory and record of themselves, is often a tricky cluster of contradictions. Thus, we constantly find ourselves grappling with the meaning of history. We are very much like those mythic heroes of the narrative epics who, having crossed the rivers of fire, must now defeat the chimera on his own ground. For us the chimera is history with its fire breathing contradictions and weird distortions.

As late children of the West, we are of necessity goaded on by the demons of historical progress. Yes, we are a profound people who have audaciously struggled to create an eloquent and life sustaining response to an often hostile world. Hence, from the perspective of drama, Afro-American history places before us a pantheon of warriors and system builders. But this pantheon is itself full of conflicting ideas, idols, and attitudes towards history's true and false prophets. And we, who are the active agents and witnesses of history, are constantly being exhorted to negotiate these conflicting visions about how history should be perceived and felt.

This is so because these conflicting voices all assume and imperative, and hence compelling tone. Some voices

urge a state of continuous war. These demand forceful action. And then there are the others who caution restraint and reliance on patience, and the so-called traditional values.

But sometimes in the deepest, most sincere part of ourselves, we sense that none of the voices is absolutely correct. It is then that we are confronted with the disconcerting notion that the historical mode is essentially formless and chaotic. It is at that point that we turn to prayer or to art. For art (image making) is fundamentally one of the ways in which humankind imposes order and form on the debris of history.

This is what comes to mind as I mediate on Nelson Stevens' glorious visual celebration of the "idea of Tuskegee." Here in this self-contained visual universe all of the contrary voices coalesce into a comprehensive artistic vision. As rendered here all of the images strongly exude a sense of vitality and purpose. They all seem blessed as their faces appear to be illumined by light from some mysterious source. For the movement from darkness (ignorance) to light (intelligence) is a recurring pattern in Afro-American historical narratives. The mural is "Narrative" in that it is impossible to encounter it without "reading" something into it. Hence for me, the mural is an epic

saga on Afro-American leadership.

So, and when the stories of the mural are recounted; and when the various mythologies have been stated and counter-stated, it will be obvious to all that though the mural is inspired by the "idea Tuskegee," it finally reaches beyond that specific reference to celebrate the special will of a great people who, like the Biblical Joseph, managed to prevail in an alien land.

It will be well to remember the words of Dr. Booker T. Washington, when he paid tribute to the self-liberators in the great Tuskegee Institute Story by his statement that: "Tuskegee Institute has been built up and has been sustained largely through the cooperation of a number of individuals who have been willing to stand by it, who have been willing to sacrifice their all, who have worked in season and out of season in order that it might succeed". (quoted from E. Davidson Washington, ed., "Selected Speeches of Booker T. Washington" Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1932, p. 272). The Founder paid this tribute in his last Sunday evening address to the students, faculty, staff and administrators in the Tuskegee Chapel on October 17, 1915, less than a month before he died on November 14, 1915.

"TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE-RENOWNED MATRIX OF A GREAT SELF-LIBERATION MOVEMENT"

"Centennial Vision—Tuskegee Institute" depicts the far-sighted leadership and historical achievements of Tuskegee Institute during one hundred years of service as a learning center for thousands of hopeful students, most of whom have been victimized by the

evils of slavery. Few institutions have launched out with such meager resources and served mankind in so many useful ways as are reflected in the Centennial record of Tuskegee Institute. This mural emphasizes a most important factor of this record by portray-

ing some of the time-tested responses to the wisdom of Lord Byron's challenge to the enslaved peoples of the world in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, when he wrote:

"Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not
Who would be free themselves must
strike the blow?"

This is an asset which sets Tuskegee Institute apart from other institutions and exalts its true greatness that its administrators, faculty, staff, students and alumni have continually struck self-liberation blows for freedom in the first one hundred years of existence.

Strides toward self-liberation that led to the founding of Tuskegee Institute were first made by Lewis Adams, who rose from slavery to operate his own trade shop in downtown Tuskegee, Alabama, where he was recognized as a black leader in the post-Civil War era. When youthful freedmen asked for apprenticeships in Adams' shop he accepted as many of them as he could spare time and space for instruction in his tinsmith, harnessmaking and shoemaking trades. When his business became over-crowded with potential learners, Adams struck a second blow for freedom by agreeing to secure the black vote to help reelect Colonel Wilber F. Foster and Attorney Arthur L. Brooks, both Tuskegee residents, to the Alabama House of Representatives in exchange for their promotion of legislation to create a Normal School for black people in the community. When House Bill 165 was introduced by Brooks for this purpose, it passed in both houses of the Legislature and Governor Rufus W. Cobb signed it on February 12, 1881—the birth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator. And, thus the spirit of liberation was recognized and honored in official quarters, also.

Showing early promise as a self-liberator, youthful Booker T. Washington was recommended by Hampton Institute's principal, Samuel Chapman Armstrong, to State Commissioners George W. Campbell and Lewis Adams for appointment as the first principal of the proposed Tuskegee Normal School. Washington accepted the challenge and opened the school with thirty students and himself as the only teacher on a special liberation holiday—July 4, 1881, the 105th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. He faced the educational and economic obstacles before him and his students in the spirit of such great black abolitionists as Frederick Douglass, his hero whom he would honor with a biography he would publish later; Sojourner Truth, the female orator of "Is God Dead?" fame; Harriet Tubman, who liberated herself and over 300 slaves over the Underground Railroad. Washington found the time in his busy schedule to inspire the hopeful students with information about these self-liberators and many others, including Joseph Cinque and his daring exploits in the successful slave revolt on the

Amistad, a slave transport ship.

Meanwhile, Dr. Washington's reputation as an educator grew with the progress of the Tuskegee Normal School—in terms of increasing student enrollment, adding personnel to carry out the program, and expanding plant facilities. More and more, his services as a counselor and public speaker on community affairs were sought, and these activities brought him into contact with such black leaders as Hon. Frederick Douglass, who supported the school and came to deliver the 1892 Commencement address; Ida B. Wells Barnett, who rose from slavery to lead one of the first anti-lynching crusades and to help in founding the NAACP; Dr. W.E.B. DuBois, the best trained black scholar of his day and a co-founder of the NAACP, who served on the Summer School faculty of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School in 1903.

Dynamic and creative leadership in educational and community affairs became a tradition, as relevant programs for school and community were among the highlights of the presidential administrations of Dr. Robert Russa Moton (1916-1935); Dr. Frederick D. Patterson (1935-1953); and Dr. Luther H. Foster (1953-). Some of these outstanding developments were: the National Negro Business League, which Dr. Washington founded in 1900; Veterans Administration Hospital—Number 91, established in 1922 under the direction of black hospital administrators largely through the efforts and influence of Dr. Moton; the Army Air Corps Aviation Cadet Program that Dr. Patterson in 1943; and the National Historic Site that was established, as the first of its kind at a predominately black institution, through the leadership supplied by Dr. Foster and his staff. While all of these programs were nationally significant, the Army Air Corps Aviation Cadet Program expanded to international proportions when it produced the black pilots of the 99th Pursuit Squadron and the 332nd Fighter Group that were among the Allied forces that successfully engaged the Axis powers' air fighters in the skies of the Mediterranean Sea area in World War II. Also, a Tuskegee alumnus, General Daniel "Chappie" James reflected very favorable credit upon his training in this program by flying 101 combat missions in the Korean War and seventy-eight missions in

the Vietnam conflict, with distinction, prior to becoming the first black four-star general in the history of the United States.

Dr. Washington's successors continued his practice of exposing the students to community issues and leaders, as a variety of self-liberators came to the campus during each presidential administration. Among them were: Dr. Mary McCloud Bethune, who founded Bethune-Cookman College in 1904 with five students and only one dollar and fifty cents in financial resources; Paul Robeson, the Phi Beta Kappa scholar and All-American football player at Rutgers College who became internationally famous as an actor and a baritone singer; Malcolm X, the militant and eloquent advocate of Black Nationalism who defected from the Black Muslim movement and was assassinated several years later; Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. internationally recognized apostle of non-violence who won the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize for his leadership of the mid-Twentieth Century Black Revolt.

Realizing that the vitality of a true democracy requires that the student's education will be directed toward a high role in helping to improve the world community, Tuskegee Institute has continually oriented its program toward the total development of alumni fully prepared to serve as productive citizens in society. This approach exposed all persons at this institution to an open forum of issues and personalities over the first one hundred years. This is best illustrated in the coming of Marcus Garvey to the United States from his native Jamaica in 1916 to promote the growth of his Universal Negro Improvement Association and sponsor a "Back to Africa" movement, after he had been encouraged to make the trip in correspondence he exchanged with Dr. Washington. Of this experience, he later wrote: "I visited Tuskegee and paid my respects to the dead hero, Booker Washington, and then returned to New York, where I organized the New York division of the Universal Negro Improvement Association." (quoted from Amy Jacques Garvey, ed., *Philosophy and Opinions of Marcus Garvey*, vol. II New York: Atheneum, 1969, p. 128).

CENTENNIAL VISION

by Toni Cade Bambara

In the 60's when poets took to the streets, artists made galleries of the outdoors. And once again we rediscovered in our neighborhoods and in ourselves the motive, subject, audience, and the style for our expression. Artists, writers, musicians and other cultural workers became engaged in defining the nature of the Black art character, how and why it does what it does. Africobra/Farafindgu, the visual art collective that sprang from Chicago's OBAC, spearheaded the Outdoor Mural Movement in the United States with the Wall of Respect in 1967 made indelible on urban walls those features we have come to expect and appreciate from our interpreters—performance, celebration, communalism.

When Nelson Stevens mounts the scaffold with a cigarette behind the ear, technique and research under the belt, his official master artist outdoor mural hat (that one with the blue snake carrying pyramid on its back) clamped ace duce on his head, the performance with paint is bound to be public and collaborative. His 40 murals to date, executed most usually with students and community workers, immediately arrest the attention of our foremost critics—the passerby folks of the neighborhood, who witness daily the building up of statements through color, line, rhythm, texture, and home based iconography.

“Say, that whirlwind of blues and reds goes on next to those sitting still panels—is that to represent the winds of change, Bro? That's deep. That's good. Check you later.”

The Tuskegee Centennial Mural to celebrate the Institute and its mission, presented artist Nelson with an especial challenge—how to collaborate with

one hundred years of history. “I AM BECAUSE WE ARE” draws us into the 12 x 26 mural. A statement that hallmarks Black practice in art, literature, music and the dance—private expression derived from group mores rendered for public ends, the blend of the collective history and the interpreting eye, the melding of the worker's craft and the processes of the community that supports, sustains, and offers up its lore for transmutation by the artist.

The statement also heralds the achievements of the early builders, who in carrying out the Booker T. Washington directive, “Learn by Doing,” fashioned an interdependent, self-sufficient community at Tuskegee. In the cutting and measuring of a cord of wood, in the mixing and curing of a ton of bricks, one mastered math and chemistry and contributed to the resources of the Institute. In working with the sweet potato, in mining the mysteries of the African goober, one balanced the diet, balanced the budget, and expanded the whole field of agronomy. Further, the statement reminds us that our very existence in these times was decreed to us by those who came before, and lived by the law of the Black ethos—responsibility to the group.

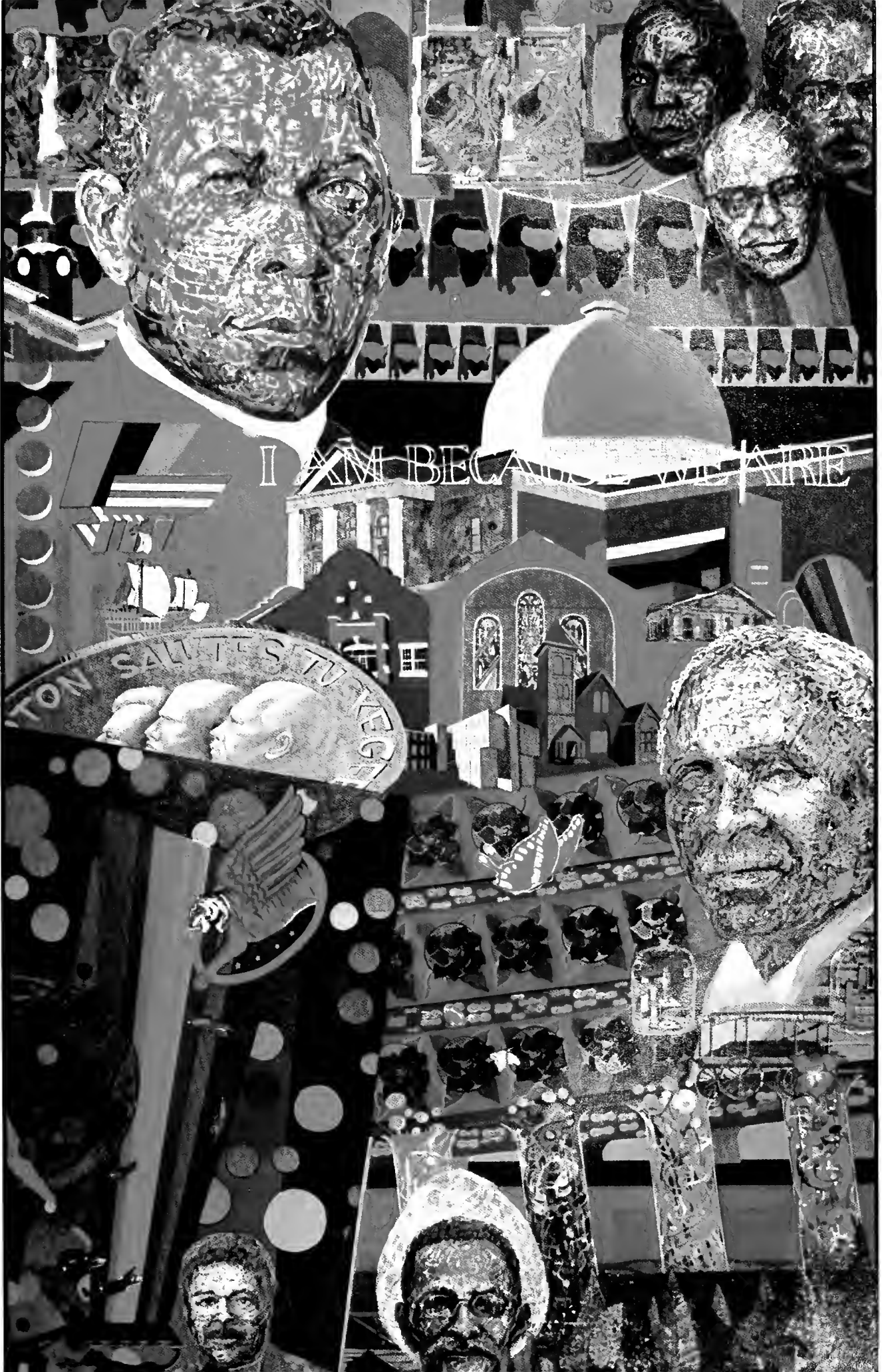
When Harriet Tubman crossed the border, she might have sat down for a leisurely cup of coffee, might have draped a shawl around her shoulders and settled comfortable into the hearth-side rocker, humming out the rest of her days. But she didn't. She took responsibility for what she knew—that there is no life of honor for the “I” when the “we” are penned up and down pressed. With a price on

her head—and with no government stipend, mind you, to conduct a feasibility study before hand—she went back again and again to break the Family out of prison.

