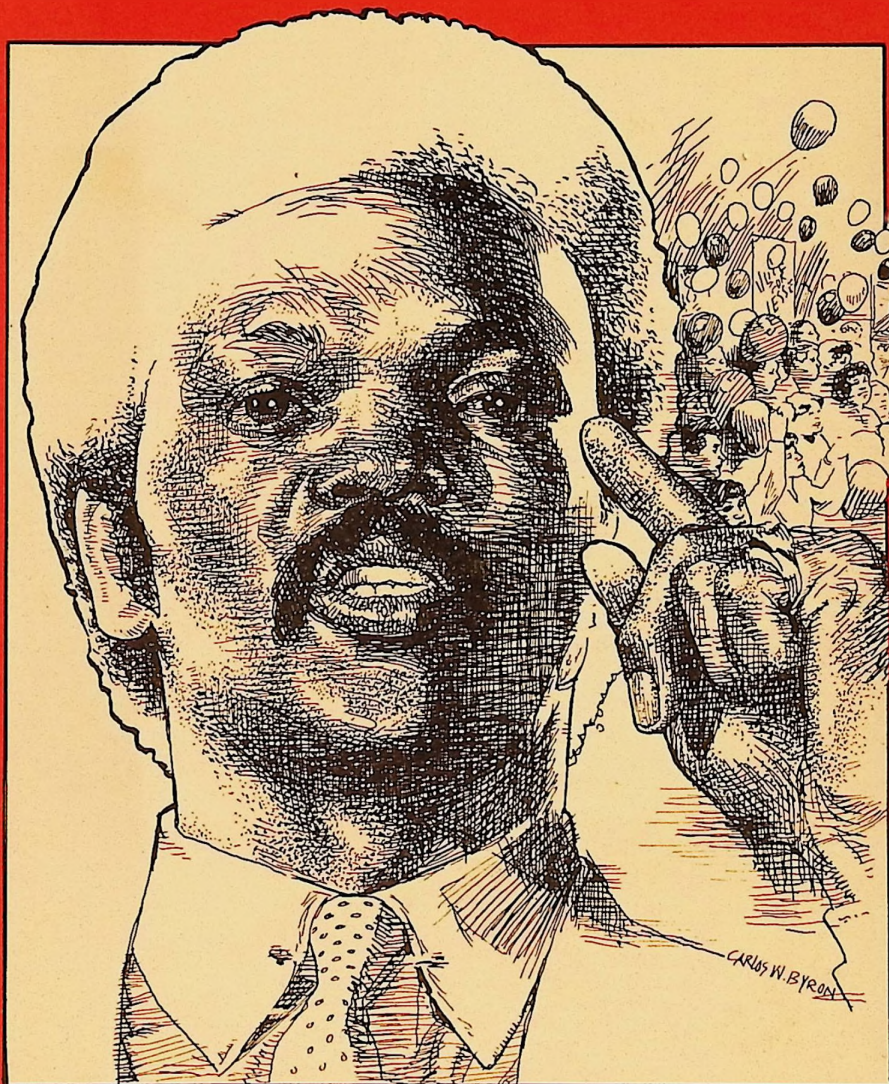


Freedomways

A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE FREEDOM MOVEMENT

**Over the Rainbow: U.S. Foreign Policy
and World Development** J.H. O'Dell

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A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE FREEDOM MOVEMENT

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FREEDOMWAYS

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Over the Rainbow: U.S. Foreign Policy and World Development

by J. H. O'DELL

THE 1984 ELECTIONS are the most critical presidential elections held in this country since the presidential elections of 1860, before the Civil War.

The future of this Republic, and perhaps of the world, will be profoundly affected by the results of these elections. The people of the United States must make a choice that will enable future generations to look back on these elections and understand their significance, because future generations will be alive to do so.

Our world has witnessed the gradual unfolding of the Reagan foreign policy. It is a policy of military adventurism and war, which in its barbarity is unequaled since the days of the Vietnam tragedy. The United States is at war in Lebanon and the Caribbean area; expanding military and trade relations with the racist apartheid regime in South Africa; supporting covert operations to overthrow the government of Nicaragua, and financing a repressive regime engaged in a civil war in El Salvador. And these are only the examples of conventional warfare that the present administration is pursuing. This aggressive militarism is combined with a policy of escalating the danger of a thermonuclear war, represented in the government's push for the deployment of U.S. first-strike nuclear weapons in Western Europe. Gunboat diplomacy in the American hemisphere is combined with an escalation of the nuclear threat in Europe that can bring an end to human life on this planet. This is the foreign policy that the "Great Communicator" is implementing, and it is being carried out in callous defiance of public opinion in our own country and in the world.

In the more than three decades that have passed since the defeat of Nazi Germany in the Second World War, the greatest mass movement of this millennium, measured by the vast numbers of people involved, has succeeded in sweeping away the political foundations of colonialism. This movement has now entered a second phase, one that is consistent with the goals of economic emancipation and a New International Economic Order. As is well known, the people of the Asian continent stood in the vanguard of this process, their various independ-

J. H. O'Dell, an Associate Editor of FREEDOMWAYS, was the National Coordinator of the June 12, 1982, peace demonstration in New York City and also served on the National Planning Council for the March on Washington of August 1983.

ence movements having abolished centuries of western political domination. What has been the relationship of U.S. foreign policy to this significant development which has unfolded across the globe? How, in fact, have we the people of the United States and the various administrations we elect every four years related to this development?

We recall with sadness that the first nuclear weapons in human history were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, resulting in instant and unparalleled devastation.* Thus was the human race introduced to the awesome peril of atomic weapons. In short, the world has already seen a nuclear war. The United States started it, the Japanese people were its victims, and it ended the Second World War. In the 1950s, the United States military killed two million Koreans in a "police action," using the United Nations as a cover. This was only possible because, at the time, the U.N. was dominated by the Western European colonial powers. They were losing their grip on their respective empires and were still looking for handouts from the United States, under the Marshall Plan and other aid programs. Consequently, they were more than willing to do the bidding of the U.S. at the United Nations.

The Korean War was a second cornerstone in U.S. foreign policy toward Asia and, in that context, the Truman administration threatened to use the atomic bomb at the Battle of Khesan. Only worldwide public protest prevented a repeat of the carnage of 1945.

Pursuing the strategy of securing "non-Arab allies" for U.S. foreign policy in western Asia, following the end of the Korean War the United States engineered the overthrow of the elected government of Premier Mohammed Mossadegh in Iran. This led to the entrenchment of the Shah's regime as an absolute monarchy. Together with Israel, our other "non-Arab ally," the United States began to train the Shah's secret police by way of consolidating a strategic alliance between the United States, Israel, and the Shah dictatorship. It should be noted that this agreement enabled the Shah to raise the price of Iranian oil sold on the U.S. market. The trade-off was that the Shah would re-invest some of the profits from this arrangement in the form of huge purchases of sophisticated weapons from the U.S. arms industry. Such purchases, of course, were quite consistent with the Shah dictatorship's role as a policeman and client on behalf of U.S. foreign policy in the region.

Then there was the Vietnam episode—a ten-year military build-up and intervention in which \$150 billion underwrote a policy of bombing Vietnam "into the Stone Age." Committing one of the most uncon-

*Today the United States' arsenal alone contains enough nuclear weapons to destroy 30,000 cities the size of Hiroshima.

scionable acts in recorded history, the U.S. dropped more bombs on that small country than were dropped in all of the bombings by all of the belligerent countries in the Second World War combined. As is well known, 50,000 Americans lost their lives in this racist war in Asia, and another 300,000 were casualties.

Our nation financed and equipped, with our taxes, the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, in which 18,000 Palestinian and Lebanese civilians were killed in West Beirut alone. After these atrocities were committed, the U.S. Congress increased its military aid to Israel by \$350 million. That was a kind of bipartisan reward, a bonus, to Israel as a client state for carrying out U.S. policy in Lebanon and further destabilizing western Asia. Today, that policy includes destroying villages in the mountains of Lebanon through shellings by the U.S. battleship *New Jersey*. This is direct military intervention by the U.S. into the Lebanese civil war—military intervention that, as usual, is accompanied by a barrage of propaganda lies about “shelling Syrian military positions.”

Uncounted civilian casualties have been sustained by Lebanese farmers, artisans, tradesmen and villagers—the real targets of these naval raids, which are being carried out on a scale comparable to the Allied invasion of Normandy during World War II. The tragedy of Lebanon is that it has been the victim of a series of U.S.-backed military invasions in recent years. In June 1981, it lay bleeding from such an invasion; a year later, in June 1982, an invasion by Israeli forces, using American phosphorus and napalm bombs, lasted the entire summer and ended with the massacres in the Shatila and Sabra refugee camps. Its objective was the dismemberment and partition of Lebanon. In the course of the next year, Lebanon was subjected to the crude deceptions of “shuttle diplomacy.”

To encourage its evacuation from Beirut, Philip Habib, as the personal representative of the President of the United States, made solemn pledges to the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) that the U.S. would guarantee certain things. These included the guarantee that the Israeli army would not enter West Beirut. Included, too, was the guarantee that the unarmed people in the refugee camps would be protected. Then came the massacres of these unarmed civilians in the Shatila and Sabra camps. The complicity of the U.S. Embassy in Beirut in these atrocities is worthy of a Congressional investigation. The U.S. guaranteed that Israel would release all Palestinians and Lebanese who had been taken prisoner during the war and put in the Ansar concentration camp in southern Lebanon. This was never carried out. More than a year later, in late 1983, Israel released several thousand prisoners in a prisoner exchange for six Israeli soldiers who had been captured—but it held back a number of Palestinian and Lebanese prisoners, even in that exchange.

The United States guaranteed the protection from plunder of all Palestinian cultural institutions in Lebanon but did not honor this guarantee either. The Israeli military occupation authorities carted off an estimated 150 truckloads of material from such institutions as the Khaledi Museum of History and Antiquities and the Palestine Research Center.

This is the record of a U.S. administration whose international relations policy promotes the idea that "you can't trust the Russians."

Now U.S. policy has sunk to a new level, with the Reagan administration apparently envisioning the annihilation of Lebanon as a national entity. The fact that U.S. Middle East policy has not met with massive opposition and outspoken condemnation by the people of our country is not unrelated to the daily diet of racist stereotypes concerning Arab peoples that are spread by the news media and the educational system. Common acceptance of the idea that "Arab sheiks" are bribing Congresspersons reflects a decade of propaganda to the effect that our economic problems stem from the Arabs and their manipulation of gasoline prices. We were told not long ago, in banner headlines, that "Libyan hit squads" were out to assassinate President Reagan. When this claim proved to be totally without foundation, the State Department's retractions were so worded as not to dispel the poisonous anti-Arab atmosphere that had been created by the trumped-up story.

Even the characterization of the PLO as a "terrorist organization" is a racist slander of the Palestinian people, a denial of their humanity and right to self-determination. In Lebanon, the PLO used to run elementary schools, community medical services, and clothing and furniture factories, providing employment for refugees displaced from their homes during the establishment and expansion of the state of Israel. This infrastructure was reduced to a shambles in June of 1982 as U.S.-made bombers went about their mission of "stamping out terrorism." "The American government," said Martin Luther King, Jr., in 1967, "is the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today."

Given the record, it would be appropriate to define U.S. foreign policy as a stridently racist foreign policy, backed up and enforced by an aggressive military machine. Sometimes this policy is carried out directly, and sometimes it is carried out through surrogates that the U.S. keeps on welfare through its foreign aid program. Examples of the latter would be the brutal dictatorship of General Zia in Pakistan and the repressive Marcos regime in the Philippines, both of which receive extensive U.S. military and economic aid. As applied to the peoples of the Asian continent, U.S. foreign policy embodies the Western chauvinist cliché that "life is cheap in Asia." However, the continent of Asia is only one area of the world experiencing the brunt of U.S. for-

ign policy. The problem is a global one, a problem for the whole human race. Note that our foreign policy is killing peasants in El Salvador and Guatemala; it also supports the invasion and killing in Angola and Mozambique by South Africa, whose racist apartheid regime is underwritten, in part, by billions of dollars of corporate investment from the "Fortune 500."

"The purpose of the U.S. military presence in Central America is to guarantee a favorable climate for free enterprise," declared Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger to the press while visiting U.S. military bases in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. It is this purpose and the mentality underlying it that have us officially regarding more than half of the people of the world as a "threat to our national security." The poorest peasants in Latin America are perceived as a threat to the economic order in the richest country in the Americas because the stability and functioning of our multinational corporations rest upon the poor remaining poor. In a moment of uncommon candor, the Secretary of Defense revealed what U.S. foreign policy is, in fact, defending.

A consummate example of the economic purpose served by U.S. military actions in Latin America was the invasion of the tiny Caribbean nation of Grenada last October. Following the invasion, Grenada was deluged with U.S. manufactures—candy bars, soap powders, tee-shirts, toys and trinkets of various kinds—to instill in the hearts of the Grenadian people a lust for consumerism. To create this exploitative condition, 8,000 American troops, backed up by more than a dozen battleships and a nuclear-armed submarine named after the Confederate general, *Stonewall Jackson*, were sent into Grenada to do battle with a local army of about 800. Readers will recall, too, that the media were prohibited by order of the Pentagon from covering this adventure, which had the effect of cutting the U.S. public off completely from any factual information. Another dimension of the attack, in which several hundred Grenadian civilians were killed, was its role as a diversionary ploy to shift public attention away from the failure of the Reagan administration's policy in Lebanon.

United States foreign policy is a stridently racist foreign policy, backed up by an aggressive military machine.

In addition to making hundreds of thousands of people refugees from U.S.-sponsored terrorism, our nation's foreign policy is a direct cause of the high rate of infant mortality among the Hispanic population, the high rate of unemployment in the barrios and ghettos of the nation, the substandard wages and sweatshop conditions that guarantee high profits for the fashion industry and agribusiness. This is combined with constant threats of deportation as a form of police control of a labor force. Recognition of this "Deadly Connection" of con-

ventional wars abroad, nuclear weapons escalation and threats, deteriorating living standards at home and blatant support for racism everywhere, has to become the cornerstone of our understanding of the world in which we live.

We are reminded of the soul-searching words of a past president in another era: Abraham Lincoln said,

We cannot escape history
We, even we here, hold the power
and bear the responsibility.
We must think anew
And act anew
We must dis-enthral ourselves
And then we shall save our country. . . .*

the Kissinger Report: two faces of a war policy

The Kissinger Commission was established by President Reagan, with much media fanfare, as a blue-ribbon panel of "experts." The public was led to believe that some great statesmanlike pronouncements would be forthcoming from this "distinguished group."

The Kissinger Commission Report is a prescription for more bloodshed in Central America, proposing as it does a policy of protracted warfare aimed at a military solution to the social and political problems of the region. This approach has already failed in Lebanon.

The report's overall design, as well as its fatal flaw and most revealing characteristic, is to cast all of its basic arguments and assumptions within the framework of East/West, Cold War confrontation. Since this framework reduces the real causes of revolution and unrest in Central America to secondary importance, the net result is that every movement for social change there is perceived as a "threat to the national security of the United States." One is forced to conclude, therefore, that the real purpose of the Kissinger Commission was to put a bipartisan face on the Reagan administration's policies of war, to perpetuate those policies while masking them in feigned concern for democracy and economic development. Since it is evident that a great majority of the U.S. public rejects these policies of naked aggression and national chauvinism, this report is obviously a propaganda effort directed at calming public apprehension and giving the outrageously inhumane a human face.

Specifically, the Kissinger Commission Report proposes, first of all, that we not only continue giving military aid to the repressive regime in El Salvador, but that we vastly increase that aid, despite that re-

*From *A Lincoln Portrait* by Aaron Copeland.

gime's lack of any support among its own people. The concession allegedly made by Secretary Kissinger was to agree that this military aid be conditional on regular reporting of the human rights situation. This condition, however, will apply only after the aid has been increased. Meanwhile, the regime in El Salvador is free to kill and brutalize as many peasants as it wishes. After this Vietnam-style pacification program has produced the desired results, then human rights violations will be taken into account.

Secondly, the Report recommends that Congress *restore* military aid to the military regime in Guatemala, aid that the Carter administration cut off in 1978 on the grounds that the recipient was "perhaps the most brutal regime in this hemisphere." This particular regime is the end result, to date, of the fact that in 1954 the United States overthrew the elected Guatemalan government of President Arbenz and established a government more favorable to the United Fruit Company.

Thirdly, the Report takes things a step further by proposing that Congress *repeal* the law passed in 1974 prohibiting U.S. military aid to police forces in Latin America. Congress passed this law originally in response to abundant evidence that some of this aid was used to train police in torture methods. The Report also endorses continued U.S. aid to the former National Guardsmen who are holdovers from the Somoza regime in Nicaragua, and who are trying to overthrow the Sandinista government.

The Kissinger Commission Report is an insult to public intelligence and a waste of the taxpayers' money. Its recommendations do not serve the national interests of the United States in any way whatsoever. The interests of the people of our country are served by a foreign policy dedicated to peace, not war . . . to justice, not repression and economic deprivation. Notwithstanding its attempt to "fake out" the public with "moderation" (i.e., the long-term economic development proposal of \$8 billion), the Report, in fact, continues a tradition of militarism and Yankee arrogance. Even its economic development proposal includes the funneling of aid money through agencies and financial structures which guarantee that the Rockefeller Brothers and other international bankers can dictate and control Central America's economic life through the credit mechanism. In the long run, this means a greater economic dependency syndrome, not economic development.

Of course, economic assistance should be taken seriously as an expression of our country's moral obligation to begin redressing the decades of exploitation of the countries in Central America. And the money would be made readily available by eliminating the cost overruns and graft in the Pentagon budget. But our economic assistance should be contributed through such international bodies as the United Nations Development Fund. Further, it should be provided in co-

operation with the Organization of American States and be consistent with the goal of achieving a general demilitarization of the region.

What we have reviewed in this essay is a U.S. foreign policy that differs from the foreign policy of a colonial empire only in form, not in substance. That the United States of America is an empire is one of the best-kept secrets of the post-war era. The constantly escalating military budget and officialdom's steady diet of Cold War propaganda are designed to obscure this reality from the U.S. public. Yet our government's arrogance of power is rapidly depleting whatever moral capital the United States had accumulated in the world community owing to its participation in the war to defeat Hitler's fascism in Europe.*

toward a new course in U.S. foreign policy

The growth of the movement for peace, disarmament, and justice in our country is part of a worldwide development of hope and new possibilities that carries, in its momentum, the future of humanity. The demand for a freeze in the manufacture, deployment, and testing of nuclear weapons represents an effort by the majority of the U.S. population to assert their will for sanity to prevail in our nation's relations with the international community.

Fortunately, the movement to end the arms race is growing in its vision and understanding. Increasingly, it recognizes that the demand for an end to military intervention and conventional wars, as by-products of the search for military solutions to complex social problems, is an inseparable part of the demand for an end to the nuclear madness.

The rampant militarism and constant preparations for war that have become institutionalized in the foreign policy of the United States, of which the nuclear arms race is the most exaggerated expression, are destroying the living standards of millions of working people in both the rural and the urban sectors of our society.

Under the Reagan administration, this process of social ruin has escalated dramatically. The federal government's massive investments of our tax dollars in capital-intensive military production represent a parasitic form of profit-making that enriches big corporations at our expense. The present administration is without parallel in its commitment to making military spending the highest national priority, and in its callous disregard for the social consequences of this choice. In order to pay for a new round of aircraft carriers, Trident submarines, Pershing missiles, M-1 tanks, and other weapons of war, it has so deep-

*For a review of the United States policy of defending colonialism in the United Nations, see article by Camille A. Bratton, "A Matter of Record," FREEDOMWAYS, Vol. 17, No. 3, 1977.

ly curtailed hot lunches for schoolchildren that three million children who received them two years ago no longer do. A million unemployed workers have had their food stamps eliminated, even though long-term unemployment has now become a chronic feature of the total unemployment picture. While numbers of unemployed people in steel, farm equipment, auto, and other industries have lost their health insurance, the Reagan administration is making drastic cutbacks in Medicaid and Medicare programs. As for the elderly poor, they are required to pay more and more of their own money for medical care, and it is now estimated that if the present policy continues, they will be paying more out of their own pockets for health care in 1985 than they did in the mid-1970s when the Medicare program was introduced.

