



C.C.N.Y. STUDENT RIGHTS

By Johnny Pugh

It happened during the Spring Semester of 1989. The same semester as the historic City College take over. The story is still going on. It is usually not followed through. The story is Racism. The victim Ms. Toy R. Washington. The class was sociology 253, and the instructor was Professor Lillinfeld. Ms. Washington charged that she was thrown out of class for expressing her opinion on a subject. Whether an opinion is popular or not is not important. College is supposed to up hold the free expression of ideas, but is this really happening today? It is your responsibility as a student to see to it that your right to express your ideas are not arrested.

The incident started with an innocent class discussion where ideas were shared on different viewpoints. The discussion was centered around Cubans having problems in Miami, and the conversation went like this: Prof. Lillinfeld states, "Blacks and Cubans are having problems in Miami, there is an influx of Cubans coming into Miami." A student adds "Are you trying to say that Cubans are going to take over Miami?" Prof. Lillinfeld stated "No", the same student went on "Cubans are Anglo Saxons, when they escaped from Cuba they were able to assimilate into American society." A second added "I lived in Cuba and was aware of the atrocities Castro committed against the people of Cuba."

At this point Professor Lillinfeld did not find it necessary to stop the class discussion,

although strong opinions had already been expressed. The discussion continued from there. The opinion that the student expressed about the Cubans being Anglo Saxon was incorrect yet Prof. Lillinfeld did not bother to point out this disparity or correct the student. Ms. Washington then raised her hand and stated; "Cubans are not Anglo Saxons," the student interjected "Cubans are Anglo Saxons because they come from Spain. At this Ms. Washington responded, "The colonizers of Cuba, and the Caribbean were from Spain, Native Americans existed in the Carribbean first and enslaved Africans were brought to Cuba by the Spanish." And she continued, "How can Cubans be Anglo Saxon? Cubans are people of African, Indian, and Spanish descent. Ms. Washington continued, "We cannot sit in judgement of Castro or Communism because we don't know what really goes on there ...a lot of the information presented in the media is propoganda, and the information is biased."

It was at this point that Professor Lillinfeld launched his verbal attack on Ms. Washington. He charged that Ms. Washington was "wrong" about her statements concerning the subject, then went further and stated that *she* was spreading propoganda; He accused Ms. Washington of being "confused and mixed up," and asked Ms. Washington to "inform the

continued on pg.5

**INSIDE
This
Issue**

Rapping PT.2.....3

Capoeria.....6

Film Review.....7

Black Child....13

Brother to Brother

Why is it that young Black men don't rap to each other? This was the main theme of an article written by Craig Marberry that appeared in the May 1987 issue of Essence Magazine. According to this article, "Sisters are able to talk to one another more openly and intimately than Brothers". But why?

Here are some of my opinions as to why this is seemingly a normal characteristic of Black men. Firstly, young Black men are at the focal point of White Supremacy ideology. They are a direct threat to White male dominance. With this realization brings stress, which many Brothers fail to deal with effectively. Because Black men fear being 'done in' by the system, instead of fighting 'the powers that be', they fight each other. Secondly, young Black men don't talk about their personal problems directly, fearing that by admitting emotional distress they will be viewed as weak by their peers. The idea that it is 'really cool' to be macho is pervasive in Black American society, but beneath this facade of strength, many Brothers are reeling from the daily pressure of life in America.

The brother from the lower class is worrying about where his next meal is going to come from, and how long he can survive on an empty stomach....The Brother from the middle class is worrying about meeting his family's expectations, and not being viewed as a failure in the eyes of his family. The Brother who supports a family and is in college wonders why is he putting himself through so much. Though their problems may differ, Brothers all fall in the same predicament, they all fail to share their frustrations with each other.

Brothers need to talk. We need an outlet for our problems, our fears, our hopes, and our dreams. Some ethnic groups double as support groups for their own kind; for example, Chinese students are usually very close knit and help each other out when faced with problems. Many of the Brothers from the Caribbean also maintain close relationships with each other. Being an African-American, I realize that most African-American Brothers are usually isolated unless they belong to a fraternal order or even worse, a street gang. Brothers should come together in a forum setting and talk about more relevant things than sports and women (usually only specific parts of women). Let us talk about our fears and aspirations; allow ourselves to release that stress and open up channels of communication with other Brothers. We may find that by communicating with other brothers in a social atmosphere we may be able to share advice with each other.

We don't always have to compete with each other. It is way past time that Black men stop denying that racial oppression, poor housing, poverty and many other symptoms of racism have no affect on us in American society. We need mental healing, emotional healing and Brotherly love...Let us come together and try to understand each other. Next time you see a Brother, walk up to him and greet him like you mean it; greet him, for he's your Brother.

Suggestions for a forum on "Brother to Brother Communication" should be forwarded to Johnny Pugh, c/o The Paper N.A.C. room 1/118. (212) 690-8186/8187.

The Paper
City College of City University of New York
Convent Avenue & 138th Street
NAC Building, Rm. 1/118
Harlem, New York 10031
(212) 690 - 8186/8187

ISSUE EDITOR - Marcus Allison

EDITORIAL COLLECTIVE COMMITTEE

MANAGING EDITOR - Véronique Pluviose
COPY EDITOR - Kerri Johnson
COMMUNITY EDITOR - Johnny Pugh
FEATURES EDITOR - Laura James
NEWS EDITOR - Marcus Allison
HEALTH & SCIENCE - Darmone Holland
LAYOUT EDITOR - Carlos Webb

MANAGERIAL & TECHNICAL STAFF

LAYOUT & COMPUTER - Carlos Webb
COMPUTER ADVISOR - Colin St. Rose
PHOTOGRAPHER - Jude Jackson
STAFF & CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Mike Spivey Lee Freeman
Kwame Okoampa Ahoofe Jr.
Omar P.L. Moore Leholoyo Thanine
Kim Hinckson

Faculty Advisor: Prof. Davidson

Editorials appearing in The Paper expresses the majority opinion of the staff unless otherwise indicated. The Paper reserves the right to edit letters to the Editors. The Paper's advertising policies are not to be confused with its editorial policies. Any reprint of materials without the expressed written consent of the author is prohibited.

Drugs, AIDS, & Famine: The Invisible Triangle of Planned Mass Genocide

By William Strong

All of our information sources: print, television and radio are dominated by just a few political topics; all other news stories derive from this core. Wars and rumors of wars, AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) Drugs (psychologically binding, i.e. crack), Famine and global starvation compose this core. Many people do not see the interrelationship between these topics on any level, international, national, political or social history continues to show us that the masses are blind and even when there is an attempt to remove the napkin of falsehood from their eyes, they choose to walk in darkness or continue denying the

truth. The never ending wars, the drug crisis, the AIDS crisis and allowing massive, flourishing famine are the tools now being perfected by the rulers of this world to kill off millions of the earth's inhabitants.

Different governmental agencies, private researchers and experts have concluded that the world is overpopulated. Due to a shrinkage in 'food-stock' and decreasing frontier lands, the earth has reached a maximum and can no longer house nor feed its members at the present rates of growth. Some of the world's population continues to sky rocket because of steady birth rates and a refusal to give in to popular forms of birth control. This

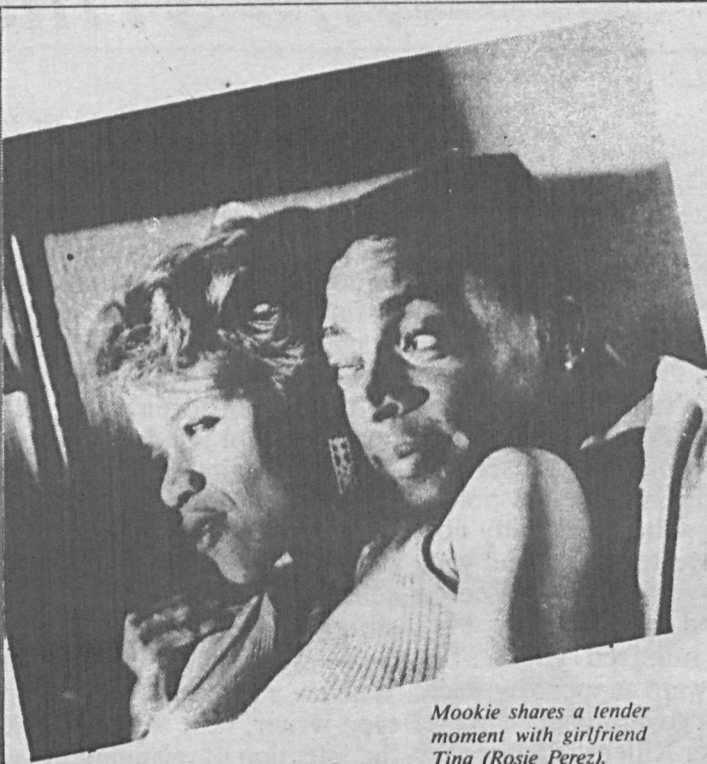
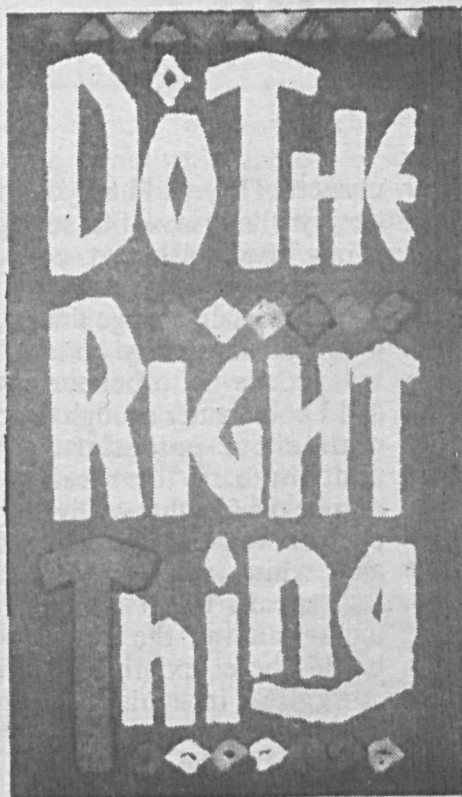
situation is proclaimed by scientists and politicians alike as being an "environmental and social time bomb." Rep. Paul McCloskey a 'liberal' Republican from California and one of Washington's leading environmentalists gave this view on this 'problem': "I personally feel that the population explosion in the world is possibly as dangerous as nuclear proliferation." Richard Ottinger, a democratic congressman from the Westchester County area of New York stated, "Overpopulation is a national security question. We have a much greater demand on our foodstocks, and we will make God like decisions on who lives and who does not. There is not enough food

to feed all who are starving. We are going to have to decide if we let millions of Africans die, or Asians or Latin Americans."

In 1981, Congressman Ottinger sponsored a bill named The Population Policy Act, this bill called for methods which would make zero population growth the law in the United States. Thomas Furgeson, who was the head of the Latin American desk at the U.S. State Department's Office of Population Affairs described his thoughts pertaining to population explosion and his work: "There is a single theme behind all our work

continued on pg.6

Rapping The Right Thing



Mookie shares a tender moment with girlfriend Tina (Rosie Perez).

PART III

vernacular sounds of pathos and humor.