Ida B. Wells, owner of the Memphis Free Press, could well have succumbed to “professionalism” and negotiated a private (read fraudulent) peace with out tormentors. She chose instead to be responsible to her eyes, to become a danger, to move on what she saw out of the window as a lynch mob armed with rope kerosene and The Fugitive Slave Act sought to snatch back into a final captivity this time, those runaway Bloods they had cornered. Strapping on her pistols and stepping out into the street, she formed in less than five minutes the first anti-lynching league in America. Her relentless crusade for justice as an organizer, as a disturber of the bogus peace was always in response to the constraints imposed on our people. “I AM BECAUSE WE ARE.”

A hero is not some self-birthed creature, uniquely remarkable, singularly significant. A hero is a member of the group that puts us in touch with the best of ourselves and calls us to something higher than participation in self ambush: a model, one who exemplifies what is characteristically us. The totemic figures in Nelson Stevens' paintings, or the larger than life sense of the heroic heads in the new mural is a call to do justice to our most basic nature, a reminder of what is characteristic of ourselves.

George Washington Carver, one of the principal figures in Tuskegee's history, and a central presence in the Centennial Mural demonstrated in his work with crop items, an aspect of Black genius persistently observ-



able—the ability to make something from nothing. Season in and season out we have pulled gardens out of stone; have taken the throw aways and the non prime cuts and created a presitge cuisine. Have rescued from the dump battered cigar boxes and dented no. 3 tubs and transformed them into instruments of music. Rescued the sax from the pratfall constraints of burlesque, and developed it into a front-line soloist's axe. Have taken Mickey Mouse tunes and Tin Pan Alley formula melodies and transformed them into unforgettable jazz classics. We, as people, have consistently pushed past Wasteland constraints in our search for beauty and justice and autonomy. Pushed past the theory and practice of America, its political (de) arrangements, its economic and social (un) orthodoxies, its (an) aesthetics in our continual search for new space and new beginnings.

Booker T. Washington, master-strategist of the Brer Rabbit ploy, secured a space for stoop-labor students and cramped-quartered teachers to stand up in and begin anew. Behind the head of Booker T. are panels in blues of the Kech monument depicting Washington "lifting the veil fo ignorance" as people were wont to say in those days, from the shoulders of a brother, sinewy with potential about to rise. Whose stroke of genius was it to use a wall with a vertical dominant thrust to draw the viewer continually up and still further up? But then, what has been the sign post of Africobra artists and other cultural workers that came of age in the Neo-Black Arts Movement is the recognition that the task of the Black artist is to be a healer, to re-align the communities political and spiritual loyalties.

Among the many remarkable things that strike the viewer is the artist's impartial and respectful embrace of seemingly contrary figures—Booker T. and W.E.B., Robeson and Mary McLeod Bethune, for example. The stunning appearance of international figures such as Malcom X and Marcus Garvey might strike some as gratuitous additions, until we recall that it was Booker T. who first invited Garvey to the States, and until we consider the particular mix of forces it takes, at a given point in our process, to give us a range of reasons and to create space within which to get up and keep getting up.

Completing the composition of heroes are those past and current figures of the immediate community—The Tuskegee Airmen of the 99th Pursuit Squadron, the author of House Bill 165 that secured the Institute's site, previous college presidents with its current leader in the foreground, Dr. Luther Foster.

What seems to intrigue those who daily come in contact with the mural is its invitation to explore the whole section by section. One finds, in moving from the lobby of the administration building to the upper gallery stories on either side, nuances of feeling, rouches of wit, new statement/relationships missed in previous encounters. Moving into the Carver test-tube area, for example, one discovers the ingredients that give rise to the polyrhythmic climate that sets the foot tapping—butterflies in flight, aliting, and at rest; bubbling brews in a rolling boil; the steady march of flat tile design sweet potato plants one after the other; and on the lip of one turbulent test tube, a quaint and sentimental (in the best sense of the word) touch—Carver's hibiscus flower, and echo of the sweet potato buds above. The eye then tends to travel to an area of stasis—the early buildings of the Institute, rendered in crisp, precisioned architectural lines and planes. The metronymic sensibility that informs the work and the employment of repetitive motif throughout are not the least bit surprising in the light of the artist's affinity to music. Music and musicians are frequent subjects in his paintings, visual equivalents of the Black music aesthetic. Black polyrhythms, and improvisational process. In addition to murals, prints and book cover designs, Nelson Stevens had also designed numerous album covers: Archie Shepp's "Cry of My People" '73, and "There's a trouble in My Soul" '75, Max Roaches's "Froces" '76, and Marion Brown's "Solo Saxophone" '77.

Finally the Centennial Mural is no less musical in orientation than the "Singing Windows" of the Chapel, adjacent to the Administration building. Both are comprehensive testaments to the courage of the initial group of men and women who gathered in the one-room school house on July 4, 1881 to begin the honorable work that is still an imperative in these time—the building of Black Institutions.

"MESSAGES FROM the PROPHETS"

by James Baldwin

On April 4, 1984, James Baldwin addressed the topic: "Message from the Profits" before a capacity audience at Simon's Rock of Bard College, Great Barrington, Massachusetts. The introduction of Mr. Baldwin and his topic was given by Professor Homer L. Meade, of the DuBois Department of Afro-American Studies and adjunct faculty member of Simon's Rock of Bard College.

It would be sufficient in an introduction to highlight the awards and works of the special guest so many have come to hear. James Baldwin, recipient of the Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Trust Award, Rosenwald Fellowship, Guggenheim Fellowship, National Institute of Arts and Letters Grant, Ford Foundation Grant, author of "Go Tell it on the Mountain," "Notes of a Native Son", "The Amen Corner", "Giovanni's Room", "Nobody Knows My Name", "Another Country", "The Fire Next Time", "Blues for Mr. Charlie", "Nothing Personal", "Going to Meet the Man", "Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone", "A Rap on Race", "No Name in the Street", "One Day When I Was Lost", "If Beale Street Could Talk", "Just Above My Head". In such Baldwin and his work have been subjects of essays the naming of which would go beyond my short time allotted to make this introduction.

For the sake of time then I will say the following: that it has been in five decades that James Baldwin has been a voice calling to those who would wish

to save themselves and their culture from the infections and affectations which ignorance, racism, and prejudice breed.

For those of us who have not seen the pain that hatred spawns, for those of us who have not felt the exhilaration which the true artist of the word can create, for those of us who have remained sealed safe inside the protective womb of democracy dispensed rather than democratic principles ensured to all, and for those of us with James Baldwin who have experienced all of this and know all too well that we have battles yet to fight . . . For all of us, to all of us, James Baldwin has spoken, written, walked and talked.

In 1957 he traveled to be with Martin in Montgomery, in 1963 he traveled to Carnegie Hall to be with Martin, in April, 1968 he traveled to Atlanta to be with Martin. And in addition to his association with Martin Luther King, the names of those with whom James Baldwin has worked reads as a Who's Who of International politics, literature.

The highest level of the artist as James Joyce describes the artist must possess the power of creation, i.e. the male and female elements within oneself so that one creates what the readers/viewers/listeners have known all along. A classic.

This is the case for us tonight - so much labor by James Baldwin has brought us the reward of sharing this evening: "Messages From the Prophets". Ladies, Gentlemen, James Baldwin.

I am very glad to be here tonight in Great Barrington, the home place, the birth place of Mr. W.E.B. DuBois. For some reason, I am thinking of postage stamps, birthdays, celebrations, who is honored in this country, and who is not.

One might say for example, that it is ridiculous if not impertinent to have a Black history month. It is certainly significant that one suppose that Black history can be isolated from American history, and to see it all in a certain month. I thought it was very cunning and it reminded me of something that happened to me in Philadelphia where there is a liberty bell which is cracked.

I was with Tony Morrison, one of my very good friends, we were having a bite to eat before we went back on stage. The waitress, who was legally White, said "I reminded her of Louis Armstrong", and Tony did not take that well. Tony then said, "You remind me of George Washington". The waitress said, "I don't understand that". Tony said, "look on the back of a dollar". Now I tell you that story because you live in a kind of hall of mirrors in this country, in which the waitress was completely astounded. She thought I didn't know what she thought of my being compared to Louis Armstrong, in fact I adore Louis Armstrong. I don't particularly look like him, and the reason that I don't look particularly like him is because I don't look like him. I look like him according to the people in the hall of mirrors in which they do not see anybody except what they think is themselves.

I would like it to be as simple as possible, but history is complex. History is imprecise because it is "not" so much denied which is one thing. Everybody is not history one way or another, the



LISTEN TO THE BANANA PEEL

PAUL GOODNIGHT

DRUM SALUTES THE ELDER BIGGERS



JOHN BIGGERS

French is not a history, The English is not a history. The real history of Europe written by Europeans, the history of France, for example is written by an English man is one history, not true at all. To read the same history written by an Englishman is not a history. There is no history effectively of Ireland, there is no history really of Spain. We have a peculiar system of vocabulary design to do one thing. History until this hour in the western world is a kind of hymn to White people. Now let us try to examine what it means to be White. It only matters in a most crucial way in this most peculiar and most crucial country and if I seem to be a little persistent on this, it is because I'm aware that Martin was murdered sixteen years ago, and this century is ending sixteen years from now. One might even date Martin's death, the thirty-two years between that movement and now. Sixteen years ago and sixteen years from now, we'll be facing another world all together. One of the reasons for the panic in this country, in the Western world, is that it is important to consider the people who set up this country, and according to them they settled it. Importantly, bear in mind the nature of the coalition that happened on these shores the first time the so called Indian saw the European, he referred to them the people from heaven, because of the way they looked. He helped them in every way he could, to understand this place and the means of keeping alive the coalition. It was enormously unstated, the native American, the only person the European yet encountered in the new world has a concept of identity which has nothing whatever to do what Europe thought of as either a nation or an identity.

The savage, to use European terms, acted on this belief, that he was part of a nation; he was part of a nation, not a tribe. He was part of a language, not a dialect and he belonged to the nation that was reduced by the language that had responsibilities to the language and to the nation which was sacred and quite beyond the life time of a single man. The European assumed that the nation belonged to them, and furthermore, Columbus for example, never got anywhere near India, never, never, never, but he had to tell Queen Isabella something when he got back to Spain.

The question is "How did it come about?" That people began enslaving each other; they treated each other like dirt all over Europe. Everybody was enslaved to somebody else, not a single

human being alive has not been a slave somewhere.

But how did that happen? That a certain group of people of a certain moment and time decided that they were civilized and nobody else was. How did it happen that one could look on to another human being who was darker as though we were a thing. How did it escape the general attention that it is impossible for a human being to be born who is not civilized? Every man and woman is born human. Every person is born somewhere and you are civilized by a village, by a language, by the place in which you find yourself, by the discipline that is imposed on you in order to keep alive at all means that you are civilized. Somebody takes you out of the womb, somebody gets the knife, somebody hears the first cry a human being makes; somebody washes the blood off, somebody covers you; somebody teaches you right from wrong; it is not possible to be human and not civilized. And yet, a European delusion after they left the caves was that they had the right to civilize me. They persuaded themselves that I was the void, the vacuum, the nothingness called Africa, with nothing to do but wait until they discovered me. Now it may sound preposterous, but the American myth is based on . . . what can we call it? It is perhaps pathetic to be called what it is, but it is too desperate to be called a delusion. It is a reality the people believe, they do not remember that before they came here they were not white.

I am beginning to hear in my own mind, sounds. Sometimes I could crack the record, but I'll say it again. Before the sea changed the people, the people who came from Portugal were Portugese, the people who came from Greece were Greek, the Poles from Poland, French from France, English from England. All over Europe they had those identities. In fact they have them today. Until today they do not get along with each other, there is no Common Market. Europeans have never ever agreed on one or anything except one thing. They were not white . . . they weren't white, and nobody in this country can prove he or she is white. I dare you! I dare you! They became white in order to justify the way I enter the civilized world, the Western world on the auction block. Whereas it is true

that everybody has been a slave to somebody, somewhere, in my case I am the first slave who has destined, and this was written down, to be a slave forever.