In the face of 10 million unemployed and another 19 million underemployed in part-time work, the United States Employment Service, which is supposed to assist people in finding jobs, has been forced to close its doors in many states due to budget cuts. Since 1981, federal funds for the construction of low-income housing have been cut by 72 percent, in addition to cuts in the amount of money available for repairs in housing projects. In view of this fact, even a conservative estimate is that three million homeless people are walking the streets of America sheltering themselves under bridges, sleeping on top of subway grates to keep warm, and now taking refuge in airport terminals.

The Legal Services Program, which serves the poorest strata of the population, is being gutted as more than 300 offices have been closed and its staff cut by a third. The cost overruns, alone, on the M-1 tank and the Aegis cruiser are enough to run the Legal Services Program for several years. The President of Rockwell International has announced that his company will clear \$400 million in profits over the next five years as a result of the government's decision to build the B-1 bomber. Contrast this waste of our tax dollars with the fact that the Health and Human Services Department has cancelled disability benefits for hundreds of thousands of victims of black lung disease since 1981. This is the real face of "economic recovery."

Our movement's demand to *stop the arms race and redirect resources to meet human needs*, which was the theme of the June 12 Disarmament Demonstration in 1982, is an appeal to the national conscience and an effort to mobilize the political power necessary to put our nation on a new course. June 12 was the largest mass demonstration in the history of the U.S. on any issue, and it has profoundly affected the political climate in our country in favor of peace. Stopping the arms race has become a national priority in the public opinion concerns of the people of our country. It is a demand, made on behalf of the hundreds of thousands of students who have had to drop out of school because the College Loan Program has been so severely cut, that

they be allowed to complete their formal education. It is a demand, made in recognition of the fact that today the U.S. is among the least progressive industrialized countries of the world, that all the human needs programs in our country—which have always been underfunded—be restored.

The arms race is already killing us. To meet this challenge, our task is to bring to power in our country, in this decade, a government committed to the freeze, reduction, and abolition of nuclear weapons; the rebuilding of our cities and of our public education system, and the expansion of job-creating programs that improve the quality of life for the people of our country.

Beyond the question of mere survival, the quality of life for the working people of our country is a moral question inseparable from the question of ending the arms race. Our movement must increasingly reflect this reality in its day-to-day practice so it can exercise the moral authority to mobilize people for fundamental social change.

a political renaissance in the making

The 1984 elections will be a referendum on more than the callous and disastrous policies of the Reagan administration. Given the critical point in human history we have reached as a result of the escalation of the arms race and the militarization of our society over the past three and a half decades, these elections take on a special significance. We will be wise to use them to point our nation in a new direction.

We must disenthral ourselves of the belief that the United States can impose itself on the world by virtue of the size of its military arsenal, and that the people of the world will accept this formula as a standard for world leadership. Nor can a racist foreign policy ever be consistent with securing peace in the world, because such a policy stands in violation of all principles of justice and human dignity. The ideology of hatred and ignorance that reduces the rest of humanity to non-persons in our perceptions is a pathology that can only result in the isolation of the United States from the international community. The people of Germany made that mistake in 1932, and the massive destruction caused by World War II was the result. We must learn from this tragic experience; in other words, to save our country, we must disenthral ourselves of the Cold War policies that have shaped our national life for the past three decades.

The road to peace, justice, and social progress for our nation as a member of the world community rests in the kind of mobilization and political renaissance represented by the "Rainbow Coalition." The longer-term strategy is to achieve a basic political realignment against militarism, racism, sexism, and economic deprivation.

The purpose of the Rainbow Coalition is to effect social change through the power of the people united. The Jesse Jackson-for-President candidacy in the 1984 elections is a catalyst to this process of unity-building. The idea that a coalition of Blacks, Hispanics, Asian and Arab-Americans, peace activists, women, environmentalists, students, farmers, and labor has enormous potential power has become the centerpiece of the campaign.

The Rainbow Coalition is founded on the principles of equality, mutual respect, and the identification of mutual self-interests. Consequently, it rejects tokenism, condescending attitudes, or derogatory stereotypes which have been so much a part of U.S. culture. We all recognize that the Rainbow Coalition will not just fall into place with the announcement that one is being formed. It has to be built, and people struggling together to overcome divisive influences is the process (sometimes painful, sometimes exhilarating) through which the Coalition will become a formidable reality. The challenge of the Rainbow Coalition is to grow through the process of finding common ground for joint activity. The challenge is for people to learn from each other and, through this learning, to increase their identification with one another's agendas—for example, peace activists in the struggle for disarmament coming to understand community activists who are struggling for the human needs agenda—jobs, housing, health care—and vice versa.

The Rainbow Coalition is in the tradition of the social change movements of the past, and it represents an update of that tradition to meet the demands of the 1980s. It embodies those movements' experiences of success, and it learns from their failures. The Rainbow Coalition must educate the public by word and by example. In the many concrete ways that events will open up to us, our campaign structure in its decision-making must reflect this involvement of the many diverse groups that make up our Coalition.

Considering the fact that we want labor to be an active participant in the Rainbow Coalition, we should make a conscious effort to seek out the rank and file of labor in face of the AFL-CIO leadership's endorsement of Walter Mondale. The key to this is reaching the unemployed and part-time workers. Together, their numbers amount to 30 million, millions of whom are union people—steel workers, auto workers, farm equipment workers, etc. The Jackson-for-President campaign should make a consistent, determined effort to involve these trade unionists, especially in the big industrial states where the economic crisis is most severe.

Building this Coalition as a power base is an essential part of the process by which we create a new political party configuration in the U.S., free ourselves from the present bipartisan monopoly of political life, and give the United States a new set of values.

Foreign Policy Held Hostage: The Jackson Rescue Mission

by A. W. SINGHAM

SINCE WORLD WAR II, United States foreign policy has been in a hostage situation, having been hijacked by a small, elite group and turned into a private preserve. It has become increasingly difficult for the general public to rescue the debate of foreign policy from this elite and make it once more part of the public domain. The foreign policy establishment, consisting of the presidency, appointed advisors, and leaders from the bureaucratic military, economic, and communications sectors, is not only small but primarily white, male, and Eurocentric in its view of the world. In the world view of this establishment's members, the U.S. is an extension of Europe and, as the leader of the Western world, has an historic obligation to preserve, protect, and promote Western civilization. No matter how crudely, the Reagan administration reflects the conventional wisdom of the foreign policy establishment in its view of the world as being divided between the forces of good and evil, and the forces of evil must be stopped even if it means destroying the whole planet. The newer states of the Third World are regarded as the weaker species, which have to be protected from the forces of evil for their own good. Henry Kissinger summarized this when he said that he had an obligation to protect Chileans from themselves. By the way, this world view is not a new Reaganite doctrine but has long been shared by the Republicans and Democrats, Liberals and Conservatives.

In 1984, this outlook is being seriously challenged by Jesse Jackson. As expected, the Jackson challenge has produced a vitriolic reaction from the members of the foreign policy establishment, who have accused him of treason, carpetbagging, anti-semitism and every other form of villainy. But, then, the foreign policy establishment cannot grasp the idea that an individual like Jesse Jackson could perform the civilizing function and mission of the West. Nowhere is the racism that is endemic to U.S. institutions more manifest than in the reactions of the foreign policy establishment's members to black interlopers who attempt to speak on *their* subject and in *their* preserve. Readers will recall that another black leader, Andrew Young, was banished from the heights of

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foreign policy-making at the United Nations to the depths of "urban ghetto politics" for stepping out of bounds—that is, having conversations with the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO).

But the question remains as to how the foreign policy establishment hijacked the subject, especially since the U.S. Constitution mandates popular participation in all areas of policy-making.

The hijacking process was accelerated by global events. The United States emerged out of World War II as a nuclear power, that is to say as a superpower. The nation's political institutions have been radically transformed to meet the new needs of this superpower. A superpower, in order to govern the world, requires a new type of presidency—a super presidency—and, since World War II, we have seen the emergence of what some call the imperial presidency. An imperial presidency cannot, after all, be constantly plagued by challenges to its authority from a semi-literate and uninformed public. It needs new institutions, created out of older institutions, as governing tools. Thus, the State Department has been gradually transformed into a giant international agency with desk officers for almost all the countries of the world. The National Security Council has become a major intelligence organization that determines the policy needs of the imperial presidency for the various regions of the world. The Pentagon has become a giant military machine standing at the ready to intervene in any corner of the globe where a government might need to be replaced, as in Grenada or Lebanon or Nicaragua. The Central Intelligence Agency is a highly automated octopus that collects detailed information on political processes throughout the world, and especially keeps tabs on the world's leaders and their health conditions, and devises techniques for terminating these leaders or the governments they head should they run afoul of our so-called national interests. The legislature, which was designed to act as a check on the power of the executive, has also become an integral part of the foreign policy establishment and the imperial presidency. The Senate, after all, is the breeding ground for presidential aspirants, who use their positions as elected officials to create new institutions that serve their foreign policy interests. Consequently, the imperial presidency has been able to conduct foreign relations without much fear of challenge from the other institutions of government. Also apparent is the gradual politicization of the entire civil service, which has made the theory of separation of powers a mere fantasy in practice.

But the consolidation of the imperial presidency has not been achieved simply within the realm of government itself. It has been facilitated, as well, by dramatic developments in the economy and society. To become a superpower, one needs quick and ready access to the natural resources of the world. In the past few years, the world

economy has been radically transformed by giant economic institutions known as transnational corporations, and transnational banks. American transnational corporations, in collaboration with their European and Japanese counterparts, have penetrated all the continents and, in the name of civilization, have transformed the economies of most nations of the world. Transnational banks have similarly found that the countries of the Third World, especially, are excellent markets for loans. In providing loans to Third World countries, they have transformed the global fiscal system and made the U.S. dollar the supreme currency. The Breton Woods Agreement consolidated the position of Western countries and, most importantly, made the unit of exchange for all countries dependent on the hard currencies of the West and Japan.

The transnational corporations and the transnational banks were aided in establishing themselves by the imperial presidency working through the legislative branch of government. Appropriate legislation was expeditiously developed to legitimize the activities of these new institutions, which, in turn, created a highly efficient, well-organized and technically well-equipped lobby that helped the legislature whenever it needed it and, most importantly, provided the necessary funds for the electoral process. Here we see the method by which the internationalization of domestic politics takes place, with the giant corporations and banks insisting that the strength of the U.S. economy is dependent upon their exploitation of global resources.

Thus, a curious thing happened on the way to the U.S. becoming a superpower: The corporations and banks, which constitute private interests, were quickly transformed into representatives of the public interests. In turn, the latter became the guardians of the entire nation's interests. Others have described this phenomenon as the emergence of the national security state to replace the nation state. Security issues have become part and parcel of domestic and foreign policy-making. The most important implication of this development is that those who attempt to resist or criticize the goals of the national security state quickly become open to the charge of treason or consorting with the enemy. Indeed, national security has become a holy cow, and the foreign policy establishment has been able to thwart any efforts to question the legitimacy of the national security state's actions. Even the Speaker of the House, Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill, Jr., recently complained through an aide that the President had come close to charging him with treason on the Lebanon issue.

There is another exceptionally important institution that has emerged in recent times. The imperial presidency has found that national bipartisan commissions perform an important role in neutralizing any public debate on controversial issues, and in creating a false national con-

sensus. The recent Kissinger Commission, labelled a bipartisan commission on Central America, consisted mainly of conservative members of the foreign policy establishment from both the Republican and Democratic parties. The primary purpose of this commission was to make sure that the U.S. public would accept the doctrine, propagated by Kissinger and Reagan, that the only solution in Central America is to increase military aid. By involving members of both parties, the Kissinger Commission could insist that a foreign policy consensus had been forged, and that existing Reagan policy towards Central America is the best possible course of action. Through these commissions of inquiry, which it initiates, the imperial presidency is, again, able to act as the supreme body responsible for foreign policy questions and monopolize all debate.

The imperial presidency and the foreign policy establishment have a third arm that is sometimes called the "fourth estate." I prefer to call it the communications industry. The media are only one part of that industry. It is important to know that universities, foundations, think tanks, as well as professional legal, medical and scientific bodies, are important components of the new communications spectrum. Officials of this industry move with great ease from sensitive government positions to media, academic, and think tank assignments and vice versa. The foreign policy establishment draws heavily upon this industry, and it is not easy to break into the foreign policy establishment. For example, one of the most important articulators of the consensus doctrine of the foreign policy establishment is the Council on Foreign Relations, which produces the highly prestigious publication *America and the World*, an annual review of events with suggestions for new directions. This Council, which is essentially bipartisan and predominantly white, has been able, through a myriad of agencies, to control and direct the foreign policy debate. Outsiders, or those who claim to be outsiders like Jimmy Carter when he first came to Washington, hope that they can rely on new individuals for foreign policy-making. Indeed, Jody Powell told reporters before the inauguration that the likes of Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski would not be in the new Carter administration. He quickly discovered, as had others, that the imperial presidency could not recruit from outside the foreign policy establishment; that members of this system had to be included if government was to operate smoothly.

The media play a vital role in creating the images that program the public to accept the ideology of both the imperial presidency and the foreign policy establishment. The media generally avoid any in-depth analyses in their commentary on foreign policies, notable exceptions being the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, which are, in the final analysis, the house organs of the foreign policy establishment and,

thus, tend merely to reinforce the consensus doctrine of that establishment. The electronic news media concentrate primarily on major foreign policy *events* and specialize in producing fast snapshots of those events. The magazine programs sponsored by the Public Broadcasting Corporation, which do sometimes proffer more in-depth analyses, have a small viewership owing to formats that tend not to elicit great public enthusiasm. The PBS shows generally consist of long monologues given by dull and pompous members of the establishment, who do not see their primary role as information providers or educators of the public. Thus, despite the incredible technological advances in communication systems, the substance of foreign policy issues still remains within the domain of a small, private, privileged group.

Since image-making is the primary task of the media as far as the imperial presidency is concerned, there is very little debate during presidential elections about policy options. In President Reagan, the media have struck gold. His genius lies not in imaginative policy-making nor in understanding of the complexities of social issues, nor in the implementation of difficult programs, but as a communicator. In other words, the new cultural hero of this society is not a person of substance or understanding, but primarily one who has mastered the ability to communicate.

The Jesse Jackson campaign has created a fundamental dilemma for presidential image-makers in the communications industry. To their way of thinking, his background is repulsive. He was born out of wedlock in Greenville, South Carolina, is a Baptist minister, and is hopelessly black. But his most unforgivable sin during this campaign has been to debate the great issues of our times, especially the major questions of United States foreign policy. Like Martin Luther King, Jr., before him, Jackson has also attempted to do the impossible—namely, to identify the domestic consequences of foreign policy mistakes. This audacity could not go unchallenged. The *New York Times*, house organ of the foreign policy establishment, has denounced Jackson as a carpetbagger who deals in gimmicks, like obtaining the release of a black marine. He is charged with publicly embracing the “terrorist,” anti-Christ Arafat, an unpardonable act. Although strangely enough, it seems quite acceptable for General Haig and the State Department to have important policy discussions, through a mediator, with the same “infidel.” In order to destroy a position, it is necessary to destroy the person who articulates that position. Thus, the image-makers have turned with full venom on Jesse Jackson in their effort to destroy what he stands for. In this endeavor, Jackson’s past is carefully scrutinized, his phrases carefully analyzed and, most importantly, attempts are made to re-interpret the meaning of his phrases. This is understandable, for here is the first candidate for the presidency to talk in a lan-

guage and form that are alien to the image-makers, who are conditioned by bureaucratic doublespeak. Black American speech styles, which have profoundly influenced how English is spoken in the United States, are producing a new imagery in U.S. politics via the Jackson candidacy and, at last, are being taken seriously. Even more offensive to the communications industry is the preacher in Jackson, the preacher who, in the ministerial tradition, speaks of ethics and prophecy and introduces morality into policy discussions.

Jackson's critique, especially of the foreign policy establishment's world view, has gotten him into a great deal of difficulty. He wants a change in the Eurocentric outlook and calls for the vast body of humanity to be taken seriously. He speaks sympathetically of the Africans, of the Asians, of the Latin Americans, and argues that since they comprise the bulk of humanity, U.S. policy cannot ignore them. He challenges the realists who have dominated the foreign policy debate by calling for more idealism. He talks about the moral obligations of having military power and of being a superpower.

But Jesse Jackson's world view is not the product of some sinister force that is manipulating or paying him. Jackson represents a changing world and, most importantly, a changing United States. The U.S. of 1945, upon which the foreign policy establishment bases its policy, is qualitatively different from the U.S. of 1984. Black Americans whose views on foreign policy questions have often been suppressed now see reflections of those views in a voice that is challenging the legitimacy of the establishment, and being heard. Jackson's foreign policy objectives are a byproduct of the work undertaken by the Congressional Black Caucus, whose members have for years been offering alternative policy objectives. (For example, the Caucus ran counter to the general adulation of the U.S. invasion and conquest of a miniscule Caribbean nation—Grenada.)

Jesse Jackson has struck a chord of harmony with Hispanics, who have also become politically active on foreign policy matters and on questions relating to immigration. He has struck a chord of harmony with Asian Americans, who are generally ignored by political leaders. He has struck a chord of harmony with white peace activists who are sick and tired of living in a state of war and are fearful of nuclear annihilation. He has struck a chord of harmony with the new majority—women. Even at the risk of alienating his conservative church followers, he has addressed the rights of the much-harassed gay population. Jesse Jackson is articulating the needs of population groups whose politics, until now, were confined to the streets. He wants to take those politics from the streets through the electoral process and up to the citadels of power. In the final analysis, Jesse Jackson is leading, not a

campaign for the presidency, but a major social movement. The campaign of 1984 is nothing less than the beginning of a major debate about the future of the United States.

Postscript:

The episode and its aftermath, involving Jesse Jackson's unfortunate characterization of Jewish Americans in general and the New York Jewish community in particular, held important lessons. First of all, the episode gave those who had been lying in wait for this candidate, with their knives sharpened and drawn, the opportunity they had been looking for. Clearly, the epithets used by Jackson, who had placed the issue of morality at the center of his campaign, undercut the moral authority he had sought to exude.

But the "victory" Jackson's enemies can be said to have won in this instance was only a small and fleeting one. Rather than being the lone crusade of an individual on whose character and conduct the crusade's meaning and ultimate value rest, the Jackson campaign indicates the existence of, and lends expression to, a movement. This movement is none other than a permanent opposition within the Democratic Party that does not accept the commercialization of the political process by the communications industry and public relations firms. As reflected in the issue-oriented design of the Jackson campaign, this movement demands that the politics of personality and image-making be replaced by the politics of policy-making and public debate. Jackson's enemies have no laurels to rest on, for this movement is sure to continue, and to become more articulate, more sophisticated and more insistent.

Another lesson arising out of Jackson's faux pas has to do with the question of leadership in the black community. Racist America has a way of deigning to notice a single charismatic leader, whom it then invests with the responsibility of speaking for the whole community, expecting in return that this leader will deliver his constituency whenever their support is required. This precarious arrangement can easily be disrupted by either physical assassination or character assassination. The Congressional Black Caucus has survived because it has developed a unique style of collective leadership which the architects of COIN-TELPRO have not been able to destroy, even though assaults have been mounted against individual members such as John Conyers and Ronald Dellums.

A second aspect of the leadership question pertains to the responsibility a leader has to the people he is representing. At this historical moment, Jesse Jackson is the single most visible leader of the black community and of a broad, multiracial/ethnic coalition of forces. What does he owe this constituency? We submit that he has a responsi-

bility to deport himself in a way that dignifies the members of that constituency and their legitimate movement for change. It is hoped that the Jackson campaign will prompt an in-depth examination of the leadership question in all of its aspects.

Having apologized for his verbal blunder, Jesse Jackson has gone on to extend his vital contributions to the 1984 presidential campaign by continuing to hammer away at the hard issues, while his fellow contenders still splash about in the waters of "personality" politics. In the televised debate that preceded the Southern primaries, Jackson alone spotlighted the salient points—unemployment, the quest for peace, the over-stuffed defense budget, U.S. adventurism in Latin America and the Middle East, etc. His performance reconfirmed that while he may have some growing to do in certain areas, when it comes to the most urgent matters confronting this nation today, Jesse Jackson's development far exceeds that of the other presidential hopefuls.