Do The Right Thing is not a middle class tale, and is not targeted at cultural mulattoes. Young poor black males are in *dis* play, and it is they who find doing the right thing most problematic. Apparently the females in the film are doing the right thing. Mookie's sister, (Joie Lee) seems to be a responsible young woman, who simply is worried about her brother's seeming irresponsibility. Tina (Rosie Perez), Mookie's girlfriend, and mother of their son, is constantly yelling at him for his indifference. Mother Sister, the proprietor of Mookies building, played by Ruby Dee, refuses to give Da Mayor, (Ossie Davis) the time of day, because of his sloppy drunken self - Mother Sister apparently has already done the right thing. The film blatantly places the young black male in the foreground, as if to say that the reality of racial and economic tension is primarily with him. For inclusive of the racial issue is the issue of young black frustration, an issue which conflates the themes of economics, politics and culture; for what the film conveys is that because of economic conditions choices are limited, i.e. Sal's son, Pino, doesn't want to be where the "niggers" are, and when he lets his father know he feels, he is basically told that they have to make do right where they are - their livelihood being dependent on black patronage. But Sal's practical view of economics politically inspires Buggin' Out, who feels that since blacks primarily are his patrons at least one black should join the pantheon of Italian American celebrities that grace his shop wall. This political action by Buggin' Out and Radio Raheem can then be seen as cultural affirmation; and Sal's destroying of Radio Raheem's radio can be seen as an assault on the cultural identity that Hip Hop promotes.

It shouldn't be surprising that no one knows what the right thing is, the phrase being so abstract and

continued on pg.11

By Lee Freeman

One critic, who found Lee's vision to be primarily propaganda, equated the film with Richard Wright's portrayal of Bigger Thomas, a portrayal that many writers and critics had taken Wright to task for. Basically the beef against Wright was that blacks in the inner cities were not robots, or psychopaths as the image of Bigger Thomas seemed to imply. And another critic, Stanley Crouch, takes Lee to task for essentially the same reasons as outlined above, but in his critique there is an unnecessary virulence:

At heart, he [Lee] is for now a propagandist one who reduces the world to a shorthand ...Do the Right Thing, for all its wit, is the sort of rancid fairy tale one expects of the racist, whether or not Lee is actually one.

The title of Crouch's essay is called "Afro Fascist Chic", for him, Lee is working in a fascist mode, but actually Lee is working in the sensibility of young black males. Crouch is basically pissed off at the pop culture and rap music. And I am certain that many who denigrated Lee's efforts did it based on their ignorance of This Music; Crouch's short story sketch, *Don't Tread On Me*, (Village Voice, Oct., 27, 1987) illustrates his virulent antagonism toward the underground sound of rap, thereby implicating young black males:

"At the next stop, a Negro teenager came on carrying a radio as big as a footlocker, perhaps powered by one or two darkies wearing tennis shoes on a treadmill behind the speakers..."

Crouch, the black cultural right winger, connects the image of the young black with minstrelsy. The menace must be smashed; and Crouch's narrator - Crouch - wants the music off; "Right, I weigh 210

pounds and I will put my foot in your young ass and break your goddamn radio." Crouch wants to kill the music - rap, minstrelsy, and by implication the young black males who would associate themselves with it. He writes that he could "disconnect one of the boy's kneecaps or shove the bone in his nose up his brain or step into him and break one of his ribs if he made the wrong move. The radio would go next." Crouch believes that he has caught himself a fascist - "...this muscular boy whose totalitarian whim was to take as much space as possible..." (my emphasis). Spike could have cast Crouch in Danny Aiello's role, but I don't believe he was looking for such sick and twisted racism.

Jazz known as Bebop - inaugurated by Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and others - seemingly "Jes Grew", prompting critics to denounce "The Music" as nonfunctional or nonsense. In Jamaican folklore, nonsense is definitely functional as is signifying in the African American cultural tradition. Roger Abrahams writes that *nonsense* or *signifying*; new

...provides a context in which the community encourages its wits to test the limits of meaning by exploring the edges of believability all of this in the service of expressive resilience and improvisational creativity. (Afro-American Folktales. p.6, New York, 1985)

Bird, Dizzy, and crew simply went underground, riffing or signifying their mastery of form and commitment to making "The Music" nonsensical to the uninitiated. It is a genuine distrust of mainstream American cultural hit squads that have sent many African Americans to the 'Underground.' This observation from Trombonist Preston Jackson, as cited by Arnold Shaw, of survival tactics used by

King Oliver and his Rhythm Kings is illuminating:

Rappolo, the Rhythm King's clarinetist, was always writing. In those days, the King was really King, and the boys tore the tops off their music so that no one could see what they were playing. (The Jazz Age . p.22., New York, 1987)

What is telling about the above is that Rap DJ's had found it expedient to scratch off the names of the records they used for their "cuts" or latest break beats. This practice, for the most part, has been stopped, but the fact that most rap lyrics consistently articulate a disdain for art robbers known as "biters" or "sucker mc's", illustrates how intimately connected are *creativity* and *commerce*. In the name of retaining economic and artistic control over one's product, Rapper Trugoy (yogurt spelled backwards) of De La Soul must be heard:

It's a shame when you deny to claim that you stole my words of fame which i wrote on my rhyme sheet that i concentrated on so hard see i don't ask for a barbed wire fence b my dwelling is swelling it lit my bug when i happened to fall into a spot with no ink or ink blot was on a scroll i just wrote me a new mode but now its gone 'cos those suckers knew that i'd hate to recognize that everytime i'm writing it's gone.

This *writing* suggests the "adventure of the trace" that French Philosopher Jacques Derrida writes about. But it more culturally articulates the *adventure* of being black artist in a climate of artistic exploitation and invasion. For Black Artists to find the (w)hole of Black America they must make the descent to the underground. Spike Lee has been there, bringing us

JOHN OLIVER KILLENS:

Who's This Guy?"

By L. Rivera

John Oliver Killens liked to tell of the time he was teaching at Howard University, when a student, reacting to his commentary, retorted, "Who's this Paul Robeson dude, some kind of uncle tom or something?" and John, with controlled passion of his, that certain calm for which he was known replied, "I want you to leave this class right now, go to the library and find out all you can about him. But don't come back without at least 40 pages on Brother Paul." The student did as he was told and came back a little over a week later with the assignment as ordered and with complete awe over what he'd learned. Paul Robeson. Son of slaves. All American football player. Valedictorian of his class at Princeton. Lawyer. Actor. Singer extraordinaire. Multi linguist. Socialist. Activist. Beacon of his times. Committed. Concerned. Then whiteballed, cheated, conspired against, harrassed, jailed, exiled into his own home. Yet all man. African man. Never bowing or acquiescing to the enemies of that one truth every human is supposed to understand: naked we come, naked we go; in between our birth and death the struggle of life, the war against abuse, where none can ever permit an other to be greater than any other not male or female, not class position or military force standing over us, the worker, miner, peasant, farmer and where the misery of the vast majority must be confronted and eliminated or grow in conflagration.

John, by the way, would often paraphrase Robeson's definition of artist: to wit, the artist must elect to stand for freedom or slavery. I had no other choice.

Many of our youngsters today could very easily ask the same question about the subject of this article: who's this guy Killens, this fellow old heads and friends like to

call "John O." After all, his books are not an integral part of standard curricula. After all, an honest inclusion of excellent and truly American literature just don't get taught in this country's schools. Quiet as kept, the folks in charge of this mess here don't ever want you to read and learn to read between the lines, to think for yourself, on your own terms, on the question of contradiction: all men (finally now women) are created equal, and yet a bloody history of slavery based on color, sex and age continues even today, two hundred years after those words were supposedly made to manifest in government and law.

John Oliver Killens is among the more consistent of our writers who suffered the contradiction of being hailed as a major internationally recognized American writer, among the most respected Africanamerican writers whose very name conjures up respect, and yet whose work has been largely ignored in his own country since 1972, the year that the conglomerate publishers slammed the doors shut on good and honest African writing; the year that (in John's words) marked the end of "the honeymoon between black writer and white publisher"; the year that also marked the beginning of a renewed, clearly insistent rise of small alternative publishers concerned with what is generally termed, "serious literature," but which really means, "work that is reflective of the social reality," work that tries to balance craft and content and intent within the will to grapple with the truth of our real human selves like it lay fully engaging the struggle for perspective.

Perspective. The way you see things. The basis for understanding how and why to do, to live with a direction in mind, to contribute to our earthy human cause, to love life. We are all born hungry and willing, but how can we each

develop our own peculiar perspective without learning, reading, knowing, growing, facing up to the truth of past and present, to find the way and the will to give shape to our future, (and like John used to say) 'to our children's children's children's future' with our very own hands. How do we get there equitably when the books promoted for mass consumption (check that out!) deny our own place in knowledge, negate our own sense of definition, contribution, struggle.

John's perspective was focused. Whenever he went to work at the type-writer, he'd say, he went with the intention of changing the world. The heavy that is becomes heavier when we consider one who actually believes that a story, a novel, an article essay, the imagination of one unique voice has the capacity, the power to actually change the world!

In history/literature/evolution, this attitude is referred to as encom passing or being reflective of the romantic or poetic spirit. As with Otto Rene Castillo, Jose Marti, Malcom X, Franz Fanon, W.E.B. DuBois, Sojourner Truth; people who think that the word is that powerful have, they say, what they call the poet's soul in them; but it is really no more than what we all mean when we say human, humanity, searching the way, and grappling with truth. For good writers, good speakers, genuine activists are distinguishable as much for their sincerity as their sense of

nuance. They will lure you to think deeply about love life struggle, to think about all that you and I comprise, about making that urge we feel to help change things a real, practical, necessary option. They will induce us to believe that you and I both matter enough to actually realize our potential to do, to contribute to life itself. This, despite the fact that we live in what poet Zizwe Ngafua tersely refers to as a white man's country, which fact speaks for itself by way of understanding the nature of our battles here: existing, surviving, struggling in a place where the amount of melanin your own skin requires or the gender you have come to manifest is the first measurement against your humanity. And anyone who is not a white man (according to proscription) is not bound to be respected by white men. For as one of John's closer associates, Malcom X, once said, "when he says he's white, he means he's boss."

John's books testify to that fact, that belief, that perspective: **YOUNGBLOOD; AND THEN WE HEARD THE THUNDER; BLACK MAN'S**

continued on pg.10

THE NEW AGE BOTANICA

OFFERS CANDLES, OVER 200 HERBS, NEW AGE/OCCULT BOOKS, INCENSE, BOTANICALS- SPIRITUAL BATHS, WASHES, OILS, AND SPRAYS, TAROT CARDS, INCENSE BURNERS, DIVINATION TOOLS, JEWELRY, ESSENTIAL OILS, PSYCHIC OILS, PARAPSYCHOLOGY TAPES, NEW AGE MUSIC TAPES, SUBLIMINAL TAPES, ROBERT PETRO TRANCE READINGS, CRYSTALS, ETC.

*** SPIRITUAL PSYCHIC COUNSELING IS AVAILABLE!!!

OPEN: MON.-SAT., 10AM TO 9PM

2313 ADAM CLAYTON POWELL JR. BLVD.
(BETWEEN 135TH AND 136TH STREETS)
ON THE 2ND FLOOR

(212) 862-8162

CAMPUS REPS

to

SELL SKI WEEKENDS

and

SPRING BREAK TRIPS

High pay and FREE trips.
Tour Guides also needed.