Institutional chattel slavery was a new invention. The child had a condition, the condition of his mother, and law decreed that a slave was 3/5ths of a man. The people who wrote these words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal and are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights. Among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness . . .", the trouble with this country begins at that moment, begins with he who looked on me and said I was 3/5ths of a man. Now that would not perhaps be so very important if it were the past, but the reason you called today, tonight, is because it is not . . . not the past history, is never the past, it is the present. We are responsible for this past, and this present. How can I put it to you?

WEB DuBois, who was legally Black, who was spiritually Black, could have made other choices: he could have done other things, he could have refused to be the witness that he became. He assumed his inheritance for his sake, and for the sake of us all. He said in 1903 "the problem with the 20th century is the problem of the color line". He died in Ghana at the age of 95. It was DuBois who insisted that black men should enlist in the First World War. In that war, which was waged to make the world safe for democracy, he said, "If Black men prove themselves to American public, the question, the right to citizenship can never be raised again". Many people disagreed with him but he meant it and he won, he won the day. After all, part of the trap is that in fact you love your country. To be civilized it is impossible not to love your country, you may disagree with it, you may have to leave it. You may never, ever make your peace with it. I, for example, know that my father's father's father paid for this country and nothing can make it less my country even though I may be driven out of it or murdered here it is still my country. I have the right to claim it. I have no possibility of denying it, the day will come that I may never be able to see it again, that happens too. DuBois' belief in Black people, DuBois' belief in America drove

him to make those choices to say those things and who can say he was wrong. Well, how I can say it, that many, many years later that he was betrayed. We did go and fight that war to make the world safe for democracy. We did not fight under the American flag, by the way. It was a French flag. The American army was not ready to deal with black people, and did not change very much at the time of the Second World War. We came home in 1918. We, the black soldier, we, the black brother, we, the black witness, came home in uniform to be lynched, to be castrated, to be blinded, to be burned to death at the hands of our countrymen in American uniform. Now obviously that is a demonstration for the Black population of this country. It is really a terrifying situation because America is not what I, Sambo, had been through, and what I am going through today right down the road in Boston, it ain't but one city. What is terrifying is the energy, the republic spends pretending this is not happening. What is terrifying is what no one in this country understands the nature of the Sea Change which changed them from whatever they were before they hit the water to what they have become today. It is so obvious that it hasn't been mentioned yet; so blatant that it must be looked at again. No one here and no one in the history of the world, no one wanted to be a slave; and yet, the myth of this country is based on the image of the happy darkies. Stephen Foster could write a song saying "all the darkies are a weeping cause master is in a cold, cold ground"; Baby when master was in the cold, cold ground, I was not weeping. I never met, and neither have you, a happy darkies, contented slave. Slaves do not love their masters by definition.

When I was growing up in the streets of Harlem, the streets in New York, you were a "nigger". By the time you are seven years old, in many, many ways you learn as I learned. I did not listen to what the white cat was saying, I did not listen to the cops; I watched his eyes, I wondered, I had to figure out what he wanted to hear, because I had to get to one place to another without getting my head broken. I watched his eyes, my life was in his hands, where as I knew he never saw me because he imagined me. He had the club; he had the gun; he had the skin.

I remembered one evening when I was about seventeen, eighteen years old, I was thrown out of a restaurant because I was Black. As I was standing on the corner facing a cop with a white friend of mine, a high school friend, and I was talking about the Constitution, my rights, the Declaration of Independence, so forth. They had no right to do this to me, because I am Black. Suddenly I looked at the cop's eyes, I looked at my friends's eyes, my friend was absolutely paralyzed with terror. I looked at the cop's eyes, I looked at his hands which held the billy club and he was about to beat my brains out because I was talking about my rights, If it hadn't been for my terror, I might not be standing here before you now. I am a lucky, lucky boy, I am still here. I am very lucky but what I am trying to say, though, is that my knowing the Constitution and my rights meant nothing whatever to him, nor my age. How much harm can a seventeen year old boy do by having a cup of coffee in an all White restaurant? What is the trouble, why can't I have a cup of coffee? Whom am I contaminating? What is the danger I represent? I am not carrying a razor or a gun, and if I were, I just wanted a cup of coffee, wanted to sit down, or maybe wanted to go to the bathroom like any other human being. No you can't do it because you're Black. DuBois spent all of his life dealing with that, and perhaps one of the reasons that I am here tonight is because of DuBois.

DuBois' "The Coming of John", is one of DuBois's stories which until today I think is a very important story to me and it reveals something to me. This kind of Southern artist told me something about where my father came from, and where I came from, what it meant to be a Black person in this country. This tragic story so incredible and beautifully written, and even until today it has helped me. I cannot tell you what the voice did for me, but I was born in 1924, and in those days the ideas of becoming a Black writer was incredibly remote, incredibly dangerous, it was one of the things my father and I thought about. Through so many years we realized why he reacted the way he did because he knew very well that I was flying in the face of a white world's definition. Like Sterling Brown, he had seen things that I could not imagine, he

had been to place I did not know at all. Sterling Brown is my Godfather, is my guide.

Now it goes back watching the eyes of the White man. For many generations, the people would think of themselves as white and imagine themselves able to describe me, they think they know who and what I am. They had many, many images of Black people, images that aren't worth going through again.

A Black cat, when he's young, is really essentially a walking phallis, a threat to the public's peace to be Black. The Black cat has always been cut down and/or cut off because he is a menace to the neighborhood, but a positive blessing to the public peace because he has no sex anymore. My mother, when she is young, according to the obstacle of this republic, is a loose woman, a loose girl. When my mother gets older after the menopause becomes a saint. Now if you think that I am exaggerating, I dare anyone of you to go out into the bookstores, into the cinemas, onto the television and find an image of Black people which is not based on the "good" niggers and the "bad" niggers and nothing in between and the key is always sexual. Whatever this terrifying common place makes you it comes to this: the republic invented the Black person. In this terrifying seriousness of definition, they have blinded themselves to themselves. What America does not see is the looks of Black people, the looks of me. What it does not see when it looks at the Black person who has been here for more than four hundred years, is flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone. We the Blacks didn't ask for intergration, for example, we asked for de-segregation which is a very different matter. We know very well by looking at the colors of our skins that we've been intergrated a long time ago. People who could not see this or cannot see this connection, cannot see anything else either, but they do not see, when they walk the streets in Boston, Detroit or New York. They look into my father's face, my mother's face, my sister's face, my nephew's face, my neice's face, my face, but they do not see the world. Why? They do not know about El Salvador or Lebanon or any other place in the world. They blind themselves to our human presence. What is so terrifying is that now they



PAUL GOODNIGHT

cannot see at all, this makes the country one of the most dangers in the world.

It is clinging to a myth, which they claim as history, and to an illusion, which they claim as their responsibility, which is a very dangerous matter. This is what, among other things, that happened to my friend Martin. I met Martin in 1957, it might be worth a moment backtracking.

In 1957 I was in Paris, in 1956 I dreaded to leave for many, many, many reasons, but I finally got home in 1957. Now the early fifties was a very peculiar time; people have overlooked it.

I was living in Paris when five republics fell in a very short space and time. There was the beginning of what we called the civil rights movement. I decided to leave to come back here. I was looking at the portrait of Dorothy Counts in Charlotte, North Carolina, trying to go to school and I thought I do not want to sit in Paris any longer being civilized about the Nigeria problem about the Black problem and, furthermore, I made a very important discovery: they only thing in which Whites are in total agreement; they only thing that they don not disagree about is me! They all agree that I, at whatever price, must be kept in my place. The French believed it, the English believed it, the Dutch believed it. Furthermore, the years when I first went to France, The Black presence, one didn't feel it in France, Paris or London. There were virtually no Black people there. Their slaves were in colonies far away, no Frenchman, no Englishman at that point or Dutchman still less German had to ask anybody. "Would you like your sister to marry one?" There were none. That began to change in 1955. I was in London; I watched it when the English did not wish to sweep the streets, drive buses, do all the dirty work which "niggers" were born to do. They brought some of their slaves to the main land, I was there that day of course, when they got to the mainland where they stayed because they couldn't go back. The British Prime Minister decided they were useless, then a generation was born in London which was never seen. Then they had the foreign worker problem, meaning how to get the "niggers" back to where they were, which can never

be done. This is what's happening all over Europe, all over the Western world. It seems simple, after all I came home to see what was happening rather than to sit in Paris and be civilized about the Negro's problem.

So I went, came home and eventually I found a way to get to atlanta. This is where I met Martin. He was working on a book in a motel, hiding I think.

Martin was about my height, give or take an inch, much heavier, much more basketballish or footballish or whatever. He was much more athletic. How old was I then? In 1957, I was about thirty-four, I guess Martin was younger about thirty. I can't say that we were friends at once, but he was very nice to me, I talk to him and he talked to me.

Martin sent me onto Montgomery, Alabama, where I met Ralph David Abernathy and where my peculiar journey really began. I had never been South before. I prepared to go South, I would never have gone to the South from New York. I don't want to be romantic about Martin, we had our disagreements, more than one, And I will not pretend. We were not intimate friends, but I will tell you this . . . that we trusted each other, I think we learned something from each other. I loved him very much and my children. I have the habit of the older brother and Martin was the younger brother. In spite of our disagreements, there was something heroic in the man, something committed, and his vision was clear, and he was not a dreamer. I wear a watch wrapped around my wrist and it says, "I have a dream", now the dream that Martin had is a dream portrayed by the country. I think until one is willing to face that fact one is going to be in trouble, the men who wrote the words "we hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal, Among these rights, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" did not mean that. It applies only to White people, it applies only, in fact, to property holders, it does not apply to anybody else including, perhaps and above all the poor Whites who had no problem until today.

Until one can face that, until one can go back to where it started and look at it again and try to recitify what has led up to this place. We and the world are going to be in trouble. Martin knew this or discovered it. Martin was young and

Malcolm was younger, those kids marching up and down those roads, kids in those chain gangs, those kids White or Black were betrayed by their country. White and Black, what was I doing there? We were acting on the promise that this was a free country. We believed and still believe that we can make it a new, the people in authority, the people who claim to run this country, the people who claim to know who we are, and where we should be going, and what we should do. Like the people who wrote those words do not believe in that, they believe in something else, and what is it they believe in. They are demanding, for example, they claim they are White, that's a very old record.

One way or another the question will be confronted, is not possible to conceive of this country. As being able to ask these questions, the importance of the Jackson campaign, for example, is not that he will win but that he may make possible a real awakening in this country of a social political process; it may bring out all those votes which have not been voted for so long. We created another presence on the American social political scene. We may be able to change the future, I don't think we have a choice about that. Finally, it is important to remember what DuBois had in mind, and Martin had in mind. It was a movement and a union which had nothing to do with color, noting whatever to do with color. National Association Advancement for Colored People was a title designed and it worked to bring together all kinds of people, all kinds of Americans who had some real concerns about this country and some real perception in what was happening and what it could be, what it can become and what we call the civil right movemetrn wasn't only the last slave insurrection, it was also a very important popular movement, a popular movement which had no color line. The government may not know this, we have to know that. We are here tonight after all to do one thing which is to continue and to make real, to magnify, to plant in this soil something which we haven't heard from our ancesotrs, from our history and we're speaking here tonight only becuase we are connected by W.E.B. DuBois and Martin Luther Kind and babv now it's our turn.

Thank you very much

Quincy Troupe is a poet, educator and editor. Born in St. Louis in 1943, he attended Grambling College in Louisiana, the University of California at Los Angeles, the University of Southern California and Ohio University. He was an original member of the Watts Writers' Workshop and is an authority on Third World literature. Mr. Troupe has edited several literary magazines including: *Confrontation: A Journal of Third World Literature*, and *Watts Poets: A Book of New Poetry and Essays*. He is currently editor of

American Rag magazine. In addition to being published in numerous anthologies, he is the author of two books of poetry: *Embryo* (1972) and *Snake-back Solos* which was awarded the National Book Award for Poetry in 1978. Quincy Troupe is a musical poet; one who has skillfully and movingly blended the pulse of a people, the oral tradition, their foot-stomping, hand-clapping as well as "cool" with the written word. A resident of New York City, he is Associate Professor of Literature at the College of Staten Island.

QUINCY TROUPE

by Janice Lowe

DRUM - Are you a musician? Music is integral to your poems.

Q.T. - I used to play bass. My brother was a drummer. I grew up in a musical situation.

DRUM - Why did you leave St. Louis?

Q.T. - I was an all-state basketball player. I went to Grambling College in Louisiana on scholarship. I studied political science, economics, and history. After four years there, I went into the army and played basketball. I traveled all over Europe and North Africa, playing their national teams. When I went back to St. Louis after getting out of the service in '63, I decided not to stay in St. Louis because at that point, I had been living in Paris in a different atmosphere and had met Sartre and some other writers and artists of great talent. I decided that St. Louis couldn't contain what I wanted, so I went to Los Angeles in '65 and became part of the Watts Writers' Workshop.

DRUM - Could you tell me about the workshop, who was part of it and what you accomplished?

Q.T. - Jane Crotez, Stanley Crouch, Louis Merriweather, Kay Curtis Lyle, Ojinke, Johnie Scott . . .

The workshop was a great experience because I had never been around writers before.

DRUM - How did you get involved with the workshop?

Q.T. - I had gone to L.A., having majored in political science. My mother wanted me to be a lawyer but I didn't want to be one. So, I went back to school and took business and journalism courses at Los Angeles City College. When I was there, Ojinke, Eldridge Cleaver, Bunchy Carter, Leon Thomas, all these people,

had a big cultural evening which I was covering for a newspaper. Ojinke said, "Why don't you come down to Watts?" So he took me. That's how I got to the workshop.