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Will the Real Black Theater Please Stand Up?

by SHAUNEILLE PERRY RYDER

MORE THAN 20 years ago, the Black Theater Movement erupted boldly, changing the complexion and consciousness of "The Great White Way." Today, in the '80s, Broadway still tolerates the presence of a black show every season or so, but its consciousness has changed profoundly.

The showcasing of black performers as brilliant singers and dancers continues, but a look behind the scenes of most of the major commercial productions reveals a complete turnabout from the '60s in the hiring of artistic personnel. Whites are once again writing, producing, directing, choreographing, costuming, managing and composing "black" material; that is, they have reconsolidated the artistic control, and even some of the non-profit theater groups are maintaining backstage staffs that are predominantly white.

At the same time, since today's commercial "hits" no longer need the once-coveted black audience for financial success, there is little concern about what kinds of images of Blacks are put onstage. This is not being compensated for by the non-profit theaters, which *do* need the black audience, but which have not succeeded in building a consistent following. There are a few exceptions across the nation hobbling along on subscriptions and loyal friends but, by and large, everybody—artists and small theater groups alike—is hustling around and trying to make it on everything from grants to concerts to poetry readings to fashion shows. In their desperation, they are assailing Reaganomics and cut-backs, assailing the black community and corporations and celebrities for non-support, crying the blues, and still engaging in that destructive ritual with the white critics—pretending to hate them, while lusting for their approval at the same time.

The time has come for theater artists to set rhetoric aside and begin to deal, in an honest and constructive way, with the many questions that are outstanding within the artistic community. What, first of all, is "black theater"? The answer seems obvious: Black theater exists wherever Black people engage in the performing ritual before an audience. Yet, conflict over the definition of this phenomenon has plagued black artists for over two decades, and at great cost to unified action.

Shauneille P. Ryder, a director, playwright and actress who has worked in the New York theater for many years, is a professor of drama at Queens College.

There cannot, nor should there be, an absolute definition, but any matter as divisive as this needs to be examined outside the context of pure emotionalism.

Can a play acted by Blacks, but written, conceived and interpreted by whites, portray the truth of black life or merely reflect white perceptions of the truth—is *Ain't Misbehavin'* the *Porgy and Bess* of the '80s? Maybe instead of "Can a play . . .," the question ought to be, "Should a play . . .," etc.

Consider the following: This year marked the 25th anniversary of Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*. Hosting one of the major U.S. revivals in Hansberry's home town of Chicago, the Goodman Theater management chose a white director from New York to interpret and stage the work. Being talented and having staged a number of black works in New York over the years, said director is, by this time, probably quite knowledgeable about black life. But it was Hansberry's insistence on a black director, Lloyd Richards, 25 years ago that opened a door on Broadway which has been virtually sealed again. Compounding the irony here is the fact that Richards chose a black director for *his* revival of *Raisin*, even though he heads the Yale Drama School at one of the nation's largest and most prestigious white institutions. In theory, just as white artists often render black works, black artists should be able to have a shot at some new slice of white Americana onstage, but this is simply not happening. There have been some exceptions, of course—Luther James and Israel Hicks have directed "crossover" plays in regional theater; a striking exception is Harold Scott, who headed the Cincinnati Playhouse for a number of years; and Broadway playwright Samm-Art Williams dared to write about white life in *Brass Birds Don't Sing* (his reception, however, was hardly like the one given Michael Bennett for *Dream Girls*). But these departures from the rule are so few as to be mere drops in a bucket.

With alarming persistence, and practically no collective resistance, the numbers of white personnel in our non-profit theaters are continuing to grow. From the artistic to the managerial, control is slowly being monopolized by whites—which throws us back to the thorny matter of defining black theater.

Complicating things further is a division within the black theater community that is as counter-productive as the white invasion. In New York, a never-ending battle rages around the question of whether black theater should be defined by geographical location; i.e., is it black if it's not in Harlem? Last year, at an awards ceremony in support of black theater, speakers and recipients rose one after the other to proclaim themselves residents and/or natives of Harlem. So relentlessly did they beat this drum that others felt compelled to apologize with such statements as "I'm from Harlem too, by way of North Carolina."

Historically, New York has reigned as *the* Mecca for the arts; so Blacks, who always reflect in microcosm whatever is going on in the larger society, have their own variety of New York chauvinism. Half of the participants in the Harlem Renaissance were born elsewhere, but the "Apple" gets the credit. This kind of chauvinism works against the forging of links between companies and groups on campuses, in churches, in community centers all over the nation, links that are essential to the advancement of black theater artists and black theater development.

The Black Theatre Alliance attempted to provide a service, but its structure was weak, financial support ceased, and it crumbled. Various other organizations have put forth efforts, but there is no official liaison between them. When the grants go, so goes everything else, and a familiar specter rears its head again: We hate the power structure but we cry crocodile tears when it stops the funding. There are no easy answers, but answers with some degree of viability must be sought. Complaining about our situation and, at the same time, warring among ourselves will accomplish nothing except a diminution of our creativity.

How did we manage to slide from yesterday's euphoria into the dilemma we confront today? Back in the '60s, "Black" was the word onstage and off. Black writers pumped life and vitality back into the anemic American theater, infused it with new sounds, characters, rhythms, energy, language. A few geniuses, most notably Amiri Baraka, were brilliant at finding beauty in the profane and making poetry out of the everyday. If Baraka had his flaws, most of the time he was right on target. Unfortunately, a host of his imitators were not. Eventually, the "liberated" language, along with the romanticized pimp and his women, the brutalized "ho," became the celebrated symbols of black theater. The High Priests of Black vented their rage on panels and in papers that neatly divided the whole of Afro-American culture into two categories: black and bourgeois. Onstage, "Blacks" were always "street" and "bourgeois" characters who talked with phony English accents and played bridge a lot. The men tended to be idiot savant types or fraudulent clergymen—this, despite the fact that a sizable proportion of the civil rights leaders were ministers.

Black women were, in general, portrayed almost as badly by black writers as they had been traditionally by whites—they were still in the kitchen, still getting beat up, and still praying through it all (some exceptions: Ron Milner, Martie Charles, Charles Fuller, and the forgotten, like Alice Childress, William Branch, and others). For a long time, those were the prevalent images. And they were acclaimed. The white critics recognized the vitality and loved it, being at once fascinated, titillated, perplexed, offended and dazzled. The rougher the

work, the more they loved it, especially if it attacked them. "Whitey" was the second most frequently heard word, after "motherfucker." In what must have been an uneasy alliance, black and white critics often found themselves applauding and approving the same things. Meanwhile, no one was noticing that those noisy busloads of ordinary Black folks were no longer paying to hear their lifestyle scoffed or the language they had left on the corner glorified.

Tired of being berated and scolded onstage and off, the black community stopped supporting the theater. Their whispered desires for "some family shows" and "something to make you proud of" fell on arrogant and angry ears. They got labeled as "traitors," so they left. They flocked back in droves to see *Bubbling Brown Sugar* and *The Wiz* and *Eubie* and were especially pleased that these shows were black produced. This hadn't happened since the 1900's—black producers on Broadway. We "serious" folk called these shows "irrelevant" and "not serious" because there Black folks were singing and dancing again, even if, this time, to our own drummer. For an understanding of what was going on, we could have learned from our history. What was happening had happened before when those gallant pioneers Jesse Shipp, Bob Cole, John Isham, Williams and Walker, J. Rosamond Johnson and others defied minstrelsy and created what was later to become "the American musical"—they did this with the Lafayette Theatre and, later, with the efforts of Dick Campbell, Abram Hill and the Federal Theatre of the '30s. Each time, we were co-opted and eventually locked out altogether.

In 1983, there was a "new musical" on Broadway. It was called *Amen Corner*, and the program notes indicated, in the *tiniest* of print, that it was "based on the play *Amen Corner*" by James Baldwin! Sure enough, a powerful and moving drama had been turned into a coon show by a white artistic staff, who projected lines like "Jesus don't work for Chase Manhattan, I buy my goods on time" in pseudo-Gospel rhythms. History repeats.

The fact that there is both a commercial and a non-profit theater in this country does not help matters. The stage is a profession for some, a hobby for others, a platform for many, and for a few an outlet for insanity. Every ounce of energy is consumed either working or looking for work. When work comes, it is rewarded either by a vulgar sum or an embarrassing pittance. That work is then subjected to evaluation by real and self-styled critics of all races, who participate in the making and breaking of careers. This situation produces, overall, the most unhealthy narcissism in artists with very little room being left to develop the kind of humanity and commitment that the advancement of Black people in the theater arts demands. No black artist can afford to live within himself alone, any more than he can live on carfare alone.

Is the present rat-race system so firmly entrenched that change is impossible? Are there reasonable alternatives? Unless we are reconciled to a theater that serves only as a vehicle for aspiring individuals to move themselves higher on the celebrity scale, we will have to make a change.

There are positive signs. Some theater companies are now re-doing black classics that critics consigned to the graveyard; theater groups in different states are exchanging work, and still others have taken the theater into the churches, prisons, bars and streets instead of waiting for the audience to come to them. Theater-related organizations like AUDELCO are working on developing new audiences—now we must produce and polish the work.

Some celebrities have demonstrated a high degree of consciousness, and we should acknowledge them when they do—we must learn to select our own role models before the media does. Even many theater people do not know about Ira Aldridge or about the pain of Bert Williams. Dick Gregory has always been on the front lines. John Ames and Robert Guillaume have brought dignity to the tube in what could have been age-old stereotypes. Why don't we see Poitier's *Buck and the Preacher* in community centers and churches, along with other film representations of our early history that are aging somewhere on a shelf? What are we waiting for? Lena Horne took a black band and a black female musical director with her to Broadway and gave us a lifetime of history in an evening of singing and dancing.

Each day, new and wonderful black works are being read in places like New York's Frank Silvera workshop, but no real network exists to assure them a long life. It must not be Broadway or die. A compelling example we might learn from lies across the sea in South Africa. The Black people of that troubled land use the stage as their means of cultural expression, as well as political dissent. There are active black theater groups in every major South African city dramatizing the struggles and dreams of the people. It is "serious" theater, and yet, in addition to crying and cursing, it is a theater that laughs and sings and dances. Times are terrible in South Africa, but the theater is at its best.

If the Afro-American tradition in theater is to survive, there must begin to emerge among artists a collective commitment, a will to connect with life outside of ourselves, our neighborhoods, our regions, a will to change the world by becoming a part of it. Otherwise, what we do is show business, not theater. And that is how we will be remembered.

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MONTH!

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Dear Artists:

We invite you to participate in **ART AGAINST APARTHEID**, a nationwide event that recognizes the situation in South Africa as one of the most monumental injustices and, as it worsens, one of the most serious threats to peace in our time.

Apartheid is the cornerstone of a South African government policy whereby 26 million Blacks, who make up more than 80% of the population, are denied their democratic and human rights. This doctrine of racial separation keeps black South Africa land poor, food poor and technology poor, with 50% of black children dying before the age of five. Black South Africans still cannot vote and must carry government-issued passbooks for permission to go anywhere or do anything. It is against the law for Blacks and whites to receive equal pay for equal work. South Africa illegally occupies Namibia (South-West Africa) and seeks to destabilize the independent nations on its border.

Without the support of the U.S. government and business, reinforced by President Reagan's policy of "constructive engagement," apartheid would not survive. The majority of the world's nations, in solidarity with the South African people's defiant struggle to liberate their land from the tyranny of the apartheid regime, are not continuing "business as usual" with South Africa. They and we seek its political, economic and cultural isolation.

As artists working in the United States, we feel compelled to wield the power of our creative and humanistic vision as a weapon against apartheid. **ART AGAINST APARTHEID** is a series of exhibitions and cultural events to be held throughout the five boroughs of New York City and across the country in October 1984. These events are intended to focus public attention on the repression of Black people and their allies in South Africa and Namibia. They are also part of a worldwide campaign for the release of Nelson Mandela and all political prisoners held in South African and Namibian jails. **ART AGAINST APARTHEID** is an affirmative movement in support of the U.N.-sponsored cultural boycott of South Africa.

WE INVITE ALL VISUAL, PERFORMING AND LITERARY ARTISTS to contribute art works specifically on the theme of apartheid.

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MAY 31 is the deadline for submitting your art work. We also urge you to make a donation toward the exhibition and performance costs that this cultural action will incur. Further information and registration forms may be obtained by calling (212) 227-3770, or writing the Foundation for the Community of Artists/ART AGAINST APARTHEID, 280 Broadway, Suite 412, New York, N.Y. 10007.

Akbar Ali	Jean Carey Bond	Joseph Delaney	June Jordan	Joe Overstreet	Nancy Spero
Zita Allen	Elombe Brath	Alexis DeVeaux	Cliff Joseph	Lorenzo Pace	May Stevens
Emma Amos	Wesley Brown	Jimmy Durham	William Loren Katz	Grace Paley	Steve Tenen
Carl Andre	Vinie Burrows	Mary Beth Edelson	Woodie King, Jr.	Pam Patrick	Caru Thompson
Lori Antonacci	Carole Byard	Mel Edwards	Jacob Lawrence	Herb Perr	Quincy Troupe
Eisworth Ausbey	Luis Cancel	Tom Feelings	Lucy Lippard	Laurin Raiken	David Troy
Diana Baird-N'Diaye	Jocely Carvalho	Susan Fleming	Fern Logan	Tina Ramirez	Francine Tyler
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Rudolph Baranick	Ed Clark	Herbert Gentry	Claire Moore	Rod Rodgers	Walter Weissman
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Bob Blackburn	Roy DeCarava	Noah Jemison	Claes Oldenburg	Paul Smith	Charles Yuen
Betty Blayton Taylor	James de Jongh	Pat Jones	Susan Ortega	Vincent Smith	

Jacques

by SHARYN JEANNE SKEETER

American dollars
I am pauvre
One thousand to go
I have no goods
to sell, no nails
or wood for a boat
but Jacques
he sold flowers in
Pétionville, bird of
paradise to tourists'
wives, and in the clay
bowl beneath his cot
Jacques, he saved dollars
to give to the
boat man

when he left that night
our saints deserted the coast
the loa were not
on the sea
and the bread I
baked for him was lost
when they pulled him
heavy on Florida sand
bilge water bloating his lungs

Country Blue's Blues

by LOYLE HAIRSTON

Note: "Country Blue's Blues" is a chapter from a novel in progress. Set in the 1930s, the Depression years, the novel depicts the efforts of a young sharecropper named Country Blue to find his way out of the desperately poor and degrading circumstances that constituted life for Black people in the rural South.

WE SAT GLOOMILY on the platform of the roadside milkstand, waiting for Tate Willis and Stumpy Carson. They had persuaded him to go on a spree at Minnie Earl's house across the creek, to celebrate his birthday. But Country Blue sat there in starched overalls and jumper, feeling uncomfortable and a little foolish, and thinking *I don't feel no goddamn different bein twenty-one, shit!* Sighing impatiently, he took out his sack of tobacco and rolled himself a cigarette. After lighting it, he got up and looked down the road.

A full moon, shining out of a star-filled sky, flooded the night with a bluish luminescence. The shadows of the tall roadside trees reached the wake of the wooden bridge at the edge of the wood. Only a hint of December's chill could be felt in the clear night air. Not a sound could be heard except for some dogs barking somewhere in the distance. Maybe they wouldn't come, Country Blue thought, staring at the gravelled road that shone almost white in the moonlight. Then what! He felt even more like a fool, like a man who couldn't make up his mind . . . about *anything!*

Frowning and inhaling deeply on the cigarette, he cursed under his breath. The point was, he didn't want to go to no goddamn dance tonight. He knew how it would turn out, with his getting drunk and losing the rest of his money in Juby's crap game. That was why Minnie Earl always threw these *jooks* anyhow, so her nigger could beat Tut-whiler's fool hands out of their little money. A faint smile softened the furrows in Country Blue's young brow. At least he had had the good sense to leave most of *his* money at home this time.

Counting the few dollars he brought with him, he rolled them up and shoved them into the leg pocket of his overalls. He thrust his hands into his pockets and gazed up at the moon, feeling suddenly a little lonely. He started pacing the platform, trying to dislodge a disquieting thought from his mind. *Jim Cotton said Boy it be time fer you to be hightailin it outta here. Elsewise you aint gon never be a man.* The

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sound of thudding noises caused Country Blue to jump and nearly fall off the back of the milkstand.

Out of the shadows roared Stumpy and Tate, yelling to the top of their drunken voices and riding bareback on a pair of work horses. "Whoopee!" yelled Stumpy, reining in his horse as he approached the milkstand. Slowing to a walk, he sidled the horse over to the side of the road.

"Guess what?" he said, the moonlight exposing his crooked-toothed grin as he took a bottle from a knapsack strapped over his shoulder. "That big butt heifer you so sweet on gon be there!"

"Ida Mae?"

"Lookin pretty as a pi'ture in a storybook," Tate said, his horse snorting as he jerked the reins too hard to swing him off the road. "We just seen 'em. Coot Ferguson's takin a whole load of folks in his wagon."

"She aint my gal," Country Blue protested defensively. "Beside, Albino Red—he don't hardly let that woman outa his sight."

Tate and Stumpy exchanged glances and then both men broke into loud laughter. Country Blue stared in bewilderment at them, growing angry.

"D'you mean you aint heard what happened to that wall-eyed nigger?" Tate said. "The Perkins boys whupped his ass into raw meat the other night. And run him outa the State. Tutwhiler claimed Red talked back to him!"

Country Blue eyed both men suspiciously, his vexation increasing as they now ignored him to indulge themselves. Throwing his head back, Stumpy held the bottle to his mouth until the liquor burned his gullet. He gasped and, with tears squeezing out of his fat little eyes, shouted into the night: "Yeowww!"

"Hush up, ol' fat head nigger!" Tate snatched the bottle from him and took several noisy, lugubrious gulps. Stumpy bristled.

"Tate Willis, don't you *never* ever snatch nothin outa my hand again!"

Blinking his yellow eyes, Tate laughed mockingly and, leaning towards the milkstand, handed the bottle to Country Blue. "Drink up, Country, and let's go—before I have to gut this fool."

While Stumpy and Tate threatened and cursed one another, he took a long swig, his expression distant, thoughtful.

"Yall lyin about Red."

"What in hell you worried 'bout Red for?" Stumpy wheeled his horse around. "D'you wanta court him or Ida Mae? Damn!"

"I told you to shut your mouth," Tate said, lurching forward on the horse. Then looking at Country Blue he shook his head. "Naw, kid. For poor Red's sake, I wished I *was* lyin."

"Aw that ol' rubber-eyed nigger's gon be awright," Stumpy said

after taking another drink. "That wasn't the firs' time the white folks drawed blood outa his ass. . . And it don't look like to me Ida Mae's worryin' much about him nohow."

"Stumpy's right about that, Country," Tate said. "You oughta see how she's spruced up."

"You don't mind out," Stumpy winked at Tate, "I'm li'ble to ask her for some of her *poontang* myself."

Jumping to the ground and glaring up at Stumpy, Country Blue said, "You better mind your damn mouth, else I'm gon' snatch your fat ass off that hoss!"

Grinning his crooked-toothed grin, Stumpy dropped the liquor bottle into Country Blue's hands, their eyes meeting in the moonlit darkness.

"Drink up, man. This be your birthday, remember. We s'pose to be celebratin'. Gittin' drunk and raisin' hell, aint we, Tate? . . . Man, you twenty-one years old. Time to ball up your fist and walk smack down the middle of the road and shout to the fuckin' world—I'm a man, *motherfuckers!*"

With Country Blue riding behind Tate, the three friends joked and hooted each other on the way to Minnie Earl's jook. Stumpy whooped into the gaping void of stars, frightening the horses with his noisy antics. The animal stumbled over a rut in the road, nearly throwing its rider. Pulling even with Stumpy on the road, Tate and Country roared with laughter at the comic sight of their fat, stubby-legged friend bouncing precipitously on his horse, a cool night breeze beating against their drunken faces.