(718)631-7200 - Mr. Thomas

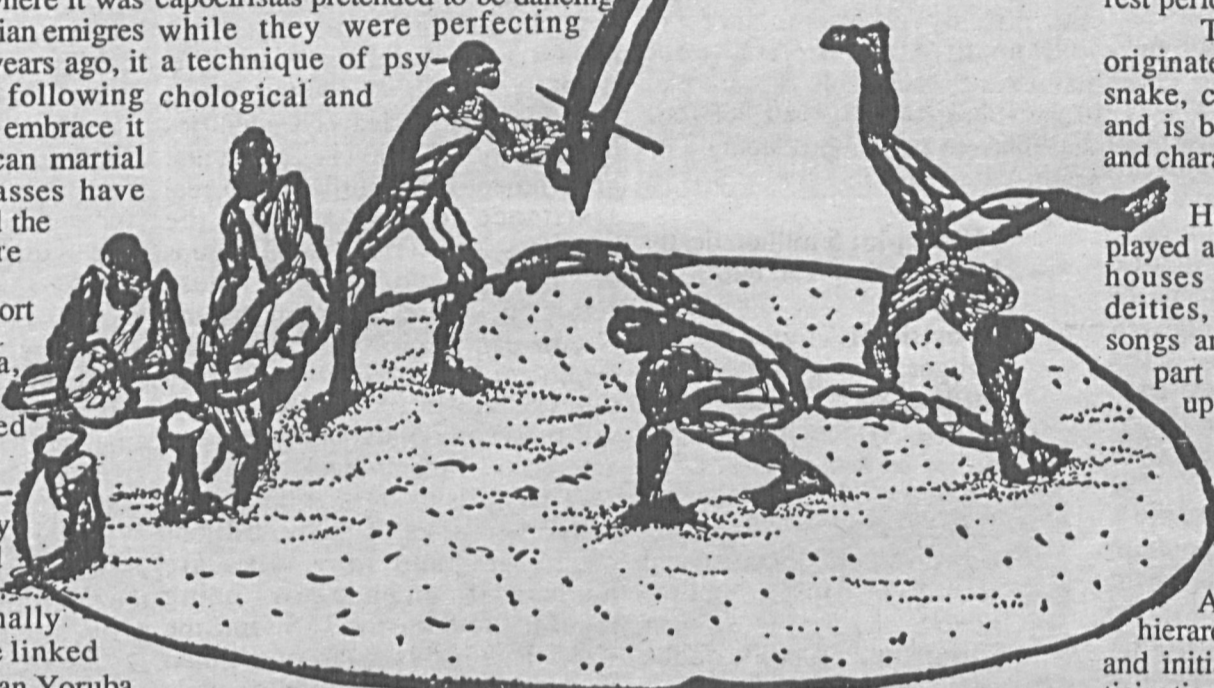
*Capoeira, The Art of Self-Defense
Brazilian Style*

By Similola Coker

The ancient martial arts of Capoeira, from Bahia in Salvador, Brazil is being practiced in New York with increasing popularity. As part of a cultural movement in the Harlem and Brooklyn, where it was first introduced by Brazilian emigres to New York about 13 years ago, it has a small but loyal following among Americans who embrace it as a rediscovered African martial art. Recently new classes have sprung up in Harlem and the Lower East side where Capoeira has become fashionable both as a sport and as a new dance form. Capoeira Angola, the original form of the martial art, was practiced in Bahia by Africans during slavery. Capoeira was a technique they brought with them and adapted to their new circumstances. Originally from Angola, it became linked the rituals of the Nigerian Yoruba when peoples from the west coast and south west of Africa were forcibly uprooted and relocated in Brazil by slavery and Portuguese colonialism.

The musical component to Capoeira, the songs and instruments are all elements that reflect and express the culture of resistance that created Capoeira - a fusion of many cultural and spiritual forms; the Berimbau a one stringed instrument played close to and resonating off the body is accompanied by a Pandier (tambourine), Agogo (bell) and the Atabaque (drum). Songs contain fragments of Brazilian history, popular African Folklore and allusions to the Candonbe religion. The Barimbau, usually played by the master is central and

controls the pace of the game. The dancelike playful quality of Capoeira is attributed to the necessity to disguise the practice of self defense during slavery. The capoeiristas pretended to be dancing while they were perfecting a technique of psychological and



physical control which would enable them to turn disadvantage into an advantage and ultimately to escape.

Escaped Africans created many free nation states in Brazil known as "palmarais" where (like the Maroons of Jamaica) they built communities in the forests. These were heavily fortified against attack the largest being Quilombos.

Constantly under attack from the Portuguese, they were finally conquered by a massive force with heavy weaponry and their leader Zumbi killed after existing as a free state for nearly a 100 years. Due to continuing resistance, slavery was officially abolished around 1888.

The original style of

Capoeira Angola practiced in Bahia involves the many movements close to the ground with the hands supporting the body.

Emphasis is placed on balance, speed and flexibility, many of the movements are done with the body at an angle or upside down. The hands are used less than the legs and feet possibly because the hands of the enslaved capoeiristas were manacled.

The newer style, Capoeira Regionale has more standing and jumping movements. Senzela, another adaptation is a mix of both styles and literally means "everything from capoeira that is effective." "The Roda del Mondo" is a circle within which the game "le jogo" is played. Either opponent can initiate a break by walking round the circle. The Rodo del Mondo (round the world) symbolizes the cosmic dimension

we exist within and also represents a physical or an emotional cooling off when the players walk around the circle. A physical cooling can also take place during the "ginga" a rest period.

The art of Capoeira is said to originate from four animals the snake, cat, scorpion and monkey, and is based upon the movements and characteristics of these animals.

Historically Capoeira was played at the entrance to Candonbe houses where orishas, Yoruba deities, were worshipped. The songs and music were an integral part of this ritual, and called upon the spirits and ancestors for protection.

Candonbe is a religion which influences all aspects of life in Bahia, the centre of its practise.

At shrines and houses the hierarchy of priests, priestesses and initiates, with the popular participation of the majority of African Brazilians, worship and make offerings to the orishas who represented different natural elements and forces in the environment. The rituals and dances of this religion also takes place within a circle; the "ring samba" being a central theme and inspiration for communication with an orisha during a ceremony.

Specific foods are prepared for each orisha, and these offerings are the traditional foods found in the Yoruba region of Nigeria. Yoruba is still spoken by many of the priests and priestesses who translate the will of the orishas and offer

continued on pg.16

cont'd from pg.1

whole class about Communism." To which Ms. Washington responded, "No society has achieved Communism, but socialism has been achieved. In socialist countries education is free, so is housing and medical care, and the people are quite literate. I know people are not living on the streets, drug abuse is not rampant, and racism is not as prevalent like in a capitalist society." A student from the earlier conversation said, "If you like Cuba why don't you go back there." To which Ms. Washington responded, "Maybe you should go back to where you came from because African people built this land (America) off 400 years of free slave labor, and I'm not going anywhere." Professor Lillienfeld then retorted, "If you built it up, why are you tearing it down, ". Ms. Washington then inquired; "Are you trying to say Black people are the reason that this country is torn down?" Professor Lillienfeld angrily responded, "SHUT UP! SHUT UP! AND GET OUT OF HERE AND NEVER COME BACK AGAIN!"

Ms. Washington went into the hall to collect herself. She was in tears from the abuse she received in the class. After the class was over she asked her fellow classmates for help and

support. The popular response was, "I can't get involved," or "it's not my problem." Ms. Washington said that the only person who came to her aid was Ms. Esperanza Martell, who referred her to the Vice President of Student Affairs, to whom Ms. Washington wrote a letter. Ms. Washington was not through yet. She then filed a complaint with the Office for Civil Rights, which received her case on April 14, 1989. They proceeded to review her complaint under the jurisdiction of title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which prohibits discrimination on the bases of race, color, or national origin in any educational program or activity receiving federal financial assistance from the Department of Education. City College is a recipient of this assistance. She also received a letter from the United States Department of Education stating that the complaint she filed was being reviewed.

On July 19, CUNY and City College came to a settlement with Ms. Washington. CUNY agreed to provide the following: 1) Elimination of an incomplete grade that resulted from Ms. Washington being kicked out of the course. And have the class replaced with an independent

studies class 2) Ms. Washington would be allowed to register for one academic course for this fall semester on a tuition free basis. 3) A program of ethnic/racial and gender sensitivity training will be provided for all faculty and non faculty employees of City College by December, 1990. However, by agreeing to these terms, the University does not acknowledge or deny that discrimination was involved in the incident.

Ms. Washington states that there were several individuals who gave her a hard time throughout this long and drawn out process. One such person was Mr. Herbert Pitts, director of Affirmative Action at City College. Ms. Washington felt that Mr. Pitts was rude and uncaring concerning her plight. The college and CUNY wanted this to be kept quiet, but Ms. Washington felt that the story must be told. It must be understood that racism will not be tolerated, whether it's the system or racist "mobs", "wolfpacks" or even college professors. Ms. Washington advises that when one is confronted with racist or discriminatory practices do not be discouraged, follow her and fight back.

cont'd from pg.2.

we must reduce population levels. Either governments do it our way through nice, clean methods, or they will get the kinds of mess that we have in El Salvador, or in Iran or in Beirut. Population is a political problem. Once population is out of control, it requires authoritarian government, or even fascism to reduce it."

Why are some people so interested in population control and who are they? By control do they mean reduction through genocide? What sex, nature, background, geographic location and race will be most affected by this attempt to control? What is the real reason, I mean the nitty gritty truth about this need to reduce the population?

Presidents, premiers, prime ministers and all governmental structures are not controlled by the people, their political ideology or even themselves. In the international chain of interest each one is given a certain level of freedom and influence by a small group of people representing monolithic financial interest. Depending upon the role that these financial interest groups want them to play, and their ability to do so convincingly, they will dictate their leader's rhetoric and actions; but publically the governmental structure will always act in such a way to deceive the people they govern and make them think in one manner, while in reality they are moving in the opposite direction; destroying trust and life. For example, George Bush, President of the United States, recently spoke to the World Bank on the topic of banning all chemical weapons. Yet it is the World Bank's ideology, and money that directs the research and production of all modern chemical and biological warfare weapons. The United States plays the most central role in this part of the 'play' or activity.

The World Bank, The Aspen Institute, The World Wildlife Fund, The International Monetary Fund, The Trilateral Commission, The Club of Rome, NATO, hundreds of 'religious men', scientists and many other powerful groups have decided that there is a fourth world. A world according to them, so technologically backwards and ideologically incompatible with their world agenda for the 21st century that they deserve no financial investments. If the financiers of capitalism decide this about any place, that will bring about the death (economically or physically) of that country. This decision has been made for various places throughout the world, but something was needed to aid and expediate in this death process. Africa, Asia, Latin America and the peoples of these places throughout the world, are proving to be the victims of this diabolic mentality. Is it coincidental that these places and their peoples represent the most vital mineral and spiritual resources on the globe?

Therefore a new type of fatal disease, a psychologically binding drug, and perpetuating starvation and famine have become the

methods used and accepted by various governments around the world. This international government policy goes under different names, but here in the United States it was labled, 'The Global 2000 Report.' This policy was solidified and issued during the Carter Administration, late 1981.

The Global 2000 Report called for the murder and elimination of two billion human beings by the year 2000. We must bear in mind that this policy had been in the making since the early 1960's and has already taken the lives of millions of Africans, Asians and Latin Americans. This is the policy responsible for the denial of food and funds to Africa, producing this:

*Ethiopia: 5 million deaths by starvation 250,000 refugees
 Somalia: 1.5 million refugees
 Sudan: 800,000 refugees
 South Africa: Millions turned back to rural farming methods, 300,000 dead and 100,000 prospects for death
 Uganda: 9,000 women and children died in a 9 month period.
 Cameroon: 100,000 on the verge of starvation and untold millions more on the continent alone.

The methods of global genocide have already been stated, let us look further at this policy and some of the ideologians.

Robert S. McNamara, former president of the World Bank stated: "There are only two ways of preventing a world with 10 billion inhabitants. Either the birth rate drops or the death rate will rise. There are of course, many ways to make the death rate increase. In the thermo nuclear age, war can take care of this very quickly and in a definite way. Famine and disease are the two oldest." Towards this end, they must and have produced overt lies to mislead people's thinking in these areas. According to the National Democratic Committee this is done, "To dull the moral senses of the American people to accept this policy ...the perpetrators of Global 2000 have created a lie that advances in scientific research and their realization in the development of new technologies especially through nuclear fission and fusion power, are capable of enabling humanity to sustain a growing world wide population." This is hypocrisy and the epitomy of deceit and they (the formulators of Global 2000) know

it. Instead they are determined to deny the world nuclear energy, water and irrigation projects and the technologies for advanced agriculture and industry precisely because those advances in technology act to increase the world's population.