DRUM - When did you start writing?

Q.T. - I started writing in Paris. As I said, I was a basketball player. These people I knew, knew Sartre. He suggested I keep a diary and write about the French people.

DRUM - How did you meet Sartre?

Q.T. - The family of a French girl I was dating was friendly with Sartre. I went to this party; Sartre was there. I didn't know who he was because at that point, really, I was just a basketball player. I thought like a basketball player.

DRUM - What do you mean? Was there, at some point, a sudden change in the way you perceived things?

Q.T. - I don't mean that basketball players aren't intelligent. All I thought about was 20 foot jump shots, scoring my 25-30 points a game, getting 20 assists, play-

ing the tough "D", and looking for the women afterwards. I hadn't read Sartre. I wasn't ready for his intellectual probing of me. He was interested in me, not as a basketball player, but as a Black person from America. He was a Marxist-Leninist. I was getting tired of this little frog-like man asking me all these questions. I was arrogant. I didn't care who he was; I knew who I was. I was a good basketball player. My ego was so big at that time, I didn't let anyone else in. I thought like a basketball player; but Sartre changed my life. Her persisted in asking me questions about the environment I had grown up in, telling me what I should be doing instead of being an athlete. I used to get mad with him but I listened because I was always curious.

My background was very unusual. My father is the second greatest catcher of all time in the Black baseball leagues. I lived in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, and Mexico for the



first six years of my life. I was meeting great people like Satchel Paige and Monty Irving. I always had a sense of myself as being someone important. My father became a scout for the St. Louis Cardinals. My uncle was a top politician in Missouri. I always had a sense of myself as being somebody in this thing. It added to the whole thing about being a basketball player; seeing your name in the paper all the time, you pop's name in the paper all along. I could be overbearing and obnoxious, but those traits helped me get through a lot of stuff. When I went to the all-white high school in St. Louis, when I was smarter than them. I thought like a basketball player but behind that, there was something else that I didn't even know was there. All this experiential stuff came out later when I started to write. I started to see things differently. Then when I hurt my knee and couldn't play basketball anymore, this French girl said to me, "Why don't you write more?" I could see my whole life changing right in front of my face. I was very clean and conservative and into clothes and hair. All of a sudden, I could see myself dropping those kinds of things. My hair wasn't important, whether I combed it or not. The only thing that was important was that I was clean in body and in spirit. I started to read more and to write. By the time I got to California, I was ready for what was there. It was the 60's and everything was happening.

DRUM - If you could describe yourself as a musical instrument, which one would you pick and why?

Q.T. - I think a lot like a saxophonist or a guitarist or an electric bassist like Stanley Clark. I like the way Jimi Hendricks plays and, Coltrane and Parker on saxophone. They express sound in complex layers which is what I try to do when I write. They hear sounds in clusters; words come in clusters for me when I'm writing.

DRUM - Do you consider yourself a Black poet or a universal one or both?

Q.T. - I consider myself a poet who is a Black person. Anyone who talks to me knows what my concerns are; I don't have to go around talking about how I'm a Black poet or a Black person. I think our culture helps musicians, artists, poets express themselves in ways that are very different from the ways white musicians and artists express themselves. In my poetry, I have tried to blend sound and form, the oral tradition with the page. Although I'm very familiar with poetic forms, I've decided not to use those forms. I'm developing a form. I didn't want to write a sonnet or a sestina or a villanel.

DRUM - When you are doing a reading, do you find that your most effective poetry is that which is strongly influenced by the African oral tradition?

Q.T. - I do a lot of readings, maybe 50 a year, usually in New York, the Midwest, the South. I find it is according to the audience. For instance, I went down to the Lincoln Correctional Facility. People who go there have hardcore criminal backgrounds, have made adjustments and are on their way out. I went there to read with some other artists. The prisoners were just sitting around eating. They don't care about poetry. They don't know any forms. They didn't care that I was a college professor and well-known writer. They were sitting there and looking at me like, "What's he gonna do?" So I had to get them. I couldn't just lay back and give them this complex, intellectual, multi-layered, puzzling, obscure poem. I had to read something that was direct, that comes from within their experience, that can connect with them, that shows that I am also just like them. I read one, a blues poem, called "River Town Packing House Blues" which is going to be in my new book. It's about this real person

who was a packing house man. He killed cows and pigs by slitting their throats -- the symbol there is murder. It's about this man who's very cold, who beats peoples' asses in the neighborhood, who's running loose when he gets drunk. I was trying to make a comment to them because many of them were like that. But it's also rhythmic and in a blues/work song mode so they can get to the rhythm. The language is very strong. Then the next one I read was a funny poem and by that time they had forgotten their chicken. They were saying, "Who is this guy?" I change up according to what audience I read to. For a white audience, like next week I'm going to read out on Long Island where there will be intellectuals and so forth, I'll read some very obscure, complex, multi-layered stuff.

DRUM - You'll read a few rhythmic one's, won't you?

Q.T. - I might but I don't want to give them too much. Plus, they can't take the nearby level. Black peoples' energy level, for the most part, destabilizes white people because they just don't understand it; it's everywhere. Instead of concentrating on it, it goes past them.

DRUM - How long did it take you to find your voice?

Q.T. - My biggest influences as a poet were: Jean Toomer, Langston Hughes, Melvin Tolson, Walt Whitman, Eliot, Pablo Neruda and Caesar Vallejo -- Latin American poets, and Rabearivelo of Madagascar, who blew my mind. I love Baraka. I struggled, imitating those people and then I wrote a poem called "Ode to John Coltrane". Coltrane died in '67; that poem influenced me and a lot of people in California. I began to look at it for what was in it that was me and I began to discover certain ways of looking at things, certain ways of using metaphor, language, rhythm - that was based in St. Louis. I could see it, the blues feeling. I decided I was going to take that and turn it into some-

thing else; take the good things out of it, the blues, the oral quality and fine tune it. Then I wrote a poem in '69 called "Poem for Friends", a long poem about turmoil, students, people getting killed, the loss of cohesiveness among Black people in their struggle to be free. I used some of the stuff from the "Coltrane" poem and fine tune it some more. I could see my own voice growing. The poem "Embryo", an extension of "Poem for Friends" uses this same voice to express my perception of the African American experience. And then I went to Africa in 1972. I taught at the University of Ghana and the University of Nigeria at Lagos. I stayed over there for 18 months. It was a profound experience for me because I had just finished my first book which came out in '72. What I discovered through the Africans at that time was that they didn't understand Black American poets because the Black American poets were writing in a language that was hip to us but not hip to them. They didn't know what we were saying because there were no metaphors in it that could translate into their experience. They could not see themselves in the images that we were talking about. I began to realize that our images were local. They don't apply anywhere else. It was a startling revelation to me. They were telling me that the people really liked my poetry because they could get inside the images.

DRUM - Whom do you write for?

Q.T. - I write for myself first. I'm sure of my own self, I'm sure of myself as a Black person in the sense that I'm not going to do anything that is detrimental to Black people. When I write for myself, I think of myself as being intelligent and sensitive therefore I write for somebody else too. I don't think about writing for "Black people" but I hope that what I write about will be important to

Blacks and other people.

DRUM - Do your best poems "happen" to you or are they planned methodically?

Q.T. - I don't plan poems, I trust my own muse. There are some poems that I plan, but not the majority. I decided to sit down and write some poems for my son; I've written about ten. When I moved to Harlem, I started doing a series on Harlem. I've started a new form which I call craps, which is a strict form with a certain syllabic count, line count and number of quatrains, which I want to use in a book that will come out soon.

DRUM - What do you teach?

Q.T. - I teach literature, Latin American, American, African American, African, Caribbean. I teach a course called the "Black Experience", which is a combination of sociology, economics, political science, music and literature. It tells about the Black American experience from Africa to the present day and how we have evolved as a people. I teach at the College of Staten Island; I am an associate professor there. I'm director of the writing program and a poetry center. I also edit a magazine. That's enough intellectual pursuit for me. When I've finished dealing with students for the day, that's it. I don't want to talk to my friends about intellectual matters, how I write my poems. My wife is an executive for the New York Times. I'm a confident person, my wife is. So when somebody does something to me, I'm gonna hit them upside the head right away. These people around here learned that. Stories were written about my wife and myself in the paper, with pictures, about us being this bourgeois, intellectual couple. They (the people in the neighborhood) threatened us. We had to stick knives to their throats. They leave us alone now. To live sometimes in a community like this, you have to take on certain characteristics of the community, the masks, the ways of some of the desper-

ate elements of the community in order to survive and make it better. The whole pursuit of intellectualism is interesting to me only when it can be applied. We're living in a society where we have so many great Black people, genius Black people, who are denied entrance by the fools who make up things to keep you out, which makes you feel like committing murder. So, you walk around with this madness-always on edge. Usually, the madness comes out on Black people because that's who we live around. The explosion, the instantaneous murder on the corner when somebody steps on your foot -- you pull out a gun and shoot because you got a gun and you're mad and have been mad for 30 years and you can't kill a white boy because you know you would go to jail for it, go to the chair. If you kill this brother cause he's there, you ain't gonna get much time. So the point is, writing is medicinal.

DRUM - Have you ever had any heroes?

Q.T. - Miles Davis, Pablo Neruda, Chinua Achebe, a great African novelist . . . I admire Joe Rudolph who was a gangster in St. Louis. He turned himself into a great urban planner, but when I was growing up in St. Louis, one of the most terrifying niggers ever put on this earth. He would shoot you cold. Joe Rudolph now owns his own radio station in San Francisco. He went to Berkeley. He went through being a junkie and a murderer to going back and rehabilitating himself. He is owner and chairman of the board of one of the biggest Black radio stations in San Francisco. I admire Sterling Brown; when he comes to New York, he stays here. I really admire and love him. I've spent many great hours just sitting and listening to him.

DRUM - What is he like?

Q.T. - Sterling is a marvelous raconteur. He's direct, blunt. If he thinks it, he says it. He can also be very subtle. He's a genius who is a

very difficult man at times because he's older, he's seen all that stuff. He can be very cynical but he's a marvelous person. He's an inspiration to all of us. He's a great reader, a great storehouse of knowledge. He knew everybody. So, I sit down and listen. Every time he comes by, I tape him. I have about 15 hours of tape -- great man. I like Coltrane, Jimi Hendricks, who I knew briefly. I like Paul Robeson. Langston Hughes -- I admire him tremendously. He wrote and did all these things but he stayed in Harlem and did other things. He didn't present himself as a strictly intellectual person. I despise that kind of thing. It has no place, especially in the Black community, this kind of pretentiousness, this role playing that Black intellectuals can sometimes get into. I remember going to a place to read in Nebraska. The man who called me was a Black guy. He kept writing me and addressing me as Dr. Troupe. I'm not a doctor because I don't have a Ph.D. Call me Mr. Quincy Troupe or Quincy Troupe or Quincy or Troupe or Professor Troupe. He wanted to make me a doctor. So when I came out of the airport, I had on a leather jacket, shoulder bag, boots, floppy hat, and a scarf. He was waiting for some academic. I came walking down there, I was the only Black on the plane. He walks past me. I know it's him so I'm gonna play a little game 'cause he's being such an idiot. So I walked near him and waited for him to turn around. He says, "Dr. Troupe". I said, "First of all, I don't have a doctorate, second of all what is this, I'm the only Black person on this airplane man. So he said, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry". He couldn't take it; he just couldn't take the energy. I had this long conversation one night with him. I said, "What counts is what I say or do when I'm in front of your students giving information to them; that's when intellectualism counts,

that's the only time it counts. You are into posing and wearing masks, these academic masks, (the pads on the elbows, the pipe, the beard, his hair, the whole thing, the tweeds, the little shoes.) You don't do nothin' man, you don't contribute nothin'. Contribute something, that is academic, that is what an intellectual does, contribute." You can look like anything. I like Julius Irving; Magic Johnson because of the way he plays, the unselfishness, the way he contributes to his team. He has a champion's attitude. I like Ellison; Ishmael Reed, who is a unique, complex, innovative, individual. I like his approach in terms of being involved, in influencing things. I like Toni Morrison -- her novel *Sula*, Charles Johnson, Toni Cade Bambara -- she's a strong woman, a visionary, exemplary person. Maya Angelou is a strong person.

DRUM - It is often said that Black people have historically looked for that one person to lead them somewhere. Do you think this is still true?

Q.T. - One of the things I teach in my Black Experience course is that we've come from a situation, African and otherwise, which for the most part has been monolithic in a sense that we have a chief or a king or a minister or a leader. We have always been into this one Elijah Mohammed, Malcom, Martin Luther King, DuBois, Marcus Garvey, Booker T. Washington. We've never had collective leadership. I hope we're trying to do it now. I believe in collective leadership.

DRUM - We were talking earlier about the exploitation of Black culture, that we brought what is meaningful in this country with us on the slave ships. Let's talk about Films specifically. Whenever we are in a position to do something, we don't do it. For example, Leon Kenedy had a chance to make some movies but he made three of the worst movies imaginable; they contained every stereotype in

the book. We except such movies because we're happy to see Balck faces on the big screen. If we could just get together and finance something then surely we would be able to have a little bit of control. But, if you've got one person who is in a position to do something and he doesn't do anything, what are you going to do?