Taking a wagon-rutted dirt road through a gully, they plunged into the woods where tall, elegant pines spiraled towards a full, watchful moon. Snorting fearfully at the enveloping shadows, the horses bucked and whinnied, protesting the reckless pace at which they were being driven. *Aint nothin' wrong with havin' a little sport ever now and then, she said, gumming the words with a rascally twinkle in her old eyes. Now git outa here and go court that little ole fresh gal down yonder.*

"Yeow!" Stumpy yelled as he caught sight of Minnie Earl's house through a clearing beyond the trees. They found the backyard already crowded with horses tethered to a makeshift stanchion near a pile of hay. Two wagons were parked just outside the yard. Raucous laughter could be heard from the house, rising over the frenzied wail of a harmonica. The smell of fried fish and barbecue wafted through the open kitchen windows. A group of men staggered out of the shadows of a huge oak and started buckdancing to the music. Minnie Earl's son, Puck, slunk out of the backdoor and took Stumpy and Tate's horses.

"Y'all want some whiskey?"

"Do a sharecropper want land? Do a hot-nut bull want a cow?"

Stumpy clowned. "Damn right we want some liquor!"

"Your'n or Juby's?" Tate asked, eyeing the boy sharply.

"Mine, shit."

"How much?"

"Fourbits . . . for a pint."

"I thought you said 'let's fuck!'" Stumpy plucked a half-dollar piece out of the sweatband of his cap. "Now—d'you have many womens in there?"

But Puck ignored him to bring the bottle of corn whiskey which the three men guzzled hurriedly. Country Blue noticed the gloomy expression on the curly-haired boy's face but said nothing. He drank heartily, trying to drown the inexplicable uneasiness oppressing his spirit. In spite of himself, he felt awkward and out of place. Following his friends around the house, he envied Stumpy his gabby cheerfulness as he greeted friends with jokes and backslaps.

Through the front doorway, Country Blue could see several couples rocking and swaying to the blues music. Stumpy bounded up the steps when he saw Minnie Earl standing in the opened doorway, fanning her bosom with a large handkerchief. Before she could turn away, he grabbed her round the waist and, spinning her back into the house, called the musician across the room:

"Hey, Bimp, knock the spit outa that damn thing and lemme hear you go to town!"

Waving from his perch on a high stool in front of the fireplace, Bimp Simpson cackled and beat the harmonica into the palm of his hand. Then he struck up a squealing foxtrot. Minnie Earl echoed the music's beat with a lusty hoot and spun free of Stumpy's grasp, the other couples jumping aside to give them dancing room. With legs spread apart, she stuck her arms akimbo and rolled her belly at her partner, who whooped in ecstatic glee. Answering with his own raunchy version of a belly-roll, Stumpy added a comic hip wiggle to the romp.

Howls and clapping erupted from the people now ringing the floor. Responding to the crowd, Minnie Earl threw her head back, flung out her arms and brought the house down with a frenzy of belly and hip movements. Stumpy beckoned her towards him and shuffled across the floor until their wriggling bodies met, his clumsy steps missing every beat of the music. Gradually the other couples rejoined them in the dancing area as Bimp Simpson "went to town" on his harmonica. Even some of the men from the gambling room came out to see what all the ruckus was about.

Caught in the crush of onlookers surging into the room, Country Blue found himself inside the house, being pushed against the front wall. The foot stamping and laughter and chatter dinned in his ears.



Edging towards an open window, he fought an impulse to go back outside. While everybody was watching the dancers, he stole another drink. Craning his neck he looked for Ida Mae among the dancers. To hell with Albino Red, he had made up his mind to approach her, to tell her straight off that he liked her. Stumpy and Tate were right, there was no use beating about the bush. Hell, all she could say was... he wiped his mouth with his hand as he remembered. *Why in hell you standin there in the hot sun like you daydreamin, boy, hot as it is and much work as we got to do before sundown and you standin there lookin out yonder somewhere like you can see whatever in devil it is in your blessed mind.*

The liquor and music lifted his spirit. As though imbibing the laughter and noisy tumult, Country Blue's face glowed with a glossy-eyed grin. He no longer minded the clamor or being jostled by the crush of farmers in the room. Without realizing it, he had been swept up in the soaring spirit of the lively frolic. The old house rocked from the foot stamping and shuffling of the dancers until Bimp Simpson suddenly slowed the pace with a gutbucket blues:

My baby done left me
Packed up her bag and gone

A chorus of drunken squeals and shouts rose from the crowded dancing area as Country Blue started pushing past the men blocking his view. He had caught a glimpse of Ida Mae. Bulling his way forward, he could now see her dancing with a short, bullet-headed man with his arms wrapped round her waist. Country Blue stopped and watched them with envy and disgust as they stood belly to belly, working their hips to the slow rhythm of the music:

I'm feelin so lonesome
Please, Baby, please come back home

Finally breaking through the throng, Country Blue tapped the shoulder of Ida Mae's dancing partner, who reluctantly yielded to the intruder. She glanced up at him and laughed, her heavily rouged cheeks and blood red lipstick giving her round face a comic appearance. Holding her awkwardly, Country Blue tried to imitate the movements of nearby dancers, who reeled and shook themselves to the music. He tensed when she snuggled close to him, the warmth of her body radiating through him. Too enraptured to speak, he held her firmly and listened to Bimp Simpson sing the blues:

I said my baby done left me
And I been pining myself away
If you don't come back, Baby
I aint gon last another day

"I been lookin for you," he said, feeling confident now.

"Tate said today's your birthday..."

"Unhunh."

She pulled his head down and kissed him on the cheek. "Happy birthday."

"You lookin prettier'n the time I seen you at church that time," he grinned sheepishly. "I bet you done forgot."

"I aint forgot, Blue. . . You got off your horse and help me across the ditch by the road."

"Remember how—how ol' Deacon Rawls almost fell in it. . ."

They both laughed, dancing now with their bellies pressed together. Then they fell silent as though communicating through the heat of their bodies.

"D'you know how come I said what I said to you that day?"

She smiled without looking up at him. "Maybe I do, maybe I don't. . ."

He hesitated, looking past the jostling crowd at a faded picture of an old woman on the wall. Next to it, the bulging globe of a kerosene lamp glowed dully from a shelf between the two side windows.

"I—I said as how I wished you was my gal and—."

"Hush your mouth, Country Blue. I don't recollect you sayin no such thing."

"Yes I did too. And I aint change my mind a whit."

"About wantin me to be your girl?"

"Unhunh."

"D'you mean. . . quit Red?"

The bluntness of her question somehow embarrassed him. He recalled what Tate and Stumpy had told him earlier when, as though reading his mind, Ida Mae said:

"After what them old lowdown peckerwoods done to him?" She looked up at him, her expression earnest, intent. "Aw naw, Blue, I couldn't do that; it wouldn be right. Red, he been so good to me. And look how he stood up to them white folks the other day. He done it for me, Blue. . ."

"But—he gone, Ida Mae. They done run him outa the county!"

"No matter, that aint no cause for me to quit Red. Beside—what make you think he aint comin back? . . . It aint that I don't like you and all, Blue. I do, I likes you a lot—I wants you to know that. But—well, Red, he my—."

An ear-splitting whistle brought everybody to a halt. The music stopped as Stumpy Willis barreled through the crowd to the center of the floor. Dragging Minnie Earl with him, he announced Country Blue's birthday and called him out of the crowd. Amid loud clapping, stomping and whistling, Tate and Ida Mae pushed him towards Minnie

Earl, who threw her arms around him and kissed him full on the mouth. The crowd roared its approval, with applause and drunken shouts ringing out from every corner of the room. Seizing their attention with a piercing whistle, Stumpy led them through his version of the "Happy Birthday" song:

Happy birthday to you
You smell like doodoo
Go back to the outhouse
And clean out your mouth

And before they could recover, he lifted his liquor bottle and recited an even lewder toast, which brought the house down with laughter. To cap the tumultuous celebration, Bimp Simpson took the double-barreled shotgun from over the mantel, crossed to an open window and fired a deafening blast at the heavens. Then the hungry revelers poured into the large, ceilingless kitchen to stuff themselves with fried fish and ham hocks and barbecued ribs and crackling bread and hopping-johns and potato salad and corn bread and home brew.

Blinking in amazement, Country Blue nearly wept with joy. Never had anyone made such a fuss over him before, not even Grandma Trennie who loved him; whose dry perspicacity instilled a sense of worthiness in him. *You g'wan out there and let em know who you is, you hear! Like you tellin Jake and them your common name or the time of day or that Sunday be the good lord's sabbath day. That's all you gotta do for folks to start lookin at you like youse a man, what aint got nothin to do with how old you is, not a whit. Shoot* (she rocked back in her chair, drawing on her cob pipe and looking far off into the back of the fireplace). *I was a woman when I was no more'n twelve years old—fed and clothed myself, paid my own board. Dern right I did. . .*

Outside, he and Ida Mae sat on a log near the woodpile and gorged themselves on steaming hopping-johns and pigfeet and potato salad and barbecue. Country Blue was anxious to resume their earlier conversation—but what would he say to her? He glanced at her and tried to find words to express what he felt, his head now spinning from drink and exhilaration.

He felt relaxed and mellow, with the noisy spectacle made over his birthday still ringing in his ears. And the woman *they didn aim for you to grow up and be nothin but a field hand, is why they killed your daddy. Old Mack Tutwhiler—may he roast in hell—he put that nigger, Cally Jackson, up to it, sure as I'm born to die. But don't you matter with it, not a whit—just keep on growing into your senses and learn when not to go running after the heat in your britches. D'you hear me, boy?* he wanted was sitting at his side.

Loudly sucking on a pigfoot, Country Blue exulted in his seeming triumph. Suddenly, she pinched him playfully on the arm. Their eyes met and they both laughed.

"How come you setting there so quiet?"

"Just thinkin'."

"About what?"

"Bout you, Ida Mae . . . about how nice it is seein you here and all. And—and . . ."

He thought he felt her edge closer to him, her body heat attacking his senses.

"I think you nice too." She looked at him, throwing a cleaned bone down and licking her fingers. "Like if I'd knowed this be your birthday, I woulda brung you somethin'."

"Brung what?"

She shrugged. "Oh, I don't know . . . What would you want me to give you?"

The playful, suggestive tone in her voice caught him unprepared. Country Blue could only manage a sheepish grin. Ida Mae pinched him again.

"I know what you thinkin, Country Blue."

Their eyes met again but she alone laughed, making him feel ridiculous. Still he managed to challenge her.

"What is I thinkin then?"

"Well, whatever it is," she was concentrating on the barbecue again, "it aint likely gon happen, you mannish devil."

Coaxingly, he said, "Well, what's wrong with that? Beside—I mean, while ago you said whatever I wanted for a birthday present."

"I didn mean *that*, Country Blue, and you know it." She laughed and then looked at him, her eyes growing thoughtful. "Naw, Blue. Nothin like that. You wouldn like me no more if I did; you'd think I was common . . . Beside, I aint done nothin like that—went with another man, I mean—I aint done nothin like that since Red and me been together. Good god, man! If he knowed I was settin here even *talkin* to you he'd kick up a ruckus."

"But he aint here, Ida Mae; he in Alabama. And like as not, havin hisself a whoppin good time. While you settin here worryin about him like—like . . ."

"What make you think I aint havin a good time? D'you think dancin and frolickin and eatin good vittles aint havin fun? You the one who don't act like you havin fun. You come in the door lookin more like you at a funeral than a jook. I seen you, Country Blue, long time before you seen me . . ."

Somehow what she said stung him, but he didn't respond. Chewing absently, he gazed straight ahead and listened to the wild party going

on inside the house. The house had grown louder, with drunken shouts rising over the steady clamor and shuffling.

"The thing is," he heard himself saying, "I want you to be my woman, Ida Mae."

She said nothing. He didn't look at her, but she was all he could see in his mind; the yellowish tone of her color, the shapely compactness of her body, the smooth roundness of her arms and shoulders, the little scar that creased her cheek when she laughed, which was often.

"Funny thing," she said finally. "I have to say naw but, somehow or ruther, I really don't want to. But on account of Red I gotta say naw, Blue. For now anyway." She paused and set her empty plate down on the ground. "I don't reckon you ever lived with anybody. So maybe it be kinda hard for you to understand. But when you done lived with somebody for a long time, they come to be like a part of you, Blue. When they in trouble it burden you too. And when they gone, you miss 'em. . . Like Bimp said in that blues he sung a while ago. D'you understand what I'm tryin to say, Blue. . .?"

"I reckon so," he conceded, frowning. What she said was clear enough, and yet it left him even more confused. The trouble with her, he told himself, was she couldn't make up her mind. Not knowing what to do, he put his arm round her waist.

"Naw, Blue. *Naw!*" She wrenched herself free and moved away from him. "All I needs is for one of them no 'count niggers over there to git word to Red I been messin round with somebody. He'd kill you *and* me! Beside, you oughta be shamed of yourself. What kinda gal d'you think I is, Country Blue Hawkins? Hunh?"

He stared at her, overwhelmed by her outburst. And then he looked off towards the house and suddenly recoiled as though the laughter and drunken shouts mocked him. What angered him was that deep down he agreed with her, but her sweet-smelling presence, the moonlight and the liquor all conspired against his scruples.

"Can I take you home?"

She stared at him. "Man, you crazy? You *know* I come here with Coot and them. Now what'd they say if I up and go sashayin off with you. . .?"

"Aw shit now, Ida Mae." Country Blue got up and, throwing up his hands in exasperation, sat back down. "I mean, now how in hell my takin you home gon rile Coot Ferguson? He aint no kin to you, none of them."

But when he tried again to put his arm round her waist, Ida Mae sprang to her feet.

"Stop it, Blue. *Stop it!*" She nearly shouted, her face flushed red as her rouged cheeks. "Aint I tried to explain to you, just tried to tell you what was what? But aint no point in explainin nothin to you, is it?"

Cause you done made your mind up. And that's all that matter to you."

She paused as though overcome with emotion, her eyes suddenly glistening in the moonlight. Country Blue stared up at her with awe and fascination. Her intensity excited him.

"You don't care nothin about me, Country Blue." There was a slight tremor in her voice. "All you want is somebody to have fun with on your birthday. Somebody to run off to the bushes—."

"Yall wanta use my room?"

Whirling around, they saw Puck sitting in the shadows of a thick-trunked oak tree in back of the woodpile. Country Blue tried to grab Ida Mae's arm as she rushed toward the intruder.

"You oughta be shamed of yourself!" she exploded. "Settin there e'droppin on peoples. You half-white—."

"Hush, gall!" Country Blue tried to quiet her down. "D'you want ever'body to hear you? Shit, Puck—he aint heard nothin to e'drop."

"And you better not go makin up no lies 'bout me neither!" Ida Mae railed at the boy, who slouched impassively against the tree trunk and peeled a joint of sugar cane with a pocket knife.

"Aw, kiss my butt."

"What'd you say?"

"I said kiss my butt. The trouble is—."

Country Blue had to restrain her. "Don't you talk to me like that, ol mannish boy. I'll slap the shit outa you!"

He shifted his seating position, still staring impassively at her. Then he looked at Country Blue. "The trouble is yall aint got a lick of sense," he said. "Settin there carryin on in the woodpile. If Red turned up he'd blow yalls brains out. Nobody'd blame him neither."

"In the first place it aint none of your business," Ida Mae replied but in a somewhat calmer tone. "And in the second place, Red aint even in the county. . . I still gotta mind to tell Juby on you, you—you—."

"I don't give a shit who you tell." His tone was contemptuous. "Specially him."

"He'll beat you tail if I—."

"Shee-it! Him and who else." Puck rammed the point of the knife blade into the tree trunk. But suddenly his expression changed. "Did he tell you we seen them peckerwoods whup Red?"

"Did *who* tell me?"

"Him—Mamma's nigger. We was comin up the back road with a load of wood. D'you know where the old ball field is, 'twix Tutwhiler's and Sandy Creek? That's where they took Red—old Ted Perkins and them. Junior Tutwhiler and two other peckerwoods they was holdin him over one of them old rusty turpentine barrels. And Perkins was layin it on his ass. On his bare ass—they'd stripped Red bucknaked.

Beatin him with a rawhide whup! It made my flesh crawl, the way he screamed and hollered. . . .”

Pausing, Puck squinted into the night as he recalled the brutal scene. “But *he* wouldn’t do nothin. Not a damn thing! Said it warnt none of our business and made the mules break into a trot. With that whoppin load of wood, he whupped the mules into a trot. I hopped off the wagon and walked home. . . .”

Struck by the loathing in Puck’s tone, Country Blue distrusted the story. Not because he didn’t believe it, but the boy seemed to derive some weird satisfaction from telling it, as though deliberately to upset Ida Mae. She was reduced to tears. Standing as though frozen, she wept quietly, her face expressionless except for the tears streaking her rouged cheeks. Country Blue became so annoyed when she pushed him away, he didn’t hear Coot Ferguson until he was nearly upon them.

“What’s goin on here?” he said when he saw Ida Mae crying and leered at Country Blue and Puck, who told him what happened. Both seemed relieved when Coot put a comforting arm round the distraught woman and led her towards the front yard. Then Country Blue turned and looked at his solitary friend.

As though aware of being stared at, Puck sat drawing figures on the ground with his knife blade. An awkward silence fell between them. Country Blue found himself feeling sorry for the boy; and at the same time he envied his gloomy independence, his open defiance of anything or anybody who would cut his feelings. Crossing to the fence, he lit a cigarette and listened to the noisy revelers. A scattering of couples had slipped out into the yard, some drifting off into the night shadows. Bimp Simpson was playing his popular “Freight Train Blues” on his harmonica, effecting the lonesome refrain of a train whistle blowing in the night:

Whoooooooooooooo, Whoooooooooooooo
 Freight train, freight train
 I hear you callin me
 Whoooooooooooooo, Whoooooooooooooo
 I said, freight train, freight train
 I hear you callin me
 One day I’m gonna flag you down
 And say goodbye to my misery. . .

For some reason Country Blue recalled the shack he lived in, the place he called home—its bare walls, cold plank floor, the dreary shadows that hid the bleakness of the room even in the daytime. *How in tarnation you ever gon own a plot of your own and a brace of mules ifn you keep on lettin sunup catch you in bed, with folks dependin on you and all, and you runnin round with that ol’ triflin Stumpy and them; not even payin the white folks no mind and they cheatin you blind*

without you complainin a lick about it, like it don't matter none how deep they bury you in debt though you aint bought a blessed thing from Tutwhiler's blessed store, not even that ol' bad whiskey that make you be actin a damn fool all the time. Like the time you and that ol' foolish Tate Willis slept in a ditch out by Johnny Tee's house. . . lord, if I only could figure out what it was troublin you, boy!

Country Blue wondered what Stumpy and Tate were doing. Glancing towards the house, he listened to the noisy merrymaking going on inside but had no desire to join it. Somehow he felt he would be an intruder, like a dark cloud invading a bright and sunny sky. All he wanted was to get drunk and numb that clawing tightness in his gut. At 21, it was already an old feeling.

As he took money from the leg pocket of his overalls, a noisy commotion broke out in the house. Something crashed violently against a wall; and there was a sharp thumping sound followed by a chilling scream. People scurried out of the house, emptying into the yard from the windows and the front door. Country Blue rushed towards the front yard. As he bounded up the front steps, Stumpy and another man burst through the front door, locked in violent combat. They tumbled to the floor and rolled off the porch into the yard.

Some of the men tried in vain to separate them as they pummeled each other on the ground. Just as Country Blue broke through the throng ringing them, Stumpy tore himself free and bounded quickly to his feet. And so did the other man as Country Blue tried to get between them.

"Look out, Blue," somebody shouted, jerking him back. "Tailgate got a knifel"

Stumpy waved Country Blue away and wiped his bleeding mouth with the back of his hand, an odd smile curving the corners of his wide, full lips. With knees bent, Tailgate edged closer and then sprang with cat-like quickness towards his opponent. Stumpy tried to sidestep him, but the blade of the knife plunged into his ribs as he hit Tailgate a backhanded blow that sent him sprawling to the ground. Then Stumpy's expression suddenly changed as he saw blood spurting from his side.

"Mercy Jesus!" somebody moaned as the wounded man staggered, grabbing his side with both hands, a wild, frightened look coming into his eyes. The crowd moaned, reeling from the violence that had suddenly shattered their revelry, their eyes fastened on the fun-loving little man now gasping for breath. Country Blue and Tate Willis caught him before he collapsed, and carried him into the house and placed him on Minnie Earl's bed. Stumpy Carson died less than an hour later with a hurt, terrified gleam in his eyes.