We, the public, only see and try to understand why much needed welfare, social and medical programs are being cut and eliminated. Why are there more Black men in prison than there are in college? Why is the infant mortality rate in the U.S. one of the highest in the world, and at the same time it is one of the most technologically advanced countries in the world? Why is it that the government offers little or no real assistance to drug addicts, the homeless and certain racial groups of the AIDS population? These perplexities are easier to understand if you can begin to imagine the diabolical minds whose only interests are to reap more money, self preservation and elimination of anyone not on their level.

This leads us to something else. Why after years of study, trillions of dollars, and long talks are nuclear armaments now being reduced by both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. ? Is this a part of the plan to again mislead the public, while they are in fact moving in a more dastardly direction? Emphatically yes!

Again we turn to the Committee Report: "There is no question that the United States is losing the technological capacity to keep pace with the Soviet Union. The implementation of genocide on a scale on which they contemplate it, requires the destruction of the industrial might of the United States, it requires the destruction of the nation itself." Listen to what another Global 2000 formulator Aurelio Peccei, the founder of the Club of Rome, has to say: "We must develop youth apprenticeship programs to foster mistrust of the physical sciences, humility of the human condition, and hatred of the nation state among other things for those intellectual attitudes are the premises to comprehend the grave problems of demographical explosion and resource limitations." For me these themes are strikingly similar to ones expressed in other wicked treatise; the "Protocol Of The Learned Elders Of Zion" for instance.

Perhaps more importantly towards our understanding, nuclear warfare is not the best type and is in fact antiquated; simply because it is not strategic. But chemical and biological warfare leave buildings


intact and kill entire populations.

In 1967 a book entitled "A Survey of Biological and Chemical Warfare" was taken off the shelves soon after it was published. It was written by a British geneticist/biochemist and a British political scientist. This book thoroughly examined the history and the use of genetics as well as the implementation and development of chemical and biological weapons. They stated very clearly; "The basis of all modern warfare have knocked the gawky nuclear weapon out of the box, because it is 100% fatal efficient and 100% difficult to detect."

What is crack cocaine? What is AIDS and what is famine? Is it not the the manipulation of chemicals creating diverse biological effects? It is widely felt and known that 'crack' is a method of genocide towards its user. I spoke to an 'old head' who has used heroin, marijuana and crack, and he had this to say about crack: "It is amazing to me how any chemical can take control of mind, body and soul so fast."

Lastly and briefly we must take a cursory glance at AIDS. Let's skip the preliminaries: **AIDS IS A MANMADE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED BIOLOGICAL WEAPON.** In 1981 the Soviet Union said it was the work of the American C.I.A. at there biological warfare lab at Fort Detrik Maryland, and that it was being developed to kill off the central African population. The American government at one point stated that the Soviet Union developed it, for there were the leading scientists of the "Green Monkey Virus Expedition." The scientific world attempts to say that AIDS came from green monkeys in Africa, but the disease is not identifiable within the green monkey. Indirectly American scientists have insinuated that African people got the disease from eating and having sex with green monkeys! While both the American and the Soviet Union governments disagree on the origin of AIDS, they both agree that it is not a 'natural disease'. A greater knowledge of this can be found in an audio tape set titled "AIDS KILLS BLACKS", by Dr. Abdul Alim Muhammed. In conclusion, to all doubters or those in shock, keep your eyes open and examine your own communities. Can't you see the symptoms of genocide all around you? Look at McDonald's, Burger King, crack usage, alcohol, cigarettes, canned food, pollution, AIDS, THE BABIES, THE YOUTH, THE ADULTS, THE NEWS, and the list will continue ...until you open your eyes.

- Peace

 **HOUSE OF A MILLION EARRINGS**
 CREATIVE HANDMADE JEWELRY
 BY LESTER & AKUA
 WHOLESALE • RETAIL
 OPEN FROM 8 AM - 6 PM
 169-17 JAMAICA AVE. JAMAICA N.Y. 11432 (718) 297-7950

* Numbers taken from Global 2000 Report.

A Dry White Season: A Good Film But A Two Faced Account of Apartheid

By Omar P.L. Moore

The saying "we've come a long way but we've got a long way to go," applies to the progress of Africans in American society in general, and in this case, specifically about African filmmakers and the issues of race relations and apartheid. With the exception of Spike Lee, when will we get a director, or more so an African director, to view the issue of race relations and apartheid from a serious African viewpoint?

A Dry White Season goes one better and sees it through both white and African eyes. The device of giving 'equal time' works more as a weakness of the film rather than a strength. Not to be outdone however, this anti-apartheid picture is the best in presenting the daily sadistic torture and murder of Africans and the hatred by Afrikaners, who are blind to the oppressed people's daily hardships.

One of these Afrikaners, Ben Du Toit, a social studies teacher played by Donald Sutherland ("Lock Up") is naive like the rest and wonders why his African gardener's son, Jonathan, may have been detained by the police. After Jonathan is killed, and the discovery of the body of Gordon, his gardener, Du Toit slowly becomes open minded and starts to look for justice by helping his African friend Stanley (Zake Mokae, the South African actor who appeared in "Cry Freedom") seek it.

But Du Toit is quickly reminded that he and Stanley are not in the same boat. When Du Toit is driven by Stanley to a Soweto morgue, he reminisces about his days of youth: "I was brought up in the jungle, just like any African boy. I had

African porridge for breakfast." Stanley quickly overlaps: "...and the passbooks, the beatings, the killings..." Du Toit is then silenced and acknowledges his friend's sufferings by quietly saying "yeah." This is an important moment in the film because it tells us that no matter how much a white person may sympathize with (or is willing to help stop) an African person's inhumane treatment, they will never know what it is like to experience appalling brutality and random death

his full circle change toward the way Africans are being treated by the racist Soweto police.

Much of the police brutality that occurs while Africans are being detained shortly after the Soweto Uprising in the film is analogous to the police brutality that occurs during custody in New York. In the film, the police often blame the victim's death on suicide. Here, the police use the excuse of drug use and whatever else they believe will fool African New Yorkers.



hateful Afrikaner wife of the character Ben Du Toit, Janet Suzman, is the real life niece of anti-apartheid legislative activist Helen Suzman. All the actors turn in good performances.

This film marks the return of Marlon Brando, in his first role since 1980. Recently in a T.V. interview, his first in 16 years he lashed out at MGM for the way they handled the film. They cut out the scenes that he himself had directed. When asked why he didn't make his own film, he angrily said: "I have tried to get on before the world...a movie about the American Indian and the manner in which we committed, as a country, genocide upon these people. I have gone after so many studios...they don't want to hear that America followed the policy of genocide." Incidentally Brando was made an honorary member of the Black Panthers. In the movie he plays a dissident lawyer.

Special note of the film's music should be taken when listening to the sounds of the South African a cappella group Ladysmith Black Mombazo (who sang in Michael Jackson's "Moonwalker"). It is very enjoyable. But what is disturbing about part of the film itself is that Stanley takes matters into his own hands only after Du Toit meets his downfall.

Still, director Euzhan Palcy, a sister from Martinique (who also directed "Sugar Cane Alley", the 1986 Cannes International film winner and about racial strife in her hometown), does a great job of conveying the harsh brutal savagery imposed on Africans in South Africa to this day in graphic detail.

in apartheid South Africa, or anywhere in New York for that matter.

After firmly committing himself to the struggle, Du Toit confronts his disdainful wife by saying that *it is not a matter of choosing sides; it is a matter of finding the truth.* This is another important point the film makes, a point that applies to people everywhere when discussing situations of oppression and police brutality. Du Toit's assertion marks

As far as actors in the film are concerned, with the exception of Susan Sarandon ("Bull Durham"), who plays a South African journalist, Marlon Brando, and Jurgen Prochnow, the rest of the actors are from South Africa. Along with Zakes Mokae, Gordon is played by Winston Ntshona; his son, Jonathan, is played by Bekhithemba Mpfu. John Kani plays an African lawyer, and ironically, the actress who plays the

A Dry White Season:

By Lehloyo Thinane

REVIEW

It's been said that good walls make good neighbors. Inversely, the wall that separates Blacks from whites in South Africa is so gigantic that the neighbors don't see each other but do feel each other's presence. *A Dry White Season* is about these two worlds: one white, colonial, affluent and secure, and the other black, squalous, depraved and in turmoil.

A white teacher, Ben du Toit, becomes involved with the venom of the white power structure which he had taken for granted. It all started when his gardener's son was detained during the students protest of 1976. The concerned father searched for his son in vain. His persistent actions lead to his detention and ultimate mysterious death in the hands of the police.

Stanley, a wily African and friend of the family, is confronted

with a task of venturing into the other, white side of the world. His relationship with Ben is replete with awkward moments as he acts out of desperation, trying to make sense out of an inverted system of justice, in the process defying social conventions governing the colonial world.

Ben takes on the responsibility of demanding justice for the wife of Nguneni. He hires the best lawyer (Marlon Brando) to represent the family. Despite formidable evidence incriminating the police the court's decision defy expectation and makes a mockery of the apartheid justice system.

Ben's experiences forces him to gradually undergo a metamorphosis, which finally makes him an iconoclast. He is deemed a traitor by his people. His family is torn apart and his daughter's attempt to turn him in

illustrates the resentment directed toward him. Both mother and daughter expresses the hopes of many white South Africans when they wail, with nostalgia, that they just wish things to be back to normal.

The reality portrayed in the film gives but a small version of the overall picture of the land of twisted hopes. The drama that unfolded during that heroic day of June 16, jostled the white minority out of their false sense of security.

What is even more interesting about the movie is that, *A Dry White Season* is adapted from a book written by an Afrikaner, Andre Brink, who belongs to a genre of white writers challenging the apartheid policies. Most of his books are banned inside South Africa. The producer Euzhan Palcy is a young, beautiful African sister from Martinique.



EUZCHAN PALCY
Behind The Scenes Of
A Dry White Season

EXPRESSIONS

F-E-C-P-L-E: By Landy Guevara

People should do what they should do,
But yet they'll do what not to do.
People will give no hoot to you
Can't you see that this is true?
Is it that so the way it goes?
Though people are good, some are bad
That makes my heart, my world's so sad.
Which helps to explain, of the world we had
There's just no clue that'll ever glue,
To unite and ignite a world so true.

Some had not, what others do,
But that's not what, I'd want for you.
It seemed to me it seemed to be,
The way the world, goes round and round.
But do not frown, I wear no crown,
I'm just like you, I've paid my dues.

Times were hard before my time
But thank you God, I'm one of a kind.
At times I cried, at times I sigh,
At times even realized
When I no longer fantasize,
I truly, deeply sympathized.
For there's no clue that'll seem to glue,
A life a love a world so true.
Yet there's one thing I fear to see
A world of people not so free.

My Bad Deduction

I live
in a bad neighborhood
on a bad block
by a bad building
between
a bad park

I go
on a bad bus
to a bad class
in a bad school
taught by bad teachers

I have
lots of bad hair
and much bad mouth
ample bad attitude
and only bad ... friends

I like
My favorite album is "BAD"
My folks are bad
My history is bad
My health is bad
My language is bad
My wish is bad
My kind is bad
my guess is

I must be bad

by Clarence Franklin

Water

Wading in the
of consciousness
Toes dipped in
of the Nile
Ancestry was

Up to my knees
in ignorance
Splashing new
on thirsty Blood
cleansing the

by Tamara

EXPRESSIONS

'24/89)

r

ory

over my ankles

despair,

nowledge

outh

stern minds.