Q.T. - We don't have communications media in order to make anybody. We don't make anybody; we can but we don't. Certain Black publications don't ever make anybody; they only accept who has been made and push them. But if you look at Musician magazine, Time, Life, they're always making white people, always creating stars so that by the time he or she does something big, you're ready for them. We're into this whole thing of accepting who has already been made. For example, I grew up down the street from Chuck Berry. I didn't think nothin' of Chuck Berry. White people were talking about Chuck Berry; the same Chuck Berry who use to go and sit on his steps down the street from him. The white people ask, "You did?" "What was he like?" He was jsut a little Black boy running around in the streets. We used to think he was crazy but he is a genius. I never dreamed of how important he was. I'm sure that people who live around Baraka, Ralph Ellison -- they don't know how important these people are. They don't understand how important Sterling Brown is. We are into these one, singular images, the chief syndrome. Now we're trying to change that. I know people in my generation are trying to change that.

DRUM - "For Colored Girls" was embraced by the white community in part because of the recurrent "dogging" of Black men. Could you comment on that?

Q.T. - That's what the white people liked about that play. They liked the point that the man was not a man, was less, threw the

babies out the window. They said, "See, I told you he was nothing no way; he's just stupid. And we ain't the ones saying this, it's a Black woman saying this." It's perfect for them, perfect for whites. I dig Ntosake. I told her, "I want you to make all the money you can but you have to understand why they picked you." In terms of Black men, there have been problems with male/female relationships because of the job market and because of the way they've been treated in this society. For the most part, white males control this society, Ms. magazine not withstanding. The Feminists run around talking about how they're liberated women. They're just bored white women from the suburbs; that doesn't have anything to do with our problem. They're bored because they're out there drinking 12 martinis and taking care of babies. They want to come in and work and be flighty and fly too. That doesn't have anything to do with the problems of the brothers in the Black community. Black men, in a sense, have been victims of a lot of things. I'm not trying to put off the women's movement. Violence comes out of that whole situation of not being productive, being powerless, not having any jobs, not having enough money to support your woman, to send your kids to college. That kind of thing has created the situation that now existst which began in the 60's and 70's, the practice of killing two birds with one stone by giving females jobs in the job market -- a woman and a Black person. That has created a lot of other problems. With the woman making more money than the men, they (the women) go out and become executives. A lot of Black men are insecure in those situations, so problems are created. What I'm saying is that it is planned like planned parenthood; there's a blueprint for the destruction of black men and indeed, Black families. It's been planned for a long time.

DRUM - Let's talk about your magazine American Rag?

Q.T. - I started American Rag about three or four years ago. The Fredrick Douglass Creative Arts Center, where I'm the special projects director, is something I've been involved with for about ten years. I run a poetry workshop there every Tuesday night. I talked to the director of the Center about trying to start a magazine. He went out and got the money but we ran into financial problems. The artistic thrust of the magazine is that it would not just publish poems, stories, interviews, etc. but that it would also publish cartoons, photographs, newsworthy items so that it would have an impact outside the literary circle. You wouldn't believe the kind of impact this magazine had.

DRUM - How many issues did you put out?

Q.T. - We put out three issues. The magazine had tremendous impact, not only here but in other places, like Africa. People ask me about the magazine all the time. I think that my vision was "on it" in terms of the focus of the magazine. The magazine has been read and enjoyed by people in the most obscure places. I've received some knocks from some Blacks about publishing Whites in the magazine but America is full of white people just like its full of Black people. I wanted to have editorial power to direct these white people to some kind of vision of the future. If you make a magazine powerful enough, where you have everybody in it, the top writers, you can change and influence the course of history just as Henry Luce did. I think that we, as a people, have to begin thinking about influencing foreign policy. We should be influencing internal policy. We should be helping to make foreign policy.

DRUM - It seems that in my generation, too many people are just into the movement; we aren't global. What are we going to do?

Q.T. - Most students aren't global. I think that your generation is the first one that is almost fully assimilated into the society. I remember a time when we didn't have a television set. We used to go across the street to the community T.V. where everybody would fight over the shows. I didn't grow up in a T.V. world. I grew up on the blues. Your generation is the first one that has been effectively cut off from people like Muddy Waters. I see it in my classes. I was embarrassed about three years ago -- I asked my Black Studies class if they'd heard of Johnny Lee Hooker. No Blacks raised their hands. A white boy raised his hand ten times. None of the students had heard of Coltrane or anybody, except this one white boy. They do not get back into things; they're just into now; that's why they're out there without an anchor. They think they're totally American. They know they're not the same as a white person but they try. That's why all Black students should take Black Experience, Black Literature courses. I run into people in New York all the time, young Black executives. They're stupid. They're boring; that's the worst thing I can put on somebody. So many of them have become totally white, divorced from their culture. They look down their noses at Black "things". It's frustrating for people in my generation, because we sacrificed a lot. I got my front teeth knocked out by a police man with a billy club. We were doing this for the future. Now we see these people who don't think about nothing; they have zips for brains. They're smart. They can technically do things but they have no feeling for the culture, for what has gone on in the past. I think that young Black people have to make a concerted effort to find their past. In a lot of instances the only place for them to learn is in college.

DRUM - Thank you Mr. Troupe.



“A Book Review of *the Social Thought of W.E.B. Dubois*”

DuBois was born five years after the Emancipation Proclamation February 23, 1968. At the March on Washington in August 1963, before the audience of 200,000 marchers and demonstrators, DuBois's death the day before, August 22nd, was announced and the crowd hushed. Roy Wilkins is reported to have said, "Without that old man, we wouldn't be here today." DuBois lived for ninety-five productive and creative years. Most of those years witnessed DuBois in the midst of struggle and conflict. The subject of the strife consistently involved racism and economic oppression and control of minority people by business as practiced during the first seven decades of this century. It is well known that DuBois began collecting his papers at the age of fifteen while living in Great Barrington, MA. It may also be known that at the age of ninety-five years and five months, DuBois writes to

Khrushchev admonishing him on the direction his administration seemed embarked. Chou-en Lai was copied in and we are graphically shown by DuBois that for eighty years he was actively involved in compiling a record of his struggles against the tyrannies of racism and economic exploitation.

On the centennial celebration of DuBois's birthday a program was held honoring him in Carnegie Hall, New York. Dr. Martin Luther King was the keynote speaker. Dr. King's address was titled, "Honoring Dr. DuBois." This speech was to be the last major address made by Dr. King before his assassination a month later. In that address Dr. King says,

When white America corrupted Negro history they distorted American history because Negroes are too big a part of the building of this nation to be written out of it with-

out destroying scientific history . . . Dr. DuBois confronted this powerful structure of historical distortion and dismantled it. He virtually, before anyone else and more than anyone else, demolished the lies about Negroes in their most important and creative period of history. The truths he revealed are not yet the property of all Americans but they have been recorded and arm us for our contemporary battles.

The Social Thought of W.E.B. DuBois
by Joseph P. DeMarco
Copyright 1983 - 202 pages
University Press of America
Lanham, New York, London

It is clear that the author, Professor DeMarco intended his work, "The Social Thought of W.E.B. DuBois", to present what he takes to be insights

of the social thought and development of that social thought of William Edward Burghardt DuBois. The effort presented by Professor DeMarco follows a major work by Arnold Rampersad, "The Art and Imagination of W.E.B. DuBois" (1976), and a paper presented in Philosophical Forum, S/W 1977-78, "DuBois and Fanon on Culture", by Bernard Boxill. Additionally there have been other papers presented at various programs across the country within the recent years addressing the legacy of the social thought and philosophy left by DuBois. Unfortunately, these papers have not been collected under one cover. Because of the small number of recent works the time is ripe for a new work examining DuBois's philosophy and social thought. It was hoped that this work by Professor DeMarco would be the work long awaited. Alas, it is not. This work by Professor DeMarco may be adequate for those who have had but a first blush with the thought of DuBois. However, DeMarco offers the reader much theory but with little substance.

The DeMarco work has an "Introduction", six chapters, 202 pages, 523 end-notes and NO index. Of the 523 end-notes only three are citations of statements excerpted from a work written after 1971. Those three end-notes come from the same source, "The Art and Imagination of W.E.B. DuBois", by Arnold Rampersad. The shame of not including freshly gathered material compiled during the seven year gap (1976-1983) is due to the availability of microfilm of the Collected Papers of W.E.B. DuBois opened in 1980 by the University of Massachusetts Library Archives/Amherst. In fact, since the 1980 opening of the DuBois Papers, complementing material in the form of dissertations, theses, journal articles, recordings, tapes and video have been located. Consequently, a contemporary discussion of the development, change and enunciation of the social thought of DuBois should make use of the 150,000 items of correspondence and personal papers, as well as the auxiliary material in the DuBois Papers Collection. And, if it should be the case that the material available in the Collection is of little assistance, at least the mentioning of that newly

available source could be expected. DeMarco is mute on the question "What is the latest opinion of 'What is the social theory of DuBois?'"

The most basic question we must have answered after having read DeMarco's work is "How well has the author come to know his subject?" As a reviewer I would assume that any work presently done about W.E.B. DuBois, and which is not the scholarly biography called for by Rayford W. Logan in his "Introduction" to his edited work W.E.B. DuBois: A Profile, must reflect the author's grasp of the DuBois biography. For all the effort and the work which is contained in *The Social Thought of W.E.B. DuBois*, it is sad to discover that the author, though well intentioned, is uninformed. DeMarco's basic notion is that there is found in DuBois's statements and writings a rational social theory. DeMarco suggest that DuBois social thought is divided into four periods. In one period DuBois borders on elitist argument, i.e. the attachment he had with the notion of the role of a "talented tenth". A second period is marked when DuBois begins to ground his social thought upon an economic theory which would have him argue for cooperative attitudes of cultural and economic descriptions for the Negro. A third period is marked by DuBois embracing a more radical socialist theory which leads him to argue for African socialism and a pan-communism. DeMarco also gives attention to DuBois's early and developmental social thought expressed during the years of his strong academe immersion, "the age of miracles", 1885-1896. The point is that no matter how clearly an author attempts to state the case for a given expression of "social thought" at a given time, if that author does not have an accurate sense and reading of the time and of the central character, then the author's interpretations and assertions not only suffer, they become suspect. This is the case with Professor DeMarco's work.

All of this said we come again to the central question, "How well does DeMarco understand DuBois?" To answer this question I turn to page 65 of DeMarco's work:

The full turn toward activism was pinpointed by duBois to one

significant event . . . in 195 the event occurred which led DuBois into a leadership role against Washington. Washington was in Boston delivering a speech, and Trotter openly confronted him . . . this led to a jail term for Trotter. As Rampersad points out: "This act of humiliation against a man of his own class and general sympathies seems to have shaken him into confronting the power of the Washington following and the limits of his own influence." DuBois considered jailing unjustified and viewed it as the catalyst leading him to aid in the formation of a political movement against Washington.

What I am to argue is that the date given by DeMarco of 1905, given for the event of significance, is wrong. It is not wrong as a typographical error. Rather its wrongness highlights the type of misunderstanding of DuBois evident throughout DeMarco's work. The Rampersad passage which DeMarco cites is found on page 92 of Rampersad's *The Art and Imagination of W.E.B. DuBois*. There Rampersad states, ". . . Trotter nevertheless plunged into the fray and went to jail on the night of July 30, 1903." An author who is familiar with DuBois's biography might then question the suggestion of 1905. DeMarco apparently didn't. Yet the "significant" event which DuBois pinpointed supposedly DeMarco accepts. The concern of how well DeMarco knows his subject is high lighted when he asserts that the movement which was to be the result of this significant event; the movement DuBois was to help lead in its opposition to Washington, was the Niagara Movement. The implication of DeMarco is that the Niagara Movement was a result of actions begun in 1905 - this is wrong. This implication is not even supported by DeMarco's own words. If we were to give him the benefit of the doubt and allow that he knew correctly the date of Trotter's arrest, July 30th of some year, what sense does it make to then assert that DuBois was prepared to call and did call a convention and that, "Twenty-nine people responded to his invitation to meet in July 1905, in Canada near Niagara Falls." For a scholar who understands DuBois the

name Niagara Movement is something special. In May of 1905 DuBois was seeking out locations to host his conference. In a letter dated May 19, 1905 DuBois writes to a Mr. Crosby of Buffalo, N. Y.:

"There are about 30 perhaps 40, men who may want to meet for a quiet conference in or near Buffalo about the second week in July."

REEL 1 frame 708

The point of seeking a place for a quiet conference is stressed in this same letter's conclusion when DuBois requests, "Please mention this matter to no one. . ." The Niagara Movement was not a sudden reaction to an unfortunate event. A scholar writing about DuBois's social thought should have appreciation for DuBois's sense of time and his routine of planning. Clearly DeMarco lacks this appreciation about important and relevant events and issues which bear directly upon his arguments.

A mistake, such as the one DeMarco makes, raises serious questions for the mistake begins to seep into other discussions. It is important to consistently view the beginning of the actions which will lead to the creation of the Niagara Movement to be 1903. It is clear from the correspondence which DuBois received after the publication of *The Souls of Black Folk* in April 1903, that there were many in various parts of the country who were looking for a champion to stand opposite Booker T. Washington, and those letters urge DuBois to be he. DuBois's foresight when gauged from the 1903 date, and not from the 1905 date, is then accurately measured. For example, the following is from a June 27, 1903, letter from the well known Black author Charles W. Chesnut to DuBois:

". . . I have not forgotten what you say about a national Negro journal . . . What the Negro needs more than anything else is a medium through which he can present his case . . ." REEL 1 frame 589

The journal which is mentioned here will become the journal of the Niagara Movement some four years later, *The Horizon*. The point here is that DuBois in June 1903, was already beginning to marshal sympathetic Negro professionals who could be

counted on to close ranks in opposition to Washington and the Tuskegee Machine backed by Andrew Carnegie, Jacob Schiff, J.G. Phelps Stokes, George Foster Peabody, etc. And then finally we have a December 28, 1903 letter to George F. Peabody in which DuBois says:

. . . I did not know that Mr. Washington was in Boston or intending to go there as I had just left him at Tuskegee. I had no correspondence with Trotter for six months save in regard to a boarding place. When I arrived in Boston and heard of the meeting I told Mr. Trotter and Mr. Forbes in plain terms my decided disapproval of the unfortunate occurrence and my conviction that it would do harm. Although I was unable at the time to defend Mr. Washington's position as I once had, I nevertheless took occasion to address a meeting of men at Mr. Trotter's home and remind them of the vast difference between criticizing Mr. Washington's policy and attacking him personally.