Country Blue had never seen anyone die before. *It aint hard if you done some livin; but if you aint—godamighty!* And it left him numb as

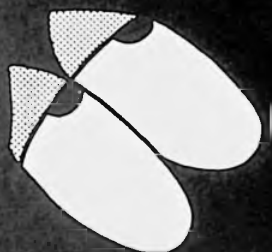
though the mysterious stillness now frozen in Stumpy's brown eyes had somehow penetrated him too. He got up from the bedside and, walking out on the front porch, stared into the yard.

Was he dreaming? He glanced round him in desperate search for confirmation of the thought as tears welled in his eyes. The attempts of several people to console him only deepened his despair, hammered the reality of the moment into his brain. He heard their words but they had no meaning to him; still he listened, listened deep within himself. *Dyin aint no time to start pinin; you ever read the good book? Heh? Shoot—folks fret and whine about dyin—d'you know how come? Cause they aint done no livin. Hah! Don't you do no mournin over me, boy—it aint gon help me none. Not a lick! Just g'wan out in the worl' and make yourself a life—git married and raise a passel of younguns. Main thing is to enjoy yourself. Then dyin it don't 'mount to a hill of beans. You listenin to me, boy?*

"Come on, Blue," Ida Mae said, taking his arm and leading him down the steps and across the yard. "I—I talked to Coot and—and. . . well, they said it be awright if I—if I—well, they say you need somebody to help you look after things. . ."

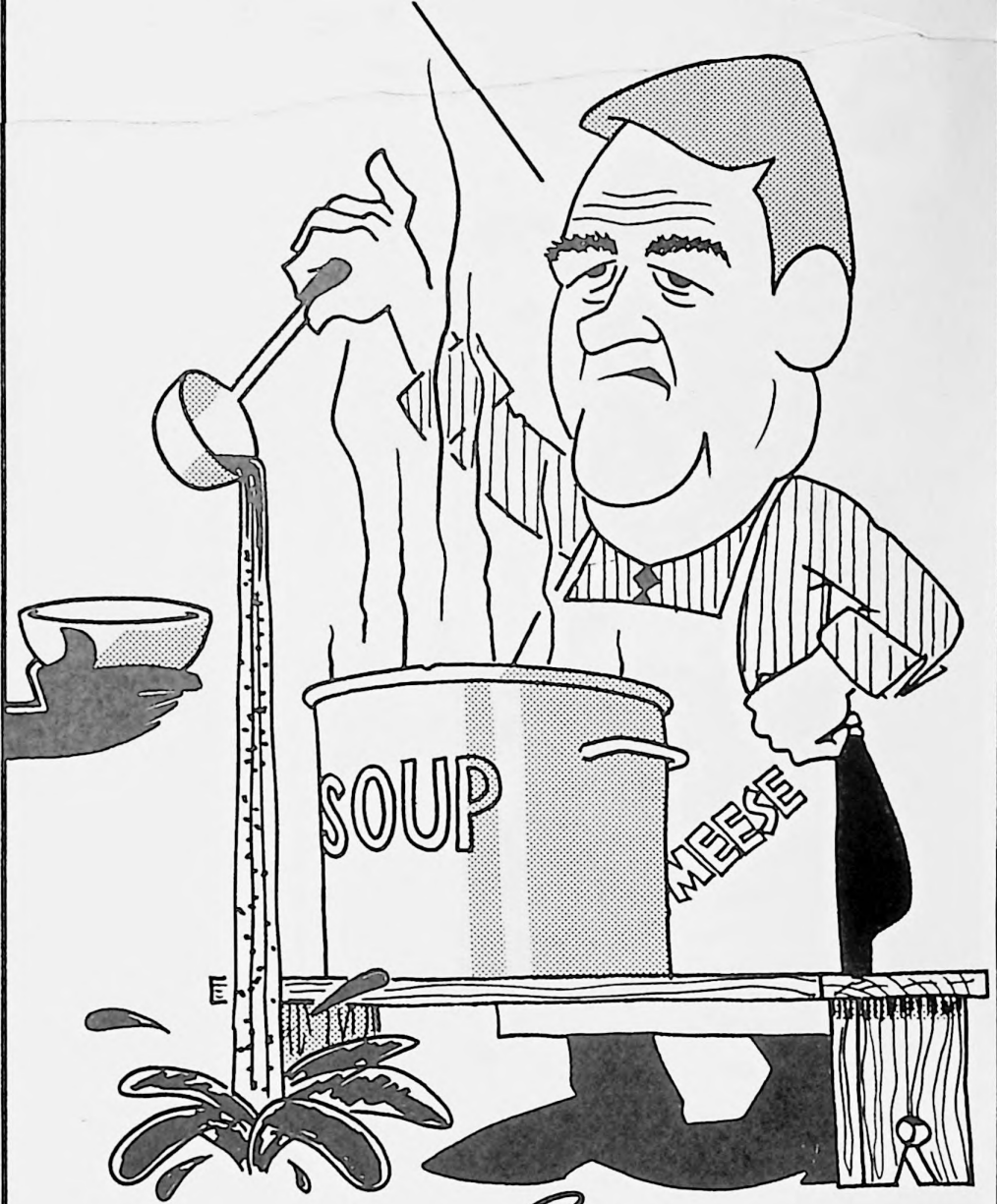
He glanced down at her uncomprehending, but having her by his side somehow assuaged his aching sadness.

★ ★
EVOCATIONS
★ OF ★
INSOMNIA ★



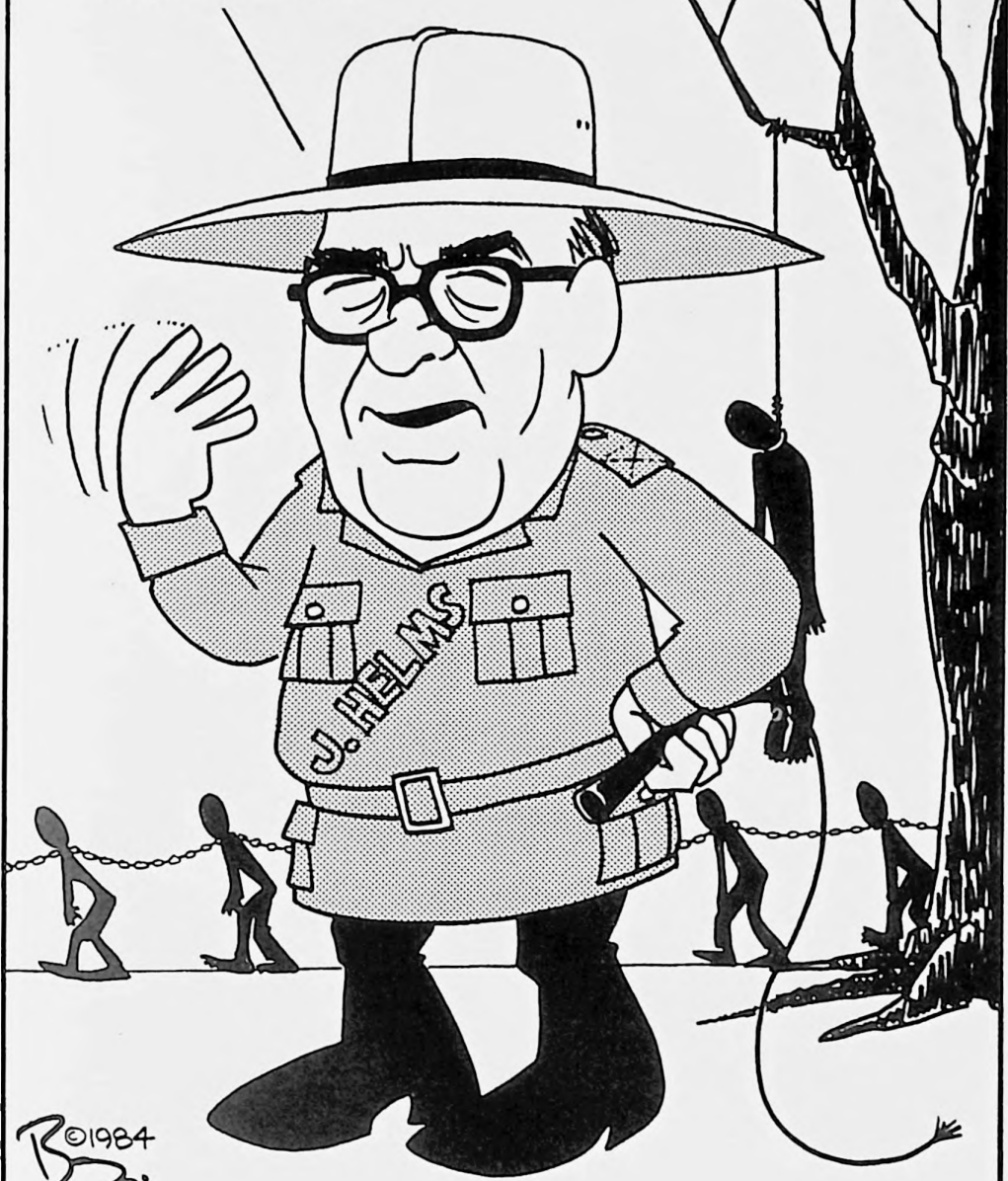
by Brumsic Brandon, jr.

SO WHAT?! YOU'RE
NOT HUNGRY ANYWAY!



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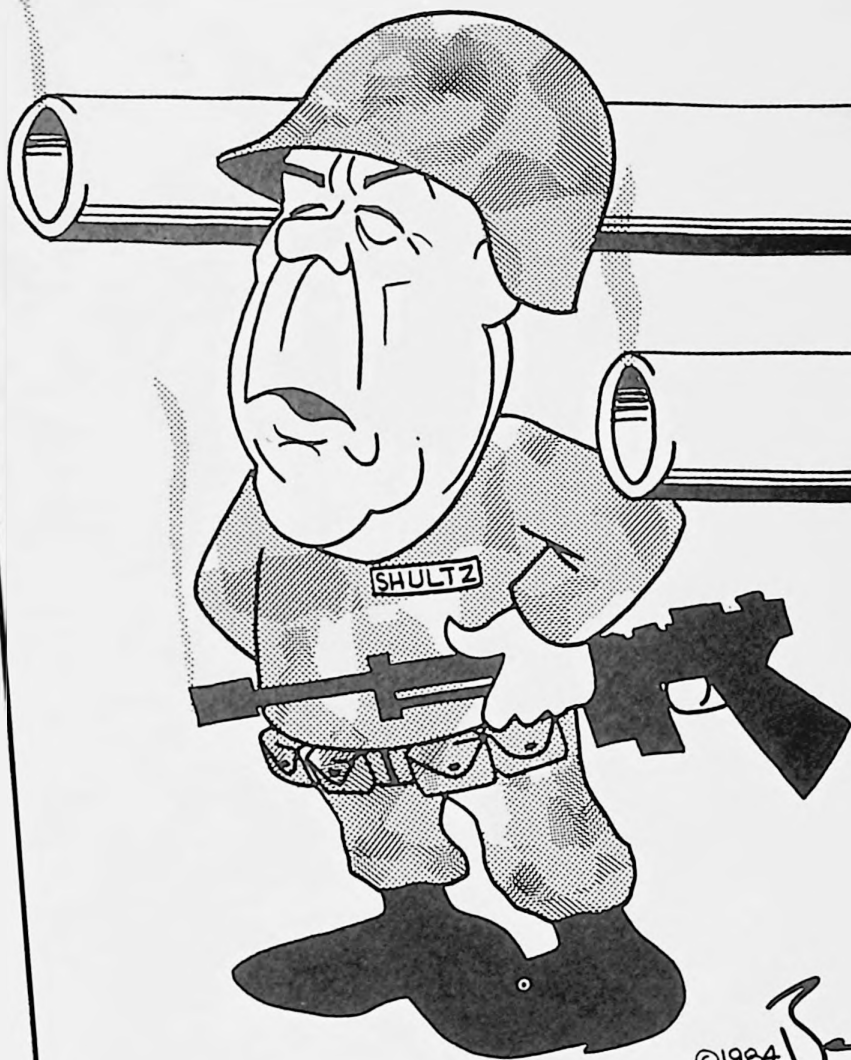
COME BACK TO
THE WAY THINGS
USED TO BE!



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ALL RIGHT, DAMMIT!
WHO WANTS TO
NEGOTIATE?



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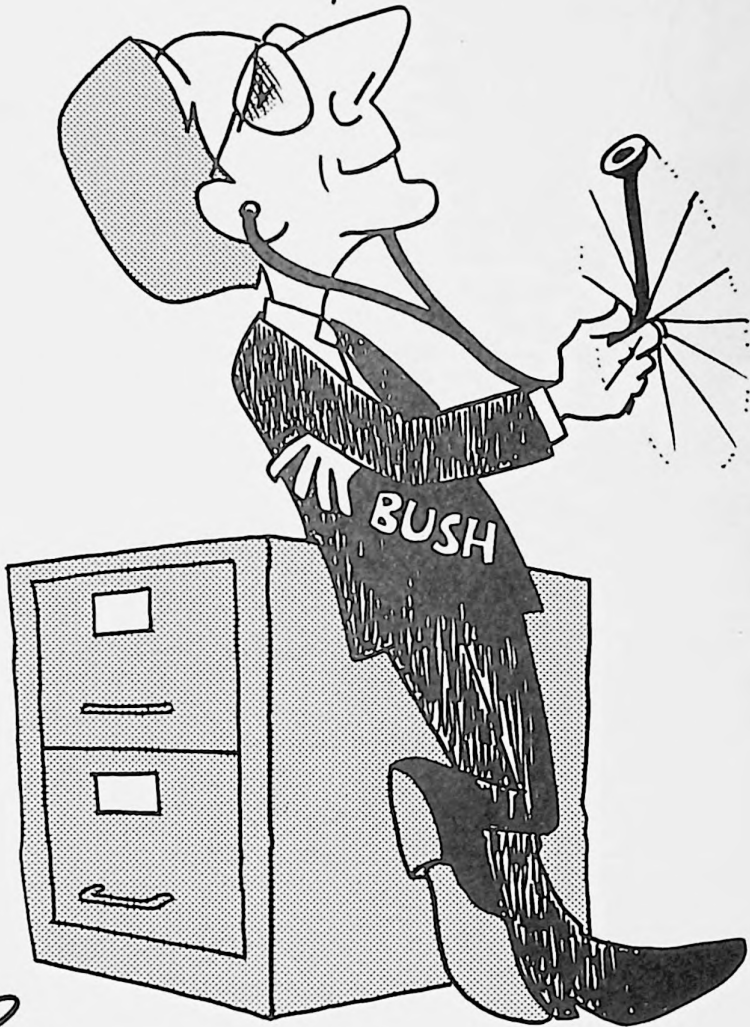
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I, RONALD REAGAN,
DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR
AGAIN—



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DON'T WORRY! I'M
JUST A HEARTBEAT
AWAY!



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Book Reviews

WASN'T THAT A TIME!

BASEBALL'S GREAT EXPERIMENT: JACKIE ROBINSON AND HIS LEGACY. By Jules Tygiel. Oxford University Press, New York. x, 416 pages. \$16.95.

TO BEGIN WITH, I propose Jules Tygiel for baseball's Hall of Fame—we'll talk about a Pulitzer later. Jules Tygiel is the Brooklyn-born historian, now based at San Francisco State University, whose examination of Jackie Robinson and his legacy will certainly rank as one of the finest books ever written on American sports.

Baseball's Great Experiment is, all at once, a fascinating document, a triumph of research and organization, an interesting encyclopedia, even a novel, and above all an accurate history.

Tygiel invested four years of his young life in this project, primarily, it is clear, as an act of love. Starting from the premise that "the full story has not been told," he has told it down to the last word, documenting the pieces diligently each step of the way. Even the most knowledgeable buff would be hard put to show that "he left out such-and-such" or "he didn't interview so-and-so."

The author makes it clear early on that the larger-than-life saga of Jackie Robinson's desegregation of baseball was a product of its precise time, with many social forces meshing simultaneously. World War II, in which Blacks and whites had fought side by side to help defeat fascism, had just ended. On a flyer showing a dead soldier alongside a baseball player, the words of New York City Communist Councilman Ben Davis (himself a former college football star) echoed the sentiments of millions: "Good enough to die for his country but not good enough for organized baseball." Only recently, black athletes had proven their remarkable abilities in other sports—Jesse Owens in Olympic track, Joe Louis in boxing.

Towering over all stood the figure of Jackie Robinson at the ready, soon to become the most publicized player in the history of baseball, the "man who."

The athletic accomplishments of Jackie Robinson remain unsurpassed. As an undergraduate at U.C.L.A. he became that school's first four-letter man, starring in football, basketball, track and baseball. In his junior year, he averaged 11 yards a carry, teaming up in an All-American backfield with Kenny Washington, who was to become one of the first Blacks to play in the National Football League. The next year as a senior, he led the Pacific Coast Basketball Conference in scoring for the second straight season but was not named to all-conference teams purely out of prejudice. One well-respected coach, how-

ever, called him "the best basketball player in the United States." In 1940, he was NCAA broad-jump (now long-jump) champion. Tygiel points out that during college, baseball was one of Jackie Robinson's lesser sports.

Speaking of "lesser" sports, Robinson won the Pacific Coast intercollegiate golf championship, earned a number of swimming titles for U.C.L.A. and reached the semifinals of the national Negro Tennis Tournament. Tygiel concludes his summary of Robinson's accomplishments with this tribute: "It is probable that no other athlete, including Jim Thorpe, has ever competed as effectively in as broad a range of sports."

Opposite Robinson, representing the Neanderthals of baseball's owning class, stood Branch Rickey, an unlikely co-star in a baseball drama. A midwestern farmboy, he played two seasons in the major leagues as a catcher, worked his way through law school and graduated high in his class at Michigan. His return to baseball after graduation came about when he was persuaded to assist the owner of the old St. Louis Browns. From the Browns, Rickey moved across town to the St. Louis Cardinals and then to the Brooklyn Dodgers, devoting his life and considerable skills to the business of baseball.

Tygiel more than duly credits Rickey's personal contribution to breaking baseball's color line. He lets stand as "typical of the man" such self-serving statements as, "I couldn't face my God much longer knowing that His black creatures are held separate and distinct from His white creatures in the game that has given me all I own." This kind of rhetoric came readily to the piously raised Ohio Methodist, although *Time* saw him as a combination of "Phineas T. Barnum and Billy Sunday." Throughout his career, Rickey refused to attend Sunday games to "honor his mother," but there is no record of his contributing Sabbath profits to charity.

As for the financial rewards that integration brought to baseball, Tygiel makes a respectable case for Rickey's innocence of materialistic motives. He observes: "... If the Dodger president indeed recognized the vast profits that integration would eventually generate, his prescience exceeded that of his fellow owners even more than is generally acknowledged." Whatever one may think of this analysis, it is still close to reality to see Branch Rickey as a person in the right place at the right time who willingly, perhaps eagerly, accepted the role of catalyst, but whose affinities were always more with John Rockefeller than John Brown.

Parading through the pages with Robinson and Rickey are many of the great and near-great, whose names and exploits have become sports legend. There is Leroy "Satchel" Paige, who knew his greatness and longed to be the first. . . Larry Doby, first in the American League

with Cleveland. . . Monte Irvin, Hank Thompson, first with N.Y. Giants. . . Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe, Joe Black, hard on Jackie Robinson's heels with the Dodgers. . . Luscious "Luke" Easter, tearing up the Pacific Coast League with his tape-measure hits and owners letting him tear up his knee at the same time, crippling him and shortening his career. . . Ernie Banks, Chicago Cubs great. . . Maury Wills, Lou Brock, Bill White. . . Henry "Hank" Aaron, supergreat. . . Sam Jethroe, Quincy Troupe, Frank Robinson, Bob Gibson.

Contemplating these and the numerous other ready-made superstars cited, this reader was moved to ponder the link between colonialism and baseball. I could hear The Man saying "*Will you look at that raw material in those neegrow leagues? . . . ripe for picking. . . actually, they're not leagues at all. . . they're rackets. . . no contracts that'll hold up in court. . . no real schedules. . . disorganized. . . no American know-how. . . but those boys can play this game. . . what if it is the biggest Negro-owned enterprise in the country? . . . they got nowhere to go. . . get 'em. . . invade. . .*" By 1951 the Negro National League had folded, and while the Negro American League dragged on against formidable odds, after 1960 it just ceased operations.