Lacerwell

Who's behind this mind-gone?
Who made up these rules?
Who says you must look like
whitey in order to be cool?
It's cruel, it's cruel.

Us a nation of millions
from so many different lands,
Everyone wants to wear
clothe's made by whitey's hands.
I don't understand, I don't understand.

With spring comes more than flowers,
I can tell the fools.
'Cause fashion's got such power's.
Ghetto's poor missing school,
But, oh!, they dress so cool.
It's cruel, it's cruel.

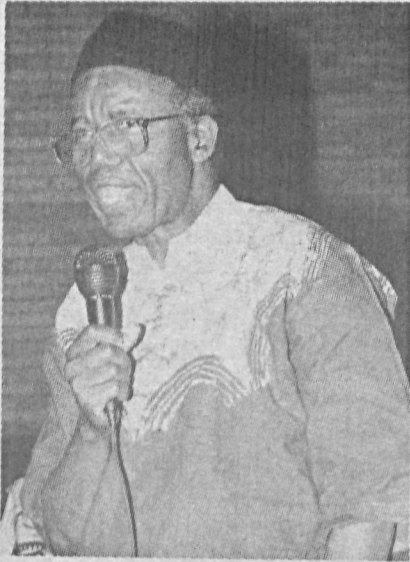
Black man, Brown man, Red man, Yellow man,
whitey made you hate your hair,
Your eyes, your lips, and the color of your hands.
But you don't understand, don't understand.

But I can't just hate whitey
for your sad condition,
I see Black, Brown, Red, & Yellow
man standing in your position,
To make a difference.
To make a difference.
To make a difference.

Ah, but whitey got them before success,
He taught them how to dress,
He gave them white God, white religion,
That put him beyond suspicion.
So whitey let's you live in his neighborhood
And so you think all whitey's good,
And he let's you in restuarants
Is that all the rights you want?
Oh yes, you can sit in front of
Buses, Planes, & Trains
That's how whitey changed their Brain.
That's now whitey changed their Brain.

The Launching Of The African Commentary

By Lehloyo Thinane



CHINUA ACHEBE

"We wish to plead our own course. Too long have others spoken for us", the Freedom Journal of 1827 declared in its issues. Similar sentiments prevailed during

the launching of the *African Commentary* - a journal for people of African descent. The occasion took place on September 29th, at the faculty diningroom of The City College of New York. The ceremony was opened in true traditional African style, with libation being offered. A group of Harlem youngsters called the Moonlight Kids performed high energy gyration amidst the background of rap music.

Chinua Achebe, publisher of the *African Commentary*(AC), affirmed in the debut issue that, "The goal of the *African Commentary* is to insure that Africa and the rest of the Black world steps into the next century with dignity." In his keynote address Achebe emphasized the need for Africans, in their width and breadth, to be properly represented in the present information explosion. He pointed out that the

journal will not drum praise songs of Africa. Both the beautiful and the ugly will be shown, "without depriving ourselves of the basic humanity."

Dr. Michael Thelwell, University of Massachusetts at Amherst, attested to the fact that ideas have consequences; "The AC was an idea whose time is up. No army can stop an idea whose time is up."

Different speakers reiterated the ideas of the AC. The task of discarding the sordid image of the African situation is paramount, particularly so for people of African descent; the sordid images being perpetuated by the existing communication structures.

Chief Emeka Anyaoku, former Foreign Minister of Nigeria, currently serving as Deputy Secretary General for the British Commonwealth, dealt with concept of interpretation; in which the total picture of an event is distorted or

exaggerated in such a way as to cause misrepresentation. Whether it be a wolf pack 'wilding' in Central Park or the butchering of people in Africa, the consequences are that these misrepresentations give African people a traversed dignity and low self-esteem. Just as partial information leads to a permanent delusion, distortion of facts is as harmful.

Whereas intellectual power without some form of agency results in a stupor, these protagonists have demonstrated the basic relationship between knowledge and action.

Contributors of the *African Commentary* reflect a cross-section of intelligencia in the diaspora, they are: Dennis Brutus, exiled South African poet; Nadine Gordimer, writer; Brother Leonard Jeffries, Chairman of Africana Studies at CCNY; and Julius Nyerere, philosopher, writer, and former head of Tanzania.

cont'd from pg.4

BURDEN; 'SIPPI; SLAVES; THE COTILLION; GREAT GITTIN' UP MORNING'; A MAN AIN'T NOTHING' BUT A MAN; GREAT BLACK RUSSIAN; THE MINISTER PRIMARILY; WRITE ON!...like that. Several of these books, by the way, have been translated into other languages, including Italian, Spanish, French, Chinese, Russian, German, etc.; in other words, despite the way he's ignored here, his work has been studied in more than fourteen other different countries across the planet. But it's not just his books. There's also his sense of being.

Born and raised in Macon, Georgia, educated in the Normal school system as well as at several colleges, John had developed an early and deep regard for literature and self. Once he gave up the idea of completing law school in favor of writing as vocation, John became a disciple of truth and tall tales. Influenced by the writings of W.E.B. DuBois, Langston Hughes, Margaret Walker, E. Franklin Frazier, he grew to embrace the people as his only religion and liberation as his only god.

After his tour of duty in World War II, he made his way into New York, where he eventually co-founded the Harlem Writers Guild, in which group he developed close associations with and had literary influences upon such writers as Maya Angelou, Piri Thomas, Paule Marshall, Lonnie Elder III, Sarah E. Wright, Rosa Guy, Charlie Russel, Louise Merriweather, and the historian, John Henrik Clarke, among others.

But it's not just his friends. There's also his sense of continual responsibility, which is not usually a part of the official record. Every college in which he had taught, from Fisk to Howard to Columbia,

Bronx Community and Medgar Evers colleges, John O. practiced one of his long standing constants: to create the space for unregistered (meaning 'non-paying') students from the community to come and take part in his writing workshops. Except for Columbia, these other colleges played the role of regular hosts to national writers' conferences organized by John during his respective tenures there, which conferences brought together writers and lovers of literature and struggle to exchange public notes and private collaborations.

(I remember that right after his death, last October 27, another poet, Sekou Sundiata, and I were talking on the phone about it all. And Sekou said, "You know there's only one other African writer I can think of who has such a direct impact on so many generations of writers." And I said, yeah. "Yeah, Sterling Brown is the only other one I can think of.") Yeah. But as well and just as significant is his far ranging impact reaching beyond the circles of writers and workshops. Throughout the years, the home of Oliver and Grace Killens remained refuge and meeting ground for the young and old, established and

promising, among and between writers, musicians, actors, producers, dancers, painters, businessmen, politicians, students and activists, historians, journalists, statesmen, and exiled guerrilla fighters of most persuasions, entering his home and sharing their moments with each other and with John O. The decor that surrounded them, posters and paintings, mounted photographs and personally framed illustrations, woodcuts and statuettes from all over the world, a wall full of autographed books, and several other walls filled with citations, plaques, awards, all of them testifying to the esteem in which

this African man with the curling smile, the turtle neck shirt and that map of Africa medallion down his chest, was held and beheld.

But there is never that contradiction: John Oliver Killens was and yet was not the only writer ever to receive and yet not receive their Pulitzer Prize for Fiction three consecutive times, all in a row and yet never ... never receiving it once, even when critics were announcing that he was the only one who could get it. Each time he was actually nominated his book would be the frontrunner all the way, and yet by the end of the running there'd be no winner that year.

Look in the Almanac. Write a letter to Pooh's committee, demanding an explanation from Mr. Litzer. Why? How could you? How dare you? check out these facts:

There was no Pulitzer given for fiction in 1954, the year YOUNGBLOOD raised the roof of literature to usher in a new and contending force in American letters. The critics and the public hailed it but the committee refused it.

Again, there was no Pulitzer given for fiction in 1964, the year that everyone knew AND THEN WE HEARD THE THUNDER was gonna cop it easy, since there were no other books that year worthy of (check it out?) even being nominated. He was the only one!

... THUNDER, by the way, is one of the ten most highly praised novels, out of more than 1,000 written, with WWII as backdrop, but again the committee didn't even wanna hear it.

And again, no Pulitzer for fiction in 1971, the year that everyone was raving about THE COTILLION, wherein even John's publisher was sure the nomination would turn into the prize. But the committee once again recorded itself as incapable

and unwilling to acknowledge good solid African fiction.

Since 1918, according to record, the Pulitzer committee has continuously made awards in fiction. Within the period between 1918 through 1976, there were but eight instances when the committee did not make such an award: 1920, 1941, 1946, 1954, 1957, 1964, 1971, and 1974. In addition to the three times that John O. should have received the prize, it should be noted as well that 1941 was the year in which Richard Wright's NATIVE SON was among the most talked about, highly lauded and best selling books around. These four mentioned books (the three by Killens, the one by Wright) are each considered classics in American fiction.

Further, Boothe Tarkington (THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSON, 1919; ALICE ADAMS, 1922) and William 'racialist' Faulkner (A FABLE, 1955; THE REIVERS, 1963) were the only novelists to receive the Pulitzer twice. Had the game been played fair, or the system and perspective we live with and under been clean, if this society were not racist, John Olive Killens would have been recorded as the only novelist to date to have won that

prize (the only one that gets your books into the school and into our children's hands) three consecutive times a bat. As it is, the committee, like the society under which it is housed, preferred to ignore the work rather than dispel the distortion that we can't and ain't supposed to do, to thus be recorded and understood accordingly.

Consequently, we see how it happens that one should as John Oliver Killens takes his position against slavery, like Paul Robeson, with no other choice, like Paul

continued on pg.15

By Lee Freeman

T H E
P A P E R
I N T E R V I E W

LF: I recently saw the film done about Thelonius Monk. What do you think about blacks who have money yet do not support such projects?

RC: I don't know what's wrong with them other than it's discouraging and it keeps going on.

LF: I was at Sweet Basil's a week ago and I couldn't help but notice that there were only three or four blacks in the audience is that the norm?

RC: Yes, on most given nights. During the week the ratio of black and white in the audience is much less than that of most bands.

LF: Why do you think that is?

RC: I have no answer for that either, but it certainly is not the cost factor. Black people afford what they want to afford.

LF: Do you think that the lack of black patronage has something to do with the music being inaccessible to a lot of blacks?

RC: I don't buy that. If it has not been accessible it is because people have been told that it's not. And they tell me that Jazz is dead, who says Jazz is dead. It's some white guy over there he says Jazz is dead, well what do you mean, I'm still living. I know guys who work everyday playing Jazz, for them Jazz ain't dead. How are you going to make that kind of postmortem?

LF: Do you feel as an artist that you have to preserve the tradition?

RC: Yes. I have a responsibility that I am very aware and respectful of, and I'll do whatever is possible, within reason, to uphold the tradition that I feel responsible for. That goes everywhere from wearing a suit and tie to work to making sure the band is rehearsed, that we have a professional presentation on stage, that we're responsible for getting to work on time, starting the sets on time, that we speak to this with a reverence and present it in the same fashion. I feel obligated to do that.

LF: Personal influences, who would you consider?

RC: My father.

LF: Was he a musician?

RC: No. He was just a black man who came up during hard times, who managed to keep a family of eight kids and a wife under the same roof until he died. In 1930 he took an exam for the fire department and passed the exam, but they wouldn't hire him because he was black. He was a very bright mathematician and he couldn't find a job as a black math teacher so he found other ways to keep his family together that's inspiration to me. It's about that, it's about keeping a band together, it's about presenting an image in the classroom, it's about carrying one's self with a high level of dignity at all times under any circumstance. He represented those things to me. That's my influence.