"The Correspondence of WEBD", p 68 vol. 1

"The Souls of Black Folk is a milepost in measuring the development of DuBois social thought and statement. Yet how can a reader trust the interpretation of this work if the author fails to understand the immediate consequences of the work in question?"

This same type of "selective scholarship" which is evident in DeMarco's work in this regard, appears throughout the discussion. In Chapter Two: *Racial Solidarity and the Talented Tenth*, DeMarco argues that DuBois Philosophical background and theoretical support for his concept of race was pragmatic. He argues that this pragmatic underpinning

. . . was not systematically defended, but it is, at key points highly analogous to the ethical theory developed by his mentor at Harvard, Josiah Royce. (*The Social Thought* p. 37)

WRONG!!

There is only one name connected to the notion of pragmatism which DuBois mentioned i.e. William James. Even by DeMarco's own reading Royce's pragmatic theory may have been influenced by DuBois. However,

to base a chapter of a work such as this upon a pragmatic theory and not only elevate a professor of DuBois to a position he never held in regard to DuBois, but, furthermore, to expunge from the record, James (who was called by DuBois "mentor" and whose personal relationship outlasted DuBois's years at Harvard and included family members such as Henry James) is inexcusable. What DuBois said is,

I determined to go to the best university in the land and if possible in the world, to discover Truth, which I spelled with a capital. For two years I studied under William James while he was developing Pragmatism; . . . and under Josiah Royce and his Hegelian idealism . . . The Jamesian Pragmatism as I understood it from his lips was not based on the "usefulness" of a hypothesis but on its workable logic if its truth was assumed . . . vol 3 pp 394-5

New York City

January 10, 1956

DuBois to Aptheker

Selected scholarship can be dangerous. Chapter IV of DeMarco's work is devoted entirely to "Black Reconstruction". Though there is a concluding sentence which reads "Black Reconstruction, while it rejects Marx also presents a wide-reaching critique of American capitalism," in almost thirty pages of discussion he has developed four theoretical points which are all given with Marx or Lenin as reference:

1. Throughout *Black Reconstruction* DuBois approached the problem of historical interpretation from a Marxian perspective.
2. DuBois focused on economic class interests, both on the North and in the South to demonstrate the possibilities of a victorious, unified proletariat movement . . .
3. His position was at odds with Marxism at three areas.
4. The conclusions of *Black Reconstruction* tended to support DuBois' reliance on a black economic co-operative movement.

Surely there are other interpretations of the type of statement DuBois attempted to make in the social thought presented within *Black Reconstruction*. Surely it would be interesting to present an alternative discussion which brings fresh light to the topic.

DON KING

by Leah Loftis

“Every promoter is a hustler, a beggar, really, because he can’t disguise the fact that he needs other people’s money. He’s his own PR man. Don’s more than a friend to the Black fighters. King has stated that he feels he has been blessed with a special magic that insures his success, draws people to his side and pulls him from the mire of his problems. He proclaims, “My magic lies in my people ties”, “I want young people to look at me and say he made it despite all the odds and that no matter how bad things are for me, I still have a chance to make something successful of myself.” King has established a relationship with the fighter that is unprecedented. He has brought the word “loyalty” back into being. King says, “It was almost extinct in this particular business. My most gratifying experience was to have fighters like Larry Holmes and Roberto Duran who had the opportunity to wander and go off, who would have

been heralded for it, but they didn’t forget that King struggled with them. So I love Larry Holmes and I love Roberto Duran, I could easily withdraw my allegiance from Roberto Duran especially so when he found himself in a very tainted predicament. I never did, I remained steadfast and loyal.”

Don King’s accomplishments go far beyond boxing. Named one of the most influential Americans by People Magazine, in 1974, and “the most powerful promoter in sports and one of the most successful black businessmen in America ” by Time Magazine, Don King is the recipient of numerous awards, prizes and honorary degrees. Among these, along with former First Lady, Betty Ford, and Justice William O. Douglas, he received the Urban Justice Award in 1976. He was also awarded the Heritage Award, has been named

Man of the Year by the National Black Hall of Fame, Minority Businessman of the Year by the Greater Washington Business Center, and International Businessman of the Year in Cleveland. He has two honorary doctorate degrees and has received honorary citizenship and citizen awards from several countries as well as keys to cities all across the United States. He is recognized by many national and international organizations as a leading contributor and philanthropist to worthy causes.

The Ali-Foreman fight in Zaireland, the Ali-Frazier “Thrilla in Manila”, seen by over one billion viewers worldwide, the Norton-Young match, which paid the largest purse ever for contenders up to that time; and the Larry Holmes’ defeat of Ken Norton to win the WBC Heavyweight Championship, are some of the big fights that he has promoted that made boxing popular again and brought it back to promin-

ence. The entire field of boxing has been changed by King, promoting Light-heavyweight, Middleweight, Welterweight, Superwelterweight, Lightweight, Featherweight, Superbantamweight, and Superlightweight boxing. Through King, the lightweights have achieved more stature and more money than ever thought possible.

Don King now runs a successful business conglomerate including Don King Productions, Inc. (boxing promotion); Don King Sports and Entertainment Network (DKSEN); and D. K. Chemicals. King is a devoted family man. His family includes his wife, Henrietta, and three grown children, Eric, Deborah and Carl. Carl and Debbie are in boxing promotion with their father. Boxers from all over the world, including current champions, utilize the King Training Camp.

What comes to mind at the mention of the name Don King? Does one think of a loud voice, tuxedos, wild hair or maybe -- his reputation as being the world's greatest boxing promoter? Well, Don King has done it all. He is a living legend who has promoted more than 100 Championship fights in 10 years.

He is the 6' 4" man with the wild hair that stands up as if electrifies; it has become a symbol of strength and wild imagination. If one looks closely enough, one can see that his hair, now a trademark, is shaped like a crown. King is always seen wearing a tuxedo, smoking a cigar and talking loudly and authoritatively about what he is going to do next.

King came from a middle class family in Cleveland, Ohio. His father, Clarence King, worked as a laborer who pulled plugs from a steel smelter. One dark day, December 7, 1941, the plug stuck, the smelter blew and as a result, his father was killed. The company paid the family through a settlement. "In the ghetto, we call that tragedy money", said King. "My mother, Hattie, took the money she got for the flesh of my father (there were seven kids) and bought a house. I was ten years old", said King.

King's remembers battling with roaches in the basement of the tenement building where he lived as a youngster. He would spray the bugs furiously with bottles of white poison. To his amazement, the roaches kept

coming. King also spent many days running to deliver "squalling chickens" to the slaughter house for Hymie's Chicken Shack; surviving street life, and running numbers in Cleveland. He enjoyed boxing and even dabbled at fighting in high school. He boxed as a 112 pounder at age 18. King was a fan of Paul Simpson, the boxer, and used to carry his bags to the gym whenever he fought in Cleveland. At one time, King fought in New York and was doing fine until he was knocked out after the second round of a fight. He never fought again. King admired Sugar Ray Robinson and Joe Louis. Of Louis, King says, "Joe Louis was truly an American hero, not just to Blacks but to all Americans".

King thought about pursuing a career in law, but that was too remote, a world away, white man's stuff. Then he decided to work the numbers racket in Cleveland. King stated, "I was the best numbers operator the business ever had". At age 10, he started selling peanuts and candy to operators and customers in Cleveland's numbers places. He learned the business as he sold peanuts and by the time he was grown, he knew all there was to know about running numbers. "Doesn't hurt anybody much," King stated. "The numbers got some people "nigger rich", you know, like bingo in the white community. A well-run number game is probably as fair as a state lottery by being illegal and Black; it is more exotic. In each community, number operators have to work with each other to stay alive," King says. "You need a 'rhapsody in Black' " King ran his own numbers game flamboyantly and soon bankrolled other operators. He always paid off in public and in full.

"Sam", the man Don King was convicted of killing, was an ex-convict, working as King's lay off man in the business. King remembers that when "Sam" got out of prison, he bought himself some new clothes and teeth but turned around and bit him (King). "Sam" ran off with some money and King would not let him work until he made it up to him. King himself placed a bet which hit but "Sam" never paid. They had words:

King: You've got to take care of this, I've got to keep my reputation.

Sam: I will take care of it, it's an overlook.

King: You better take care of it if you ever want to work with me again.

Voices rose. King walked out into the street and Sam followed him, shouting. "Sam" jumped King from behind and the men began to fight. King knocked "Sam" down and kicked him. "Sam's" head kicked the curb and seven days later, he died.

According to King, the first charge against him was aggravated assault.

However, King was famous in certain quarters of the Cleveland Police Department. "Numbers Overlord was my title of damnation . . . When they found out that I was Don King, the charge was changed to murder two, second degree homicide. The judge reduced it to manslaughter and 1-20 but at the trial, I had no chance of getting another reduction or going free. I might have if ghetto people had judged but I didn't have a jury of my peers. I was tried before a jury of middle class whites shortly after the riots of the 1960's." He got 20 years but was out in four. In 1983, he was granted a full pardon by Governor James Rhodes. At the time of the sentence, he did not appeal because he was afraid of the legal system. When King was in prison, his wife, Henrietta, maintained the rolling farm he had bought and the family remained solvent.

The refuge of the prison library saved him. He was suddenly an explorer of a geography he had never known about. King studied incessantly and memorized the works of the world's greatest philosophers and literary immortals.

King's world had been Cadillacs, money, little slips of paper (numbers) and danger. He credits the prison system for the change. In prison, he made time his servant rather than his master. He took a correspondence course from Ohio University for four years and maintained a 4.0 average. He kept his head together by thinking and reading. As a youngster, King had always liked school. So after high school, his older brother Carl, let Don to take over his numbers route so that Don could earn tuition money for Kent State University. He earned what he needed and was accepted into a pre-law program. Unfortunately, he left one of the betting slips in the window box and forgot to turn it in to the bookie. The number hit and he had to use his tuition money to pay it off. King asked the bookie for a

loan and was refused. Consequently, he continued his 200 dollars a week business and in a year and a half, had the bookie and his brother working for him.

His special interest while serving time in the Ohio Penitentiary was the library's fiction shelf. Shakespeare, Moliere and Voltaire are a few of the authors whom King quotes regularly. King moved from the ghetto, to the jail cell to the height and depth of the fight business. Believe it or not, King's hair was cut close at one time. However, he started letting it grow wild after his release from prison.

Six months after his release from prison, King organized a promotion for Forest City Hospital in Cleveland. Wilson Pickett sang, Lou Rawls told jokes and Muhammad Ali fought four different men in ten rounds of sparring. The promotion was a hit. King organized the promotion out of a sense of mission. King turned from numbers to boxing and never looked back. Madison Square Garden and Teddy Brenner, the matchmaker gave King his start. Madison Square Garden, its stockholders and Brenner thought that boxing was dying out but King was out to prove him wrong.

Starting from scratch, King has blended the proper business acumen (with assistance from his partner at the time, Hank Schwartz in 1975) with the right amount of "old-time-hustle" and "new-time-jive" to become the number one boxing promoter in the land. His love for boxing has brought the sport back to being one of the most popular sports around. Along with improving the quality of boxing, King has contributed to the sport by increasing the safety standards and making boxing a respectable sport. This is the first time that a Black man has attained that status even though Blacks dominate the sport inside the ropes. All other promoters before Don King stayed in the shadow, i.e. promoters such as Bob Arum, and the Bolan brothers, shrewd men with no personalities. "Nobody wanted to be up front before me," says King, "they all want to sit back, collect their money, and play dirty tricks on each other. Even on the ones who worked for them. But I'm out there. If you can't see me, you're color blind." "My name is on everything", continues King, "It's Don King Productions".

Harold Conrad, who worked with many promoters said that once a promoter gets a license, he feels that he has the right to steal. King is different: he delivers what he promises on time. King also has the ability to see and foresee.

One of the most successful Black men in the world today is Donald Ferris King. However, one would never know that by looking in magazines like Black Enterprise or in any other publication about successful Blacks. His business education came only through a correspondence course he took through Ohio University while in prison; it was a course in economics. While some managers and promoters lived richly on exotic beaches from the money of prizefighters whom they have tossed aside penniless, King made the fighters millionaires. There were some fighters who couldn't get the "time of day" from promoters until King gave the nearly forgotten fighters like Ernie Shavers and Ken Norton a chance to become wealthy. Ken's high command is a good example of how things work in boxing promotion. For instance, one never lets a grudge get in the way of making money. Mike Malitz and King's rival Bob Arum worked with him in 1975. Schwartz was King's former boss at Video Technique and made King vice-president at the time. Some time after, King went into business for himself. King used Schwartz as a advisor of technical equipment. Malitz had the knowledge of when the money is and how to collect it; that is why King worked with him. He worked with Bob Arum because of his legal mind. Now that King is successful, Arum is not as popular as before. King mentioned in the Sepia magazine issue of September 15, 1975, that Arum said that King was a more talented promoter than he. In the same issue, King says that he is honest and kind and that he holds no grudges against anyone, even the people who try to beat him. In promoting the Ali-Grazier fight, King hired Bob Arum to handle the business of dealing with theater owners in the closed circuit telecast of the fight. After this deal, Don King made another deal with Arum but Arum fell through on it and that is what started the rivalry between them. King respects Bob Arum because he's a tenacious, ruthless and vicious competitor. Plus, King says Arum is not to be taken lightly. From a humane

point of view. King dislikes Arum making money off Black fighter by taking them to apartheid South Africa where Blacks are indiscriminately killed and raped and plundered without any form of redress.