Tygiel sets many previously neglected or distorted matters straight, such as the roles of dedicated, persistent sportswriters in the black and progressive press. Along with the Pittsburgh *Courier's* Wendell Smith, who knew discrimination in sports first hand and was the most influential, Sam Lacy of the Baltimore *Afro-American*, Joe Bostic of the *People's Voice*, Lester Rodney and Nat Low of the *Daily Worker* are given their innings and their deeds accorded proper stature. Pressing on, Tygiel writes:

The second group that played a major role in elevating the issue of baseball's racial policies to the level of public consciousness was the American Communist Party. . . The crusade waged by the Communists, the black press, and a small coterie of white sportswriters helped alleviate the apathy that nourished baseball segregation.

When Robinson retired in 1957 "after ten tempestuous years," there were still three major league teams not fielding a single black player—the Philadelphia Phillies, the Detroit Tigers and the Boston Red Sox. And it was not until "more than twelve years had transpired since Robinson's debut at Ebbets Field" that "Pumpsie" Green appeared in a Boston Red Sox lineup to "complete" baseball's desegregation.

These facts serve to emphasize, as *Baseball's Great Experiment* does, the interminable slowness of "all deliberate speed," the depressing persistence of prejudice, and the perennial depth of racism in these United States. Curt Flood, Cardinal outfielder nonpareil, said it in 1972: "I

am pleased that God made my skin black, but I wish He had made it thicker." And Henry Aaron, who most recently set the new home run record, spoke volumes when he stated: "Baseball has done a lot for me. It has taught me that regardless of who you are and regardless of how much money you make, you are still a Negro."

John Devine

AMBIGUOUS MESSAGE

PRAISESONG FOR THE WIDOW. By Paule Marshall. G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 256 pages. \$13.95.

WHILE CRUISING the Caribbean with two of her best friends, Avey Johnson, a southern-born widow in her early 60s, has begun to ruminate about her past life. Her thoughts are disquieting; questions arise. Had the middle class lifestyle she and her husband finally attained, through great struggle and sacrifice, led them off the course of their spirits into shallow and murky waters? She has flashbacks to her childhood on Tatem Island, across from Beaufort, on the South Carolina tidewater. When asleep, she has recurring dreams about the summers she spent as a child with her great Aunt Cuney, who regaled her with descriptions of traditional African rituals and culture, and with stories about the Africans who were brought to the U.S. in bondage.

Undone by her musings, Avey abruptly decides to leave her friends and the cruise to return home. When the ship drops anchor, she flees to a hotel on the island, there to arrange a prompt departure by air to New York.

Alone now, Avey finds that the retrospective on her early years is gathering intensity. She ponders her roles as a wife and the mother of two girls. But in particular, she is feeling the loss of her husband Jerome, who had studied and worked at an exhausting pace to acquire the credentials and training required to "succeed," had succeeded, and then had died suddenly. Having time to kill and influenced by encounters with the islanders she finds herself among, as well as by the direction of her thoughts, Avey ends up being drawn into an extended African-type ritual on a nearby island. Deeply affected by this experience, she resolves to spend the remainder of her years attempting to reconnect with her roots, and to live more soulfully—as she and Jerome had in the first years of their marriage, when they were poor and struggling.

Few novels have seen the light of day that focus on a black woman in Avey Johnson's age group. On this score, Paule Marshall has made a unique contribution to literature and given us, Avey's real-life sisters, some much needed visibility.

However, *Praisesong for the Widow* has several problems. One is

that the idea at the story's core seems rather too thin to justify the book's length; as the author stretches the idea out at an exceedingly slow pace, it seems thinner still. Another problem is the Caribbean accent I heard echoing in the attitude, experience and lifestyle of Avey and Jerome, who are presented as being natives of the southern United States. They come across as resembling, much more than black southerners, an immigrant family from, say, Jamaica or perhaps author Marshall's own ancestral home of Barbados. A third problem has to do with the novel's structure: The flashbacks, while logical, have been executed somewhat awkwardly.

Lastly, I *think* that I got author Marshall's "message," but I'm not sure. Avey and Jerome Johnson supposedly became alienated from their black spirituality and *joie de vivre* in the course of striving to attain an existence of material comfort. Are we to assume, then, that had they stayed poor, barely able to make ends meet, they would have retained their blackness at full strength? Does being a middle-class achiever necessarily make one soulless, a diluted Black? Or is it that the Johnsons lost touch with themselves in the process of falling victim to U.S. society's corrupting influences? The latter, I think, is what Marshall is getting at, but by seeming to pose the issue as blackness or African-ness versus a life of some material well-being achieved through hard work, she has made her message appear incomplete and simplistic.

Nevertheless, if *Praisesong for the Widow* is not quite as vital a work as we have come to expect from this tremendously gifted writer, it is still well worth our attention.

Marian K. Borenstein

"NEW SOUTH" TRAGI-COMEDY

A GATHERING OF OLD MEN. By Ernest J. Gaines. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 214 pages. \$13.95

ERNEST J. GAINES has written some of the best fiction published in recent years. He is, first and foremost, an entertaining writer whose stories depict a plausible world of people who are immersed in the emotional, psychological and social predicaments that their ambitions and passions have spawned. His characters are never exotic or drawn larger than life, with the possible exception of the heroine in *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*, who symbolized the very wellspring of the African American's resolve to break the bonds of oppression. My favorite among his books is *Bloodline*, a marvelous collection of stories told with compassion, humor and sometimes poignancy.

A Gathering of Old Men has many of the qualities of the earlier novels, including a fascinating array of characters, a familiar southern

locale, a provocative incident demanding resolution, and a compelling pace that keeps one turning the pages.

Set in the post-Civil Rights Movement South—the Louisiana bayou—the story begins with a shotgun murder that has taken place on Candy Marshall's plantation. When Beau Boutan, son of the most feared white farmer in the parish, is found dead in a field, the sheriff is summoned—not simply because he is the parish law officer, but with the hope that he will apprehend the culprit before the victim's father does.

Both Blacks and whites fear Fix (the dead man's father), an unreconstructed rebel of the Old South, who has no patience with the law when a matter demands urgent, decisive action. Fueling the fire is Candy Marshall's confession of guilt in the shooting of Beau Boutan. And to make matters worse, Candy's home has become the site of an extraordinary spectacle: A band of the Marshall plantation's oldest residents come to her defense armed with shotguns, each one brazenly insisting that he shot Fix's miscreant son. Fix finds the comic audacity in all this very unsettling, especially upon learning that all of these crotchety graybeards are black.

Enter Sheriff Mapes, a man who has apparently gone soft from contamination by the Civil Rights Movement's moral fallout and has acquired a sense of justice, even compassion, for Blacks. Hurrying to the scene of the crime to interrogate the infirm warriors before Fix can muster a lynching party, Mapes threatens, cajoles and slaps the old men around in a half-hearted effort to get at the truth. But they—and Candy—refuse to budge.

Meanwhile, Fix is holding war council with his surviving sons and a few faithful friends, to no avail since his sons are men of the "new" South with an aversion for the ways of yore. Indeed, one of them shares the spotlight with a black teammate on the Louisiana State University football team (the two are All-America candidates). Though bereaved over his brother's death and sympathetic to his father, the boy finds this domestic matter somewhat less important than the imminent homecoming game with Ole Miss.

He and his brothers try to persuade their father that the days of night-riding vigilantes are over: "These are the '70s. . . not the '20s or '30s or '40s. People died—people we knew—died to change those things. Those days are gone forever. . . ." Though poor Fix can't believe his ears, he finds himself more perplexed and astounded than enraged.

The sheriff fares no better in his attempt to wring the truth from the old codgers and their boss. Both he and Fix are convinced that Mathu is the real killer, which would explain Candy's actions. The man is an ancient fixture on the Marshall plantation, beloved by Candy because

he practically reared her. As for Mathu's compatriots, they look up to him in admiration of his grittiness and the way he always walked tall among white men. They also have a score to settle, and this incident has provided them an opportunity to redeem their sense of manhood and dignity from years of groveling before The Man.

Mapes allows each of the old men to explain his reason for killing Fix's son. Each one bitterly recalls incidents that indelibly stained his life with humiliation and shame—shame for submitting passively to gross indignities. Now all of them are inclined to use this foolish act of defiance to wipe the slate clean, to show the parish—the world—that they would be buried as *men*, not as cowardly “niggers.”

Since the murder lends an element of mystery to the story, I will not divulge the ending. Suffice it to say that I found it unsatisfactory on at least two counts. Most importantly, the novel's theme is not adequately resolved in that the conclusion doesn't measure up to the tragi-comic predicament of the story's main characters—the old men. Written in the first person from several viewpoints, the story evokes a strong sense of place and locates the reader at the center of the action. But this method, given the limited vision of Gaines' back country characters, also confines the story.

Consequently, the novel lacks dramatic power and depth. This is unfortunate because Gaines is one of the few black writers whose fiction is not mired in racial parochialism. He writes about Blacks and whites equally well, avoiding stereotypes in strong, sensitive characterizations that are rendered with warmth and compassion. But *A Gathering of Old Men* misses its chance to be outstanding fiction by its lack of profundity and fresh insight into the quality of black and white relations in the old and “new” South. I found myself yearning for more than a superficial rehash of black victimization at the familiar hands of racists. Excessive violence, in its banality, tends to obscure the more profound, more subtle nuances in the dynamic of human relations.

What black writers must finally learn is that, among other things, the '60s brought the “race problem” into the nation's living room via television. By now, everybody knows the face of southern “justice,” the savagery of racism.

We look to the creative writer for illumination of, and some keener insight into, the way racism impacts on the American personality, culture, mores and religious conventions. For example, beyond the popular simplistic explanation that “race prejudice” is the cause of racial violence lies the deeper reality that such violence has always been used as a means of social control.

In his powerful writings, Richard Wright dared to dig deeper by proposing that racism is a systemic function of the capitalist social order. While that proposition earned him the status of outcast in U.S.

letters and probably contributed to his going into exile, Wright's novels nonetheless remain among the most profound statements U.S. fiction has made about our society. If black fiction is going to focus on the racial issue, then our writers must be able to posit more than the commonplace, to go beyond the issue's sociology to the way it affects the very wellspring of our beings.

But in its way, *A Gathering of Old Men* is a delightful, very amusing novel that will leave the reader smiling and yet thoughtful. Moreover, it is a refreshing departure from the gloomy, pessimistic, embittered moralizing of some recent novels. Gaines has managed to depict the ordeal of black and white folk without sinking into despair, not least among the reasons why he is one of my favorite writers.

Loyle Hairston

REAGAN EXPOSED

ON REAGAN: THE MAN AND HIS PRESIDENCY. By Ronnie Dugger. McGraw-Hill, New York. xvi, 616 pages. \$19.95.

IN HIS LATEST MOVIE MONOLOGUE, comedian Richard Pryor summarizes the Reagan presidency in three words: "We're in trouble." Investigative reporter Ronnie Dugger takes 616 fact-laden pages to spell out just how much trouble we, the people of the U.S. and the world, are in. If most voters were to read this big volume, Reagan would undoubtedly slip from the political scene, no matter how bad the Democratic presidential choice, and 1984 would begin to look a lot less like 1984.

In the suave and smiling image on our TV screens resides a well rehearsed actor, with 53, mostly B-films to his credit, engaged in the best performance of his life. Offstage, however, Mr. Nice Guy President is an arch-conservative ideologue, who is fronting for the most combative elements in big business. Not only is Reagan dismantling those few remaining New Deal structures which have served as fig-leaves over the nakedness of corporate greed, but he has mortally wounded the very capacity of the federal government to regulate anything other than civil liberties and dissenters. With a smile and a jaunty gait, Reagan carries forth in this century the counter-revolutionary promise of Count Metternich in the last—to halt the march of the oppressed toward self-determination. Here is a man who, in the same week, invaded little Grenada, savaged the Civil Rights Commission and saw his popularity rise in the polls. What a comment on the way many Americans think!

Dugger takes us back to Reagan's beginnings: Born into a "damned poor" home, he dragged his drunken father in from the snow, was pleased with his "C" average in college, and graduated into the Great

Depression as "an enthusiastic New Dealer." But Reagan veered sharply to the right somewhere between his 1951 introduction to Nancy Davis (an actress whom he later investigated for "subversive" activities, cleared, took to dinner and married) and being hired, in 1954, by General Electric as their media voice. By 1961, the converted Reagan appeared on the platform of the rabid Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and soon began fund-raising for the national public relations director of the John Birch Society, Congressman John Rousselot.

Dugger establishes that no president in modern times has so effectively axed Social Security, minorities, labor unions, consumer protection, civil liberties, safety in the workplace and in the environment, the needs of farmers and small business, anti-trust prosecutions, and "the Marxist income tax," as well as threatened life itself by courting Armageddon. At his best, when laying bare and documenting this grim picture, Dugger deserves particular credit for prying loose the revealing transcripts of those radio broadcasts of 1975 to 1979 in which candidate Reagan told just about all.

The White House occupant who stated "I am heart and soul in favor . . . of civil rights and desegregation" is the same man who opposed every major civil rights law, jettisoned affirmative action (calling it "a kind of reverse discrimination"), halted federal enforcement of anti-discrimination laws, battled hard to win tax-exemption for racist private colleges, hinted broadly that Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., created the violence that led to his assassination, and recently turned the Civil Rights Commission into a "neo-conservative" lap dog. This record is far more devastating than the gaff committed by Nancy Reagan when, in an amplified phone conversation with her husband in New Hampshire in 1980, she said she wished she was there "to see all those beautiful white people." (Claiming that she "didn't mean it" but meant, instead, the New Hampshire snow, the First Lady appears lately to be trying to kiss all the Black people she can find within camera range.)

On the world stage, Reagan brings to his performance in the White House theater of the absurd a finely-honed, patriotic rhetoric as accompaniment for his arming of dictators and attempts to destabilize national liberation movements on three continents. "We are at war with the most dangerous enemy known to man," he says of the USSR, thus delineating, with a bravado worthy of Joe McCarthy, the central theme of his foreign policy.

The Soviets exercise "the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat," he said only nine days into his Presidency, elevating this tone, in 1983, into a Holy War with the comment that the USSR is "the focus of evil in the modern world." Dugger proves that this strident anti-Sovietism dates back at least to 1962 when Reagan proclaimed the existence of "a declared war" between the USSR and U.S. and stated ominously: "Wars end in victory or defeat."

The Reagan war, Dugger makes clear, is aimed at broader targets than the USSR or that old devil communism. It includes a host of governments and popular fronts in the Third World that have distanced themselves from U.S. economic manipulation, or that seek to rid their countries of corrupt and tyrannical rulers who are often in league with U.S. business interests. By labelling all foreign opposition "terrorists," the White House can mount its own subversive military campaigns abroad and justify assaults on the civil liberties of dissenters at home. According to *Newsweek*, the CIA was funding, training and supplying terrorists in 11 nations in 1982. Reagan arms shipments abroad have soared to \$21 billion a year in what amounts to an entitlement program for arms manufacturers, the U.S. military, and any foreign elite that raises the banner of anti-communism.

Therein lies the essence of the Reagan approach to foreign nations: Scare talk and military might are preferred over diplomacy and conciliation. While heaping verbal threats and abuses on the USSR, Cuba and Nicaragua, Reagan invades Grenada to underscore his point, and he sends Marines to Lebanon to fight for the unrepresentative Gemayel government but calls them "peacemakers"—just as he labelled the MX missile "the peacekeeper." During a discussion of the Panama Canal treaty, Barry Goldwater (of all people) said of Reagan's stance that it could "needlessly lead the country into open military conflict" and might reflect in the man "a surprisingly dangerous state of mind, which is that he will not seek alternatives to a military solution when dealing with complex foreign policy issues." Research like Dugger's makes the thick volume he has turned out well worth reading and showing around.

Although Reagan announced that "a nuclear war cannot be won and must not be fought," his past comments and current policies career in a different direction. Dugger documents a man who is committed to the arms race, nuclear superiority, first strike capability, star wars technology, the deranged belief that "we" can "survive" a nuclear war, and the notion that the nuclear freeze movement is "bought and paid for" by the Kremlin. Set forth in the infamous Defense Guidance plan of 1982 is the Reagan administration's daft concept that a nuclear war can be fought "over a protracted period" in such a way as to allow the U.S. to "prevail and be able to force the Soviet Union to seek earliest termination on terms favorable to the United States."

What are the Soviets to make of all this, and how are they to respond, for example, to a U.S. Poseidon submarine which, lying undetected near the USSR, can alone wreak more destruction with its 160 nuclear warheads than we have ever witnessed? And what about those U.S. cruise missiles in Europe, which are now eight minutes from

Soviet targets? As some American scientists have asked, if a nuclear arms race is the answer, what is the question?

Dugger fails at political analysis by not tracing some of Reagan's deluded stands to their origins in previous Democratic and Republican administrations. It was Jimmy Carter who initiated the massive defunding of programs for the poor, a process that Reagan turned into a rout. And it was Carter's Presidential Directive 59, in July 1980, that first called for a U.S. capacity to wage "a prolonged but limited nuclear war" (Dugger mentions the Directive in passing but does not see in it a preview of Reagan's Defense Guidance plan). Carter's citing of the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan as "the greatest threat to world peace since World War II," his embargo of grain to the Soviet Union, and his Cold War assault on the Moscow Olympics paved the way for Reagan's subversion in the Caribbean. Dugger fails to note that the U.S. has long been a right-wing policeman in the world, with Reagan being merely the nastiest cop in recent memory.

Dugger gives short shrift to national liberation movements, mentioning the African National Congress of South Africa only once in passing, and making no mention at all of Reagan's "constructive engagement" policy toward South Africa. He captures the full integration of the Reagan administration with big business but does not reveal how previous administrations were less noisy about the same alliance. His clear-eyed view of Reagan's gifts to corporations and escalation of world tensions is not matched by an ability to see these policies as the worst flowering of a decades-old strategy that has long sought to advance U.S. corporate plans around the globe.

As people rise up to direct their own destinies throughout the world, which invariably entails warding off U.S. penetration, American responses become more violent and rely, more and more, on CIA subversion, death squads and nuclear blackmail. If, as the opinion polls indicate, most of the American electorate applauds such actions as the Grenada invasion, deployment of U.S. cruise missiles in Europe and U.S. wars against national liberation movements, the rest of the world is shocked. People outside the U.S. see a giant power bolstering dictators, training torturers and handling nuclear weapons as though nothing more was involved than a Dodge City shoot-out.

By documenting Reagan's role, Ronnie Dugger has provided a service. By not illuminating that role's connections to previous Cold War policies, he has muddied the waters of understanding. Perhaps he had to omit the links to the past in order to get his book published by McGraw-Hill in the first place, and widely read in the second place. But how will people ever learn how to put it all together?

William Loren Katz

*PIONEERING SCIENTIST***BLACK APOLLO OF SCIENCE: THE LIFE OF ERNEST EVERETT JUST.**

By Kenneth R. Manning. Oxford University Press, New York. 397 pages. \$29.95.

IN HIS LIFETIME, the Afro-American cell biologist, E. E. Just, encountered more obstacles to achievement than should have been his lot as a creative, talented and dedicated person. Now, with the publication of this biography, his contributions to science will perhaps receive a greater degree of the recognition they deserve. In any event, author Manning, a black Associate Professor of the History of Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has chronicled this research scientist's career in the United States (at Howard University and the Marine Biological Laboratory) and Europe in a way that even the general reader should find spellbinding.

E. E. Just was born in 1883 in Charleston, South Carolina, to an educated mother, whose community activism required that he shoulder such domestic responsibilities as cooking and cleaning at an early age. No doubt, his acquired homemaking skills proved handy when he was a penniless student and, later, when he became a scientist.

At 15, he received his Licentiate of Instruction, qualifying him to teach in Carolina's black public schools without examination. But encouraged by his mother, he set out for New England, where he worked his way through Kimball Union Academy on scholarship as the only Black among 170 students. After Kimball came Dartmouth, from which he graduated magna cum laude. No family member attended his graduation, nor was he invited to speak at the ceremony as his academic standing in the graduating class would have dictated. He received his doctorate from the University of Chicago in 1915, just after winning the NAACP's first Spingarn Medal.

As a faculty member at Howard University, Just was burdened with a heavy teaching load and had to struggle with an administration that disparaged research. Indeed, Howard was so unsympathetic to his work that at one point his request for 500 amoebae was denied, he learned, because the Dean feared they would "swarm over the campus like a herd of elephants." In another instance, a Rosenwald grant he had finally secured was doled out in such a ridiculous fashion that at the end of a five-year period, one-eighth of the grant, which was unspent, had to be returned.