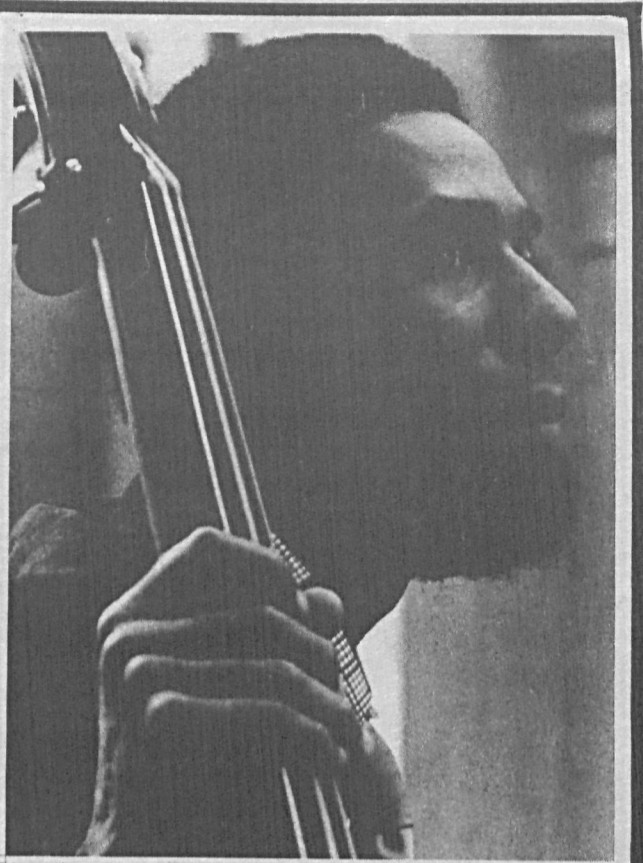
LF: Technically, in the tradition of Jazz, who do you consider to be innovators those who people need to know?

RC: That's a tough word innovator.

LF: Well, someone who has set standards?

RC: J. J. Johnson set standards, Miles, Thelonius Monk, Oscar Peterson, there are thousands of people who set standards, now that's different than being an innovator; an innovator is someone who makes the music do something it had not done before his presence, and there are not a lot of those people despite the millions of players.

LF: Charlie Parker was one.



Ron Carter was born in Royal Oak Township, Michigan in 1937. He won a scholarship in 1955 to attend the Eastman School of Music, earning a Masters of Music degree in 1961. He has published a series of three books, "Building a Jazz Bass Line" and has taught at several major Universities across the country. He is currently a Professor of Music here at the City College of New York. But first and foremost Ron Carter is a Jazz musician, who is considered by many critics to be the premier acoustic bass player on the scene today. And I believe it appropriate to end this introduction with a comment I sampled from the critic on 125th street who had this to say about him. :

"Now Ron Carter, he's a master, he be throwing that subtle shit at you."

RC: Now he's special. Bird made music move. John Coltrane made the saxophone move, but he did move music. John was primarily extending on the whole tone scales and modes that Miles started him playing in 1957, 1958. People still play like Trane, but they don't play his music. Art Tatum moved the piano, but he really didn't move music.

continued on pg.14

cont'd from pg.3

general. For the women in the film the phrase seems to signify the social - taking care of home. Females need not do the right thing, for it would seem that they represent an unambiguous materiality - the right thing itself. Only the males are compelled to act, thus we see Da Mayor, Ossie Davis, who had been ignored and found repugnant by Mother Sister because of his weakness for liquor, come through by risking his life in order to save a young boy from a passing car - this action consequently causing Mother Sister to soften her ways toward him. Prior to this action he was seriously ridiculed by one of the young neighborhood blacks for being a disgust, an idle drunk. Then we have the three corner men, just being themselves. We have principally the somewhat socially concerned black, Paul Benjamin, and the cynical comedian, who tells them that he's tired of all this pro-black

talk, crossing the street to purchase something from the Korean merchants with bravado, but after the destruction of Sal's pizzeria Paul becomes revolutionized and mobilized against anything not black. Hence, his leadership in going after the Korean's next. But the two most politically oriented figures are Buggin' Out and Radio Raheem, who provide the charged rhythmic texture of the film. No rap, rap, who are emotionally committed to its aesthetic, demonstrate the motivation needed to challenge business as usual; therefore, rap, as voiced through the social concerns of Public Enemy('s) appears as the text for affirmation. Buggin' Out's recruitment of Radio Raheem and Smiley is the only showing of solidarity up until Raheem's death. The confrontation with Sal is the only communal act achieved in the film - done by hip hoppers. The elders seem content to let things lie, not upsetting anybody. But these young men, informed by

music, come together to protest. Whether they came to tear shit up is arguable, but their identification with the black aesthetic inherent within a Public Enemy branded rap music naturally questioned Sal's property rights, creating a charged atmosphere for confrontation; but who was the aggressor? Is it understandable that Buggin' Out and Radio Raheem might perceive Sal as the aggressor? Or was it the Hip Hoppers? Of course they were aggressive; the question is were they the aggressors? Or can we blame my inability to answer these questions on the heat? There are no easy answers, and rightly so; and because there are no easy answers, a disciplined questioning as to why and how this "shit happens" must commence; a good place to begin is with the economical, political, and cultural factors that inform all artistic statements in America. Spike Lee gives an emotionally intelligent portrait of young black males, who are handcuffed in the

underclass room of America. Yes the street is clean, but not only is the ghetto an actual place, it is also an attitude, a stance. And it is in the stance or attitude of Hip Hop that young black males in the inner city find their voice, a voice that is most often articulated through rap music. And like it or not, the rapper seems to be one of the few capable of expressin' "what time it is" to a constituency of young black males. The constituency is under enormous pressures, the media bombards us with images which attempt to portray him as the Public Enemy. In the West, the public enemy has for a long time has been Africa, and at the opening of the film while we are watching Tina fight the powers through dance, and listening to Public Enemy rap the poetry of circumstance, the theater of Hip Hop, via Spike Lee's vision, brings us much closer to traditional African culture than any recent African-American cultural statement.

Have Your Tuition Paid and Earn More Than \$13,000 a Year While Completing Your College Degree

If you're a sophomore or junior, the Coast Guard Minority Officer Recruiting Effort (M.O.R.E.) can pay your college tuition and provide you with nearly \$1100 per month! In addition, you have the opportunity to gain an officer's commission in the Coast Guard.

How M.O.R.E. Works

If you're enrolled at an historically Black College/University or other qualified significant minority institution, you may apply for M.O.R.E. during your sophomore or junior year. If qualified and selected, you enlist in the Coast Guard; attend basic training for eight weeks during your summer break, and draw full military pay and allowances. The monthly pay and allowances of over \$1100 per month continues through the school year, and the Coast Guard picks up your tuition when you return to college in the fall.

While in the M.O.R.E. program, your duties will be to complete your degree requirements in a timely manner, and work at a nearby Coast Guard unit for three hours per week during the school year. You'll receive full pay, military benefits, and tuition while in the M.O.R.E. program.

About Officer Candidate School

Following graduation from college and completion of M.O.R.E. program requirements, you're on your way to Officer Candidate School. The 17-week school is conducted at Yorktown, VA. Upon completion of OCS, you receive your commission as an ensign in the Coast Guard and begin a three-year active duty assignment. An officer's salary begins at more than \$21,000 a year.

The challenges and pride of leadership are yours. You're part of the Coast Guard team that performs some of the most exciting and important missions in the world:

- Saving of lives during disasters
- Protecting our nation's waterways and environment
- Defending our nation
- Stopping illegal drug smuggling and many other missions

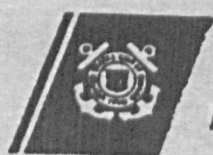
CALL: (212) 668-7036, 7219 or 7873

or write:

U. S. Coast Guard Recruiting
Battery Park Building, Room 112A
New York, NY 10004-1466

For M.O.R.E. Information

To see if you qualify for M.O.R.E., contact your local Coast Guard representative.



Be Part of the Action!

The U.S. Coast Guard and Coast Guard Reserve

THE AFRICAN AMERICAN CHILD

Every day we read in newspapers and see on our television sets story after story about the problems of African American youth. We are told about the crack epidemic and its impact on young people, about young people dropping out of school in large numbers, about gang wars and crime and violence. We are told, and warned, that particular racial and ethnic children in the United States are now being doomed for future hardships. These are true stories which should challenge all of us to find new and effective ways to especially save African American children, who are twice as likely to die in their first year of life, three times as likely to be poor, and four times as likely to be incarcerated between the ages of 15 and 19 compared to white American children. Indeed the very future of an entire race is being challenged by all of these horrible facts which African American children must face.

All too often, we are only told the negative stories about African American children. All too often we do not hear the stories of the African American valedictorians who are graduating from high schools across this country, of the young people who volunteer with local civic and community groups, of the successful athletes, artists and scholars who are making significant contributions to their communities and churches.

At a recent convocation of the Ministers for Racial and Social Justice and United Black Christians of the United Church of Christ held in Fort Worth, Texas, eight year old Wiletra Burwell of Warenton, North Carolina spoke to nearly a thousand people who had gathered to hear Mayor Andrew Young at that important gathering. Wiletra nearly brought the house down with her eloquent speech, which she wrote herself and delivered impeccably. But rather than tell about Wiletra's speech. I decided to reprint it here because it gives hope and challenge to us all:

"I AM THE BLACK CHILD"
 "I am the Black child! All the world awaits my coming. All the earth watches with interest to see what I shall become. Civilization hangs in the balance; for what I am, the world of tomorrow will be. I am the Black child! You have brought me into this world about which I know nothing. You hold in my hand, my destiny. You determine whether I shall succeed or fail. Give me, I beg you, a world where I can walk tall and proud for I am the Black child...I feel I must say to you that all of us are not interested in drugs and vulgar rap music...I say to you adults this evening, pray for us. Forbid us not from participating and from being included. Know that our generation needs more love, more understanding, and we certainly need some more inspiration. We need the same kind of inspiration

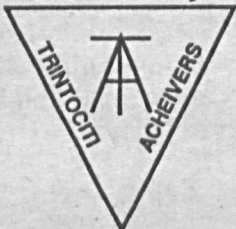
that Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Malcom X and many others gave to you. Many times, adults accuse us of being apathetic, but I say to you for the most part we are not apathetic, that we are concerned about today's issues. We are concerned about education. We are concened about apartheid and about our brothers and sisters in South Africa. No, we are not apathetic, but I must tell you some of us are uninspired. So, I challenge each of you adults to work a little harder at loving us more; work a little harder at understanding us better; and then, work a little harder at inspiring us, at providing us with good inspiration for what we are the world of tommorow will be."

We hear you, Wiletra. We are touched by your eloquence and you renderhonor to African American children. Let us all get to work to live up to your challenge.

By REV. BENJAMIN CHAVIS



The Trintociti Acheivers of City College of New York.



Together We Aspire,

Together We Achieve.

October 2nd, 1989

Dear Vice President George McDonald:

A bias has occurred. The Trintociti Achievers, a registered organization on the City College campus, made an application for a space in the North Academic Center-R3/201- to provide tutoring in collaboration with other student groups - as per past precedent. The facility request was made on the 28th of August 1989. Subsequently, the application was approved by the management of the Finley Student Center. In accordance with correct procedure, a reservation was filed with Finley Center to secure the room.

It has come to our attention (see attached minutes) that the Student Services Corporation (SSC), at it's first meeting had voted to re-allocate the room (R3/201) to the Students for Educational Rights (SER). Since the second clause of the contract signed and approved by Finley Student Center, before the vote was taken, states that, "Rooms are assigned on a first come first served basis.....No tentative reservation will be honored past the due date on this form." As the due date has not past, we assert that the SSC has acted in a bias fashion, furthermore, they are in **breach of a legally binding contract.**

We, the members of the Trintociti Achievers in particular, and the student population of City College in general, demand that the rights of a legitimately registered student organization be respected immediately.