King's self-proclaimed "best move" in aiming at becoming involved in boxing was when he was with Muhammad Ali dealing with Hebert Muhammad, Ali's manager. The King-Ali team soared the promoter to fame in boxing circles and to a fortune. Not long after the union, the Ali camp thought that King was getting a little too much of the spotlight so the team was split up. Ali ended up going to the white promoter Arum. On September 15, 1975, Sports Illustrated reported that King was thinking of purchasing a major movie company. "I'm too big to be described as a fight promoter", King said in Sepia Magazine interview, October 1975. "I'm also branching out into different things; football players want me to work in their contracts. More immediate is my sudden thrust into big team sports and music as a packager and manager of careers". Also from the Sprots Illustrated of the same issue, King stated that he had already signed 85 black pro-football players, with more to follow in basketball and baseball. In 1982 King signed a Heisman Trophy winner, a No. 1 draft choice, Billy Sims. But Billy Sims went to another agent after signing with King. King never sued Sims even though he had a case because King didn't think it was right for him to go into a new business suing players. Overnight, it seems, he could become one of the most powerful men in all of sports. Don King is boxing, the man with the show, the man with the fistful of dollars and the imagination to match, and "street genius".

King is a decent human being who has faults such as being too loud at times, but he is a fenerouse and sensitive man. Loyalty is almost nonexistent in boxing, but King commands is and it is given to him because he is strong and fair. Don King's words are one of his most important natural resources. "Don's personality, his way of overwhelming people, is an essential part of promoting", says Hank Schwartz, who gave King his first promoting job in 1973, putting him on the payroll of Schwartz Video Techniques Co. to land the Frazier-Foreman fight in Jamaica.

Dorothy Love Coates and the Gospel Harmonettes

“WINNERS”

Gospel music, as it is called, is a foundation of Black music and has often been ignored as new music trends creep on the scene. But like the “spiritual”, “gospel” is classic, and classics are never destroyed. Albeit some musicologists attempt to define Black music modes in a variety of terms, others view these modes (i.e. gospel, spirituals, etc.) as being the same. Thus, the gospel-spiritual-jazz-blues idioms are all derivative of one source: the African music antecedent. One group in particular has maintained identification with the characteristics of these idioms; that is Dorothy Love Coates and the Gospel Harmonettes.

In the beginning, the group was known as the Gospel Harmonettes with its start in Birmingham, Alabama around 1948. The group’s first big hit was “You Must Be Born Again” on RCA records. Soon, the young and energetic Dorothy Love joined the group. Dorothy had been the pianist in her church since childhood and she brought her natural gift and her crea-

tivity to the Alabama group.

The original Harmonettes were Mildred Miller (Howard), Vera Kolb, Willie Mae Newberry (Garth), Odessa Edwards and Dorothy Love (Coates). Evelyn Starks served as the pianist for the group and Odessa Edwards was the narrator.

In 1951, the group moved to Specialty Records and recorded such hits as “He’s Calling Me”, “No Hiding Place”, “99½”, “Where Shall I Be?”, “He’s Right on Time”, “I’m Sealed”, “You Better Run”, “That’s Enough”, and the ever popular, “Get Away Jordan”.

Also in the fifties, the group added the talented, Joe Washington as pianist. Washington keyboard skills accompanied the moving renditions of the Harmonettes in grand style. The group began to make its mark in the music industry.

The Harmonettes moved to Savoy Records and continued to record such hits as “Come on in this House”, “So Many Years”, and “No Rest for the Weary”.

In 1959, Dorothy Love retired from the group, however, she returned in 1961 with new vigor. Dorothy’s voice was as strong as ever despite rumors that she was told by doctors not to sing again and that she had lost one of her lungs. Dorothy became the narrator when Odessa Edwards left the group. Cleo Kennedy replaced Vera Kold as soprano and Lillian McGriff, Dorothy’s sister, was also added.

When the group moved to Nashboro Records, the hits began to flow again.

Johnny Gaines served as pianist and Washington returned to record two albums with the group as the pianist. It was the first of these two albums that contained one of their greatest hits, “I Won’t Let Go (of my Faith)”, Dorothy exemplifies her vitality as she glides across the lyrics in spiritual essence. She sings of the “unshakeable” faith maintained through life’s turmoils. Washington plays the organ as if it is a part of him. He makes it answer the

climaxes staged by Dorothy. Mildred, Willie Mae, Cleo and Lillian give strong support in the background to keep the selection moving. Other highlights include, "Heaven, I Heard so Much about It", "Everyday Will Be Sunday", "I'm on My Way", and Dorothy's arrangement of "Farther Along".

Dorothy composed and/or arranged all of the selections for this and subsequent albums and with the expertise of producer Shannon Williams, the group could do no wrong. Many hits followed.

The subsequent album, "Separation Line", is not as rewarding as its predecessor. Perhaps this is due to the wide recognition of "I'm Holding On" and "Everyday Will be Sunday". It does include good selections like "The Chariot", "Shake My Mother's Hand for Me", and "Come on and Go with Me". Nevertheless, Dorothy proves that she can do it again and again with albums "Seeds of Truth" and "The Winner", "That's Alright with Me" is the highlight of the first album and was a big hit. Mildred continues to do some of the lead singing as she leads "My Soul Needs Resting". "If I Had My Way" was another moving narrative.

"The Winner" included the title track as well as such old favorites as "Canaan", "Love Lifted Me", and top hits, "Stop, Take A Little Time to Pray" and "They Won't Believe".

The group began to receive awards after a string of albums at Nashboro including two greatest hits albums, "Our Greatest Hits" and "The Best of Dorothy Love Coates and the Gospel Harmonettes". In 1970, they received the Golden Mike Award for the Best Female Gospel Group from the National Association of Television and Radio Announcers and also the Thomas A. Dorsey Award.

In the mid-seventies, Dorothy returned to Savoy Records, but without the other original Harmonettes, Mildred Miller Howard and Willie Mae Newberry Garth. The billing became Dorothy Love Coates and her Singers. In 1977 she recorded an album, "These Are the Days". Dorothy continues to be as lively and as energetic as she was in the fifties. She instills that old-time singing for which she is known in "The Power of the Holy Ghost" and "Amen". The group also included jazz notations in "Heaven".

The next year she came back with an album, "A City Built Four Square" with still more personnel changes. The singers were Gwen Moore, Debra Nunn, Evelyn Thurman, Booker Sedecor and her sister Lillian McGriff Caffey. Rev. Charles Kemp served as pianist.

The eighties brought about more changes in Dorothy's musical career. She became a soloist. She had recorded some solos on previous albums, but now she does mostly solos and a few duets on her recordings. She also moved back to Nashboro Records where she had been so successful. In addition to the solo albums, she also recorded a live concert with the B & M Choir. She performed her great hit "I Won't Let Go" and "You've Been Good to Me."

Dorothy has provided her audiences with her narrations for years. She is able to quote the Bible with great ease and often employs biblical events in her songs. Like the Black preacher, she recreates the events in a vivid manner. For example, she retells Sampson's betrayal and suffering in "If I Had My Way". She tells of Jacob's sickness in "He's Right on Time". She gives an account of John's being decapitated in "99½". In addition, she also uses life experiences to bring her songs to an apex. She recaptures an old saint in a hot cotton field who is sold away from all his loved ones in "The Chariot". She even sings of present day heroes like Martin Luther King, Jr. and Robert Kennedy in "They Won't Believe" along with such old heroes as Lot, Noah, and Jeremiah. She invites the world to come and have a good time dancing, shouting, speaking-in-tongues, and baptizing in the house of the Lord in "Come in this House". She warns sinners that there will be no place to hide at the end of time in "No Hiding Place". She confirms her faith and redemption in "I Won't Let Go" and "I'm Sealed". She also sings of the future where she and the saints will dwell in the bosom of God's eternal grace in "Everyday Will Be Sunday", "Heaven, I've Heard So Much about It", and "Heaven". She inquires about the future in "Where Shall I Be?" and "Canaan". Of course, she faces the River Jordan (often used as a synonym for death in African-American songs and sermons) and wants to cross over in "Get Away Jordan". In short, her compositions cover every spectrum of spiritual-physical life.

Dorothy's voice has been described as "rough" by some writers and a few even note that she is not considered a great singer. But this is so untrue to many of her listeners. Some writers and musicologists fail to realize that the voice in African and African-American music is not judged by the same standards as in Euro-American music. The voice is used for the purpose of the song, so a variety of voice types are employed in African-American music and all types are valued. Dorothy's voice is typical of the mode used in many spiritual songs. She often becomes hoarse during her performances but this does not take away from the song; it embellishes it and the audiences show their appreciation of it. It is a talent shared with other Black singers, including Harmonette Mildred Miller Howard who also owns what many consider a good gospel voice.

Dorothy has composed and/or arranged over 300 songs, yet she still hasn't received the deserved recognition. Others have often had greater success with some of her compositions. One reason is that her songs don't receive much airplay as many Black stations have either cut gospel music out of their programming all together or have reduced it to a minimum. Unfortunately, she is not one of the crossover singers like Shirley Caesar, Andrea Crouch of the Mighty Clouds of Joy, who have managed to get some air play during the radio programming usually reserved for rhythm and blues. Some stations will play gospel songs recorded by rhythm and blues artists, like Lionel Ritchie and Deniece Williams and others but will not play gospel selections by gospel singers.

Dorothy Love Coates has continued to record for over 30 years and can still manage to bring a crowd to a foot-stomping hand-clapping, soul-lifting jubilee just as she did in the early fifties. To many who enjoy the old-time singing as well as modern idioms, her voice rings in melodious sensations as it leaps from valleys to mountains, telling of the many manifestations of faith, belief, love, peace, trouble, pain, sorrow, tribulation, suffering, joy, happiness and mercy. The "old saints" of the cotton fields as well as the ancestors of the African homeland are delighted in their gifted child of today. She is determined to be a winner at the "finishing line".



SALUTE TO MARVIN GAYE





SALUTE TO MARVIN GAYE

I don't have much work to do around the house like some girls. My mother does that. And I don't have to earn my pocket money by hustling; George runs errands for the big boys and sells Christmas cards. And anything else that's got to be done, my father does. All I have to do in life is mind my brother Raymond, which is enough.

Sometimes I slip and say my little brother Raymond. But as any fool can see he's much bigger and he's older too. But a lot of people call him my little brother cause he needs looking after cause he's not quite right. And a lot of smart mouths got lots to say about that too, especially when George was minding him. But now, if anybody has anything to say to Raymond, anything to say about his big head, they have to come by me. And I don't play the dozens or believe in standing around with somebody in my face doing a lot of talking. I much rather just knock you down and take my chances even if I am a little girl with skinny arms and a squeaky voice, which is how I got the name Squeaky. And if things get too rough, I run. And as anybody can tell you, I'm the fastest thing on two feet.

There is no track meet that I don't win the first place medal. I used to win the twenty-yard dash when I was a little kid in kindergarden. Nowadays, it's the fifty-yard dash. And tomorrow I'm subject to run the quarter-meter relay all by myself and come in first, second, and third. The big kids call me Mercury cause I'm the swiftest thing in the neighborhood. Everybody knows that—except two people who know better—my father and me. He can beat me to Amsterdam Avenue with me having a two fire-hydrant-headstart and him running with his hands in his pockets and whistling. But that's private information. Cause can you imagine some thirty-five-year-old man stuffing himself into PAL shorts to race little kids? So as far as everyone's concerned, I'm the fastest and that goes for Gretchen, too, who has put out the tale that she is going to win the first-place medal this year. Ridiculous. In the second place, she's got short legs. In the third place, she's got freckles. In the first place, no one can beat me and that's all there is to it.

I'm standing on the corner admiring the weather and about to take a stroll down Broadway so I can practice my

breathing exercises, and I've got Raymond walking on the inside close to the buildings, cause he's subject to fits of fantasy and starts thinking he's a circus performer and that the curb is a tight-rope strung high in the air. And sometimes after a rain he likes to step down off his tightrope right into the gutter and slosh around getting his shoes and cuffs wet. Then I get hit when I get home. Or sometimes if you don't watch him he'll dash across traffic to the island in the middle of Broadway and give the pigeons a fit. Then I have to go behind him apologizing to all the old people sitting around trying to get some sun and getting all upset with the pigeons fluttering around them, scattering their newspapers and upsetting the waxpaper lunches in their laps. So I

she won the spelling bee for the millionth time, "A good thing you got 'receive,' Squeaky, cause I would have got it wrong. I completely forgot about the spelling bee" And she'll clutch the lace on her blouse like it was a narrow escape. Oh, brother. But of course when I pass her house on my early morning trots around the block, she is practicing the scales on the piano over and over and over and over. Then in music class she always let herself get bumped around so she falls accidentally on purpose onto the piano stool and is so surprised to find herself sitting there that she decides just for fun to try out the ole keys. And what do you know—Chopin's waltzes just spring out of her fingertips and she's the most surprised thing in the world. A regular prodigy. I

AN EXCERPT FROM

by

TONI CADE BAMBARA

keep Raymond on the inside of me, and he plays like he's driving a stage coach which is O.K. by me so long as he doesn't run me over or interrupt my breathing exercises, which I have to do on account of I'm serious about my running, and I don't care who knows it.