As Just pioneered on the frontier of cell biology through his studies of marine egg fertilization, his scientific reputation grew and he became well known in Europe. Abroad, Just was accorded stature and treated like the highly educated human being he was. This was in stark contrast to his treatment at home: After delivering a paper at the 60th

birthday celebration of his mentor, Dr. Frank R. Lillie (who was never quite able "to open a door for him"), Just stated that he had received more in the way of friendship and assistance in Europe than he had in his 20 years of summer work at the Marine Biological Laboratory in the U.S. With that statement, he left Woods Hole Laboratory without saying goodbye to anyone and never returned. His decision not to look to the United States for intellectual guidance did not, needless to say, enhance Americans' perceptions of him.

In the midst of adversity, Just still dared to theorize, to develop concepts and pursue research—both descriptive and experimental. Many of the ideas set forth in his 1939 book, *The Biology of the Cell Surface* have been and are currently being confirmed. In addition, he trained an entire generation of biologists. It was especially fascinating to learn from author Manning that many famous U.S. embryologists knew of and learned techniques from E. E. Just.

Not exclusively science-oriented, Just was a founding member of the Alpha Chapter of Omega Psi Phi and its first faculty advisor. He also formed the dramatic society at Howard and actively supported that university's drama club into the 1920s.

Clearly a labor of love, Dr. Manning's biography of E. E. Just entailed six years of scholarly research in England, France, Italy and the U.S., numerous interviews, and the reading of thousands of other scientists' letters and papers. Heightening the impact of the biography's content is its presentation by the author in an economical and poetic style.

Kathleen Joyce Prestwidge

UPBEAT POETRY

SHAKER, WHY DON'T YOU SING? By Maya Angelou. Random House, New York. 44 pages. \$7.95.

MAYA ANGELOU is highly adept at expressing herself in the abstract as well as the concrete, in free verse as well as rhyme. She is as skilled at making palpable the earthen colors of the humid clay of the South, as she is at rendering the bluesy beat of Saturday night in a northern city.

Her humor and a jaunty irreverence infuse the neat and satisfying cadence of the traditional poetic meter in which she writes with down-home/uptown sass. I especially liked "Weekend Glory":

They accuse me of livin'
from day to day,
but who are they kiddin'?
So are they.

and "The Health Food Diner":

Irish stews and boiled corned beef
and hot dogs by the scores,
or any place that saves a space
For smoking carnivores.

She flings hope in the face of adversity, reminding us that no misery can extinguish the human spirit; no cage can hold the longing for freedom. For example, in "Caged Bird" (a poem that is reminiscent of Paul Laurence Dunbar), we find:

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

There is always hope, as in "A Georgia Song":

Dare us new dreams, Columbus.

Hope seeps through hunger in "Starvation":

Hurray! Hurray!
Come through the keyhole.
Don't mind the rotting
sashes, pass into the windows.
Come, good news.

Then, there is a startling, almost chilling portrait of hope in "A Plagued Journey":

I cannot scream. A bone
of fear clogs my throat.
It is upon me. It is
sunrise, with Hope
its arrogant rider.

Shaker, Why Don't You Sing? is a collection of poems written with simplicity, humor and strength. Yet, there is a sadness, too, amid the upbeat rhythms and bounce:

You, whose chanteys hummed
my life alive, have withdrawn
your music and lean inaudibly
on the quiet slope of memory.

O Shaker, why don't you sing?

As one who likes to give books as gifts, I will put this one on my list.

Ruby Dee

PORTRAIT IN BLACK

DRYLONGSO: A SELF-PORTRAIT OF BLACK AMERICA. By John Langston Gwaltney. Random House, New York. 287 pages. \$12.95 (cloth); \$4.95 (paper).

DRYLONGSO—THE WORD means “ordinary” in the black community—is no ordinary book, which is also to say that its author, John Langston Gwaltney, is no ordinary man. A black anthropologist who teaches at Syracuse University, he and the nearly 50 interviewees quoted in his book pooled their efforts to correct the record of misrepresentations that they believe standard social science has written about Black American life.

Black women and men whose ages span three generations are heard and, more important, *felt* throughout these pages. They are domestic workers, laborers, artisans and scholars, who express their observations in language that ranges from raw and colorful street talk to the articulate and erudite. Their statements reflect a variety of reactions to the white racism each knows so painfully well. Moreover, they clearly indicate how and what daily encounters in both the black and white worlds contribute to the forming of the national character of Black people. Especially remarkable here is the ease with which all the interviewees, and especially those with little formal education, bare their feelings to the author.

There are reasons for this. Mr. Gwaltney tells us that he knows and is well known to many of the subjects—indeed, some are his relatives and close friends. They influenced others to join in this study. What the author does not say, but what is apparent, is that, like all truly educated persons, he has never lost the common touch. And the fact that he is blind not only explains his special sensitivity but rouses within his interviewees mixed emotions of generosity and pride. They all feel the urge to extend a helping hand to their valiant “brother,” who has triumphed over not merely one but *two* major handicaps. Gwaltney reciprocates by using fictitious names in order not to divulge anyone’s identity.

What emerges from the sessions that comprise *Drylongso* is a symphony of “black” America’s commentary on and relationship to “white” America. It is a symphony replete with rage, humor, hope, despair, pathos, and profound wisdom. Incidentally, to make his work accessible to a broad readership, the author provides a glossary of terms commonly used in the nation’s black communities.

Ruth Sharp is a well-preserved senior citizen whose parents were slaves. She has worked as a servant and travelled in Europe. Here is her opinion on the invasion of Vietnam:

There is no way in Christ that a little country is going to bother a country this big unless these white people go over there and mess with them. . . . If anybody just comes in here off the street and tries to use my bathroom or my kitchen without my say-so, Ruth is going to war! And you can believe that. And I am going to shoot, cut, hit and just generally damage every piece of that nervy devil until he gets his what-I-might-say back where he pays rent.

Howard Roundtree, a large-boned, hard-working laborer in his late 50's, hates white people with a passion and doesn't mind saying so. Yet, he speaks of having helped a blind white woman cross the street. Asked why he did so, he gives this sharp response:

What do you mean, why did I help that blind girl? I didn't know her, now—I had never seen that girl before. I just helped her because it was the human thing to do.

Clinton Banks, aged 60, has seen the world as a sailor. In Egypt and southern India, he saw Black people who are identified by most white anthropologists as being white. When Gwalthney tells him what the anthropologists say, he all but explodes,

Them white folks in your school try to tell you them folks over there was white? Lawd! Lawd! I think that is rotten of them to lie to a blind man like that!

Jackson Jordan, Jr., an erudite former teacher, is close to 90. In the course of a particularly profound yet simply stated discourse, he observes:

Black people love justice because it is denied them. White men say they love justice, which they fear worse than hell. . . . The white man's rule is ending because he is weak and selfish. But I cannot swear that we wouldn't have been just as weak and selfish if power had been ours.

Young Margaret Lawson knows the city's streets well, and she cautions author Gwalthney to be doubly wary of them. Skilled in the use of a hand-gun, she obviously stays on the alert at all times. About romance, she says:

You can believe that Margaret Muriel Lawson is going to have a husband long before she needs a baby carriagel And I'm not going to kill myself with any pill, either.

To be black and in need of medical care in most U.S. hospitals is almost certainly to have to fend off assaults on one's dignity. Velma Cunningham, Seth Bingham, and Gordon Etheridge tell graphically of the insults directed at them by a range of personnel, from physicians to unskilled laborers—non-whites included.

Mr. Gwalthney has succeeded admirably with his expressed intent to present in this work a self-portrait of Black America. At the same time, he has held a mirror up to the nation at large, in which are reflected its warts and blemishes along with its more complimentary features. The pursuit of truth is the scientist's concern, and Mr. Gwalthney has not faltered at his task.

Elton C. Fax

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES

BATTLEFRONT NAMIBIA: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By John Ya-Otto, with Ole Gjerstad and Michael Mercer. Lawrence Hill & Co., Westport, Conn. \$12.95 (cloth); \$6.95 (paper). U.K.: African Writers Series, No. 244, Heinemann Educational Books Ltd., London, 1982. 1.95 pounds net U.K. only.

BATTLEFRONT NAMIBIA is the moving autobiography of John Ya-Otto, a former teacher and now Secretary of Labor of the South-West Africa Peoples Organization (SWAPO). Not simply one Namibian's life story, the book is at the same time a history of the Namibian people's struggle for liberation from South African colonialism, a struggle that SWAPO has led for about a quarter of a century. In 1966, following the decision of the International Court of Justice giving South Africa control over Namibia, the external wing of SWAPO decided to commence an armed struggle for independence. The South African reaction was swift: 37 SWAPO leaders and activists, among them John Ya-Otto, were arrested and deported to Pretoria, where they were eventually tried for terrorism.

As a South African exile, I was particularly struck, while reading this work, by the parallels between the Namibian situation and the internationally more familiar South African one. The Namibian people's principled opposition to being moved from Windhoek to a new, ethnically segregated township, Katutura, recalls how the residents of the Sophiatown district of Johannesburg fiercely resisted their forced removal and the demolition of their township in the 1950s. And the massacre at Windhoek on the night of December 10, 1959, a police reprisal for the boycott of municipal services that left 11 Africans dead and 54 injured, reads today like a dress rehearsal for the massacre at Sharpeville which occurred only a few months later (March 21, 1960), and which saw 69 Africans killed outright by the police and hundreds wounded.

In the police treatment of political detainees, the Namibian and South African experiences coincide completely. Ya-Otto documents in

vivid detail the brutal torture the South African minority regime's security police inflict on arrested Blacks accused of "communism" or "terrorism." This autobiography provides a clear insight into that horrendous twilight world where stark torture (including electric shocks) is applied to detainees to such a degree that death itself is conceived by the victim as the only rational way out. The fact that since 1963 more than 50 South Africans have died while in security police custody takes on a truly macabre, surrealistic dimension when one reads John Ya-Otto's description of his own ghastly ordeal. He survived, of course, but not without permanent scars.

A straightforward account is given of the trial that began in Pretoria in June 1967, seven months after the initial arrests. All of the accused were charged under the notorious Terrorism Act, which had just then been rushed through the all-white South African Parliament for application specifically in the SWAPO case.

Because of the possibility that one of the accused Namibians might be acquitted and three others given considerably lighter sentences than the rest, the group reluctantly agreed that nothing would be said in open court about torture or their pre-trial treatment. In turn, the prosecutor would not make use of the purported "confessions" the prisoners were forced to make.

In early February 1968, on the last day of the long trial, Herman Toivo ja Toivo was allowed to address the court on behalf of all the defendants. The crux of his argument was that it was really apartheid and South African colonialism that were on trial. As his fellow countryman spoke, John Ya-Otto experienced a strange sense of fulfillment:

... I finally felt that we had accomplished something. If these were to be our last words, at least we had said what we felt: no repentance, no doubts, only belief that our cause would prevail in the long run.

Of the original 37 accused (one died during the trial owing to the callousness of the presiding judge), 12, including Toivo ja Toivo, were sentenced to 20 years and 20 others to life imprisonment. The author and two co-defendants received suspended sentences and were freed within a month.

Banned in the country of his birth, John Ya-Otto's autobiography is addressed to an international community that, in a 1966 United Nations General Assembly resolution (endorsed by the Security Council in 1970 and the International Court of Justice in 1971), formally withdrew South Africa's legal right to continue administering Namibia. Yet today, 17 years after that original 1966 resolution, Ya-Otto's native land is still unliberated—thanks to U.N. inaction and Western collusion with the occupying power.

Beyond presenting the history of a man and a movement, *Battlefront Namibia* is also an indictment of violence and the inhumanity and hypocrisy that characterize the maintenance of so-called "white," "Western," "Christian" power, interests, values and actions in southern Africa.

James J. Ravell

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Recent Books*

by ERNEST KAISER

BLACKS IN THE U.S. (also some books about Africa and the Caribbean)

- Tollett, Kenneth S. **THE RIGHT TO EDUCATION: REAGANISM, REAGANOMICS OR HUMAN CAPITAL?** Institute for the Study of Educational Policy, Howard Univ., Washington, DC. (Here Tollett argues that the right to education is an unenumerated right retained by the people in Amendment IX to the U.S. Constitution; that everyone needs education for employment and for personal development; that the Reagan budget increases the money for the military while drastically cutting student financial assistance programs, hitting black students the hardest. The Institute's quarterly *ISEP Monitor* in a special issue [Vol. 6, Nos. 1-4, 1982] devotes 26 pages to C. B. Robinson, black Tennessee teacher, community worker and State Representative for his major contributions to education. The C.B. Robinson bridge in Tennessee was named for him. There are also the publications of the Institute on Desegregation, North Carolina Central Univ., Durham 27707: bibliographies and a conference proceedings on higher education, etc. Also the internships and fellowships available at the Washington Center for Learning Alternatives, 1706 De Sales St., NW, Washington, DC 20036.)
- Tolson, Melvin B. **CAVIAR AND CABBAGE: SELECTED COLUMNS BY MELVIN B. TOLSON FROM THE "WASHINGTON TRIBUNE," 1937-1944.** Edited by Robert M. Farnsworth. Columbia: Univ. of Missouri Press. x, 278 pp. \$20.00. (Black poet Tolson's other books are *Rendezvous with America* [1944]; *Libretto for the Republic of Liberia* [1953], *The Harlem Gallery* [1965] and *A Gallery of Harlem Portraits* [1979]. Farnsworth, who is co-editor with David Ray of *Richard Wright: Impressions and Perspectives* [1973] and edited *A Gallery of Harlem Portraits* after Tolson's death, is writing a biography of Tolson. There is also Mariann Russell's *Melvin B. Tolson's Harlem Gallery: A Literary Analysis* [Univ. of Missouri Press, 160 pp., \$15.00].)
- Toma, David. **TOMA TELLS IT STRAIGHT—WITH LOVE.** Books in Focus, 160 E. 38 St. #31B, New York 10016. 210 pp. \$12.95. (About 80% of the youngsters slipping toward self-destruction with drugs, alcohol, cults, and suicide—but especially with marijuana. Toma reaches the kids with a message of concern and love.)
- Travis, Dempsey J. **AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BLACK CHICAGO.** Urban Research Institute, 840 E. 87 St., Chicago 60619. 400 pp. 64 photos. \$16.95 + \$2.05 postage.
- Tweedle, John (photographer). **A LASTING IMPRESSION: A COLLECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.** Compiled and edited by Hermene D. Hartman. Foreword by Rev. Jesse L. Jackson. Columbia: Univ. of South Carolina Press. xxii, 73 pp. (Photographs of King at every major event during King's visit to Chicago by Tweedle, the first black photographer on a major metropolitan newspaper, the *Chicago Daily News*. Later he was personal photographer of Chicago's mayor, Michael Bilandic. Tweedle died in Dec. '81. Hartman, who earlier volunteered for Operation Breadbasket, is professor of behavioral science for the City Colleges of Chicago. Another King book is *The Words of Martin Luther King, Jr., Selected by Coretta Scott King* [Newmarket, \$9.95] with quotations from speeches, sermons and articles plus 16 photographs.)
- Tygiel, Jules. **BASEBALL'S GREAT EXPERIMENT: JACKIE ROBINSON AND HIS LEGACY.** NY: Oxford Univ. Press. 392 pp. \$16.95. (From Jackie Robinson through many black superstars—Frank Robinson, Willie Mays, Bob Gibson, etc.—to Hank Aaron's breaking Babe Ruth's home run record, and Ty Cobb's base-stealing record broken by Maury Wills, Lou Brock and Rickey Henderson. Other sports books are Walter "Red" Barber's *1947: When All Hell Broke Loose in Baseball* [Doubleday, 336 pp., \$16.95]; Harvey Frommer's *Rickey & Robinson: The Men Who Broke Base-*

*Continued from previous issue.

- ball's Color Barrier* [Macmillan, \$13.95]; Donn Rogosin's *Invisible Men: Life in Baseball's Negro Leagues* [Atheneum, \$14.95]; and Darryl Stingley and Mark Mulvoy's *Happy to Be Alive* [Beaufort Books, 9 E. 40 St., New York 10016, 256 pp., \$13.95], the autobiography of a black professional football player paralyzed by a Jack Tatum [*They Call Me Assassin*] hit in 1978.)
- Van Sertima, Ivan (editor). **BLACKS IN SCIENCE: ANCIENT AND MODERN.** Order from Ivan Van Sertima, editor, *Journal of African Civilizations*, Africana Studies Dept., Beck Hall, Rutgers Univ., New Brunswick, NJ 08903. 300 pp. \$12.00 (individuals); \$15.00 (institutions). (Van Sertima, a black professor at Rutgers Univ., is the author of *They Came Before Columbus: The African Presence in Ancient America* [1977].)
- Volney, C.F. **THE RUINS OR MEDITATION ON THE REVOLUTIONS OF EMPIRES: AND THE LAW OF NATURE.** xxii, 225 pp. \$10.00. Reprinted by Dr. G.K. Osei in New York City, tel: 212-434-8116. Also sold at The House of a Million Earrings, 153-32 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, NY 11432.
- Walcott, Derek. **THE FORTUNATE TRAVELLER.** NY: Farrar Straus & Giroux. 99 pp. \$11.95. (Another of the many books of poetry by the great West Indian poet. Walcott has also written many plays. The critic Denis Donoghue of New York Univ. has written a sensitive and knowledgeable review of *The Fortunate Traveller* titled "The Two Sides of Derek Walcott" [*The New York Times Book Review*, Jan. 3, 1982, p. 5]. See also James Atlas's "Derek Walcott: Poet of Two Worlds" [*New York Times Magazine*, May 23, 1982, p. 32+].)
- Walker, Alice. **IN SEARCH OF OUR MOTHERS' GARDENS: WOMANISH PROSE BY ALICE WALKER.** NY: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. xviii, 397 pp. \$14.95. (A book of addresses, essays and lectures by the 39-year-old novelist, poet and short story writer covering her last 15 years. Walker discusses black women, black and white writers, the civil rights movement, nuclear madness and her own life.)
- Walker, Juliet E.K. **FREE FRANK: A BLACK PIONEER ON THE ANTEBELLUM FRONTIER.** Lexington: Univ. Press of Kentucky. xii, 223 pp. \$20.00. (Born a slave, Frank died a free man in 1854 in New Philadelphia, IL, a town which he founded.)
- Warburg, Jennifer and Doug Lowe (editors). **YOU CAN'T HUG WITH NUCLEAR ARMS!** Foreword by William Sloane Coffin. Morgan & Morgan, 145 Palisade St., Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522. \$10.95 (paper). (An Institute for Policy Studies book with photographs from the June 12, 1982, New York City peace demonstration and related disarmament demonstrations. Other related books are Victor Langer and Walter Thomas's *The Nuclear War Fun Book* [Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95, paper]; Michael Albert and David Dellinger's edited *Beyond Survival: New Directions for the Disarmament Movement* [South End Press, \$8.00, paper] with Jack O'Dell's "Racism: Fuel for the War Machine" plus essays by Noam Chomsky and others; Noam Chomsky's *The Fatal Triangle: The United States, Israel and the Palestinians* [South End Press, \$25.00; \$10.00]; *Human Rights: A Topical Bibliography* [Westview Press, 5500 Central Ave., Boulder, Colo. 80301, \$30.00]; *Human Rights Organizations and Periodicals Directory*, 5th edition [Meiklejohn Civil Liberties Institute, Box 675, Berkeley, CA 94701, \$22.00; \$10.00 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling] by David Christiano and Lisa Young; and Arthur Kinoy's *Rights on Trial: The Odyssey of a People's Lawyer* [Harvard Univ. Press, \$20.00].)
- Warner, Keith Q. **KAISO! THE TRINIDAD CALYPSO: A STUDY OF THE CALYPSO AS ORAL LITERATURE.** Three Continents Press, 1346 Conn. Ave. #1131, Washington, DC 20036. xi, 153 pp. \$18.00 (cloth); \$9.00 (paper). (Other related books are George Beckford and Michael Witter's *Small Garden... Bitter Weed: Struggle and Change in Jamaica* [Westport, CT: Lawrence Hill, xx, 167 pp., \$31.00; \$9.50] and *Itations of Jamaica and I Rastafari* [art, graphics, poetry] by Millard Faristzaddi [Grove Press, \$9.95] about the culture and philosophy of the Rastafarians.)
- Washington, Booker T. **BOOKER T. WASHINGTON: THE WIZARD OF TUSKEGEE, 1901-1915** by Lous R. Harlan. NY: Oxford Univ. Press. xiv, 548 pp. \$30.00. (This is Vol. II of a 2-volume biography. Vol. I won the 1973 Bancroft Prize. Harlan, editor of the *Booker T. Washington Papers*, has also just published the last volume of the *Papers*, Vol. 13.)