Preçisely, we want R3/201 to be immediately re-allocated to the Trintociti Achievers.


Secondly, we want the loss days due to these transgressions, from the beginning of the fall 89 semester, to be compensated equally next semester.

Thirdly, since the Chair of the SSC knowingly allowed this action to be committed, and failed to "Do The Right Thing", we demand the **immediate resignation** of the Chair of the Student Services Corporation.

Given the volatility and gravity of this situation we would like a decision on this matter within three working days of receipt of this letter.

Yours Sincerely,


 Bernard Pierre
 President, Trintociti Achievers


 Colin St Rose
 Legal Advisor, Trintociti Achievers

xc:
 President Bernard W. Harlston
 Members Student Services Corporation

cont'd from pg.11

Louis Armstrong, he moved the trumpet and he moved music, as did Bird. Duke Ellington moved the music from the staid swing orchestra to a whole new concept in how to arrange on this Jazz ensemble called the big band.

LF: You've talked about Charlie Parker, Louie Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Miles Davis, as figures who have moved the music, what about the pianists I know Ellington was a pianist.

RC: Yes, but he was primarily an orchestrator, an arranger of sounds; his piano playing was secondary to him being an organizer of thoughts on score paper. I think Monk may be the closest piano player to move music and the piano. Bobby Timmons moved a small slice when he was playing with Cannonball [Adderly], but he stopped playing that and that era kind of stopped, that style was no longer in vogue; but Monk's music is getting life, unfortunately because he has passed away that's why there has been a lot of focus on him. But that just enhances the fact that even after this time his music has enough validity to maintain its own even without this shit happening.

LF: I was amazed at his playing (I am speaking in reference to the recently released film, *Theolonius Monk, Straight No Chaser*) I listen to his music on records, but I never saw him on film; it was as if he was painting pictures, he would look down at the notes and each note was important. I found his concentration amazing. It was as if the different keys were colors and as a painter he was selecting the right tones.

RC: Well I don't know what his scheme was, but it sure was a great one. And it worked everytime he played. I never heard him have an off night, however that is defined less than the night before or not as good as tomorrow, he always sounded superb to me.

LF: The major quintet that you were associated with was the Miles Davis quintet from 1963 to 1968. Many critics consider that group as representing the last important statement in the development of Jazz.

RC: I kind of agree with that. I would agree with that the last important Jazz band that moved music.

LF: And the personnel?

RC: Tony Williams, [drums] Herbie Hancock, [piano] Wayne Shorter [tenor sax] primarily, although George Coleman played in the band for awhile and Miles.

LF: Do you feel your instrument is really understood? Because the saxophone is like a cult instrument. People become saxophone fans before they become Jazz fans.

RC: I think people are becoming more aware of what it [the bass] can do as the recording technology becomes more sophisticated, and bass players become more aware of amplification in the night club to make the instrument heard in conjunction with everybody else, and not the last thing heard because it is in the back and it has no audio presence. I think these two factors will make the audience more aware of the bass as it becomes more audible to them, both live and on record.

LF: How do you feel about the development of young bassists today?

RC: I think there's a little lull in the bass scene. There's no real important new bass player coming up; they're being developed somewhere, but their presence has not been felt yet. I see some bass players who are about to emerge, they're just kind of assimilating some information and some tools but when you emerge that means that you've got enough stuff together to be a real visible person, and they haven't gotten to that stage for me as a bass player.

LF: Speaking of bass players, one thing I find interesting is that since Miles formed his quintet I believe in 1955.

RC: 1953 actually.

LF: ...through the interchanging of personnel in Miles' groups, Paul Chambers was the mainstay at bass until you joined the band. Wynton Kelly, Red Garland, and Bill Evans at different times were at the piano, this pattern also followed for the sax and drum players, but at the bass, it has been basically you and Chambers.

RC: Yes, the most constant factor of all of them.

LF: So what bass players would you say have influenced you?

RC: None, because they all have their own sound. I listen to other points of view....Do you know Cecil Payne the Baritone sax player?

LF: No.

RC: Well he's a great player and what appeals to me about him is that he makes the saxophone not sound like Harry Carney, or Pepper Adams, or Gerry Mulligan. It's the same instrument yet he has his own sound. J. J. Johnson, [trombonist] who has learned how to play the smallest physical movement those things appeal to me and affect my thought process.

LF: Do you feel there are certain bassists that young bassists must confront?

RC: Yes, no question about that. Israel Crosby, Jimmy Blanton, you've got to deal with him, you've got to deal with Ray Brown and me.

LF: Are those four the most important?

RC: I think they are the most important ones given the history of moving the bass, and maybe [Charles] Mingus say those five people have been responsible for the primary motion of the bass going from point A to point B.

LF: I know there is a lot of politics in the music. Can you say some thing about the recording industry you mentioned something before about Jimmy Heath [alto saxophonist] not having a record contract, yet Blue Note and Columbia just signed what you would consider to be sub par players.

RC: Yes. I believe there is a distinct attempt to erase the history of this music by erasing its important players and writers. You know the article we did in class on Stephane Grappelli [Jazz Violinist]? For me that is a clear example of how they are trying to make us not exist. And companies continue to sign these sixteen and seventeen year old unproven primarily white Jazz players and give a person like Jimmy Heath, who is a major player and writer, the same kind of recording time; clearly they are making him not important by giving

these guys more importance than history has demanded of them yet.

LF: Does this translate into the inability to play night clubs?

RC: Jimmy Heath can work in a night club, but that's only a hundred people a night man, we're talking about an industry there are almost 250 million people in the states, let alone the world, right? Now they'll limit his [Heath's] access to 125 people at the Village Vanguard, that's nothing man!; now why is he limited to an audience of 120 people on a good night two sets when the audience available is world wide. A night club gig is nothing.

LF: So does this say something about why Jazz musicians have been going over seas for lack of support is that true financially? I mean I would think there would be ardent fans but...

RC: I'm sure it's probably true because the cost of living is a lot different than places where guys work. If you're earning the same money that you earn in Europe that you earn in New York, the expenses are so much lower that the balance, the profit, is much higher although the initial outlet may be the same. I think musicians are getting tired of going to Europe; they are getting tired of running from New York; they're starting to come back, they're saying they've had enough of not being able to be a success in New York.

LF: Do you feel this country respects the music?

RC: As a whole no. There are certain pockets of the country do, but these pockets don't have a large influence on the broader view.

LF: W.E.B. DuBois talks about souls of black folks as being articulated through our music. And the development of Jazz can be seen in the light of the development of our people. But yet it has this underground aspect to it.

RC: It's kept underground because they won't let it over ground. Like anything else it's a threat to the status quo or it represents an image to make it not so readily available. Whether it be music, politics, or art, what ever goes against the public accepted environment is a threat.

LF: And you say that this society is afraid of Jazz?

RC: I think they are afraid to have this music available because it gives black people a real focus point on what they have contributed to the world. Rap music is just a fly by night art right now. It hasn't affected anything but a couple of T.V. commercials.

LF: You're saying Rap music?

RC: Yeah, but Jazz has affected everything, every music you hear today, including rap. Black people must understand Jazz has influenced everything art, symphony music, R&B, rock and roll, blue grass, which was originated by a black violin player in the Virginia hills. Grace Slick, all of these people, they are out of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey. Once blacks begin to understand the impact that Jazz has had in the world, they'll become more curious and want to know what else did we do. I mean do they know that

continued on pg.16

Stephanie's Story: Beating All Odds

With the 1988-89 season over and the 1989-90 season about to begin I thought I would share with you an excerpt from my diary, which sums up last season's low and high points:

May 15, 1989

Why do we wait so long after an important event to talk about the dynamics of it. I guess it takes about that long to be able to look at the event objectively, and bring up all the situations that were too painful to asses then.

Basketball season is officially over. The Sports dinner was last week, Thursday, and except for the stat sheet, which was not ready, all the reminders of my inconsistent season, to say the least, are over. First things first. We won the CUNY's like I said we would. We came out with a vengeance. I remember so vividly, lined up on the foul line, looking up at the score board, which read 25-29 in our favor. We never looked back. At half time the score was 40-29, and we ended the game with an eleven point win.

Hunter made a couple of threats. The best being the last two minutes with their two best players, Tracy Lee, and Joyce Wade, on the bench, having used all of their fouls minutes earlier. Their reserves hoisted up three pointers like crazy, hitting three in a row. We had a gallant effort of our own, with our two point guards fouling out with plenty of time left. Wendy took over at point guard, and ended up with 34 points and 15 rebounds. Mary had 11 points and 6 assists. I had 8 points on 4 for 4 shooting and 11 rebounds. I went to the bench early with 3 fouls and did not start the second I did not choke

though. I was mentally ready for like we knew we could.

the game and stayed that way, although, I wonder how deep I could be into a game and not notice that an important team member had fouled out, and that we had been playing with no point guard.

It was a very emotional win catching even Cynthia Young with her defense down and her tears rolling. I can remember with a couple of seconds in the game, looking over to the bench and seeing Cynthia Warren waiting for the game ending buzzer to unleash the tears that were standing behind the other in each eye. When that buzzer ended the game it also ended all we had worked for. It was over. All the headaches, footaches, backaches, and let's not forget heartaches, were now over. We had reached our goal: CUNY CHAMPS! I was part of a team where it really mattered that I scored, where it matters whether we were going to win or lose, or by how many points were we going to win and lose by.

In retrospect I got the chance I wanted. The chance to make a difference. My goal coming into the season was to win a championship (CUNY), and we did. I can not say I was fully satisfied with my season. I was inconsistent, but I got the chance to be inconsistent. I was out there, and the season I had was a reflection of how I played. I was in control. I got the playing time, and what I did with it was my own doing. My inconsistency can only be traced to me, not the coaching staff and their expectations, but my expectations.

My season can be summed up in this manner: I played better than I ever played before and I played worse than I knew I could play. Our season can best be summed up in these words: We played better than all expectations and we played

There was no doubt in my mind at the beginning of the season that we were legitimate contenders. No other starting line up posted the talent that we had. While others were pointing to next season as being better, I was looking to this season as holding something positive for us. I felt with all that happened between last season and this, the accident to Gary, graduation of three seniors, losing of two other players, change in coaching staff, six people on the opening roster, it was only fitting that something good happened.

Beating NYU gave us a little taste of what was to come. But while beating NYU brought joy, beating Hunter in the championship brought tears of joy. If I had to write a book on our season I would name it "Beating All Odds". This season, though difficult in the beginning, was all that I wanted it to be. For the first time since playing on the women's basketball team I was having fun (don't get me wrong, there were trying times). I was getting along with my team mates. We all had one goal. Eventhough it was not verbalized, there was not one team who did not understand we wanted to win back what was ours. Even the freshman, and the first year players like Cynthia Warren, knew without ever discussing it time for item this was our goal. They understood it, it was a given, it exemplified how we played that championship game, and the tears that followed. Lashawn and Cynthia W. seemed like the cried the hardest, and they were not even a part of the team that lost 71 to 60 to Hunter, but that did not matter because they were part of the team that beat Hunter 74-63 on a day that was so cold and miserable as Hunters' attempt to get back into the game. That game was ours.

Some might see it as an upset victory, Hunter being the favorite, but I just see it as the natural closing to what turned out to be a very successful season.