Now some people like to act like things come easy to them, won't let on that they practice. Not me. I'll high-prance down 34th Street like a rodeo pony to keep my knees strong even if it does get my mother uptight so that she walks ahead like she's not with me, don't know me, is all by herself on a shopping trip, and I am somebody else's crazy child. Now you take Cynthia Procter for instance. She's just the opposite. If there's a test tomorrow, she'll say something like, "Oh, I guess I'll play handball this afternoon and watch television like last week when

could kill people like that. I stay up all night studying the words for the spelling bee. And you can see me any time of day practicing running. I never walk if I can trot, and shame on Raymond if he can't keep up. But of course he does, cause if he hangs back someone's liable to walk up to him and get smart, or take his allowance from him, or ask him where he got that great big pumpkin head. People are so stupid sometimes.

So I'm strolling down Broadway breathing out and breathing in on counts of seven, which is my lucky number, and here comes Gretchen and her sidekicks: Mary Louise, who used to be a friend of mine when she first moved to Harlem from Baltimore and got beat up by everybody till it took up for her on account of her mother and my mother used to sing in the same

choir when they were young girls, but people ain't grateful, so now she hangs out with the new girl Gretchen and talks about me like a dog; and Rosie, who is as fat as I am skinny and has a big mouth where Raymond is concerned and is too stupid to know that there is not a big deal of difference between herself and Raymond and that she can afford to throw sotnes. So they are steady comign up Broadway and I see right away that it's going to be one of those Dodge City scenes cause the street ain't that big and they're close to the buildings just as we are. First I think I'll pass. But that's chicken and I've got a reputation ot consider. So then I think I'll just walk straight through them or even over them if neccessary. But as they get to me, they slow down. I'm ready to fight, cause like I said I don't feature a whole lot of chit-chat, I much prefer to just knock you down right fromt he jump and save everybody a lotta precious time.

"You signing up for the May Day races?" smiles Mary Lcuise, only it's not a smile at all. A dumb question like that doesn't deserve an answer. Besides, there's just me and Gretchen standing there really, so no use wasting my breath talking to shadows.

"I don't think you're going to win this time," says Rosie, trying to signify with her hands on her hips all salty, completely forgetting that I have whapped her behind many times for less salt than that.

"I always win cause I'm the best," I say straight at Gretchen who is, as far as I'm concerned, the only one talking in this ventriloquist-dummy routine. Gretchen smiles, but it's not a smile, and I'm thinking that girls never really smile at each other because they don't know how and don't want to know how and there's probably no one to teach us how, cause grown-up girls don't know either. Then they all look at Raymond who has just brought his mule team to a standstill. And they're about to see what trouble they can get into through him.

"What grade you in now, Raymond?"

"You got anything to say to my brother, you say it to me, Mary Louise Williams of Raggedy Town, Baltimore."

"What are you, his mother?" sasses Rosie.

"That's right, Fatso. And the next word out of anybody and I'll be their mother too." So they just stand there and Gretchen shifts from one leg to the other and so do they. Then Gretchen puts her hands on her hips and is about to say something with her freckle-face self but doesn't. Then she walks around me looking me up and down but keeps walking up Broadway, and her sidekicks follow her. So me and Raymond smile at each other and he says, "Gidyap" to his team and I continue with my breathing exercises, strolling down Broadway toward the ice man on 145th with not a care in the world cause I am Miss Quicksilver herself.

I take my time getting to the park on May Day because the track meet is the last thing on the program. The biggest thing on the program is the May Pole dancing, which I can do without, thank you, even if my mother thinks it's a shame I don't take part and act like a girl for a change. You'd think my mother'd be grateful not to have to make me a white organdy dress with a big satin sash and buy me new white baby-doll shoes that can't be taken out of the box till the big day. You'd think she'd be glad her daughter ain't out there prancing around a May Pole getting the new clothes all dirty and sweaty and trying to act like a fairy or a flower or whatever you're supposed to be when you should be trying to be yourself, whatever that is, which is, as far as I am concerned, a poor Black girl who really can't afford to buy shoes and a new dress you only wear once a lifetime cause it won't fit next year.

I was once a strawberry in a Hansel and Gretel pageant when I was in nursery school and didn't have no better sense than to dance on tiptoe with my arms in a circle over my head doing umbrella steps and being a perfect fool just so my mother and father could come dressed up and clap. You'd think they'd know better than to encourage that kind of nonsense. I am not a strawberry. I do not dance on my toes. I run.

That is what I am all about. So I always come late to the May Day program, just in time to get my number pinned on and lay in the grass till they announce the fifty-yard dash.

I put Raymond in the little swings, which is a tight squeeze this year and

will be impossible next year. Then I look around for Mr. Pearson, who pins the numbers on. I'm really looking for Gretchen if you want to know the truth, but she's not around. The park is jam-packed. Parents in hats and corsages and breast-pocket handkerchiefs peeking up. Kids in white dresses and light-blue suits. The parkees unfolding chairs and chasing the rowdy kids from Lenox as if they had no right to be there. The big guys with their caps on backwards, leaning against the fence swirling the basketballs on the tips of their fingers, waiting for all these crazy people to clear out the park so they can play. Most of the kids in my class are carrying bass drums and glockenspiels and flutes. You'd think they'd put in a few bongos or something for real like that.

Then here comes Mr. Pearson with his clipboard and his cards and pencils and whistles and safety pins and fifty million other things he's always dropping all over the place with his clumsy self. He sticks out in a crowd because he's on stilts. We used to call him Jack and the Beanstalk to get him mad. But I'm the only one that can outrun him and get away, and I'm too grown for that silliness now.

"Well, Squeaky," he says, checking my name off the list and handing me number seven and two pins. And I'm thinking he's got no right to call me Squeaky, if I can't call him Beanstalk.

"Hazel Elizabeth Deborah Parker," I correct him and tell him to write it down on his board.

"Well, Hazel Elizebeth Deborah Parker, going to give some else a break this year?" I squint at him real hard to see if he is seriously thinking I should lose the race on purpose just to give someone else a break. "Only six girls running this time," he continues, shaking his head sadly like it's my fault all of New York didn't turn out in sneakers. "That new girl should give you a run for your money". He looks around the park for Gretchen like a periscope in a submarine movie. "Wouldn't it be a nice gesture if you were . . . to ahhh . . ."

I give him such a look he couldn't finish putting that idea into words. Grownups got a lot of nerve sometimes. I pin number seven to myself and stomp away, I'm so burnt. And I go straight for the track and stretch out on the

grass while the band winds up with "Oh, the Monkey Wrapped His Tail Around the Flag Pole," which my teacher calls by some other name. The man on the loudspeaker is calling everyone over to the track and I'm on my back looking at the sky, trying to pretend I'm, in the country, but I can't, because even grass in the city feels hard as sidewalk, and there's just no pretending you are anywhere but on a "concrete jungle" as my grandfather says.

The twenty-yard dash takes all of two minutes cause most of the little kids don't know no better than to run off the track or run the wrong way or run smack into the fence and fall down and cry. One little kid, though, has got the good sense to run straight for the white ribbon up ahead so he wins. Then the second-graders line up for the thirty-yard dash and I don't even bother to turn my head to watch cause Raphael Perez always wins. He wins before he even begins by psyching the runners, telling them they're going to trip on their shoelaces and fall on their faces or lose their shorts or something, which he doesn't really have to do since he is very fast, almost as fast as I am. After that is the forty-yard dash which I use to run when I was in first grade. Raymond is hollering from the swings cause he knows I'm about to do my thing cause the man on the loudspeaker has just announced the fifty-yard dash, although he might just as well be giving a recipe for angel food cake cause you can hardly make out what he's saying from the static. I get up and slip off my sweat pants and then I see Gretchen standing at the starting line, kicking her legs out like a pro. Then as I get into place I see that ole Raymond is on line on the other side of the fence, bending down with his fingers on the ground just like he knew what he was doing. I was going to yell at him but then I didn't. It burns up your energy to holler.

Every time, just before I take off in a race, I always feel like I'm in a dream, the kind of dream you have when You're sick with fever and feel all hot and weightless. I dream I'm flying over a sandy beach in the early morning sun, kissing the leaves of the trees as I fly by. And there's always the smell of apples, just like in the country when I was little and used to think I was a choo-choo train, running through the fields of corn and chugging up the hill

to the orchard. And all the time I'm dreaming this, I get lighter and lighter until I'm flying over the beach again, getting blown through the sky like a feather that weighs nothing at all. But once I spread my fingers in the dirt and crouch over the Get on Your Mark, the dream goes and I am solid again and am telling myself, Squeaky you must win, you must win, you are the fastest thing in the world, you can even beat you father up Amsterdam if you really try. And then I feel my weight coming back just behind my knees then down to my feet then into the earth and the pistol shot explodes in my blood and I am off and weightless again, flying past the other runners, my arms pumping up and down and the whole world is quiet except for the crunch as I zoom over the gravel in the track. I glance to my left and there is no one. To the right, a blurred Gretchen, who's got her chin jutting out as if it would win the race all by itself. And on the other side of the fence is Raymond with his arms down to his side and the palms tucked up behind him, running in his very own style, and it's the first time I ever saw that and I almost stop to watch my brother Raymond on his first run. But the white ribbon is bouncing toward me and I tear past it, racing into the distance till my feet with a mind of their own start digging up footfuls of dirt and brake me short. Then all the kids standing on the side pile on me, banging me on the back and slapping my head with their May Day programs, for I have won again and everybody on 151st Street can walk tall for another year.

"In first place . . ." the man on the loudspeaker is clear as a bell now. But then he pauses and the loudspeaker starts to whine. Then static. And I lean down to catch my breath and here comes Gretchen walking back, for she's over shot the finish line too, huffing and puffing with her hands on her hips taking it slow, breathing in steady time like a real pro and I sort of like her a little for the first time. "In first place . . ." and then three or four voices get all mixed up on the loudspeaker and I dig my sneaker into the grass and stare at Gretchen who's staring back, we both wondering just who did win. I can hear old Beanstalk arguing with the man on the loudspeaker and then a few others running their mouths about what the stopwatches say. Then I hear Raymond

yanking at the fence to call me and I wave to shush him, but he keeps rattling the fence like a gorilla in a cage like in them gorilla movies, but then like a dancer or something he starts climbing up nice and easy but very fast. And it occurs to me, watching how smoothly he climbs hand over hand and remembering how he looked running with his arms down to his side and with the wind pulling his mouth back and his teeth showing and all, it occurred to me that Raymond would make a very fine runner. Doesn't he always keep up with me on my trots? And he surely knows how to breathe in counts of seven cause he's always doing it at the dinner table, which drives my brother George up the wall. And I'm smiling to beat the band cause if I've lost this race, or if me and Gretchen tied, or even if I've won, I can always retire as a runner and begin a whole new career as a coach with Raymond as my champion. After all, with a little more study I can beat Cynthia and her phony self at the spelling bee. And if I bugged my mother, I could get piano lessons and become a star. And I have a big rep as the baddest thing around. And I've got a roomful of ribbons and medals and awards. But what has Raymond got to call his own?

So I stand there with my new plans, laughing out loud by this time as Raymond jumps down from the fence and runs over with his teeth showing and his arms down to the side, which no one before him has quite mastered as a running style. And by the time he comes over I'm jumping up and down so glad to see him—my brother Raymond, a great runner in the family tradition. But of course everyone thinks I'm jumping up and down because the men on the loudspeaker have finally gotten themselves together and compared notes and are announcing "In first place—Miss Hazel Elizabeth Deborah Parker." (Dig that) "In second place—Miss Gretchen P. Lewis." And I look over at Gretchen wondering what the "P" stands for. And I smile. We stand there with this big smile of respect between us. It's about as real a smile as girls can do for each other, considering we don't practice real smiling every day, you know, cause maybe we too busy being flowers or fairies or strawberries instead of something honest and worthy of respect . . . you know . . . like being people.



what was
going on
MARVIN GAYE

PIM WALSH '84

B I O G R A P H Y P N A G A E R A B A R
 E N O R A N S M N A D P O R T D D U T E
 N L P J O H O N O V R W L N S I R S R G
 U P O L I C Y T N E I K O Q Z S R I O I
 C B O R S T E R O S H I N Y O A I N K S
 L E R N F V W I N E T K E N I R E E N T
 E J D R I B R O W A N P T N Q E M S N R
 A G E A N E L Y C O I C B Q C L O S O A
 R E P S I E Q U A L U O P A K E N E W T
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 S B S G D J J U O E P J L G M O L Q T N
 A C I U V A S A J H R H U R S V E W D X
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 M B G I J I G K I K O Q S E L D E R L Y
 A V H U T K V D E P S Z T N E N R J H S
 M C V I H M L I N Q R O S V O L A O N C
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 E O X A R E Y W H S T U V X W A Q J M D
 L K A L A D E M P L O Y M E N T L O V E

"JESSE JACKSON"

1. BIOGRAPHY
2. BUSINESS
3. CIVIL RIGHTS
4. DEMOCRATIC
5. DISABLED people
6. DISCRIMINATION
7. EDUCATION
8. ELDERLY
9. EMPLOYMENT
10. EQUAL
11. "FREE" world
12. GREENVILLE
13. JESSE JACKSON
14. MONDALE
15. NUCLEAR
DISARMAMENT
16. PEACE
17. POLICY
18. FOREIGN policy
19. POLITICS
20. POOR
21. PRESIDENT *
22. operation PUSH
23. RAINBOW
CONNECTION
24. REAGAN
25. REGISTRATION*
26. REVEREND
27. SOUTH CAROLINA
28. THIRD world
29. VOTE *
30. WIN