- Weinberg, Meyer. **THE SEARCH FOR QUALITY INTEGRATED EDUCATION: POLICY AND RESEARCH ON MINORITY STUDENTS IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.** Westport, CT: Greenwood Press. xv, 354 pp. \$35.00.
- Weisbrot, Robert. **FATHER DIVINE AND THE STRUGGLE FOR RACIAL EQUALITY.** Champaign: Univ. of Illinois Press. 241 pp. \$17.50.
- Weiss, Nancy J. **FAREWELL TO THE PARTY OF LINCOLN: BLACK POLITICS IN THE AGE OF FDR.** Princeton, NJ: Princeton Univ. Press. xx, 333 pp. \$32.50 (cloth); \$12.50 (paper). (This book examines the dramatic shift of black voters from the Republican to the Democratic party in the 1930s. It also refutes the rosy account of the New Deal for Blacks in Harvard Sitkoff's *A New Deal for Blacks: The Emergence of Civil Rights as a National Issue. Vol. I: The Depression Decade* [Oxford Univ. Press, 1978]. Weiss is a white professor of history at Princeton and author of *The National Urban League, 1910-1940* [1974], her doctoral dissertation.)
- Wepman, Dennis, Ronald B. Newman and Murray B. Binderman (editors). **THE LIFE: THE LORE AND FOLK POETRY OF THE BLACK HUSTLER.** Philadelphia: Univ. of Pennsylvania Press. 205 pp. \$17.00 (cloth); \$6.50 (paper).
- West, Cornel. **PROPHECY DELIVERANCE! AN AFRO-AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY CHRISTIANITY.** Westminster Press, 925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19107. 185 pp. \$11.95 (paper). (Going beyond liberation theology, the author proposes an alliance between progressive Marxism and Afro-American religious thought to bring about the development of a dynamic program for tangible change in our society. West is assistant professor of Philosophy of Religion at Union Theological Seminary, New York City. Another recent black religious book is David W. Wills and Richard Newman's edited *Black Apostles at Home and Abroad: Afro-Americans and the Christian Mission from the Revolution to Reconstruction* [Boston: G. K. Hall, xxxvi, 321 pp.].)
- West, Hollie I. **AFRO-AMERICAN CULTURE AND TRADITIONS.** Washington, DC; Howard Univ. Press. 160 pp. \$12.95. (Essays by a former *Washington Post* feature writer profiling some who have contributed to American and black culture over the last 50 years: Sonny Rollins, Cecil Taylor, Thomas Dorsey, Rev. W. Herbert Brewster, Ralph Ellison, Sterling Brown, Katherine Dunham, Duke Ellington and Sidney Poitier.)
- White, Timothy. **CATCH A FIRE: THE LIFE OF BOB MARLEY.** NY: Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 380 pp. \$16.95 (cloth); \$9.95 (paper). (This is the second or third book published about Marley, the Jamaica, W.I., Rastafarian singer and leader of the Wailers reggae group, since his death some time ago at an early age.)
- Wideman, John Edgar. **SENT FOR YOU YESTERDAY.** NY: Bard/Avon Books. 208 pp. \$3.50 (paper). (This is black Wyoming Prof. Wideman's fifth novel and, like his fourth novel *Hiding Place* and his book of short stories *Damballah*, about Home-wood, an actual district in Pittsburgh, the ghetto where he was reared.)
- Williams, Brett. **JOHN HENRY: A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHY.** Westport, CT: Greenwood Press. xiii, 175 pp. \$29.95. (This book is a study of the life of John Henry and its relation to the history of the railroad, to Southern black history, and to the birth of the blues. Williams provides the best possible biography of John Henry and a bibliography of the John Henry legend.)
- Williams, David. **HIT HARD.** NY: Bantam Books. \$2.95 (paper). (The story of the black 761st Tank Battalion in World War II told by the white captain of the battalion. The 761st was recently and belatedly awarded a Presidential Unit Citation which commended the men for extraordinary heroism during 183 days of World War II combat in Europe in 1944 and 1945. See "Book Recalls Black World War II Tank Battalion" [*New York Times*, Sept. 5, 1983].)
- Williams, John A. **CLICK SONG.** Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 430 pp. \$13.95. (This is black writer Williams's eighth novel plus a few non-fiction books from 1960 to 1982. *Click Song*, about a black novelist and the racism he encounters in the publishing world and among literary critics since World War II, seems to be fictionalized autobiography.)
- Williams, June Vanleer. **WILL THE REAL YOU PLEASE STAND UP?** Dorrance & Co., 828 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, PA 19010. 85 pp. \$8.95. (Poetry by a black woman.)

- Williams, Thomas Edgar. *SILVERSTREET*. Smitttown, NY: Exposition Press. xi, 204 pp. \$15.00. (From a tiny village in pre-Civil War South Carolina to present-day Baltimore, black author Williams traces the lives and fortunes of five generations of his family over 129 years.)
- Williams, Walter E. *THE STATE AGAINST BLACKS*. NY: McGraw-Hill. 183 pp. \$14.95. (Williams is a black conservative, pro-Reagan professor of economics at George Mason Univ., Fairfax, Va., and a syndicated columnist for the *New York Tribune* newspaper published by Rev. Moon and other newspapers. The Manhattan Institute for Policy Research produced a film-essay "The State Against Blacks" which was shown on Channel 13 of the Public Broadcasting Service in New York City—a discussion with Williams, Cong. Charles Rangel and Bernard Anderson of the Wharton School of Finance. Williams is against the minimum wage and most social programs that help the poor.)
- Wilson, Emily Herring. *HOPE AND DIGNITY: OLDER BLACK WOMEN OF THE SOUTH*. Photographs by Susan Mullally. Foreword by Maya Angelou. Philadelphia: Temple Univ. Press. xxii, 200 pp. \$19.95. (In-depth interviews with 27 women.)
- Wilson, Harriet L. *OUR NIG; OR SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF A FREE BLACK*. NY: Vintage Books. \$4.95 (paper). (This is a reprint of the first novel by a black woman. It was also the first novel by a black writer published in the U.S. in 1859. William Wells Brown's novel *Clotel* was published in 1853 and Frank J. Webb's novel *The Garies and Their Friends* in 1857, both originally published in England. Martin R. Delany's novel *Blake, or The Huts of America* was only serialized in *The Anglo-African magazine* in 1859.)
- Winston, Betty. *THE AFRICANS*. NY: Dell Publishing. 400+ pages. \$4.95 (paper). (A novel about Afro-Americans.)
- Woll, Allen. *DICTIONARY OF BLACK THEATRE: BROADWAY, OFF-BROADWAY, AND SELECTED HARLEM THEATRE*. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press. xvi, 359 pp. \$39.95. (Part I is an alphabetical listing with casts, full descriptions and comments on over 300 shows from 1898 to 1981; Part II has biographical material on major performers, writers and directors; notes on major organizations encouraging black theater in New York City in this century. Appendices have a chronology and a discography of the black theater; a bibliography; a name index; a play and film index and a song index. This is the first complete reference work on Blacks in 20th century U.S. theater. Other recent black theater books are Genevieve Fabre's *Drumbeats, Masks and Metaphor: Contemporary Afro-American Theatre* [Harvard Univ. Press, 274 pp., \$20.00], a translation and abridgment of *Le Theatre Noir aux Etats-Unis* published in Paris in 1982 by Ms. Fabre, a professor at the Univ. of Paris; and Ted Fox's *Show Time at the Apollo* [NY: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, xii, 322 pp. \$16.95] about the Apollo Theater in Harlem, New York City. The over 150 photographs and illustrations in the book are drawn mostly from the Gordon Anderson Apollo Theater photograph collection now in the Schomburg Center Archives. Anderson was the black, long-time photographer for the Apollo Theater who is not mentioned in the press release about this book. Another earlier book about the Apollo Theater is Jack Schiffman's *Uptown: The Story of Harlem's Apollo Theater* [1971].)
- Wolters, Raymond. *THE BURDEN OF BROWN: THIRTY YEARS OF SCHOOL DESEGREGATION*. Knoxville: Univ. of Tennessee Press. 550 pp. \$24.95. (Here a white professor, instead of deploring the failure to implement fully the U.S. Supreme Court's important school desegregation decision of 1954, challenges the decision itself in terms of the school desegregation that resulted from it. But Blacks who were forced by law to attend poor, inferior schools before 1954 know better; they know that, as Langston Hughes's character Simple said in 1954: the 1954 decision was great but very late [in changing its 1896 *Plessy v. Ferguson* all-out segregation decision]. Other better books on school desegregation are Christine H. Rossell and Willis D. Hawley's edited *The Consequences of School Desegregation* [Philadelphia: Temple Univ. Press, xii, 221 pp., \$34.95] summarizing the findings of the National Review Panel on School Desegregation Research [funded by the Ford Foundation] and the Assessment of Current Knowledge about the Effectiveness of School Desegregation Strategies project [funded by the National Institute of Education and the U.S. Office for Civil Rights]; and George R. Metcalf's *From Little Rock to Boston: The History of School*.

Desegregation [Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, x, 292 pp., \$35.00] covering in exhaustive detail the period from 1964 to the present, with Pres. Carter's Administration the one bright spot in this unhappy history.)

WOMAN'S NATURE: RATIONALIZATIONS OF INEQUALITY edited by Marian Lowe and Ruth Hubbard. Pergamon Press, Maxwell House, Fairview Park, Elmsford, NY 10523. xii, 155 pp. \$27.50 (cloth); \$12.50 (paper). (In the Athene Series. Has "Black Women as Producers and Reproducers for Profit" by Dorothy Burnham; also chapters by Hubbard of Harvard Univ., Lowe of Boston Univ., Elizabeth Fee, Beatrice Medicine, Karen Messing, Eleanor Leacock, etc. Other recent books on black and white women are Dorothy Sterling's edited *We Are Your Sisters: Black Women in the Nineteenth Century* [NY: W. W. Norton, \$22.50] in their own words; Madelon Golden Schilpp and Sharon M. Murphy's *Great Women of the Press* [Carbondale: Southern Illinois Univ. Press, \$27.50] has a chapter on the black journalist Ida B. Wells-Barnett; Cherrie Moraga, Chicano poet and co-editor of *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color* [Persephone Press, 1981], is the author of *Loving in the War Years* [South End Press, 302 Columbus Ave., Boston 02116, 152 pp., \$20.00, \$7.00], essays, stories, poems; Lois Scharf and Joan M. Jensen's edited *Decades of Discontent: The Women's Movement, 1920-1940* [Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, viii, 313 pp., \$35.00] has "Flawed Victories: The Experience of Black and White Women Workers in Durham, N.C. during the 1930s" and "Discontented Black Feminists: Prelude and Postscript to the Passage of the Nineteenth Amendment"; and James J. Kennelly's *Women and American Trade Unions* [Eden Press, Univ. of Toronto Press, 33 E. Tupper St., Buffalo, NY 14203, iv, 242 pp., \$8.95, paper].)

Woody, Bette. MANAGING CRISIS CITIES: THE NEW BLACK LEADERSHIP AND THE POLITICS OF RESOURCE ALLOCATION. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press. xviii, 228 pp. \$27.50. (This is an in-depth study of the changed urban leadership, explores the challenges of the 1980s facing America's new black city mayors and their strategies for meeting them. Woody is a black woman assistant professor of Political Science at Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass., and is currently a Du Bois Fellow at Harvard Univ. Her writings have appeared in the journal *Society*, the collection *Urban Governance and Minorities* edited by Harrington Bryce, and other publications.)

Woronoff, Jon (editor). THE AFRICAN HISTORICAL DICTIONARIES. Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press. (This is a series of 37 handy first-reference volumes for each nation of Africa. The latest is Christopher Saunders's *Historical Dictionary of South Africa* [xxviii, 241 pp., \$19.00]. Other books about Africa are Richard Leonard's *South Africa at War: White Power and the Crisis in Southern Africa* [Westport, CT: Lawrence Hill, 274 pp., \$19.95, \$12.50] about South Africa militarizing to preserve apartheid against the African National Congress and the black front-line African states; Andre Astrow's *Zimbabwe: A Revolution that Lost Its Way?* [London: Zed Press, xv, 254 pp., \$34.00, \$12.50] and Maria Rosa Cutufelli's *Women of Africa: Roots of Oppression* [London: Zed Press, 186 pp., \$28.50, \$10.95], both distributed by Biblio Distribution CTR, 81 Adams Dr., Totowa, NJ 07512; Bernard Magubane and Nzongola-Ntalaja's edited *Proletarianization and Class Struggle in Africa* [Synthesis Publications, Dept. 118, 2703 Folsom St., San Francisco 94110, \$8.95, paper]; Robert S. Browne and Robert J. Cummings's *The Lagos Plan of Action VX: The Berg Report* [African Studies and Research Program, Howard Univ., Washington, DC, 216 pp. \$10.50, paper]; Jack and Ray Simons's *Class & Colour in South Africa 1850-1950* [International Defense & Aid Fund for Southern Africa, P.O. Box 17, Cambridge, MA 02138, 702 pp., paper], a reprint of a book first published by Penguin African Library in 1969; Michael McCarthy's *Dark Continent: Africa As Seen by Americans* [Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, xxviii, 192 pp., \$27.95] about the origin and development of American stereotypes of Africa; Alfred T. Moleah's *Namibia: The Struggle for Liberation* [Disa Press, P.O. Box 9284, Wilmington, DE 19809, vii, 341 pp., \$20.00, \$10.00]; Jane L. Parpart's *Labor and Capital on the African Copperbelt* [Philadelphia, PA: Temple Univ. Press, \$29.95]; Beverly Gray's two bibliographies *Liberia During the Tolbert Era: A Guide* [Library of Congress, African Division,

- Washington, DC 20540, viii, 78 pp., paper, free] and *Abuja: The New Nigerian Federal Capital: A Selected List of References* [Library of Congress, African Division, 14 pp., free]; and G. K. Osei's one-page list of old African books and pamphlets recently reprinted and various recent books by Dr. Osei such as George James's *Stolen Legacy*, Osei's *Caribbean Women: Their History and Habits*, Ramos's *The Negro in Brazil*, *The Queen of Sheba & Only Son Menelik*, *Queen Nzingah*, *The Oldest Books in the World* [Egypt], etc.)
- Wright, Jay. THE DOUBLE INVENTION OF KOMO. Austin: Univ. of Texas Press. 115 pp. (paper). (No. 5 in the Univ. of Texas Press Poetry Series. This 1980 book is U.S. black poet Wright's fifth book of poetry. Others are *Soothsayers and Omens* [1977], *The Homecoming Singer* [1971] and *Death as History* [1967]. Literary critic Harold Bloom calls Wright the most important, although absurdly neglected, contemporary black poet he has read.)
- Wyatt-Brown, Bertram. SOUTHERN HONOR: ETHICS AND BEHAVIOR IN THE OLD SOUTH. NY: Oxford Univ. Press. 597 pp. \$29.95. (Wyatt-Brown, a white professor at Case Western Reserve Univ., Cleveland, gives a fairly good analysis of ethics and behavior in the old slave-holding South and then hedges, qualifies and weakens his conclusion. Earlier Wyatt-Brown wrote a distorted attack on Herbert Gutman's *The Black Family in Slavery and in Freedom* [1975] while defending Daniel P. Moynihan's *The Negro Family* [1965] and William Styron's novel *The Confessions of Nat Turner* [Commentary, Jan. 1977]. So his attitude toward slaves and Blacks is very clear. James Oakes's *The Ruling Race: A History of American Slaveholders* [Vintage Books, \$7.95, paper] also tries to modify and dress up the image of the white southern slave-holder. And the liberal historians love the book. Other recent history books are R.J.M. Blackett's *Building an Antislavery Wall: Black Americans in the Atlantic Abolitionist Movement, 1830-1860* [Louisiana State Univ. Press, \$25.00]; Robert J. Cottrol's *The Afro-Yankees: Providence's Black Community in the Antebellum Era* [Greenwood Press, \$27.50] about Providence, RI; Philip S. Foner's *History of Black Americans*, vols. 2 and 3 [Greenwood Press, \$45.00 each] up through the Civil War; vol. 1 came out earlier; also Foner's *History of the Labor Movement in the United States, 1915-1916*, vol. 6 [International Publishers, \$17.00; \$5.75]; and his edited *Black Socialist Preacher: The Teachings of Reverend George Washington Woodbey and His Disciple Reverend George W. Slater, Jr.* [Synthesis Publications, Dept. 118, 2703 Folsom St., San Francisco 94110, iv, 363 pp., \$19.95, \$8.95]. Also Vol. 7 of *The Black Worker: From the Founding of the CIO to the AFL-CIO Merger, 1936-1955* [Philadelphia: Temple Univ. Press, 666 pp., \$34.95], a documentary history edited by Philip S. Foner and Ronald L. Lewis. The eighth and final volume will be *The Black Worker: The Era Since the AFL-CIO Merger, 1955-1980*; Robert B. Moore and Beryle Banfield's *Reconstruction: The Promise and Betrayal of Democracy* [Council on Interracial Books for Children, 1841 Broadway, New York 10023, 39 pp. \$4.95]; Ellen Irene Digg's *Black Chronology from 4000 B.C. to the Abolition of the Slave Trade* [Boston: G.K. Hall, xii, 312 pp., \$35.00]; Theodore Kornweibel, Jr.'s edited *In Search of the Promised Land: Essays in Black Urban History* [Port Washington, NY: Kennikat Press, x, 227 pp., \$17.50]; and Briane C. Bliven's *Research and Publications in New York State History 1980* [State Education Dept., N.Y. State Museum, Albany, NY 11230, xv, 302 pp, paper] with bibliographies under "Black Studies" and "Ethnic and Minority Studies." Richard B. Morris's edited *A History of the American Worker* [Princeton Univ. Press, 251 pp., \$7.95, paper]; Paul Edwards and James Walvin's edited *Black Personalities in the Era of the Slave Trade* [Louisiana State Univ. Press, xi, 253 pp., \$27.50], a book developed out of the editors' essay "Africans in Britain, 1500-1800" in Martin Kilson and Robert I. Rotberg's edited *The African Diaspora* [1976]; Eric Foner's *Nothing But Freedom: Emancipation and its Legacy* [Louisiana State Univ. Press, xii, 142 pp., \$14.95]; Walter J. Fraser, Jr., and Winfred B. Moore, Jr.'s edited *The Southern Enigma: Essays on Race, Class and Folk Culture* [Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, x, 240 pp., \$35.00], 15 selected essays from papers presented at the April 1981 Conference on the South at The Citadel College, Charleston, SC; John B. Boles's *Black Southerners, 1619-1869* [Lexington: Univ. Press of Kentucky, xi, 244 pp.] about the causes and

results of slavery in the South; and John Lofton's *Denmark Vesey's Revolt: The Slave Plot that Lit a Fuse to Fort Sumter* [Kent, Ohio: Kent State Univ. Press, xix, 294 pp., \$7.95, paper]. This is an updated paperback edition of Lofton's 1964 book *Insurrection in South Carolina: The Turbulent World of Denmark Vesey*; the paper edition coming after the TV drama "Denmark Vesey's Rebellion" on the Public Broadcasting System in 1982.)

Yerby, Frank. *DEVIL SEED*. NY: Doubleday. (Another novel, the 31st, by black writer Yerby, about San Francisco during the Gold Rush of the 1850s.)

Young, Al. *BODIES & SOUL—MUSICAL MEMOIRS*. Creative Arts Book Co., 839 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA 94710. 150 pp. \$6.95 (paper). (Young's comments after listening repeatedly to his parents' record of Coleman Hawkins's "Body and Soul" are imagined and do not square with Hawkins's own comments on how he made the record. Another recent book by black writer Young is *The Blues Don't Change: New & Selected Poems* [Louisiana State Univ. Press, 124 pp., \$14.95, \$7.95].)

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