The new season begins on Monday October 16, with tryouts in the Nat Holman gymnasium at 4:00 p.m. Any full time student with a little talent and the right attitude can be a part of the team that never stops winning.

cont'd from pg.10

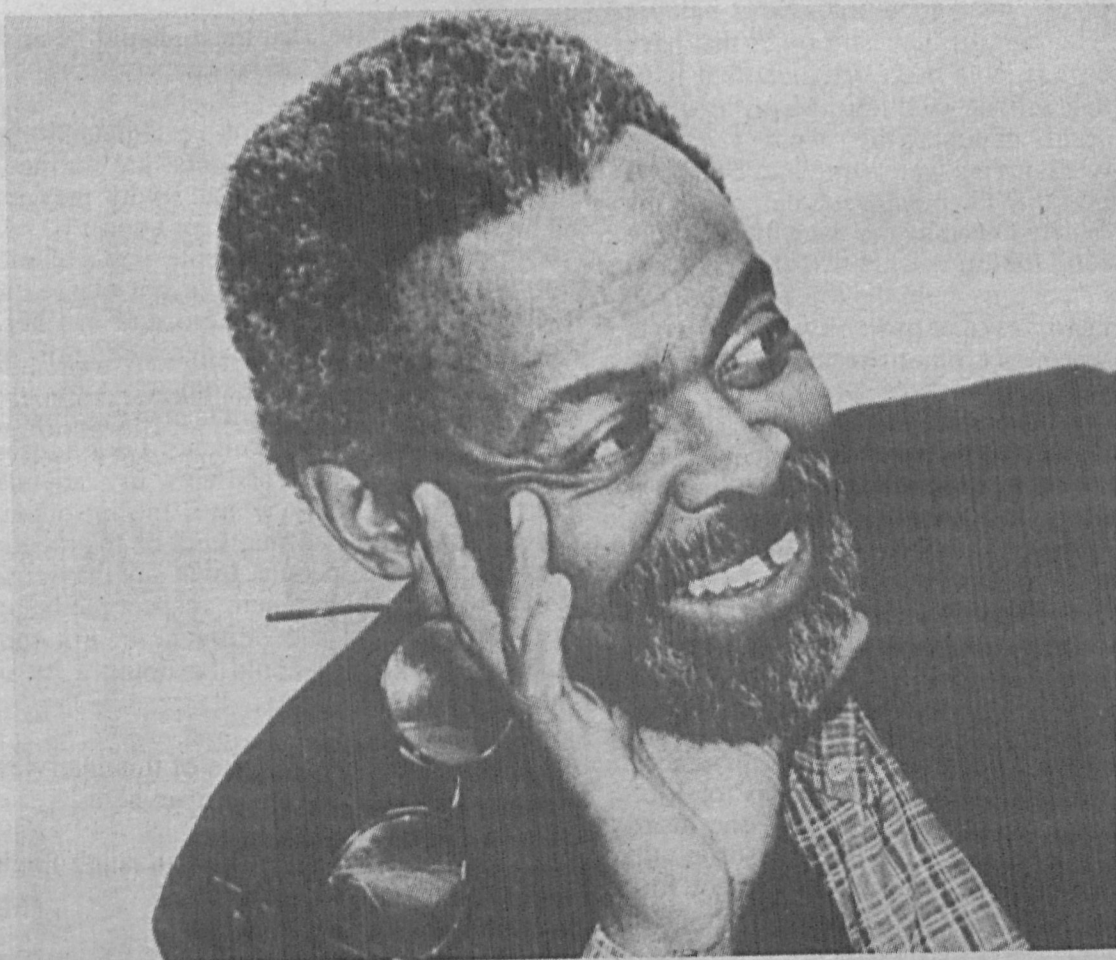
Robeson, to bear the brunt of injustice, like Paul Robeson, and yet will continue to do what his conscience demands straight through to his death. And, as in the case of the student who did not know who Paul Robeson was, we face generations of young and hungry minds who will find out about John Oliver Killens only when a teacher who cares to be in tune with life will order that student out of the classroom and into the library to learn it the hard way.

Poet Louis Reyes Rivera is the author of WHO PAYS THE COST (1977); THIS ONE FOR YOU (1983); the editor of several volumes of poetry and prose, including PORTRAITS OF THE PUERTO RICAN EXPERIENCE (1984), he had recently completed translations of the collected poems of Guatemalan poet Otto Rene Castillo, under the title FOR THE GOOD OF ALL, and of THE BROOMSTICK STALLION, by Puerto Rican poet Clemente Soto Velez. For more information write to Shamal Books, GPO Box 16, New York City 10116.

Langston Hughes Award

Amiri Baraka, noted poet and playwright, will receive the 1989 Langston Hughes Award from the City College of the City University of New York, in a ceremony on November 11, 1989. Professor Baraka, who is the author of 11 volumes of poetry, 24 plays, two works of fiction and seven works of nonfiction, is currently Chairman of the Africana Studies Department at SUNY-Stony Brook.

The Langston Hughes Award is presented each year to individuals who, in the tradition of Langston Hughes, have made distinguished contributions to the arts and letters. Previous recipients include James Baldwin, Gwendolyn Brooks, John Oliver Killens, Toni Cade Bambara, Paule Marshall, Toni Morrison, Sterling A. Brown, Margaret Walker Alexander, Ralph Ellison, and Alice Walker. Recipients are selected by the Langston Hughes Festival Committee.



cont'd from pg.14

cont'd from pg.5

the first open heart surgery was done by a black guy in Chicago, and that it as a black guy who invented the traffic light, or who laid out Washington D. C., or that the guy who founded Chicago was a black man they have no idea that this has taken place. Rap is just a fly by night thing until it proves itself in the long haul. It has not had the affect on culture and music as Jazz has. It may down the line, but we're talking about the two musics just in terms of the public being afraid of letting it be aired.

LF: I find that interesting because the Public is also afraid of Rap music. As you see more rappers getting serious about their music, their craft, you're going to have this same reactionary affect.

RC: It may very well be.

LF: What do you think of Jazz musicians who are interested in more of a pop sound.

RC: Everyone who is aware of their environment is aware of pop music, rock and roll rhythm and blues, all of that stuff, and it is their option to make available to their scheme of things what ever they feel fits best into their scheme; but unfortunately they think a pop tune is a vehicle for them. I think that's a mistake because a pop tune is not geared to any solos; it's accorded to one chorus of words, the bridge, then take that sucker out; It's not built for any long standing blowing; that's why most of those pop tunes are not successful as Jazz vehicles as you understand Jazz.

LF: Is that a contemporary condition of using pop tunes as Jazz vehicles?

RC: In general. There are some guys who write some good pop tunes. Stevie Wonder writes some nice tunes, but they're not geared for Jazz improvisation, so they really don't hold up under a close and constant playing. Jazz players have felt that if they play this melody that people know to be Stevie Wonder's, people will buy their record; but after the melody starts playing some strange notes come because the chords don't lend themselves to a real good solo. So it has not often been successful. The Jazz tunes that have really been hot have been originals that have been written in that style, like Mr. Magic and all those kinds of tunes; they were written in the pop style but they were written to be soloed on; as opposed to Grover [Washington] getting a hit on a Steely Dan tune, he got a hit on a tune a guy wrote for him. That's different from copping a song tune from the top two thousand and trying to make those songs your songs when those songs are not from your mentality or skill.

LF: One of the things that interests me about Jazz is that when you are listening you hear distinct instruments interacting. Does this type of interaction excite you as a musician.

RC: Only if everyone is listening to everyone else, that really is never always the case despite how it may look to the audience. If you have a quintet the chance is that the soloist is only listening to himself and the drummer. One of the reasons that band of Miles' of 1963 to 1968 was so special that every one heard everyone else playing, so one person could never run out of ideas because he's got four other guys playing stuff that is important to know. That is not the case today.

LF: What do you think young people should do in order to get a sense of the rich tradition of Jazz?

RC: Become curious. Don't accept that when you turn your radio on and go through the dials and there are twelve stations playing eleven of the same tunes, that that is being normal; you have to say wait a minute; you mean to tell me that if I go down to Bloomingdales and see these twelve suits as the only ones I'll like in the world, that these twelve suits are all that has been made in the world. But that can't be possible given how many people there are in the world. Young people have to become curious, they can't accept it as normal.

LF: As an educational tool, Jazz seems to open up one's mind to distinct ideas and sounds.

RC: Because it takes place right now; it's not generic, pre packaged, or freeze dried, it's not orange juice concentrate; this is the real thing man for good or bad, it's happening right here. These cats are playing their brains out trying to make something happen tonight that's different from last night. That seems exciting to me. And I can't see why young people don't get excited by that, the difference, the challenge of not playing the same thing every night...he [the Jazz artist is trying to play something different, that's exciting to me. The young people have to get involved with that type of excitement, that kind of daring; they should be saying I can do this now look at this.

LF: Do you feel cloistered up here in City. Because it is important that you are here in Harlem, where there is a rich Jazz tradition. And because Harlem is, in a major way, the center for black political and cultural life, do you feel that your presence here at City is respected?

RC: I don't know because I don't have much contact with the campus other than the music department. But when I do travel and I tell people where I am teaching they can't believe that I'm teaching here and they don't have thirty five bass students, or when I tell people I am teaching here they don't understand why the ratio of black to white students is so different based on how they view my importance historically and musically.

LF: You feel that there should be more black students here in the Jazz department?

RC: Yeah, they don't understand one, why they [black music students] are not here, and two, they don't understand why they are not here with me being here. But I don't go around to find what people think of me, I've got people like you, I've got classes to teach, people who come here and are here because of me, and they are demanding of my attention. There is a broad academic view that says that the Jazz department is never as highly regarded as the other departments. I don't mean here at City, but it's a broad view in academia, generally. I can't say what's the case here because I haven't had that kind of interaction with those kinds of people. I will say that those who know me, who are here, respect me being here, they respect me being here, not me, because they know I could be doing a lot of other things than be here.

LF: Well, the purpose of this interview is to let students know that you are here.

RC: Yeah I'm here (a small laugh) right here waiting.

divination services. Candonbe is an entire philosophy of life which preserves and sustains the African traditions in Bahia. Today it is associated with cultural identity and pride, and has changed from being a clandestine religion to a growing religious movement, with the same status as Catholicism (many Catholics also are members of Candonbe and juxtapose the two separate but coexisting faiths). Following the attempted suppression of capoeira during and after slavery it gained recognition and acceptance in the 1930's. Due to the efforts of a Capoeira master, Bimba, an academy was opened which attracted middle class Brazilians. Respectability was established and the regionale style developed during this period.

With the resurgence of African arts and cultural forms in Bahia, capoeira is enjoying renewed popularity today. As a sport it has filtered through to all levels of society. Many dance groups use the movements of the roda, while street performers and night clubs acts may display capoeira movements for the entertainment of tourists.

Within classes the majority of students are young men. Some women do participate now; there is only one female master known to be residing in the United States (N.Y.C). Most of the young men in Bahia are capoeiristas and generally start when they are 6 to 7 years of age. This develops the instinctive sense of balance which is the style to be perfected.

As resistance fighters in Brazilian history, who experienced a period of alienation and confrontation with the authorities, the capoeirista were folkheros and this image is still alive today. Semi respectability and commercialization have not eliminated this dimension. Many of the masters are in their 70's and still continue to teach. The Brazilian teachers in New York have already produced a generation of students who have classes of their own.

In New York the influence of capoeira can be seen in some modern choreography. It answers the needs of various segments of society and offers an alternative to eastern martial arts.

As the practise is adopted again by African Americans, there is an affirmation of the strength of a culture that transcends the boundaries of time and space.

Classes are held at:

Hansborough, Jr. Recreation Center
35 West 135 Street,
between 6th Ave. & Lenox Ave.
7pm 9pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays
11:45am 1:15pm on Saturdays

City College of New York
138th Street on Convent Ave.,
NAC Bldg Room 5/109 (5th Floor)
12pm (noon) 2pm on Thursdays